

KEVIN SIMMONDS

Race Man

for AB

You rode me not to be a mule
when I slipped into lyricism
Summertime & the livin' is easy

carrying that same yolk
thinning my voice to a nasally timbre
Kum Ba Yah indeed

Break the glass of the line

Get the ax & get at it

Bring down any poem with heavenly ambition

What the livin' gon' do with a heavenly poem

Better yet who say they God & still be the Devil