

Mna, Nosigidi

A thesis submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts in Creative Writing

of

Rhodes University

by

Simthembile Matyobeni

November 2017

Abstract

Le thesisi ngumbongo omde osekelezelwe kumlinganiswa oyintloko, uNosigidi. Esi simbo sokuyila isihobe siva ngomlimandlela owenziwa ziimbongi ezifana noJ. R. R. Jolobe no-Aime Cesaire. Indumasiso ethi “UThuthula” kaJolobe inefuthe kwimo yokwakhiwa kweminye imibongo edibanisa le mbali. Asiyiyo yonke imibhalo yezi mbongi ethe ncakasana ukungqamana nale mbali-sihobe kaNosigidi. Imibongo ekuthiwa yi-‘Animystic poetry’ isetyenzisiwe kakhulu kule mibongo. Sigqaliwe kunye nesihobe nesikaSappho, kuba yimbongi ebhale kakhulu ngamandla elizwi lamanina. USappho ngakumbi ubhala kakhulu kwisihobe sakhe ngamanina athandana namanye. Owona mxo walo mbongo kukugqala ibali koNosigidi okhule esazi kamhlophe ukuba yena uthandana namanye amanina. Isizathu soku kukuba nabo obu bomi kuyafuneka kubhaliwe ngabo ngendlela enenkathalo kuncwadi lwesiXhosa. Nasekusabeleni ubizo lwakhe kwintwaso uNosigidi uya enamathidala, de obo bomi bentumekelelo abamkele ngazo zozibini.

Iziqulatho

Icandelo 1

Indlela eya enkundleni

Ngomsobomvu.....5

Icandelo 2

Amakhonkco enkiyo

Umnqwazi kabawo.....8

Iqhiya kamama.....10

Impahla yabantakwethu.....11

Ilulwane.....12

Amaqabaza asemlanjeni.....13

Umambeso.....15

Icandelo 3

Iingoma zasemfuleni

Ezingcongolweni.....16

Amasi entaka.....17

Umyolelo kabawo.....18

Ngeziko.....19

Amathunzi.....20

Isandla sexesha.....21

Iinqwelo azinatyala.....22

Icandelo 4

Oonomathotholo

Ubizo.....23

Umoya waseziko.....24

Amaqhenge akowethu.....25

Egopheni lendlela.....26

Umfula.....27

Iqili lam liyazuza.....28

Amanwele.....29

Ingubo emhlophe.....30

UNosigidi ubalisa ngokomngxilo womlambo oqukuqelayo ngembali yakhe yokuba ligqirha elikwayimbongi. Ulwa nelizwe elilwana nokutyekela kwakhe kuthando lwamanye amanina. Ubophelela ubugqirha bakhe nothando lwakhe ngexonya elinye.

Icandelo 1:

Indlela eya enkundleni:

Ngomsobomvu

I

Mna, Nosigidi, ndiwa neenyembezi
Zabandlebe zicikidekileyo, ndigqame nditalase,
Ndisine kungaqhwatywa, ndichube namadiza.
Wohlala phantsi, okanye uzityakatye imikhinkqi,
Kuba wobuthwa phantsi wakuba esi sisishiqi.
Kwakubila umphula wazi ukuba uva
Ingxokozelo ekothi ngayo thina sazlane:

Ndifikise sekudityelwa nemikhonto yesizwe;
Inxenye yam yancothuka neentaka zomfula uMadikazini,
Kanti ndasendingqisha nakumahlathi angakuthi—
Andinxaphanga kukusinelwa nazimazi zangakuthi;
Kuba esi sibakala segazi siqhobosha neenyanda zamehlo.

Njengondlebende ndifincile nakumaselwa
Endiwabelekileyo. Namaxethuka abulisa
Endintlekeza iinyawo evula imijelo ekhweba ingomso;
Kuba indlovu ithi chu ngcembe imamele izisebesebezo
Zentliziyo. Kanti neengwevu zayingena ngesihlwitha
Indaba yam yokuzazela—

II

Ndithiwa fuku lithuku lokutyhudisa ngothando;
Ilizwe lam lithi funqu ngezixa zemilambo emaphikwana;
Ndicengana namachebetyu entando—amaqobokazi
Amana ukutwezatweza ezindindi, ephambanisa izithebe.
Ndikhangela enkalweni ndihletyelwe ngamaxhoba kaSomdyaki—
Akhafula esithi ndingugomololo nangeenyanga endihlamba ngazo.

