

Hungry on Arrival

Kabelo Mofokeng

Abstract

My collection embraces different kinds of poetry, I also write my own journey through my home in Pimville Soweto, the urban sounds and multilingual speech patterns as I move through it. Other poems draw on the Sesotho culture and tradition which still runs strongly in my family, and here I integrate the different kinds of sounds and associations of Sesotho and English in the same poem. I am inspired by the works and lives of artists and poets such as, Mafika Gwala, Jackson Hlungwani, and Herbie Tsoaeli amongst others. Other poems emerging are dense and self-reflective manifesting a transitional period whereby the poet experiments with form and style in the manner of Arthur Nortje and Angifi Dladla.

Introduction: Jozi to Rhini

Early distant skies unveil true colours inside a cold summer. The musical journey towards Rhini settles on my spine down corridors of Coronation Women's Hospital. Mampudi, mother of my seed, wraps her cloak of quiet tears. Moon of my eyes, Eyelash-of-a-Goddess the scar-line on her belly roars the lions of my den. The cold vein of birth blood still trickling from my eyes. Our expectation of awakening to a blossoming son died prematurely. No rattle can silence her screams. This too will pass my love.

The road chews a sole on ice. I strap on a suite Zimphonic, a glittering confidence of youth is like treasure inside my chest. Although my pockets are empty, my soul remains pure. I rock on a bebop cotton flower hat to quieten tears at my thought. A cold summer wind churns inner-glow of my melanin pride. Ke naka la mosipidi, blistered toes cake-walking a waltz whilst whistling without a penny in the wind. A scamtho praise poem sheds its wings on a *Grandmother's blues* to your niggling wannabe Kwaai-hipster. I want to be an honest writer, put in the hand of every child a book to glisten at their wings.

Spharaphara two feet of talking footsteps scrape the ground whilst running to Parkie. Bruised motherlessly by urgency, of a last minute scaffin of compassion plus magriza's last words, "Though you will walk alone, you are not born alone. Beware of those swagger boys and their candid smiles my son. Remember this is your home too, we did not chase (YOU) away and in our prayers you * will always remain."

Spharaphara six step with a gust of coal-train, I step inside a love supreme coach to Rhini. The luggage scale was ruthless on my broken pockets, and the operating uncle was taking no hostages such as the one behind the venster at Coronation Hospital. The uncompromise of blk-thots raging * inside a blk leather bag. The lyrical journey leaps a giant step as I attempt to retrace rural footsteps of our jazz heritage.

Woza Rhini woza, for long my ears had succumbed to unchanging chords and abrupt microphones under a City of Gold. Pure breath of my word, a still born inside a belly of the beast. I am slave * born to violent rhythms of impoverished ciphers, a slaghuis of catch phrases mocking the birth of my word. Jozi scriptures strip-tease as lies scribble the empty stage/page lime light.*

Woza Rhini woza, unleash fire breath of pure lyric inside a heart of a Sowetan blood.

Rhini moon let each drag of your herb nourish black inkwells inside the fountain of this pen.

To my flesh and blood across meandering rail tracks let the water of hearts fill your streams.

I

Pimp-town Skomplaas

Red moon
dressed to kill
inside Skomplaas
I perish in your special light
inner red red districts
where the heart gets sown
inside a glass coffin of night
Makgulong amatala (green pastures)

Jack Daniels cradled in my palm
turns me inside out
Bra-Barney
thumps a storm
pierces a crisp lament
outta Pinkie's Jazz Clinic

Bra Funky
soars from the 3rd bass
where gods would shit on the rest
the dopest guitarist
a finger fucking lefty
loops a Soweto blues
to purge babalaas inside
wobbly tin of a silver night

Pimville
home ground of P.U.B.S.
Ngoaps I wish you were here
to hear me

sparring le BavinoBachana
in your backyard
see you on the flip side
of our ancestral land

Ntja tsa Mmamokoto
hear me
through the music of your heart
They say
your sickly bones are frail
nyaope tears at your wings my angel
brown eyes
no longer turn tavern tables

