Excerpts from
The Bavino Sermons
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Lines for Vincent

they pulled out his teeth
with a pair of pliers before he died
wrenched out his nails
’cos they wanted his manhood denied
they cut off his genitals
with a butcher-knife
while he bled they skinned him
& let the blood flow with the wind
i got the full blow of the message
in the red rage of a storm
whipping hard at the back of my shame
& still the shack of memory rattles its bones

let’s put it in perspective
no one i know saw vincent’s corpse
& the condolences were dry cleaned
by a military-man who lived
for the struggle to be human
yes the man in command made a demand
for his pounds of blood & flesh
we buried an empty coffin to symbolise
they say a jackal carried away his skull
was found choked on the bullet lodged in the brain
legend would have it
they waved his head in the air
& the bones would have made a throne
for the president
they mutilated & sodomised his dead body

vincent was my cousin killed by bravery
& a nation’s homicidal glory
i showed him my first pubic hairs
& in the season of my confusion
he pointed out the path & how to walk it
but took a knock on the shock of mortality’s discovery
on his feet with fog for a blanket
crept thru smog of a cannon’s fartblast
to die in komatipoort
site of the seal on the settlement of deathexcrement
justice took a hit in the killing fields

vincent on a hill of scarlet
with the chill wrapped around him
it was a whirlstorm within
tucked under a blanket of fear
as murder’s recognition grew
& still the wind of torment blew

at night i drown in sweat
with the sight of a death-grin
with a gun aimed at my brains
& they call that figment
of a fevered imagination
& still
i see the made up faces on the news
tremble as i watch them tuck into chicken at luncheon
in limosine whip thru function after
cameraflash function
& want to get their views
on why lives were compromised
but my questions are lobotomised

it's no use
stirring the grail of revolution
when all it can yield
is a landful of maggots in convulsions

the mother couldn't stop shaking her head
so they certified her mad
& locked her inside her solitude

the bomb bullet blade poison
or just silence
can ease the itching sore in my mind
as my tongue twitches
i know i might encounter the death
of speech
but it's said memory is a long road
made worse by the heavy load
of violence

Crab attack / Intro to the master

baudelaire lost his hair in the rap-dragon's lair
ginsberg howled on the wagon running wild on jazz music
organic nothing plastic from the classics to the beatniks
oral poetics in the mix colonial tactics fake the facts
i take it back ... a reappropriation act
'cos granny thought shakespeare a star player of soccer
but granny shocker lyrical clocker
dear oh dear she was a wild rhythm and rhyme rocker

i ride the mental colt break open info-vault
for self-rank pump system shock in kilovolt
jump bolt nut & lock on intellect bank
not verbal gymnast when I flip tongue it's toil
twist the WORD around dead in the ground snakes recoil
'cos i carry the sound of soil now check it

grommit-food calls upon vomit mood
you omit the good become a sexcess-media-hype-fraud
dick your moses rod waving it in the face of god
commit your arse-pus to the masses
pass pads evil soaken
get the devil image broken
down to level baseness madness
jesus me turn your back on the influence
cock crows in your face the consequence
scratch the surface & catch the dust
one with the essence i dance beyond the crust

the new noah had no ark
i brought the dark flood
(now) you pen-draw my blood
culture-watch-dogs bark
drag my tongue in the mud
chains of thought rattle
you bring thunder to the mental battle
i ring lightning wondermental

pen & paper meet under blood-light
corner shit / writ-street & human mince meat
'cos lines i wrote you turn quote
get faeces praise paid on what I made
bum rush i mount you gush collect do a sperm-count
nightmare time fright & scare –
no rhyme is a prophylactic
can't stop the pop-elastic gone ballistic
DO-RE-MI-MI-me solar you lunar-tic /lunatic
sick suck out my bone & now a clone is born
but forlorn duck stuck in the muck
'cos fuck is the spawn when creation-god's gone

lick it they freak it when I kick it (what ?)
self-SALE ON ROTTEN TICKET
stick it in out flick it roundabout till they like ape
bow cuntal scrape about shout MENTAL RAPE
it's grandmaster rampster first chapter mind captor lyrical razor
high art castrator
call me short-circuitor of the political vibrator
i come BEAM & BAM no
dum-dee-dee-dumb-nestum-child-amputated-thumb-to-hide-behind
no brain-bomb-rain i swarm
welcome to my mind
see tapeworm nerves squirm in the poem's come

i'd rhyme you from here to a nervous breakdown
but you premature-ejaculate on the first line & go down
oops ... wipe off & walk distant cousin
before I bust the next verse
call intelligence / riot police
lay a mental disturbance charge
& i'll still bring the barrage
of chronic cerebral discharge
little creeper on treble-rebel-route
hail to your drizzle i'm deeper than bass-root
nail in the tail in heat & sweat turd-flight
from pen-light
you defecate to my dictate
it's self-hate portrait
terminal parasite's self-spite
roast-crit try eradicate the host but later recite
'cos i'm scrawling the living word
you're jackalling giving head to the dead

