

DRAPETOMANIA

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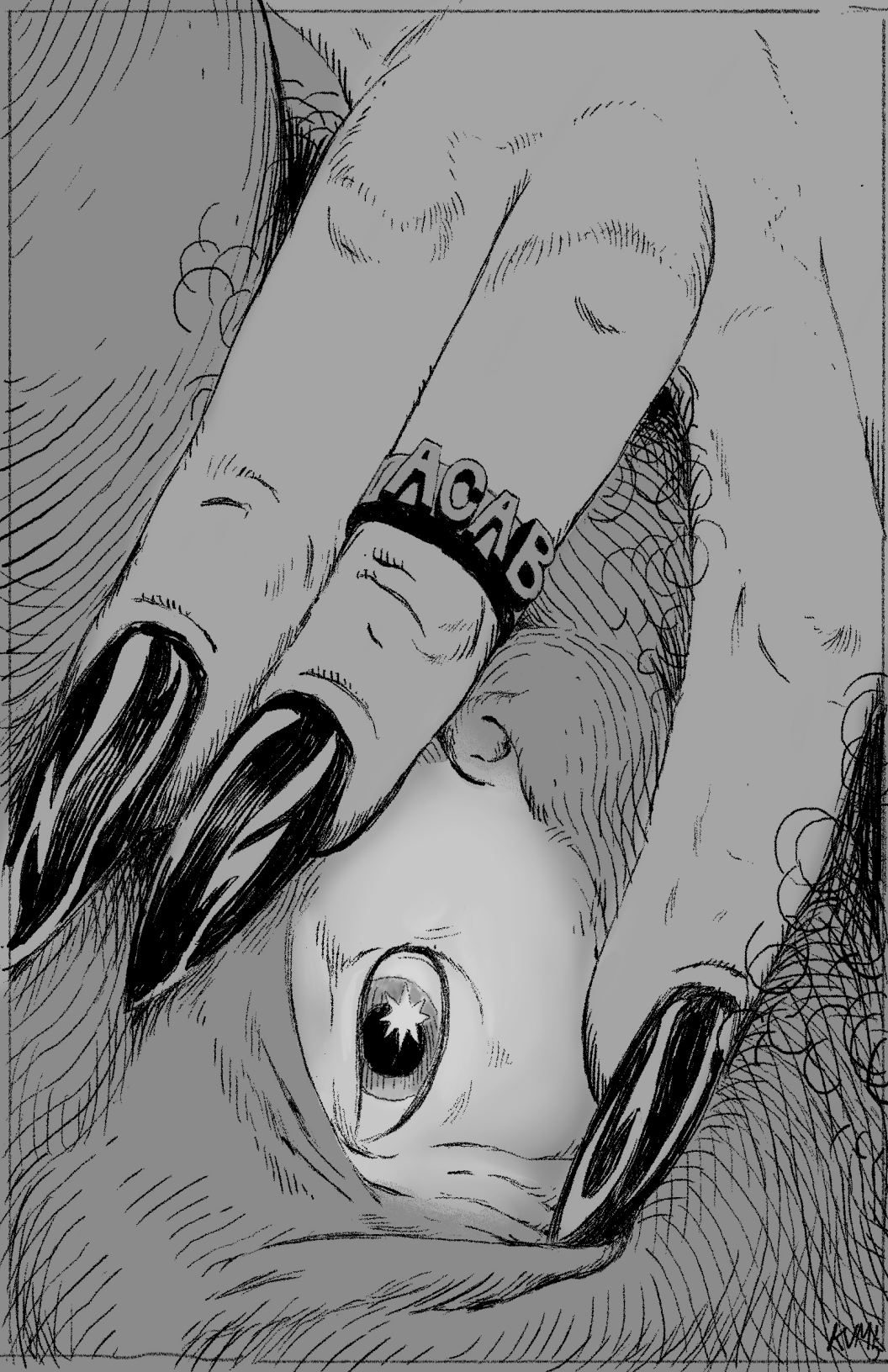
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Drapetomania

Spanish is clumsy on my tongue like Angolan slaves breaking their tools
in Puerto Rico, Barbados and Nevis

Black women have killed their babies only to save their souls, health
from diabetes and policemen coming to shoot them in their sleep

What do niggers dream while walking through a living nightmare?

The cost is some bargaining chip in minor suburb of Michigan

My grand maimed one and all the thick cocks of Missouri that god could
not hide from me

If I die, then let the city burn with me

I want my blackness to coat the cities' night and burn like Sati's glowing
skin

Let the foundation shake and have the children eat from my flesh to be
reborn as heroes in Homer's Odyssey

If I am to die in the hands of our enemies, then use my corpse as a
Golden Fleece to decapitate the cyclops in blue

Do you know what love feels like

To vibrate and violently shake

To watch *The Exorcist* late at night with the second love of your life

Just to hear he became an uncle to a new life the next day

To feel wet in the middle of the night

Like a moist tampon on the first of a period
To truly be content?

