

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

## LAST LIGHT



## MUD

buffalo w & hippo s tack sticky s-  
lops 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, retrace-  
ing memory lanes  
souths never north, all the while stoned  
thru  
sunbed desert ro-  
ck

do y/our ears horn feather, do  
they mural bird  
-s hollow muffle, its comp-  
endious wing-  
ed simul ark  
ra of arrival's chirrup unreal, bl-  
ur arco blue, cue afro b-  
lue



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