I want to be mute
soft as early light of your skies
before chasing early train
before the rattle of Albany truck delivers our daily bread*

Home ain't where the heart is
Voetsek
Home is where bomakhe (neighbours)
radiate seven colours
inside ghetto kitchens
whilst Thuso Motaung
casts the fear of god
trebling through airwaves
The eye of Jehovah
remains witness

Watch Towers

Catholics

Zionist

Shembe

Methodists

Universal Grace

7th day unveils

its true colours

inside kasi yama kasi (township amongst townships)

Tipsy lips of red moonlight

inside a Skomplaas night

I succumb to your fire-place.

Monday blues

Monday
mornin'
watchin'
Son-rise
at dawn of a drinking spree.

Beziwa more
empty cans on the floor
cash for trash
for rest of the week
NO CASH.

Only peeling peanuts
in my tiekie-pokotho
hoping for change
to find a coin of fortune

to flip out of poverty.
where I am back again
early Monday morning
babalaas!!!

Dance Hall Kings

These boys got swagger
lyrical hot-steppers
rolling stoned down the road
rolling feet
trip on rock-rolling
full of young man love with the world.*

They spill
out of life
out of gateways
crooks out of doorways
urine out of dingy corners
they spill
up and over high walls
uncontainable.

They jive
through pages and lines
of rhythms
through city lights
flick flickering
between the shimmer
the pool of darkness
which collects its debts
from the slow drop of night.

They jive
in and out of darkness
smoke in hand

beer in hand
pretend to be grown
they know how to
dance between darkness *
and still remain intact
not slip and slide and fall
caught off-beat
The light speeds by
leaving bloodied hands
sheds of scalp
fingers and bone dust
where once was a baby boy

They jive
eyes cast to the sky
moving feet fast
they fly
no one can tear their wings
rock stars
will take your breath away.

These boys got swagger
rolling stoned down the road
feet rolling trip
rock-rolling-high
full of young man love for the world.

Brada from anada mada

Remember uSika-bopha, mzala?
daai tyd
ibottle kop
is'shela strong

Onthou iseven-thousand-cheque-zol
rizzla-less
steja never killed a man.

Sika Msesho ntate
cush etebela baloi
blk skin pride shines
slanted mirror reflections.

Sika sigebengu
onthou ihubbly bubbling
ilanga blazing
under clouds of smoke
kusha amakhanda
squatting in a camp
puff and passin polotiki
downing ipiki-ne-fosholo
brada from anada mada
wathini?

“Indlela zakho yizo ezikucishayo”

Double-doo-wop

I double-doo-wop
beneath a blanket of blues
seeking to wrap you
with these hungry palms
without shattering your light
like a gentle conductor
I freeze the lyric of time
melt in your double-doo-wop
endlessly
it smells like rain
dropping from scented corners
of my night skies
freeing the swallows
outta my rib-cage

Bare stilettos on a quiet side walk

I have bled rivers of quiet tears
beachfront memories wash away
the milky-lane traces of your face

Tender lips
rotten tongue
you spilled the stout

Palm to palm
woza Friday night
ghetto child
ganja clouds
hover above

I wish I had known sweet stone
I would carry caring on
carrying it carrying on
carrying it
carrying on caring on
carrying it

My Beetle

Orange sun-babe
revving ranting
I drown inside our roars

You were my poor man's Benz
my skorokoro
iron rumble
oil cooler

I received you with a purpose
to unhitch and cruise
beyond the unchanging
kasi mirage

Works of Art

A family portrait
over-exposed unframed
before we were remote controlled
our song was a wireless joy

A Last Supper Portrait remains
Between the wall and paint
Like a virus it marinates
Through our four rooms.

