

## ghatghat

### “Quadrant arranged to instigate chh”

I.

A small list of catastrophes:

1923 on the whitemarble steps of U.S. vs. Bhagat Singh Thind  
 in the green bags and reservoirs of Bhopal 1988,  
 watching the lampshade vibrate to the Disco-‘82 bassline and meanwhile the interethnic  
 genocides in the aftermath of colonial disintegrations and chagrin.  
 the only good thing to come out of 1972 was that Angela Davis  
 was found not guilty of murder.  
 Tiananmen Stonewall, ‘92, it’s an earthquake and an uprising, take the xenic route—

extra foreign non-governmental nationalists  
 edge out the  
 Bolly-Kolly queers  
     with a brick,  
 a tree stump behind which acid ambushes  
 are prepared—

Where were you as a bodythought, as hair shorn and left in a heap?

I ask because I want to know where you see yourself in five years, and, well,  
 the activity of a bus-groping acid-slinger is not unlike the activity of a good customer.

In school are they teaching you how to be a flexible human or a more maleable plastic?  
 In English? How is your intake? Travel history?

(here the implied prophets provide a sample set)

*Q: The HR department seems  
 to be working for your move  
 toward internal reverence.*

*A: Well, I bought the vaccination.*

*Q: Lay it out for me, O kid – set the frame  
 —or, how  
 do you get involved  
 in things like that –  
 who introduced you,  
 what are your influences,  
 besides betamine, I mean?*

*A: The goo that sits in immortal filmic box; whereas  
 body that screams is immaterial soon. I guess if you’re never down  
 to practice, your morphing will be too slow to out-pace the violence.*



II.

The last brown-kid-head in America to be collected was \_\_\_\_\_  
 ?? do you know ??

And the young new carpet baggers rolled up their purposes  
 with mustaches and platonic sacrifices, making fearsome  
 messengers of themselves, booking it to the nearest Goodwill™  
 to get on the rosters as gracious donors.

To quote the lavatories,  
 “You’re hired!”

It was *here*, at one of these  
 where I saw the writing on the wall  
 and picked up the shoes,  
 and picked up the bag, woven from polyester  
 though with a genuine leather handle  
 and a wispy cursive branding

*Verdi*

an expensive day to travel through the air  
 (even cash-free) by way of the boatmxn’s pole  
 where the boatmxn, taps against the water  
 with fists, and an inlet boy watches tourists float by  
 like the shiny trash wads thrown off uptown bridges—  
 both inlet boy and the boatmxn become oars, axes, about which  
 tides spin water, water, water.

The voyage out past my fingernails.

Can you recognize shades, when the next body  
 will slip downstream and wash away  
 like a glowing buoy to the ocean we see on TV?

I’m in the store, and I’m hovering over the riverbank where my sister  
 in a red sports top stares resolutely left,  
 roasting a cache of small fish:

No surprise, Black Kali is out walking.  
 She will be there, witnessing, she will devour your cannibalism.

