



Frank Sherlock

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Sabbaba

fume steams

nethercloud

kindling sparks

bigshoe

drop

boymen

girlwomen

rave in the day

w/ no music

Hustle on

north go

south go

north

Scout chief

leaded
prison vulture
stare
follows traffic

Paper
of the people

box burns
embers skip
ash lifted
in
crosstown breeze
Lit-up
lightpole

count the early
hour
seen
speech in
the weather
corner
(catty - back)

blaxxed
porfolios
clutter the beginning
of each
individual end
of all us
stares

Saucered over

mouth

swear to rakim

it's not where

you're from

it's where ya

at

Argument over

iamb

turns to mock

he said

trial of what (?)

she said

she took

the test in

'So You Want to be a Woman'

Giggle

out girls talk

tidal in pouring

rain

Stand

up & beg

says man to

dog to bum

holding croissant

hand to mouth & a hand

down the mailbox

Godweed smoke

tars in

the concrete

field Old head

noses

wrinkle a misted

faceweather forecast

bracket

a mad science

tile

broken mirror

walls

of either corner

A gambia

virgin still

man on djembe

beaten word

telling worlds

this new sensation

used to be

old

Reloader thrill

show shoot

the load pop

goes the drunkard

a cast

what's dyed
going wrongway down
a rightway
street
w/o a stiff
think to keep
the gas stinking

Starwalker head
for aenid
once in a
Life is yes
like
an orange

says
the dying old rabbi
Verse volume
picked up
by
a child &

thrown down
steps
follows
picked up again
wipe off the meat
with the citrus
skins

Word
made pulp
then sung among
us

Paris

plaster mumia

en route

to face the faces

beneath

one

mighty

quaker

Yellow

carib buzzing

philip's tongue in
king of brooklyn
dialect
stuck in the crawl
of a pretzel
vendor

Bells bass
almost music
enough for
the amish girls
breaking into butterfly
t-shirts ten dollars

Two-wheel

flying pigeons

crypton locked on

these stop

signs

not saying

stay

Tremor

thru

the metal

longface

girl

beats the skin synthetic

waiting

for a circle to
gather
round
the knees
conga cycles
sign block
anywhere besides nowhere

& the boom does not go on

—————

The curbside face
alive & well
hello
into the eyes
spells

remember me

b.i.g.

ironed on

the chests

of

section 8 housers a chorus

bump

If ya don't know now ya know

babybaby

Tin can

man

tips cart

curse the rooftops

Blackstreet
metalled in color
hunter now collector drowns
out garbage
truck World coming
from yesterday's hot
cinders up

Moonrise easy
over
the project roof
frames
border
the stillday
sky

Working
class drag
feathers thru
puddles
rhinestone
mop the spill goodbye
since

old acquaintance
maybe forgot
So may
today by
tomorrow
never
mind

tonite

some crooked

teeth

are beaming

Newspaper

office light on

stories

of a city almost

bare

below freezing

being numbered

tinkering

the night

history of athens

Dance
the brass off shaking
the rebirth
corner keeping warmed
She- supermodel
male merchant
of venus peeps

wheelman struggle
w/ his sex
& takes
her pound
of flesh
down
the street

paying under
full faced light
a whisper
a head over
blankets
under steam

hiss a wildeyed
tongue

Bethlehem fleck
off
fingerjewel two figures
under one
iced umbrella

Sky bits pop
from the pavement
teeth
lips
reflection
in a bookstore
window

arms
separately bodied snake
a union
Silence then
a sparrow
of a man
adjust

his tie & sing

Amazing a little
death opens
rooms brave stay
planted
to peel
ears on nero's

lost love-
-noise
Backbreak into
lock ah
dread keep
spinning ki king kingston
wheels

all done w/
smoke & buju
beauty shoot bloom
thru suffer seeds
The next ex
of the next

genius
knows rubber
city sound from the womb
when keystones
smoldered
& the pistons
moved nothing

All
the words
to Sweet Talkin Guy
steam between
lid up eyes
Keep that gas gasket
pocketed

& walk
away w/ grace
The sun
high the night
almost over

Avant

ped-x-ers

begging on tradition

jeep around corner

again passing

same

new people

Police

give misdirections

to ferret

understreet

to trains

that darby

back to river

signing

Subway bowels

echo new

smells still familiar

all this is

a true rumor