

skeptical erections

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by

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Abstract

This collection of poems is an interrogation of the self – turbulent urban experiences, fear, betrayal, mistrust, unfulfilled sexual desires – made with plain language, truthfulness, subtlety and humour. The poems are reflections of New Brighton township where the poet was born, they mirror his experiences of family life, the streets and the juxtaposed characters he encountered as an artist, drinking partner and lover.

These experiences shift between broken family lives, passionate short-lived romances, heated artists' debates during gallery exhibitions, shebeens and dangerous midnight homecomings between cruel thugs and greedy whores and all those who clutter the shebeens and the streets at night. The poems reflect all facets of these experiences – including imagination, emotion, and fantasy. At times grammar and syntax are sacrificed in order to get to the emotion.

The collection draws strong inspiration from the Peruvian poet Cesar Vallejo -- with his clear-cut graphic imagery and sincere morbid undertone, he is unquestionably true to his vision of life. This also applies to the work of Tchicaya U Tam'si, Blas de Otero, Dambuzo Marechera and Roque Dalton, who have all been influences.

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1

bottom of an envelope

i always measure you when you sleep
and borrow your sorrows
between a jacket
and a pocket deep with glass scrapers

i have a bullet of a mind
lost in the pace of a wild horse
that still gallops the fringes
of joza, gugs, new bright and soweto

please forgive my apologetic speech and reason
for my brains are battered
by the van wyks, van der merwes and maybe you
for a double reason locked at the bottom of an envelope

every day i wear judgment on my way to work
at the home affairs department
where i am found dancing inside a gumboot
flooded by the blankness of my conscience

and remain armed with nothingness
i stink that too

and by all means

your bosom is my heaven and i remain your pilgrim
i falter deep in your long gloomy passage
i am aware of its persuasive enormity
i worship all the stretching hours fading there
because you have dark places in you
dragging me to the murky sweetness of your body

peace

i always dream of being dangerous
feared by everyone
the children especially
stop their nagging for everything
money for the fucking sweets
with just one blank merciless glance
i get to sleep peacefully
dream of being dangerous again

second death

despite all the meanings taught to you
there will be no announcements on your second death
slam down your spirit comrade
a speech will be delivered through the shrill of a fat bird
and we won't have an audience this time

lost sights

i have been taught to look up
to heroes living between
pages of newspapers
sold by paupers flanked by
flickering traffic lights
they are still escaping meddling mirrors
from every scream of the walls
in street houses and brothels
everyone they know is from a bar

rain poem

you are like many sounds of a rain
and yet –
the rain stands alone on a night
where it shuts your door with a thunder
a lightning for the bachelor
and many drops for a bird
it will run for a gutter
drum for the roof
but it will rain on a poor soul
passing through with no one to go to
but please don't wait
random porches won't shelter strangers
on drizzling nights like this

winning card

it all started when i tossed your eyes
one by one in my back pocket
like ignorant clans doomed to wait for the mocking rewards
the ecstasy of winning the lottery
that ends with hot sales of death certificates
and i am left behind to ponder my own winning card
maybe to instant delights, a new house or possibly
a six-foot hole with a lonely truth about things

the face

i wanted to lose this subdued town
this broken face that stands for everything wrong
an image of a disappearing man if he is man anyway
a forgery with no soul on his way to oblivion
with words formed out of loathing
an intruder with no logic proportion
with no colour of conscience or even a muted reason
an incomplete image shaped out of a twisted birth
his eyes remain to resemble dishonor
his mouth perverse out of self-inflicted deceits
he stumbles with a hypocritical modesty
i am unable to make up an apologetic mockup
so distorted that i echo direct from its glare
without any depth to retreat to
why not try this girl sitting next to me
for she has a fair skin and eyes of tales beneath our reason

your night

the night has a muffled sound
a sleeping shadow
it travels swiftly through vast planes
untouched –
and through enormous hearts
of babies lying on crumpled pillows

i am your night sometimes
i have a sky and many stars for you
but please remember
the night has massive secrets
and tales about lost men
it whispers their names
the wind – the planes – the stars

