

Bey
(excerpts from a Play
Plot abstracted out)

Speaking Characters:

Bey: a being

Milton: a salesman

Carla: a body

Scene 1

Bey alone

Bey: No shame.

Only history
unwound by words
stretched by a million strained vocal chords.

Only history
where the clash of Arms against Arms
fades to silence
drowned by time
where blood spilled dried again
and mothers give birth again
and ballots are flung to Obscurity again.
The unending spiral of spilt Ink and Blood
bound and filed in library catalogues
and abandoned
because there's a new war on.

The bad visions
blackening the eyes
of recorded power.
Blinded dictators
masturbating in bullets
fill their heads with visions of themselves on the cross—
Their words,
God's words.
The restless sea
teething on hanging chads.

The cactus thorn
deep down my throat
exposed to my drying air
our dying words
fell on deaf ears.

Scene 2

Bey and Milton, sitting in the living room, on adjacent couches.

Milton:

You hide from yourself
under revolutionary phrases.
People suffer in the world
and you are hungry for the same stream
that flew past our banks
a thousand plastic times before us
 only noticed ebbing
 by dreamy textbooks
Receding golden ages:
 Honorable samurai,
 Soulless cowboy,
grassroots carpetbagger—
 save me!
the external world
 is terrorizing my skin again.

Bey:

Yet self dominates self in America
we have no autonomy
and the only way to destroy the manufactured apathy
is to control the mass of American minds myself,
I'll kill my insides
to pressure a false outer shell
to manufacture truth out of
streaming media
to awaken humanity.
The only answer now
is to give my body over
to a thirsty language.
[. . .]

Scene 4

Carla is sitting alone reading a book in the living room, on the couch.

Carla: my placenta sings late at night, cries for a holy inhabitant, absent
in its misues. finally, once a month, in the early hours of the morning,
sings its grand finale, its opus, aquifies itself, and leaves me lonely
forever. *pause* the seven holy placentas of truth flying out of my
ungracious vagina, pleeing a lonely life, my lonely life, useless and

forlorn. it begins a seven day death pilgrimage to the toilet, seeking salvation in my underwear.

[. . .]

Scene 5

Milton and Bey. They are smoking a cigarette between the two of them, which they pass back and forth after one hit each time, so they're smoking when they're not talking. Slowly.

Bey: Obey your uncontrollable day in and day out, your place in society. it is all you have.

Milton: Obey the command economy, right?

Bey: Obey consumption, rather. As long as you eat and wear clothes, you'll be obeying yourself. And the command economy.

Milton: Obey your testicles, spend night after night following them around.

Bey: Obey intoxication; hazy cage of droopy eyed alcohol and paralyzed by desire and disgust.

Milton: Obey the sidelines of darkened rooms,

Pause

Bey: Obey green dreaming, you have to work for your dreams.

Milton: Obey your death, may it come after your dreams

Bey: It won't. Obey your daily immortality, because you actually could die tomorrow.

Milton: Obey your War, it might kill you tomorrow.

Bey: Obey cities, where sewers tie us together. *Puts the cigarette out in the ashtray.* This is beat man.

Milton: beat, man.

Fade out

Scene 8

Bey is alone on the street, walking home. His face looks a little beat up. It is night.

Bey: Lost in the spaces between
My absolutes abandoned,
I stand alone...
trapped in the zone
by razor wire masquerading
as classroom walls
and ground rules.
No paper to receive my poem
society dissolves around me,
my eternal canvass melted
Ripped in the wind
of a thousand french-fry fallouts.
My skin can't contain me anymore.
self to self, dust to dust
Earth smeared with asphalt:
asphalt my only friend.

Scene 10

Bey and Carla

Bey: I will make earthly trees take root in your crotch.
Nighttime paradise
Where songs shout and gods play,
and the chaos is shaded by shade trees,
and I'll bask in the bliss,
down by the waterside, I'll lay my head, my head, lay my head.
Your crotch, leafy and green
protected by greedy photosynthesizers
from the white light of false love.
I hear factories clanging truths
I see eyes implode
your mouth on fire
and truth under your dirty toenails.
[. . .]

Scene 12

Bey alone.

Bey: This is the middle act.
When the sun sank
deep in the west where daily God died—

Evil melts into abstraction
rivers of propaganda,
hardcore militiamen on bicycles ride
skinned kneecaps,
lines of Nazis electing
Cheeky Russians to be God.

Herds of hectic indigenous
displaced into a cartoon fire
erupting from bush eyes
staring down at his domain:
Texas.

Cowboys herding
brown bodies through economies,
The middle passage reaches its end
tunnels built under the Atlantic
though which slaves
eternally march.

White men squat on rotting
summits
flexing muscles flaccid
from malnourishment.

The truth is abu graib.
The truth is an ad against cigarette ads.
The truth is a cartoon
of a cowboy riding a talking horse
over a pile of black bodies
This is the nationalism of covering pain
this is the middle act.

Scene 15:
Bey rages at Milton. Violence.

Milton:
door to door, rage to rage,
I fly through the plain
backbones of herds
of in sullen motion
shipped from store to carpet
by sleepy escalators.

Bey: For Infinite Arrogance

Milton: the silent rage of the masses
will swallow you whole
and your battle through
tracheas and lungs
your rage will break their teeth
and flatten complacent vocal chords.

Bey: And yet you still talk

Milton: They will feel you brewing
in pools of stomach acid.
The dumb beast of silent dreams
will enflame the night
and the false merchants
and dirty hands
will end their adulterous reign.

Bey: Eternal dishonesty

Milton: Rage will rise
passing through blazing elevators
into Mary's placenta
and through the eyes of black horsemen.

Bey: The lie of objectivity Justified by blindness

Milton: And the sea of white backed
soupy voiced
drinkers of culture
will face their finality.

Bey: The universalization Of Our Delusion

Bey the Vanquisher

[. . .]