

inherit the kingdom

I work my flesh into the daysoil it is evidence enough
of my consortium with the unlasting, the things that will
eventually, you see, become ash. The dead of Saint-Pierre know this,
volcanic sand wanting the touch of feet, or any warm awake.¹

The brimstone shore remembers how we inherit the kingdom of limbs.

I saw how I stained the alabaster dream. I saw the ash of body,
the war child put to bed in the white phosphorous quilt.

Who justifies the quietening of play, or the plowing of the mixed
parade of diaspora as a conflagration of peace? Who confuses
the bombplan for the covenant to lullaby? The charcoal frame
remembers how we inherit the kingdom of pomegranate juice
its salutiferous & chin-drip felicity. The key is buried.

I am given to hungers beyond belief. Senses built by haptic lightning.
Raised on historical & botanical sorceries, I calendar erratic
fits, rivalries with the destroyers of joy. Dissension is the first word,
last I knew. Warn me, fine. I only fall drunk on lava. I, terrible, world
on the wreckage of stars. I is undone. No Selves to fall heir, we
carry it all, the unlasting, we inherit the kingdom of intimate & broken,
peculiar, wanting things.¹

¹ Vanessa Agard-Jones writes, “During the nineteenth century, Saint-Pierre was known as the “Sodom” of the Antilles, as a cosmopolitan city where decadence and liberal sexual mores were at the heart of bourgeois and elite culture. In 1902 Mount Pelée, the volcano that sits just above the city, erupted—killing Saint-Pierre's population of over thirty thousand within five seconds.”