

IN FLUX

A
contemporary
experience in
literature of
a sort

Thomas
McNally



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To my 4 children - the future. My mother - the past.

To my family and friends who continue to support me - my present.

And at all times - to God.

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INTRODUCTION

IN FLUX is a contemporary experience in literature of a sort.

Welcome ... My First Virtually Published literature wherein I have the distinct pleasure of sharing a lil' of mah self with ya...

My works are both divers and sometimes even awkwardly genre'd. I have a strong use and preference for idiomatic structure...

...And yes, I use ellipses as if it were one of the only punctuation marks acknowledged by the English language. My reason...

...Simply the fact that life, wine and literature should all flow as smoothly...as an ellipse...allowing nothing more than the impact of the following experience to punctuate, discipline and even tame what would have been otherwise an other than wise, unruly mane.

From time to time you may come across things in which you don't understand...

GOOD

... I'm not always trying to speak to your ration-al, but to your heart, for lack of a better word...

Yup...Your Heart...You know...that place where those

Feelings of rage swell,

Love rests, Envy bubbles, And lust Cultivates.

You know that place all-too-well...The Back of your neck, the pit of your belly, the corner of your eye where those tears of remorse, woe, pleasure, ecstasy, laughter, love insperation, anticipation, jealousy and downright loathing repose themselves.

Enjoy!

Tom Cat

Here's a little story about a cat; That damn cat wouldn't stand for chat,
That damn cat knew where its at

Now that there fee Was awfully... When a young Tom Cat
climbed up her tree; This Tom Cat had style and grace This Tom
Cat had a face to chase

This young skit Knew how to git EevvErythang From stit to bit
Now that old sow, we called cat ace She sat in tree, called it her
place And every time Tom slid Sow Cat itched to have his kid; Sow
Cat purred and Sow Cat coo, Jimmy cracked corn as Tom Cat flew

And just by chance he peeped her prance And Sow Cat did a
mean 'ole dance

Now Tom Cat jived and Tom Cat Jigged But this 'Ole Sow...
Had Tom Cat rigged

And So he stammered and then Tom strum And mad the Sow
put feet to drum

Tom played well that game of his Till one day Tom's Jive turned
to jiz And Sow Cat made her wishes his

Now that's not bad if two for two The each played tunes that
Co0 Cats do

But just like the monkey, that Tom Cat wore, That damn core
thought was true for sure

The game was old, like cop and blow... Chase a Tom, Catch a
Tom, Let...Him...Go...

Still Tom was slick Mo' den a bit He knew his name to scheme
don't fit So Tom Cat layed and Tom Cat curled Cause Mista Line
knew its a Tom Cat's world

Early morn as Sow Strut cocked Tom Cat kicked the Jive...Pulled
frock And said, "Just how slick you be? Try to make a fool of me

You tried to lay the law down hard Was almost there, all but a
yard You snuck a Ace, three Jokes to start While I played 'lil 'ole
Jack of Hearts

You cut the cards and cheated, yet You double dealt to insure
wreck, French cuts and calls of Nig on check But still there's one
thing you forget Lil 'ole Tom had brought the deck

No matter how, who what or why, Ya can't beat the deck my
dough did buy

Set all up from get to go So... No matter the throw Tom's in the
know

You cheated with rules I wrote myself Doubled up on Hell and
thought it wealth

Now Game is called – by me Tom Cat.” He spat the chat, then
turned to skat

And said, “One final thing, should see, Ya tree ain't tumble weed
to me. Come morn this 'ole thing hits the ground... The Man a have
it chopped and bound, And that 'ole Dog will love the sound... Cuz
he just came home from Famine Pound”

Am I?

There was once a time when questions were easier to come by than answers, but I have learned now, that I already know the answers to questions which have yet to be disclosed. I have seen the solutions within the mouths of disparaging complications. I have watched these solutions suckle on the tit of dilemma and fervently coo on with gurgles of wisdom, but all to befall deaf ears. I mistook it for clamor though my innards listened close.

