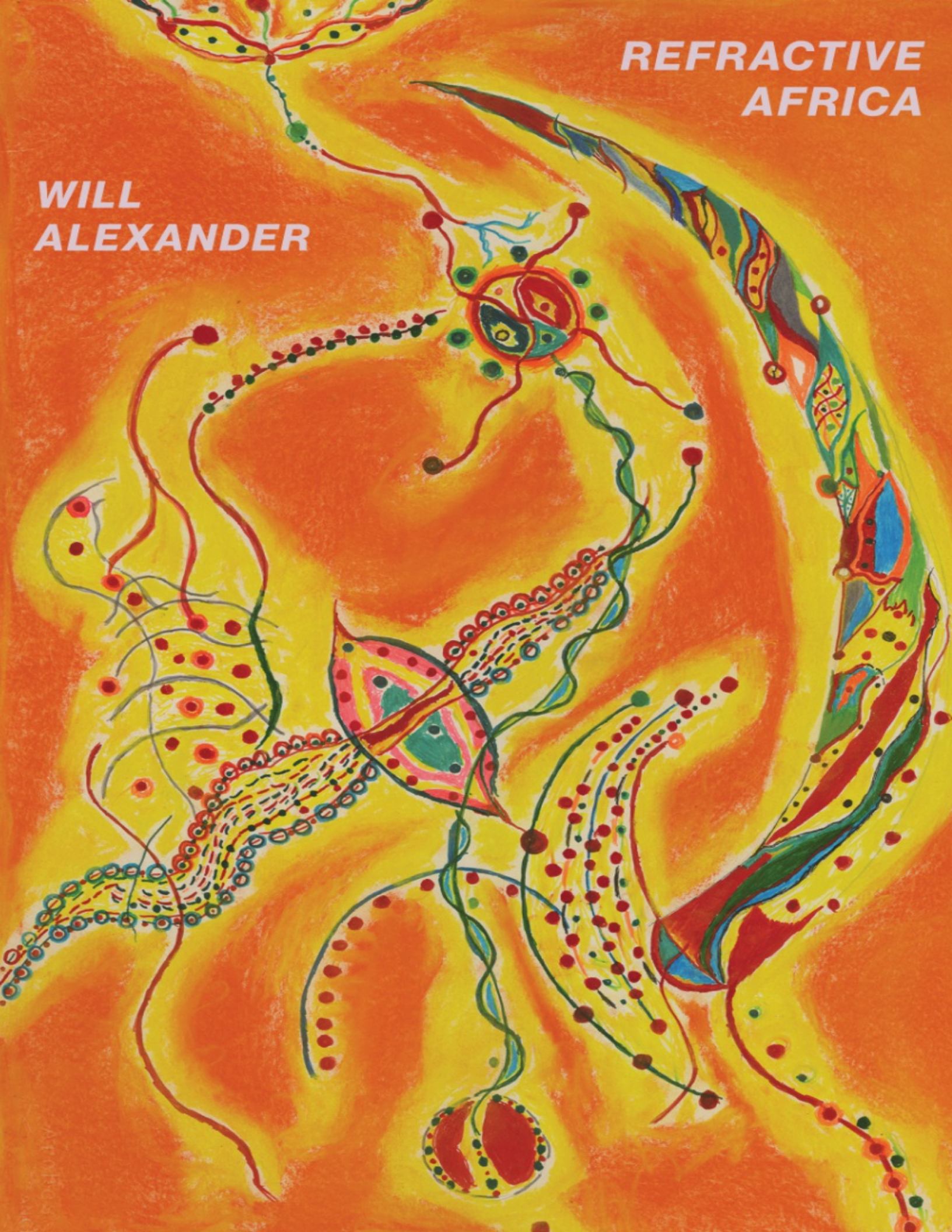


**REFRACTIVE
AFRICA**

**WILL
ALEXANDER**



REFRACTIVE AFRICA
Ballet of the Forgotten

Also by Will Alexander

POETRY

The Combustion Cycle • [*Across the Vapour Gulf*](#)
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[*The Sri Lankan Loxodrome*](#) • *Exobiology as Goddess*
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LECTURE

Inalienable Recognitions

PHILOSOPHY

Towards the Primeval Lightning Field

REFRACTIVE AFRICA
Ballet of the Forgotten

Will Alexander



A New Directions Ebook Original

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*To the great Ghanaian scholar Anani Dzidzienyo,
whose path I was fortunate to cross during this life*

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PREFACE

The chronicle is well known. British colonial entry into Africa commenced circa 1870. They simply complicated a crime that had already transpired. A crime scripted in the popular mind in the early fifteenth century by Prince Henry the Navigator. Of course there had been Portuguese stirrings in Africa's northern region prior to Prince Henry's inaugural invasion down the west coast of the continent. During the early modern world European incursion was first executed by Henry's father King John I and armed acolytes who invaded Ceuta, an existing enclave that still stands in present-day Morocco—this event being slightly prior to Henry's navigating ventures.

It was during this period that Portuguese exploits planted the seed that sprung into the search to procure souls for free labour. A behavioural pattern was encouraged that infected not only the Spanish, but the French and the Dutch as well in their search for spoils both human and otherwise. In a certain sense it is the Portuguese who capture our imagination as alien indicators of this intractable episode that ignited modern life. Portugal's initial scarring of northern Africa continues to sire ripples that have refused to vanish. In lands diverse as Brazil and parts of India, the Portuguese have left markings that have extended dire momentum into the present. After King John's early invasion into Alkebulan (Africa's aboriginal appellation), discourse has spiralled into violence, giving rise to intrinsic psycho-physical disruption, its isolate power breached and endemically shadowed. One can argue that Alkebulan has never been allowed to rest or enter a phase of protracted healing since the entry of King John and his craving for power and spoils.

The ramifications from assault have reverberated through unnerving that continues to trouble African cellular memory. By the time the British arrived in Africa, the Portuguese and, most pointedly, the French and Dutch had sowed their mark and made psycho-physical penetration into Western Africa an inevitability. Their subconscious influence has massively altered western influence so that it always condones illegal empowerment. These European powers had ignited the standards that continue to apply to a protracted criminal motif. Yet to insist on a chronological listing of crimes committed would miss the point all together.

It is not only the physical denouement of suffering the Continent has endured but also, and more significantly, the corroded psychological eclipse left behind. Thus the European psyche has always treated the African psyche as a tainted shadowy remnant. Yet during the scale of time under review a criminal un-mooring has transpired that has bolstered ongoing disadvantage. Colonial policy has deepened an adverse synergy that continues to warp living human potential.

What I attempt to unleash in *Refractive Africa* is an organic emboldening of the African psyche, a postcolonial inner power that allows this poetic text to electrify an energy that the Occident continues to distort. The European mind has sculpted an Africa that galls us with its distorted definitions. Thus it attempts to instill continual subconscious bias. In this context, the European lingual charisma continues to advance an African presence via paternal simplification. The latter understanding merely maintains a poisoned presence that maintains an incensed historical framework. In order to allow African self-enrichment to amplify, I lingually attempt to extend its palpable resistance through language that alters subconscious foreshortening. Not a didactic ploy but language fortified via a voice no longer populated by those whose thoughts

remain white yet whose skin remains decidedly Black. Never the voice of such contemporary rulership nor the voice of their armies of trained killers. *Refractive Africa* remains instilled with the spirit of sangomas that concentrates the power of healing. Within this spirit I employ the enduring strength of two of Africa's verbal giants, Amos Tutuola and Jean-Joseph Rabearivelo. These giants wrote against the grain of their projected empirical failure and put into praxis what I consider to be supreme imaginal concentration. In a magical manner they verbally rose above psycho-physical fissures imposed by colonial monetary impact where, for instance, the mean GDP of the Congo rises no higher than \$800 a year. Compare this to the Western-British Vortex and its counterpart on China's eastern seaboard, where riches parade unabated as staggering display.

As for lingual-psychological elements, the African mind has been propounded as one to be shunted away while being surreptitiously ridiculed. Within this context the anonymous individual seems self-cast into dissension so that he or she is claimed by anonymous ruin. Of course, in this work I am seeking to transmute this anonymous ruin. I am thinking here of the resonance between the health of the African psychological soil and its connection to higher levels of possibility that the Occidental psyche considers to be untenable. This African state of mind maintains an oscillating complexity that connects less quantifiable states of mind with what I understand to be alchemical respiration, which induces a more penetrating apperception of reality. Within this living complexity I have introduced what could be perceived by cynical forces to be bygone tautological elements of British enunciation. This is the British English that Tutuola's critics once extolled as one of Imperial clarity that should remain the sole province of the indigenous African author thereby upholding an acceptable colonial presentation. In my view, such a standard remains replete with elements that foster indigenous psychological suffocation. Thus it enacted itself as Tutuola's menace. My usage of this seeming menace ironically creates a curious undermining of its original impetus to export psychological repression by dissolving original intent to such a degree that an ironic otherness tends to invade the text. My en-stamping of British spelling needs be understood in this context as a positive undermining and never contorted as underlying colonial influence but within the germinating dynamic of a continent that remains active as the neo-propulsion of its living energy.

—WILL ALEXANDER
Los Angeles, May 2021

BASED ON THE BUSH OF GHOSTS
for Amos Tutuola

Having risen
above dubious salt infernos
an absence of rules in your blood
never extended into doctrinal edicts

you
Tutuola
compatible with cosmic infra-forces
with wheat that blazes
rife with its own combustible plane

you
all the while living
roamed the anarchic
as ozone
as region
as dark interior hollow of strife

you wandered through oneiric vacuums
what some would call anarchic jubilation
seemingly blinded
seemingly spun by discomfort
by winds which sprung up & menaced
by forces which summoned themselves through attrition

Amos
you are a not a corpse sculpted out of ash but vehicular anonymity as voyage
as physiology summoned from unnamable tension

this remains your creed
your living example
your ability to singe
to stumble as haze through incitement
to invade as sigil through raucous tipping points
these are forces you continue to breed being powerful towers of smoke
that remain chronically unfiltered
as the high symbology of the inscrutable
as if you had invoked exhaustive sands
squared at the root by corroborated cinder
by corruptive intensification

so that as births occur
they immediately exhaust
old bulletins of calcium
& all of them claim extrinsic home & hearth
being torrents reversed & unleashed
as burning grammes
as geometric sorcery

that equate themselves with the charisma of slippage
& this charisma Tutuola
converges upon extremes
as if a flare from perfect hydrogen
had been squared & left askew eschewing strictly numbered meridians

this being gnawing contradiction
a gale in the vines
being new & incongruous burning
being a suddenly crystallized contagion hovering as a bulletin of grimness
conjuring funeral ambrosia
as if it had capsized in figments
in hollow emotional regression
as you charted the dead as a perfect stenographer of ruin

you possessed that capacity to scramble yourself through forms
to reconnoiter dust
to ride upon this or that species of wool to conjure taxonomic carrion
that loosened its hyphens in a lake of ephemera

& you
who fully flitted inside death
inside its innominate spiral listening to a tornado of cowries
dazed
alive as alarming misnomer
as renewed & terrifying entrapment

you who lived as naked meta-kinetics
who understood as mode & concern
each exclusive form of Doppelgänger

there are some who have lived
who possessed no known form
at the pointless juncture of physical dialectics

this being the realm
where the great Sun darkened
where mirages deepened & re-invented themselves
by immaculate repetition
that were no longer figments
no longer the brooding animations expressed by seasonal regalia

perhaps you formed in yourself
a curiously embraced agenda
being extraneous agenda
as new & increased forces of strength that spiraled as mazes
being other than palpable tempo

other than chronic tensors
that merged conduction with stasis

no
this was fluid without marking
without bounds
sans the blinding & corruption that was Lagos

Amos
you were “free amongst the dead”
roaming as you roamed
sending signals
empowering your own description via the ohmic

as animist
you knew that nothing could be quarantined
that nothing could be conveyed
to the torrentially gangrenous
to the western finance model
yet you worked from arcane occlusion benighted by irregular ghosts
by a range of blizzards that coalesced beyond rays
& your ash
a deafening legendary blizzard
where human statutes were immobilized & scattered
where grains ignescently cooked in totemic pots of ice where the Sun reversed & sank & shone
without shining

