

Poetry is Subjective

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We don't plant
flowers on the page,
or whisper words
unto empty streets. We
discriminate. We
like the poems
where the landlords
collect their deaths.

We don't hesitate
to hurl these poems
at bank windows. We
kick-in the door,
roll out the guillotine
to the writer's con-
ference as metaphor
and direct action.

We smile when
newspapers gift us photos
of police stations on fire.
We find poetics in the arm
of a young woman; her
gloved hand cradling,
and hurling back,
a tear-gas canister.

We write poems
at the barricades,
during lunch
breaks. We hold
the open-mic atop
a burning cop car.
We feed the flames
with ink and gasoline.

