

KEVIN HOLDEN

RIOT

the streets at night

& is a circle or queer sapphire ringing plastic
o young man fabulous muscles star & it
is a dark shadow flowing over pines
a store nearby showering grey sparks
I found you in a club circling in air
it was, they say, your mind or
down the walls really leading
a corner laughing or nebulous darling
cumulus rocking stones over broken statue
a dirt pond mouthing in golden archangel
the norm cannot compete with that color

When I was younger I wore only one color. My boyfriend liked to fuck in parking lots. We used to go to these reeds by a lake. He was kind of punk but had the most beautiful sweaters.

After the protests the police held us for a very long time. He was avoiding their questions but looking very directly into their eyes. This bothered them & so they hit him.

red
gold
radii

so we left the green
housing project
to go to
the sea

glass, heaping, hyaline waves

so cold today

then at night a piece of meat booking it, ashen heaps
'werqit in da cold' she says
over those scraps, hot boys hustling in the snow

inverted triangles, angelic swarms, bread

we are dancing to 'goodbye horses' in the dark
outside there is so much snow in the darkness
we burn a cardboard box in the middle of the wooden floor
we dance and drink and kiss and jump
seraphs in white leather jackets
'goodbye horses, I'm dying over you'

when we left we were harassed, someone threw a rock

all motion and no motion
freedom and sex are seeds
arching becoming chariots

so cold today

we are writing this down because they are acts & to grip something of
the world

5² / a sunflower

this is Time Square

42nd st

ribboning out numerically wandering happily tie down to the bed tied
up to a railroad tie splintered the heavier flowers

went all the way wanted to see was the tall buildings today is blue if
right gay is still young suicide & black shirt pink flag palindrome they
say walk fag into the tub it is there for you

boy top blond sun hard
green shame at garden edge wall
end on within self itself
hard white sheer body boundary
sub boy meth blows lab

We were wandering. We were arguing. This was a group of concerned
citizens. This was a group that thought it needed protection & change
& light & a window I thought we needed a window if we say something

different then good every flower would overflow a grammar our union
wanted to say something about assemblages there is this whole set
of losses chalking salting gathering weight bits of broken salt metal
anyway exactly you understand.

his tastes like a tree
or it tastes of moss and wet bark
or metal and lichen
his body this vegetal mineral thing

you there you had breathed in coal dust & that is something,
we are seeing there is a solidity of the group itself this cluster of
agents of windows and trash-scapes the function the things that
are silenced & this a position for the speaking it out

twelvetone to him his sugared root
as rock or quartz or smoke hung with
branches, golddust rung with sunshafts

and we walk back together through the leaf strewn streets
in our shades of flannel
and are beat
up for
holding hands

that then caused queer flowering in pink
lattices shouldering up a bunch of them fighting in the street holding
an intersection
tear gas cascading in rainbows across their bleary eyes

you want to fight a city

zigzagging heap lightyear in a dark function and any kind of rhythm,
fuck you, we wanted to bust them open talking about money and they
clear cut the whole thing

and streams flow
wild song standing therefore
listen voices silver leaves
monarch, broken root, crushed can
money rustles in the throats of the wealthy
in autumn the insect
always shores up against so
allium grit make him hard
to bend to have to skin

or my friend, a great poet, who said for a long time she had trouble with
activism against the police, because they are also workers, also trapped
within a system that is capitalism or class or militarized government, and
then she wrote a poem that said fuck them

because you get to make a choice

under him bullets backyard quiver
cup held for loose change
painted sugar along street atoms
hose crowd cop street spray

soup from an ashtray
I mean, shred
you the beautiful
barn or fragrant
rhinestones / eyelashes
we to say, by the project
asphodel under there, you couldn't stay there
or running prisons privately
against the vile megaphone flame
this
trace
shimmer on a rooftop quaking
those men, eat glass

and so his death was not so the others could appreciate their own lives
not so that they could come to a meaning & place

this is not a film

you can't see
yourself

or fall in line

now it might be happening through the populace

reels of action projected through the trees
aspen genus, people moving

one might say,
an array of
pink triangles

if something appears
fierce queen on a blank stage

a slab of quartz in the snow
a sort of directed rage

crown yellow winter older gear
cop hit lie mother yelling
kid lot dirt rock kick
happy striped blue tent breaking
circle tetris genius flower chrome

yellow bandages in a bunch for a mesh inside
the diamonds crushed, in your lover's heart, bashed up and hungry
then into any backlit room or flopped diadem a bunch of homos sleeping

so you would say unfolding any dark dream she had under the back
porch take a walk on the wild lady came to play flowing dries into hidden
spaces two songs running over one another penetrating in perfect bright
striations

to act up to act up

and the heaping up of acts you walk through accumulating
distances or thought of blush infinities
the groundwork strewn with work and choice

so shattered into stilettoed loop of angelic armies
to spread class warfare up the White House lawn

remember a lover smoking on a rooftop
across a rooftop shadowing the anarchists
astral carpets blurring in the smoke

the gauge is high
we might climb up

and over endless mesh and identities
strung in deep sound or hope
and/or
long talk at empire's close

flung free under all the snow
to widen endlessly in padded violently
he breaks out to say, come outside

so if we move up
& people in the street this could be
this as a burning floe
at the end of a curve
roll out in a bright dress naked at the door