Sondela ke, namhlanje ndinqula inkwakhwa ngengono yekhwezi,
Ndiphothula ngesingqala zithe phundlu amehlo neengwevu.
Ndigweba ngesivuthevuthe sombhinqo abakuthi benditsho
Ngonkonka wedyokhwe—itsho kanobom intsontela yomfula
Emqaleni. Ndipheca kwimifinyezo yexesha okoxathawana
Phezu kobunewunewu. Uphondo lwam lundyondya kwiintsimi
Zezivubeko.

Kwedini, ndikutshikilela ukruneke uzeke ezilushinya iindlela—
Amathunzi andiwela ndizithe jize ngoodudlu bam.
Bathi ndifeketha ngezahluhlelo zembeleko naxa ndinkqangisa
Nelanga—kodwa le mbali ithe dlundlu kumagxa eziphango zeminyaka.

III

Nanko ubawo ngaseziko, emana ukutshica umtyangampo,
Esithi: 'Ntomb' am, uthi asiyi kulinuka ikhazi kulo mzi?
Phofu nesandla sexesha sesibetha ngemibhayizo ngoku;
Ngeba ndithi awufi na zizigculelo, mna sendinengwatyu.'
'Bawo, ndibonelele undiyekele kule nqala yam—
Ungaphikeli ukundixhiba ngobomi obuqoba kwamna.'
Ndandingabi ndimcwanya entloko uNgwanya ngoko.
Wawabona amehlo elali egxunyekwe kwiintlanti zakhe.

Yaxokozela imizi isithi apho ndinikwe ingubo khona
Ndishiya amangolwane. Kwathiwa, 'Sofane sithi nkamalala
Sibhekise amabombo kwincopho yentaba. Intombi
KaNgwanya namhla isifumbathisa imibhijelo yendalo,'
Yahambisa ingoma:

'EkaNgwanya, ekaNgwanya, nam ndiyayoyika,
Ndiyayoyika! Izol' oku ibiyintomb-o-o, intomb-o-o,
Itumatana.
Nam namhla ndiyayoyika, ndiyayoyika. Ithi ndo, ithi ndo.
YeNonantsi thetha nayo, thetha nayo. O, Ndiyayoyika!'

IV

lintaka zeva amantyontyelo zabhexesha amafu;
Kanti nam andimilanga ngcambu phezu kwegade.
Nala maphotho asentloko kum abungezelela amafu;
Umboko weentsizi usinda nabo baba elabo ilizwi limi,
Nakwizindlu zamatye amaxonya athandele umdaka woqobo,
Kuba abaxhaphazi bama nematha ilizwe lisenza amendu
Phambi kwabo. Deda mhlalala. . .

Okwehashi likabawo, uNoqalinkundla wodumo, ndithelekwa ngeengqimba
Zomgquba. Ndigolozelana nalo xa likhweza amadwala, siqhuqhe
Kunye kwimiqolo emajaja yentlambo. Ilanga lifinya igazi linyolukele
Imiphantsi yeenyawo zethu, nalapho sinyathela kutsawule imithombo.
Andinani nokuma kwam ngakwiziziba ezisigqiba zithule.

Icandelo 2:

Amakhonkco enkciyo

Umnqwazi kabawo

I

Akukho cwengeko emthunzini womthi;
Ubawo uqweba ubuthongo phezu kokhuko—
Izinja zona zicujulwa yimikhanzi,
Iqatha nemini kubobo lweengada.
Ndibona oku ngaphaya kwekratshi lombilo.

Umnqwazi kaNgwanya uthe tye ebusweni bakhe,
Nditshutshiswa yindaba yokundweba kwawo;
Ndiwubona usiwa lakuguquka ixhego—
Ikhona into ethi mandihleke,
Kodwa ndiziva ndibuza uyazi wona ngam.

II

Mnqwazindini, gibisela iityesi zamatyala phesha
Komfula. Amashwa athi shwaka wakuthi nkxu
Nezo zandla zixuma ukhedamo.

Wakundihlahla ngeziqhulo ndizilile
Ukufa kundithi bhije ezinyaweni
Nokuba ndombela nasezintsunguzini.