sshhh listen...
i am here behind you

you and you and you

in the long halls and speckled parking lots
in the detached corridors and passing the persistent trees
the aloof colonial buildings and mocking pedestrian crossings
behind those austere book shelves
your warped hips keep me peeping through words
and i die again
a shade of blue here, a sign of books for sale
passing you is always suicidal with intermittent slides
of a one minute fine love affair
right there in front of you and i die again
no one notices
i wake to your visually assaulting body
your breasts dangling in my brain
i die my many unnoticed deaths
under those trees and pedestrian crossings
filled with voluptuously throbbing bodies
that never look my way

empty madness

houses spoke of a mad emptiness
with random visitors and fading distances
the streets were buried behind a veil of circling winds
in front of doors sealed with heavy silence
remote memories blinking aimlessly without a sound
a fat policeman watched through his big sunglasses
and a shining revolver
while a slow fly dangled the nostrils of a dying chapter

where you always rise

i eat my liver at three o'clock every night
under a flimsy lantern
and i keep falling and falling
on a thick glorious grime
with spontaneous frictions
i blink apologetically
toward the corner of a street
where you always rise
with twists of a vulgar shape
a stabbing glance
i grip at your slippery heartbeat
with a bloated blind thirst
and babble my ways into your spiteful shadow
my brain must have been foggy
to have remained taut in your crucifix
but to this day
judgment has inhabited a place
under exhausted lamp posts of an alley
across the street where you always rise

breed of love

the first nude song i ever heard
was inside a woman
only then that my heart started a beat
without doubts of the fragile strength
that carries me through mere realities
of the loves we seek yet despise
always arrested in revelations
where all visions stagger in a trance

for all we know
women sing with us
they have our songs in the centre
of their endless bodies
so let them cut through our hair

my mother insisted on raising me
with dangerous food
out of the most tender hand
i still eat that
but when you ask a man
if he is right handed or left
the one he lifts is the filthiest

protocol

bull tears
bread crumbs
valley pits
self pity
dilemma
i stumble
in your tears
i fumble
in your dreams
perhaps
all this randomness
in your breast
stands right in the centre
of my filthy brain
with just one beat
i will not repeat
or apologize
my sin
however, I will walk
alternatively talk
that is no promise
no deadline
i have no protocol
and this is no end

behind every word

i have heard words too many
about the horrors and filth
of poking one's vigor in countless ovens
all these words coming alive in my ears
through lofty door gaps and echoed hallways
mother to father – mother to uncle
and when my time came i stood in the middle of all things
with a cavernous deaf flirt
all i could hear was my father's drunken whisper
to the cleaning lady – to the neighbor's daughter – to the post woman
uncle's constant brag about his size and stamina
and i miss words too many
as i remain to thirst in streets full of breathing ovens
behind every word
uncle's voice – father's drunken whisper – mother's unforgiving back

song for ashes

the songs you wrote
had cushioned nipples and warm belly buttons

the songs i wrote
were alone on a cold battle mountain

but i swear the night you left me drunk
under foggy erections of street lamp posts
frozen –
you swallowed a fire heaving swollen pubic moons

windows

windows are following us everywhere
and my heart is being skinned alive
from whispers of each reflection
behind shreds of this river bank house
i don't want you to know when i depart again
for a death we both don't know yet

all men

i sat high on this aloof chair
that did not recognize my name
behind a violent rock of a man
who escalated my glum suspicions
about all men
i said to the barman wear me out
and give me another
the door creaked open as she finally walked in
right when my liver started to rot
her footsteps ground a shrill deep in my wallet
where i violate my gloom
every morning at about four o'clock
running away from the loud snoring of her pussy
and its endless spout of dead semen
scented with cheap alcohol
long after the rants and screams
of the vulgarity she carries in her pouch
her fingernails marked vigorous trails
that covered my body like a street tattoo
and i wane under the thunder of her footsteps

maybe red

there is this cadmium stink of meat, whatever
maybe red –
followed by cerulean winds
of a muddled sky smoke
piling under a turquoise-grey cityscape
beyond rooftops
all mounting a still-life
with scattered regrets of installations
finally converging
toward a foreground of high values
starring a vanishing point
of washing lines and lamp posts
accident of a stark colourfield
all too bright with all the wrong colours
behind all of this is a crimson heaven
always waiting
blending monochromatic imagery
all blurry and suffocating
with muddy contours
that do not recognize the illusion of depth
the mangled figures remained fixed
inside a yawning crisp of a plane

meaning of colours

i wish i can remember how i stopped believing
in the meaning of colours, of special days
and in the colour of my friend's eyes