Tutuola
another optic
a tenuous inner navigation
& your eyes beamed with inscrutable penetration
their cognizance procuring from postmortem findings filigrees of hydrogen
therapeutic hydrogen
glossolalias of straw
from which you mined preternatural stumbling
from the danger of advanced mirages
as in your “seventh town of ghosts”
with its debilitated chakras
with its power of snakes & vermin
never to be conveyed to the worker
emboldened by the trance of bureaucracy

perspicacious as regards the inscrutable you were able to electrify
in-pragmatic noises
incognito habitations
always alive
in the banditry of the bush

electric with ghosts within the oven of adventure
who marked their exchanges
through lullabies of wrath
through static arisen from curious dorsal waters

this was life through recursive transformation
through cognitive gaps in the record

you inscribed Amos
gales of unmined lightning bolts underlying sulphurs transfused
with gangrenous writing blood

a writing blood
imbued with temperatures
rare with interior oxygen
rare with oneiric vexation

let us say Tutuola
that all invisible conflict
remained tied to the bitterest tide of want
to the most unforeseen ether
that remained entrapped inside the fever of glass
that burned as garish entanglement

perhaps
I am not attempting
to isolate your pure & irregular fuel
nor your volcanic salt
rising as subliminal hives

& no
you were not rife with blind & hidden fragments
just to be exhumed & laid on a table of scalars
in that peace was made with the province of cognition

no
I am only concerned with submersion in the fabulous
in its gris-gris moons
in its fulminate unbrokenness
being as it is
the invisible dossiers of camels' enunciation
possessing telepathy as quickened ghostly neural fiber
as crucial turnings in light-second mazes
being in sum infinite veering

you are not Tutuola
an anomaly from Abeokuta*
held up to the world

as some lost or stunted student murmuring syllables from a hatch
from an erstwhile cubicle of spiders

all I know
is that inscrutability burned in your ink like the son of the bad smelling ghost
with “an arm” & “no teeth in his mouth” with a “bare sparkling head as if polished”

the above being organic conflagration burning as visible abrasion
burning as episodic pantheon
as kinematic enrapturement
as Yoruba “poetic” power
as you constructed your narrative around an interconnected series of autonomous episodes &
fragments
from Oriki praise chants*
or “jala hunter’s poems in praise of Ogun” yet never as reductive working method

even in death
you remain in the open range of danger with its tensions with its untutored threatening
as if all the galaxies seethed with pre-eruption
neither living nor dead
neither lateral nor of their counterpart as motion
with all the suns floating throughout the indefinite

this is why silence threatens its own balance
this is why death retains its own electrical munificence
that loops & then reverses itself being illusive as to origin

perhaps aboriginal drift
alive beyond broken chains of measurement
beyond anti-designation
where jaguars hiss
where boa constrictors hum
this being opening where gods roam as non-containment perhaps as arbitrary schist roaming the
diaspora of mystery
where the aura is summed by means of its own absence
by means of its stunning elaboration haunted like a tree of inevitable vapour

it’s as if I’m seeing you in a forest three times projected inside the moon
surrounded by certain fish
who announce obscure patterns as scorpions
arguing via a free & inevitable colloquy freed from vexatious imposition

& your writing
never enhanced by libel
by hyphenated mending
according to recursive infra-cognition

never for you the guise of a rueful safety fog

or a fox in pursuit of an immigrant herring
but as forms from explosive insular dharma
certainly a living primordial iodine paradoxically opaque with trans-elusives

elusives
that have never formed as three-dimensional prostration
beings who have never been witness to civil notation
who have never been bounded by numerical instigation
instead
they appear beyond the gulf
as open hallucination

with you
as a cloud
above a blazing aural mountain
uttering in free air inscrutable singularities

with your voice cross-fertilized with molten
knowing in its depths the blaze of bizarre theorems unleashing fire in the reader
un-scaling graphs via alchemic irradiation

as I scour through your “Bush”
forms appear from the peripheral plane
from a utopia of stirring
as if they appeared as cracks in iron being passageways rife with ulterior seismography
a seismography that never graces the visible
maniacally conceived through the physics of opacity

so
to align life according to linear generation allows rise no higher than phonemic censure
a censure replete near the dregs of an era

in your writing I understand
that juxtaposition is example of sovereign recognition
of strange funicular speech
being the gist of inflamed nerves
being a network transmuting stationary systems
not diamond broken into porticos
with its brilliance faded
self-shunted into non-spinning maelstroms

this amounts to little more than diurnal leakage
from a family not unlike Aksakov’s*
where actions remain proportionate to one another
with a sense of regulation
evinced through known beginnings

its predictable movement

through stability & strife
being nothing other chronology as scattering

you Tutuola
as I read you
incapable of bribery
of mass sophistication
of superficial ethics

when reading you
I feel your language spring from alphabetic voltage
from oneiric pressure
from mysterious poise from the infra-state
with its particulars
its seeming dust mangers
on the plane of the unexpected

here I am
leaping the nervous wall of your writing
so that seething & movement transpire inside me
so that a network of movement
so that an alphabetic motion
creates flow that loops around extinction

knowing you
as the inwardly haunted conveyer
rowing
in a furious oneiric hull
chased by curious forms
carnivorous with electrum
magnetized by sulphur
trapped in logs
at the disquieting level of snakes

it was you Tutuola
who braved within the body
the gist of social mockery
with your talons breeched
by a perpetual state of crises
as if you remained a corrupted body partially foretold & captured by the dead

& now in death
imbibing the juju of paradox
assembled from traces
rife with flecks mined from impalpable quarries
you trenchantly invaded invisible gauntlets
roving throughout its counter-domains without the slightest trace of clinical matching

non-aligned to hypothetical procedure
this being the autobiography of trance
of distilled & muffling voltage
making up cacophony in an unlettered galleon

perhaps
these are my implications
fueling your monk-like language
focused upon twists in understanding with its repetitions & complications
being unstable yield as tenuous kinetic

in your verbal volubility
you inscripted the paradox of contraction with great eruption inside confinement
thus
the infinite “Bush”
its dense compacting within a spider’s forces
where the “flash-eyed mother”
swims inside the phosphenes
being night & day in rapid succession being powerful perpetuation of your imbroglio
of your interior rays parallel to the impalpable
parallel to ambrosia sans scholarly abstraction

therefore
matching thought & abstraction
inside the aye-aye’s realm
cannot be sustained as some form of subsistence

but you Tutuola
made chronicles as escape
from famished chemical monsters
as afterlife sped into afterlife
being the vapour of unsettled mammals that extended from chaos to chaos

I say that your adventures
remain a network of woven threat & extinction
by narrow escape
by neurological jeopardy

adventures other than technical hives where motion morphs
& is extracted from absence

being a priori pressure that rims obliterated sinkholes
with their mercurial depths
spinning as non-feasible possessives pulled from bodiless engagement
perhaps part human & part ghost

I make no projection of your mazes
or of your cognitive ganglia

via abyss conjoined to rational stasis

you
always freed from strategy
via subconscious neuron
kept alive
by stray or voiceless diamond
roaming ambivalent borders
totally non-equitable with squared or emblazoned districts
spliced by beginning middle & end

instead
you spilled energy from scattered madrigals
germinal with spellbinder's density
all your confessions escaped evolutionary standards
that left your narrative with unkempt parts
with explosive migrations
that condensed as inseparable volatility
being episodic transit
being compression with its various glintings

Tutuola
the episode that was harassing unfoldment was intolerable scale riveted to un-scalable proportion
proportion indicative of *amarillo* rams
of a flood of winged caimans rising up from jungles
in short
the incongruous
the supernatural
having no other outcome than the negation of extrinsic metrics

never for you
was there argumentative disablement
or lurking retraction
spurred by a ruse of contours
rife with analytical containment

not
a miraculous vernacular
nor a mimicked incessancy
hissing registrations
that reeked of indigenous prostration
seeking for itself chronological clarification

reading your work
remains for me
the power of amplification
with its scorched fruit

with its tumultuous interior focus

of course Tutuola

I am parading a red & blue camel
transmuting doleful cinders into acrobatic martyrs
spirited by endemic ether

this being ether

living

unfixed

reckless & inspirational with baffling
perhaps failure as innate ferocity
summoned from variety eclectic with error

I was always sensing

your optical nerves extending into craters

luminous

unheralded

being true electrical charisma

in this sense

linked with wood through hylic gradation being destabilized through critique of trenchant social
coding

this being stuttering in place of social praxis

thus

I see bodies pictured at the cusp of mercurial disappearance
covered by social rags pulsing with random scorpions & tigers
mixed with molten & sulphur flaring from mazes of lions
their roaring synonymous with the unsettling bird man
projected from Angkor Wat*

Amos

I have no ambition to circle your corpse

or to strand my assessment as quotidian statute

ridden by discursive diseases

no

it was your power to free enigmas

to revivify the uncanny

you who made leaps beyond previous indication

beyond stultification & its rhyming

even the template of Yoruba peregrination you opened to the nascence of dice

to cryptographic melanin

to obscurity as position

knowing unhappy yield as populace by silhouette

in your continuing presence

I sense your perpetual departure

& your emergence into the improbable
into the drift of galaxies & suns
knowing drift to be torrential animation
as if you now inhabit a scroll of dissonant samadhi

& in every sense you remain as unfocused sigil
being pervasive enigma
absent from yourself
as extrinsic explanation

this
being interior amperage
being untold amperage leaping out of silence

at one scale
there exists a bush rat flitting across ohmic interiors
& at another registration
your intense response
that embraced the world
as characterological diffidence

a diffidence
that urged enigmatic lore
partially netted infernos
via scrambled zeniths
via glass issued from a province of gall

even now
through a maze of flux
through broken pieces
you have surpassed your open body
that revealed itself through a granary of muzzles
that you conveyed through an uneasy brilliance

My Life in the Bush of Ghosts says that

“I saw a dead wood which was about six feet long and three feet in diameter and there was a large hole inside it which was not through to the second end, which means it has only one entrance”

scaling such powerful ambiguity
remains invasion
by trenchant quizzicality
by uncooked clauses
by ghostly verbal grammes

Amos
you remain like no other
unlike Achebe or Soyinka

consumed as they've been by more standard narration

you
as elliptical conjuration
across the open plain of the bizarre
with postmortem respiration
rising & falling
through snowflakes & kindling

I am feeling from your spirit
a narration of spectrums
a haze of rural spells
inside the flow of overhearing
where the Sun sketches itself
by means of imperishable calligraphy
via polarized angularity

that functions as vitrescent audition
symbol in itself of how galaxies revolve
as they stupefy beyond resonance
beyond monumental cunning

of course
never a terse & incinerated tapestry
that un-leavens fixity
not unlike fish escaping riddled containers
being motion alive by diaphanous glinting
by this whirlwind in your genes
you understood events by primordial clepsydra
as substrate of substrate
as genesis
as cross-pollination by cacophony
you understood in death spontaneous neural activity
that ignites as seeming pointlessness

this being the zodiac transmuted
as your writing brays & splinters
negating capture by entropy

as a spiral from Abeokuta
you ascended visibility
having evaded the hangman's noose
having evaded promulgation by entanglement
by trenchant carrion policy

you knew highest concentration via the ash of mirage being of higher form than disabled spectres
a higher fissioning if you will

knowing as you knew that time on Earth was but a mirror of dunes
never for you
an eye cast down on a brittle porcelain deck
subsumed by obstreperous logic
or a powerful idiomatic condoned by British opacity

unlike the professional West African
or the Oxford scholar strengthened by propriety
there was never for you the scorched emblem polished by approval
structured by a priori lightning strikes
by rhetoric imbued with quotidian assessment
functionally imprisoned by pressure

as if you had broached a climate of vipers chopping them down as embarrassing detritus
that attempted to darken the Sun
via incompleting verbal stamina

never for you the niggling moral portion where energy was frayed & positioned off by strident
solar darkening
so that compound rotation was reduced to false variety & correctness
the latter condition
being the engrained notation
of one Babasola Johnson*
when he railed against your verbal signals
as palpable torrent
as mediocre inscription

for Babasola & his ilk
your writing breeched the barrier of written decay
dragging starched shirts through sewage being classically nonfunctional

as if you had modeled your own ruin
sculpted from seething eclipse puddles

so for Babasola you were embarrassment sans empirical grasp
being a cursed rupestral creature
whose language ignited like a flailing woodcutter's hunger
as if it portrayed you as a wrecked carat
with macabre flotational veneer

thus
to empirical suasion
you remain germinated foreclosure
or a crumbling form of structural millet
being nothing more than topical forensics
as if you failed at revealing the prevailing standard of self-scorn

for me

you remain perpetual entry into plasma
into incredible solar fields
aloft
as tautology
as syncopation
as spinning sums out of blankness

