

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,
blacked 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 isnt dark
I want light
I want you to birth lightbulbs for the midnight firefigt

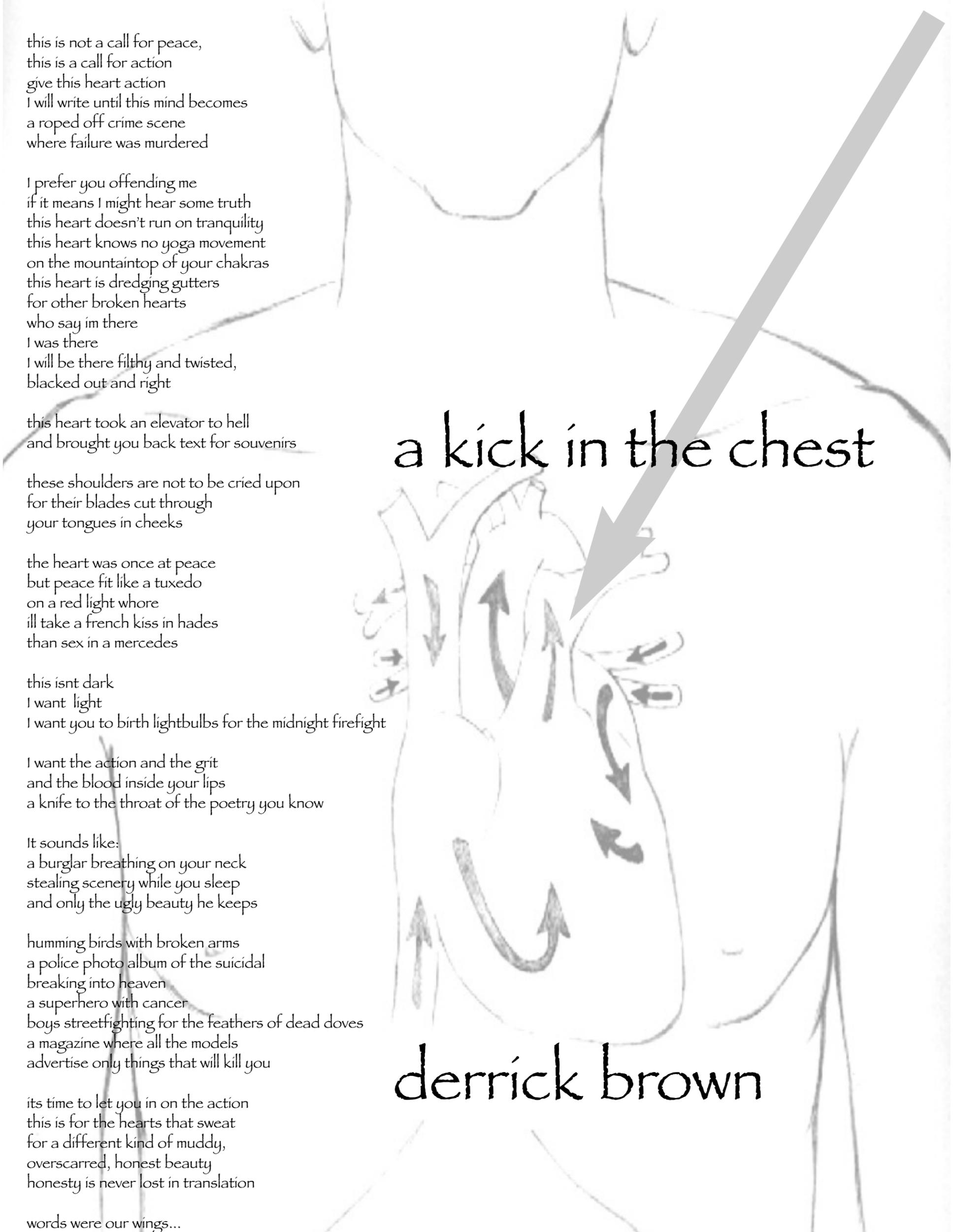
I want the action and the grit
and the blood inside your lips
a knife to the throat of the poetry you know

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.



a kick in the chest

derrick brown

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.

