

OUTRO (Exclamation Point)

Common

Tell you something about poetry, it refuses
It breaks and asks to be broken
The broken pieces form a question mark
And this is the revolutionary poem, exclamation point
The radical belief that broken is beautiful
That breaking is essential
That revolution is built from wreckage
Exclamation comes from asking
The question is, "What use do we have for time not measured by
the rivers dancing beneath us?
In us? Before us?"
We pray like this, majestic, electric
We slide, step, dip, shake, every room a dance floor
Let all my skin kin in, let sunshine in
Let me kiss on my loves chosen and fought for
Come, make you a plate
Pour some out
Return and get it
This is the thing about poems
They want to live
They remind us when we forget how to love and be love
How even leaves have veins with stories to tell
And we are the stories
We are the radical and hopeful
We are the revolutionary poem, exclamation point
You don't have to go home, but this is only the start
The good part is what comes next