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## For the People Who Say I'm Not

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# For the People Who Say I'm Not

Yes, I would like a cup of tea,  
The kind that makes my pinkie point  
To the North Star to which I  
Stealthily run seeking shade under my wild naps  
That complement my chanting spirit.

I place one hand on my lap, not  
To impress you, but to rest my palm,  
Blistered from clenching that cackling rope  
Around my neck, the veins straining to  
Burst and squirt into your face,  
Opening your blue eyes with its gold.

Would you please pass the croissants?  
I always pick the brownest one  
Before you accuse it of being stale  
And pass it under the table to Fifi  
Whose fangs beat into its soft sweet core.

Excuse me from the table, it has been a pleasure  
But I can only stand your café talk  
So long, and my soul pleads to be filled  
With collard-green jokes and old-school counsel..

*By Trenise Robinson*