words seem to be full of traps from the university
and we will follow and mellow with them
if only i can believe in the fresh evolution of a simulated word
the new trembling black gossip always chasing long missing battles
with a new voice that stalks merry go round conflicts that never end
always in the dark, always when the master falls asleep
and long after the master has built his golden fortress
under the gaze of eternal crumbling africa
her children drunk from her thousand dialects
unknown to the world, not wanted and without meaning

and i know now i can be part of your little gang
and if we dance and shout endlessly
i can start feeling special too
and mock the winners when they pass me by
or applaud them only when they are gone

i have stopped believing in the revolutionaries
or isms that only exist in repetitive ideals of their absence
maybe you can tell me more about it
but you have also become part of a gang
your mocking and applauding has just begun
how can i stop you
when i have just stopped believing

your life

home
is just an address
with a big shining number
to confront visitors and passersby
and always puts you in trouble with debt collectors

your car
is an easy passage
to expose you to aggressive billboards
with stylish advertisements

your children
are embarrassed
by your visits to the schools they go to

your wife
just another stimulus
for you to buy more things you don't need
and only married you for your job title

your parents
hated each other
and your father never trusted your paternity origins

your family
wants you dead
as soon as you receive your pension package

your relatives
the only people who take your phone calls except your boss
are tormented by suicidal thoughts after you call

your education
is to make sure you buy a lot of tabloids
from dirty bookstores and lose touch with your realities

the job you hate and live for
keeps you looking forward to thirteenth cheque
that vanish during Christmas braai

your friends
deny any possible link with you behind your back

society
is not aware you exist
unless they are in need of something you have

time
is your worst enemy
because you live on instant runnings

reason
is non-existent to you because your brain is deaf
and your penis is sharp always ready for action

fearing that autonomy will spoil economies
all the things they love to hide from us
with their uncompromising silence
they have captured the hearts of men
and with their decorative absence
they have consumed the fruits of the earth

there is no need for sweet melody of words
while people disappear on premature deaths
designed for them to leave behind
malnourished children filled with deja vu
in the hands of their fathers
longing for "everlasting freedom"
a toxic circle for a continent of an earth
that has lost its colour
to buy electricity or receive social grants
the wind always full of curse and contempt
the sun will never come up without a price tag

storm age

the storm age has begun
under a purple moon
squeezing itself into your ass right now
and the pulse of things going nowhere
with low renaissance of a dumb era
the church is indulging abstract languages
behind the crucified corpse and the pulpit
shaded by magnificent foreign structures
of the profitable golden teeth sermons
– i won't bomb the church

teachers are intoxicated
by an offensive sexual appeal from the pupils
because of adolescent pubic revolutions
while their fathers say - hold on to your lost youth
defeated behind bottles of green bush medicines
they have disappeared into that distant smoke
from the chimneys of their industrial past
as they keep hiding their sulking eyes
where they have fixed their stand
– i lost your sweat father

who knows, he may be your father too
tension is boiling in the neighborhood
there are many children with identical heart bits
mothers are kind when they are alone
behind that skirt there is another revolution
there is no point in trying too hard
whether a fraction or clone, you are what you are
they will always point your paternity origins to santa claus
– i am your birth mother

life is just a cluster of monthly bills and fashion labels
a beast –
the children know all about it
jailbirds have got this under control
too many mornings – too many votes and fingerprints
houses are crammed with breakfasts
furniture and service charges
up to this day wisdom has remained in the graveyard
there are no fools there, they know all the reasons
– i dream the root

despite your smiling lies through your empty eyes
there is a boiling plan inside your vein
i know your blood jams the block
the thoughts of all your rambling dishonour
the falling notion
of your hollow pride, your cheap glorious sins
could it be that you are destined to fade
the blanket of our father's dreams
– i breathe your air brother

we hear things moving in the night
we are not alone
we hear distant cries again and again
alone in the dark grinding nights
the longest humid and wet dreams ever
wide eyed in the dark silence of odours of the night
crickets breathing monotonous songs everywhere
no, we are not there, we are not needed anymore
we have no blood, no wish, we stumble with the future
we all walk to the door, close it with a quiet click
see for yourself mother
– the children are laughing at me

