

**Song of the Andoumboulou: 273**

The rich were foraging the sky, Sun Ra  
 sang. They were looking ahead, they  
 were planning to leave. I took the record  
 off  
 the box, turned on the tol'you, stared  
 at the tol'you news. I sat bemoaning how  
 bad it was. White recidivist umbrage,  
 the  
 sales-pitch prez, decapitist glee, the  
 world, for all its woo, not a good place. I  
 had nodded off and was dreaming I felt  
 but  
 wondering how Huff got a hole in his neck  
 wouldn't let me sleep, the dream I saw it as  
 no dream at all... It was worse, knowing I  
 was-  
 n't dreaming, *The Book of So's* tight-ship  
 tautology, just a dream except I sat awake and  
 had nodded off I felt notwithstanding, sat as  
 if  
 I lay asleep. It was black not mattering made  
 one wary, so a presumption it seemed, a  
 precondition, "pre-existing" the way Mrs. P  
 put  
 it, the condition we so well knew. What-to-  
 say-what-to-say rang one's ears again, nev-  
 er more open than the book bartering mystic sway,  
 message, arbitrage, graphite's night its day... I  
 so  
 wished I were dreaming, so wished I were  
 asleep, would it were the book of sleep. Sick of  
 scare, sat up looking, sick of anthropocenity,  
 the  
 when we caught and were caught by and  
 caught up in. Sick of this or that ominous air  
 but kept looking, sick of so, sick of such, sick  
 of sick. Not since the growl house had I felt so  
 like  
 a cartoon, spindly legs looped around my  
 waist and my chest, sick as much of yes as of  
 no... "Please, please, Mrs. P," I begged, "it  
 pre-  
 existed us, a bauble or a bead, a bare glint we  
 were made to grab at, tangency's wont got-  
 ten hold of, ours to be parsed, parceled out." It  
 was  
 cartoon talk. It was nothing if not, words  
 blown full with helium, chipmunk remit, talk  
 we

plied treading water, bidding our  
time

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Chronophobic, phobophilic Tête piped up  
instead, Mrs. P faded into the fog on the  
road on the mountain we were coming down  
from,

citizens of Seen-It-All Mountain we had  
been or we now were... The high cry the car-  
toon chorale had been she went on with,

eliding all with its previousness. "Please,  
please, Mrs. P," Tête herself now pled,  
"be hard as holding on, hard as not looking,  
hard

as fog is to see thru. Prior pre-existed us, pore  
and preemption. Say it's right we'd see it so,  
rigor." She grew brittle, broke, Tête whose  
going

off grew legion... In its way it was Trane  
channeling Billy Eckstine, Mr. B begging  
Mrs. P a play lost on no one, *Please, please's* "A-  
pollonian" synapse. Was it because we built no  
cathe-

drals we were put in the hold of a ship was the  
question Tête made Trane make Mr. B ask, the  
sweet meat wisdom was keen with peppercorns,  
cap-

sicum, stuck with  
cloves

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 Mr. B told Mrs. P he wanted to talk about  
 her. He told Mr. P he wanted to talk about  
 him. His and hers was the serenade he sang.  
 Trane's  
 cadenza ran like thread thru it all, bewailing  
 what it was Tête instigated, her sweet tooth for  
 terror, her grudge against time, choked-up song  
 sent  
 into the world like a lasso. Collapse it also  
 was, "Apollonian" synapse, life, such as it was  
 or whatever it was, proffered cartoon condo-  
 lence, cartoon condolence what condolence there  
 was...  
 Mr. and Mrs. P saw themselves in the fog we  
 were passing thru, serenaded as they were, sere-  
 naded though they were, cartoon ardor long ago  
 let  
 go, cartoon enmity, domestic arrest. Seen-It-  
 All Mountain confirmed as much. They were  
 they of the ghost-beset kisses, old albeit come  
 up-  
 on love as if newly beginning, synaptic etymo-  
 logic rhapsody the it their lips met in, episodic  
 epic's it of it. There was an episodic epic they  
 were  
 in, Mr. B sang, Trane's moan caught in the  
 hole in Huff's neck, thread suturing the hole  
 in Huff's neck. All would be well it seemed it  
 said, fraught stitch plied upon amenable skin, an  
 oth-  
 er way of winding our way down... Pockets  
 of green mountain light took turns instructing  
 us. Trane's cadenza ballasted our descent. Pre--  
 existent foliage intimated the woods where Mr.  
 and  
 Mrs. P's legs met, bounty they'd lately not re-  
 membered, each the other's you to be talked about...  
 Huff, as if they needed it, gave them his blessing,  
 not  
 one not to be given heart by the sewing-up of  
 a hole in his neck, thread ex machina no matter,  
 mechanistic sense of an ending let slide, an end-  
 ing he knew not to really be one, conjugal demur  
 he  
 knew likewise. It was ours to parse the long game it  
 said or it seemed it said. It was all we could do  
 not to fly out of our seats, incline and curve ours to  
 abide  
 as we wound our  
 way down

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Again the talk turned to legendary love,  
soulmates might soul be met. Not one but  
when they lay, sweet beast whose backs  
were  
not, what they saw when something seen  
in a face made see magnetic, barely one when  
they lay as one. It was the ongoing song of  
song's  
begetment, as if see partook of say without  
rending, the being-one silence would be  
rentless but for say. Soul's eye was on where  
spir-  
it let be... Soul's eye was on where body was  
and where body wasn't, its eye on where body  
had  
been

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Next I knew we were in Paris, Notre Dame  
 Cathedral, the wind-afflicted asking why  
 would God burn his own house down. The  
 'you took us there... Tête, Head of Hea-  
 ven her namesake, stood yet to find the heart  
 she might speak from, her beauty leaned in  
 by time... Majnoun extravagance command-  
 ed the day, it was or it seemed, love's immateri-  
 al witness what soul was, world unsoulfulness  
 set