

Performative Acts and Others

From "White Girl on a Pogo Stick," a prose-poetry chapbook

1.

Greetings and welcome.

I am your new diversity officer,
conjured by alchemists from the woodwork of human capital,
a secret sauce of plastic and teflon and curtain scrim
uniquely crafted to apply fresh labels,
invent new names,
plug cracks with facts,
remake our world in the image of my own eternity,
keep the peace and
salve the bruise of doubt

memo to all departments:

effective immediately,
black is now *Black*

unconscious bias goes into the trash,
not recycling

all micro-aggressions are to be
collated and filed alphabetically

all refrigerated food must be labeled
by gender and country of origin

BLM attire may only be worn with loafers.

2.

Greetings and welcome to the march.

Cool drone footage reveals an infinity loop of
marchers marching,
a wriggling amoeba on the move
propelled by instinct and desire
leaving its tell-tale trail of magic potion slime
until the end of time
or the die-off
or we achieve harmonic convergence,
at which point there is nothing left to say—
whichever comes first.

/cont./

3.

Greetings and welcome.
Please remain behind the fence as we
articulate the power of our
collective frothing—
so much froth and spittle and foam
enough to power a nuclear bomb

we are high on it
engorged by it
drunk on it and prone to
commit wild acts of abandon

you won't see us coming we move so fast
a blur of dance and dalliance
in the streets on the rooftops
our words rushing ahead of us, flung out
strung out on power

we are weaponized
weaponizing
mobilizing for
peace / justice / equality / freedom
all the right isms
our words plus actions equal propellant—
we achieve lift-off.

4.

“Good morning.”
Strangers on the street,
a greeting weighted with performance
and intention
so self-conscious the words form
a thought bubble above the sidewalk

you may or may not respond,
it's your call, of course.

/end/