



















We know: the magician's duty is to wake those who have fallen into zombied sleep. Papa, our shadows are not slaves, but captives of a dissolvable fear.

Together, we will caution them. *Liberation is not easy.* Listen, as I incant the new order:

***(D-major incantation)***

Rain: rinse chalk residues from this cracked cement,  
erode these crooked outlines of niggas hopped on scotch

Bubbles of little girl laughter will crescendo,  
drowning the low lust gravelling grown tenors,

Men: your hands will fold between shoulder blades  
instead of feathering  
down

Your mouths will teach us to whisper psalms  
into our clasped palms with you  
with you

Kneeling, you will witness  
us baptize ourselves magicians  
angels of absolution  
offering ourselves stillness

liberation from those who  
have found new habits for their hands

***Exit***


***Papa (morendo)***

My Dear, I feel so...  
sorry for you.

Soooo...  
what?

Soooooo  
What...

*Papa*

 The curse of brilliance is knowing | the answers to your philosophies hide | in the webbed space beneath your tongue |

Sleepwalkers chase lies that slip down easy | we welcome the lull |

*(diminuendo)*

These memories are salt dissolving |


I walked through the door | Yes, she was there | on her knees | at her mother's feet | Blue weaving into green across her bare arms |

She surveyed her sleeping mother's face | Her eyes calculated me | I saw her count how many steps | to the nearest door | How to gracefully navigate my drunk musk | without calling it to my attention |

She was so awake | saw me and flickered dim | a sacrifice | She was the color of pineapple husk | a more sophisticated me |

If there is any guilt | it was wanting | to wrap my hands around | all the possibilities | that were supposed to be mine |

*(Modulate - D minor - calmando)*

 That was Othello's problem | He wanted to drown in Desdemona's light | His didn't | set the rhythms |

He does not compose himself | the way I do |

At worst | I stole a moment to gift her instrument | a melody to yowl electric | Without the indigo burn | we are purposeless | a mundane elevator ditty |

She is crackling lightning | a symphony pacing a voodoo downbeat |

She is from me | poplar trees that do not snap | no matter how hard we swing |

That was the Moor's mistake— | he wanted to hold light | and didn't think far enough | down the page | to create a daughter