The problem we all seem to agree on in race relations is the deficit of physical sameness. I preclude that it is much more than that and ambiguously indifferent to scalar quantification. It is an irony of such magnitude that it blooms implosively, folding in on itself finding never-ending detail to its detail. It is OK. For I've heard words yet to be spoken and have seen the pain in the eyes of those who've sought to humble me, but my humility lacks not. Please understand that what you choose to halt is in essence awaiting such attempts, attempts which breathe fiery life into the pools of kerosene blood that we have collectively harnessed. You sought to destroy, but did not know – you sought to know, but did not understand. And and but when you sought to understand, all accrued knowledge was destroyed by non-acceptance of the simpler facts and the disbelief of things which needed not be questioned.

You were merciless, be proud. You were a force to be reckoned with, accept that valor. You were the czars of conquest, the monarchs of mayhem, the liege of lies and bloodlust, I commend you. Please, revel in that glory, I entreat you to that. I thank you, and stand erect, with your brand on my chest. I accept that I am as your child. You made me. You made a man who's bones have grown dense to withstand the gravity of the plights you have made my everyday habitat. You have rounded my shoulders in muscular in muscular mass to support the burdens you've heaped upon them. You have sharpened my eyes so that I may see through the guise

of mortals and unveil the cloak of demigods. I thank you for these things. I understand and respect and accept and perhaps modestly exemplify all that you were, but pay heed to who I AM.

I am not me, I am we. I am the consciousness that cannot be compromised. I am the word which needs not be spoken. I am where you do not look. I have risen. It is my time now, as your dusk is upon you. You thought that I would subtly rear my head, giving time for resistance. No. I am.

You need not fear me, for I do not bring death. I bring life to the lifeless. I have suffered deprivation of the unalienable, still I am. I have understood degradation and fastened my feet in the soil so that I may not buckle. In the stage of my life, of first conception, you denied me, you said that I did not exist. Throughout my embryonic development within your womb, you poisoned me by gorging yourself on the perversions of irony: giving God to the godly, giving wisdom to the wise, chastening the chaste and freeing the free. You took the liberty of redefining language at whim: protection, discovery, the law, the holy; and I turned in the belly of the earth waiting to be birthed.

And when the time, by nature's choice, arose for me to swallow my first taste of air, you would not release me from the womb. You held me there hoping that I would be unborn; that the defiled uterus of your malice would contract about my throat and that I would stifle on the indignations coiled around me. An attempt, but still I am. With macabre resolve I tore through the recess of my maternal prison, and of time and of continents and of islands and seas and fields, haciendas, yoke and suffering. My initial travail was an onerous one, but never the less, I am.

On my outset into the world, I was misled and exploited. You took my trust and mangled it, you took my gratuitous insight and called it ignorant, only to peddle it at a later date for profit. You bled me and allotted me only the barest portion of this gore to dampen my parched lips. Still, for this minute amount, I showed gratitude. You see I am no longer that child, but a man I am. Reaching throughout the expanse of space and time, touching those

far and near. My mind rages with all the fury of an encaged bore, craving, lusting knowledge that was once beyond my grasp. You would not allow me to come into manhood, still, I am. As I entered adolescence you said with a smile and kind gesture, “No, here my friend you may not be”, and I replied, “But, I am”.

Then as for insult to injury, you said, “No, my friend, these things are not for you to understand,” and I replied, “Relinquishing my ignorance, I am”

Because of such audacity, such tenacity, you smiled and said, “My son, you are ready to be a man, I accept you as I am, and love you equal to the kin of my loins, : and I lavished the adoration and sat with you, and feasted with you and laughed with you, and slept, full of food and mirth, as you slept awake, creeping over my slumbering form, an ax in hand above your head – you struck, with all of the desperation of a fish on a fisherman’s hook, beating about, choking on the dryness of the air, at my sleeping form, hacking it to bits, sullyng your home with the carnage of my corpse.

You did not like me, you did not love, you did not want me, you did not accept me, and I did not sleep. Please look again at the slain, it was not me. Please examine close to see blood of your blood, instead of mine, upon your sleeve and face. I am here, I am awake, I am alive, I am aware, with sarcasm I say, “My friend, I am.”

