

Nathaniel Mackey / SONG OF THE ANDOUMBOULOU: 32

—*low quadrant*—

As if it were something they'd
read in a book, that it be
their book, scrambling

letters

as the word itself burned...

What-said book built on a
glimpse caught in passing.

Something they saw,

thought

they saw, could only be
told of in code...

He her

star-specked haunches. She

his rump-struck stare...

Stood momentarily rungless,

adamant

air all there was underfoot...

Took the name of an Algerian
wine, Sidi Brahim. Meant by that

to announce a new rapture, aggregate

air they found themselves

taken up thru, loquat allure

alive again

as he spoke...

Took me aside

but spoke only in code. Taut

cloth

held him back as he stretched,
shook as it dawned on him again what

had happened, rail he'd been

run into exile on, thin strip

of world

what was left... Mind adrift
under Sophia's dress, fleetingness
of thought tasting fruitlike
pendance of cheek, heat wafting
hoisted
rump. Was only one rung behind
as they climbed up the ladder,
head said to be in the clouds,
her
pantyless ass only inches
away... Rung number eight
was the one he stood on,
rung
made of *would-be, whim, wished*
it were
so, feet stuck on loquat wood...

Sophic
butt, he blurted out, called it a
setup. Called himself a bomb set
to explode... Fuse and wick rolled
into one, devilish, dervish,
demiurgic
snuff. Belatedly reached for the strap
of her sandal, silhouetted leg, sunlit
straw... Took to singing. Wind and
regret rode his voice, a thin wine we
sipped,

unspun... Sophic body, trunk of
a swing tree, a bottle hung from each
of its branches, glass they looked in
thru. Sidi Brahim was their see-thru
mouthpiece, the he she'd have had them
speak
thru, glass mouth they blew into...
No matter the outcome, loquat allure
lit their limbs, filled whatever
crack it fell in... Adventitious
two
lately known as Rift and Rescission,
wine what
ran between