

all topological last friday evening

took to bridges from lula to lela to lena to eula to ayler to tala to tore up
but untorn and bend

like fenders breathe, felder's or fielder's, that family, man, that recess
so much more than air and world and time.
the general strike is that baby on your hip. your hip is radically pretending. we say I'm hep to that,
off sacrament. that unspeakable wish is part of prayer, that edge so double

it's round, fray's embrace, which we breathe to make our song impossible to sing and not to sing.
check it out, now; you need to understand what I'm saying; it's a circular

saw in mr. johnson's thout. his lungs is tender. this a matter
of landscape, of *bildung* under arrest, and we laughed a long time

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