On other nights, though, terrible nights he would find himself watching quietly, from a safe distance. The market would empty itself of witnesses and, with a mask of friendship stretched elastically in ripples across his face, contorted in a way he did not recognize he'd approach in jolly strides as though old acquaintances with no bad blood between them none at all, as though to embrace it!

Only after tasting the thrill of that instant, the triumph of recovering what was rightfully his and clutching his arm close to his chest and sobbing for the joy of being reunited after all of these years, only then would his eyes slip down to the body sprawled torn and unconscious across the cobbles and, in horror, find in the rank odor of fresh killing the limp figure of a young woman—or worse yet, a child.

He would wake in a gasp, eyes wet, disoriented, the sky still dark and so many hours of night still left waiting before him. He would lie frozen, afraid to move afraid to think before, finally, closing his eyes and steadying his breath and then—with trembling calm, quietly he'd try erasing himself from the planet, shred by shred, until there was none of him left.

PETERO KALULÉ

Notations

75

[74]

Last Light



Mud

buffalo w & hippo s tack sticky slops s oft, in measured séance for each other

Aisthesis

we dealt in light, light's audiotactile equivalent - Nathaniel Mackey

do y/our ears cradle petroglyphic sound do they indurate the soft eroding spots, those gimel silhouette s we rode, retraceing memory lanes souths never north, all the while stoned thru sunbed desert rock

do y/our ears horn feather, do they mural bird -'s hollow muffle, its compendious winged simul ark ra of arrival's chirrup unreal, bl-

ur arco blue, cue afro b-

lue

do y/our ears t ear weather, do they flake, whittle

rake scuff shard & shuck sounded air, do they smear sparse gnostic cloud of intercommunal glissandi resonant ri—

n ging eidetic marimba kalimba

chording:

kuyimba

bayimba, tuyimbe, — in us imbibe mothers of song

y/our ear halls, spectral here wholes

are they less beholden of

parapets & porticos of history

(& perhaps)

more beholden, so much so

muchmore beholden of

wavy speckly sparkly reds chiming cry stal gold pe tal patt urns, earthsk

etche s, erred etches, yarn no-

tches, nubs &

shaky fractured mur

mur of tr-

ee leaf

do y/our earorchestrae f–

lap pryly hocket folds doffing semblances

beautifully in, & strangely

out, do

they suck lug & tug

breath's s lipped melisma-

ta 2-

gether,

gebunden, forever

are y/our ears torched hinge-

s openout, la-

teralling,

are they gaping parallactic window-

s whistling corpuscular touch

of

daylight's chromatic S-

k y:[?]

Fret a Notation

listen; what-'s a transcription? i want to play tale s-tallings, stir ritual, memory & lovingvision of prayersong-s, do i not belie myself?

RAGA

colour
flicker
rhythm ic
recur:

LUCY CUNNINGHAM

Blues is a quiet

[8o]