||

walking

three highways across his brain. disease, death and debt. his skin rotting underneath the long shiny black hair. read poetry at funerals and birthdays for a living. soaked in debt owed to dangerous people. he ate housewives for breakfast and fried eagles on sundays. preferred to secretly indulge in peanut butter to avoid dancing. his vision was to breed a deep tribe with karate boots. his dreams always had two butterflies and a silver church suspended from an orange cloud. took advice from the neighbourhood children and resented dentists. he believed that he only met his mother in fourth grade when he warned his sweating teacher to lay his hands off her. and that their union was the result of her strong belief in his ideas that books were the reason for the invention of money. a year had passed without a funeral or birthday. he walks quickly to a closer bank. wanted to explain his predicament with the scarcity of funerals and birthdays. the loan sharks were closing down on him. he walks on this road with ten men on both sides of the sidewalk. all wearing red clothes and paper sandals. each clutching to an accidental child. his house was full of expired drivers licenses and memories of dead girlfriends. he was as sad as those fishes you find in white people's homes kept in tanks full of stagnant water. so he keeps walking.

dosi

nomasondo and her mother hid dosi in the wardrobe all the time, sometimes under the bed. one by one they sold his body parts to the sangoma who eventually made an amazing love potion with his fat and armpits. the house smelt embarrassingly like dosi and his head was smiling in the wardrobe and the sangoma did not want to buy the head. they held on tight to the head because dosi was never happy when he was alive. look now, dosi finally looks happy. but his head had a neat hole at the back and the wind made this thin sound through the hole. people came all over to listen to the thin sound, they never heard a sound like that before. they all started looking like dosi, talking like dosi, even the sangoma. they stood in long queues forging holes with crayons at the back of their heads. children stopped going to school, they wanted dosi back. dosi's ancestors attacked all the pilgrims with imaginary sjamboks. they hated the thin sound and couldn't sleep well in their forgotten graves. there was turmoil everywhere and the love potion did not sell anymore. the sangoma wanted his money back and nomasondo and her mother wanted dosi's fat and armpits back. the pilgrims formed an underground revolution movement against dosi's ancestors. they were addicted to the thin sound. the love potion started dripping from the sangoma's goat skin pouches. gradually, the crayon holes became real holes. everyone had a neat hole at the back of their heads and the thin sound became unbearable. dosi's ancestors ran back to the cemetery to their graves and couldn't find them. the pilgrims built a retirement squatter camp on the graveyard. at last, no one wanted anything to do with nomasondo and her mother. it was later found that dosi had bribed a swagger guru and was blessed with sadness behind a church no one knew of.

dream hustler

he never had a family or girlfriend or relatives or ate, fucked, or had any home. he walked the depths of the alleys of each town he passed through. made no particular impact on passerby's in the streets. always on the search for dreams. fed from other people's dreams for survival. always sneaked into the homeless dreams cuddling in deep sleep under skyscrapers and midnight bare moons. invaded the urban parks and ruined buildings that never sleep. sucked their dreams without a sound and moved to the next town. winter was his most inconvenient season because he could not get hold of them. once on the brink of falling completely downhill after his last dream vanished, he dated a girl he deliberately met in a supermarket. took her out for drinks. went to bed in a room he rented in town. the girl wanted to be touched kissed and eaten. these all seemed disgusting to him. so he jumped out of the two storey building window in a flash of a rush. all he wanted was to let her fall asleep next to him. watch her drift into a state of doze. let her turn and toss and him absorb the fragments of her dreams in order to keep going. he resorted to the red light district zone. hired a prostitute and let her know all he wanted was for her to sleep next to him. paid her upfront but her dreams were full of slippery layers of skins, dark holes of murky depths and violent stinks. again he jumped from the prostitute's caravan window with a dizzy spell circling from the dreams drowning down his starvations. at once many years ago he had to jump through the window of his own dreams. couldn't stand the neat rows of "real life" burdens queuing after each dream every time. the world was gambling in tongues, meanings and sounds. he just couldn't inhale the piling lies behind each beautiful dream. he had to jump through the window of a morning and many daylights.

