

This is Memory, Drink by Iretomiwa Xaron

"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me" —Matthew 26:39

Because, sometimes, memory ferments with time. Becomes sour
& smelly. Overripe in the gardens of the past. Dripping
foul. Melting putrid. Falling from the lips of moaning boys. Lovers.
One, pulling out of the other. And crashing into a bed
of family members. Staring at the shame that has become
their sons. *A man is not a man. If it is another man he pulls out
from.* Sewage words that become streets in the ears. Love
reducing to waste. To dunghills and peopled noise
echoing across the lagoon till daylight comes. With two bleeding
bodies. Begging to be saved. From a market of voices
breaking the silence of their bones and skin. This is what happens
to taboos. Such as myself.

You too, drink. Remember now.

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