I go into the sea at night and let the waters lap at my charcoal-flavored labia
Why are verdicts announced at night
“Are they scared?”
They should be
The whiskey bottle is mocking me with its Aunt Jemima form
I don’t want to return
I don’t know how to exchange fares at this destination
I will lose myself in the crisis
I don’t want to return to work
I don’t want to sleep and count the weeks between how much money I
have to save for rent
I don’t want to grovel from paycheck to paycheck
I don’t want to mutter under my breath when pigs show up to my workplace
I want to burn
I want everyone to know how alcohol feels when it’s lit
What it’s like to play with fire
I want us to burn today and tomorrow

I Gave You the Bridge

Mother I am scared
Mother I am running in the dark
On wood and planks and bolts of slave ships
Mother I fear
I fear of uniforms in blue and black
Mother I am running with sweaty palm in hand and comrade in hand
Lover in hand
It is all the same
And blurred

There is no such thing as “point of production” the lover says,
under moonlight in whisper
“I wish I did more,”
I whisper

We are meeting childhood friends
They are dull with golden heads dyed black
Jane, you are telling me not to fuck the British guy but
will understand and forgive, if I decide otherwise
Our mothers will applaud us you say
The summer will incubate our feverish plastic-like wings you say
You say

You said
You loved me
On an ottoman
I am welcoming and saying farewell, my love.
I am saying goodbye to dishwater-blonde locks and
hello to buzzed hay-fever blonde hair.
I am saying goodbye to your hands that are large
like the mountainside with two delicate pink flowers
growing out of it. I am saying hello
to conjugal visits and promises to torch bridges to our future,
to light our way through
the dark balmy specters of capital that exist in the skeletal formation of
our families
and other unfortunate things we cannot have.

I say
I said
I loved you
When I saw the way your lips curled with the French language.
You are inside me, cabrito. I am with child.
A child of limitations that the state will not let me forget.

Your face looks like an Ethiopian woman, oh jealous lover.
I cannot and will not yield
There are other days where we can learn to say nothing

Spinoza's Ladder

The state of things
And how they operate under control
Foucault would call our “natural” inclination to submission,
“governmentality”,
while your bougie well-meaning friends reduce the farce
that is our relationship to the biological anatomy of a swan.
We have no history, and there is nothing to grip onto materially.

Trauma hunted me in the Bronx. While you fucked fully clothed in Veracruz.
Now the state of trauma or state trauma has returned to
welcome an anniversary to marriages dying,
children being born and other things discussed over eating barbecue.

We are others, naturally secretive.
You held my hand and I believed
that you were open when
what I saw was a crawl space. A gaslight. Is it true?
That mercury has been in retrograde for a year. Is it true?
That my sullied sheets are our only home. Is it true?
What love can do and the violence it causes.

The state of violence. Or state violence.
Cats can only sleep when you think the police are at the door.

We've had two hours of sleep and you surrendering.
Surrendering to rooms of potted plants and stolen pictures of you and
your wife in Quito.
You remind me that I am wrong about race.
I am reminded that there is only enough space for one forlorn woman.

Que Viva!

I am melting! And waking to phone calls from jail.
I cannot hear you
but the state is asking for the expiration number on my debit card.
I did not tell you my vagina hurt when I felt you put your fear in and out of me.
I remained wet. I confused passion for anxiety.
The latex dried and you now weep for the past ten years of your life

Es Lo Que Hay

Naked branches hunger through the night
Stretching up towards god
Asking for forgiveness for their appearance
Jealous of leaves that can howl in the wind
Because of their grace only being temporary
Taking shape
Dust bearing no name to the winds
Shuffling at the silence in a seat of The Lord
The lovers are busy
Too busy all of a sudden to hold and wet like a reed before blowing into
 a saxophone
The note is off key
This text message bears a double meaning

The travelers are meeting and fucking
Dates are hard to get in a crisis
The traveler fares well
They want to feel good and have the moonlight guide them to their
 partner's pelvis

1. You never had me.
2. Yes, there are consequences.
3. The worst has already happened.

Leftists address deities by their first name
Craving intimacy that organization hollowed out
Obscurity doesn't put out like he used to
He still receives my drunken emails about how sexual tension is bullshit
and how Spinoza said so
He can translate tequila