I call it boldness
I call it extended verbal drawl
where resurrection exists as raw superlatives & plurals
like a serpent that vomits up gold
that subordinates cartography
so that it springs from soil analogous to jewels

at one moment
salvation by debility
at another
intensity of sudden states
illuminated by revelation through clamour
knowing your language to carry the pressure of hives combusting tenets of well-ordered manner
dense
microscopic with spillage
thus blockage was negated
not unlike your passage concerning the “wife-goat”
“she was directing me whenever I wanted to miss the way . . .”
this being the circuitous complication invoked as collaborative motion
being the speed of complexity
flashing up as half-bodied babies

these being gusts
that Mr. Dawada misconfigured*
prone as he was to British-based English
& you
diametrical to his concern
acidic with unmannered script
vis-à-vis parts of speech
vis-à-vis episodes as exotic remainder

this being
electrical plasma as field
being form after monstrous form
being riverine paronomasia of circuitous urges & spells according to postmortem plasticity
spontaneously achieved by the Bardo doctors

never were you huddled inside a gemstone yurt incapable of writing as speech
incapable of chewing on rotted cluster poppies
thus

your language burned at mean angular density
that Es'kia Mphahlele failed to condone*
who claimed you unsuitable palpable with confusion

he
the muse of conservation attempted to unscramble your territorial pallor
he being matched to common agreement
to the Queen's tongue
to its veneer
to its emphatic vapour

I ask rhetorically
how does clarity prevail?
how can it absent itself from fumes from the oneiric?

let me say that telepathy
corresponds to inward capital
& when refined to its essence transmutes to parallel enclave
as whisper of tension & spillage

I can see you Amos
igniting black tactical ribbons
sending signals
across interior whisky trails
creating seance through a wolf cub
through a series of pejorative cheetahs

Amos
you remain telepathic
episodic with scorching
provoking motion through itinerant cortical ravines

arriving & never arriving at penultimate electrical essence as insinuated code
as voltage within the "Bush"
as unsettled summons
perhaps I can say a small bird fluttering amidst vipers drawn to incomplete cycles
consumed in media res

by means of your power
I the disordered
the mesmerized & disordered
outside of myself engaged in trans-kingdoms
in unexpected givens
weaving alien primevals
over & beyond spectres in broad daylight

therefore
having known your terrifying denizens

as they open fresh cycles of menace
& all attendant conflagration
able to amalgamate & stoke frenzy unsealing cacophonous stratagems
thus

I understand your tension that condones the wayward
with its scorched & misused raiment
with its mire
with its unpeelable ointment
commanded by complex onyx as disorder

Amos
you kindled nerves via the hidden
via slaughter of the known
knowing as you knew
that the bells in your voice
were simultaneously riven

THE CONGO

*For the resistance rendered by
Casimiro Barrios & Fela Kuti**

As Akashic sangoma*
I peer into the Congo
as transpersonal witness
as incisively faceted tiger
squirming
having the powers of a shark
via forces that sculpt the lenticular as lightning
perhaps a telepathic wakefulness
perhaps magisterial conjuration
creating migrational litmus in my blood
thereby knowing the dangerous template that is the Congo

blood infected
dazed conundrum
horrific with grandeur
solemnly lit by grainy episodes of lightning

thus
duplicitous tragedy
innate with micro-centric suffering
its stressful indictment
its tertiary woundings
its camps its darkened glossolalia
at the height of bloody moonrise

as far as auric markings
I am never plagued by micro-tessellation
by extended physical armament
as if under siege listening to dysfunctional scallops

this being none other than spectral conflict consulted by looming sentiment
by the spectral in flame
that allows the mind to consume itself as refraction
as a smoldering mental sea

knowing resonance via akashic transference
I spontaneously engage levitational fuels therefore I engage magnetism & magically invade
latitudes in formation
by astonishment
by conundrum
by circuitous circulation
according to the realm of osmosis
nonaligned to the institutional as drama

via intuition I leap to China
& its pragmatic repression
its sociological depreciation

therefore I take issue
with pragmatic epistles
mechanical as they are with superimposed stasis conveyed as pointless equilibrium
always desirous of burning roads into swamps placing taxable recognition on grain
or pulling wayward crops from earth

these are measures that suffocate the Congo with its intricate mysteries
so that we cultivate endemic demise
so that we cultivate infected tautology
that brews us ventriloquial diamonds
shattered in such a manner
that we become studded with foreign domination
that degrades
according to wattage from Belgium
or entangled castles in Britain
or psychic swamps in the Vatican

& all of the above
sire general psychic clotting
siring a nightmare of particulars
negatively alive with carnivorous anti-resonance
a resonance that reigns as compromised respiration
alive as the global Occident with its self-defaunation as fever
with its thought always active as befouled arrangement to percussive ostentation
as poisoned psychic fuel
as manufactured habitats
as emblematic dysfunction

the Occident
searching for hollowed animal function
for the poisonous protraction as facade
that has left us exhausted
enfeebled
burning with quantum negation
with the non-resurrected
grafted to negation of ourselves

when the Belgians told us we were purposeless we believed
when Christian nuns struck crosses across our brow we believed
we believed that part of our galaxy was centred in Liege*
in the Place Vendôme*
in concentrated fumes gathered from London's iconic Bridge*

thus our psychophysical wattage
reduced to phantom galling
to palpitating candles
to broken cellular infernos

thus we exist as phantom cobalt & tin
as blind psychic enumeration
that issue from itinerant conundrums
creating in our minds' complex physical scale thereby creating ersatz archaeology
wayward Christian voids
being none other than spreading micro-infection
that attempts at weakening the stability of the soul
this being
attempted annihilation
exponential as expanded annihilation
that parallels the triplicate component
of the spirit mind & body

as Akashic freed man
I am able to peer through & beyond
the pitch of European corrosion & its attendant psychic confusion
that occludes itself via the pole of matter
via the dialectic that begins to feign itself through properties that evince mechanism as upgrade
so that it kills & scatters all indigenous subtext

in order for indigenous power to ascend beyond abstruse delimitation
we must decipher printed reams concerning postcolonial dossiers on Christ

this remaining
our charred psychic vicinity
co-woven with implanted prevarication
with its slaughtered spinning & verbs
not unlike Moise Tshombe & the Kabilas*
having sired & kept alive
tenacious psychophysical noise as racket
as modular drones sent to root out secrets
all the while concocting a Sun that descends & rises on obverse slaughter fields

where nausea perfects its phantoms on Earth where all of our corpses are publicly conveyed
crowned by a garland of lizards wrapped around our skulls
not unlike anemones awash amidst scorpions
the Europeans seeing us less higher than our tortured calls
issuing from the mouths of lions

therefore
our bodies remain sans value
via generic monetary climate
far beneath the microscale of American nickels & quarters

because
I am able to dart across invisible ravines
I am akin to stunned equations

I remain the inclement sangoma*
who foretells the state of birth & rebirth
via galaxy after galaxy
as I were a living turquoise formulation

say I morphed into an isolate peccary
or a fermented lion sans living context
I could not dimensionally espy European projection as pluperfect with evil

I always revivify its abstracted menace
its negligible claim to reason
all the while possessing corrosive heavenly yield
that arises from a blank foundation
that founders via its own belief
via its understated fatigue
propelled by bygone direction
vis-à-vis the wastes of the cosmos
via in-navigable bells
never singed by living electrical law
that concurs with itself via transparency

as would a dazed electrical gryphon
I vertiginously explore invisible solar forts on Mimas & Saturn*
or psychic echo missions across galactic volcanic vicinity
so as freed man
as Akashic grammatical instant
I am able to freely rove through & beyond glass as perpetual holding pattern
accompanied by the interior spirit of vitreous owls
through perhaps sigil as sudden predatory vapour
as proto-Sekhmet*
as contradictory ash magically fallen from heaven
so from this height
I see the Congo as proto-condensation
prior to incarcerated mass
being precelestial in nature
as sporulation from the cosmos
as if we were a preinhabited galaxy
conversant as a remnant of moths
in Sangho*
in Adamawa-Ubangi*
in Gur*

yet we remain compelled
to ruminate on dire consequence as fate
that the Occident has inspired in us
dominant with blinding
providing facility for our profound self-abnegation as principle

not unlike a poisoned astral summons
that baffles light
that baffles psychic coriander
that maims connection to higher elucidation forcing us to turn to extrinsic cancellation that is
Christ
thus we have been forced
to abandon alchemical stress points
condoning spontaneous divinity
so as to worship instead
the heresy of a carpenter as used Euro-colonial template
as image compelled according to lateral cunning
an absurdity carried to unimaginable lengths
as a body cast on a cross as seductive spell for our existential ruin
all the while casting seductive optical haze presenting heaven at the expense of that which is
truly hidden
with its rays that self-sculpt themselves
via static corruption that remains alchemical fission

the latter our motif
concerns higher migration beyond the isolate parameter that is matter
& all that this isolation implies

prone as it is to matter
sans its isolation from measured barrenness by Greek
by ionized kindling
by measured trope
falsely paraded as vehicular idea
as unsubstantiated cyclical speculation understanding that my torrent is nameless & impartial
with burning

as if stealing a horse
or riding a barbarous insular mule

as Congolese we are rife with need for liberty as we routinely starve on fractions
on electrical plasmas
rooted in poisonous ciphers

starvation being language of imposed design as if our bodies were newly smelted by Europe as
newly erected blood meal
as vehicular cattle partially eaten by bats
by spectacular anaconda
so we feed on bushmeat & vermin*
on plates of lice & strangled predators

certainly existence cannot be buried in the American prerogative
that prevails concerning the “slice of life”

the Congo
being manufactured breathing infection
ruled by the infernal scattered by sudden predatory forms
marked by gruel from insubstantial tyrants
via Belgium & the Potomac

this being our world
fueled by plutonium leakage
by barbaric ozone drills
& indigenous organics subsumed under the moniker of error

the Congo sullied
by dishonesty
by absence of diaphaneity
as if we resembled fetid oyster larvae

this being tragedy
descended upon dark & gold infants
plagued from birth by mounting infections
by wrath from surging tsetse flies*
who've gorged on dead cobras

I am speaking of hunger here & not of an intellectual constant that measures need against graft
all the while constrained by notions of Socratic poverty
always siphoning hunger from the gut
being reference to endemic starvation

in contra-distinction
one thinks of scholars with tightly measured radial skulls
carking & active with numbers
trying to convince our indigenous instinct
that only know the depth of the Congo River that it conveys itself to us
that it conveys to us the deepest depth of any river in the world*
they will tell us that it crosses the equator twice
that it vomits monstrous fauna
that it burns at points as a waterfall of knives
that elucidates beauty as feral osmosis
as unlit trepidation
blazing on Earth as a blinding dilemma

yet we know by spontaneous intake
its stunning magnification
knowing its anacondas that snap like cobras that its waters are seemingly borderless
that it exudes magnificence as a planetary nutrient
on a grammar of scale
that simply glistens & spirals

yet despite the magnificence of the above
our human number remains submitted as it persisted as motion circa 1955

for instance
we remain the offspring of minerals
such as tin & coltan*
yet
at the approach of our hundredth-millionth citizen
derided purchase continues to rage
to burn with insistence that overpowers the grave
yet from our collective victim's view
stark attrition from the unknown
as if knowing that totalitarian funds remain statistically affirming to common pistols & machetes
as if
China & the Occident invoked no claim concerning by prematurity with its coffins
thus our sweltering souls according to infectious concussion

this is the Congo
vertiginous with derangement
with its foul & delimited hygiene
with its "weaver bird nests"
with its sprawling grasslands
with its "ghostly voltage" as flares from old oil rigs

thus our intelligence forcibly blunted
our thought stream injured as culpable integument
within this compound negation
terror persists
snaking its way through interior suppression

this being the ruthless yield from the Congo from the carnivorous paws of old Leopold & his
henchmen*

this has sparked the intensity of all known corruption
with its slow moving bot fly symbolic of prehensile snakes

perhaps
we partake into account that remains the Ministry of Migration in Kinshasa*
with its concessions concerning thievery ill formed by daily microaggressions
by which the populace remains stifled
& hesitates
& self-confronts as poisoned solar referent

vilified
as annihilated shore birds
our populace is equated
with nothing

with a windowless temperature of absence
always perturbed
always sleepless in a hammock of veins
subjected to postmortem charting as well as bribery & destitution
so all ledgers remain pre-inscribed with ruin

