In Concert

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Abstract

Only they know how to alleluia. Firm, mellowed brown . . . He felt his breast, running hands down. Under a brow . . . eyes. Thrusting into song to the moon Bellowing lust and full-throated blackness...
In Concert

by Ann-Marie Bjornstad
Modern Languages, Jr.

Only they know how to alleluia.
Firm, mellowed brown . . .
He felt his breast, running hands down.
Under a brow . . . eyes.
Thrusting into song to the moon
Bellowing lust and full-throated blackness.
(I've got to bite my lips . . .
suck my breath . . . listen)
And then he was closer.
Rhythm-man you're black and soul
White teeth shine at me.

Curve
Herding
Whiplashes of song
He smiles right into me.
Graceful immense sex-illusion . . . he undulated by
I looked for meanings . . . listened.
(Dug my nails long hard into my hand)
Rasping musing music soft,
Senses grip his flesh muscles.
Man-cat, panther, slow,
Sings down tunnels
Spreads fingers over hip and down . . .
Sweaty palm
Sings . . . "Like the trembling heart of a captive bird
That was there at my command."
He walks and licks his lips
Magnetic
Calling
Warm brutal nostalgia
In music
I want your nigger soul.