Baptism

It is Black August
And another black body is dead
I am weary
It is a weary love offered
On top of broken condoms
In woods
Where the Big Dipper is seen
As it ever was was was was was
1850
There are timelines
There are baptisms for these things
There are sedatives for these things
You can grow tiresome from these things
There is only weary brokenness
There is only weary love

There are only these things
and only these days where
I just want someone to hold my hand at the beach
And drown me

Bound

Morning offers no forgiveness
there are news feeds that alert towards the next Citalopram dose
you have forgotten
lonely apartments, with ugly women
wet panties
and comedowns
brownish, whitish come downs
“Am I supposed to think about until the next time we fuck?”
Until the next time we remember that
all of our childhood homes have become our graves
full of protestant guilt and sheets wet with semen, pushing
to understand
Why do all organizations end?
Your marriage could not be saved by politics
it couldn't save us either.

Way Station

You think I've forgotten you like a drunk piss
And I did forget
I am now feeling
In touch with my inner self
'Becoming Animal'
Breaking the seal
But I've lost count of the homely girls that remain yr friends
I am puking outside and tempering my movements to match your hips,
In bed
We are alone
You left alone
We left alone on the FDR
On a brooklyn bridge
Alone
Cowed
Hand and hand
You left alone

These poems are living and will never be complete
Everything is undone and uncertain
There can only be one fool

Saturn's Return

There are black girls in philly to die for
To wonder where they came from
and what shore they cross upon
And teachers who have told them
their laugh was too loud
to hold within the cellophane boundaries of
white politeness
and purity
strong purity

Deer run onto the road and
make you wonder what roads they've crossed
What gravel must be
lodged in the doe's hooves

"She is seriously dangerous."
These are text manifestos made at night
These are the summations of a year
under a burning gaslight.
I am not ashamed and
not afraid to burn in daylight
These are living burials.

These are our ruins
 You may call your hounds and say
 “I’ve been manipulative too.”
 And they may say
 “I am not going to let you get away with this!”
Mivas pokhoronim, bae

I immediately bleed
 after we spoke on the phone,
 and realized Cronos was always with us,
 in us
 in you.

I am aware of that marriage that binds
 and the age gap the woman on the Shabba Ranks track crones
 You are twice my age and twice in offspring
 The obtuse edges of age
 meet the girls in translucent dresses
 Curved spines meet in central Brooklyn conversing
 over flood patterns that will soon take over the land
 I now have more emails dedicated to my consumption than to labor
 What is productive when reproduction occurs in a ramen noodle cup:
 Anovulatory periods and UTIs

I am in love with you Andy
 and the piss stains that fascists leave on partisan graves in Yugoslavia.
 And how you can speak through the old witch,
 Hecate,
 on the past, present and future of learning to fail better.

Even if we must die

Henrietta Lacks

The lining is all gone

Full of ulcers and bondage slavery

Think of it as an inheritance

The kind that runs by blood

And air that will never reach your heart
And exit out of the cadaver's hands

That have now become a part of your
Own extremities.

I never said I didn't navel gaze, I just
Said I forgot what pines smelt like

Pinus

The brain is swimming

In a pond on Pluto

The body is shutting down and you are not allowed to leave this potluck

The heart palpitates

While you wonder how you'll have to fight with your co-workers over
 who gets to take their lunch break
First and *¿como tienes pelo malo?*

Sugar makes me clot
And ache for a child
Poetry is very much like schizophrenia
For my fixations on the fear of a hysterectomy meant to rectify any inner
 forgiveness
And the voices of guilt that hugs the lines
I am learning to be vulnerable

Tumor

There is a man scoffing at millennials
This term is barely seen as a plural
Except in Ferguson where blood soaked ground
sprouts an autumn to burn all other autumns a sunder

He told me “if you are taking Jean-Luc Nancy’s word to
describe how I eat you out, then fine.”

There are people who ask you how you are doing
just to share how they feel about self-assisted suicide
with you rather than hearing knowing
the present died on a door step in Wyoming, 1865
and how the black spot on the screen is not cancerous,
says the medical technician,
but to “keep an eye on it”.

Dinner

Fighting over scraps of food to sate me
I was never used to having a full belly.
My own desires destroyed the lining of my stomach.
Passion is corrosive and I have grown tired of stalking you on Facebook.
Food was always sensuous with him
But he would never look into eyes
To hold my soul like a child accidentally killing a fish on carpeted floor.
Too scared to grow roots in fertile river banks
Stretching along the Schuylkill where I once made love
A wetness matched by none
Trembling and writhing
Awaiting for mosquitos to deliver gifts
Out of fear that damage goods could quench me.
Moving towards
Always averting
Towards a past that bordered on the equator, that my molasses colored
thighs could never run fast enough to reach him.
I knew this
And overstayed my welcome and whispered truths and delusion
Countries do not have their names anymore
So that I may never find you
Feeling comes and goes, this remains frustrating
A room of brick and wood, the wolf on your wall grows thirsty