For this guile and wit you hated me, but for the lessons our shared history has taught us, I adore you. I credit you and chortle at you. Once again, the men deemed prtectors, protect the fragile weavings of a society built on the foundation of contempt, synchronously, making efforts to strip me of my manhood, all failed. I am. Displeased I am – abhorred I am, all of this ingrained in my heart, but standing fast I am.

Have you yet understood who I am?

I am the inertia of the universe, turning about itself, within itself, on the axis of itself. I am the essence of what is feared and cherished, I am the moment between life and death, I am what cannot be stopped.

For each time I am disassembled, there will be ten to replace

me, equally fortified and palatial.

I am a tower, erected in the midst of desolation, my base deeply fixed in to the soil – my mobility at angst with my endeavor to remain perpendicular to the despair about me.

I will not stand forever, my form will be deconstructed. I will not fall, but my shattered pieces will descend onto the ground to lay dormant, however, impromptu to the blackening of the sky, a darkness caused by the ashes of my smoldering figure. A tower whose peak once punctured the sun – glistening as the sun's dew seeped through this accidental orifice, dribbling down my lateral. I will appear beaten and broken, into many pieces which have all descended onto the ground to lay dormant, however, impromptu, to the rain that falls from this blackened sky.

Each piece of I will soak up the airs' moisture, the dampness of the clay it lay on, the clay it came from. At that moment, not subtly, giving time for resistance, those pieces shall explode into the sky standing to replace me, equally fortified and palatial. You, my friend, will be forced to tread between the mountains and caverns that these new factions have formed.

But it is not important that you understand or respect or accept or even modestly exemplify these facts, it is for you to know simply – that I am

War Is God

War is God or rather God is war. War of the soul's damnation vs. the pleasure of the flesh. War of the mind's righteous, do it right, it'll work, just...like...that vs. impulse and spontaneity. War is God or rather God is war. Man vs. Man vs. Woman vs. future bearings.

War is God – what love won't chase let hate pursue. From the fake-working but raking in six figures to the back-breaking, hourly pay, you can count on six fingers – to the trigger of the barrel of a gun to the woman jumping from hung to who's more hung to the next CEO rising from the slums to the last CEO who is today's plain old bum.

War is God, no, God is WAR – children feasting on the bones of children in their hood, no meat left on their carcass – abuse, malnutrition and a twisted system took their share first. God is where silence dwells; where knees meet concrete and no final remittance of a guilty life is waged. War, the purgatory of closing eyes, blind to decency.

War is God, NO God is WAR.

Gruff

There once sat a man, his arms in fold, His hair of weeds and teeth of gold, His eye a diamond, splintering gleams, His other a hole, where one had been, Seven digits, mismatched But not one thumb... His clothes a rag Tied front to back His once bronze skin a blemished black...

This old man of nothing nice, Spoke to me once sullen, thrice A Gruff...

He said, "...Boy this life, Is to live, Be not fooled, but what to give, Of oneself, to gain a glory? Bequeath your heart for fabled pleasures... Stolen from your youth of life... Days beneath a swollen sun, Nights among the playful stars, Working, slaving...Day and Night... All to give unto a wife...

Friends and dogs Both one and same... Will give you loyalty true... Till one day when such darkness comes... They'll ask of you enormous sums, But think of it not true to form or friendship gained... Without regards of living lame, You'll follow through both, both leg and thumb, For fear of canine jaws untamed... You'll surely choose o share your crumbs...

And family, such a cursed gift, Through pestilence's rift, Exiled with taunt, They'll dare not drift... For fear of want, In future gains and garb and care And you the lame, say,"Fear not fear!" And they, the priests and flock about... Laugh and smile with righteous shouts,

Flame and liquor bought with your hand, Engulf the heat of concession's lamb, You my friend, the sacrifice, Shed garment, to shelter your family's life,

And that night That very night... They'll feed said garment to the light The one you sit upon and roast... Toast not toast, but be a host, Of your Life of which to live...

This counsel I SHARE For son, I fear And bid You'll forgive, But I've got nothing left to give.