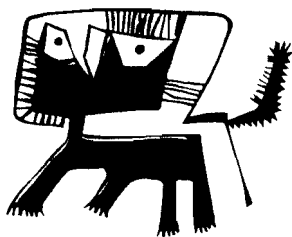


RELUCTANT FLAME

By

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PAN AFRICAN POCKET POETS VOL. I

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COVER DESIGN: GEORGINA BEIER

ms. 12 17-33
Cold bloodless masks stare me, not for my colour
But for my empty wealth house and passion logic.
I dream to see people, they give me leafless rootless logs
The logs are trimmed, they shine in their trimness
Look how orderedly fat and silent they float this earth
With their guns, their airplanes, their cyclone wheels and their bishops
And all this like a snake's shining eye, they fix straight my looking
So, quickly I say 'this is for me, my food, my soul and my spirits
Masta masta give me more, I will pray, I will obey, yes masta truly!'

I say aa-aa-aa- sah sah sah- aah yessaah
To the logs captive stares believing this for my good
They have no legs, they slither greasily like snakes
Their thunderous motion blinds my looking face
I do not see the cold seed making roots in my heart
The seed grows, it spreads inside me and I cannot see it
Watered by the mountain fog that covers the deathly silence of the logs
But somewhere in my vein my small blood drop begins to volcano cry
For down wind to blow away the fog, to make my vision clear
To see these logs truthfully moving
Have no giving roots to intercourse the humus of humanity
No leaves to quiver the living joy in the timeless wind
For their motion is timed and their wind is time.

Yet why, why, why? Why are the wooden faces so real? Why?
I look back and see my vagueness dreaming in the setting twilight
I look to the right I see fixed grins and armed teeth
I look to the left I see arming teeth fixing its grins
The faces all pale and wooden coaxing and commanding me to laugh
I open my face and laugh like a politician
But this laugh makes night inside me and under its cover
The cold pole seed hatefully grows and spreads

It climbs to my brain I stop feeling and begin to believe
It moulds my face I laugh to the outsider's pricking
It fills my arm veins I drop the bush knife for the pen
It paralyzes my eye-balls to kill their sweeping sight
It captures my soul for the ransom of amen
It clamps my balls and I painfully shout out for a white vagina
It crawls over my skin and in shame I moist shirt and trousers
I hate myself and my black lover to forcedly love my hater
The cold seed thrives on my destruction.

YUELA OL FREND'S NA WANTOKS
YUMI LUKLUK INSAIT NAU LONG YUMI YET !!!

This is the white cradle, this is the white pool
This is the white ocean chasm in which we float steerless and captured
Black destination with villages of joyful living seems impossible
Made unreal and distant by the thick white fog
The fog blankets over, it pierces-- no black density withstands the flood
I tremble in fear, the cold westerly chills my flesh and bones
Memory of past warmth swims in my heart like stones
What is this chill, where is that flame to warm and melt me ?

The chill is killing the flame, it is everywhere
Chill you're a bastard, I hate you as a panther hates a motherfucker
Every turn of my head sees your tentacles strangling innocent kanakas
You have trampled the whole world over
Here your boot is on our necks, your spear into our intestines
Your history and your size makes me cry violently for air to breathe

Where is that flame!!! Where has it gone !!!
The acid in my heart kicks me with volcanic tremors
My veins, my arteries, they bulge with swelling resentment
I tremble in frenzy to smash open
To let the acid, the fire and the boulder in my throat

Spew outwards into every direction of havoc cyclone and thunder!
Yet the chill wraps me paternally
Till the inner vomit and rotten boilings appear
Like gentle swellings of canvas sail pregnant with caressing breeze
This is the vision that fills my fixed eyes.

I must believe the outward form of this chilling canvas
By this I hide from the distressing truth like the midday sun hiding
its day

The pain of castration and splitting-two falsely fade
When I hazily wink my attention on my form from the outside eye
And like a masochistic martyr turning to the grace of christ
I accept pain for pleasure and call my vomit my 'good character'
The white fog and all that it devours
Describes and prescribes me with a three-one criterion
SHIT, VOMIT and PROFIT.....

but, but, but in its greedy ignorance
the fog will not see that.....

Deep in my core that small blood droplet pulses lonely and faint
Each day the weighty cover shrieks arrogantly
Vowing to crush and smother the tiny flame within that pulse
I know the threat, my fear piss is streaming down my legs
I will call my ancestors and all the spirits of my grounds and waters
They will throw their magic over my body
I will stop pissing my leg and cup my palms around my precious flame
My shoulders will stoop under the chilling weight
My back bone will groan and break its suppleness
But my ancestor companions will not loosen my sinews around the flame

Green mountains will boast their size and their foreverness
A passing eye will sing their permanency and solidness
But inside each mountain lies a tiny flame cradled and weighted by
above

People will live, people will die
But the tiny flame will grow its arms and legs very slowly

Until one day its volcanic pulse will tear the green mountain apart
 To allow pentup blood flow and congested vomit spit freely
 Tiny flame of my pulse, you are silent, you are patient
 My hands and my aching body will nurse you against the venomous enemy
 You will grow, you and I will soon be free to grow our love

