

## 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