

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.