

# Poems

*Chauvet Bishop*

## Study of Now

(For Basquiat: Still Fly @ 55)

**R**ight now  
It happened then  
Where were you looking?

We waited til you showed us what now was  
You laugh  
What now is  
Bebop

Dipped your brush in music  
Painted the town  
Bebopped bread crumbs back in time

Said  
Find your way back  
Follow the crowns  
Not the money

Don't go lookin for gold on Wall Street  
They sold us outta stock already  
Changed the packaging

That's what they didn't wanna love bout you  
The cage you painted out of

The world you put souls back in  
As is

Covering things they never asked for

Worked best by horn  
Somethin like a conch signal?  
Maroon spirit freed  
Gathered every piece of now  
Extra large medium  
You outgrew us

Died your way into a club even your idols missed  
What's it like choosing your next voice?  
Dipping your new brush in dark matter  
Spraying Samo verses across walls artists tend to hit

Not dead  
Not in praise of poison  
We all pick one  
For the love of  
Now

**Gifts, Body & Time**

(For Basquiat: Still Fly @ 55)

A mother grows body  
 Mind  
 Love  
 Character

Man made things  
 Like cars  
 Break bodies instantly

His mother says  
 Here's the blueprint  
 The rules  
 Next time they are broken  
 Let it be your terms

Boy never allows name to be broken  
 Jean-Michel Basquiat  
 Say this right  
 SAMO  
 Say this right

Anatomy of the Earth  
 Man knows he won't be here long  
 Races time for his life  
 Leaving us in a cloud of art

He classifies it creole  
 All of history needing to survive at once  
 The need to know your history to survive

Father Island Ayiti  
 Mother Island Puerto Rico  
 He knows what happens  
 How they will praise him as long as he produces  
 While they can mine his resources

This is the first time they could fit two islands on a plane wrapped in a city

So convenient  
They say look how happy he is!  
How he dances  
Sings  
Must be his paradise

They always think a once broken singin black body dancin in is in paradise  
No, it is in praise  
Mourning is praise too  
We been praising since time was nameless  
Why stop now?

Don't you know these motions are contagious?  
Call it hip hop  
Call it born over  
And over  
Call it resurrection  
New life  
Do you remember the blue print?  
Praise if yes