

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

5<sup>2</sup> / a sunflower

this is Time Square

42<sup>nd</sup> 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