

## **Birthday Poem**

**By Etheridge Knight Jr.**

The sun rose today, and  
The sun went down  
Over the trees beyond the river;  
No crashing thunder  
Nor jagged lightning  
Flashed my forty-four years across  
The heavens. I am here.  
I am alone. With the Indianapolis/ News

Sitting, under this indiana sky  
I lean against a gravestone and feel  
The warm wine on my tongue.  
My eyes move along the corridors  
Of the stars, searching  
For a sign, for a certainty

As definite as the cold concrete  
Pressing against my back.  
Still the star mock  
Me and the moon is my judge.

But only the moon.

'Cause I ain't screwed no thumbs  
Nor dropped no bombs—  
Tho my name is naughty to the ears of some  
And I ain't revealed the secrets of my brothers  
Tho my balls've / been pinched  
And my back's / been / scarred—

And I ain't never loving no / one  
O I never stopped loving no / one

Indianapolis, IN  
April 19, 1975

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