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## Savor the SLAM

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## Savor the SLAM

## for Clebo Rainey

Performance Slam—

The city's avante garde  
perforate envelopes,  
revel inside night-cave womb saloons,  
shoes stick to greasy cold concrete,  
dirt molding trim hems wall to floor.

Pop-top Miller Lite fizz,  
Jack Daniels tickles and warms the throat—  
free throat poet-tongue place.

She steps up on the pine box on stage,  
Clebo's outstretched hand steadies her gait.  
Her staccato voice rattles the microphone,  
raves machine gun blasts pouring from mind  
and frame,  
breasts and genitals abused in defaced landscapes  
like a surreal Dali or Picasso cubes.

Anger or laughter rumbles in the rhythm section  
of vocals who carry the crowd,  
recognize themselves in sections,  
smaller or larger than words she reveals.

Secret life passions reign high court here.  
Insurgent sage aims for the gut, jugular and heart  
as the hunter's dart strikes its bull's-eye.

*Janice Rose*

*Photos by Paul Bellah*