Amafu ziingqaka zale miphefumlo
Sonyuka nayo ngeembophelo zezango,
Imilonji ingxathe entlanjeni isoluka imizi.

Wakugqadaza ngentlaka yezikhuzo zakho
Uzofika ndinyhukrula imihlola ngasebuhlanti
Kuba owam ubawo akayi kumila neengcambu.

Iqhiya kamama

Le qhiya kamama inembilini—

Idwengeka umthungo lixhala ngam.

Ndagcuntswa liliva ndazibopha ngayo—

Yabuzisa ngokhakhayi lwam ezithendeni zam;

Ndangcotshangcotsha ndisiva izishwabulo zeenzwane.

Impahla yabantakwethu

Inkcunkca nemisila yendlela,
Iponi exhabasha ikhube neentaka,
Ixhalanga phezu kwexhoba lomfula.

Ithwala amacangci ephaphuka nomoya;
Ndiginya ingwiqi sakuhlalisana ngengoma,
Kubhange neempungutye sibambene
Kumnquba wamalovane.

Ilulwane

Lenile ilizwe lam

Ndisitsho ngogaga oluqhosha nemilambo;

Ndisezelana nomlambo xa amafusi

Ephethulwa ngamakhoboka;

Iimpokoxa zezikhwebu zichuma

Ngezikhohlela zabafe behamba.

Nditsala izithunzi ezindleleni ezindifunxa ubuso.

Ndilala necekwa—

Ndiyimpuku empiko ziwola igqange

Kumachibi endlela. Ilali yam ithe tswi

Okwesithunzela sikhebentula umthubi—

Ndihlahlamba ngeemfanelo

Zokuchatha ngentloya.

Ilizwe ndiliva ngokujoja ngeenzwane—

Imilebe isoloko ibebeza.

Amaqabaza asentlanjeni

I

Neziswa, yolula isandla sakho
Uphehlelele imilebe yolu manyano.
Phengulula amehlo am—
Ndizondlalela kowakho umqolo.

Abantakwenu bayafunisa ngawe;
Uyihlo nanko efohleka ematyholweni—
Tsala uncumo lwakho sibophe
Ngalo iindlela abahamba kuzo.

Liqinile ilanga—
Nathi singabantu boomaphuca noogqaphu,
Noxa besidibanisa ngentsini yeenyembezi.
Ndikuphatha iinwele, ndikubumbel' uthando.

II

Imizuzu yethu ithi shwaka
Norhatya lunobuzaza
Imikhulungwane iyasika.

Amatutu azulela iintlanti;
Silala siguqe ngamadolo
Undithe chu ngesokhohlo.

Unga ngalibaleka ikhaya lakho
Uzalwa ngamagongqongqo.

Kule intlambo uzothi wambu uhlaza.

Nabambulalayo uyihlo bothi cwaka

Nentliziyo yakho yonwaywe buburharha bamathafa

Inyanga ndiyondlale kwiintsinde zesifuba sakho.

Naba kukhuko lwemfudumalo

Sichube umbona ngezixa zoncumo

Soluke iinkwenkwezi ngeentlantsi zezililo.

Umambeso

Ngenye imini, Nezi, ndikwazise ekhaya
Ndifufuthekiswa libhongo lezandla zakho
Ngoncumo utshongo lobomi bethu

Banyevula beze ngomva abamilisa iindevu
Nakumzila weentaka.

Siqhutywa lunakano lokungenakubonwa,
Singa ngazola ebuchotsheni, sondliwe ngenyameko,
Sikuqhize esingekuko, sizithwale iindwe,
Sikhonze nangezicamagusho.

Icandelo 3:

lingoma zasemfuleni

Ezingcongolweni

Ndoba nguhili

Ndithi khotsho apha

Inkanyamba itshawuze

Idodobale

Wakuthi thu ngasemlanjeni

Zonqula iintaka

Okuyimfuyo kuphece

Kukhonze nemvula.

Amasi entaka

Ndiphotha amalizo

Ngamagqabi eentuthumbo:

Ndinengqambu kodwa idolo lam lokhunga.

linkqantosi zisezela imigudu yembacu—

Ndibase kwimizi yabathungi

Besazinge senyanga.

Apha sinaniselana ngomdlungu emaweni,

Uyandweba onjengam—

Ova ucingo lweendaba zezandonga.

