



MONCHOACHI

## The Imminences

Time: "A perforated mirror, pierced from both sides."

—Sahagún, *Florentine Codex*

So they drafted a vast nomenclature for the world  
With the months the years with degrees and quadratures  
And journeys: the currents and the winds  
The suns and the skies

In the center time's dark schemes *la voce*  
That have so blackened our hearts and withered  
Our leap

And even as their hands moved in creation they set a tempo  
Nah one nah two 6 days presto re mi fa sol la ti  
An'dodo

Yes, the visible that  
Truly charms and Calls to us  
We can, we believe, grab it like this  
With our two th'eyes wide open  
Hands full as we possess  
With our beautiful reason  
And make sure it exists definite

But the perceptible is something else which is lèspirit world  
stretched

From end to end open to  
Those who give themselves up to  
The Imminences taken

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Under the dark and bitter flood  
Still Holding on

They're no less rare:  
Those who excel at 'angling words

Is you will die won  
Se the xecu ton or  
Der goes thru  
An'respect cetera

("Signori! Go make them respect this!")

Those who excel at mangling words  
And dancing lèspirit

Nègues-fèilles, wild wise men like this alert  
Whole time outstretched to the four céomonial points  
Whole time how they wash-head  
Shuffle-feet scrub-body how they  
Shoot the charm'd bones

Outstretched like this  
How you're taken bram!  
How the tremblin takes you to a death-fall,  
And escorts you like this split  
Ha lézangels!

—Translated from the French and Martinican Creole by  
Eric Fishman