the clerks are torched nightingales
are awestruck & primed as secondary vultures
that overarch them
& as vultures
they answer to vicious crones in the Occident spelled by nerves of indifference

none other than psychic rubella in the midst of squeaking caimans

& what transpires
are man eater's
are selected pythons that script their own dice as chance explosives

this being the Congo sworn into law
by bribery & chaos
by forlorn expression
that simply dazes itself
& remains riddled by rotted figurines
compounded as a small array of despots
wrangled into view by the oligarchs of capital

certainly
this carries only prestige by dishonour
as if Lake Edward & the national parks had never existed*
as if capital had been mined from a mange-infested lion's throne
as if village life existed as a brazen raft condoned by deceptive currents

not reluctant misuse
not partially mistaken flaws
but extended myopia
due flaw after flaw after flaw
fueling willful devastation

let us take
a particular diorama:

after Lumumba*
it has reverted to a European free state*
with its grasp at the behest of those
such as Tsombe
Kasavubu
Mobuto
& the Kabilas

directly into the maw of a botched & circumstantial China*

this being none other than circumstance lobbied into rote by psychic treason
perhaps provincial looting
creation of the economic hostage
of transgressive greed
according to the rules of alien spoilage

this being the Congo
rife with sundered village rule
with its unserviceable content
with its decimated living chambers
with its assaultive climatological inversion

the Congo
under foreign planetary capital
forged by inescapable debility
by the wrath of their Occidental saviour contorted by certain preachers & scribes

in the suburbs of Kinshasa
there persists the grammar of revulsion spawned by hunger & open waste
by unwarranted offspring
who fend for themselves
by thievery according to need

these being conscripted persons alive with poisoned teeth
sniffing for accoutrements
for available watches & cameras

forged by deficit as probability
that contend with themselves
according to the contours of nightmare

they being other than judicial sterility
or excoriated cinder leaving marks on a chart

as if I were committed to the tenor of embrangement
being endemic to the Congo
endemic to its reign by murder & assault
by poachers as chimeras

all the while
our general mind
forced to balance itself
upon strange unsettled flooring

I am more akin
to the voice that issues from feral numerology

from a lion's compendium
arcane
aggressive
as it scorches hypnotic ground
not unlike verbal flash as mongoose & error

the populace bony
sleeping as thistles over fire

& as for haven or place of rest
it remains intermediate
telepathic
perhaps as haze from irrational interregnums
perhaps formless speaking
vectored towards magnetic solar clouds

knowing in all ways
energy anterior to the Sun
reveling in osmosis
as magical electron spillage
red shifted
blending with emanation

the Congo as nation
as anterior purity
as pre-uranian habitat
prior to universal formation
focused in the current chronicles
as bushmeat
as crucified anacondas

of course
the mind that I activate
remains other than descriptive study manuals
other than a maze of ancillary study sheets

of course
how can my spirit be equated to ancillary vicars as couriers from Antwerp
sent to investigate our spirit
by means of conscripted holy texts
stamped upon sterile mineral tablets
our energy being stolen as logistical tungsten

if indeed the Congo is in ruin
it is also scintillation
in direct contact with differing strata of hallucination
in this sense

it remains a charged aural colony
that claims its power
via the paradox of deficit
& indeed
if the Congo remains nebulous to certain points of view
from its essence its light springs from altered rubies
with its uncoded tin parallel with the impalpable
suffused with the highest state of imminence

its inner condition of power
prior to human ganglia
prior to warrens complexified as galaxies
as a great electrical shape
created from magical particulates
not unlike our pygmies that evoke the beyond who crystallize energy prior to kindling that is
birth
freed from the summons that is gravity
opening on to fabulous neo-magical lustrums
that naturally veers as the unexpected understanding seepage from its own darkness much in the
manner that an owl shifts via states of telepathy
beyond property as pointless cadastral elements

telepathic gusts that emit themselves
from osmotic realms singed by the unbelievable

one thinks
of irradiated Condors
or optical silhouettes
roaming as compounded equations
drafted
by seemingly embraced poltergeists

of course
this is not contentious sketching
but the Congo as primal interconnection
not subject to being object
but sourced by calibration sans cosmology via cognitive measurement

I am concerned here
with power that shifts beyond dilemma
beyond brash uneven pyres
beyond that which functions as statistical limit

so when energy populates as unwavering Lingala
or when it winds its way back to Tshiluba & Swahili
its tendency seems to lurk as the unmonitored

& I am not speaking of the Lingala
of “official colonial army”
or the Belgian teaching of our four national languages*
I am speaking of Lingala at its untainted source melodies with refraction
alive with ferocious embellishment
noting as its essence the spontaneous power of dawn
as if the Sun were a subsequent animal knowing its rays to be empowered by anterior forces
that understands the psychic botulism that condoned the French
who promoted inferior blazes

thus
my voice
as sweltering warlock in the Congo
formed from alien council with owls
as I shape-shifted via sorcery & confusion
that does not contain biological decimation
but a dazed granular unknown
not empirical dissolution
but trance
inconsequent figuration

in this sense
Christians being pillaged tourniquets via the subsequent as behaviour
as outgrowths of the Belgians
as receptacles that now wane with fatigue
ventriloquial with themselves as plague

& all of the above weave themselves
via Kasavubu
& Tsombe
& Mobutu
spawned from the leaking soma that was Antwerp
with its dossier that emboldened ledgers by deceit

so that the GDP of Belgium with its criminal mathematics*
a Congo/Swiss iniquity
being the colonial indication of Christian blessing
& its believers as Occidental minions
at the apogee of crime

as for Europe
it equates suffering with destiny

& so
suffering for them remains holiness
& according to this calculus
the Congolese are holy

so for them
the rashes
the scorpion attacks
the machetes & dismemberment
remain reasonable
remain none other than authority by God

the God of Antwerp
knows that balances blaze
at the juncture
between the living
& the living dead

& between the living & the living dead
profits accrue
& the Congo left as dark emotional inferno
as compound interchangeable inferno

all the while
the living-dead harangue existence
& from this haranguing
a grammar emerges both vertigo & scarab

via this aural contact
the Dutch attempt to camouflage themselves with crosses
while the Belgians attempt to beautify their ulcers
having broached the glossary that corrodes itself beyond the dignity of grace

perhaps
I am an osmotic conjurer
suddenly erupted from Dahomey
kindled by mountainous ciphers
by a current only ghosts can withstand
alive with aleatoric electrification
that spikes the auspices of all suns
being their anterior auto-causality
not unlike the initial causality of diamonds

this state anterior to the nano-causality of current

yet there exists respiration as transparency possessing energy that hatchlings are consumed by
perhaps a gust of power beyond human selectivity as carbon
beyond ghostly burins that burn beneath the basin that is the Congo

& the Congo
anti-ecumenical
as alphabetic marking form
parallel as sabotage to Teutonic cadastral concerns

just this side of the visible
just this side of Occidental clamps & mazes

this is not the Congo entrapped
by tantalum
or diamonds
or capital that issues from tainted human-blood ware

this being insight
this being the Congo as transpersonal equator
as amplified osmosis
as that which mimes itself as trans-uranian verdet

& this verdet
never partaking of literal coloration
but cast in the power that our ancestors continuously acknowledge
being an energy that bends & overcomes blinding
& gives itself over to states that contradict the very essence of waste & over-consumption

of course
the Congo as sundered marker
as gerrymandered dictation

having peered through quotidian evidence
assessing the garrulous
conjoined to cultivated evil
as northern institutional doctrine
threaded by ominous elliptical jaundice

as sangoma
at times my thoughts remain invaded
by leper's design
by bottomless kindling
by seeming negation
with their agglutinated judgment
always claiming that African integument is scrawled & substandard
that it remains suffused with leprous debility
with blazeless insomnia

as if the African body were none other than repulsion
as if it were not unlike primal glass burning with slippage & mange
assaultive
surreptitious with risk & oblivious with sulphur
alive as wayward ptomaine & ether

this remains the susurrations of the Occident
as it mines our tantalum
as it extracts mazes of tin & timber

as it maniacally bathes beneath a waterfall of diamonds

this ignites suffering made manifest as cliché
& this suffering remains our hidden planetary equation

& so as sangoma
as architect of levels never seen
I must remain still
in order to brew feral medicine as revenge

as if I were a blinded potter
igniting infernal design
cast upon the ruthlessness of the Belgians
upon the French who protract our despair
via the sadism of Northern riches
via mismanaged proxies who breathe as traitors
who inflict with their methods perpetual murder & betrayal

one thinks of Lumumba
& the forces inspired by Frank Carlucci & the Belgians*
“17 January 1961”
because darkness was cast from a balmy mercenary sun not unlike a moonless zodiac that
reflected the methods of hardware & explosion

assassination sparked itself
as neocolonial wildfire as stark invasive treachery
being onus for sensory spoilage as murder

this general era
marked by the rhetoric of splotched suns
of ecclesiastical torment
squawking in French via bloated vultures & gryphons

& our collective demise
seldom acknowledged or made manifest in the chronicles
never marked via general mourning
as if our remembrance via grief had never been extended itself or appeared to be human

as sangoma
I remain maimed
stunned as a gregarious moneran
as impenetrable negation
who has risen above himself
who scorches meters in his ascent
who is invisible volatility
who has awakened to the sound of equivocal boars
never studded with analysis via angular penetration

as sangoma
I solemnly resist cults
all the while resisting missionary zeal & the saints
they being
the behavioural nexus of repression
having some semblance to the occult
I've been able to dive into moons
as well singe branches
never revealing myself as personality
or as counter-plague that pointlessly rises as naked elevation

instead
my power commingles with a relay of suns
so within the depth of this relay
one exists as circumstantial blankness
that ceases to burn & react as old kindling

never facet as lower conscription
I remain
not as sequestered banter
but as apogee
never en-stamping myself
with a dark or degraded coding
never functioning as if I were a myth
wrought by delay
that circumvents all higher reasoning

I understand the Congo
to be a field without borders
but a circumstantial crafting
replete with minerals & confusion
in this sense it remains
a state tautological with despair
as blunted force
its fragmentation as primary element

this is how collective virtue subsists
when human ground is subject to alchemical alteration
where invisibility deepens
despite altered tendency that clings
to the sadistic as expression

this is how my blazes groan
of how my contradiction arises
by revealing a colloquy of nerves
according to fundamental error
according to Ausuric force & its plunge into grammar

into what I consider to be a roiling anaemia
that attempts to dominate through energy as isolation
in order to transmute charisma into ungrateful seething

this is not hesitation that rallies to self-spawn itself according to protracted negation
to contorted anatomy

yet it is through this contortion
that my power magnetically seethes
via proto-animation that ignites & lurks as higher uranian resolution
not as some messianic challenge that writhes & condenses itself according to primeval flaw

perhaps I remain divine rioting in the cells
as psychic cleansing according to clarifying vapour
sans spiders that seem to reek of unclean webbing
sans grammar that deflates as motionless abomination

this is how private rage
transmutes as scalar infernos

yet it is by this light
that the Congo condenses itself
rising above its merciless addictions
above its rapes & abductions
above its marginalia through infanticide

as if the moon foretold itself through the Congo
as vatic document beyond human collaboration as fetid misadventure

beyond avaricious failing spells
beyond cellular wasps as corruption

all the while
these latter failures conscripted by what seems to be my puritanical colleagues
as incontinent treasurers of the money stores

this is where the Congo now stands
sour
belligerent
always alive between conservation & anathema

on the one hand
stoically staring at the given
on the other hand
forced to dwell in a euro-affected monetary climate

circuitously seeded from throats that uttered at Nicaea*
that condoned belief within the spirit of Roman taxation

yet we the indigenous
forced to swallow a spate of course reptilian dogma
via obscene & ruthless connivance
meant to rid us of our Dahomeyan ancestral crafts*
so as to service Belgian & Swiss financial value

because integers matter
we face bottomless foreclosure
so our monetary remains
remain open to Occidental feeding schisms
to fetid stocks inclement with deception

such profit remains at the apogee of crime
at the sullen peak of heinousness
this being schism between weakening by hookworms & general luxury

