

LOUISE DOVELL

THE WIND OF CODES

It says here — it is written
 Like in the sand in that desert
 In the empty quarter
 Where no bedouin or camel passeth —
 It says you got to have an instrument
 A wind instrument
 To blow off the black robes of set female ghosts
 To blow into their Boom Town
 Where fine faces, thin fingers
 Blow into that sky
 Bigger than ever and unpaved it is known
 Mapped and charted
 Endowed black
 Blue mosque
 Codebreakers blowing in
 Sprinting on their toes
 Truck stops/highest pose
 Crapshooters and sheiks
 Shake on their deals
 Blowing sadeiki
 Pakis working so slowly
 Blowing their breath
 Breathing in Saudia Air/lines
 Housing the west
 High Tech primitives blowing ambition by tired blowing ass
 Boom Town Mecca/Boom Town of the world
 Double salt in Red Sea
 Blowing a low tide rolling/in power
 The leaders will blow back home for tea
 I don't want to see, I just want to be
 A brick through the window — glass eye
 For false God — be a hand in the pocket
 Of a pimp on the nod
 Codebreakers learning the dance under black
 Women twirl/leg muscles flexing
 Releasing/flexing/releasing
 Men seep sweat/hand work/
 1st there was a procession long and painful, tiring — everyone was able
 though and we eased each other upon arrival/upon arrival at the desert's
 center/at the desert's center we built a brushfire/we built a brushfire
 and let it run wild/
 Al principio habia una procession, larga ipinosa reticente.
 When we were calmed and getting night eyes/when we were getting night
 eyes
 I am not asleep
 A picture comes to me now in
 Tenses of the way people move
 All at once, all at the same time
 The same time, the same time
 The last time, arriving in Arabia

MEGAHERTZ

megahertz — one million cycles per second
 hertz — a unit of frequency equal to one cycle per second

the air is so still that I can hear the voice in my brain at two mega-
 hertz. the pictures there are grainy yet soft. the speed freak is in slow
 motion. he is up to his foolishness in the dust around the fading abyss.
 the clarity of battle has been denied. he is obese with blindness. he
 barely has a memory. instant trade, violence's drug, everything and no-
 thing he has swept under the rug.
 the air is so still that I can hear the voice in my brain at two megahertz.
 I hear tell of a wartime tango; white linen and snails and missiles. it
 was a brave and condescending dance. the historians and the poets came
 face to face with the architects of weapons, the men under the helmets, the
 flesh at desks and the voices on radio. everyone chose a different hero.
 no one can trust a soul.
 the voice in my brain is at two megahertz. the air is still. I see ghosts
 and spiders on the bridges. the air is warm on the bridges. the air is in
 my pocket. faces with teeth arrive behind my eyes in browns and yellows
 and cream. the backbend and the flip and the summersault and the cartwheel
 come to my country, to stand in the midst of flattened artillery; to take
 the Amtrak to the ethers.