

Kevin Young
Lime Light Blues

I have been known
to wear white shoes
beyond Labor Day.

I can see through
doors & walls
made of glass.

I'm in an anger
encouragement class.

When I walk
over the water
of parking lots
car doors lock—

When I wander
or enter the elevator
women snap
their pocketbooks
shut, clutch
their handbags close.

Plainclothes
cops follow me in stores
asking me to holler
if I need any help.

I can get a rise—
am able to cause
patrolmen to stop
& second look—

Any drugs in the trunk?

Civilian teens
beg me for green,
where to score

around here.
When I dance,
which is often,
the moon above me
wheels its disco lights—
until there's a fight.
Crowds gather
& wonder how
the spotlight sounds—
like a body
being born, like the blare
of car horns
as I cross
the street unlooking,
slow. I know all
a movie needs
is me
shouting at the screen
from the balcony. From such
heights I watch
the darkness gather.
What pressure
my blood is under.

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