nokwanda whispers

there was a creeping gossip that night in nokwanda. a small unhappy quiet town. nokwanda was in a trance. a long waiting for judgment on everyone. behind closed doors. there were no verdicts – no sound. on that night everyone went home with a long face. every household gathered in round table discussions. people started secretly disappearing after midnight. police got to learn about the few escapes and after a while nobody was allowed to leave nokwanda. the only one road going out of nokwanda was now decorated by strings of police road blocks, every day and every night. police gathered the surrounding mountains to see everything and everyone coming or going. people started conspiring in whispers. it became so quiet that every little noise attracted curiosity. in the streets people started avoiding eye contact. signals were picked from parents during the round table dissident setting up. people stopped sunbathing on benches outside the walls. they only watched each other's houses through sneaking windows, ajar door gaps. no one talked to anyone. everybody waiting behind closed doors. thin short dimly lit corridors. all with fragments of wide eyed shadows. it was just the waiting period. the shadows moved one by one. there was also another rumour that everyone was stealing from nokwanda police station. still no verdict but the neighborhood never sleeps. some older people and sangomas predicted that this would be the end of nokwanda. people started being afraid of their own existence wholeheartedly. children were ordered to stop playing outside by parents. they waited and waited for years for the police to come down from the barbwire mountains. the police never came down. and for years people watched from the windows. never saying a word. people started naming their children after the police, even girls. they never gave a damn if it was a man's name. schools and shebeens were named after the police. the police mountain was elevated to a shrine. people came from far away to worship the mountains. and everyone became a police pilgrim. but when children grew up they started killing their parents one by one claiming the "police story" was a conspiracy theory. it was found that all the children of nokwanda were the police's children. because the police slept with everyone there. so the children were not allowed to sleep together and were pissed off by this. nobody knew what happened to the police. they were never seen again. some people started digging the mountain shacks for their whereabouts. this happened for years; not a bone was found.

njoli square

i have learned to be proud of dead people
their absence slipping through the emptiness
of my pass-out nights drunk
the living have become more mundane
like the bleak mornings i dread
with the instructive light
the stark red of the traffic light
a warning about a shoe sale and lost dogs
furniture confronting blind hags in sidewalks

behind the sun
i continue to escape my landlord's random raids
behind the washing lines
i continue to escape the slick tigers in suits and ties
and the quiet dimness following my lost dreams
dragging my footsteps to the undertaker's door

you cannot tell me about being a pauper
you cannot tell me about the sidewalk cafés
the monotonous hawkers in njoli square
all selling naked chickens under a blazing sun
my personal revolutions came when i was about thirteen
i accidentally masturbated while trying to control a stubborn erection
that was a discovery of a lifetime
and then i ate my first prostitute in lagos, victoria island
time was too short to fall in love

i guess that's why housewives use disposables
and run to me when things start to get austere
with their potbellied husbands
when they know i always split into many heartbeats
running to me heavily on the wet chill of concrete podiums
on the mosaic dance floors and shadows of my suspicions
patterns of the people i love
all coming in flashing glimpses through my mind
i can clearly see kenya, laughing all aloud and teasing
uzi with her probing questioning eyes, always staring into mine
i wash all that with the magic feeling
from the bottom of every wine bottle
and celebrate my dreams by ignoring mornings

sound of my breath

dogs always bark when i cough
and i am constantly annoyed
by the sound of my breath
my loyalty to sadness
that keeps away from happiness
with faith to loneliness
harboring no space for disappointments
and i wish all music can die

murky nights

on a murky dark night like the inside of a hollow vagina
an anxious smell of a dead fish lynched the sidewalks

on a night full of unseen shadows dancing on frightened windows
there are invisible footsteps – distant cries and sirens

on a thick night of protests against the darkness of things
heroes go missing with heaps of songs buried in hidden revolutions

the night that listens to the greedy loiters of frustrated prostitutes
nightlong whispers from gloomy drivers pass the time

a night of haphazard bizarre hours dangling between dreams
last breaths of lonely souls on death beds moisten the air

morning shout

my brains falter where all winds die
breathing muted dialects inside my head
taking me to places with a dead sun

their tongues echo a doubt with a fat sound
pounding slow thuds
fractured by a morning shout

my wounds are sheltered inside a sea child
her language is buried by a roar
of the wave she carries on her shoulders

she does not open her eyes towards a trapped earth
her ocean is locked inside a suitcase

and so you say

and so you say
that i am broken
that i am aimless
i curse, i drink and i smoke
i masturbate in deserted cathedrals
to relieve my haunted hidden conscience
from the anxious eyes of the children
an endless pain and pity to my deafening ears

