Song of the Andoumboulou: 148

A would-all-were-otherwise look spiked her nestriil, something seen in his face an
unlikely tank from who could say where.

Strange a phase they found themselves in,
sterile coherenee they insured themselves
to, Sweet Safronia the name she now took,
whose name had been Abdija before... They set a
place for knowing knowing stayed away from,
rocks piled up at their door. They heard one
dead man mourn another, a choked, broken song;
it was. Bodily life what balm there'd been,
lost if no other now. Somehow they would know
she
opined, spirit's keynote address... He as well
named himself anew, Godfrey the name he
now took, Brother B what we called him before.

Yet another his and her story we sighed, Names
Anonymous it turned out we were turning in-
to, relapse number none of us could say. So it
was and so it went... Sweet Safronia wrote God-
frey's name on her dance card, dance a cowed run
for office, him her running mate, president of
New Not Yet. A new senserium he and she were
run-
ning for, necromantic tilt, necromantic awar-
ness, bient sentence, kingdom came... So the
joke went. So they joked. Grim jest it fell to us
to abide. They heard one dead man mourn another.
His limbs were made of sticks and they crackled,
make-shift music he infected his lament with, long
bodily de-
mise.

Long since in some room reminiscing, long on
something said said again. A symphonette
of beaks, bits of wood scrap, whereat what
there was of it left... We looked on, planetary
choir, feet in the ether, feet in the dirt. Chano
Domínguez, Ruben Durán on the cajón,
was on the box, backdrop his and her platform
rayed out from... So it was the Andoumboulou
lived again, finding their way or not finding
it, finding their way in the not, not short for an-
other, he weaned of what's not recordable
Safronia taught. At that we fell back, weary
of
preachment, mortuary chorale, nonsonant re-
train what said it best... Such as it was we
sat sweatless, heaven, angels in the outskir-
the pit. Godfrey took Safronia's arm by the wrist
and
raised it. Did, would, will, it said, win... We
sat cackled, rallied, millennial plegm in
our throats, won regite now to be legion, won
sus-
tenance. One Love run late come. There was
a long leg lifted us off the planet, a short leg
stranded where we were. Leg on leg we ran, work-
ing our way out One Love's courtesies. Leg ani-
mated leg, anointed leg, borne between leg and
leg, straight... Godfrey and Sweet Safronia
lift-
ed us from the pit, lift our stopped intersalic,
One
Love blade-edge thin
Sweet Safronia no sooner lifted us than faded, Godfrey no sooner there than gone.

We were calling it O.K., we were calling it Olé.

Horse hooves kicked up water, slapped conga heads carried them away. Names Anonymous made it namesake synonymy. Names Anonymous held away, lefseer lift, a kind of remembrance. Possessed we've been had we let ourselves go.
I wanted to make a place apart, I sought solace, head wrought with whatsay, wrapped in lay-lift array. I sat among them in the pit, overcome by hiccups, a big bell strapped around my neck. The accident waiting to happen would happen we averred, proroguant discs hung from the sky, were the sky... Sweet Safronia and Godfrey ran for office in the air, the lift our politics needed they insisted, a coded way they said it it seemed. The limbs they'd gotten next to each other with were long since gone, phantom heist, phantom hold, phantom heist... Gallop and turn ran thru it, the orishas' repeated stitch, step so susurrative water welled it seemed, on and of itself, walked on water. We called our corporeal, intrusive, coalescent, step so multihoofed, multihoofed, we flew, of late got-ten beaks and were gone
Sweet Safronia’s Wave Unwoven

