

Derek JG Williams

These Kingdoms of Ours

— *after Jean-Michel Basquiat*

Their dimensions trouble (Saturn) king Alphonso king Picasso
(speak) king Miles speak to (me) kings Cash & Pleasure their halos
stacked & (smudged) kings Johnson & Clay king Parker king Dextrose
king Pecho (mine own) young Kings die (young) old Kings die (old)
grand feats trouble my (sleep) how to flee (wakefulness) how
to liberate (my skull) the devil would be king (deposed) bones
waving beneath skin augur a smattering of (boos) king Tyson (mine)
kings Berryman & Stanford (mine own) king Kunitz (wisest) kings
Kanye & Jay spit-ballers burning up the news (cycle) 24-hour gossip
(fest) but I summon great (game) kings Hustle & Grit all flashbang
(rhetoric) crowns gather the body's (light) spinning in each
weightless (point) the moon crowned by (stars) much safer
to be prince for Kings die (terrifically) heads cleaved from (necks)
necks bound by (rope) arms made supple (pincushions) too Kings
are (exiled) swollen & (unfamiliar) bruised & (bayoneted) treasured
light lifting their (brows) remain our best (angels) the halo's
(afterimage) its refusal to fade.

