

After the KW Writer's Award

The eulogium,
nothing but meat and gravy!

My prize statue catches fire
under the archlights,

Is heavy as brass,
weighs me down like an anchor

as I stagger back
to my front-row seat.

How fame hints at humbling ballasts,
stones at the core.

Why now, Rilke, your voice against victory,
that "to endure is all?"

Then more: as this woman sidles up
and asks: where are you from?

Soft baby blues (mask green,
hate, as in hooded clansman)

search for fault lines
in my skin, black eyes.

Sorry, lady, I have nothing
but the sweetness of silence,

I've already done
with my fire and my song.

RIENZI CRUSZ