& so for the Christian European
suffering equates with holiness
conscripted within the eye by an all-consuming logic
yet the rashes
the machetes
the scorpion attacks help maintain authority by God
this being an ersatz divinity
at the superimposed juncture between living forms & energy that takes on the form of the
afterstates

this being a false & seismic fulcrum by which labour is spurred
amidst dark emotional cataclysms
where the dead announce themselves via seismic threat always hounding the living

this provokes the mind as barren counter-spinning
sans doused psychic apogees

this being as hidden roundelay ignited on the part of our secretive exploiters
being Eurocentric stultification via dark geometrical perjury
understanding that their phantoms are exhausted
that crucial measures of fatigue now evince their power
as a priori opacity & stumbling

this replicates site-specific inner plague
mingling with forces of claustrophobic outrage
being charismatic unsettlement
alive with wavering activation

so as my apprenticeship to being deepens
I broach the invisible via refined degree
so that I am parallel & optimum to myself
alchemically harried

yet risen above colonial harassment

this harassment
this pastiche of Belgian instigation
aligned to psychic displacement
as criminal disparagement
always directed towards strife
towards a lagoon infected by caimans & fatigue
laced with stolen adder's milk
not unlike an immolated pottery
with strange torrential markings
announcing rhetoric from a partial gemstone cage

being a savage enunciation
leaving us as forced parishioners
dazed
like unscripted photons dissolving in midair

as if we remain inconsequent frottage
or distorted tools to be unnerved
within a predetermined holding pen

so we are wanderers who grace our own land
who symbolize 40 billion planes of consciousness*
going deeper & deeper
no longer bound to the sovereignty of defeat
to deficits conjoined by quanta

European explanation
sans my neurological complicity
sans the theory of their connected sermons
as if they lowered a poisoned harvest of rats
& attempted to obfuscate their presence
via reckless aural communication
via an anatomy as pillage

as sangoma I am thankful to have conjoined with my own breathing exploration
with my own inalienable psychic exploration

never fully disclosed to myself
I am one who announces Tshombe as viper
as clinically distorted citizen who perpetually graces hell

perhaps in my case
a nonexistent cradle
of one who has simply appeared
as micro-ion
as stunning revelation

condoned beyond my own deafening
beyond my own hylic mirage*
being something other than symbology that roars
that instills spoilage
that subverts my own power via subconscious decimation

as for scorched ravens
as for formaldehyde of duty
I remain bereft
I am other who freely roams the abyss via Divine extension always brightening its absolute
generality
invoking poised behavioural glances
in order to peer beyond the fire of mayhem
understanding that my glossary always merges with sonority as assonance
so that my soul transmutes as blazing
& overextends itself as glorious phantom as riddle
as grandiose cellular suborder
of how particulates stray by imbibing the power of the Sun as they curiously exist as collective
counterpoint

the Congo
a listless state of affairs
a blinded static
corroded by dismissive landfills
by soil as dark uranium infection

thus
I have arisen as an opaque master of being
as an inconsequent cinder never forlorn
or theatrically abrasive
yet I stand as I do
above the lions & the qui qui birds*
assembled as I am above apocalyptic consequence casting stunning perusal concerning that
which continues to exist
therefore
I am not a constrained victim in a village
forced to mimic death while severed & bleeding
having my limbs forced into extinction
by the gruesome praxis of Belgian rubber patrols
as they extinguished our hands in order to condone & underscore profit

“Anglo-Belgian Rubber” apocalyptic in character*
ordered our stunning drainage via populace & psychic capital
murder generated because simply because we existed

so as sangoma I blaze

I cleanse psychic shafts of detritus
of old documents that sought our undoing
through written error that forged the Congo Free State*
that simply transversed falsification
all the while compounding its error
attempting to blind our souls via generic opacity
through savage psychic demarcation
through baskets filled with severed hands

the latter being the equivalent of francs
not as memory that hyphenates or blurs
but memory that assaults our neural field with perpetual transgression
& this results as gnawing scorpions in our hearts

therefore I have risen
from a stark neuronal collective bursting with ulcers
alive with corrupted proto-plasma issued from a plane that simulates Venus perhaps as zone near
Ishtar terra*

& the Congo disguised due to perpetual solar assassination
so I return to Lumumba
who was solar
who was shot
whose body was dissolved not unlike a catastrophic sandbag
treated no better than a corroded rural element
being energy akin to denigrated offal

his assassination
sourced by outright prevarication
as if his body could be deftly denied as wreckage
as contorted criteria
converted to blackened streaks of haze

yet his memory has created a withering streak of ozone
a consumptive psychophysical event
an infiltrated skeleton as protraction that roars
according to emblems rife with invisible threading

in order to assimilate ourselves as voltage
we dissolve dossiers that overstate our culpability
so that they re-condemn their own illusions
their perpetual hoax of themselves
all the while stabilized by ongoing debility

because I have the power to publicly mark dread
I embolden the mathematics of resistance
so that its complexity saturates the wayward

the seemingly inconsequent routine that spawns reflex by repression
via plaintive terminal venom

not heartless simulation casting its own in-scrutiny
but exposure that allows us to glimpse beyond proactive exhaustion
in order to refract the limitless bubonics about us

the mirrors of coltan
the folded tin
the coded uranium
as guide to dazzling planetary wealth
that forms collective chatter in our blood

this is how distortion transacts
how the mind ceases to revivify its own assessment of itself
by ceasing to accrue its tendency towards magic
I understand this diagnostic as fulcrum
igniting according to telepathy by hindrance

Lumumba's spirit never allowed repose on profound or chronic linen
for psychic colonials he remains a null & curious example
he resolves for them political maze as standard brutality
through strangely dissolved blood
through coded mountain illness

the colonizers always in search of categorical rays to quietly enumerate
so that their search magnetically obscures itself
so that atrocities are never properly noted

say I was a regulated saviour
I would ignite aesthetics as a form of deeper concern
as contradistinguished sangoma I possess no intent to properly heal the dead

because
in the Congo
there is the spiraling quantity of death
of sudden afterlife exposure
that swarm as prodigious mourning plots

in spite of this vast array objective with evil
I practice bodiless synopsis as ritual
spawned by arcane fatigue
that erupts from my form strange deceptive sunbursts
a calliope consumed by streaking fumes
being cartography that whirls beyond the sense of its own notion

thus
I exist

beyond abrasive misnomer
beyond the sense of reason that nothing more can be found
thus I understand
that my psychophysical range has merged with something higher than brilliance
higher than condoning by memorial

this being the manner
that navigates chants via invisible syllabi

in this sense
I am beyond the zodiac that embrangles ether
beyond the untrue sense of the deleterious as division
beyond its plaintive plea to trap itself inside carnivorous application
holding all the while rancid synesthesia
always clamouring for multiple address of itself

in the form that was the Congo Free Army
Mobutu's henchmen
armed with machetes & drills
along with the forces that backed Kasavubu & Tshombe

as key Indian yogins held up the upper realms during the onslaught that was Hitler
now I am charged with much the same task
working with the insidious electricity of existence itself

I must take into account extragalactic irradiation
I must make as subcontact our frightening local abyss that includes Pluto & the Oort Cloud*

I exist in terms of ratio
between Earth & the nearest star system*

but because I hail from the eastern Congo
I appear to be genetically out of range
I appear to the Occidental eye as carbon without consequence
plagued by regional investiture
cast as one having no proper nutrient to imbibe
no lasting raiment
no palpable retardant against fire & wind

since I've been a strangely targeted beast
of inconsequential suggestion

it has been thought
that the Sun could never move me
that my frame of reference was null
& electric & proto-cosmic

so that I cease to register

as though I propound myself as cataract
who ceases respiration
who ceases all forms of chronicled observation
while the Belgians with their psychic minions philosophize via codes that strictly evince German
dialectics

& I insist that I am never a property to be measured
as a phase only leading to myself
rasping improbable figments
looped inside myself
so that mirrors cease turning

infirmity appears as rationalist compounds appear
discussing wizened psychic property

when Kant espied an integer of galaxies
as the other on Earth we burned through suffering as chronic reversal
symbolized by thirst via our seeming lesser form
bereft of cognitive acuity*

in the eastern Congo
as a single lamp bulb glares
I have been witness to an expiring being
within tortuous throes with maggots
that casts no evidence as physical pulchritude or beauty

this being our dire routine
the colonized prospects of our lives
consuming roots & boiled infants
hunger fails at taming the flesh of constraint where the mind confronts itself
concerning its fractious behavioural guilt
when consuming a bloodied family member

for instance
I do not see by candles or gain sight by technocratic offset
nor do I transmit my power via superimposed debility

I see
not with the cartography of decimals
or chronicled shifts of consciousness according to conversant calculation

thinking remains a subsequent disorder
a Gargantuan artefact
kindled as secretion trapped inside limits

instead I lean towards the neural mathematics of borderless grammes

& this neural mathematics contains within the cells

emission that sustain themselves as comets

this being the Congo
other than necrosis
other than turbulent axioms
as embittered solar force

so under modern duress
I enunciate language from Radio Free Congo*
concerning elevated levels of lead in the blood remain spoiled & conjoined by tsetse flies

perhaps I remain curiously condensed as demonized bravery

in our eastern region
our people are thought not to have pulse
not even capable of ruin
thus the Congo carries as apostrophe nothingness
as we were a brazen cipher
arrayed with postulates of tautology
not unlike the weather that swarms near post-Neptunian objects 80,000 AUs from the Sun*

as Congolese we replicate the impossible
our physical structure seemingly capable of the bizarre

in Western terminology we remain a dazed compounding
where our body gains no equated merit of itself

thus our desecrated carcass conjoins with raped amounts

we seek to be expunged from deficit
from our tenacious array of suffering
from our refracted blood & semen

being negation
collapsing in shadowy splinters
we weep throughout darkened intervals

via Occidental proxy points
I remain stark interior perplexity
being void
being primeval as blankness
I am concurrently a maze telepathic with outcomes
always alive according to blinding omegas

& this never quite factors
to understanding that hails from “day to day”
plotted in language that remains as uncontested hyllic

& by this hyllic grammar
they seek to annihilate the atoms in me
they seek to stun me according to the semblance that is separation
according to slave boats & their fissures

to them
I am abstruse
perhaps “herbalist”
“diviner”
non-vivified sangoma
principally entangled

because I concatenate all these tendencies
there is never singular opening
I have gained courage by elusively imbibing the psyche of lions
this being the art of muti*
of “plants”
& “animals”
& “minerals”

understood as cure
for “social disharmony”

for instance
the “five ecological regions of the country”
the “the tropical” & “subtropical grasslands”
a maze of “broadleaf forests” “flooded grasslands” & savannas & mangroves so I think of the
 Glabra
the semiaquatic angiosperm
the Egyptian starcluster*
a “sub-shrub perennial”
the “Haut-Katanga dayflower”*
the Black Guarea*
skillfully mixed as galactic rain
as if I imbibed the heart of a golden python
& created a bio-canonical marker as my name

& all spurious edicts concerning the Congo remain enstamped on colonial carrion paper
 blistering with misdirection as argument perpetually condoning their general supremacy of
 capital
according to bio-geometric property as cadastral instigation
say
as to what the Chinese own
or their American counterparts in hiding hail as satanic property rights juxtaposed to our
 anomalous feeding cycles alive & always with explosive deficit

I’m thinking of limbs that litter the floor of the Congo

as ashen heaps
as maimed figurines that haunt the shadows of Kinshasa
with its turbulent metrics hidden from official view
hidden from bureaucratic causality
by proxy that is machete
that is Ebola
that is tubercular complication

this being the ballet of the forgotten
of refracted boundary points as venom

our leadership prone to corrupted polygraphs who deny that our puddles swelter in heat
who deny that we are fouled by coal ash in the stomach

then there comes to view stunted children's gangs
with their natural ambrosia missing
as pillaged carrion populace
with its killers
its confidants
it's swindlers

the Congo via this tenor
a baffling abomination
a tapestry of cholera
a windowless hygiene
a damaged colloquy part feces & migraine
with filleted python cooked in muddied washing pots

so these younger beings
famished on vanished leaders
on tumultuous carbon foliage
instilled by absence
by serviceless branding

& so hunger feeds the nerves like alcohol
like creeping impetigo
as if the body had collapsed beneath its own astral shadow
under the caliginous glow of a zodiac gone dark
where its houses sink & overlap themselves as negated particulates

as frightening implosion
at the boundary of the beyond
simultaneous with turmoil that oxidates as mystery

perhaps the Congo has become metaphor for the after-states
for the impossible that subjugates itself to riddle

& this is not fatalism

or proof of that suspends its power in the void
or mirage that spirals as disbelief of itself

if I model myself on a terse & eclectic phosphor
I can say that sickness from the capital markets bristles with botulism & consumption
that none of its proto-manifestations seems never to configure as health

a mental lava that infests turning as eclectic social tides embossed with degradation
embodying altered social residue

