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 infraspoook

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

dthis 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.