my stand is shaking as a man
i stumble in my dreams
a walking contradiction
self distracted
i am not to be trusted
i wet my bed in the unforgiving hours
of the haunting nights
when alone dreaming of my unbearable past

i live through the magic
of the colour of my skin
a self-made trap to my fat lazy brain
that i was a terrible mistaken birth
that i am here alone today
i have no wish, no aim, no stand
i am displaced and totally lost
in the midst of infinity and ecstasy

and so you say
i sleep with tender infants
rejected by their pregnant mothers
who impose their thirst on rich perverts
that i protect my weak stand with constant lies
that i was born and raised with a dozen kittens
inside a wooden suitcase
in a cheap motel in southend
that my only toy as a child
was the hairy penis of an alien neighbor
the result of my small brains
a victim for unprotected sex
in the dark quick alleys of the makeshift neighborhood
i will die grinning with a fat distorted belly
leaving no trace of my once embarrassing presence

my ancestors

i think my ancestors were rich because i remain poor
with a rich vision about dead things
i keep hoping that idi amin will come back
as a sexy santa claus for adults only
or that jesus will at least have a taste for fashion
and eat pilchards instead of his flesh
with everyone finally getting circumcised behind a sunflower
where they are raped repeatedly by all the dead leaders
including hitler

fiery corridors

father leaves for work every day in the morning
he returns soaked in exhaustion at dusk
hazy black eyes buried deep inside worn out sockets
i never leave the house, there is no need
his skin paler and his voice vague
all disfigured out

i mourn mother who just died
before finally leaving her under a long tree
she has been buried behind a heavy curtain
behind a door and the many doors of our house
bedridden for the past seven months
becoming blurred in father's hazy desires

i do not meet father in the grey corridors
in the winter of our five-roomed house
in the seasons of our distance
he had the audacity to bring a sexy wife
just three weeks after mother's death
betraying me to spend all the days listening to her footsteps
through the chill of our narrow corridors
she chases my eye contact everywhere
she fills the house with the odor of her starving pussy

father is drenched under a disappearing industry
always overloaded by the fraudulent church
the place where he met the corrupt-prone sexy mother
i remain behind my bedroom door with a rigid fury
stepmother haunts my flesh – father is no more
no colour
father brings home food and the word of god

i am terrified by stepmother
i spend the rest of my days escaping her odor
under the grey shadows of our tacit passages
stepmother gallops through the corridors in her panties
father brings food at dusk – i do not get out of my room
there is no need
i breathe stepmother's odor – i grieve for mother
with the void of father's absence
i falter deep and get accustomed to her odor
i hear the click of the door, father's gone to work

the odor consumes the house, my exile
it confuses my solitude, it confronts father's absence
i start chanting her name behind the long shadows of my bedroom door
spending all my days sniffing her odor – chasing her trail

i remain open to my bleedings
she wants my blood – i want her odor
the day i tore her flesh apart
she was wearing mother's panties
my mother's odor
behind the curtains that drenched her life away
that day i entered my mother's open grave
wearing a mask decorated with father's absence and an odor
and to this day
i remain on the floor of mother's grave, chanting her name

master

whiteness is always hiding
behind the dark, behind the death
do you want death?
do you want the shadow or do you want blacks?
no i dare not,
everybody wants white because it chases the shadow;
it chases the widow and the blacks
my master is white - my teacher is white - my church is white
and i don't want the widow and the shadow and the blacks
master rapes my mother when i sleep
and he gives me food in the morning
i love master!

the morning is always thick; my eyes are thick in the morning
i want to sleep and wait for mother to give me food
and i love the sun and food
i hate the morning because father always wants to beat me in the morning
i want sun and mother; mother makes me happy and eat all the food
master makes me work in the garden and he beats father behind the field
sometimes master rapes father too, sometimes he rapes me
master is a rapist and he hides behind the widow and shadow and blacks
but i love master –

i know you want to write a story and i won't allow that
i don't want a story and i don't want all your bad stories
i don't want you to press a button to tell my story because you lie
your teeth make you lie
your eyes make you bad and your white smile makes you rape everything
my friend will come at night, my friend is the shadow
my friend does not want your bad stories when mother sleeps
but father wants your stories in the night
father is bad too –

father and master are big thieves
and they chase each other when mother sleeps
i see those two big thieves from the window
wearing masks and chasing each other every night
master hates father and father hates master
but they smile when they see mother