Tidal

Black Death means more than the plague now
Yemanja follows slaves into the sea
to carry their souls and usher others
into the darkness of plantations and wet nurses and
“What kind of brown is that?”
Santa Muerte takes sins into the apple and leaves
pock-ridden Indio souls to mass graves of conquistadors
And lumpenization in Chicago ghettos like
“What kinda red is that”
It’s the devil

Yemanja carries another black soul
into the sea after watching them die on the computer screen
in alleyways, on the road, routine stops
it don’t ever stop

LeRoi screams “it must be the devil, “it must be the devil, “it must be the devil,
“it must be the devil, “it must be the devil, “it must be the devil...”

XILBABA

Zzz-iill-bah-bah...

...is white

Y Baba Yaga

pay yr black mother what you owe her
don't act like you forgot
death means more with an extra coat of blackness
now

We Will Return in the Whirlwind

There are plains and then there are valleys.

Where hay fever makes children sickly.

I am reminded of how I cannot imagine your mother giving birth to
three sons

A girl is dangerous when in love.

Minnesota freezers keep meat from decomposing so fine.

Our love is a church lit on fire.

Golden and dry. Lapping at the palm of a lord. We cannot be lukewarm.

You stopped drinking after a series of blackouts on Flatbush Avenue but
not after or in between cyberfucking your lover in Georgia,
the county, the state and the country.

Baudrillard no longer believes in the real,
and our whole existence is masturbation.

Withering next each other, asking what it feels like,
what it really feels like to piece your life back together after divorce.

Pseudo-divorce and persepnone's object-desire,
next to the fake potted plants of your jail cell in central booking and
an old fax machine used to make the same grey copy of your anxieties
over and over

and over and over and

over and over and

68 was the number of holes you could fill and ooze into me

as a symbol of my mother feeling no sympathy for my incarcerated uncle

and that there was no hope for him to become a part of the Angola Three
Four, Five, Six, Seven or Eight.

I am barren, so you need not worry of golden headed bastards with absent
white fathers.

A girl is dangerous when in love.

I promised to hold you as you cry and spasm.

Love is dangerous when a girl is in love.

My husband is marking out territory on my womb.

Love is dangerous when a girl is in love.

“I don’t want to be another animal on your farm”.

Love is dangerous when a girl is in love.

You imagined us having a son on the subway and you tying his tie for school.

Love is dangerous when a girl is in love.

I am drinking again to get pneumonia.

Love is dangerous when a girl is in love.

Your green eyes match your dishwater hair.

Love is dangerous when a girl is in love.

I’ll never be your fire.

Love is dangerous when a girl is in love.

We are getting calls from our friend threatening to commit himself.

He was fine an hour ago when we watched a sad Russian movie.

Love is dangerous when a girl is in love.

You say my presence will trigger your wife because our love is real now.

Love is dangerous when a girl is in love.

Leviathan

Progression is on the pancake box that mocks my negro figure
It is smiling
It looks like my grandmother
It looks like my face when I sleep
It's the face your mother and your mother's mother
make when they hate their own people
And cannot escape becoming someone's maid
even with a Bachelors of Arts degree earned from a "well
meaning" leviathan that eats the boys on the block

Maybe what they say about me finding god is true
Because I cannot find it within myself
And yet my mother's bathroom mirrors forgive me for my appearance
All of my brown is even and dizziness renewed
I asked you if you loved me even when I am broken
The answer was the same as it was on the magic 8 ball
"Sure. I hope so"

They are telling me that the crisis is not that bad but I should reset my
student loans
I cannot forecast the weather
So I'll save for another day

In a feverish daze you are holding my hand
 You say that you inherited from your mother
 I am with you in the Bronx, when we are arguing over taxonomy
 and if there is agency in this relationship
 I am with you in Ferguson
 where blackness burns bondage and your fingers cannot wash off the tar
 I am with you on Mott street in Chinatown,
 crying in the rain knowing that you and your wife will have make-up sex
 Because we all know how arrests bring out both our partners,
 husbands, boyfriends, nothings and girlfriends
 I am with you where asphalt kills Haslett wildlife
 I am with you on the asphalt where your shoulder and
 elbow were almost dislocated by the police
 I am with you on lawns in prospect park where I am fucking an actor's son
 and you are fucking a homely girl with a round face and pale skin
 I am with you Missouri,
 your churches cannot contain our love their love and love's failures
 to become what Lacan says: the mirror of love.
 John, I am with you.

The moon is waxing and I have stopped taking my birth control pills.
 The apocalypse has already happened