

Lost Boys

Annerliegh Grace McCall

Hollow cheeked boys
Dirt dusted on the side of a burnt stretch
Of nothingness

Excitement more likely
To be found in the wind
The resounding crack of bullets
Than a meal
None coming

We all have our problems
The lies of the ignorant class
As would-be men with thin chests
Hold weapons that dislocate sharp collarbones
More often than hit the mark

Meanwhile in civilisation
Still lean boys who cannot wield a can opener
Faces burning in new shame
Outreach worker
Cocks quizzical brow
You hold it like this . . . *like this!*

Hands behind back as sirens blare through
West suburban night
Loitering
Can you loiter and wait for a train simultaneously?
Then yes Sir! I am guilty of sucking in the free night air
The *only* thing free in both our worlds

His face burns left and right
A trickle of sundown
His blood as sharp on black
As black on white
Eyeing his mate
Kissing concrete

Spoiling for revolution
He holds his heart firm in fist
For his family here, and those adrift
He will rise above
The resolution in Tahir's cracked lips
How long until they turn against their own?

It's Friday night and boys who are men in a never never land
Staunch in the face of relentless never knows and maybes
And sign this here
What it mean?
Never mind, never mind

Drive basketball with tendons like racehorses
Alley-oop over a laughing cop's head
Wars are being lost on the street
But on the court
Revolution begins