

# Negative

By Kevin Young

Wake to find everything black  
what was white, all the vice  
versa—white maids on TV, black

sitcoms that star white dwarfs  
cute as pearl buttons. Black Presidents,  
Black Houses. White horse

candidates. All bleach burns  
clothes black. Drive roads  
white as you are, white songs

on the radio stolen by black bands  
like secret pancake recipes, white back-up  
singers, ball-players & boxers all

white as tar. Feathers on chickens  
dark as everything, boiling in the pot  
that called the kettle honky. Even

whites of the eye turn dark, pupils  
clear & changing as a cat's.  
Is this what we've wanted

& waited for? to see snow  
covering everything black  
as Christmas, dark pages written

white upon? All our eclipses bright,  
dark stars shooting across pale  
sky, glowing like ash in fire, shower

every skin. Only money keeps  
green, still grows & burns like grass  
under dark daylight.

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Source: *To Repel Ghosts: The Remix* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2005)