

The Kinship of Neighbors

By Jonah Raskin

Homeless I am not, nor am I a Republican or a Democrat, though I've been woke since shortly after I came into this world & knew I was different from the Others who lived in big houses & whose parents drove big cars, believed in Bigness, didn't see the folks who lived under the sun & the stars, & in broken down houses behind Main Street, an invisible presence my hometown wanted to pretend didn't exist, wasn't a part of the bleached nation born of chattel slavery, that at this late date doesn't want to acknowledge that we all belong to the Family of Humans who came down from the trees, lived in caves, learned to harness fire, built pyramids, believed in an end to bondage & the kinship of neighbors inside & outside four walls with light, heat & all that shit.