No one bears witness for the witness.

PAUL CÉLAN
Nommo is water. 

Is word was a den a lair of liars on the ship that set sail where from you ask Africa i say how in side the wind clams feed on weeds weeds feed on bodie s we wend you not hear the noise we feed them àse then my fingers my hand many negroes over board her scent on my skin my lips your scent in the scent of the rose s of war do not last grow them àse then sere we feed the sea àse feed the sea àse bodie s limbs a frenzy of àse fins round and round àse my gard en my eden fish sup on the g ore in goré e who can save me ruth how can sane men when truth is worn thin my word is my truth now drab faded of no worth we must we must i shed my skin as does the asp am no more who i was or am san s
skin raw with
of s
kin in this age
& guns this age
men just
us just ius
days over me
un ange noir
with wings do i
i i am ex
man the sea
pond and she
me an agent
lust is no
la mer la
where mare these
appears a pig
pond and she
they grow
des ailes
we be
for orí we be
one queen
of spades
queen my
ta queen
u spare wale
we we dis
all man
lips put our mark s
iron raw
sun over

of gin rum
of los negros les
nègres ignore the age
us ruth just
these are sad
niger from the Niger
exist is it
is now a body
desire who arouses
more i exit
many the ship
sacks of corn
& grain des
gone did we care
our fate us
ours our fall
wings
we be
do ebo
some corn she
mine i had
a two
but she is my
my del

sade & ade fon
covered them
luanja ibo & e
negoresshe
on them hot
skin no cloud

115
tune to find
only fear and who
we are flip
er over flop
flop splash dive
dive my queen she
do ve too
let me di
let me
die the hen
ran the cat
ran the rat
ran the ne
groes ran the tongs
the irons marry me
i beg
you there was
no hate no
spite only
a job for a mad
king on his throne
ouse them all
strip and oil
them this my song
of
rage to an ag
out side of time
where the sage live s
the seer who see s
& does not
say it is
the age
i tell you not
the man did
she falling find
a rose find a
frica under

water a sad sound
the oud on
is west &
west east where
sand meets the set
in sun there
we sang sad
songs sand
songs can you not
hear the sound
of sand ruth
on bone we plant
the stems of ne
groes in the seas
such a grand gard
covers us
we will
make the land groan
with grain and corn
dance with the sounds
of grouse dove s
and tits enter

il doge be takes
off his red
cape puts on
bis sable one

the scene
begins we
sail a boat
down the niger