

## Beware of the End Word

*for Marvin Tate*

newsroom      nasty      *Never, never again!*      nonfiction      Nino      1999

Neptune      Nantucket      Nairobi      Nicaragua      Newark      Nigeria

no count      non sequiturs      *She said, "NO!"*      Negroni      nightgown      9:30 p.m.      nunchucks

9 feet under      noisy      N[      ]      nearsighted      Nay Nay      neurosis      natural

Nastradamus      nickel bag      nukes      nappy      nut sack      never mind

nylons      neckties      noose      nix      no luck      nicknack

necromancy      nary      nothing      napkins      nevertheless      nougat      nose hairs

*Knuck if you buck!*      Nubian      Negro      newborn      named      nationalist      Nathaniel

nil      nominal      narcolepsy      *Na na na na boo boo!*      nimble      Nia

newfangled      not      nirvana      nomenclature      notebook      nowhere

*Naw!*      null      noun      nude      nipple      neighborhood watch      no good      never never land

9 and ½ years      needy      nutcracker      *Not today!*      Nixon      nihilist      nonsense

neuter      numerator      nuclear      neutron      neither      nanometer      *Now and Later*

naysayer      nadir      normal      numb      nugget      *Nope!*      negative      *Beware of the N word!*

neon      Nike      neroli      notice      *There ain't a space program for niggas!*      'nem      North

nonstop      nail      naughty      narcotic      neutral      number runner

## **Black Bell**

*A bell's dome represents the whole universe, the flat bottom represents the earth, and the hollow inside represents the space between the rest of the universe and the earth. When you strike a bell it sends a message from Earth out into the universe. Before reading, strike a bell tuned to A, the note connected to the third-eye chakra.*

Wore the whistles  
of men down her back.

Her clapper hung  
like a saggy breast,  
a piece of music.

Beneath her skirt was  
the truth made ugly. Unsweet  
as blackberry thorns.

Her laughter's rattle, a mask  
for secret contempt.  
She took in as much

as she could. A homely,  
or rather timely,  
air about her.

Inside the wall of her cheek  
was a sliver of violence  
only she could trust.

The wind would witness  
but wouldn't chime in.