

Since Prince

Shot through our nerves
Our boots on the dance floor
Our hips and lips
Shocking and rocking us to the core
Bringing DJs to their knees with endless requests for
"Who was that?" "Can we hear some more?"

We were altered
We put him on an altar
Which he smashed on down
"Just because I'm Prince
Don't give me no crown,"
No autographs either
He turned his head
"Idol worship lifts up no one"
As he strutted away in his gown.

He could handle Love's largeness
Cradle it in his tiny body glove
Love handled him with lyrics
That rained purple cloudbursts from above
5 feet of childlike velvet svelte
Stitched Love from stage-to-ear
And between the strings of many instruments
He sewed Love into us so clear.

Moving countless times when young
Restless and wild and famished
Stood outside the fast food stores
For a whiff and to make hunger vanish
Mom always gone and no grounding
So he turned to his musical soundings
Pushing edges and notes and fevers and hopes
Harnessing ravenous longing and lyrics
Exploding

Female or Male
Improvisation or Plan
Religion or Rapture
Explosive or Shy
Or all of these - please
"Give me the space to express this fire"
I keep moving so I can burst free

Since Prince
Died in something moving.
We are left with him moving us
Always shaking stirring us up
Although born to dark damp and dull
City life impoverished - no tune no hues
And up he so quickly grew
And now he owns the color purple too

He doesn't want our RIPs
For rest he has no use for
He is rocking out with angels
Sending us down some more.

Kendra
Wagner