father rapes mother too and he does not give me food like master
i want mother to smother father with her big pie because father likes mother's big pie

master likes mother's big pie too, she must smother master too, those two rapist thieves!
but mother loves the two rapists; she always gives them her big pie and cries in the morning
i love mother –

i always see mother tearing apart, always in the morning with her tears
i want to wipe them with my bare soul but father wants to drink the tears and get drunk
father is always drunk and hides his food, mother cries and give me food
master never cries or gets drunk or smile
master speaks like a good man but master has a big gun
he wants to shoot father –
father speaks like a hero but he wants to be like master
i don't want to be like father or master
i want to be like mother but i won't give them my big pie
no! i don't have a big pie like mother, i won't be raped and cry in the morning
i won't be like mother –

father keeps coming home to hide from master, master wants father all the time
i hate looking at them from my window – master leading with a whip in hand
father follows him carrying his own tears in two full bags
father does not drink his own tears
i know when father and master die i will be a good man
but i won't drink my own tears like mother
i think she choked and drowned in her own tears
for master and for father – i won't die like that
i will take master's big gun and shoot him even if he is dead
father too!
i will hunt both of them inside their graves and kill them again and again
maybe mother can wake then, mother, oh dear mother
i didn't know who to blame, but i wanted to blame someone for you
i wanted to blame father but i slept well when i blame master
it was all his fault, the rapes, the tears and the beatings

homecoming

when they heard you were coming back home
they stood frozen on the edge of the valley
backs tilted against the east - not blinking
they spat one tooth toward the north each year
eyes turning into humid monochromes at dusk
the world kept shifting under their feet
there was something about the hymn they sang
that suggested the wind would pace your homecoming

they decided to kneel before cryptic shadows
and inside of cathedrals, doors were kept closed
silently hoping under candle-lit corridors
they would only rise to sing and blink dry tears of sorrow
all their hopes bottled towards jerusalem
only appearing at dawn in every winter
crossing the sacred lands with hands placed on their heads
not turning –

in their hearts the world was holding your homecoming back
and each day of the waiting –
their bodies were quietly mangled behind the gardens
as mothers kept crying for their sons' premature deaths
with tears drowning the spirit of the world
believing there was everything about every place you traveled
your destiny not known to them
it was hard to believe you were coming home
spending your life preparing for everyone's death

after a while they only gathered to curse the universe
only keeping their shadows visible under the moon
as they have been believing in empty truth
to be broken in the hands of your freedom
and only preferred to admire your beauty
on cursed misty mirrors smeared with human fat

water babies

while babies are laid to rest
atop of insects
where they chip in, dwell
and anticipate their brand new siblings
with random bleakness ahead of their infancy
impatiently waiting between
cemetery weeds and shovels
the aged calendar resembles a guillotine
grinding each night –

their weeping is swallowed by an acute death
of a missing steam from a remote kitchen
the parched sun keeps the days dead still
under the steady gawk of the moon
that remains aloof –
and never comes to play under the parched sun

all they wanted was to erase the sun
and crayon out a new one with warm colours
a sun that would play and weep with them

ancient pulse

dead stink remains
between heaps of rooted layers
sun soaked skins wrap a spirit
beast horns river tribes moon seeds

a dark horse listens to a baby's voice
flickering behind a murky oil lantern
humming muted songs
that muffle a blood drenched earth
with a trapped sound

ascending steam
from the bottom of primordial rocks
behind a lost whitewashed cattle herder
he has a tall devotion to the colour of winds

isolated times

dead babies' names
will wait under a rock
filled with bones and wood
buried deep in root trails
of words gone astray
washed up in cattle fields

witches will wear cyclical beats
of a dark heart
inside distant shrines of a missing sea
their loins smothered by a coil
of an ancient hair
chanting the lost rain
hoping the sun will sweep the sin away
with a lifeless sword that never kills
of long gone bearded men
who stood their ground
so the rain shall fall

they will slaughter one goat at dawn
its agonizing trill will be celebrated
drinking its blood before it gets cold
its skin will wrap the dead babies
women will carry them on their bare backs
they will sing the dead names and they won't sleep
the song will be heard on distant mountains
hunters will gather wood
and so the fire dance shall begin
inside climates of an isolated time
under the pitiless truth of a watchful fog
a whisk of the shaman constantly pounding
on the circle –
and the grinding of the cosmos that never forgives

