

TAKING AIM AT A MACY'S CHANGING ROOM, I BLAME TELEVISION

By Marcus Wicker

No chain link fences leapt in a single bound. No juke
move Nike Commercial, speeding bullet Skittles-hued
Cross Trainers. No brown skin Adonis weaving trails of
Industrial Vaseline down a cobblestone street. Heisman-shucking
trash receptacles. Grand Jeté over the little blue recycling bin,
a prism of clouds rising beneath his feet. Nobody all-fucked in
boot cuffs wide enough to cloak court appointed tethers.
Or slumped over, hoodie-shrouded— sheepishly scary according to one
eye witness. Definitely not going to be your Louis V
Sweat Suit red carpet fashion review, coming at you live from E! & Fox
News outside of the morgue. No chance for homeboy
in the peekaboo boxer shorts. Homeboy with the frozen
wrists. Iced. Homeslice with the paisley, Pretty Flacko Flag
flying by the seat of low-slung denim— no defense
attorney gets to call me *Gang Related*. Tupac
in a mock leather bomber. No statement taken
from the Clint Eastwood of your particular planned
community, saying he had the right to stand his ground
at the Super Target. Because my flat-billed, fitted cap
cast a shady shadow over his shoulder in the checkout line. No, siree.
See, I practice self target practice. There is no sight of me
in my wears. I bedecked in No Wrinkle Dockers. Sensible
navy blazer. Barack Obama Tie, Double Consciousness-
knotted. Stock dandelion pinned to the skin of an American
lapel with his head blown off.