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Song of the Andoumboulou: 33

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So bumpy a ride it was
we soon wanted out. We
were in Bahrain. “Marr
walaal salaam,” we heard. “They
went by but didn’t
say salaam,” someone
said it meant, jook
song
sung to oud accompaniment,
what they the singer chided
chided him back...
Parsed out a retort, part
praise, part taunt, a
beginner again. “‘Larger
what’s
lost to you,’ they said,”
he sang.

“Yesterday I stayed awake.”
What-said meeting, met with
one who spoke of wisdom
as a hit, heft having much to
do with it, hers whom he
called
Anuncia, earlier having
called her N’ahtt...

A cross
adorned her chest he’d been
told. Envied it its address
of her cleavage, cleft he’d
have pressed his face to
been able, rapt, irreligious, had he
no jihad ...

The we they'd have been, dreamt

remnant it became, what
we saw was all hearsay it
seemed. Theirs the eventual
audience's, not only his,
hers ...

Audible wish to be seen. Taken
eye turned on itself ...

"Answered in kind, sighs alone would have
cracked our ribs," he heard her
whisper, words he'd have
whispered in turn had his
tongue not stuck ...

Their
crux, cornerstone. Stood
as again she went by
without speaking,
sang,
"Went by without speaking," out

of reach

Only what of it he could
put into words could he
rescind. Is remained is,
implacable. Tree was
what its
name would be, only were
wood water, he her self-described

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apostle, hand cupping an abstract
breast, wanting the
world . . .

Ran to no end but to've
drifted somewhere distant,
horse whose being ridden rode
them both . . . Bedded
down
in a burnt-out house,
wicks lit
to Ogun. Each a cracked
egg, coaxed air, low-pitched
ignition, hit by their
below-the-belt abruptness,
won
by their below-the-waist
allure . . . Said of that world,
about
to leave it, so much less than
we'd been led to expect.
To've thought at all,
thought of it as legged,
what where there was reached
only
in thought, what reach remonstrant,
strode as though lit within amber,
andoumboulouous legs, fossilized
light . . .

So that the dreamthing we heard spoke
thru more than one mouth.

The
Soon-Come Congress of Souls
was now in session. Hafez
blew a chicken-bone clarinet
he'd
brought back from Iran . . . Dreamt
writ calibrated our eclipse,
what-said we. It was an out
sound we echoed, broken branch
we
reckoned by

Stra Hajj the path we took, roust
what got us there. We who were the
we they'd have been, dreamt
concupiscence, the Soon-Come Congress
no sooner there than
gone . . .
Parts pulled apart, wandered,
Stra Palace the place they knew
next . . An asthmatic wind infused
what floor lay under them.
Nay
was what their name would be,
Zra's
raw-throated flute . . . Words
don't go there, they said,
no sooner said than they were
there, albeit there defied location . . .
City they'd been told they'd someday
get to,
eventual city known as By-and-By . . .
That there was a war going
on they'd forgotten,
“Blues
for the Fallen” on the box
notwithstanding, rapt,
remnant
heat the one flame
they saw
Another he, no longer the same
though related. She, of whom
the same could be said . . .

An asthmatic
wind underneath it all, Hoarse
Chorus, they who were the would-be
we she projected, hand so abruptly
out from under her dress, her
sniffed finger's lewd
report . . .

Lifted a finger she'd stroke
herself with up to
just above his upper lip,
whispered,
"Smell it," that this would
come back to him again and
again come back to him,
more
than he could make any sense
of, abrupt
move the abrasive nay so
insisted on, seemed it
so insisted on, only,
even
so
And so told us how far it was
though we thought it,
return
to Stra Palace, Jah Hajj.

Madame
Zzaj the name she now took
to be done with naming,
names
no longer slide might such be
so . . .
A sudden rain, so we ducked
under leaves. Wood became shed,
meaning

Tree. Trunk, unembraceable,
beckoned,
wide girth we'd have given the
world to've been one with, run
with, roots

above ground
Stra Hajj was behind us now.
It seemed it was a train we
were on, church we were
   in,
stuck voices all but
tugged us down . . .
Plucked strings made the
floorboards buckle, tenuous
   hold on
what we had more tenuous.

Hoarse
Chorus the congress of souls
we exacted,  soul serenade,
   what-said
surmount . . .
So that the he
we heard sing stayed
   with us, haunted
us, allowed us to move
   like music,
   but in
boxcars, hobos it
   seemed