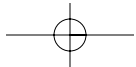
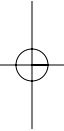
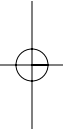
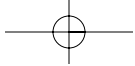


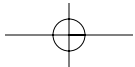
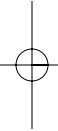
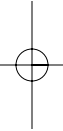
*Ratio*

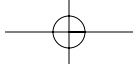




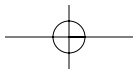
*No one bears witness for the witness.*

PAUL CÉLAN





ame is *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 our way can  
 you not hear the noise ruth band of  
 negroes run to and fro ship  
 sail ship sail how many  
 men on board ship sail  
 many negroes over  
 board her scent on my fingers my hand  
 the scent of  
 africa is with me ever n  
 my skin my  
 lips your scent  
 of rose s ruth in  
 my mind only the rose s of war  
 do not last grow sere we feed  
 them *àse* then feed the sea *àse*  
 with them *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 out the sin  
 of s  
 kin in this age of gin rum  
 & guns this age of *los negros les*  
 nègres ignore the age the rage of sane  
 men just us ruth just  
 us just *ius* these are sad  
 days over me *un ange noir*  
*niger* from the Niger  
 with wings do i exist is it  
 i i am ex  
 man the sea is now a bod y  
 pond and she the one i desire who arouses  
 me an agent of satan of  
 lust is no more i exit  
*la mer la mer* every  
 where *mare* these are sad days how  
 many the ship  
 appears a pig sty sacks of corn  
 & grain des  
 troyed water gone did we care  
 to spare them their fate us ours our fall  
 they grow wings  
*des ailes las alas*  
 we be do *ebo*  
*for ori* we be use rum gi some corn she  
 is mine no mine i had  
 one queen the king a two  
 of spades but she is my  
 queen my my del  
 ta queen yo  
 u spare *wale*  
*sade & ade fon lua san ibo & e*  
 we we dis covered them  
 all man negroes she  
 negroes firm  
 lips put our mark s on them hot  
 irons raw skin no cloud  
 sun over

tune to find  
 only fear and who  
 we are flip  
 her over flop  
 flop splash dive  
 dive my queen she  
 dove on a wing  
 let me di  
 ve too  
 let me  
 die the hen  
 ran the cat  
 ran the rat  
 ran the ne  
 goes 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  
 eid east  
 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  
 goes in the seas  
 such a grand gard  
 en a red dawn  
 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 he takes*  
*off his red*  
*cape puts on*  
*begins we*  
*his sable one*  
*the scene*  
 sail a boat  
 down the niger