

Microwave Popcorn

I think a lot of y'all have just been watching Dr. King get beat
up and, ah

vacillating opportunists straining for a note of
militancy and ah

Hold your great buildings on my tiny wing or in my tiny
palm same thing different sling

and then they shot him and uh left him on the front
lawn of everyone's vulgar delirium
for having been chosen walking home that night
that'll show you like candy and love
god openly reverse order

A bird gets along beautifully in the air, but once she is on the
ground that special equipment hampers her a great deal.

And Thereby home never gets to be a jaded
resting place.

Credit:

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About this Poem:

"This poem addresses spectator culture, the so-called *emancipated spectator*, the baffled displacement that occurs when voyeurism is confused with freedom or empathy or comprehension, and the numbing auto-didacticism that in turn displaces interaction. Martin Luther King becomes Trayvon Martin with a vast black fastness, and the clipped wings of the imagination spread like scars."

— *Harmony Holiday*

Author:

Harmony Holiday



Harmony Holiday is the author of *Negro League Baseball* (Fence Books, 2011) and *Hollywood Forever* (Fence Books, 2016). She curates the Afrosonics archive of Jazz Poetics and audio culture, and teaches at Otis College in Los Angeles.

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