

islands [a cobra in the cockpit]

my mother drinks tea from the kettle
places the bag just before boiling
the two of us volcanic islands
both our insides are molten lava

tonight I heard news of the pilot
who landed the plane through the panic
he'd found a cobra in the cockpit
my mother drinks tea from the kettle

me están comiendo vivo!
I'm hungriest when being eaten
(mosquitoes amoeba and headlines)
my only regret is the sunrise
tonight I heard news of the pilot

my family's a fucking sonnet
a buttoned-up crowning of voltas
I languish in anguish (my language?)
I'm hungriest when being eaten

citation: M. NourbeSe Philip

credit: Mak and Sim's conversation
it's hard to not hide from one's haunting
if I'd been allowed to the party
my trick would have been to hold silence
my family's a fucking sonnet

the darkness is where we find comfort
(or soucouyants, jumbies and duppies)
I'll scour the doorways for keyholes
it's hard not to hide from the taunting

no te pierdas La Ciguapa!

but Amy's deleted the picture!
I'm rearing my head for the answer
but less set for asking the question
my trick is to hole and to hunger
the darkness is where I find comfort

a spider is sharing my bathtub
he's winding his web round my cockpit
I've landed in these troubled waters
I'm rearing my head for the answers.