A Cry Freedom VHS
trapped inside a recorder
of a Telefunken colour scene

II

Mpho ya Badimo (Child of the Ancestors)

In the utero for ten months
when I was born
a medicine-man was called to work his miracles
I had always known maouleidi
to be a staunch Catholic
not into African sciences

When I was 18
I met Molamodi
(bitso lebe ke seromo le letle ke theriso)
this chief negotiator for my release from the spirits

The day when I met this dude
it was crazy how we met
my mom's old man was alive then
he woke me up early that morning of June
told me to walk in front
leading a path forward
and him following behind
each time I looked back
he indicated left or right

I walked straight into a street in Zone 3 Ndofaya
onto some unmarked spot I stopped for one moment
the old man still behind and nearing
seems I had not met my arrival as I entered
an unknown elder said “Hau monna Kabelo, ogudile maan”
In the way we are brought up
first greet and then introduce ourselves

there I was torn inside
How did he know my name without a formal intro?

Oupa had given me a few rands to pay this man
saying I could not hand him the money in his palm
Oupa said I should lay it down on the floor
like we do in a game of dice
but this time I was not gambling
I was about to hear the story of my birth
how maouleidi almost bled to death
I'd been a trouble maker since day one
when the gods offered me to the earth
to be fearless and face the music
even when the road is narrow
and however long the knives

Kenna Kabelo Phoka
tona ya matona morung wa ba fatshe
seiponi sa bontatemoholo
mpho ke abetswe Phokeng
radikarabo le se finyellwe ka kgongwana fatshe.

Dikgomo

*Dikgomo di tswile di tshelela
ya bosupa e supile masupatsela*

*Nna di sa fella nka di busa
nna di sa fella nka di busetsa morao*

We met at *Afrikan Times*
inside a calabash of umuthi we nkululeko
mosadi towe
ke kgathallang, seo sesang kgakgeng borokong?

Di tswile e bile
di qhalana sakeng
with a giant footprint
you churn a blade with a serial eye
once was prophesied in the book of life
of this second coming.

Di tswile di tshelela
into a house of truth
breaking word for bread
re ja maele
ho fihlela approach of early light
bokamoso looks bright

Mabotle
you are a song of Mankunku
filling inward glow of a township joy
tsena hadi boroko

I will squeeze each daring beast into a block of flats
turn glare of celestials
into a needle of hope
Kom kyk
di tswile di tshela
ya bosupa e supile masupatsela
rona
re hlabelela kwaaiman
down organic jazz street
ha hopoho-pedi sakeng
it's a krazy earth
at the core of this distillation

Kgwaa Mollo (spit fire)
pours out of your eyes
to be or not to be
a seven colour dish
masutsa fela
you erase deceptions
unveil cosmic chords
till darkness comes to pass

I will pursue enana
ho fihlela pepeneneng
baholo ntloheleng
enana e tswile e tlola
moleko fela
ho o makgonthe
Mabotle
sebabola sa Diphoka.

Malume

Sizo hamba no malume
Sizo hamba nodadewethu

Death came with the moon
beneath a black leather
bride to every home
blowing a death kiss

At your burial
a cold speech
cut like a dagger
as barking winds
cracked my window pane

After-tears
beer throats
guzzled their bitterness
brown bottles
could not contain my tears

Malume!
you saw me long ago
and mapped out a path
“ekojwa e le metsi”

As you return to stone
we march on
Monogeng
our tears will not rain

to stain the dirty earth
Izwe lethu!

Sizo hamba no malume
sizo hamba nodadewethu

Petros Mashaba
(Umagoduka)

Petros ngoana Mashaba
left Margaret and baby Angelina in Makondi land
a forgotten village on the outskirts of Tzaneen
to walk Ted a staffy owned by Piet Van der Merwe
on the banks of Westdene dam.

“Patrau ngoana mane”
flirtatious kitchen girls call this Mshagaane
a pitch black plaasie comes to jozi'te
he praats maaklik Afrikaans
he avoids the rotting sun
sits under a Jacaranda
lights a best blend of Boxer.
garden boys of Victoria Road pavement
look-on with eyes of envy

Ted is 'n maan se bra
come summer or winter
front seat preference
Petros knows how to sit at the back of a van.