Ndokha isathanga ndiphuce

Ngentozamo yezithandani;

Ondigcina ngezambeso ndomhlamba iinyawo.

Umyolelo kabawo

Lo mhlambi weenkomo urhuqa iintshinga zeentaba,

Wakusithela imilambo itsho ngemixhentso:

Impahla yethu yobelekwa sisibhakabhaka;

Nakumbatshisa indlela amadlelo obhanga.

Ngeziko

Sithi ngcembe nabakuthi

Sihlwabise isitiya sakuthi

Sithwethwa kunqanda imizimba

Iimpundulu zithokombise zinqule

Nemimango yezigqokru

Ayitshitshi apha

Kuba siphakula amadyunguza

Sibe singayi kulala ngengca.

Amathunzi

Kweyethu imizi izithunzi ziyawelana,
Sonke sixunywe nenyanga sisibane,
Kanti yona inyama etafileni iyaphola.
Sifunqula izigede zamazwi ngesixhiba
Sephango—nodongwe singalulwantsha.

Isandla sexesha

Ubuhle sibugawulelwa ziinkonjane,
Kwimiqolo yeentaba ezincothukileyo.
Othi ndiyiphosile wombona entywizisa
Phezu komfula—iminyaka iyasikrazula;
Olu loyiko luchuma apho kufumileyo.

linqwelo azinatyala

UMathambeka uthi ukholwa yindlela eyehlayo;
Wophala kuhle kuqhumke amagade entshutshiso,
Kupoqa nevili sisimenye samagophe ale lali.

Ivungu igquma ibonisela iindimbane zomlambo,
Asiyongubo yeendlebe ukuvusa namabhaku.
Sithetha ngezikhondo zamehlo ezinyaweni zamadlelo.

Iphela lona lipetshuza ngoqavo lweenkonkxa,
Sidumzela sikrekrethwa kukuvundla kwezinja
Zorhatya. Isililo sam sihleli kwindlwana yamahobe.

Icandelo 4:

Oonomathatholo

Ubizo

Ndathi xha andadenda;
Yathetha imifula ngentsobi
Yam eyombathe iintlambo.
Ilizwi lam lorhintyelo—

Ndixhola imizi yezimumu,
Ndityikitya ngeemfele zebhokhwe,
Ahlahlambe amathambo ezixhobo
Iintaba ziphehla ilanga lamasi.

Umoya waseziko

Ifika inyanga ikhaphukhaphu

Iluke umsinga kuphokoke

Umsi kumagolonxa amehlo.

Ulozilozi wethemba

Uza nawo nombundane

Sishiyeke siqhayise ngemisipha.

Amaqenge akowethu

Imithi iguya ngemiqokozi yamahlaha,
Umnwe ndiwubeka kwizingqi zeenkithakalo;
Ndikhonza iintaka zikwela iinwebu zamafu,
Amanzi arholosha iziseko zezindlu zezithunzela,
Imifinyezo yeengubo zelanga yambethwe
Yimizi eyophisayo.

Egopheni landlela

Ukufa sikubasela iintliziyo zethu,

Akutyhambuka amehlo

Iinkophe zimema iintlantsi.

Mna ndihleli ngaphaya komkhusane

Ndibeleke ubusuku phezu kwegubu.

Umfula

Ndisonga amadinga neempiko zomlambo,
lintlambo zikrwecana ngenzondelelo yosatshana.
Izandonga ziyagadlela, ndimamela ndichophile.
Igoqo leqili liyaziwa, liyazulelwa, liyacekiswa;
Impelesi endivava ngezicwili zamalizo ndakucela,
Nechebetyu lesonka liwuthi fuku umzimba,
Kuba kwizitywakadi zamahlathi silondoloza nezichenene.

Siyayisunduza imiqobo sicujulwa ngentsini,
Sifulela iziphathamandla eziphatha izityikityiki;
Iziqhamo zenkululeko zikhe zibe gqwanca—
Ndigcakamela ilanga lindincazele ngewaka lemilomo.

Iyamanyana imimoya eziintsali:
Kuhlohloza isilonda esihlutywe ukhokho lwaso;
Inqambu iqhawuke, ithi inzala makuliwe kambe,
Oyinyabeleyo le mo undululwa ngesitshatshela sezithuko.