I am speaking of Congo as subliminal psychic force
that gathers as a mystically poisonous granary
that continues to corrupt & seek corruption
that seeks to imprison its power within strange particulate as misnomer
as separated magnet that separates from magnet
that glistens as partial refraction

as shadow of cassiterite*
the Congo perplexes as spasm
as granulated vacuum

four times
the space that is France
feral with termination
invoking the void that preexists itself as body

a stunning summary that unites itself against itself transfixed
via heinous hallucination that was Belgium on behalf of Brussels
& Antwerp
& Ghent
& remains the hedonistic swallowing that is America

not a didactic condemning
but the shadow of evil that blazes
that instills a strangely unequal colloquy

again
a shadow that nullifies indigenous prerogative
that vapourizes law
that all the time summons emergencies
& finalizes rumour

yet I gain organic respite
by invisibly gathering beside a blank indoctrinal mystical tree
far from the zone that persists as public irritation

this is where I most resemble myself
this is where nutritive blinding transpires

where fatigue is lifted
where candles ascend & cease to aspire to themselves transmuted via perpendicular ascent
not as submissive metrical summons
but as golden pulse
as infinite sapphire
attuned to telepathic dosage
creating as reality extremities of wonder
this being number sans habitation within itself

gulfs are suspended positrons
anterior to proto-advance
anterior to parables that advance out of clusters
this is free-born creation from suborder as vacuum
from pre-lit inferno
or dazzling riot as bliss
all of the above prior to literal magnification
prior to exhaustion as expectation
as for pre-inventive waves of speech
distortion desists no longer summoned by molecules

it is from this state that I awoke in the Congo
within its eastern climate
born within a forge of nails
singed by woeful gradations
drifting further & further into darkened amalgams
amidst attacking catfish
so that my fate was transformed
by sudden ether
at the juncture of the Ba*
being at cognitive pre-remove
I came to a level seldom scaled
as ignited neural candescence

& it is this candescence
that elevates
that informs
that prefigures subsequent debility
that prefigures ashrams & their eloquence

in contradistinction
the Congo
feral with imposed delimitation
with carnivorous housing units
with scorpion-infested villas
projected by certain futurists as curious garrison from the Pleiades

the Congo

being cosmic in misery
subjected to hail in the form of bleakness
forced to scramble after poisoned sirens
& every day the Sun persists as deafened adventure
as shocking lullaby by defamation
absorbing purposeless frenzy
sown by ill-intended merchants from the Vatican*
via falsified spells & stolen aboriginal exclamation

they
who attempt to control various aspects of hell
with their distorted colloquies
with their dark & regressive anthems akin to the soul being vandalized by arthritis

the Vatican
a peculiar mausoleum*
much like wasps entangled in their peculiar machinations

the Occidental mind
corroded by infested pendulums
by a mirage of Vicars studded with old burial vestments
by a Christ sustained by self-imposed confusion

when marked flames of pillage were first born
when the energy of Prince Henry was first brokered
“neither sailor nor . . . navigator”
under whose auspices the Portuguese began to enslave us
in 1444
in Lagos
this set the spark for Diogo Cão & his trading for trading for trinkets with the Bokongo*
& led to our ownership by Leopold

Leopold who conjured Bismarck into private ownership of our land*
he who cut off extremities in lieu of execution
our hands were forms of Belgian currency
we
during harvest of rubber were eaten by leopards
were shot as *synyama* or meat*
we
less valued than cartridges
our crucified bodies hung in the form of crosses
Leopold
who sent Stanley to the Congo under the guise of philanthropy
what followed were beheadings
skin stripped by chicottes*
thus tissue from our bodies
summoned to the confines of hell

the Congo considered as vacuum
as sullied mathematical aphorism
scorned by judgmental sadists
E. D. Morel once deemed such sadists “a society of murderers”[*](#)
who attempted to distort via reality
the sterling nature of our psyche
with its primeval character
with its dazzling preciseness
instead
we remained beasts
denigrated opacity
burdensome gryphons fueled by ceaseless scarlet

as Congolese
remaining ceaseless recession into shadow
trapped inside a maze of haunted cheetahs
yet all the while controlled by callous colonial wizards

according to apologists
we were merely seized by simple de-instatement
who handpicked old nuggets of speech
so as to classify & thereby maim us
according to imposed order
according to guise conducted by muffled arrangement

one is taught to ignite oneself via deleterious wonder through a grandiose & punishing hail of
hunger
always ceasing to conflate one’s power with reality

as Congolese
we populate a field purposely conjured for loveless oxen for artless graphs that issue over & over
again
our lives as functionless evidence
as compound interregnums
suspended due to clauses in international law[*](#)
that suspend themselves
due to ruthless incendiary grammes

all the while the Congo refracts as grammatical diamond
as we are seen by the world as a billion listless children
alive in a morgue that creates planetary finance
that projects perfect illness out of view
as we choke on drought
roaming as unclaimed Zebras
breathing through partial dust & obfuscated clarity

since such breathing persists

we know the name of their God to be unbreathable
knowing our cosmology to have survived over 20,000 years having gathered power from a
febrile ocean
ignited from the counterspinning of an invisible exomoon
as refracted nuclei
as fractionless particles
over & beyond new & advancing events

knowing that we know
that life burns as explosive germinal doctrine
that its essence supersedes
the cunning mist that looms as termination
that seems to de-ignite itself
that seems to alter its own outcome
even when daily interaction pauses its juncture at venom
daily exchange being a sodium that flares
this then explains human chemistry as mayhem
that attempts to elucidate itself as opposable negativity

the Congo
is like watching a mangrove lake dissolve through execution
hatching at all moments infected leptons & quarks
alive with psychic weaponry as fatigue

I'm thinking of our national voodoo wrestling*
with each combatant like a charged spider
or a form of leopard on fire
where the victor consumes entrails
where wrestlers cough up blood on command
where a straight razor vanishes into the depth of some opponent's throat

women the ilk of Miss Martha or Shakira*
consume certain men in combat
where the viewer is always jolted "back & forth
across the sacred & the profane"
between "life & death"
between "real & unreal"

this being part of our blizzard of misery
called Catch Fétiche*
& is symbol of our "Kivu conflict" ignited in 2004*
between the DRC & Hutu power from Rwanda
the former being the FARDC & the latter being the FDLR
its three phases between 2004 & 2009
between 2012 & 2013
between 2015 & the present
a compound complexity involving

Angola
Zimbabwe
Botswana

involving leaders such as Babacar Gaye”*

Robert Mugabe*

Ian Khama*

Laurent Nkunda*

igniting internal displacement

further compounded by “Mortality Displacement”

including the darkened groan of children dazed by ruination as belligerents forced to murder

known in Swahili as *Kadogos*

under commanders such as Thomas Lubanga Dyilo*

& the late Laurent Kabila

the symbolic power of the 2012 Minova rape assaults symbolic of the Congo with its bloody
ossification*

under the auspices of skeletal deliberation

with its armed & jealous judgments

bribery being our principle circumstance

primed via the authorized cosmology of death

should I speak in Lingala or French or a formally interpreted English

the result being horror

the mimed blind eye of violence

with its tempestuous gauge

sired by the ferocious irony of silence

so as sangoma

I listen in my sleep for ignited phonemes

for scratches of sound

that issue from germinal graveyards

aurally sighting those who poach corpses for profit

so I who have mastered certain phonemes from English & inquire from modern angst its sullen
contribution

so that its seizure relents concerning our mineral largesse

so that beings such as Dr. Mukwege & Tchicaya U Tam’si*

continue revealing our neo-humanity that forges beyond forbidden realms

thereby superseding the aristocracy of diamonds

ERUPTION FROM THE COMPOUND OF LIVING

For Jean-Joseph Rabearivelo

Beneath a luminous compound equator
inscribed on Madagascar
Jean-Joseph
you erupted from disquiet alive as post-zodiacal phantom
knowing from birth that your blood was none other than oneiric ferment

as the “Black glassmaker”*
you possessed invisible lingual beauty
having somehow risen above mange-eaten wrath
& exposed its perjury by the mere fact of living

colonial wrath through refraction
singed your shadow through negation
lit a fire of riot in your system
tempestuously self-veiled from itself
via beatific blizzard
via inspiration as spiraling apogee
as trans-partisan inferno
striding through bedlam
via your living moment as insubstantial ash
as momentary doctrine

your roaming strewn with caliginous weaving
provoking useless gradients & doctrines
through which you strolled as cryptic leopard destined to dwell under the psychic cannibals of
France

there was always this split inside you
this garrulous shading
this plague of contorted values
provoking in you peculiar lingual spells seminal with strychnine
certainly not a visibly wrecked mule
or a formless amalgam of rage
instead
intoxicated verbal power
aristocratic blazing
poetically sculpted telepathy
as terse invigorated agency

of course as phantom
as a-pragmatic migratory wanderer
you were eclectic with decimation
kinetically invisible
surrounded by mazes scattered with voids as interregnums
never sterile with domination
or with bitterness through terminal registration

spectral with navigation
you enunciated grace
via endemic lingual styling
not unlike compound telepathy enmeshed with magical laterality
being pluvial & involved in the midst of private colloquy
alive as imaginary irritant
as subtle germination
as ironic watery ash
filled with “invisible rats”
with alchemic kindling from Imerina*
working via the kinesis of bravery equated with flashes that were glints
sans persistence as induction or forms of stabilized mirage

this being the stage of subtlety rendered antelope
a stage that implies mist where language empowers subconscious formation
as prime symbol of otherness
as wind that erupts from sparkling emerald gulfs
from gazelles that wander through spinning solar habitation

this being language as kinetic distillation
& you
Jean-Joseph
continue to roam as otherness
as presence that squares itself with elements that raze & sunder carbon
as if our whole solar family had curiously slipped beyond existence itself

being 3/4 beyond our galactic mean
you found an entry point via prime tonality of your magical mental scale
never as secular thought-wave
but as invisible oscillation where poetic syllabics glanced off of private inner registration
so that magical glimmers protracted themselves

& as forms emerged from these glimmers
they furtively advanced beyond the post-exhaustive
sans decades & calculation

your language
implying dawn as magical realm
moving as apparition through apparition
so that there existed no eclipse from prior elements
that continued to spin & approximate calliope
so as to broker gulls from invisibility
so that you magically brokered the unseen
via verbal annealing
via solitude cleansed by momentary waking
via emptiness that rises above the state of universal bickering

& from the present plane we thank you
for aural power that weaves its way beyond what could be ironically rendered static osmosis
that continues to mine nutrients from interstellar rotation
your writing sublimates power through seeming vacancy as non-effort
so that you were never quite considered as colonized persona
but as strangely en-fired carbon
brought to bear as inflammatory riddle
Jean-Joseph
poet
gambler
spell chaser
collector of numerous female sirens*
seducing reality by inflammatory crystal
by phonemes spun from eclipse & fire

as if you counted sapphires in your sleep
yet all the while
forced to pose as a fifth-rate caricature who characterized the French

with their stumbling & deception
that promised you transmission to Paris
so that you could have composed wave after wave of lingual oneirics
suffused by unsullied macaws & cobras
as magnificent declaration by Madagascan royalty
igniting subconscious states of indigenous cadastral power
always your language woven with the ubiquity of saffron

this was the Madagascar of the Hova*
with their self-instilled panorama
with their fertility as living dossier uninvaded by tenebrous dimensional forces

understanding primeval declaration
you brought language to a glistening pitch
raising harmony to one of haunted illumination as it shone through vitreous owls
rhyming with themselves
through strange galvanizing tenets
through alchemical swarming within themselves

such as the “the Black glassmaker”
that continues to stun the mind as he surveys great orchids
prone to the tenor of impalpable neurons
allowing breath from other sums
from experiential hives
as something other than embellished stationary form
the maze of your aural lens like a curious technical property
stunning
like aromatic tundra casting unseen formation

unlike protracted optical spell
or overextended immersion evolved as recitation

being zeal as lingual inhalation
as magic mesmerism as insistence

scintillation that investigates its own fragility
all the while tensile with its curvature of tissue & moisture
that burns
that elliptically probes
beyond the realm of ashen cinder postings
that instigates transparency

for instance

I think of turquoise lemons that blaze as imminence
that cast themselves as dazzling lyrical motifs flowing through perfected grenadine monsoons as
if they were stunning circadian anomalies
far beyond stasis as taut or personal writhing
or enjambment by prior circumference
but neutrality as the instantaneous
as a crazed portal with illuminated figures ascending from a yurt*
not as curious personas
or as beings that convey themselves as interchangeable substance
but as anterior to their own notion
seemingly transmuted into nouns
thus there exists no stasis
no problematical limit
primed by geriatric condensation
by wizened audacious claim studded by fractional constants

