

Syna-ghetto-sthesia: An Exhibition

Materials

Displacement from African Kingdoms
Unknown, Transatlantic Slave Trade,
Miscegenation, Brick, Glass, Cheap Carpet,
Cheap Paint, Redlining, White Flight

It tasted like...

Red brick with bones that tasted like fever.
The length is a forever multiplied by the flat
and hollow of the way pale wheat, thin cheap carpet,
and 1000 watts of muted incandescent leaves longing
on the tongue. Belly empty now hollow,
enough of a skin to stretch and start tappin

Apartment 2C

Chains wrapped and hung round necks, the bodies
dangle from the shine not absent pon ears when
touched to eyes by passing palms. You be
in Mississippi, you be in the whistle that never passed
through lips to touch white female bodies, or you
be in the land of the true true—that walk, no limpin,
no pimpin, deliberate. Eyes that touched forgotten
and made it back in time to show us again. That dip
in that head tho, like they know tho...

Apartment 3D

Bodies the cola of butta, taste like distance taste like
the way we all watched, *You pretty for a dark girl.*
You pretty like Patra. Taste like the skin and
good hair of Myra matched base notes of Nicole's silky
ponytails. As the grown folks said, *They really smellin*
themselves, kinda like the way the other They once said,
These are more valuable than those on the auction block
But that ain't now. Now you be a bridge to tell us where the exit sign is

Ms. Topaz, Ms. 4G

With the family color of slightly burnt sugar cookies
My face helped her touch home, the way missing
closes the space between bodies. Her question
touched my skin then lingered in the hallway
a lil longer

In Between: The Hallway & Apartment 3G

Linger like that song in 3G—that one song bouncing off
bodies and building, all of us listening to a grown man's lullaby

Apartment 2I

Not like the others above, none below, but in a fold,
in the jugular notch of the red brick. In the best one only best because...
the balcony. Vacant because her son hangs somewhere from a place
in here that can't hold the dead weight of a grown man

Apartment 1D

Faint cigarette smells are a soft caramel color
in a silver wig, innocuous, quiet, a petite frail secret

It sounded like....

Permanent press rising off a woman's slip and a man's
work pants in the dryer while Mrs. R is at work
Bittersweet footsteps of the 95% chocolate
non-organic Taza bar and her growing stomach
from a husband gone missing

A Drowning & Apartment 4G Bearing Witness

Materials

A Sunday Morning, A single Mother
with Two Children, and A Grandma with a .22

Mahalia Jackson's voice in 4G, the hallway pounding with the
mother of a baby left alone in a tub, all held by grits, sausage,
and Sunday's morning.

What open car doors and Grandma's .22
pointing at those drunk fools looks like from
the 4th floor later that day

The way rubber and the heat from the engine
from a milk run made over four hours ago stays in the air

Last Scenes of Syna-ghetto-sthesia

Looked like the cacophony of a dude named after a
brand after a sport he'll never play, the sweet and
bitter lemonhead on taste buds that made girls like
me wanna be her,
or wanna be that folding table that held the the
bodies of teen love in the laundry room

The way echoes bounced from bathrooms from
barricades upon faces from a night out we weren't
supposed to see

What *NO* feels like through cheap metal doors, what
Another Bad Creation tates like in the Valley of Lost
Kings and blind Queens, or maybe
just a bunch of niggas from around the way

The visible invisible on our bodies,
cars filled and unfilled in the parking lot of the
red brick whose bones tasted like the fever we
caught