

Bastet And The Urn Of Nephthys

Mom mouthed a silent U. The two toothless old wrecks were laughing; they were "boomers" steeped in film culture. And I'm carrying a load of heroin, but I don't care about this cargo! That freight do not scares me!

Even while Mom draws the Temdeg symbol on my forehead. Remind me of it... remind me! It's a minimal movement of my limbs in the aborted tongue into Mom womb.

"The earth and I are playing with fire
I've gathered my guts into a bomb that tears me apart
And tears the earth apart

On all the wide sidewalks
I swept up our remains" ^{NOTE}

Perhaps she was just an environmentalist eager to do good! Who knows? My arms remain open until they are crossed. The same goes for my palms. It is an imperceptible movement of my limbs within aborted language, in the midst of maternal gravity.

Lots of things. Full of civilization. Plots of colonial-era gutters U.S.! No... oh, no!

NO! Oh-oh! It wasn't Candyman's fairy tales she read to me in the evening, but the works of Abdul Kader El Janabi. In French—for Mom is originally from Algiers, a university academic, and holds a doctorate in literature. And sometime, I don't remember.

Off and on, I really don't quite remember when. Or do I?

Do I remember it, but still cannot call it to mind?

Like any child of the social welfare system, Dad is transfixed by ancient Egypt. Others are children of princes or descendants of nobles. So speaking. The dangerous classes also have their black queens. But why Bastet and not a Tengrist deity? Why... Who will say it?

At home, there were tons of semi-professional fanzines like **Fantasy Tales**. But nobody cut off boys' genitals. *Only girls!* Not even their brains, as is the custom here and there.

I'm now really living in harmony with my guitar.

Full of ruts. Is that a metaphor for Bastet? Grandma's kitty that puked up Mom. Mom's black cat that swallowed Dad. Dad, where are you? Do not blame my verses; I am merely the constraint of a nebula.

"You killed your old man?
— Now, you let me do it!..."

But no clear sign of foul play. Were is your redheaded woodpecker... Ought to be ashamed of yourself! That evening, when you made an indehiscent love to her. I was waiting within a star. An embryo—an initial attempt to speak, bypassing established conventions.

Yours. Not mine... It was the Southern Cross!

Does the future of blood lie in the pipelines of my hand? Flap, flap, flap... Time passes. It start as an errand star.

"What's up, girl? Is this Isis?
— This is she. Who's this?"

In the pipelines of my hand... a star. A stadium of stars! But were is the Moon?

Grandpa and Grandma lived in Lyon, France, and we used to spend our summer vacations there. For a month—and they would come for Ramadan. I didn't know Dad's family. I still don't know them. None of those ancestors. But why the hell should I care?

I was so far from being myself, and it was before language—*The Thousand and One Nights* on a Persian rug. Bastet was the feline fairy of my little cradle. And they told me that I was protected by Isis.

"Full of ruts.
Is that a metaphor for Bastet?"

I think it's because of my father. Call... call him to my mind! Not my grandfather—no!

He claims to have Mongol ancestry and points to his blade-like ears, which lack lobes, as if it were irrefutable proof.

"Beneath the beam
Of the muted moon
The river rushes impetuously
As if the castaway's garb
Were a form of camouflage!" ^{NOTE}

Lyrics: Andy & Bruce Woolley.

NOTE 1. Ghazi Younes, *Dernières heures des vingt-cinq années qui viennent de s'écouler* (The final hours of the twenty-five years that have just passed), in **Le Désir libertaire**, n° 2-3, avril 1974. (Translation by Mona-Akej.) *Le Désir libertaire, le surréalisme arabe à Paris, 1973-1975*. L'Asymétrie, coll. Rimanenti, 2018.

NOTE 2. Abdul Kader El Janabi, *L'ivresse géométrique des sorciers* (The geometric trance of the sorcerers), suivi de *Spleen de Bagdad*, L'Asymétrie, Arabie-sur-Seine, 2019.