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# POETRY OF ORVILLE LLOYD DOUGLAS

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## I Still

I still smell your breath when I brush my teeth  
Your apology is so rancid and rotten as you  
Slurring your words like a hobo  
Swallowing my pride as I tip toe by you  
Is like smashing a field of egg shells

I saunter into the bed turn my back not wanting to look at the labyrinth of you  
I feel your anger  
So strong it feels like a branding on skin  
So hot, so, haughty, so hopeless  
I don't want to remember you  
Yet I still do

## Star of David

Scatological statements smeared across doors is evidence of apathy and indifference  
We are a darker shade our statements have no social currency no value  
The language of alienation thrives here it grows like a cancer  
The president waited seventy two hours to respond  
Words are homicides that kill the respect we have for one another  
Yet invisible codes exists when we speak out about white supremacy  
If a Swastika was burned on a door  
The results would be evident  
The Star of David blinds me  
It conceals the knives of hypocrisy  
The bullets of false pretenses and concessions  
Cloaks the sentences of double standards and betrayal  
Millions of dollars available yet the security cameras don't work

A speaker is blocked from talking about education and community uplift  
The façade of unity is a dystopian nightmare  
A pernicious lie that leads to the same detour  
In the occidental world our thoughts are mute and dead  
It casts an ominous cloud over all of us

## Unknown Territory

They are afraid of nothing  
Sacrifice means daily survival in this field of desolation

Ignorance is the decay of silence  
Walking by dying dreams is easier than leaping past land mines  
It vanishes just like reality  
Blindfolded by the transparency of being caged  
Hawks fly waiting to strike on false expectations  
Handcuffed by the "few" that have access to words  
This is like souls hemorrhaging  
Leaking the melancholy through the rotten streets of hopelessness  
If the almighty is divine why is death predicted by geography?  
Where is the language of the heart?  
Since when does climate change mean suicide?  
Children drink the sewage like its cornmeal  
Women scrub shredded garments in feces  
Yet what about micro loans?  
Aren't words nourishment for the soul?  
Yet sentences, paragraphs, are a realization that thoughts are rage  
If only they could understand it  
Can anyone stand up?

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**Orville Lloyd Douglas** graduated York University in Toronto, Canada, with a Bachelor of Arts degree in History in June 2004. Orville Lloyd Douglas poetry has also been published in the anthology *Seminal*, Canada's first gay male anthology published by Arsenal Pulp Press in April 2007. Douglas poetry has also appeared in the *Pedestal Magazine*, *Wilderness House Literary Review*, and the *Vermillion Literary Project*. Orville Lloyd Douglas non-fiction has been published in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, *Toronto Star*, *NOW Magazine*, *Xtra magazine*, *Word Magazine*, *Georgia Straight*, and the *New Zealand Herald*.