

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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