

Poem in Your Pocket Day poetry excerpt from "Disguised Garden" in the book  
Changing the Lines by Katerina Canyon, featuring artwork by Aja Canyon

March clutches winter tightly around the neck  
while her tears struggle as rain to free herself from snow.

The tears fall like sharp pellets  
on cold wind shields until  
the sun decides to let go hiding  
behind dark cloudy blankets  
and finally  
March releases a dying winter  
into April's cruel hands  
A sacrifice to the coming Spring

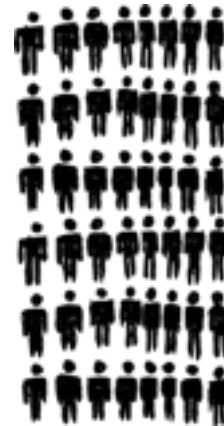


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Poem in Your Pocket Day poetry excerpt from "After Ferguson" in the book  
Changing the Lines by Katerina Canyon, featuring artwork by Aja Canyon

Jordan Davis dies and we write poems  
Michael Brown dies and we write poems  
White men kill black men  
Black men kill black men  
by shooting, by lynching, by dragging  
and we write poems  
black men die  
and we write poems  
black men die  
and we write poems  
black men die  
and we write poems

The lines just don't change



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Poem in Your Pocket Day poetry excerpt from "Torrance Halloween, Circa 1979" in the book  
Changing the Lines by Katerina Canyon, featuring artwork by Aja Canyon

I was a black cat prancing along splintered sidewalks  
where masquerade houses pressed against the dancing  
backdrop of a fireworks sky.  
I zig-zagged around shattered glass  
that sparkled like stars  
on the asphalt.  
I scurried from block to block  
and missed the irony of my costume as I dashed  
across streets in front of fast-moving cars.



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