

Nonsecular Non sequitur
By Akeema-Zane

in the cypher before time/ became, i traveled beyond/ the Black
sea settled/ before change came/ before i knew i could feel/ myself
outside myself/ i smeared salt water/ peering out of my pores/ on
my tongue/ before i ran/ across the bordering/ land mass of the
Ganges/ begging for mercies/ at its shores

Pedro de Alvarado/ rode adjacent/ toward my back/
his back parodied/ the tail of the iron horse/ his wrists
accessorized/ in presbyterian hospital tags/ a man,
flesh/ of unpasteurized goat's milk,/ hair of corn silk/
stood above him projecting/ a DACA infomercial/
from his jocote shaped face

exiting in Little Africa/ a Femme Wolof du Cayor/
skin of used copper/ approaches me just/ after barely
beating the mouth/ of the closing doors of steel/ her
cascading linen *mouseaur*/ styled to shame my own/
effort-less gold dubi pins/-an offering to the Akan-/
black spandex headcovering,/ a matted hair/ woolike
underneath to mask the sweat/ turning scalp to buildup
/ unveiling me with her eyes/ alone she asked/ frenetic
in her bass/ "hairbrading Miss?"

a woman, my shadow/ reflection seated before me,
sat composed, fighting/ the melody of rebellion/ chords
in her elbows,/ her wrists lay curled/ and fingers faced her
chin,/ she wore a black spandex/ dress, whose seams she
constantly stretched/ toward her knee/ she made adjustments
as I did my falling/ sweatpants, ether and threaded/ in gold, she
mouthed/ a tall tale to me/ of men pulsing their breath/ into
the back of her throat/ one hand chastising her neck/
palm to palm/ until her brain went numb

"poetry is a coded language"/ my baba told me once/ the sink
covered in his locks/-they turned to ash-/by an electric blade/

Earth People did suffer too long/ their acres burning wild/ fiyah
bun out de bush for babash/ “White Oak rum is all we drinking
now;/ de coup, done/ and de hill people have all fallen/ ill to St.
Ann’s”
/ i and i watched my reflection/ through his in the mirror,/ my
eyes watered/ as old rusted pipe water washed/ away his sins/
never to be born again.

Akeema-Zane is a multidisciplinary artist. Her artistic methodology is using intersectionality to configure a practice that centers the literary, cinematic and performance traditions. The aforementioned has included being artist-in-residence, student and fellow at Groundation Grenada, Cave Canem, The Maysles Documentary Center. She has also displayed visual works in various exhibitions, performed in short films/music videos and plays, and most recently published liner notes to album *Conjur Woman*. Additionally she has collaborated with various musicians, and is featured on the album and short film *BRWN*. Her published work include *There's a Monopoly on Change*, *On Being the Daughter Discovering the Home of her Descendants...*, *Interlude*, and *When Money Can't Buy You Home*. She is of Afro-Caribbean descent and is a native New Yorker.