

Ventus

The poet is the detective and the detective a poet.

THOMAS MORE

in its sconce
 he had an ace dear ruth
 can a tale be told
 i held a sequence ever
 one of queens
 king tsub cbu
 i come from
 the north the land
 dales of mist frost
 of hoar dear ruth
 there is us &
 there is bone os
 a secret race under why does the
 writers lives of writ s shin bone shine so ruth
 & rent s cede
 the truth to the right
 to be sure this is but
 a tale an oration
 old as
 sin is
 new circe
 the crone lips
 a gape sings
 a
 did we decide tune
 it rains writ s

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piss
to the right
the truth
& sin to be sure
tears
rum
&
why are we here
&
we
dance
where are
*we act the part but ration
the facts*
dance
dance
i say
they sit
they lie
i
their pain
captain
wind
strum s
the air
he strums
the oud
the ship
our longing
our
lust
our
loss
all
that is
old
in this
new
age
the time
the
date of
sin
clara
that tune again
the air
it calms me
but
then
the
drum s
oh
the
drum s
they pray
all night
for
shout
death
lisa
lisa
ruth
if
dear
a tale
ora
ora
be
told

ora cold
 pray for me & heave men
 heave and
 pass
 the peas ignore
 the pleas
omi
omi
l eau
 water the clair
 the
 sound
 of the oud
 rouse s me
 the
 air is
 danger ous
 with
 drum
 sound
 i hear them
 words strange
 to my
 ear the *oba* smiles
 he has *owó*
 guineas
cedis too i have
 guinea negroes
 they
 shed
 tears
 for *ifá*
ósun
 &
ógún
efun for
 for
 ask for *èsú*
ame
 from
olú
 his eyes
 rage

would
 bring me death run mi
 to if he field from de
 could he man in de bat
 she died a tide cam fo dem mi
 on of red him fun fun
 up river where me ode
 we dare our mortality by the efun
 at desire dawn tail on the run
 if if if only
 was ifa yak yak
 yak yak
 yam pleas
 my
 own she
 negro the
 wonder
 of it
 a dower
 gift for
 you grain
 in the
 field sun
 overhead
 in your
 hair
 gold as
 corn first
act third scene
 circe argues with eve
 about eden on the eve
 of murder
 rome mourns
 her

misfortune

her

mort

her

p tit mort

turns

from

ruins

of forts

and

fortunes

to

found

a

city

on

death

on

murder circe

to eve

there is no

evidence of eden

writ in sand

lives rent

in eve eve

to circe

lives

i am

circe

the seer

sings a

tune a sad tune

with no no

tes moi

je am he

am she

am at last

omi water

l eau

l eau

il doge wears

a hat it is

red as is

his cape up

and

down up

and

down the wind

rose bail

bail & bail

water water the

wind

rose is wet

no

help *omi*

omi omi under

wind & up

wind we sail

with every

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wind create a cat s
the sea sing te
cradle on
deum s the bells
the bells ding ding
and dong over
the water done done
deed done died
done dead
there is fresh
fish no water
rush rush feet
guns run red
run dear lisa
dave ask s this
is but
an oration he
ask s that i
these words
write from his lips
come that i
though my hand
shapes why
are we here dear
clair i
write this
for
sam who
is
by
my
side
there was
ague on
board
pus
too dear eve
he longs
piet says
dear eva
the news davenport i fear
not good
today at ten
at
at four six & at
seven my hand
writes
we seal the deal the sale of
negroes
on board the
sail
slap slap in

the wind
 some come from the fens
 others from the dales
 and the far of
 africa i want off a
 hat of
 fur for you
 ruth shine the
 negroes for sale the wig
 w ogs the nig
 the tongs nogs get
 hot irons hot
 sing a sing son
 g of
 sin such
 a
 din
 such
 a ding
 ding dong
 sing
 he sang
 ba ba
 iya
 mma
 ma ma
 the
 raw
 sea some
 rush nothing but
 a raft my once queen
 now slave there be
 no free on
 board under
 writers tire
 of writs
 writ fine
 with sin

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the m lord
 questions we can
 sin within
 the law
 can law the
 law west
 then east
 then west east
 in of the hang
 rope there exists
 a span
 of pain
 such
 that
 the of
 poet the trope
 that is
 troy can
 not own
 but there is
 property i
 say in
 pope
 in in
 troy rome
 in in
 in negro
 guns
 bam bam
 our eyes
 the sea for
 bodie s for the law in ius in
 us in
 os in bone how
 many

*when did we
 decide
 hofi*

did you did
 i how many did we
 sir what no a
 say you queen once now
 my where to the crew too
 are we but bone men with
 souls seed to in the
 the ever us waits be
 story can not the
 told the *oba*
 sobs again *act*
scene m lord
 says the law is never
 wrong can never that i
 asks sin the negro write a
 write most un hopes to re
 common negro he gain africa na
 one day his he wants that
 me is *wale* they should wait rest where the sea
 is for him my eyes a line a lace cap
 with fur & red cape
 for my once
 & nonce queen my she
 negro make the mast