Stretch your ear to ground and listen to the distant stirrings
 Napalm cannot burn out the flames the guerrillas now open
 The green chilly mountain is staggering to burst apart
 The tiny flame within its own fence is burning into the icy centres
 Look how the flame came from the ghettos
 The flame kept down by chain and hunger
 Once reluctant now creeps obviously into the pale coldness
 Chubby Checker gave Elvis the twisting flame to throw
 Ray Charles gave the Beatles the explosive pulse to shake the total
stiffness
 That children tempered by this flame will scorch and burn their elders
 Listen carefully, this is but one arm of the reluctant flame
 Burning and melting the icy bloodless body

My flame take your fuel from these brother flames
 Let not the oceans drown your linking pipe
 You will grow, you will grow, you will grow like a boil on pale skins
 Maybe your vibrant lava will flow to burn anew the world
 When Johannesburg and New York is in flames
 and the black vomit will fertilize this barren soil
 But today your eyes are dimmed and in your enemy you see your friend
 My lover, my me, we will not follow the cold pale reach for the moon
 Our ancestors and our spirits sleep on this earth
 Let the lunatics meet on the lunacy, we will use the soil to grow our
brotherly flame
 Our reluctant dream flame is burning disconnected like a bush fire
 But one day, one day one day.....

Is this the dream of an unborn child - a madman imprisoned?

No! No! No!

The foetus is already a man; the madman is judgement for his
imprisoners

My body has no time for God and the miracles

My poison is your bitter booting and clapping shut my mouth

The voice that will shoot from my stomach

Will be the death axe to smash the ice of my imprisoners

It will not come from heaven nor from the green mountain

It IS the unseen vibrant rhythm from my pulse deep down down inside

Crying violently for me to open my eyes and the time.

For to wait a thousand years is too wait too long.

Reluctant flame you have lifted your skirt to my eyes

I come up truly for your wavy rhythms to burn

But how can you and I make live love

Your flesh and mine shivering to make one soul

To know the burning frenzy of our flesh tremble in unison

As we passionately dig into reality the living shape of love-body-soul?

Yes how! How? How? How can we live the shaping of this love

When the cold seed creeps silently in the cover of the fog

To make our love limbs cold and our souls sensualess?

How? How? How? How can a dying soul make love, yes how?

Where is that flame to thaw out my freezing deadness? Where?

I must open my mouth in search of air!

Cry my soul body, cry violently

For your unseen enemy has the poisoned knife to my throat!

Black faces staring mutely by the dusty bus stops

Our envy hateful hearts crying tears to see them speed past in arrogance

Black shoulder bleeding from the copra bags

Our silent spear strikes inside to see the fortnight scraps

Black angelic voices singing the strange alleluia

Our soul damning itself to feel the memory of sensual dance and song
Black bodies madly snuffing off white long stockings shirt and trousers
Our laugh spirits cries to wear fully the colours we know
Black feet uniformed blue carry the terror of baton and tear gas
Our eyes hate one another, but somewhere we feel a strand of wantok
Black ears glued to the cheap transistors
Our we yearns to make music instead of feeding senselessly on noise
Black stooges yessarring whitishly to make paper our destiny
Our revolting will be turned against our selves traitors
Black muffled servants clamouring shamelessly for black cars stigma
Our aspirations will forever lie lost in the mess of paper status
FUCK OFF, WHITE BASTARDRY, FUCK OFF !
your weighty impotence has
its needle into
me!

Please, my black woman, please do not weep your hate against us
You are not satisfied, please my love do not cry
See my tears of shame and anger, please my you, do not cry
Impossible for me to say sorry without seeing my lies
Please, my black flame say for me what you see
Lovers with cold arms, legs, hips, skins and souls
Must weep their tight vaginas and slack penises
My black woman please do not cry helplessly
Look at my tears, I know our grave of rotting flesh
Crawling maggots rippling over one another
To suck the slimy fluid of our colding flesh
Please my lover my me do not cry your fear and hate
The thick fog closes our vision, yes
I cannot in honest clarity show us the way out of our grave
But take my hand and let our fingers make one flesh
Though we sink captured, I know a memory, I feel a small pulse
Inside, inside, where our eyes do not see there is a
Pulse !

Inside, inside, where our minds do not now recognize there is a living
Memory!
A flame alives from its ignition and its fuel.

I go past the Palm Tavern
Wantoks dancing one another to the drums
Big beautiful black shouting bursting open
Roofed by rusty scraps, children laughing, crying and fighting
They hit ukeleles, guitars and tins
Music is
People meeting, laughing at Koki
The wind tickling my hair on the back of passenger truck
My smile to you, we say no words, we know
I offer you one betel nut, they talk for us
Wantok we eat our rice and meat together

Firm beautiful black hands stoning police thugs
Proud feet kicking off the liar's cargo on high roads
Determined wills pulling out the devils claims
Voices slapping their faces to tell them 'white bastards'
Smashing the glossy window shows of the thief
To give the warn for flame next time

RELUCTANT FLAME OPEN YOUR VOLCANO
TAKE YOUR PULSE AND YOUR FUEL
BURN BURN BURN BURN BURN
LET YOUR FLAMES VIBRATE THEIR DRUMS
BURN BURN BURN BURN BURN
BURN AWAY MY WEIGHTY ICE
BURN INTO MY HEART A DANCING FLAME