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## A Journal of Unrelated and Complete Events

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ANDRE  
BAGOO

## A Journal of Unrelated and Complete Events

### OF THE BELL TREE

That is, me, dropping like marl  
Unfurling pink wings  
Like windmills I've been making

### ST ELIZABETH COUNTRY

Like windmills, I've been making  
Babies. Bleeding them out, breathing  
Them out. Into red soil overflowing  
Rising cut-open-water-table, alumina  
Waste. In them grow rose flowers  
That have never seen the sea – a thin  
Promontory makes us feel I will  
Live beyond thirty. And we shall be  
siblings again.

### & NOT THE RED FLOWER

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And we shall be siblings forever  
Each of us in the other

An incestuous tree  
A crimson flowering tree

Its name cannot contain it  
Its name would not  
remain

Bloomed now, to the tip  
All my streets overcome with petals

In the island where whirlpools beget  
Whirlpools, forgotten kisses

Sharks rip tides, dragged to the gulf

Like cloth being  
Sewn

## THESE BODIES FIRST, FIND REST

Torn open I close everything:  
Books, bags, devices  
Bottles of rum (for dark and stormy drinks

meant to neutralize the aggressive; unintended  
seduction).

Absolute.

These,

The bodies who find rest

Imaging bathrooms that open

In paths to the sea, corners hide

Kissing. Hide me.

These funeral beds are where bodies lay

Making unexplainable patterns

rows rows

Of dark embraces.

When we see the neighbour

Trespass to pick

What was it?

That was meant for us.

## **A FEAR OF HIDDEN LIZARDS**

What was meant for us:

Covered now with a blue swathe

Of scales made from silver foil

A narrow and surgical mouth,

More deadly in water - eyes

Inanimate and cartooned.

When the light is turned on  
It is a shield against fluorescence  
To the thousands who suck insects  
With crammed, interlocking tongues

### THE FIRE AT TREASURE BEACH

That is me dropping like marl  
Like the windmills of the cedar tree  
I've been making

And we shall be siblings forever

Stitched open to close everything  
That was meant for you - that  
Was meant for us until, my brothers,  
We lick tongues again