Dizzy-tyd-rush, inside the belly of Gauteng Maboneng
Petros ngoana Mashaba
packs a sack full of fruits from hard labour
buys chocolate cake in Braamfie confectionery
baby Angelina received three distinctions
she treads 20km on kaal-voet to school
“Yah...my baby girl Angelina is going to be a lawyer”

he can't wait to embrace the love of his life

“My husband is not a lazy man bab' mfundisi”

“When will he return home Margaret?”

A black robe

occupies traditional side of the bed

there are no lights

“must be a figment of my Petros shadow”

Petros ngoana Mashaba

he never stops asking friendly advices

from tertiary scholars living in a student village in Westdene

“Customary law has flawed me

all the witches in my village go to church”

something sound snapped in him

“Sefebe sa mosadi, ha se ntswele ka motse”

Abocheribam

Matlakala

2 blacks too strong
walks zig-zag
gone to get Zamalek
ha Mascout
where beer-bottles role-models
bhu! blkout
bambinos starved of their grant
all guzzled and gone
in the wind of ganja spliff

Dipuo Mmadikuranta

phantsi phezulu scebezana
spreads rumours like disease
house to house
Std 8 drop out
reason strata sane e le Uropa
Mamgobozi-Corner-Dladla
taba di a baba
morethethong wa joala
dimpuruma strong
cadbury-teeth-crack
breaking laughter in her voice
o strola down the block
hums a hymn infested with death
“o tshwere ke AIDS”
as if meant to be a secret

Mmatseleng

walks in the middle of a road
roto e meno a di razor
chain smoker ya motsoko
o kgamme pepe
bula sekele
otla bona mohlolo
a drunken master getting down
in a *Kwaito Storm*
she wears a wardrobe of lies
to disguise her charms
she could have been someone
if she did not put the bottle
so high above

Nthabiseng mathekesela mpeng ya bosiu
who will spice her choice for variety vir die nag?
a double tot on the rocks
solution for a quick fix
she wears the light of a star badge
empa Lekganyane refuses to shine her path
Sunday wake up news
a baby girl raped and dumped
besides a sewage dead end
Nthabi weeps to death
when police discover
underwear reeking sewage
in the closet
of her ex's shack

What she said

After ejaculating
he put a twenty rand note on the dresser
said I was not to utter a single word.

His wife, my mother
turned a blind eye
as long as he put food on the table.

Brass for braz

Your greed for drug money
was killing our band softly
sweet poison
burning my heart-strings.

You chose to hide your true face
inside a long edged okapi smile
eating into my flesh
Doggy-dog turning his back on a Jazz-kat.

Same way you came in
at the beginning of our song
I shoot you out of my system
oa salleng o shwella tharing
imini iyeza klever.

Mr. Convenience
you were never really my friend
a new chapter of Mzansi wa Azania song
eaten under the bed of a whorehouse
guitars trembling for an angry fix
our smoky chords released through a crack-pipe
and you never praised my horn
for trumpeting truths.

Mothers

There are two kinds of mothers in this world
one is loving, kind and all-forgiving
the other resembles a grumpy baboon on the road to eBhofolo
hungry, long, sharp teeth she opens wide
jaws roar to her mountain

The problem faced by all children is
how to predict in their mother
which species they will meet

as I found myself one night pregnant
hoping to fall unpregnant

End of days: SOWETOPHOTOALBUM

Sis bhuti wearing a spoti and botsotso somnganga
how bright your smile looks
in that Ace-mealie-meal-top
SOWETOPHOTOALBUM
let each smile of your pages
preserve to those who will come of age
let it be known let it be shown
in vibrant colours whether or not solarised
let the image speak a million truths
that once gay-men broke out of their shells

But drums of war collide across the eastern skies
they say behind the golden dust is a bus of faggot hackers
before they clang their swords onto our flesh
I want to mend last wrap to console our adopted Gauta
it won't be long till the approaching cloud
darkens our last breath of survival

