Weightless Words

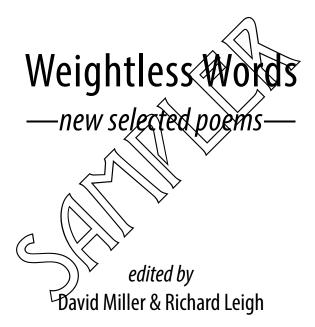


Also by Alfred Celestine

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Alfred Celestine



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A previous edition of this book under the title Weightless Words selected poems [sic] was released in 2017. The discumstances behind this new edition and the slight change in title may be found in the Notes section at the back of this book.

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Confessions of Nat Turner





Preface

It is winter.

The house on Crow Street is empty.

It smells of death.

It is stuffed with incident.

A child in rags

Descends like a hawk suddenly.

An old woman,

Her legs bowed, strips the remains.

It is raining.

She collects useless items, she

Remembers joy,

Remembers how he ate hard bread.

The sun falls down

Without grace: and someone alse rems.

This house, this death.

Father
Those unwashed
Do not participate
Between reality and its
Report.

2

We can
Do without him.
Our heritage is not
Obscure texts.
Our humour is not
Vulgate.

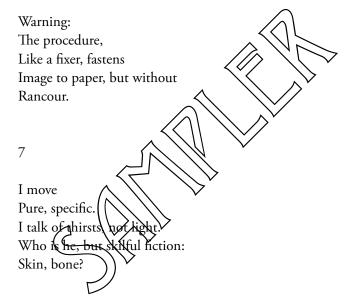
3
Facts like
Locks without keys
Remain unopened
There are other rooms, other myths
Waiting.

4

Statement:
I hunt the stump.
I question its body.
I feel disgust. The river soaks
Its roots.

The tribe Of Word gathers A few steps away. Blood Introduces Poem and falls Asleep.

6



8

The earth Alone mirrors Vulgar crow who evokes This image: bonds confess, bonds sing Our blues. Dark man Pulls energy From air like a wireless. He transmits: primitive. My feet Shut up.

10

The soul
Has its sandbars.
These days, when I stand still,
Not part of the stream, I remain
Human.

Midday.
The sky is clear.
The sassafrass tree sleeps
Without shame. Sometimes I can feel
Almost.

12

A crow,
Dying of thirst,
Wanders from field to field,
Reminiscing about its past,
Its droughts.

Jacob strums
It's doing what must be done
And keeping up appearances
To become a part of what is.

The stars are hysterical with green omens. The wide water parts, and he slips Further and further down into perfection

Because song is naked, and terror Because it's organic, because it's rooted Spreads deep into our bowels and canno

It does not have a name this ture.
We have nothing to cleanse our wound

When a string breaks with its own song.

He sees pilgrims hornific puritars, Lost, like a crow tring beyond its field.

Doubt sleeps in the mouth of rivers.
It has the colour of mustard greens.
It has, of course, two sides;
They sway within us like complaint.

Who wants to translate suffering, and who Weeps for your old juju man now?

Here among hot ash each generation Like smoke searching for its gone fire Rises to tell us what we want. The narrow gate closed.

The yard filled with enraged masters.

Dead Eye harboured horizons. His face loomed in the half-moon.

There were rumours of owls. There were pockets of blood.

Red cauldron of ignorance boils Over with screams.

The crowd was like small white teeth. Standing there

Digesting their own sins,

They spoke of refusals,
The necessity of remaining pure

The flame grew hungry; the rope bit Savagely into Dead Exes writes.

Hundreds of things connected them. Fear divided.

The past was a bull's eye: The beginning, the end.

They heard something approach and stop. The tar smiled; the feathers snickered.

Dead Eye stood still.

He cut from each defeat a thread.

He emerged A black phoenix

Intoxicated, sinister.

15

Water is the element of black bull:

Half-beast, half-man.

It was trapped in a wet labyrinth. Its mother opposed the past.

Shrieks, prophecy.

Fallen, it escaped sorded fables Her body rented in two sphere

It pulled broken plough for years. My name,

Its babel, earth

Me: half-literate and ferocious

Hibernated.7

The cold fire of this page considered

Ash, its coherent

Message failed to convince us

And rekindled doubt.

Roots clutched blind routines, halved my limbs And lay grinning.