Song of the Andoumboulou: 48

It was a freeway overpass we were on, an overpass east of La Brea. There we stood watching cars pass under us, desert flutes gargling wind at our backs, an overpass we stood on looking west... What there was wasn’t music but music was there. Where it came from was nowhere, we heard it nonetheless, not hearing it before put us there... So we thought but wrongly thought, wrong to have thought we could. There we stood atop the world looking out at the world. L.A. it now was we were in...

Inside each car someone bore the world away, each a fleeting guest whose going we lamented, kin we could’ve sworn we saw... It was a bridge over the river of souls
we were on. Lower than we thought
we stood we stood looking, eyes
all but shut by glare... It was
a river never stepped into less
than twice. A river of light, it
was
a river of lies we were told, the
biggest we’d outrun river’s end...
Where we stood was a ledge beneath
in-between feet. Elegiac traffic
ran
endlessly away. Our one resort, it
said,
was a lie... A glittering rung it was
we took it we stood on, strung light
filled with grit lit by sunset, soon
to be remembered rush. It was twilight,
the
river was headlights and taillights,
flowing both ways
at once

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Head of echoic welter. Head I was
hit upside. Curlicue accosting my
neck, ears bitten by flues, fluted
wind, Stra hest... Head I was hit
upside, a glancing blow. Whirligig
and woe
more than any one head imagined. Not
that I saw much but that a glance was
enough, one glimpse all it took...
Head I was hit upside. Curlicue wind
grew, filled with rasp and chatter, all
unquiet, back and to the sides and
front. I stood on the overpass
gazing out as did the rest. A caravan
of
cars, busses, trucks went by below.
A congeries of trucks, busses, cars
bemoaned Anuncia, her name now
Nunca,
borne away inside each one...
Head I was hit upside... Branch I stood
held up on... Ledge, putative loquat
limb, east of La Brea... Branch I
was
hung up on... The bending of boughs
was a blending of eyelessness and
light, mending, my head was a host,
B’Hest its visitor, lost in desert
nearness otherwise won. Blinded by
the glint of the sun, her glimpsed
eye-tooth, the bending a being flutelike,
pitted,
pathic. put upon... Head I was hit
upside, late Lone Coast reconnoiter’s
behest, distance’s insinuative
light...
Swept and up to one side, hum inside my
head’s acceleration, breath blown on
transverse flutes the floor I stood on,
steadied
me it seemed or so I dreamt... B’Hest had
me sit, sat me down on the sidewalk, sad
come to it so
soon
B'Hest had hold of us, no escape. Not moved if not by reread meaning, moved, music now, we saw, beside the point... Late awakening, late arrival by hooklight. Late feeling I fell back on. A bit of blood was in the wind, rugs burnt

Persian red, ash in the air again

Wife dead, daughter’s father’s hand bloody, not to be called husband we saw... Abruptly back from thirty years’ distance, glimpsed ember gone out again on.

Something we saw we didn’t see we saw, B’Hest held it, love’s late recension we saw... Reminiscent autumn, reminiscent fruit. Anuncia’s proffered loquat, mouth an hermetic pout, Anuncia’s mouth perfect,

pillow-talk
sweet
Spark might've been ash that
spoke or might’ve been spooked, a
mango seed the size of an open
mouth

in the middle of the street,
seed I saw sitting curbside
covered with dust and soot,
run

over how many times who could
say...

As if no longer on the overpass
now, as if on the freeway, ran
from a runaway B’Us but it ran
with me, a worm in the beak
of the bird in the singer’s
throat,
Wemba’s birdlilt waver not yet
there though it would someday
be. Something we heard it
all but seemed we saw… Something
we’d soon be bereft of, B’Hest held

it

as well, the imprint of crevice
and curve the admission of cloth
that we wore nothing underneath.
The admission of cloth’s inexhaustible
draw, spark long since dispensed
with

ignited, rough, incendiary husk… A
thin

crease cut the wind, a cyst of
emptiness, a mouth, a wrinkle
witnessing what it remained to
be
seen. Thin impression of bones the
admission of cloth that we were
bodies underneath, stirring up upon
as

if by
salt
Sat elbows-to-knees on the sidewalk,
sooted mango seed an opening, mouth
a quick wind blew thru, blent
  excursus
reading more than one way. Lure had
to do with it, lurk had a say as
well, eye looked in thru and with
as well blacked, glow gone beyond
  where
one could see... Blent auspices,
mixed emanation. Sirening fonio, helical
whir. An underlay seeded, seen, silhouette,
  outline of legs under Anuncia’s
  light
dress, light’s late carnal display...
  Had lain how long, been run over how
many times, couldn’t say. Lurk had to
do with it, Lone Coast reconnoiter,
jackknife-splay silhouette a gloved
  hand
to the face, caress gone awry, Udhrile
  embrace...
  Who when loving die came back amended or
  were killed, not-to-be-called-husband’s
  hands
in cuffs
Udhrite arrest echoed Udhrite embrace but nothing stopped. The river of souls rolled on and was us and we stood watching. Legs looked at
from afar stirred up dust... The admission of cloth we were bones underneath went on repeating, see-thru boon, x-ray bounty,
peepshow sun... Later motes took the place of stars, heads we were hit upside turned inside out, outside farther out... Stood or before we knew it were standing, a First and Future Church of the Mango Seed’s late birth, stood, suddenly standing,
nothing stopped