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from Freakophone World

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FROM FREAKOPHONE WORLD

Madison McCartha

*

when let off my
leash

i wag my rancid
tail & jump

into your voice

you ready?

ready for battle?

then call the pigeon-swarm

to paint our blackest
tongue—

like a prom-queen
limousine under a mass

shitting

i only want

to become ink dotting the path

to rip

a little swamp-hole
we can breathe inside

so don't be a freak about it ok?

fissure-needle gold-injection

*

draw a zero

beneath this pyramid
of skulls

single pictorial gate

oceanbrine shoots out of

in your mouth

bite down
& i am yours—

spewing from your tongue

down your chin

into your little
offering

when you & the cliff the moon

repeating in its maroon-dye-loop

the book
open

i calcify

as a bone-chime-chorus

making my pneumatic
clicks

to tell you
we are alive

didn't you know?

a *griot* cannot die

even now
in the infraspook

a new body
accrues like—

ever seen
the squid-beak-build-up

of ambergris in the nasal
passage of a blue

demon?
like that

but with your regrets

one after the other—
each amulet

a bullet in the amber

like me

fetching the field-wren

rattling tin mug

shitting in the dark with the door open

red-rot blooming in

the irradiated soil

in the oak-bark-snatches of moonlight

in a palm

as extinct as

this shimmering black
tapestry of my looking—

each blond occlusion

written in the night's
syrup

in the sulfur trail

from where i am

to where i

die

tie a knot—

the vertebrae collapsing

such small surrenders

the way this glass breaks so you can eat

a bone breaks so you can breathe

a neck snaps so you can

fray

& i will have to start from dust

from fine black
threads

sewn through the lips
into a high-noon

plaza-with-its-one-drone

the sirens so quiet

i can finally smoke a cigarette in

the *feculence of the living &
the dead*

the stone

whole to see the ruin in

the formed thing—

to look to pieces

to keep shaking
to diffuse the light

*

if a sound

*

if i could

*

if you

*

if i just

*
if a pulse
*
if just a nibble
*
if i bite
*
if an itch
*
if you are here
*
if i smell you
*
if a black spot
*
if just a shape
*
if i fit
*
if a lung
*
if you're alone
*
if arrival
*
if December
*
if there was light
*
if people changed

look me in my big blind lidless eyes white as filth

& tell me i am found

MADISON MCCARTHA is a black poet whose work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Black Warrior Review*, *DREGINALD*, *Full-Stop*, *The Journal*, *jubilat*, *The Pinch*, and elsewhere. He has served as the Design Editor for *Cream City Review*, and became the Poetry Editor for *Storm Cellar*. Madison holds an MFA from the University of Notre Dame and is a 2018 Artist-In-Residence at *The Millay Colony for the Arts*.