Posthumous Mask

This mask is in motion, acrawl with web building, an eight-legged mandala, with mile stain, dreadlocked in its refusal to disclose synthesis. Caryl opens a black umbrella over us,

exciting bat sonorities.

Together we walk the Crocodile of the Earth, noticing Her birth hole, out of which deer are streaming. Spider is our red transformer. Her nets are gilded with rabbits and peccaries. By stingray we are pressed to owl, by owl we are intact in ceiba.

My heart-face undergoes *hinoki* to become a Noh mask for poetry: image depth capable of inlet for the infinite, at anticline with the mystery of fetal curl, a masque of larval shadows: Yorunomado's mind.

Chrysalis and rectitude of a life at rail with the hammerhead knitted behind time, with thinning boa surf, with Pandora's hexagram rampant with changes.

This mask is my memorial brass: my destiny's spored, diasporic double.