

KEITH S. WILSON

TRICKLE DOWN THEORY

there is no turning back my feet carry me across the rocks like a mistake an animal only makes once and like that i'm off
freedom is an animal the president mounts on his wall. if we
think someone wants to hang us
we will hang ourselves first. privilege
is just such a word. i am wondering over pills.
i am criss-crossing the comforter and trying
not to cry. a million people are hoping
that i die. some will say outright (and others never say)
that my people ought to hold tractors
in their back, their eyes
should move the way hours fall away.
underfoot, where oceans make return
all the children of the grey. i am petroleum. i sit
in the dark and make power. those who are used to taking will be
caught
off guard by reaching out for me one night and finding nothing