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Poetry

Chapman Hood Frazier

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A Defendant on the Law

A stop sign,
rumbling like an engine
I can feel.

A black tear of blood
in the hardbound books
scattered
on the edgewood desk.

Invisible,
our tongues tied
to whispers.

We are sucked
slowly into our skulls
and drift
like long black robes.

Chapman Hood Frazier

The Superior One Renews

The law is something more
than a word in boldface,
or scraped in stone.

It is the wind
shifting,
like an evening
revealing
new lights.

Lock it in a library,
and trains stop
in their tracks.

Breasts of the Mother
dry up.
children suckle on stone.

The law must move
like a raincoat
with a zip-out lining

A good fit,
for anyone
who wears it.

Chapman Hood Frazier