

A SAMPLE FROM

# Autowar

*poems by*

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## keener

regressing into reflective apartment buildings  
is a keen professional imaginer of maybes

an eager to lessen the blows echo type  
i'm here but my presence is convalescing

i crave my unbeing syrup and taste less  
i want my labour to lose my value

let only me spend me, puff me, pass  
sew myself up less i be the steel beams

use brown liner like an illustrious shield,  
carve an eight-hour smile into  
the corners of my mouth

set out hunting for a temporary rest stop  
any house on this block is a rest stop in a rush

aroused by the tile in all these homes  
homes nervous, oscillating trembling walls

window eyes look across to sharp lined churches  
next slide opens with a sharp sweep of lash

do you know that the sharp sweetness lasts  
longest in a little home with a bit of heat?  
and crumbs and crits of dust i've named  
i'll own up when the moans escape my body

that's how you'll know it's cutting into me  
marks from where these bars are cutting in me

but they'll say "she loves it" they'll say,  
"look how much she loves it" they'll say

watch me try to learn that lesson  
when our morals are so blurry

and so is the truth industry  
and every photo of me  
and every photo of me  
is tagged with my ambivalence  
i reach in and smudge me – i blacken me

it's that economic lie,  
it's that federal ideation tax

it's that soft thump in the night  
caught on flash

im a new me im a new me  
im a new me  
im new

## **bloodthirst**

here in the dark,  
i am insatiable for my flesh  
i just can't get enough of me  
all my tiny after-wounds  
hard crust of goodness come up  
my shell throws up scabs of pavement  
they are so sweet in opening to me  
that's me giving, still too soft  
for the poor brittleness of my teeth

## ape

of all the animals he loved  
for a brief time i was his best

the very best animal  
for the very best big boy

my silhouette aping  
his divine brutality

living things break each other  
men love monsters

love is its own monstrous  
monstrous is timothy treadwell-ism

watch out for the brown furred ones  
the white furred run crossing oaths

making hybrids of heathens  
in any of row of degenerate peers

nicknamed animal for all their crimes,  
not grisly and not polar,

you are a growler  
you are lawless, you are feinting upwards

when i get too old for this  
assembly line of worth

i won't get the meadow or pasture  
they will catch on to my  
little charms,

i'm no donation in body  
and have given no veal,

I beg you when they shuttle me down  
cutting me into my parts

and discarding what the earth saw

save the best for last, though we know  
they will shear the sweetest meat of me

but here, take my arm with its every nerve  
in permanent shock of strain

poor ends super and atrophied  
sublime aftermath of toxic struggle

i will generously bequeath my ego body to the state  
let them feed on my tumorous gristle

leave the rest to this dead earth  
leave the best to the smallest maggots

## **sweet nothing**

i am so attuned touch is impossible

the colossal space edging matter is too big for longing

it's not recoiling from touch it's seeking the sensation of none

i'm not afraid to be loved i just don't feel anything

everything is wrung out of violent relief any way

i want very much to hold on to this quietness

and keep on and on

and on and on