Funk the War

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Helicopter thuds above Bateman.
One roommate, Boueri,
rip-straps battle gear,
Black velcro skate pads guard
Bones, joints, palms
Red checkered keffiyeh shrouds
Throat, mouth, nose
10 AM: Time to march
Did you know Dupre is riot proof?

High on the crunch
of asphalt versus sneakers.
Whose streets?
Our Streets.

Past Summit mansions,
shouting at the governor’s.
Righteous before the cathedral,
Turning left as we pass
Descend upon the capitol steps,
Taking a stand with the throng,
then moving on.

Our heading: South and West.
Destination: down town.
Right under the big, red X.

Across the lawn,
bisecting Vietnam memories,
we jog left along interstate,
cut down Minnesota Street.
The authorities mistake us
take us for the placid masses;
we set them straight at 7th.

90 degrees of stormtroopers,
out of state bruisers.
Opposites attract
Collide

90 degrees of stormtroopers,
out of state bruisers.
We march on
Fueled by amplified beats
Rolling on radio flyer rims
Dancing to symbols.
Skyway rafters rattle.
Whose streets?
Our Streets.
Whose streets?
Our Streets.
Whose streets?
Our Streets.