old men behind you

candle flickering between your feet
you wonder why
it's animating your fears
with a disapproving shadow
and you start running from the houses
naked and all wet
old men breathing after you
battling to grab you
battling with their oldness
you frantically pick up all the stones
claiming the stones are your money
that you must have all the stones
the old men keep dragging you
inside the long shacks
they keep you locked for silent perversions
and you lurk through the windows
trying to go out and pick the stones
sometimes you're waving for help
you break the windows
the old men gather behind the shadows
of the corrugated iron shacks in your back yard
you know they have turned into ruins of rust
all broken with black holes
the wind whispers the old men's names
through the holes and the passing wind
and you know the wind won't return
the old men won't return either
they stare back at you with slow eyes
carrying their solid tears

one death

i am looking for my own death
just one death
a death i am going to remember
by its dead smell
a death i will hail on the nippy wings
of a deceased universe

go to that cold void
with a limp and a thousand bleak visions
inhabit its gloom deep inside my flesh
where i constantly see a widow
kneeling behind the tail of a dead man
and all i want is to dance the perpetual winds
of a graveyard's blank passage

god's plan

all i had were thoughts about a single heaven in the sky
followed by long rows of questions about women stuck in there
possibly without men to caress their troubled bodies
their swollen breasts and loins silently screaming for a touch
a hard thrust of perspiration drumming and evoking all fishy smells
i guess that's what deprivation does to their platonic existence
their nudity without impact or meaning to the holy men
all those young fresh lasses that wastefully die
leaving us under the gaze of a thousand hags
who constantly anticipate our physical firmness at whatever cost

and right on this night i lost thoughts of nudity
the many scattered visions of a cousin's blossoming pubis
through the peeping gaps i create in my blanket
and the doors i leave ajar
all lost now in the burdening phase of maturity
and now i deeply yearn to suck all those women in heaven
feel the texture of their nipples with my long thin tongue
gulp their milk until they have nothing but blood
if they still have blood anyway

i wanted to drip their swollen breasts empty
i dread the dripping but i am all dripping too
my mouth dripping pasty saliva
my pants constantly damp from the dripping of my wiggly hot penis
and the pastor keeps reminding me of hell!

"what the hell am i supposed to do?"
these thoughts are all that i have now
i cannot move back, i have to keep going
and i knew god had a plan for everyone, for every need
and mine was to empty the souls of those women in heaven
and on that day i died, thinking i was god's plan

all my killers

I died with a skeptical erection
and grin and vulgar and despair
inside a spontaneous shallow grave
dug by thirsty homeless assholes
with no sense of line, structure or depth
with a tiny bone stuck in my membrane
I remember your glare – your quandary – your crave
thriving through a thousand virus tainted spinal grooves
and grease hardened nostrils

can I trust you again, I mean with my remains?
my children crucified under your stretch marked belly
unconsciously sniffing at the dim odor of your loins
for crumbs of bread because I left you no money
however, those little fat bitches you worshipped
only fed you a whole lot of other things
besides everything I was
and I have forgiven all my killers
including these fucking bugs
coming in and out of my remains as they wish
at least my killers from the alleys knew my name
and I remember the days when I could just crush a bug
in the faint shadows of your debt-soaked house
without really thinking about it
there was always this Steve guy
watching porn clips in the dining room
you never introduced him to me but he was always there

i am sure you have your ways now that I am gone forever
as you always thought I was drowned in sin
when mother gave the much regrettable birth to me
unplanned –
so if you ask me now, yes I mean now
in the bleakness of my grave hole with these bugs stripping my flesh
one by one – everyday
i will say go fuck your mother
because I suspect you were a baptized child
while I was dumped with drunkards – random neighbors
and was made to share the kitten's milk on a daily basis
of my damp dingy infancy
always put to sleep with a few stiff tots of a cheap liqueur

so there it is at last – my hollow life finally gone
just the constant sound of chewing from invisible blind bugs
and maybe on certain nights
there will be some isolated sound of a displaced cricket
it all started with kittens and ended up with bugs in a hole
no night – no day – no moon

unborn

i wake up inside your thick murky intestines
my eyes are struggling to open
your heartbeat is pounding on my brains
seeing and breathing your internal red smells
only when you utter vulgar words
the light flickers through your mouth
and i realise i am wrestling for life
a frighten fetus at the bottom of your gloom