

The Night of Truth

I am Nayak and have a dream
I am Bonandes and have another dream

I march over reflections of me in lake
I march under images of me between earth and sky

War drums boom-boom-boom inside me
On road jeep rides bump-bump-bump over bones of me

With machete I hack me to death
and chop off fingers and hands of me

I gut me like a goat
I cut the throat of me like a chicken

I gang rape me
I starve to death while cooking for me

Nightmare drums beat louder inside me
Corpses of me wander around me

I cut off my testicles and stuff them into my mouth
Voices within cry out to avenge me for killing me

I marinade and barbecue me on a stick
Suddenly drums within me are silent

I am from the same clay as Bonandes
I am from the same clay as Nayak

If I am to be
I must forgive me

I bury me
I rise



Born during the depression, in Oklahoma, he came to California in 1959 and taught in the Los Angeles Unified School District for 30 years. His pen name was inspired by the Joad's struggle for survival in *The Grapes of Wrath* and in the songs and life of fellow Okie, Woody Guthrie. CaLokie has been published in the anthologies, *An Eye For An Eye Leaves The Whole World Blind*, *Poems For Tsunami Relief*, *Looking Out Of Pasadena*, *Looking Out Of Alhambra*, *Blue Collar Review*, *Pearl*, *Struggle* and in the *San Gabriel Valley Poetry Quarterly*.

Cobalt Poets Series # 137 ~ July 10, 2007 - PoetrySuperHighway.com/cobalt

CaLokie

