

MY FIRST AND LAST POEM FOR CHRIST

The Christians arrived today, just as they
always do every Saturday night
to feed

the homeless.

I'd truly forgotten what it's like
to eat a holiday meal.

It was a Memorial Day weekend
inside cook-out.

Hot dogs with baked beans,
collared greens,
and mashed potatoes with plenty of

beef gravy.

The Christians are like
clock-work.

They make certain everyone's dish is
piled high
and that every man gets
seconds and sometimes
thirds.

...

The Christians never ask
for anything in return
except for a thank you
and a hearty handshake
as hearty as -
the dinner.

I know they secretly wish they
could save some
of us along the way,
as any practicing Christian might
be inclined

to do.

They're all hoping we'll eventually
see the light,
and come -

to Jesus.

And although none of
the men,
including me
may ever accept Jesus Christ as
a personal Lord and Savior
what with all the beans they
fed us,
a good amount of us may
very well see plenty of
lights flashing on and off late
tonight
while shouting Christ's
name -

out loud.

**ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT BUT I DID HAVE
SOMEBODY**

It's another Saturday night.

I checked into the shelter at
5 PM.

While all the normal people of
the world are out clubbing,
fucking, and getting high -
I'm stuck here with
my poetry and keeping

a low profile.

I had a good friend in here,
but it didn't last.

I'm thinking he decided
to stay at the other shelter a mile or
so up the way
on account of my
overly-generous nature.

Mike never had to ask me for
a cigarette.

I always just assumed he
never had his own,

and rolled him some.

...

I also offered some
of my Diet Coke whenever I
twisted open -

a new two-liter.

One night,
when someone stole his
blanket right off his
bed,
I gave him mine
to use.

It didn't take Mike very long
to realize I'm gay.

One day,
he brazenly ask me why it was I
never mention a woman and so -

I told him the truth.

Right after that is when our
friendship seemed to take a sharp
right turn into no man's land.
I never laid a single hand
on him during the
three week period we were
pretty much
attached -

by the hip.

It still amazes me how
ungrateful even a homeless man
can be when they

...

fear something.

Whether it's random acts
of kindness or shoddy
attempts -

at seduction.

I suppose they're right.

In order for anyone to offer
something
to a homeless man
for free,
could only
come -

with hooks.

THE DAY ROSA AND I GOT FAMILIAR

On December 1, 1955,
Rosa truly did make
a breakthrough
of sorts,
single-handedly changing
the rule
which prevented African Americans from
only being able to sit
at the rear of a bus,
by simply choosing a seat
toward the front -

and sitting in it.

On May 29, 2007,
I made a breakthrough
of sorts myself,
bypassing the front and making a B-line for
the last seat way
in the back.

It's amazing how even in this
day and age,
the amount of dirty looks a
white man gets when he
sits back there.

It doesn't matter to me
where I sit despite the
looks I get from the other
passengers -

God love 'em!

Besides,
if there's one thing that hasn't

changed, is that sometimes -
the most effective way to
stand for something is to
sit comfortably, and let

the black man drive.

- Bob Boston