

“Horror Noire”
By Kez Tanamal

The swarm settles within his hollow chest,
stinging in immortalized rage and unrest.
His mouth gapes open to set them un-free,
but out comes a woman with privileged curiosity.
In her daze she witnesses the wrongs of history,
Be my victim...

Embraced by a bloodied hooked arm, buzzing thrum
Five times the vengeful name is spun,
A thousand times more ‘til justice begun...

A deviant trio find their own corpses in coffins,
Ushered by a witty devil, forked tongue between gapteeth
To tell the story of the deads’ systemic unrest
and a Hell amongst brothers, twisted with tormented fantasy...
Like rabid aliens of darkness with fluorescent blue canines,
Much conquerable than troops of red and blue lights
By a gang of kids with courage that shakes their neighborhood,
Led he who conquers his inferiority of color. Of youth.
Moses! Moses! His name shouted to fortify the streets...

Then there was a name that fortified the underground,
A girl and her shadow...
Mirrored families. Abandoned, disturbed. Adapted, comfortable.
Swapped to bring a reddened America together, hand-in-hand...
In a complex union of tragedy adjacent to the juke joint,
Invested by hustling twins thrilled to revive Black pride and joy
And a preacher boy with a voice to free them all, to love and to be,
Even after the last sunset, after fate sunk its teeth to devour their soul...

So many faces and names swarmed within the hivemind,
where memories and voices are intertwined,
And tragedies are weighed deeply for generations.
History told through raw fear and wild fantasy
That harvested its own unique beauty in culture,
And an intense transformation from pain to power.

