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# The Return of Julian the Apostate to Rome

Ishmael Reed

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## Dizz on TV / Alvin Aubert

in color.  
the tints, though, his own.  
homespun hue. soft & softening.  
like the sound. the dented mute plugging  
the hole of that crooked horn.  
jumpsuit blue/green & joyful  
like the breaks he moves about in  
ringing change. sounding him self.  
the left beat of that cosmic pulse  
he said was him and Bird. *is* him &  
Bird. sounding God, too. his knowledge  
& praise. power & pain. a skyward horn bell  
angled for love & rain.

## The Return of Julian the Apostate to Rome / Ishmael Reed

Julian  
Come back  
It can't be long  
For the emperor

He sees plots everywhere  
Has executed three postmen  
Rants in print against his  
Former allies  
Imagines himself a  
Yoruba god  
Has asked the Bishops to  
Deify him

Not only is he short  
He's nuts

Julian come back  
The people are shitting  
In the temples  
Barbarian professors

Are teaching one god  
They are ripping the limbs  
Off our fetishes  
They are carving the sea  
Monsters from our totems  
They made a pile of our  
Wood sculpture and set fire  
To it

Julian  
Come back  
Rude hags  
Have crashed the senate  
And are spitting on the  
Elders

Meanwhile, Julian  
The perennial art major  
Ponders in the right wing  
Of the monastery museum

The Egyptian collection

## Alice / Michael S. Harper

*"The word made stone, the stone word"*  
*"A RITE is an action the very form of which is the*  
*result of a Divine Revelation."*

I  
You stand waist-high in snakes  
beating the weeds for the gravebed  
a quarter mile from the nearest  
relative, an open field in Florida: lost,  
looking for Zora, and when she speaks  
from her sunken chamber to call  
you to her side, she calls  
you her distant cousin, her sister  
come to mark her burial place  
with bright black stone.  
She has known you would do this—