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Self Portrait with Booze and the Kamasutra

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When even the blue label scotch seems to disappear down
the Holy sanctuary of your throat and the fillet expands your
belly but you’re not quite sure if you ate. When the red stamped
blue powder melting under spoons bent back like a child playing with
paperclips doesn’t fill your veins quick enough you begin to
wonder, if you would prefer being a modern day Lady Macbeth or Annabel Lee.
You see, you’ve read all those Shakespeare plays, the Bible, the philosophy of Freud,
Emerson and you just kept trying to find it. Looking for it during
the butterfly, the peg, the visitor, the curled angel, afternoon delight,
the bridge, deep-stick, doggy, the crouching tiger, the waterfall and
splitting bamboo, no one ever answered the question: to be or not to be.
You think you’d be okay with never seeing Egypt from space, swimming in the ocean or
owning a pair of Louboutin’s. It happened somewhere between leaving
your mini mansion home and working your full time job with full time
benefits and 4 vacations a year. They give you incentives like wellness bucks,
so you fill those days off with free green tea massages, yoga and a gym membership.

You work your calves like mules until they are tighter than the ugly Christmas sweater
your grandmother knits every year because grandpop died December 25th 8 years
ago. When your grandmother cups your face in her palms like the Qur’an, when her
teeth are slick with the memories of tear gas, hounds and batons, when she is choking
on her grandmothers tears she
Tells you: “I marched so you wouldn’t have to.”
So please just understand how there just ain’t enough MLK quotes on this
earth to reverse the angry and shame you feel when watching men of your
bloodline cower and all you can do is go to school. And hide, hide the belt
welts that plague your outer thighs because mama didn’t like you reading Zane,
mama didn’t like you reading Carl Webber mama didn’t like you reading about
Tyrell in the projects eating pork chops even though we lived in the projects and
she still cooked ham hocks and brown skin people were always a white man’s project.

Experiment. Henrietta Lacks and the Tuskegee Airmen. And all you can do is go to
school. Go to school. Go to schoolgotoschoolgotoschool and suddenly it’s 3am and
you’re lying in bed waiting for that fourth Unisom to kick in so you lean over and kiss
E&J, and Bombay slaps your ass but you can’t speak because Morgan is tightening his
grip on your throat until you call him Captain

and Mr. Grey Goose is licking between your toes and Johnny Walker crawls into your
bed because he has to be a part of this orgy too and all you think about is how it all
started when you were 15 years old. Reading all those Shakespeare plays, and all
those philosophies but somehow, no one ever answered that age old question from
the 17th century whether to be or not to be.