

a portrait in the theatre of desire

Brian Obiri-Asare

Master P & all his girlfriends, they came to settle the south-west back in the black and white times. Master P he's a mighty flash fella, wicked & fierce. he sounds in bites, singing, babbling these flashes of glamour in the dry. he sings sweet stuff about mother earth

& blue savannahs & they swoon one by one by one. it's a bit much. all the time he's bouncing between women, all the time women, more & more, stealing their fire & melting into a merry abyss. he broke damper with the first comers, who'd also been scattered

by havoc, caught a whiff of their ravaged trail. that's why he's wild in pursuit, spreading song through purple shores & here we are trying to put the murmur of a sunken place to rest. Master P rounds up his brothers, every pay day. they tear up town &

colour the deep brown ranges. you can hear them in the storm clouds there. so brutal, so melancholic. Master P has girlfriends all over. night & day he runs amuck, crazy for their fire. you can hear him in the beer garden & floating in space. singing the country & now

how to put it - my sister's gone got fed up with his voice? he's screaming, frothing at the mouth. the sun's out, so too some rain & drizzle. the devil is beating his wife. that's why he's holding a knife, framing the mood in the outback. sitting on the edge of Kelisha's bed,

seduced by the red desert torching a hole in his heart. he scares all his girlfriends - they've spirited away, can't stand the sound. his brothers don't want to speak. for month's there's been this pale murmur sounding on repeat. & Master P, he's no fool. he knows why