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Miscegenation

—from Daylight & Coma, *the free encyclopedia*

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This article's lead section may not adequately summarize all of its contents.

The neutrality of this article is disputed.

Miscegenation (/mɪˌsɛdʒɪˈneɪʃən; from Nuremberg, U.S. *nigger-lover* “slavemaster” + *mischling* “soldier”) is the living death of an old guitarist.

As in:

1769: King Cotton comes with bolls of citron for a woman in trouble. He cadenzas *wench* to the tune of muddy water mandolins. Cornbread burns in the big house, and cedar plumes fuck angrily on swollen magnolias. A blade through fertile Cush means whips for whimpers. Slender, brown fingers clutch at something once known to be true. Her eyes, rapidly Nile-flooded, search for the quartered hymen of the Gold Coast. *So this is marriage*, she thinks, seeing her cream coffee *zygote* ripped from the belly of azure moons to citizenship. Gabonese elders tongue the mandolin's whispers along front teeth. Cuts and bleeds, this infernal hurricane.

As in:

1949: James Arthur Baldwin had a dream last night that he was dead, hanging from a bridge. In death, dangling naked by the neck, Baldwin feels an icy overture on the tips of his toes. An avalanche of Parisian light . . . and kneeling upon an embankment, Baldwin sees his noosed body dancing luridly with the reflection of a white man in a delta below . . . music cresting his penis.

Buoyant as the smell of the sea, Baldwin plunges nation-first into the night-long twitch of a lyre. At dawn, he puts midnighted hands to the sun glare of his white reflection and plays the bridge on the bed.

As in:

2008: *We the people, in order to form a more perfect union . . .* the President begins. He stops. The sounds of mandolins and lyres cling to the roof of his mouth. This isn't supposed to happen now. His advisors and speech writers have worked tirelessly for four hundred years to iron out the overture of history. But the President hollers his mother's name and mulatto bone rolls on a lightning streak to the radio of a Chevy four decades prior. On a Honolulu highway, an African and a white woman shift gears, songs into rhythm.