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On a New York Street Corner: Canvas #14

Quincy Troupe

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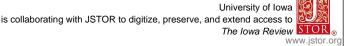
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Even in the dim blue light of creation's flame it shines. He's the silent songwriter of our Apocalypse. He keeps a Big John de Conqueror root in his hip pocket & a lodestone hidden neatly away in his vest right beneath an old gold watch on a tarnished silver chain this powerful composer of the syncopated ebony tune.

On a New York Street Corner: Canvas #14 / Quincy Troupe

sounds of four-four time being played by a blind black man jingling coins jingling silver blood coins in a battered tin cup on a corner in mid-town manhatten a blood black blue black blind man nailed too a wooden white cane noddin off behind dark glasses a black kansas city man a new york street blind black man with a battered tin cup playing four-four time playing kansas city bird prez count four-four time head nodding diggin the music of nineteen hundred & ice cold thirty-four a blood black man a blue black blind black man on a new york street corner bebopin in time bebopin on down grinnin a gold tooth crown



& a small head noddin crowd gathered diggin on his music

Richmond Barthé: Meeting in Lyon / Melvin Dixon

Lyon is a city of two rivers and Roman aqueducts two thousand years old. I come by snake-roads through the faces of three mountains; following butterflies and the tracks of old bones.

I find you in the hour of molding and the time of two rivers running here. Old fingers press into clay; the old ones touch the young and help them believe.

I look into eyes that have seen through stone, I listen to lips that gave language to the clay, I touch the spidered hands that bent bronze into blues.

Africa Awakening, Meditation, Shoe Shine Boy, Your blood hardens into stone. "Study nature," you tell me in riverwords that pulse two veins in Lyon and leave Roman remains.

It is why your young-old eyes are *thin-skinned* and burning. Mississippi, New York, Jamaica, Italy, Sweden and more fire. Bronze burning in black fingers shed the thin skin, shed the twisted muscles, shed teeth and tears, leave the *inner music* and the mountain butterflies to show the way.

Π

Two rivers swell in Lyon and clean the old dust. History is stone polished black, is blood and burnt bronze.

Your blood hardens into stone poems. "What color is art?" and "What color is love?" The questions and your crisp eyes clean me, let me know the years you read the muscles