

Tapestries: Interwoven voices of local and global identities

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Funk the War

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funk^{THE}war

By: James Noble

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



Photo by Caroline Karanja

90 degrees of stormtroopers,
out of state bruisers.
Opposites attract
Collide
Someone makes a break
Reaching for space
Between shoulder and shield ace
strikes face
Vinegar masked medics
drag new veterans away
Whose streets?
Our Streets.

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.