

TANNER MENARD

## NOCTURNE IN L

What am I supposed to write abt  
The powwow where the tribes wear  
Plastic feathers dancing in the oil patch  
The rabbit in the briar patch  
The patch cable  
Wrapped around the throat  
Of the cypress tree  
The gumbo pot  
The pot I wish I had to piss in  
The cracklin roasting in the dish  
The fascist on the bumper sticker  
The ticker clicking in the heart  
Electric. Pork belly grocery list

The lynching in the employment line  
The line of coke in the bar at night  
The gay bar with a southern light  
Churning on the side street  
The streetlight in the fog  
The dog on a chain  
In the trailer park

The mound on the campus  
Where the students walk  
The tiger caged on the football field  
The pearl in the benzine gulf  
The dolphin on the beach

Drag queen story hour protest  
Corruption of the election process  
The chalice on the altar cloth  
The choir boy frothed with light  
In the stained-glass morning

The nemesis genesis fleur-de-lis  
A Blake poem burning beacon  
In the refinery night. Cancer alley  
Muddy waters on the jukebox  
Poisoned water in the icebox  
The black snake in the hurricane  
Morning. The morning after pill  
The military drill. The looters drop like flies

A holding pin. The GEO Group  
A chicken coop. A loop  
To stick the head in

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Wanna write a beautiful poem  
Abt home the fog rolling pale  
Orange tempo of a Caddo hill  
Lolling songbird above the marsh  
Prairie blue grassed cicada  
Tension in the leg shimmering  
Weave blue yellow a brown  
Black synesthesia + actual  
Colors around Mamou  
Post-reality hallucination  
Past life resuscitation  
The one square-block  
Prairie restoration squash squadron  
Pink flower box that can literally singe  
Am not myopic to myopia dysphoric  
Mainly abt my parents body quantum  
Nature of ash & everything else you cooked  
Some damn good maque choux with a little  
Butter on it that was a poem abt beauty a whiff  
Of dirt black the okra is pretty mockingbirds  
Glissando black key glissando chromatic  
Transition in the riff rectangular distortion  
Molding in the southern heat

# EXCERPTS FROM: PRELUDES & FLUX

& then I was wondering why  
I couldn't write abt tarot or  
why star as five fingered  
symbol is antithetical to  
indigeneity why a publisher  
may reject a lack of  
directness abt feathers or  
want to know restricted info  
abt ceremony or why the  
French Celtic Viking roots to  
earth/behind/indoctrination/  
no/ am not trying to  
legitimize the disaster of  
empire/ am merely asking  
myself the question: is all of  
me human/ star takes on a  
certain distinction & wonder  
the correlation domination by  
beast & image of devil/  
earthly delight the soft  
mirage the angel was the  
monster was the angel

& then I could have submerged myself in the love of men/ soft  
flesh or hair slightly askew in sun/ color of an eye in dark as  
we focus/ we locked glares/ I lock glares with a white man at  
the cafe on the same morning that Donald Trump makes a  
speech to the world defending his separation of indigenous  
children into cages & worn out Walmarts/ explaining exactly  
the Obama era war exercise Jade Helm & am a poet combatant  
indigenous queer faggot who has turned the knob & adjusted  
the gender spectrum so as to exist outside of this reality & yes  
I want to disappear myself into your electrons or travel to your  
juniper canyon to lock my waning fury in yr moons & touch  
a kind of eternal momentary nada/ taste trembling gourd of yr  
always & eagle home & eagle home

& then I was both knob & the  
reality that faded in & out of  
reality that was a hand that  
was a voice echoing in the  
hall that was an eardrum  
hearing he or him or his  
rarely knob was stable they  
stable as a non was locked in  
my tuner was the kind of  
static that radiates from sun  
& I too this sun & all their  
singing ions getting nuclear

& then I was wondering what exactly constitutes a mystical poet so google occult poetics & consider/ was called occult poet because of my use of tarot & think abt my reticence to write abt indigenous ceremony wherein I have seen things that would make the average Ouija board aficionado run for the hills/ abandoning all use of commodified means of approaching spirit/ perhaps if they delved a bit deeper would sense that hill was a wonderful place to make offerings/ we return to Earth consider my own ancestry at this point reader I ask you to bear with my rambling method/ highly elliptical/ as I point out the difficulty of writing abt mixed race identity in the context of a poem abt tarot & how I as an indigenous person approach it/ because I have a fear of writing abt my own actual religious conviction & how as a Q2s person I am limited by gender in the ranks of initiation & how a discussion on FB abt mystical poets regards mainly the white as I question as an indigenous person whose daily life involves talking to spirits as mystic as Alan Ginsberg who

writes about peyote & harkens to chants of metaphysical masters of Asia/ let's return to concept of system & brutality wherein we will find that it was not until the month before my birth on Aug 11th 1978 that indigenous "Americans" were allowed to legally practice their religions & is it any wonder that it's a matter that i had to rediscover for my family/ learning the ways of people who were lucky enough to retain their original teachings & how as a mixed race person with a history of jumping into the deep end would feel more comfortable writing abt tarot than the spiritual teachings of those who have come before me out of fear of letting the truth be known/ truth be known it's no one's business what we think as indigenous ppl or how we protect & respect the ways of our ppls/ how we appropriate the culture of others using their symbols to dismantle systems of oppression/ & btw if you do consider the tarot consider the grasping of Europeans stripped of their own indigenous roots/ to appropriate magic from the culture imposed on them

seeking deeper  
understanding of the  
mysterious cosmos & we find  
a point for compassion/ in the  
blood of a mutt/ let us never  
forget the blood spilled as we  
quantify the various means of  
mowing down oppressed ppl  
with the simplest language



u or witch of you in the place of the good/ gnarly on counter/ fermenting  
like a peach & drawing flies that look like industrious history/ lush  
w/oddities/ scientific atomization/ hardly justified to stomp the myriad  
forests/ climb the holy hill & mine for uranium/ fill the cavity with  
mercury/ known to make a person mad & he ended up at the hospital/  
scared/ only his brother to comfort him & he's taken thirty days to a treatment  
program that he's not ready to work because the fundamentals of care start  
with the earth/ I refuse to jeopardize them another moment with Mother/  
we all know that good mother is a witch & he/him/his would love to burn  
them to ashes