

## Tapestries: Interwoven voices of local and global identities

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### Funk the War

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# funk<sup>THE</sup>war

By: James Noble

Helicopter thuds above Bateman.  
One roommate, Boueri,  
rip-straps battle gear,  
Black velcro skate pads guard  
Bones, joints, palms  
Red checkered keffiyeh shrouds  
Throat, mouth, nose  
10 AM: Time to march  
Did you know Dupre is riot proof?

High on the crunch  
of asphalt versus sneakers.  
Whose streets?  
Our Streets.

Past Summit mansions,  
shouting at the governor's.  
Righteous before the cathedral,  
Turning left as we pass  
Descend upon the capitol steps,  
Taking a stand with the throng,  
then moving on.

Our heading: South and West.  
Destination: down town.  
Right under the big, red X.

Across the lawn,  
bisecting Vietnam memories,  
we jog left along interstate,  
cut down Minnesota Street.  
The authorities mistake us  
take us for the placid masses;  
we set them straight at 7th.

90 degrees of stormtroopers,  
out of state bruisers.  
Opposites attract  
Collide



Photo by Caroline Karanja

90 degrees of stormtroopers,  
out of state bruisers.  
Opposites attract  
Collide  
Someone makes a break  
Reaching for space  
Between shoulder and shield ace  
strikes face  
Vinegar masked medics  
drag new veterans away  
Whose streets?  
Our Streets.

We march on  
Fueled by amplified beats  
Rolling on radio flyer rims  
Dancing to symbols.  
Skyway rafters rattle.  
Whose streets?  
Our Streets.  
Whose streets?  
Our Streets.  
Whose streets?  
Our Streets.