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teak men for
 flag nation the eyes hold the hands tie the feet
 king & pope seek the cut from eye to
 ran ear dear miss circe hans writes
 i ask for your hand peter
 piet writes to miss clara ted
 um to miss tara asif to
 & ned tom tim jon roy
 my crew mike & dave alf & jim
 mates all beer &
 a mob rum gin
 cider there was grin
 gin and and gin
 the globe grin round & round *a fortune in forts ahena*
 orb to we sail the sun s *adwoa & danger*
 we can only gain lead us if *fifi*
 the seer land circe the is
 pants
 waits
 tempts with oracles
 a trail of feet
 in the sand leads
 to the water a
 most un common negro *you*
take
write
pen you
to
 play *my sade* i on
 a ruse him

a trail of
 lies
 lead to
 the rage
 my truth tame
 dance
 dance
 i say *act*
scene my
 set
 part is
 bring me my
 cape my
 mask my past
 clap
 play
 clap i
 captain
 &
 king i
 pope
 play
 god
 but
 he s got the clap clap
 men clap too
 limp
 to
 tup her do
 you take
 this negro to be
 y our slave we
 make good
 time the wind
 is
 with us
 a se
 cret race
 we
 differ
 are
 mad
 or
 merely
 men
 without
 maps
 in an
 age
 where
 truth
 is rare
 and
 we
 dare
dem cam fo me
de man in de fez

his eyes
rage
adzo
ama
esi

not his eyes a
secret
race
with a taste
for the she
negro & port pus
& ague they
faint sam has a dose
of the clap too
and fine lace
for his & over
lady flip her over
board was
a red dawn
were drawn they
down
ward
ed for air
d
own do
wn dow
n down
water
drag s
against
the grain
no air
in vain
then they
were
ever
gone
divers pour
les *âmes*
nig *les* souls
nig
nag
nag
pleas
nog
air

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fresh
 air the *omi*
 water hag makes
 circe
 a ring stones in the sand
 of her o
 mens have no
 song or
 sound they sing
 of the
 pact pain
 of be
 tween cain & abel
 bet
 ween ma
 n &
 g od they
 sing they
 dance i miss the
 ruth city
 a pint *tro odu*
 of beer *me fo*
 you *omi se o ore*
 say ma
 rk them
 yes
 let s
 their eyes
 stare
 fine linen
 my lord
 you
 for her
 for bod y not
 for me

for her my
 nonce my
 once
 ruth the queen t
 in
 her eyes her
 circe
 waits lips
 make s hang
 fun
 of
 of eros
 us
 &
 ius makes
 pigs of
 us bail
 bail
 if
 you re able
 or abel
 dan
 and
 sam
 saw
 it
 we
 all saw it why does the *oba* sob
 all day
 it ran
 rain
 i
 long
 for man man
 y man
 negroes
 she
 negroes
 too

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for sale
fon
ewe
san
lua
 pla
 y man
 p
 lay
 it s
 an
 old
 tune
 strum
 it
 for me
 all
 day
 a
 tub
 of wa
 ter
 to
 share
 let us
 claire
 just
 just
 us
 us
 &
ius
 slip
 y our lips
 over these
 words
 an other man
 writes
 in the
 sack
 of the
 troy rage
 of men
 lives
 the
 poet

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writes

waits
 for
 the
 past
 to
 part
 for the
 red sea
 for
 nation
 the
 for *inter* the *paes*
 city
 of
 g with no od
 go d us spare
pater *mon*
père
 the ru truth
 air ro th cl
 se
 ev
 e e va
 cla ra sa
 ra
 co ry etc
 all
 wait
 & wait
 and
 wait
 for & wait a
 ship
 to
 bring
 their
 men
 them
 of
 scent *dem cam fo mi*

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cunt & ruth he
dove she
dove they
dove they *omi*
omi oh my go they *omi*
d were go ne
the groes ne
ever claire
the dove cote
where the doves
the nest
row
row slaves
save the
boat the
slaves pig
got got got in nig
got eden s air
deer and cub
will lion lie
one
with the
other we
will sail
to the eden
end to doe
my doe eye d queen
once
&
nonce
now
slave
ruth
read
this sire
i will rise

rise
 say the
 &
aves
salves the
meas
 &
culpa s pray
pour for
les âmes *les*
 souls
 of the
 slaves
 &
 my own
 tie the
 ram
 to the *agbo for* *agbo master*
 mast men *ori*
mon
âme *mon* mo
âme name
 name my
 we
 sailed
 up
 the
 of
 cunt
 africa to
 found
 an
 out
 caste
 race
 can t
 you add
 a market
 waits
 it fans the
 deed s alms
 for
 the poet of
 troy
 for

the poet of
 the past
 into it then parts
 &
 now come strum the
 a lute
 for song
 & for clara
 ruth and
 sara
 did i did how many
 you did we
 they drum
 a
 rude sound how
 they dance
 always
 seek the
 eyes
 the bard mourns
 piss
 and dung my lord of
 liege life of death
aide
moi ai
de mo *i aid*
e m *oi* *thro*
 dance *odu*
 dance *fo* *me*
omi *se* *o ore*
 rk them *j ai faim* ma dem *j ai*
faim j
ai soif dindin
 don dong dung
 din don don don ding
 ding
 dong done