I said baudelaire lost his hair in the rap-dragon's lair
ginsberg howled on the wagon running wild on jazz music
organic nothing plastic from the classics to the beatniks
oral poetics in the mix – up & down & OUT

To Gil Scott-Heron

(the revolutionary's now a pseudo-psychopath on the compact-disked warpath)

RUN NIGGER RUN was inspiration injection
of the LAST POETS' intonation insurrection
gil scott-heron was suckled on
a mouth to brain respiration rot's subversion
liberation doctrine brought art to the fight
for immunisation against the degeneration
of garvey's children & the spawn of fanon
on the run from the super-duper-shit-man
now life's an acquisition
the unborn have to make requisition
the terror campaign's gone electronic
in the bionic generation a computerised nation
that won't falter at the altar of self-immolation
satan collaboration spiritual contamination
like experimentation with extermination
gil scott-heron the revolution is on television

tricks of the triple six cripple mystics
at the feet of the crucifix no place for romantics
relics of the FUNKADELIC ground on the FAMILY STONEd
HENDRIX EXPERIENCE had GEORGE CLINTON for president
in the street's PARLIAMENT
no relation to the white louse saxophoney man
but the one on the JAMES BROWN SEX MACHINE
salaam alaikum MALCOLM-Xed the CLAN
into a BOO-YAA TRIBE of SHABAZZ
made the ENEMY go PUBLIC on bass
brought the PRODUCTION out of the BOOGIE DOWN
got the PARIS panther on the howl on the prowl on the tracks
of its JUNGLE BROTHERS become POOR RIGHTEOUS
TEACHERS not preachers of fractured futures
when WINTER IN AMERICA froze bloodstreams in south africa
gil scott-heron the revolution got on television

we choke in angeldust stars go bust
street art vision goes to rust
creeping up the aliment of the pop-charts
acting out industry designated parts
of self-emasculation masturbation on the bbc sabc mtv screen
& flip flop goes the hip hop nation
in sudden homicide running down the blood-line
of the griot running riot from dusk to the AFRICAN DAWN
& they called it negroid hell descended devil child
but black was MALOPOETIC mental attitude
in FULANI frontal attack
in psychological genocide time
but now scott-heron, the industry's mutant children perform

a systematic life devaluation coward-style
they defile then revile the warrior profile
& the revolution's pantomime is broadcast
in an audio-visual bomb-blast
gil scott-heron the revolution is on television

switch off that shit

Rant notes from here to dela

(seed to weed need to greed portents to heed
signs unread lead to bleed
the sea is red the sea is dead the sea is a chill
dread bloodspill down mad-god-head-hill)

constipation bloated bodies occupation
beyond prostitution open lips of constitution
& human rights bill
the power-hall's fear blocked entrances
(of) rule & control's vaginismus
(where) power plays the ball of impotence
down death-trench-razor-bladed-putrefied-pussy-passageways
& deep-stench-decapitated-dick-head-ways
all i lick is the WORD
wrenched out of soil to toil inside the money-python's coil
dead heads towels for beastly bowels of blood-oil
a line of semen & excrement runs from president to resident
& deep in the hole & venom in ferment the serpent is unrepentant
seed to weed

lashes of state's articles
smashed up testicles twisted up ovaries
double-fisted calvaries avarice's inheritance
kisses you give babies sugar-coated diseases
flags human rags wave multi-coloured faeces
economic cut-up in pieces
i perform a script-tease
your guns sing let the peace increase you rest in it
a sure fire hit chorus my lungs sting in the heat
see the fire-pain not cease the blood-rain ease
until it cleanses the shitstains
off the curtains on your brains
a grue pyre to the new empire you raise
seed to weed

rodent's habitation in conversation
bats fly out when you shake your head
nod & rats fall off your beard
leaven bread of heaven's dead
the silence within sends violence outward
suicide squad's BUST reward
what's dead dumb is what's born with a holler
lice under the all-flighty collar
bodies roll are dice for the almighty dollar
poison in your shit in the ground spoil turn the earth jelly
sit on your feet take the land's last stand
smelly on the whirly of pus-criminal discharges
seminal charges cannibal surges animal urges pig-mental-purges
seed to weed

