

Kedrick James / SCAVENGER'S AUTOPSY

This is the story of Atlas
New born Atlas, being crushed
beneath the weight of a dying world.

YOU'RE TOO SENSITIVE

I'm too sensitive?
Your wars and terrors confuse me
your sweet earth face
is an industrial gargoyle
belching fire, sinking waste
inverted volcanoes cast in crass
commercial haste

DISRESPECT

what has happened to the house of the gods?

OVERPOPULATION

TOO much yeast in the petri dish.

WELCOME!
HIDDEN GRAVITIES BETWEEN YOUR EYES
COME TO US AND SYNTHESIZE
WE'LL COME TO LIFE ON A SERPENT'S HIDE
CLAIM THE JEWELS WE LOST INSIDE
EAT THE HEART AND FREE THE MIND
O BODY DIVINE! O BODY DIVINE!
SHOW AND TELL AT CLOSING TIME

He made as tho' he was born with his eyes closed
as tho' from the closed womb of an eye
with eyes downcast
he, the world, imbibed.

He sought a nerve on which was inscribed the cursive of the living
a world on which a sun would lob its fire.

He recalls the year it took to dry a single tear.

How he collected it, dissected it, suspended it from his groin
like a fakir's chandelier.

He rode himself forward to the burden of blood.

He danced to cast upon each blood fear a greater fear of fear.

To be worthy of his trade, he built a spiralling terror
and suspended from it the barbs of a scream
that all the languages could understand.

I am but a beetle crushed beneath your weight, o World
tensile wires in tension snapped
my back's cracked and won't snap back
I wear a dirty coat of old goat skins
you're bleeding, Old Earth, the blood soaks in
guns of fear and swabs of hate
our time will certainly come too late
for Eternity is in every behaviour!

FOR WE ARE DETRITIVORS, SCAVENGERS ARE WE
HERE TO PERFORM OUR AUTOPSY
UNBUILDING THE PYRAMIDS OF GREED AND ENVY
COME SEE, COME SEE, COME SEE
COME ALONG ON A SECRET JOURNEY
WE'LL REVEAL THE DISEASE THAT CAUSES WAR
AND MORE AND MORE AND MORE
WE'LL CUT OUT THE RICH, WHO CUT OUT THE POOR
WHO KILLED THE STRANGER AT THEIR DOOR
COME SEE, COME SEE, COME SEE, COME SAW
WE'LL BOIL THE CHURCHES IN REVERENCE AND AWE
AND SKIM THEIR GOLD WITH A LEADEN CLAW
DOWN AND DOWN AND DOWN WE GO
THRU AGES OF HATE AND EONS OF WOE
TO A PLACE WHERE NO FRESH BREEZE CAN BLOW
IN THE FLESHY BELLY OF BEING

Death presses down and swallows my groans.
I want to let go, to simply slip by
and not be seen
avoid the scene
be at the hem
not at the seam.
Some say it's luck
to have the option to be human
to enter the underworld.
I want to be humble
to enter the life cycle of change
to board the orange bicycle of life
and crash in upon the tumour of our days
Kamakazi dream machine
fueled on cancer
like a detritivor
in the second sinking
of the earth.

For they made animals large
so we could eat them with fire
and herbs made our pleasure greater.
They made large animals small
furoscious animals tame
to glorify the most incarcerated hovels.
O Earth, your poor cohabit with the tiger.
Everything for its existence
is drowned by great numbers
the cup overfloweth with a noxious brew
for Attitude is in the heart
and there is Gross Instinct for Error.

Ha! Carrion bird, jet plane angel
ripping ozone with your flaming testicle
I sink beneath your towering spiral
into the muck of indifference
and quagmires of greed
bred in the human genes
Double Ha! Ha!
in the invisible ears of these bragging flies.
I hear the last choir of ignorance, laughing
and sink deeper.
I drink from an earlobe the potion of silence:

I hear ants singing from under stones
the indigestion of hardy weeds
worms in the lungs of the soil.
For a year I cry a single tear
to aid them in their toil.
For a year I am awake without a body
to get tired.
For a year I dream with the animal mind,
the vegetable heart and the mineral soul.
My spirit splits into seven thousand prisms
at the first gust of light.
The rays dissolve into a birdsworth of feathers for the moon.
It is a holy day.
The doors of the tabernacle open from within

GREAT!

A complete sexuality into being!

GREAT!

Her stars become a queen in evening constellation!

GREAT!

Into being!

GREAT!

O Mother Creator

GREAT GREAT

grandmother of the solar perplex us

GREAT GREAT

health by the

YOM

wander wide you valleys of

SOUND

and dance, dance, dance,
into wet bog in cedar grove
when ants in the summer sing:

LET ME BE THE BY THAT SINGS YOU

sings you wondering sweetly with your head right in

WHY

she sings you
so life I say to you

SURVIVE!

