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7:45 PM

& your body
is always interrupted
by the sound
of something breaking,
falling, crashing,
like a glass,
like a building,
like a plane crash-landing.
It is no wonder
your body smells
like burnt airplanes.

& you are scared
of happiness, as if
it was a woman.
You are scared of
a lot of Things.
You are scared of
healing, for you think
that when a man
heals, he is put back
together, recoupled
like a dismantled engine,



& when it begins to
function again — fueled by
a fresh fire, new engine oil,
new pistines — it becomes liable
to break down again
like you
each time you hope
for something as new as a morning.
But it's okay.
They won't mind.
They can't see you.
You're a ghost.

You know every pain
by name. You know the extent
of their reach, so much so
that it feels good, that you
enjoy it, that you love it,
& now, you have taken it
like your baby.
You tend it. You cherish it.
It is your lamb.
At night, you sing a lullaby
& rock it as it fades
into the alcohol stiring
your cerebellum.
This is what you do every night
to sleep.
& you don't want to lose it

because it is all you have,
& what would that make you?
They will say, "here lies the man
who couldn't even keep
his broken pieces."
So here you are,
afraid to give yourself



a second chance, afraid
to take one more step,
to take one last shot
at happiness
because something in your body
is always breaking,
 falling,
 crashing

like a glass,
like a building,
like a plane crash-landing.
It is no wonder
your body is filled with voices
 talking,
 whispering,
 screaming: die,
 die,
 die.



Cry

& the body is
the beginning of the world —
void & without form, where
these marauding impulses are
wild dogs feasting on my innards,
& I am psychotic — voices
whispering,
 screaming — jump,
run,
 take the pills,
wear the noose...
& the silence
is so loud.
The wilderness
in my body
is so wide, so brown, so vast
like a country, in which its citizenry
begs the peace of catholicism.
I am gutted open
for all the world to see.
How do I look? Blackbird: i fly around

from edge to edge,
& woman to woman
hoping to find
something different,
hoping that my innards
would sense the beatification
of mother nature
& inject it like a belief
that i am indeed beautiful;
blackbird, I fly around
in search of magic fingers to
lay themselves on these wounds,
& do a miracle, & fill
the cups of these empty years
with wine & vinegar,
& heal my mother of the virus;

I search for magic formulas — cowries
& incantations spread
on the mat of the priest in search of
the meaning of life since
the prayers of the damned
is an abomination; & I want to ask
my grandmother
where Heaven keeps its unanswered
prayers: whether they will
fall back down in their envelopes
when the sky is cracked open & Jesus comes
to collect His souls & damn the damned. Blackbird,
oh blackbird!
You fly only in the shadows,
never in the sun
because sometimes you want to be water
so you could slip out of the world,
into the ground,
& scream like the voices in your head,
& cry & die in droplets
because the world is set
in oblivion,
& you live
in oblivion,
& you are
hollow - something without begin
nor end,
something deep & dry as thirst.
It's so dark here: too many
voices
 talking
whispering
 screaming — die
 die
die, blackbird —
die!

Legion

In the hospital,
the lights are sometimes red,
 sometimes blue,
 sometimes white.

Red,
for madness in episodes;
blue
for remembrance;
white
for what people call...normal.

& there are pills: the pills look like emojis —
someone's ball-dropping animation
of practical madness.

At night, I watch the stars twinkle,
calling one another, whispering
to one another: as one star glows,

the other glows too — the tricks of
secret lovers calling to one another, as if declaring
“i love you,” & she

responding

from the other side, says
“that is my vow.”
It's beautiful in the courtyard.
The stars look like letters of

my name scattered in the sky
& one mighty voice gathers them all
into one body,
& pronounces me.

I look to Heaven
& I can't see the hospital
anymore.
The voices are all gone —
 the doctors,
 the needles,
 the pills,
 the courtyard,
 the nurses...
They are all gone.

I look to Heaven
& beg God if He
would allow me
keep this night,
just like this, with
the voices outside,
with the loneliness
outside. He said
Yes. Now, I have a new Handler.

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