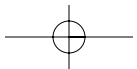
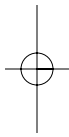
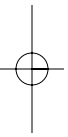


Ferrum



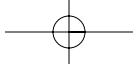
*There was a noise and behold, a shaking . . . and the bones came together,
bone to his bone . . . the sinews and flesh came upon them . . . and the skin
covered them above . . . and the breath came into them . . .
and they lived, and stood upon their feet.*

EZEKIEL 37: 7, 8, 9, 10

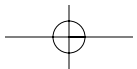
Praesens de praereditis.

The past is ever present.

ST. AUGUSTINE



g on my he ad they e at they s
 hit my lo rd my li ege lord i sa
 lute you w e sit o n the ru
 g a go od rug fr om the e
 ast from t unis eat dat es fresh f
 igs mak e musi c with ou
 d and tars ma ke de als for ne
 goes with the m an in the re
 d fez fr om over th
 e gold dun
 es rut
 h my m use i lo ng for y
 ou to hu g me to w row r
 o w row r ow r
 ow to ad and t it mo
 use in m ye den o
 rí o rí me b
 e thir st reams of no tes for y
 ou to s
 rt tend the m are the toa d hops o
 ff into the n ight drops its r
 uby pen the p ig pen the n
 ig sing a n o
 de to ni ght & to the s
 in un der the s kin to s
 ion nig ht s vo
 ice i s wit
 hout so und the s un ve
 ers we a re out s ide of time and o
 ut of ti me dar
 e to step f rom trut
 h to wad e in de ath in d
 ying and di do flees her fat
 e to a fri
 ca finds i t their fa te o
 urs ru n to grou
 nd their f
 all our f
 all i t was a b
 ull marke t for g



trod the grou nd of tro
 y a king in rom e too he stro
 de we hunt fo wl at the for
 and other sounds t eat sip beer from gourd s farts
 from mouth
 and ass boast s
 of gold and guineas ten guinea negroes for
 one sapphire for you rose *j ai*
faim for ruth for t ruth
ius is just
 us the yams were
 bad they sail
 on a red tide o n a die
 t of bad y am and s
 our water so me fish co
 me be me for one day *lève*
lève rise *te* *k mi ju*
ju bold it sa *fe for i i*
 t is *ius* & just *how i m*
iss the ei
ty the s he negro ent
 ices me wit
 h her scent traps my lust my ho pe for you
 can a b at how about a ra
 t the scen
 t of you ru th wafts across
 s oceans *dans ma c* *bambre le code*
noir my lad
 y noir e how i pet h er *ifá i*
 t to the ma *fa ifá* the r am tie i
 st *le san* *g le sang*
 they sang i sang of grace he longs for gra
 ce were w e *ewe lu* a or *fon* could
 we come be m e this my bo d y my *sa*
 ng my bon e a rose bu sh in the gar
 den a sun r ose in my ed
 n *iye i* *ye iye* the rose is now
 sere *dis my ju* *ju* you no
 tek me o *bi* round go
 urds gate fo *ju ju and ob* *i* they fart p