let’s call a group of black bodies a concert. for where

two or three of my people be there be a song so loud it’ll force

at least one person to make

a noise complaint & of course. they will promise that they didn’t

want to do it. but had to you know ’cause there’s a baby sleeping. or he’ll say sorry. the wife

& i have been having trouble sleeping lately you know. i tried but just can’t
take the noise
anymore. you
understand. right.

and oh. just so
you know.

a loud noise can
cause damage
to the ears

or neighborhoods.
same difference

//

i read somewhere
that THE LOUDEST
SOUND IN THE WORLD
WOULD KILL YOU
ON THE SPOT

//

facts: the loudest animal
on earth is the sperm
whale. a sheep’s got
vibrato in its bleat. singing
in vibrato ain’t no child’s
play. ain’t something
the untrained got in
they voice. one
is from the vocal
cord. you could
listen to a sheep
bleating or Eartha
to hear what this
sound like. the other
is from the throat. for this.
listen to the blues. in 1883.
what i imagine to be the loudest concert ever recorded was heard 2,223 miles away. on a monday morning in august. as sheep in a camp held a concert of their own. effortlessly showing off the vibrato in their vocal cords. the loudest concert sounded like shots from a rifle from that far away. except all the rifles around had a long night and have not yet woken up and so their throats have no bullets to spit out for the sky who with shaky hands can’t hold on to them for long and so lets go and look at the fields. how they do not yield flowers but instead bullets. (but i digress.) this day. the loudest concert does not ask a rifle to be an instrument that ends the song of a body or two in bleeding. no. not today. today. it is a monday morning in august. it is the 27th day. and 2, 2 23 miles away. an entire island erupts. but the sheep don’t know nothing about volcanoes or the smoke that envelops the air after the end of a sad song so they just carry on with their bleating
what I imagine to be the loudest concert ever recorded was heard 2,223 miles away. on a Monday morning in August. As sheep in a camp held a concert of their own. effortlessly showing off the vibrato in their vocal cords. The loudest concert sounded like shots from a rifle from that far away. Except all the rifles around had a long night and have not yet woken up and so their throats have no bullets to spit out for the sky who with shaky hands can’t hold on to them for long and let’s go and look at the fields. How they do not yield flowers but instead bullets. (But I digress.) This day. The loudest concert does not ask for a rifle to be an instrument that ends the song of a body or two in bleeding. No. Not today. Today. It is a Monday morning in August. It is the 27th day. And 2,223 miles away. An entire island erupts. But the sheep don’t know nothing about volcanoes or the smoke that envelops the air after the end of a sad song so they just carry on with their bleating.

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i read that the krakatoa eruption circled the earth once & again & again & again & must I tell you that if we listen close enough we can still hear the rattle of bones that once supported the frame of more than 36,000 bodies & some say 40,000 but really / who’s counting? each bone a precious metal melted into an alloy choker / a chorus so harmonious we wouldn’t have been able to tell which voice belonged to whom

//

facts: Effective January 1, 1808
the importation
of slaves was

outlawed. & did
you know that
on those ships

they stacked
bodies on top
of bodies and

this was a beautiful
chord to the ears
of the men who

held the keys
to the chains

that kept
my people
shackled
to the deck

of the ships
that took
them far
away from
the land
where
their
mothers
once
sang
them
to sleep
underneath
a moon-lit sky

& of course
I’m wondering
if slavery was just not loud enough

before this

that no one bothered
to file a noise complaint

or say something like
this song. i don’t like it
turn it off. all the way off. but no. no.

everyone slept

just fine through the night
& woke up in the morning
just fine. but of course when
we bring up history. they say

that’s an old song. come on.
let’s play a new song. except
there’s nothing new about any
of the songs. just modified lyrics

but the melody is still
exactly the same

//

& yes. the song
of our bodies
still be loud

it is no wonder
they want to
silence it
so bad