You are too beautiful, Queen Scheckina,
Queen of Creation,
to die!

So here's the filth,
here's the muck of my depletion:
Atlas is as Atlas does
he holds up the world
and is crushed like a bug.
He does it again
he picks up the world
and sticks his head in.
He does it in respect
for he was given birth in Sacrifice of Vision
for he was given life by the sacrificial fist unclenching
for he was held
by a wounded hand
into the eternity.
First by his father and mother
and by his brother
and then by his sisters
by his teachers and by the ones
he sought to teach
and was himself taught again
and again he does it for the glory
for those who are deep
burial deep
of mind
of sleep
he does it again out of love
for he and the rest of the glorious troupe
are at home six feet deep
with the detritivores.

FOR WE ARE DETRITIVORS, SCAVENGERS ARE WE
FEEDING ON A DEAD SOCIETY
PERFORMING OUR POETRY AUTOPSY
COME SEE, COME SEE, COME SEE
SPEAK IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE HONEY BEE
MAKE LOVE TO A DINOSAUR
AND BLUNT THE DIAMOND TEETH OF WAR
ENTER A SPIRAL HALO OF LIGHT
THAT CONJURES BLISS FOR THOSE WHO MIGHT
LISTEN TO LANGUAGE IN A DIFFERENT WAY
AND UNDERSTAND THAT THE WORDS WE SPEAK
ARE A KEY TO MAGIC AND GIVE US FLIGHT
OR HELP US BREATHE WHERE THERE IS NO AIR
IN ORCHID'S STAMEN OR DRAGON'S LAIR
IN SILENT HEAVEN OR IN CLAMOROUS HELL
TWO TOWNS ON THE ROAD BETWEEN THE PYRAMID AND
THE DELL

What does it mean to want something
more than the want of life itself?
I have shaken with desire for the happiness of others.
I have seen the great friendship between insignificant life-forms
joyously splashing the divine eyes with the brilliance of a supernova

I have spent an entire lifetime learning to be human
and pledged my heart to the world
as if it were my lover.
I tapped a subterranean river of care
which erupts from my shattered form like a geyser
and yet I am forbidden to drink

and my throat parches like a withered star.
I'll tell you what it's like
it's like malaria.
Malaria is like this:

HOT/COLD/HOT/COLD

you are a clapper in the bell
that rings between the sun and the pole
the ice pack sun spot surface
of your skin
washes the tectonic plates
with your body fluids

SWEAT, BLOOD, MUCUS, SHIT AND MAYHEM

and you're in Africa where small hospitals are poisonous
and great boulders that you've puked on
lie on top your chest
and the COMA becomes the COMA
comes on and you can't breathe
it's a prison that's closing in
and it's your body that's exploding
your head sinking into the earth again and again
and you call out your name:
call me atlas

CALL ME ATLAS

I'm a god in small towns
with one ancient Greek text
if you read it it'll tell you this about me:
"In Africa, riding with the moon
I board a snake and free
the jewels inside."
The rest I forget —
my mind erased.
I became the snake.
I snuggled my obscure belly to the fleshy belly of being.
From my jewels a scattered tribe awoke
struggling to be free of the yoke, of the waters parted in labour.
And when they worked for days as long as the eye can see
they would sing this song to the Anger of the Kingdom:

"STRUGGLING AS WE ARE TO UNBUILD THE PYRAMIDS
THE OLDEST STRUCTURE OF OPPRESSION
TO FALL ON, TO FALL ON, TO FALL UNDER
TO FASHION THE INCISOR AFTER THE WOLF
TO MAKE THE STREET OUR LAIR
TO BEAR ONCE THE BRUNT, TO BARE ALL
TO BEAR UP UNDER ITS IMMENSE UNWIELDY PRESSURE
TO BEAR ALL THAT ALL SHOULD BEAR
BUT WE FELL DOWN INTO JAIL TOWNS
BUT WE WERE CRUSHED INTO MICROCOSMS OF DESPAIR
BUT WE WERE SENTENCED TO TERMS OF INTERNMENT
AND AS SLAVES, TO BUILD THE PYRAMIDS
WE FOUND OURSELVES, LABOURING THERE."

OUT OF THE FRIDGE AND INTO THE FIRE
DANCE WITH US AND YOU'LL DANCE NO HIGHER
WE'LL MAKE YOU A PLEDGE WE PROMISE TO KEEP
THE MORE WE CRY, THE MORE WE WEEP
THE MORE OUR RULERS FEEL THE HEAT
FOR LANGUAGE IS THE ONLY WAY
TO KEEP OPPRESSORS DOWN, AT BAY
AND LET THE HEART SPROUT WINGS OF BUTTERFLIES
WITH AZURE, MAROON, AND TURQUOISE EYES.