

BETWEEN GHOSTS
by Terrance Hayes

(for BDH)



1. FUNERAL DANCE

Since you don't know funk's function,
You might scorn our fever, each tongue

Pulped with liquor, each fire and each fire's
Opposite, but, Sugar, you'll never have a cure

For death. You won't know
What wind devoting its hours to motion knows.

The godliness which glossed you
At birth will become the lacquer of suffering. You

Won't be wooed by oozings lying
On your belly between a lover's thighs.

Without funk (and here I mean grief) you won't trust
the blood's Flesh blurring rhetoric. You'll never love

The idea of survival
As much as the ones who survive.

If you're too sober or austere, too gutted or
muzzled to dance, if you've come to turn your

Nose up to the funk desanctifying the air--
Then, Baby, your sick ass should not be here.