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Lure

by Stephon Senegal

Moat. Cavernous, pensive. A fissure. Still. Muddled. This is the pursuit of absolution. It beacons because you asked. Mitigating. Ignoring their cries. Their tears make you seethe. Sinking teeth into brutality forever. Its burden stains. Undissipated with the vanquished. The moat must eat. The sum of killing. Genocide is not a conclusion. But a beginning. I stand in awe of its glory. The trench that is freedom. Its cost. The hero. For one day. If only for one. To be remembered. Even if for only one. Brother. A son. A daughter. A woman. To risk his all to become. Hero. A burdensome trope. Torn asunder. A yoke meant for. Revolution.

In solidarity. In its depth. I sought retributions path. Hidden in these flowers of prose are decision. Calculations from a trauma forgotten and present. Not the Christmas kind. But baked. Melded sugar and the whitest flour. Blended in the heat of midday. The pasture. Americanas oven. Sopping up its juicy center. Tearing away its flaky crust. Berry slop and whipped shit. Peering, studying its trickle. Chopper city.

Heavy. Walking. The pain of possibility. Brown ones. Tempting the blade. And yet for you. Something less. The indigenous of the Tortuga. Its Island. To claim a measure of all who came. Captive and vanquisher. Thoroughbred. Trojan. Bred in dusks defilement. Awakened by dawns gunfire. No illusion of equivalency. This is war. Bigger guns not biceps. The natives of Amerrique were not beaten on the field. Neither were the Fon. A tarnished shine. This aside. Let us indulge the field.

“I’ll never join you!” The white boy screamed. Darth Vader paused. Played by James. A king. No need to scream. Keeping up had taken its toll. The Black King heard him and responded “If you only knew the power of the Dark Side. Obi-Wan never told you what happened to your father” The power of the Dark Side. Lost in his pursuit of the Joneses. He had mislaid his footing. Repelled by a power misplaced. Unaware. Blackness. It was already a part of him. But he was aware enough. He knew that his manhood could not overcome. Oh the weight of the Blackened. A tireless heritage. Our women. The stain of greatness fret no bleach. One drop. Fraudulent figments. Imagined. Give me the loot. They took and raped. And yet, the potency remains. “He told me enough! He told me you killed him!” Alas the seal of belief. Broken. We did not walk the plank little white boy. Our drip is that sheik. Your father lives. Malian, Fulani, Oromo, Berber, or Nubian; “I am your father.”

Sought. Seduced. Their women come for us. Even if. Only a body. It is enough. A night or two. Killa Kush. She whispered. Its power is no illusion. Our currency is in the sauce. This shit is not make believe. Your womb. Consumed. Darken by the force. Slippery. Wet roads tell their own story. To be precise. To quote a hood sage. It be your own folk. Even.

Thulsa Doom. The face behind Vaders mask. Mister Jones. Father and villain. The premise of white patriarchy is separation and degradation of the father. Oh original. They run far. Alas the globe no flat. A tradition sealed. Favor the son’s ascension. A supposed annex of manliness. Tom was the fool. To remember their father and their fathers father. An interesting conundrum. And so he spoke, hidden in their brittleness, was a riddle. Hidden even. Within his pen. Spoken. The power of the dark side or the Black side. Shown. “The secret of steel has always carried with it a mystery. You must learn its riddle, Conan. You must learn its discipline. For no one — no one in this world can you trust. Not men, not women, not beasts.” Pointing to the sword, its unmistakable discipline, its reality, he continued “This you can trust.” Steel does not lie and yet it lies still. The pale father hid a lie in his litmus. Lit with a spark. Wieldable and yet it is and was nothing without, “Yes. You know what it is, don’t you boy? Shall I tell you? It’s the least I can do. Steel isn’t strong, boy, flesh is stronger!...” Ah and it comes. “What is steel compared to the hand that wields it? Look at the strength in your body, the desire in your heart, I gave you this!” A demo. Let me not deny you truth. A dark one. Darker than the river Nile amidst its longest night. A word more or two before the reveal. “Come to me my child”. And she dove. Not for flight. But for the sake of belief. She came. From the cliff to whatever her father so asked. Her darkened and Black progenitor. For him there is nothing she would not do. Whether feeble nimbleness. Lukewarm. Oh Conan. Wielder of iron or the paper lies of a street with walls. His father is, as hers will always be. African.