& so you

Jean-Joseph
blazing with interior specifics
with fiery osteology as chatter

you

being proliferation
were held from wider view
withheld from frames of view in Amsterdam & London
withheld from verbal view
until noted by Senghor*
overcoming the abject powers that circuitously withheld you
that always embrangled momentum
that stratified poetic emission by assembling consternation
as result
your vertiginous grappling torrent
its circuitous hull cracked open & made episodic with riddles

that circumvented daring
bringing your lovers into judgment concerning alien hypocrisy & its claims
that measured their worth according to banal respectability
according to their stance as colonial lepers
according to their adaptation of realms that functioned through carnivorous containment

as garrulous renegado seemingly scrambled
you remained magically calm & reflective at the core
living on a plane of contradictory omens
not unlike an occulted prince conjuring principles from opaque investiture
concerning salience as poetic ensemble
as beatific conundrum
concerning traces that extended beyond all five palpable senses

Jean-Joseph
suffused by the wizened colonial mind as if fettered by betrayal
condoned by protracted stench
by that which sought to aggrandize itself via medals & honours contrived from exteriors
via moribund obedience
via obstructionist behavioural pronouns
honed by superimposed tribulation

& you alive in this zone of refracted Africa
sought through poetic escalation via Baudelaire & the French*
through majestic torpor
parallel as you strode beside blackened imaginary camels as they ignited in & out of light
all the while kindling treason vis-à-vis notorious oxidation
storing this experience
as you remained rural
condemned to the clutches of poverty knowing empowerment by stigma
you remained a stunning rural orphan without papered degree
brewing in the fire of alcohol as unreason

not unlike a grim conspiracy autodidactic & fused by cuttlefish & boars
you sought through conflicted amazement the spires that rose above Antwerp & Paris & literary
enclaves far beyond your wildest self-suggestion
yet you were never given due
entrapped by blinded colonial leprosy
that kept you chained as static posture wandering in your own privation

consumed in a swirl
physically entrapped in Antananarivo
yet psychically projected to Paris & phantoms northward
conflict ensued between Hova & French
you were phantom immured in its conflicted radiance

the result: your intake of opium combined with colonial reactionary métier

refused you entry to France
refused you entry into the fertility of its curious cellular confine
so your inner cartography was forcibly wizened
was cast into wizened solitary form
into moats frayed by in-solution

I am thinking about your Blue Notebooks*
the final entry that concluded your recorded agony
with its interior ferment gregarious with dimness
its ruthless documentation
rife with meandering self-slaughter
with general cellular ulceration
with colonially imposed psychic ailment

not an acronym for foliage
but bedlam not unlike an otter rising up from fumes jagged with misdirection

you
blurred with compelling emotional claims
as self-constructed physical tourniquet imbibing opium as reaction to chronic family concern

tainted in great degree by the swamps of blood infected by the French
keeping you bound
keeping you fused & harried by vice

being protracted & dazed
you seemed always refracted by mirrors
partially dissolved
chronic with disabling

because of this you were always part way to suicide
analogous to say a fish rummaging its gills for functionless oxygen

if the most fertile shakti appeared*
in glistening deshabelle & diamonds
she could only have appeared as a momentary whirling
she could only have appeared as a pleasurable tourniquet closing momentary wounds
bringing your mind to a kind of ruined satin rising out as a kind of vapour

in the deepest sense you craved that which was consumed by David Diop*
by Yondo Epanya*
by Tchicaya U Tam'si*
who graced Paris with activity

you who transcended by verbal skills stunning singular mastery
no one could previously claim
not Rimbaud
not Villon

not Lorca
in the free-fire of the great capital
you saw yourself as projection via charismatic voltage
cataclysmic with incandescence powerfully creating by juggling & imbalance
creating neural lakes of ions
emitting via neurons stunned refractive lanterns
what I now magically experience as reverential dazzling
nondoctrinal & continuing to rise as elliptical lingual quanta

& so the vital plane*
with its ruses
with its capillaries flaring
giving ironic rise to despicable ruination
creating for you a bottomless index rife with in-fortuitous arcana
seething while seeking to connect with higher lingual writhing
language naturally alive as a living cradle rife with inverse molecules & serpents
perhaps an adder poised to fall via singular mongoose attack
understanding in itself intrinsic void by trepidation
naturally tenebrous engorged by the notion that engages a pluperfect abyss

& these adders retained your demons
your perpetual mongoose stratification
perhaps a leprous translucence flaring higher vicinity to higher vicinity
accounting for seeming aspects of your stunning personal devolvement
of your haunted verbal kinematics organically implying realms of shamanic density

your embroilment fitfully noted its insecure existence
marked by noxious psychic exhaustion
extolling stormy inclemence from within

your daily peregrination fueled by fulminate ambling
by troubled inferential
by axial neurotics
condoned by wayward psychic spillage understanding through transit
your powerful macular aural kindling
& its dialectical structure via neo-eclipse & sonics
being curvature by trance & strenuous inward exhibit

always signaling postmortem turbulence
via vacated scale
rife with thorns & sudden astral mulgas*

& all your shadows now convey to themselves
forms of retroactive micro-sulphur
as sullen vitreous traps
as strange mirages that haunt through suggestion

& you as lone verbal plane sans palpable solar habitation
writing syllables empowered by panspermia
being cartographic otherness prolific with non sequitur

you remain as spectacular calendrical mirage
as spark from angular chasms
as strange incarnadine spiral

& always you possessed
ethics as strangeness
alive through contorted madrigals as quality
as if tornadoes transported themselves to higher grammatical planes
not unlike bound & deaf phonemics
but as curious aerial blossoms
being residue by monsoon

this
Jean-Joseph
remains your experience by experiment
your phonemic neurological law
as magnetic lingual enhancement

all of the foregoing being suns as verbal enzymes
condoned by chromosomal alterity
knowing as you knew your daughter in the grave*
mingled your curious gift with sorrow

& sorrow in this sense being the ironic mystical mesmerism of liberty
as ferocious fulcrum that paradoxically hinges & facilitates the unknown

not simply enclosed a misplaced trauma scripted by wasps & vinegar
but enigma itself swarming with blessing

this was the surge that your overpowered fate
that blazed in your veins as motionless bravura
so that fear & its attendant frenzy
existed in your lifeless complex as perpetual synesthesia
so that all states not reveal themselves
as you furtively roam as cleansed arteries across our human prairie

I do not speak under the guise of one who awkwardly documents & purveys the etheric
but who extols respiration beyond our wildest psycho-physical property

the latter implying that something is known before gravity as harsh statistic

being leap beyond paradox
being the Sun as it exists always implying its proto-kindling

being solar force unimaginable with sprawling
freed from integer & hesitation as jurisprudence
being energy coined as blurry entry to sound
opening on to stunning vapour as terrain

can we translate this power into green & utopian glistening?

as music
that flowed as your array of glistening
knowing that your animated shaktis remain alive as primal energizing current

not lingual summons from unlit causality
but flame alive as beauty
as proto-condition of Bliss
with all your neural fragments lifted

in your case Jean-Joseph
a natural pullulating current
an invisible saurian ballet
that allowed you to probe language as borderless ozone
as amalgamated aural example learning in its process staggering micro-revelation

as summons
as that which continues to reverberate as “Translated from the Night”
as sonic appositional concurrence
as sweltering height emitted from a smoldering aural gaze

all the while balanced
by stunning animation
by otherworldly jubilation
primed
by curated praxis

not some monitored levitation
or unclaimed devastation wrought by demonstrative sequential units
reeking according to demonstrable capitulation

as if one could monitor tungsten & its habits
as if munificence could be adroitly scaled as monitored refulgence

this was your condition
a sired flame in your body
as living glistening flower
that announced yourself as “Daybreak”
asking the question
“Have you already seen the dawn
poaching in night’s orchard?”

scintillating verbal bliss
conjunction concerning the affirmative
concerning “prisms of sleep” “heavy with dreams”
being “seaweed” “near the realm” of a “foggy bay”
alive with strange uranian ignition

GLOSSARY

BASED ON THE BUSH OF GHOSTS

[*Abeokuta*](#): Largest city and state capital of Ogun in Nigeria. Birthplace of Tutuola in 1920.

[*Oriki praise chants*](#): Cultural enunciation amongst Yoruba people.

[*Aksakov's*](#): Sergey Aksakov (1791–1859), nineteenthth-century Russian chronicler of family life.

[*bird man . . . Angkor Wat*](#): Hindu temple constructed in twelfth-century Cambodia by Tamil King Suryavarman II. It contains a rendering of a figure, part-bird and part-man, symbolic in the present context of the fabulous creatures that Tutuola ignites.

[*Babasola Johnson*](#) . . . [*Mr. Dawada*](#) . . . [*Es'kia Mphahlele*](#): Critics of Tutuola who expressed concern about the unkemptness of his language and its exposure to the outside world. They felt Tutuola reflected negatively on Nigeria via his atrocious lingual etiquette.

THE CONGO

[*Casimiro Barrios & Fela Kuti*](#): Lifelong campaigners against corruption and considered by the state to be alien and anarchist. White-collar worker Casimiro Barrios (1890–1930) was executed by Chilean authorities. Fela Kuti (1938–1997), who married twenty-seven wives, protractedly clashed with Nigerian authorities. His demise was accelerated due to continuous pressure and prosecution from controlling interests.

[*Akashic sangoma*](#): Psychophysical healer of WestAfrican origin.

[*Liege*](#) . . . [*Place Vendôme*](#) . . . [*London's iconic Bridge*](#): Locales in Europe symbolic of European luxury and domination. Liege, a major Belgian locale; Place Vendome, renowned in Paris for its fashionable and deluxe hotels; and London Bridge with its symbolic stability. All three locales directly remain perpetually fecundated in their daily functioning via the material and financial surplus sired by the mineral rape of the Congo.

[*Moise Tshombe & the Kabilas*](#): Corrupt leaders of the Congo. Tshombe's leadership of Congo's Katanga Province marked a major fissure in Lumumba's rule. By fostering secession he initiated a continuing tremor that led to Lumumba's assassination. Joseph Kabila succeeded his assassinated father Laurent. Under both Kabilas, daily life was conducted during the midst of worst-case scenarios.

[*inclement sangoma*](#): in this context this is symbol of psychic ferocity that protects the truth against psychic prevarication.

[*Mimas & Saturn*](#): Mimas is the smallest moon of Saturn with a diameter of 246 miles; it is also the smallest astronomical body that is known to be rounded in shape because of self- gravitation. It wobbles in its movement possibly because its core is oval-shaped or formed from different materials and densities. Its interior can't be explained; it orbits Saturn every 23 hours. It is the

moon responsible for clearing material in the Cassini Division—the gap between Saturn’s A and B rings.

[Sekhmet](#): Egyptian warrior goddess of healing.

[Sangho](#): Indigenous first language; principle lingual power of the Central African Republic.

[Adamawa-Ubangi](#): Branch of the Niger/Congo languages spoken by 12 million people across Nigeria, Cameroon, southern Chad, the Central African Republic, and the Northern Democratic Republic of Congo.

[Gur](#): Branch of the Niger/Congo languages spoken by 20 million people in the savannah lands that run from southeastern Mali across the northern Ivory Coast, Burkina Faso, northern Ghana, Togo, and Benin. There is Central Gur that comprises 25 languages and Senufo that comprises 20 others—all of the above languages little-considered in the West as conveyers of meaningful psychology.

[bushmeat](#): Non-domesticated animals hunted for food and capable of transmitting infectious diseases such as Ebola.

[tsetse flies](#): Large flies that bite and transmit sleeping sickness.

[Congo River](#): Second longest river in Africa after the Nile and the second largest in the world after the Amazon. In terms of depth it is the world’s deepest, in excess of 720 feet. The Congo attracts 10 million fruit bats to migrate to its confines.

[tin & coltan](#): Conflict minerals essential to keeping the Occidental world in functioning order. Circuit boards, cell phones, the auto industry, and military machines keep the worlds of China, Britain, France, and America in functioning order.

