

Mick Raubenheimer

The Brute.

Wearing his wounds and dark humming
injuries like so much romantic intent
female eyes followed him
wherever he moved with his grace
femininely incongruent to his
robust
male frame
his sullen, sneering eyes
his snarl of
mouth.

Ke Umlilo.

My life became an astonishment of
intrigue and lassly lasses

Perfume for my
pluming soul like gods
assaulting me with
Life at strange, vibrant new angles.

What does not kill me makes me
bloodier with new intensities of music

Sung Tall Like God

Yaweh

Ra

Ganesh

Cthulhu

Modimo

Nkulunkulu

Allah

and

dDookoomM

Masculine beauty.

What he did to her physique was
shocking and a touch scary and

so

addictive

that

she barely minded all the rest

of

his nymphs and

fur

bound

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CHAPTER 555: Hard Hat Jive.

Keenan Ahrends and Reza Khota were communing with their respective gods via 2x 6 strings (1x electric 1x semi-acoustic fretted with ellipse and potent semi-colon) with just the tonight particularly snaky Jonno Sweetman on drums. Swathes of sound somnambulant like Klimt conducting some sex starved Morroccan princess' dreams via metallic tones. Sexy and abstract. Scary and inviting as Monica Bellucci uncrossing and recrossing humming legs in a simple, tight cut, off-white matt skirt. I squeeze her hand quickly and she leans over, a hot mess of murmur in my right ear, "your place." Which was code for manly man sex - fond manhandling and such - bare, bruised furniture. Sofa crunched into a corner; mangled sweaty rug or carpet or whatever. My place was scantily furnished. Music and food and obstacles over and through and across which to tumble the howling. My upper thighs and triceps would be talking for days. For daze.

Lovers leave temporal auras on oneother, when they care (to) - lingering scent; ebbing throbbing remnants of pain or ache; snarls on skin; heart's lament or missing; random bursts of vivid mnemoney. So we ornament the Other with our traces, weakening or diluting or negatively dilating the trespass of others.

Reza Khota is my favourite South African guitarist, hands up, and I do not ken exactly why. It has I hazard to do with two things - a capacity for self-immolation or immediate transcendence (flipsides of the phoenix' essential verb) and a more mysterious and hid agency. Something which dodgy but arcane and anciently talented Hollywood agents refer to, simply, as It.

Chapter 177: Theory.

Carlo Mombelli was regaling the assembled with a meandering anecdote of a dream he'd had about Henri Matisse as an Nguni herdsman eating weird roots with the Moon in the mysteries of morning in Kwaz Lowlands.

I was distracted because her hips kept bumping against mine gently and almost peripherally - a startling, unpredictable metronome triggering disturbingly visual flashbacks from the eve/morn before into the tiny, vibrantly focused mind of my phallus.

“Ass for days.”

She said that around 02:13 going on 05:47 - my mouth was no longer lingual - stuffed as it was with trembling, poison-gilted bouquets feeding off my salival voluptuity.

“Pharmakon - the root of the term pharmaceutical - is an ancient eskimo legend wherein it is written on whatever it is that they write it on down there that Poison is Medicine and Medicine Poison. Come smoke my Herb.”

“Maybe less with the talk for a bit, m'kay?” I pleaded,
then said: “Bring me you forests.” (in baritone.)

Chapter eleven: Little Dragon.

“You are spreading the Good Word through spermatozoa, kisses and danger.” Lilith said that. Then she said. “You’re my little church.” Then

we

fell

in

love outside The Mahogany Room with Kyle and co {Shane Cooper And Brydon Bolton this time, Jonno on the drum machine} reaching wild dervish frenzy which is why i lifted her up and we kissed like dangerous demons of in-fa-chew-ay-shin.

amen.

The three prose pieces above are extracts from the upcoming novella 'Black Moon', a meditation celebrating the improvised music scenes and girls of Cape Town, South Africa.