As images inside a black leather bag
the rest can be cleansed by hellfire
oh Monna Motapa nurturer of my soul
I wish you were here to witness this last book
of what remains of family portraits

The guilt of their fathers' DNA filth their hearts
and silent terrors squeeze out their mothers' quiet tears
their young boys did not bear them biological grandsons
or bring home an innocent makoti for approval of god's eye

Before tonight acquires a brutal stillness
I will head up north to my dongas
Badimo send with insight a lightning strike
through my hand deliver this gift with precision
before midnight each penetrative edge of fire
will charge the rock of every tree in sight
separate the cumulus from the heavenly love of skies

The township memory hangs online
once more for another divine handwash
Monna Motapa alongside GayTown
will merge one special union of brotherhood

Rock Town

Dread-lock corner-drum
Rofo-rofo rub-a-dub

roots rock reggae chant
bamba-yeka bumboklaat
puff n pass eazy skank

Soweto (So-where-to?)
blk out night
candles trace the skies
6 to 6 6 no 9
eternal thezi
blazing spears
sweet moon
native tongue
krazy 'ite
hold your crown
run raggamuffin style
sun down
spare my night
fire burn!
rock my town
Gugulethu
one more time!

Dread lock corner drum
Rofo-rofo rub-a-dub

Soul brada

bone of heart
pump up
the bassline
centre-mental
ghetto child
fire wire
blaze the rails
bring back
rhythmic tune
storotoro
djembe hide
six step
spharaphara
waya waya
day and night
go on
show your face
roll your own
trace the skies
Soul Café
on my mind
boom shakalaka
down the line
show goes on
run
“everywhere is war”

Dread-lock corner-drum
Rofo-rofo rub-a-dub

Incwadi ku Gedleyihlekisa Zuma

Baba

Gedleyihlekisa Zuma

I took a double taxi from kasi to Jozi
walked inside Goodman Art Gallery

Abantu here are passers-by
my beard and dashiki was a passport
to a long white table
red & dry
hot air groaning in my belly
I moved across rivers of crocodile smiles
disguised behind slogans
'art for social transformation'
'art is an extension of oneself'
while creators of beauty starve in the ghetto

Baba

what I tell you now is no secret
amidst the showcase of small time gazers
a man ejaculates with laughter
as he looks at rhino-horn-sized cock
in the painting
with the caption 'Umthondo we Sizwe'
no respect as they chuck their spears
remember Saartjie Baartman
and European wankers?

Baba

Gedle uhleka ...hah hah hah hah

Umkhonto ufela empini
forgive and forget
Gedle uhleka
igazi lisezandleni zabo.

Taxi Ride

double-deck speaker
bomb-blast sub-woofer
hardrocking wheels
5 star 16 seater
drop-top suspension
boss of the road
tinted windows
I want to take a lift
in your Zola Budd.

Jozi cabs
road unworthy tyres
Vagaza queue marshals
Bree Street commuters
Four-four for fokol
Mkhendlo ride down
DK extension, Old Potch, Bara
Koma, Killer road
Msawawa is home
beyond a shelter of stone.

Corner Sauer Plein and Twist
where corners meet,
human rags body bags
golden lights
18 carat shine
pick-pocketers
starved tummies
bread money

hawkers
jam traffic.

Mary Decker!

E20

Iveco

Skhafthini

fast and furious... sofasonke

astray from jeeps

that creep

beneath nightfall

the burns of candle wax

on the dinner plate.

Vera the Ghost

Even today
as I cut into the flesh of midnight
I can hear you black angel
without seeking your face
watching over my shoulder
I drift along home quietly
As though you were not there.

Taxi drivers of this town
no longer stop
to carry single passengers at night
they say one should avoid your eye contact
the magnetic beauty of your eyes
turns nothing down

As today burns into eager night
I know we shall meet
faraway in hell
where we will no longer need eyes
to see beauty inside our hearts.

