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Abstract
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Asked his name, he said,
"Stra, short for Stranger."
Sang it. Semisaid, semisung.
"Stronjer?" I asked, semisang,
half in jest. "Stronger,"
he
whatsaid back. Knotted
highness, loquat highness,
rope turned inward, tugged.
Told he’d someday ascend,
he ascended, weather known as
Whatsaid Rung... Climb was
all anyone was, he went

want rode our limbs like
soul, he insisted, Nut’s
unremitting lift...
Pocketed
rock’s millenarian pillow...

Low
throne we lay seated on,
acceded to of late, song of
setting out rescinded, to
the bone was what measure
there was. To the bone meant
birdlike, hollow. Emptiness
kept us
afloat. What we read said
there’d been a shipwreck. We
survived it, adrift at sea...
An awkward spin it all got,
odd
aggregate. Occupied. Some
said possessed... Buoyed
by lack, we floated boatlike,
birdlike, bones emptied out
inside.

We whose bodies, we read, would be
sounded, We lay on our backs’
low-toned insinuance tapped,
siphoned into what of what aroused us arrested us, tested us more than we could bear...

Loquat highness's goat-headed look's unlikely lure... Lore made of less-than, more than he'd admit, muse made of wished-it-so... Ubiquitous whiff had hold of our noses, nostrils flared wide as the sky. Gibbering yes, that must have been how it was, what there was at all a bit of glimpsed inwardness, buffeted cloth, bones in black light underneath... To the bone meant to the limit, at a loss even so, eyes, ears, nostrils, mouths holes in our heads a stray breeze made flutes of, rungs what before had been water, bamboo atop Abakwa drum... An acerbic wine dried my tongue, my top lip quivered. "Perdido...," I sang, offkey.

So to lament beforehand what would happen... Rope what would before have been breath
What said sip they lit Eleusis
with it seemed. Barley mold
made them wince... Heartrending
sky, held breath held high
as a cloud,
Hoof-to-the-Head knocked hard,
no bolt from on high but their
lips' convergence came close,

ruing the movement of ships...
The sunken ship they at times
took it they were on no sooner sank
than sailed again. Failed or
soon-to-fail form, sisyphean
rock,
rough, andoumboulouous roll.

Maria

Serpent

wave, serpent wing, hoisted rag
snapped at by wind. Flag she
saw he lay bound up in, insisting
they'd meet again. Lag anthem
suffused every corner, music

more

the he she saw, we the escaping
they, calling out names no where
we'd

arrive would answer to, nowhere the

louder

we'd shout
Dark wintry room they lay shivering in...

Late would-be beach they lay under the sun on...

Sarod strings dispatching the fog from Lone Coast, fallaway shore they lay washed up on...

Their lank bodies' proffered sancta begun to be let go, Steal-Away Ridge loomed larger than life. Extended or extinguished it, no one could say which, the soon-to-be saints arrayed in rows at cliff's edge, our motley band uncomfortably among them. A school of sorrow seeking sorrow's emollient, albeit seeking may've meant something more, older than seeking, remote coming-to, barely known, of a piece, beginning they broke taking hold