this is not a call for peace,  
this is a call for action  
give this heart action  
I will write until this mind becomes  
a roped off crime scene  
where failure was murdered

I prefer you offending me,  
if it means I might hear some truth  
this heart doesn’t run on tranquility  
this heart knows no yoga movement  
on the mountaintop of your chakras  
this heart is dredging gutters  
for other broken hearts  
who say im there  
I was there  
I will be there filthy and twisted,  
blackened out and right

this heart took an elevator to hell  
and brought you back text for souvenirs

these shoulders are not to be cried upon  
for their blades cut through  
your tongues in cheeks

the heart was once at peace  
but peace fit like a tuxedo  
on a red light whore  
ill take a french kiss in hades  
than sex in a mercedes

this isn’t dark  
I want light  
I want you to birth lightbulbs for the midnight firefight

I want the action and the grit  
and the blood inside your lips  
a knife to the throat of the poetry you know

It sounds like...  
a burglar breathing on your neck  
stealing scenery while you sleep  
and only the ugly beauty he keeps

humming birds with broken arms  
a police photo album of the suicidal  
breaking into heaven  
a superhero with cancer  
boys streetfighting for the feathers of dead doves  
a magazine where all the models  
advertise only things that will kill you

its time to let you in on the action  
this is for the hearts that sweat  
for a different kind of muddy,  
overscarred, honest beauty  
honesty is never lost in translation

words were our wings...  
now let them be rifles.

Derrick Brown, former paratrooper, gondolier, columnist, weatherman and weirdo romantic has stepped into the ring to reclaim poetry from the bored literati. Brown, a 2nd place winner of the U.S. Poetry slam just released “I’m Easier Said Than Done” and “If Lovin’You is Wrong, Then I Don’t Wanna Be Wrong,” a hilarious and heartbreaking collection of his work. Brown has toured internationally and has garnered a strong reputation for his shows that are as amazingly naked, brilliant and sincere as they are on the page. His lines sting (“you are an electric chair disguised as a la-z-boy,” “I am worn like the steps to a children’s mortuary,”) they offer hope (“It’s not that I wait for you, it’s that my arms are doors I cannot close”) scintillating, (“her skin is rehab for sandpaper junkies.”) Visit Derrick on the web: brownpoetry.com.