187-land

As I walk through kasi of 187-land
no matter what city what location or town
there is no place to run no place to hide
I could be in the crosshairs of somebody
I carry a prickled cross on my back
moving left of right across the valley of night
I keep moving, moving along, or I'll be the next to die
I walk through foggy passages of no man's land
saying peace, slapping 5's
holding up those two fingers
to the 9 memeza pistol-carrying young bradas
who roam everywhere
I wonder what will be the next incident
to come stomping on their toes
will the mean look of my face cause this brada
to pull out and spray bullets recklessly in all directions?
will MaKabelo be on her way home after getting off a long bus
ride?
will my sister be standing in a queue outside a Bangladeshi store
to catch a stray bullet?

I tread along the valley of this township life
Do I know that brada walking across the street in a black hoody?
I don't know that brada crossing the street
wearing a black jacket walking towards me

What goes through our minds in these cold days of night?
What goes through our minds
as we reach down below our waistlines?

What goes through the mind behind the finger that pulls the trigger?

What is going on in the mind at the heart of 187-land?

When we reach six feet deep beneath the waist line
for automatic heaters, the jammies, the gats, ntshiza
purposefully placed by dem conquerors

Ek sê Majimbos...

Aweh Jack-rollers...

26's 28's

Vatos Lokos, Tupaclypsos

nawe Sophiatown American gangster

Once we fought a common enemy

now we turn the 16 shooters onto ourselves

what goes through our minds when anada brada

is at the end of the barrel

about to catch a hot piece of steel

that chokes the flesh to steal his last breath?

what goes through our minds

what is going through the target of a sleeping mind

travelling in a nightmare

stranded in the valley of 187-land?

Genesis

Marimba sprawled her keys
making ripples in our origins
She swung her golden axe into the tree of life
carving double bass and drums
from the ribs of angels she fashioned the birds
harmonically kissing their beaks to soothe their tune
freeing their wings to ascend onto us
songs of enchantment.

Afrika “Khabazela” Mkhize
African jazz pianist

Your fingers are free
a wild wind blowing
whoo whoo
inside a purple winter

thunderstorm
piercing dust
hot rain
black forest

hungry flames
bite the plank
marimba
threshing
a wooden floor

a star falls
dusk gathers
smell of rain
on your finger tips
whoo whoo
undressing moons
without moving

Be-bop cotton flower... Impempe

Be-bop
cotton-flower
O impempe
ku ilanga lomculo
ear-gasmic
blue petals
shed purple haze
in the howling wind

Where you leak sound
I bleed rivers of bloodstreams
amidst hungry drums
and open mic's

U impempe-pede-pepa-pada
Mpempe-pada-be

U impempe-
buzzing bird
professing notes
from a love supreme cough
mina ndi hamba nawe

Bebob

cotton flower

rising beyond fertile ground

o impempe empendulo

serurubele nectar rains

black sun light

charming brass attire

jazzmen-flower

u impempe-pede-pepa-pada

harmonica kiss

sweet like black poison

syrup-tenor

electrocute

burning sands

ndihamba nawe

naka la mosepedi

kulo suku lomculo

Music in the air

Iyakhala inkomo groans inside a belly of night
Iyakhala faraway in a valley of a shallow sky
Iyakhala inkomo across a seabed of neon stars
Iyakhala melancholia inside a river of dreams

There is peace here beneath a blanket of night
Rhini moon unleashes colours of night sounds
Gentle breeze creaks through blades of dry winter grass
A drag of Mpondo herb slowly rises smoke to fill my eyes

I am a type-write-artist lost in the music of nature's orchestra
The punkster slash hip-hopper downstairs keeps snoring
earlier his electronic beatz gashed through my ear-drums
a dungeon dark sound mocking nature's purity

Iyakhala inkomo unveils Mankunku
saxophonizing behind iron curtain of memory
Iyakhala steaming lungs of fire breath
A choir of songbirds chirps their chops and changes

