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A twosome blaq beak sonnet

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Erratum

In the original, Gabriel Awuah Mainoo's full name was incomplete in publication. This has been corrected.

Gabriel Awuah Mainoo

A twosome blaq beak sonnet

*Look at me! look at my arm! i have
ploughed & planted & gathered into barns
& no man could head me! & ain't i a woman?
— Sojourner Truth*

my mother is a tribe of raccoons in my portmanteau. my sons, sons, sonnets & grandsons wear all my tennis shorts. sons, sons, sonnets & grandsons wear all my tennis shorts which means my mother's hair is a toothache ingrown on their spirits; a civil war to remember in their mouths because of her. my mother is a coal-welded tennis racket in my backpack of divorced women. mother is a coal-welded tennis racket in my backpack of divorced women. my mother is an umpire i carry to my games. an umpire i carry to my games. my mother was at the US Open & every grand slam & people named her after things which cannot be repelled. mother was at the US Open & every grand slam & people named her after things which cannot be repelled so they accepted her like a second serve & decided to make her a memory. but tomorrow or blaq or twilight are failed adjectives for memory. tomorrow or blaq or twilight are failed adjectives for memory. in a minute i tell you what she doesn't want you to know. tell you what she doesn't want you to know. lie to you about all her sensitive parts, arts & acts. about all her sensitive parts, arts & acts. anger is good dessert when you're the hunger. is good dessert when you're the hunger. my mother calls her white darling nigger digger or lazy landlord when foamed in liquor.

men like her who like her panic to make her a lover, a second wife, a side chica, chick or chicken. a lover, a second wife, a side chica, chick or chicken. her resentment is that of rain licking the smudge of danger from a penknife. rain licking the smudge of danger from a penknife. in a minute i'll lie to you about the ingredients of anger. lie to you about the ingredients of anger. it is made of 7 ladles of contrition, clean sludge, 3 true cubes of blaq oppression & adrenaline. 7 ladles of contrition, clean sludge, 3 true cubes of blaq oppression & adrenaline. most of my defeats are victories because my double faults are metamorphosed into aces because mother is magnetic wind because she calls me good ball or good child despite the bureaucracy of lines men who settle the score before the game behind casino cold rooms. defeats are victories because my double faults are metamorphosed into aces because mother is magnetic wind because she calls me good ball or good child despite the bureaucracy of lines men who settle the score before the game behind casino cold rooms. i hear a doorbell in the newspaper. a doorbell in the newspaper. i walk out of the place; Serena W, Venus & Osaka taking selfies on a yacht, *gold all in their anklets, gold all in their beads, the gold of night spattered in their laugh.*