—turning out to be to Ogum—

Brother B’s work with would stood among us, comrades and compatriots at a point none but we saw, would we could reach out and feel, would’ve did we dare. Atovi it came to us to call them, atavai we walked around among, would pieces, totem nowhere near naming them, avatar as well... Geoge’s address was one we knew by heart, grain’s asbeyy of sorts. Wood’s playon would parlayed of late, play never not evident, left we strode among tree trunks in. Brother B’s largearse... I stood on shaky leg, a wobbly walk it was, lucumi hames run the track my head had become. So close a walk it was, Brother B’s arcade, Brother B’s arbor. Santer had something to say of it. A staggerly walk it was... I reminded myself it was not a-about me, Brother B’s would be Godfrey let go, Sweet’s weave unwoven, all the graven lines let go. I reminded myself would was hylic, head knocked on by fingers, cal-lus, carved head kicked by hoofs. So close a wall, stiff, tickey, wood where bones had been, Brother B glad so to be Brother B again, gone though the good times were... "Please, please, Brother B," we heard Aboja weep, ‘dead what had been so alive, how could that be? Please, Brother B, be Godfrey again." So I saw and I reminded myself it was not up to us, handed our heads on a tray no matter what, learn from Brother B as we could.
Belly to back the way dogs do they were dancing. Titanium rods ran thru the dance announcing Legba, Brother B's would, tree trunks driven ashore on Lone Coast... Soaked wood tutored what splend there was, not much though it was, next to none... "Yes, yes, Brother B," we put in, "please reconsider," advocates against our will, Abdja's acolytes, an un-awans gambit, gruff.
The stava loomed numberless in the
gallery whose walls we lost, sad glad
goodbyes abraded by salt Saffronia’s
wave
brought in, buffed by Aphroditean
(aish. Might awkwardness be grace the
beautiful goodbyes piled up at our
door... We heard flutes that were birds
bawling above hoofprints. We were in
the Nod House record annex. We laughed
at Easy Listening; we jigged among
the reggae bins, chided by Brother B don’t
look back, which we couldn’t help, the
store the way it was back when... So it
was,
as we could see, and as we said, we said
it again, “Yes, Brother B, be Geoffrey again,”
the words a wet pocket of sand. So it was
and
so we said, Brother B’s dead ear not
withstanding. We knew it wasn’t up to us.
We knew it was a game. We enjoyed it...
High chiming strings way back in the mix
rebuffed us, a remote broadcast it seemed.
Brother B sang like a bird meanwhile, an
appellate brief in stop time it seemed. He
was
singing was the way Abhija put it. He lay
back as though he brought the past forward, a
strategic retreat, “Don’t look back” no mat-
ter. “Can I sing with you, Brother B?” she
was
asking. “Can I sing with you, Brother B?”
Abhija begged... We were caught up in some
kind of code, wanting to say what was real
not
wanting to, wanting not to hem ourselves
in. Sweet Saffronia’s own republic loomed, ad-
vance one with relapse it seemed, as would
our
way out be we thought... Meanwhile it ca-
reened, leaderless, his and her putative
rule
resinded, his and her rhyth-
ic run
Next we were begging Ahdja to be sweet again, pleading she run for President, we the people the we we espoused. Crackpot extremity grew poignant we as wanted it, glimpse Brother B and she gave as much as got, split we saw the alternate world go thru...

It wasn't we expected we'd get out unscathed, no matter art ploy politics, awkwardness be grace, straight light inoculate blush. The jury watch we kept kept at us. The alternate names were a way of calling them notes, Godrey and Satanica sonic trance. Our resolve was to not be caught offguard... We the people the we we were, deep ensembleist wish, loose among the staves. Brother B's would's release. Uniqueness be grace was cut on the tree trunks, graving we swore we saw we saw surrounding us, incision Brother B let sing...

So, we saw, sang the singer. So, we saw, ran the song that wasn't really but were lyric and lyric one. Brother B's would've remake. There was a book we took ourselves to be in, heat we were caught up in. The Various Burning we thought to call it, would it were ours to name, Brother B's conflagrant book or conflagrant chieflame his mallet broke out in... He was Ogun of the Heavenheaded As Ahdja insist-ed, wanting to change his name again, a weave we broke bread with, iron's intertwinement salt, wave's ax's edge, sea-stepped would we supposed...

A crust of bread it might've been but wasn't, spent solemnity's high perch, dry purchase. A crust of bread, stale as it was, it wasn't. Ogun's furrowed brow, sweating brow. "Ogun, we salute you," we sang, biting back phegms as we let go. Certain woulds were in. They had their way
By this time we were another we, Political Rubber Handbook in tow. Why not run for office we’d weaken up asking, tongues lost up the side of each other’s neck no sooner we said it, tongues lost along one another’s thigh... It wasn’t about us we reminded ourselves, remanded back to ourselves not-withstanding. Ogun and Odwalla, Ahjia and Brother B, atavus all ad infinitum, all in the transposed alleyway Brother B conducted us thru
They who made their peace prepared a
place, wave unraveling as though it were
cloth, fabric they rolled up in. Ensemblist
advance they gripped or got a glimpse of,
promised were wish to preside... They
for whom intimacy felt full but fell short,
inwardly calling public or beat, outwardly
span,
lights of the centrifugal thrum they were
on their way toward, lights of their eventual
release