

## Julene Tripp Weaver

### We Say Stop

We are a school of unlearned children marching forward  
to make change, to pull the veil of ignorance  
swiftly from the road like litter alongside the highway—  
neighborhood clean ups the quarantine ended.

We have come out from behind prison walls  
there are not enough vegetables on our plates—  
broccoli outed by past presidents  
ketchup packets have been our mode of existence  
these poverty years, but we are rising  
our empty stomachs strong to vote  
those of us who still hold civil liberties—  
rights, they called them back in the good  
ol' days where every inch of ground was  
fought for that we walk on. This is no  
pie-in-the sky for masses being pissed on  
all these years walking on pavement laid  
through our communities to divide—  
this is our uprising and we demand a  
turn-coat—now is our time

the poorly educated of the world  
we come full of arcane, our wisdom—  
how to survive on pork bellies  
now turned fashionable in bacon retro,  
our turnip greens, our lay of the land at stake—  
all the good patches eaten by thieves  
who stole. We are smarter than you think  
Mr. President, smarter and not beaten down  
spaced out broken—we have a multitude  
of worlds wrapped in these bones to the marrow.  
Quicksand will not take up, the bar of fight  
is there to rise our belly onto, wiggle free  
to pull ourselves to safety despite the lack  
of education stifled away from us in faulty  
systems, this is no-man's win-win lose-lose

ours is life squirming to be free—life pulling  
one cell sideways into healthy movement—  
bacteria that lines our guts will not die  
we send a message, some spirit takes us over  
like a good reverend who speaks half truths in  
church on Sunday and who however vilified  
knows truth in his gut and said what he knows,  
devil may come, but he has done us a service  
beyond what some white man can tear down.  
We are in trouble Mr. President and you  
are no longer the point, we are the point,  
and we plan to survive—

push ourselves into punch cards, puncture  
our way into the White House, find our voices  
represented in what will not be false hope—

we have far more at stake than you  
understand in the white wealth you own  
like a map of Columbus creating the world  
when really it was the Chinese 200 or so  
years earlier. This we are sure, this alternative  
history beneath the school books touted and  
confirmed in Texas. We are coming,  
there is no beating us back, no  
fear of yellow—orange—red, no fear from  
silenced voices, no fear of careless egos  
shattered in post traumatic stress

We live in our war torn streets at home and  
abroad this is a war prophesied by the best of you  
or the least of you and we want it for ourselves  
this time around. Not gender, not race. But  
fairness. A change. It is not Bush—not McCain—  
not Hillary—but that stand-in Obama who excites  
us, who we see in our dreams and where you  
try to stop us is the wound on our nation you  
keep reconstructing in your Death Rule—  
assassination and we throw our life line to him  
to live for us to stop your war terror games.  
We say stop your war terror games.  
We say stop.

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