

49. 49th Parallel Blues (After Nate Mackey)

*The function of waves is to bring the salvage from
shipwrecks.*

– *Ramón Gomez de la Serna*

Went back to the book, had to flesh out what 49 was. Was a parallel, was a universe. A series of them. A quag was where they were headed to, a world without soul or where soul was weak or with held w/ religious zeal. Back to the book for a whiff of an old song sung new, a star-eyed babe made real again out of meat and memory. Star dust and comet stuff. A tail raised at the end of an age end of yet another yuga.

A brother lost, perhaps for a time, yet another brother made up of mud, not as mad, almost as innocent. A bother made up of blood's memory a memento mori of sorts and still seeking sentience often lost between legs (or ahead of them), lost in the reeds as if the product of a bad shank or grief's weight abandoned finally shook loose how torque lost its pull, latter day Torquemadas lost their power, laughter cast its healing glance upon the mercenaries and left mercy.

Mercy's mission mumbled in the round, widdershins. Mercy's mumble infinite (or so it seemed) redolent, or so we saw, radiant or so the jewels in the net of Indra surmised. If it was quag to which we were headed we'd brake, we'd wrestle a wrench away from monkeys or from the late capitalist hammer squadron. We could smell the quag coming and wanted none, wd find the wealth of wet cement to lay our head on, wd listen for dreams just

this side of bricks and cayenne weapons way
away from any gumbo. Where there'd be quag
we'd beckon mercy w/ songs mumbled at first,
right up past the gut's obstruction then
bellowed into latihan air like a bapak wd,
blown like Birks fat cheeks a monk's last
remission a bird song hurled at the oncoming
winds.

He'd sing it three times
and each time the word
mercy caught a wave, wd
begin to stick.