Rap Ranting

(for Siphiwe Ngwenya)

calling all saints & souls bawling hymns
& anthems of the slogan change
it's deranged power to the cripple
takes a ripple to make a storm
in stones on bones nothing atones
martyrs in the fire of the liar coward
saying forward! yet staying on the outside
of the rap-line
moving mouth first eating their feet
fart hot taking a run before the gun
it's the plight of spit
in the fairy tale mouth of hell
with lots of stories to scream shout yell
nothing intelligent to tell
i'm rap-ranting

is the poem crown or thorn or crown of thorns
i was born without horns can't be a slave to the grave
in necrophilial perception
got to have reception for beauty
can't wait till i'm mister man the late
to celebrate the bird the bee the tree
in the imagery of poetry
but the menagerie of bigotry
racial harlotry in grey all round bullshit ...
meanwhile the stench hits my nostrils with a smile
& i'm moved to rude boy murderous style
the same water runs from my eye when i cry
falls from the sky & i feel pain
when the rain strikes black in element attack
biological/germ warfare on the atmosphere
& savage the page
when i think in ink the mind shrinks away
when i say the positive i venerate
the negative can't emulate
i'm rap-ranting

watch them creep to get the rap asleep
keep awake kicking tight poetic
on the steel flash scream track
don't snooze on the juice of defiance
or pose on the noose of a camera flash-light
'cos life flashing out won't make the news
produce the contradiction in a move beyond hesitation
underhand high position doctor-attends
a malice-in-wonderland's constitution
creation of a friend to fiend situation
expose the superstition

of the reptilian's repose
under the leaderman-god stoned nose
of senility's deification
                i'm rap-ranting

introduce the meat on the site of the knife tip
mass-produce / hook the worm
now we've got to jump slave ship
know the 7th wonder another god blunder
need not row across the river of corpses
in death-flow from rwanda
in flight thru the television
sight & foundsoundnoise of thunder
to birth-blow burst the banks of an unconscious nation
gone to putrefaction
calling out for toilet paper rustle rhythms
shit talk aesthetic become anaesthetic
the economic / tic will stick suck the organic
down to plastic / synthetic
                i'm rap ranting

the soul was crash-randed to be sold
dollar billed & pounded to a kill-hold
until pain slashed thru to the vein of red-gold
& from the future into the past
the serpent crawls where the scrolls unfold
the stories of fake glories told
made up laid stock market floored out morgue-slab cold
in intricate slime schemes written white on tar
in rhyme-scars upon fallen stars
wacky wretched existence on a rack slides
to lackey-pretence & cooks the power goose
understand when yr desert-storm loose
as you dance-hall knock or lovers rock a hell-hock
let nothing sterile cover the tongue's cock
of the black star wet-nursing a baby lock
soot to the foot we're kin-
dread-spirit striking thru rock
to the root
on the steel-street-reality-line-walk
                i'm rap ranting
                out

The Fela Sermon

(for Thomas Brückner)

(slave driver grave saliva
soja come soja go what he bring come forever)

1

multi-kulti dressed in mufti fela kuti's beast of no nation
rises to hold international station
what it eats swells up where it sits spills out in the street
army-arrangement-expensive-shit
human & cold on the pavement beyond martin luther king's highway
illusion dies in a trail of grey
pollution under the southern sky
gives the beast an almighty high

2

politics a capital dance policy runs on finance
profit on the rise the fall of conscience
clean collar hearts dollar ride to sewer-side
information more than the next person
principal position of intercourse
read the gospel of saint karl marx
the cliché is a clinch it clenches around the glitch
life is a bitch yes disease & pestilence
commerce dictates you fuck her in silence

3

colonisation in revolution's disguise sows arms
both sides of conflict reaps deadly harvests
progress replaces the monstrous with its grandmother much worse
it's a truth-taking myth making death of innocence's
kiss & caress of class' cutlass
necks & axes in commerce's congress

4

track of no foundation bellyful of radiation
no enemy no friend we follow the global trend
blade cutting mendicant hand
socialism's said to fail we attach to capital's tail
smell of hell when that tail is raised
a taste of nuclear waste
radioactivity does not sate a health-thirst
it pumps full of eternal rest in the mouth
the perennial tale of the south

5

mattera called it a weapon no error thereupon
stock up on the memory terror-hawk's got an armoury
bloodstring puppetry skins&bones sing in harmony:
what did we fight for strike up the light for
bring the night for wreckers of the world ignite for
who / why loot&shoot for dig down to root of scream for
reap the do / die fruit for?
"I have a dream" of war
red like dread days of yore
yours same as before

(slave driver grave saliva
soja come soja go what he bring come forever& evermore AMEN)