Thaba Bosiu

Behind a cold mountain
is a burnt black forest

I woke up in your arms
smell of wetlands
bathed my eyes in your glittering night gown
I listened to my heart
Listening to the music of your heartbeat

Now the air in my breath is stolen
because you have vacated
I miss you through the night
that creeps like a lily through ruins
I suffer in the radiation burns of silence
there is no way out
it was written with silver ivory
of a metallic Blue Note
and pinched out by the gods

Longing

Between a still blackness
and a hungry winter wind
my fingertips burn
to caress your moon

So long the vein of this river
thickening our scar of separation
where your dancing feet
blister with soul fire

Eye

Red clay

White chalk

Smell of dry winter grass

Hot wind blowing

Cool grey stone on fingertips

and ahh! I saw

an antelope trembling

Resurrection

Jackson Hlungwani once worked in an art centre in Pimville, Soweto. When he went back to Makhondi Village in Limpopo he left his sculpture Blk Jesus buried in the backyard.

We resurrected BLK Jesus today
With all blood of might
shovels pickled Africa's womb
unburied dead weight
rooted in the earth

Souls firing
we build a nation of determination
roaming in green pastures of heavenly height
we gathered as one spiritual force
shielded by harmony

Sons of the ascended God
we paved the way on eternal branches
Jesus led us
from tyrant fires of Babylon
upon Mount Zion.

Motlalepula

My body misses your body
smell of sadness
feathered fingertips
echoes of footsteps
the girl who sings
up and down Rockey Street
dreaming forward and back
sparring with the shadows
of her own dancing

I can hear the memory
of footsteps when you are quiet
my body misses your body
it misses your lyrical heartbeat
beating a drum
slow slow slowly
in the fullness of darkness

Motlalepula
my body misses your body
deep blue eyes rest ashore
the fabric of sound
cradled in your palms
you know how to laugh
with your eyes open

Your hidden mounds
your roots are deep
your fingertips reach

into the skies
to welcome the rain
and it falls and falls
and falls

Organized Confusion

cold feet, burning sands
tidal waves, oceanic skies
dull rain, thunderous bass
Bra funky, broken strings
running tap, shivery sticks
smoking eyes, hidden sun
lifeless tubes, broken wind
hollow sea, swallow tomorrows
concrete jungle, biting seizers
raw deals, devour
25 hours, genocidal horror

Hungry on Arrival

In between both worlds
no history only feeling
shattered mirrors silent terrors
hard knocks of feathered fingers
ivory keys fondling rage outta the core of the earth
a trumpet refuses to light
blue moon continues to dance
These boys got swagger
lyrical hot-steppers
rolling stoned down the road
rolling feet
trip on rock-rolling
full of young man love with the world.*

They spill
out of life
out of gateways
crooks out of doorways
urine out of dingy corners
they spill
up and over high walls
uncontainable.

They jive
through pages and lines
of rhythms
through city lights
flick flickering
between the shimmer

and the pool of darkness
which collects its debts
from the slow drop of night.

They jive
in and out of darkness
smoke in hand
beer in hand
pretend to be grown
they know how to
dance between darkness *
and still remain intact
The light speeds by
leaving bloodied hands
sheds of scalp
fingers and bone dust
where once was a baby boy

They jive
eyes cast to the sky
moving feet fast
they fly
no one can tear their wings
rock stars
will take your breath away.

These boys got swagger
rolling stoned down the road
feet rolling trip
rock-rolling-high
full of young man love for the world.
trashed inside a world historic night

cracked lips wagging tongue
my bones are the sand withered
in full blast of a midnight storm
genes and spirits my favourite flavour of gas
inside a last drop of pens like needles my breath is a blade
edge of fresh flesh licked in Cerebos rays
sound of dry tears
between the fullness of a fucking silence
I am a towering oasis amidst burning sands
son and moon rattling violet tongues
I enter from the South West
I make no friends with enemy gods
I make no friends with enemy gods