

Seith Mann

Gabriel's Harp

Gabriel's harp is broken
it lay in two pieces
smashed at your feet
God told him
it was a gift
for His most beautiful creature

so he left it for you

do u see me
i'm in the back
with three little fingers hiding behind my afro will u call on me
what if i raise my
hand a little
higher
stretch forth my arms
to thee
do you see me
now
with my hand touchin' the sky
i wonder why

you don't say my name in the roll call

u say it incorrectly

i am somebody can't u hear me

correct the pronunciation will you see me if
i stand on the desk

my feet stompin
home cuz there's

rhythm in my name

beating out summertime w/ my timbaland

do you know me when i tear out my hair
and screeeeam

at the top of my lungs bloody murder

holy metonymy
matrimony death & ecstasy ----

sunshine bleeding on the window pain rise & fall & rise again

couldn't wait three days

for glory
so i rolled the rock away

a little early

if i walk to the front in the middle of class outstretch my arms

& say all power is in my hands

i am father's son
and the son of man

hate to
repeat myself but

I am
somebody
will you recognize me
when the wind blows, when the summer leaves when the sky falls on its knees
on the subway when i
ask you for change
will you know my name?

They prayed. Hard.

And He was in the room. They both felt it. They were both moved. There was some shouting. Because somewhere in the middle, one realized that rather than enumerate all the things they needed God to do, they needed to just ask Him to fix it. Like the old timers would say in church, "Fix it, Jesus. Fix it, Lord."

With two simple words and an eloquence so economic, most folks miss it, our people have, for years, come to God with the clearest and most concise petition. Fix it.

And they knew in asking that He would. That He already had. That's when the shouting started. Hallelujah, Jesus. Thank you!

They got up. And hugged. And held it. It had been a hard time, but a good prayer. And there was love there. The kind that comes from being able to let your friend see you at your lowest. To bare it all. And not be embarrassed. And then get on bended knee and take it to God together.

Between men, you can't get much closer.

They finished hugging and he said, "Thank you, man. Thank you."

And he said, back, "Man, c'mon. You done it too many times for me. You ain't got to say nothing at all."

"Yeah," he said, "But now is now."