

Poetry

Chain Of Supply

by Benedict Hangiriza

Geological past shapes biological present.

— Blake de Pastino

sun-charred pits bloated with
bodies, sacks of bright-turquoise
shales. This biblical toil is all that
remains for progress' expanding
mouth. Each phone, a remote
gulag, each battery emaciated limbs,
atomized to electrolyte. Here eats the young
and the old, mother in close-ups returns to girl,
returns before miscarriages, before her
father's blood writhes a
cleft palate down the family tree to this
malleable, coltish frame of hills peppered
with bones like acres of rotting fruit.
Here, the immovable shroud of conflict,
the kind a féticheur's ear refuses its charged
cochlea, scours this land like the innards of
a *lokole* drum. East and south, and north and
west, rename this stalling country an alias of
slavery. Here, alluvial-churned ghosts nudge
us forward, backward, where a sophist
representative denies the corpse
tally of dozens that find no bottom and empty into the
pliocene awaiting them as 35,000 grunts osmose

chests threaded with just sticks and straw.

Appeared in Issue Fall '23

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