[Leopold & his henchmen](#): During the Belgian occupation of the Congo, Leopold (and Leopold II) enforced rubber quotas for Congolese to fulfill. In order to turn these quotas into reality, cannibal-like tribes from the Upper Congo were employed and led by Belgian officers to impose horrific sanctions on persons or groups that couldn’t or refused to comply, including the severing of extremities. This was called the *Force Publique*.

[Ministry of Migration](#): According to Anjan Sundaram’s reportage in his book *Stringer: A Reporter on the Congo*, the ministry is located in “an orange edifice” and called “the Ministry of Méchant [Malice]” by a local, who further states, “They should make it a prison.” It remains representative of Kinshasa’s dysfunction and corruption. No manageable data has surfaced of its activities since 1984.

[Lake Edward](#): Smallest of the African Great Lakes at the border of Uganda. The other lakes include Lake Malawi, Lake Tanganyika, and Lake Turkana, amongst others.

[Lumumba](#): Patrice Lumumba (1925–1961) was forced out of office in 1960. As is now well known via the public domain, Eisenhower reportedly told the CIA that he wanted Lumumba “eliminated.” Lumumba was the former president “of a purely Congolese trade union.” He led a

breakaway from Europe and the Belgians in order to nationalize Congo's assets. His downfall was first fomented by Mobutu and Moïse Tshombé, the latter the leader of mineral-rich Katanga province.

European free state: In this context the Congo remains authored by European savagery and plunder.

China: In this context Eastern Imperialism. The Chinese see Africa as a place to obtain raw materials needed to fuel its manufacturing-driven economy. Congo is home to nearly half the world's cobalt reserves. Through China's "Go Out" policy in the early 2000s, Chinese families opened shop in Congo's Katanga province. Over the next 25 years they will have extracted 6.8 million tons of copper and 427,000 tons of cobalt. Although China is investing in Congo's infrastructure, the fear remains that its 24-trillion-dollar wealth will never invigorate the people on the ground.

four national languages: French, along with Lingala, Tshiluba, and Swahili—the latter three indigenous languages of the Congo overwhelming with musicality.

GDP of Belgium: As of 2020 according to the IMF, ranked 26th in the world and 36th per capita. The average Congolese lives on 72 cents a day.

Frank Carlucci & the Belgians: Occidental collaborators who have been documented as fomenting the conspiracy to assassinate Lumumba.

Nicaea: Council convened by Emperor Constantine in 325 CE in Bithynia (a province in the northwest of present-day Turkey) in response to the seeming heretical idea stemming from Arius, the "presbyter" from Alexandria in Egypt, who asserted that Jesus was born in time and was not co-equal with God the father. This was considered a heresy by Homoiousians (conventional Christian thinkers of the fourth century) who considered the claims of Arius to be heretical. The central thesis of the Council was to dissolve all heretical leanings and form a consensus of belief. This consensus has consumed Occidental belief structure for the past 1,500 years.

ancestral crafts: For example, Nkisi statues of the Congo people; Luba statuettes depicting motherhood, like the anthropomorphic pottery of the Zande.

40 billion planes of consciousness: This is what the Buddhists consider to be immaculate consciousness as the "ninth level of consciousness." The number 40 billion in this context sets up a scale that partially reflects the infinite.

hylic: Having to do with the nature of matter. According to gnostic theologian Valentinus a hylic person is neither focused on intellectual or psychic, nor spiritual reality.

qui qui birds: Symbolic in this context of the noise of the wild. When creating this image I was actually thinking of the Australian Kookabura bird with its pointed calls.

"Anglo-Belgian Rubber": Founded as the Anglo-Belgian India Rubber Company and later known as the Compagnie du Congo Belge. The company exploited the Congo's rubber reserves and by 1898 had changed its name to Abir Congo Company for tax purposes. The result equated

with its original mandate that combined profit for Belgium and squalor and ruin for the Congolese.

[Congo Free State](#): Operated as a corporate state privately controlled by Leopold and existing from 1885 to 1908 when the government of Belgium reluctantly annexed the area.

[Ishtar terra](#): One of two highland regions on the planet Venus located near its North Pole—its size somewhere between that of Australia and the United States.

[Pluto & the Oort Cloud](#): Trans-Neptunian objects. Pluto is now equated with Sedna, Haumea, and Makemake as a dwarf planet and is a Kuiper Belt object. More distant is the Oort Cloud 5,000 to 100,000 AUs from the sun, whereas the Kuiper Belt is much closer at 30 to 50 AUs from the sun. The Oort Cloud, named after Dutch astronomer Jan Oort, forms a spherical shell of cometary debris.

[nearest star system](#): The Alpha Centauri star system is 4.37 light years away. According to conventional rocket travel this equates to 40,000 years distant from the Earth.

[bereft of cognitive acuity](#): According to colonial sensibility the African mind has never been considered a respected instrument for consciousness.

[Radio Free Congo](#): Congo Horizons Media, “established by a group of journalists aiming to raise the awareness of the community in the Congo.”

[80,000 AUs from the Sun](#): At the cusp of interstellar space near the outer edge of the Oort Cloud.

[muti](#): Name for traditional medicine in Southern Africa as far north as Lake Tanganyika. Muti is derived from the Zulu word *muthi*; it is a term of “widespread use in most indigenous African languages.”

[Egyptian starcluster](#): Garden plant native to much of Africa as well as Yemen.

[Haut-Katanga dayflower](#): Herbaceous plant in the dayflower family. This blue-flowered herb has been recorded as existing in Western Zambia, central Angola, and the southern portion of the Congo.

[Black Guarea](#): Large evergreen, shade-bearer tree; its bark is used in traditional medicine for kidney pain, postpartum bleeding, and leprosy. Found in Cameroon, Republic of Congo, Ivory Coast, Gabon, Liberia, and Nigeria.

[cassiterite](#): Reddish, brownish, or yellowish heavy mineral consisting of tin dioxide; the chief source of tin. Found in the Congo, and carried by human porters from mining site to market.

[Ba](#): Electricity that runs through all things. The Egyptians understood it as animating the personality as well as the soul after death. They represented its image as a human-headed falcon in motion.

[Vatican](#): The word is thought to derive from the Latin *Vaticanus* (“vatic” + “anus”).

[*peculiar mausoleum*](#): The Vatican contains 53 miles of secret archives; it has 35,000 volumes in its secret, selective catalogue alone.

[*Diogo Cão . . . Bokongo*](#): Portuguese navigator who explored the Congo River in the 1480s and traded trinkets with the Bokongo people to their great disadvantage. He claimed their land by erecting *padrões* (large stone crosses inscribed with the coat of arms of Portugal signifying land claim). *Padrões* were particularly well-known for being destroyed by Africans who were upset with the religion of Christianity, the economy of slavery, or a combination of the two.

[*Leopold who conjured Bismarck*](#): Reference to the 1844–1885 conference convened in Berlin for the express purpose of dividing Africa. It allowed regulation of “colonization” and “trade” according to the “New Imperialism.” It was at this conference that Leopold convinced von Bismarck to cede the Congo to him personally thereby eliminating Germany’s competitors, England, and France. Leopold convinced von Bismarck that his claim on the Congo was for humanitarian purposes.

[*synyama*](#): A degrading term that the Belgian soldiers conveyed to overworked Congolese when they sought mercy or rest. They were told they were nothing other than “*synyama*,” or meat.

[*chicottes*](#): A whip of sundried hippopotamus hide cut into long sharp-edged strips that could quickly remove the skin from a man’s back. Employed by Leopold as punishment for infractions wrought by local Congolese.

[*E. D. Morel*](#): British journalist, pacifist, author, and politician who began a campaign to “expose the abuses” taking place in the Congo. He founded the Congo Reform Association along with Arthur Conan Doyle and Mark Twain to press Leopold to turn the Congo over to the Belgian government.

[*international law*](#): Includes human rights which have clearly been broken by the Belgians and other occupying powers of the Congo.

[*voodoo wrestling*](#): Violent sport that combines traditional African wrestling with old world religious practices. Competitors, at times, use Black Magic. It was first inspired by Edingwe Moto in the early 1980s. At times chickens are lit on fire; opponents have been known to use hammers and straight razors. Matches can protract over five to ten days.

[*Miss Martha or Shakira*](#): Proficient female voodoo wrestlers who successfully wrestle against males.

[*Catch Fétiche*](#): Local term for voodoo wrestling.

[*Kivu Conflict*](#): Began in 2004 in eastern Congo between the Democratic Republic of Congo and the Hutu power group Democratic Forces for Liberation of Rwanda.

[*Gaye . . . Mugabe . . . Khama . . . Nkunda*](#): African leaders pulled into the Kivu conflict.

[*Babacar Gaye*](#): Senegalese army general forced to resign. Accused of murder and sexual exploitation of youth.

[Robert Mugabe](#): Controversial leader who helped free Zimbabwe of British rule yet was accused of corruption and human rights abuses. Stepped down in 2018; died in September 2019.

[Ian Khama](#): Former military officer and the fourth president of Botswana. Due to political intrigue provisionally charged with financial crime. Unlike most modern African leaders he apparently lived “an austere, disciplined lifestyle.” Embroiled in opposition to his handpicked successor, Masisi. Skeptical of Chinese intrusion into Africa.

[Laurent Nkunda](#): Warlord who speaks a half dozen languages including English and Swahili and Lingala. Pentecostal Seventh-Day Adventist minister. In 2005, indicted by the Congolese government for war crimes and abducting children and converting them to soldiers. Still under arrest at Gisenyi in Rwanda.

[Thomas Lubanga Dyilo](#): Convicted war criminal accused of ethnic massacres, murder, torture, rape; convicted by the International Criminal Court for forcibly conscripting child soldiers.

[Minova rape assaults](#): The crimes occurred in November 2012. Soldiers deployed in Minova, a market town on the shores of Lake Kivu, went on a rampage of looting, raping at least 76 women. The local military court failed to charge key perpetrators.

[Dr. Mukwege & Tchicaya U Tam'si](#): Mukwege is a Congolese gynecologist and Pentecostal pastor who founded and works at the Panzi Foundation where he has treated over 50,000 victims of rape. He was awarded a Nobel Peace Prize in 2019. Tchicaya U Tam'si is a Congolese poet born in Kouilou, Republic of Congo; his pen name means “small paper that speaks for a country.” He was the son of a Congolese first deputy to the French National Assembly. Influenced by surrealism and Négritude, his work explores the relationships between victor and victim and takes on the broken African heritage instigated by the Roman Catholic Church, French colonialism, and miseducation.

ERUPTION FROM THE COMPOUND OF LIVING

[the Black glassmaker](#): Famous first line from a Rabearivelo poem in his signature book *Traduit de la nuit* (Translated from the Night).

[Imerina](#): Kingdom of Madagascar where Antananarivo is located. Birthplace of Rabearivelo.

[female sirens](#): Creatures, half-bird and half-woman, who lured sailors to destruction by the sweetness of their songs.

[Hova](#): Free commoner caste; the other two principle castes being the Adriana (nobility) and Andevo (slaves).

[yurt](#): Portable round tent covered with skins; principle housing for a wide array of nomads. See page 24.

[Senghor](#): Léopold Sédar Senghor (1906–2001), Senegalese poet and the first president of Senegal; co-architect of Négritude along with Amie Césaire and Léon Damas.

[Baudelaire & the French](#): Rabearivelo was fascinated by Europe. What remains quite clear is

that Baudelaire followed him all his life; he made the spleen of Paris his prayer every day and every moment.

[*Blue Notebooks*](#): Rabearivelo's diary of the last years of his life that consists of four volumes of some 1,800 pages. He wrote his last entry a few minutes before passing: "Close your eyes to see Voahangy [his daughter] and start the silent farewell to dear ones. I kiss the family album . . . I send a kiss to books of Baudelaire I have in the other room."

[*fertile shakti*](#): Rabearivello had roving shaktis. A constant in various accounts of his life was that he was a serial philanderer.

[*Diop*](#) . . . [*Epanya*](#) . . . [*U Tam'si*](#): African poets who collectively had contact with the Parisian cultural experience that Rabearivelo longed to have.

[*vital plane*](#): The common plane of human experience.

[*mulgas*](#): Australian snake—the king brown snake, or mulga—known to bite people while they remain sleeping; it is large and venomous.

[*daughter in the grave*](#): The death of Voahangy at age three was emotionally destabilizing for Rabearivelo. She passed away three years before Rabearivelo's suicide in 1937.

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