

Μετουκε

She one of them impossible
domestics shirtwaisted walking
out together dark mornings in the
evening come home pan-toting.

Her hand blew up inside blew up
the house inside where she work
to blow it up and somehow love

them while she be cleaning up

and scheming. Sewing seeds from

reading laying out with reeds her
hand blew up inside. In her air
she gave a migrant curve her hand
blew up inside. She harass the
sheets she fold by singing
hellhounds in the crease. This
was her air and hand.

The excluded
middle passion with a right to

philosophy sing hellhounds while
folding and grace to that boy's
winding sheet.

She the source of air that
rip where she did not come from.
She blur the air precisely through

a comb or string her hand blew up
inside and blurred prose. She bend
sheets and notes by folding and

rub strings with bottles. Sunday
morning in the corner juke and
brush the air her hand blew up
inside. She always be escaping
coming home at night with things
again and walking out again with
them real early. Her air black city
in her hand blew up inside. She
always be talking about Cedric
Robinson.

Fred Moten, from *Hughson's Tavern* (Leon Works, 2008)