Iqili lam liyazuza

I

Umdlungu siyawumunyela kwakuzinga iphango—
Phaya endleleni isanga ndasilandela
Ndade ndandlaleka;
Amagabavu andilinde entlanjeni, atsho ngegwatyu.

II

Ndimana ukubhikica kumava omthombo,
Ndilinundu lale mimandla yembambano;
Kuqhayiswa ngezahlulelo zenqala.

Izilonda zale lali zobiqiza umnqumela
Kubhavume neembongi,
Axwaywe emagxeni amabhunguza kwenziwe unothanda;

Siyantlaleka kwizandonge siphucwe uncumo;
Ngaphaya komfula senze umqokozo wamasikizi,
Nganeno kwawo sikhumbule ukuhlomlelwa zizibonda;
Amanxeba am oqunywa ngomhlaba, batsho abadala.

Amanwele

Le mithana yale lali iyandinyebelela,
Ndithantanyiswa ngeziphika zenkanyamba
Kwimiphanda yokuvubela ungcungcutheko;
Ifike inkwakhwa ikhahlele abasazalwayo,
Sithambe nathi sililisele ngeqanda nangebhekile.
Bekungasekho nabunzi lelali endingalinyola,
Zingungelane iintlambo kwintlombe yemivundla.

Ingubo emhlophe

I

Kwandiseyintombi ndachukushwa ngamachanti,
Ndiwungene umfula ndiphume ndinxibe ezimhlophe,
Bagigitheke oonomyayi bethwele amakhowa ngeentshiyi.
Batsho besithi, 'Nantso ke, Nosigidi. Eyakh' indlela zizangotshe;
lingqondo ezicukeneyo kofuneka ziqwatyululwe. Ngxatsho!
Ndathi, 'Intliziyo yam idovuda inyele yeelali zenyebethu—
Intsini ndiyothula kwiphontshi yendlu kaNeziswa,
Apha kugoxa nezikhakhamela zamathwathwa emilozi.'

II

Ngoku ndikwindlu kabawo—
Unikina intloko ndakuvova nakubantwana bezulu.
Ndibhedesha nenzondelelo yeentuku ezimokotha
Igade zibhuqa impumlo yelanga. Thina singabantu
Abanyunjazwa yintlondi yodongwe. Njengehashi likabawo
Ndisatsho ndiqukeza kumadwala athwele iindaba zomnqonqo.

Asuka athi vu amadoda abukela, nditshawuza ngemitshayelo
Yeembovane. Ndanqika ilitye kwaqabuka neengcaba zamadlelo.
Asondela amahlathi ahlabelela ngakwisango lakowethu.
Naye uNeziswa wamana ukubuza ndisamfanele na,
Xa ngoku ndixhoga ilali ngemilonyana yamahobe.

You Live on after the Last Shoelace

A thesis submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts in Creative Writing

of

Rhodes University

By

Simthembile Matyobeni

November 2017

Abstract

This thesis is a collection of poems. These are lyric poems. Animystic poets like Christopher Okigbo and Wole Soyinka are the principal models in terms of style. Animystic poetry projects ideas and emotions in a hallucinatory and profoundly visionary manner. The collection has a variety of themes such as marginality, identity, history, and domestic abuse. Diverse language registers are used in the poems in order that the setting of each poem, whether historical or contemporary, is realised.

Contents

The babble of leaves.....	7
Nausea.....	8
Prayer.....	9
I cast my father's grave	10
Panic.....	11
Pains take the base of my hair	12
Shelter.....	13
There's always death on the pavement.....	14
Love Songs	15
Ruins.....	16
Evening	17
Family grows.....	18
Wakhe.....	19
I scatter compassion through my world.....	20
My Garden.....	21
Village Song.....	22
Family.....	23
I can only love the dead.....	24
You live on after the last shoelace.....	25
Shadow earth.....	26
Pillows.....	27

The babble of leaves

I am stoic in the straitjacket;
They allot to me morning decay.

Vacancies address me on the veranda,
Only the babble of leaves sidles up
To my clouds, which bring me treats
Of lean shades.

And the boiling water
Puts out the sources of my long handshakes;
And the nurses always whisper.

Nausea

The chatter of leaves

Spools out the teeth

Of the road.

