

HSIREBBIG NIEDARGOTRER [Gibberish in Retrograde]

(The Canticle, 2016)

With cryptic lines made to language, I

derive meaning from words that escape captivity in a bounded throat

throat bounded a in captivity escape that words from meaning derive.

Stiff European words uncoiling from this black mouth

enamored with the destruction of the “once”

and irony dances on the graves of dead drums

and dancing on the graves of dead drums in irony, I

derive meaning from words that escape captivity in a bounded throat

throat bounded a in captivity escape that words from meaning derive.

Cryptic lines, made to language, originally foreign

claw up the tunnel to embrace dawn.

Claw?

Climb, do these white words, and *s-s-s-sing*

wang ta eht sdrohC fo elap srohpatem

(gnaw at the chords of pale metaphors)

[insert a lengthy contradiction of sorts]

African language swims on the backs of poor oceanic translation

Boats packed with dark skinned wisdom

(But what I should have said was,

though what I meant to say was,

wait for it

WAIT FOR IIIIIIT)

No, not my words

never this time,
and with time
does the sun sets on irony cloaked in white cotton
waiting for callused hands to rip it from its root
(...of the collective black fist).

*REMEMBER THIS.

And with time
does irony grow sweeter, and sweeter, and sweeter *[question mark?]*.

Simple-stich me a quilt of self-analysis
a glorified blanket carefully crafted to caress the cheeks of unrest.
Here we hail from hush-hush lives, hurried,
covered in Caucasian con-son-ance
[repeat, repeat, something significant].

Strip my words to their vanilla if that is all they can be.
Watch precious white details derail into portraits
into unsung melodies harmonizing with Negro spirituals that
(Wait for it
)

resonate
until memory falls through shallow cracks to deeper cracks.
Swimming in time's gibberish, devoid of rhythm, I
derive meaning from the words that escape captivity in a bounded throat
throat bounded a in captivity escape that derive meaning from throat in words.

No.

Throat bounded a in captivity escape that words the from meaning derive.
Projections of the self watching the self on dniwer

flicker through stills of an assimilated life

giving way to decision structured thoughts in retrograde

[insert poignant philosophical line]

...

***here.**

Here the dry tongue can only string up *w or ds U n d O n E*

words that echo (*echo*) the crunch, crunch

of a subconscious remote.

DNIWER ETIHW SDROW NO THGIT KCALB SPIL

and it is from this gibberish I

dna ti se morf siht gibbbbbbbberish I

derive

meaning

from the words

that escape

C A P T I V I T Y

in a bounded throat

that escape the cyclicity of historic contradiction

The salty taste of black and white HSIREBBIG