

MY REALITY

Vincent Katz



on the grass in the park the vista has an English expanse weather is more gentle, takes me to its bosom — white adult children club balls with bats, dark children try to guide the globe with their bodies, not one cloud in the sky, what is the point of your sexuality? is it what others think of you, pleasure you need, or how your lovers react — a beautiful woman walks with unbeautiful man, has a camera, was an optimism and a beauty once was mine — someday it shall be again, I may join the dark skinned children soon, I want to guide the globe, feeling my body, and I like their games, which are circular (the others are linear) a sense that a century is occurring,

aren't you glad someday you'll die forever? atheist is a negative definition I embrace my death and the death of everything I love (including the Parthenon — what would human life be like without it?) you can go to Toronto and find things you love — Elvis, a huge bouquet of flowers, '50s light fixtures — the lakes and forests of the world may be headed for destruction and you should try to correct that, but your inner life is more important — beautiful tortured killed Elvis.

"we condemn racialism wherever it is to be found in the world".

we took the A train, got off at 125th and suddenly walked into a day of long graces, it had started rainy, but like sunny mornings that rained it came clear and full like some big church service, little children looking shyly up where the Apollo marquee says "... Mrs. Mandela We Love You!" and the crowds are standstilled, so to 124th — elderly threesome dining with table and chair, brothers selling t-shirts, buttons, then suddenly we're in Africa Square! entering the thriving 80,000 and a feeling of trust and optimism — in fact suddenly there is nothing but hope! After 27 years in jail, Nelson Mandela is here in Harlem! speaking just where Malcolm lived (he built the Organization for African American Unity here and in other

times sold reefers here), here where Powell and Holiday had talked, Bird and Flash, and now Chuck D welcomed us and Betty Shabazz said she would like "to stay here and cry for a thousand years," Winnie Mandela spoke with an ecumenical voice that warned, and Nelson Mandela "claimed" the audience, as he said the audience had claimed him many years before, then there was big reggae music, dancing, funk, and Bazaar effect leading to Lenox Avenue, a huge expanse slipped up to a night sky full of style, energy, and trust.

Dear Cousin Frank,

how is it we have played upon the harp? and if our music caused any for a moment to be less restless, let that be bound up in us as the least we were able to achieve that sunny rainswept day.

vincent