

Frick Fro (3)

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Des rythmes et images de jazz et de blues évoquant une sensualité déconcertante et dépeignant le tableau d'une nuit intoxicante qui frémit en rencontrant la mort-dans-la-vie du jour. Plaisir et dépense donne leur place à la certitude dépossédante de la responsabilité fiscale, des fonds de retraite et des bonds municipaux. De cette contradiction émerge le sujet collectif de ce poème, oint et dansant.

smell the sweat & suede of the tapdaddies swilling
skidrow gin & bitter lime, and tonk-THAT-muthafucka
in praise of liver & onions served on cracked blue plates
by two-toned beauties who hail from those lost kingdoms
south of the Mason-Dixon line on this night approaching
like armageddon in a half-pint

hit that ill-lit pipe offering up delusions of
fiscal responsibility and shudder as dawn
kisses the drawn lids of eyes too heavily entranced
to be shocked at the machetes amputating extremities
ambitiously running rivers of patriotic blood

ooooo. come again

as the sluggishness of a spent desire subsides
like the revolt of vexed government employees unqualified
to do much more than stamp-and-pass or hiss-and-piss
while wallowing in the certainty of retirement funds
and municipal bonds as they contaminate the air with "no"
(brooding superstitious posers doing the bellyflop
in praise of the death zone they enter)

that we soothspillers may

rise from the homicidal funk

annointed in bullfat & hemp oil

word-warriors snake dancing in the drum