

Mr. T by Terrance Hayes (2002)

A man made of scrap muscle and the steam
engine's imagination, white feathers
flapping in each lobe for the skull's migration,
should the need arise. Sometimes drugged
and duffed (by white men) in a cockpit
bound for the next adventure. And liable
to crush a fool's face like newsprint headlines
of Hollywood blood and wincing. Half Step 'N Fetchit,
half of John Henry. What were we, the skinny B-boys,
to learn from him? How to hulk through Chicago
in a hedgerow afro, an ox-grunt kicking dust
behind the teeth; those eighteen glimmering
gold chains around the throat of pity,
that fat hollow medallion like the sun on a leash -