Race, to go

What’s yr race
and she said
what’s yr hurry
how ’bout it cock

I’m just going for curry.

You ever been to ethni-city?
How ’bout multi-culti?

You ever lay out skin
for the white gaze?

What are you, banana
or egg? Coconut
maybe?

Something wrong Charlie
Chim-chong-say-wong-lung-chung?
You got a slant to yr marginal eyes?

You want a little rice with that garlic?
Is this too hot for you?

Or slimy or bitter or smelly or tangy or raw or sour
—a little too dirty

on the edge hiding underneath crawling up yr leg stuck

between the fingernails?

Is that a black hair in yr soup?

Well how you wanna handle this?
You wanna maintain a bit of differ-ence?
Keep our mother’s other?
Use the father for the fodder?

What side of John A. MacDonald’s tracks you on anyway?

How fast you think this train is going to go?