Prayer

My prayer takes its tail
Against the blur of the moon;
I dress in sighs the spread
Of the morning—
I let out an easy song
With bats that circle my laughter.

I cast my father's grave

I

I cast my father's grave

Round my ankles.

I find my life in the pollen

Of truculent clay, my song

In brain ensilage—where brain falls with snot.

II

Father knows

Beyond the silt of my hair,

Though I am now growing bald.

Mother says he harvests skins

From a thimble of grass—

He grows along ledges of basements;

His legend lives in the shoes we shared.

Panic

Trees scrape at the spines of dogs,

The rat scares the child,

The mother pulls a bridge

From the fins of rocks—

Friends leap from blue stones.

Pains take the base of my hair

Pains take the base of my hair—
I drop at the feet of long nights,
Counting all the beads that take me
High up the rudders of my stern light.

Shelter

Give me your ripe hands,
You will know how I rot
As the dust of my laugh.
Our sky ends at a cave—
And the night finds me in your blood.

There's always death on the pavement

There's always death on the pavement;
The cats nuzzle up against it—feel it through.
I eavesdrop on the craze of woollen smoke;
Dogs frolic at my doorstep, scrape up the dregs of fog.
Yet each wedding frenzy climbs over my shoulders.

I no longer wonder about the kestrel at my window—
My lover besides me refuses to turn to me,
I'm glad about my mornings, all of them;
The lightning tells me when the time comes.

Love Songs

The child plaits our faults
In grass—earth gurgles blood.
The child must know the danger
Of love songs.
If she dies, everything must die.

Her love screams
From the harrow that draws her teeth,
Where towns heave themselves
Onto her shoulders.

Ruins

The skeins of the earth
Which wise worms burrow
After the day's work of the snail

At the date of ingathering
When the master cedes the land to the slave
To taint no more the gut of history

Wrenched from a people
Who take notes from bleeding leaves—
The blue glow of the skulls of grass.

Evening

I dare the drag of night
To prepare for the middle death
That rubs itself against my face.

During the sex of spiders
On the pavement, graves at my door,
And at my death, I smile every way.

Family grows

My skin jumps at me from the door,
Where my dead father walks
On whispers.

The sky shouts leaven,
Heaves our bread
From the stride of silences.

Wakhe

Hold out for the silver times,
Love—the menace from high.
The whispers from the gut
Know you, know you well.

Your hands touched earth
And felt the hoar-roll
Of the afternoon.

Man, dimpled-speck of purple,
Admit quiet colours.
And if our moments must cohere,
Keep your furious weeds
In our mornings.

I scatter compassion through my world. . .

I down a carton of chibuku and leave:

The path curves up to me in whispers.

I become a man over an upswell of rocks.

By the kraal I stand, think:

I will leave my wife and children for another man.

I scatter compassion through my world. Mother says,

'Child, your father vanished in his hat.'

I take the score and make for the chicken coop,

Her fortress. She weaves her tears into my bedding,

While I dial the spiders on the wall.

My Garden

I pile up seedlings on overfed tombs,
And purge my garden of pricking days:
I should be a scarecrow, feast for yellow ants.

Men are gathered in molehills
Newly uncovering my person. And friends
Fatten themselves on my body, and grow weeds.

Village song

After sods have torn my youth,
I sit beside my woman.
We don't sleep on potato peels;
She knows the fright of a sheep,
And my sons twitch—not tame.

Family

The floor holds stories

Of how we do not belong together.

I leave my ribs at the door—

My shadow matters more.

I can only love the dead

Their gaze on me had more intent;

From the sight of my lover

Hanging, dead.

Later more self-killings followed—

Thoughts about friends fall on my throat.

You live on after the last shoelace

You live on after the last shoelace;

You find comfort in a parking lot.

After knowing all your lovers

Your skin tells you

The breath of balding days.

Shadow Earth

Mother, you stand at the crossroads;
This is where your son spins ash
Into loud skins. He is blind now.

Forge him anew—
He loves men with clipped tongues
And rests where the graves are not loud.

He waits at the threshold with a bowl of corn,
Do not have him in the house—
Rage crawls on the spine of his laughter.

Pillows

Nursery rocks of splitting breasts,

Each nest of fingers forks

The path of tears—malevolent times

Read smiles in bowls of semen.

Iron sand, signatory to loins terror,

I thrill to the seeds of your clamour.