

Carmen-Sibha Keiso
The Puritan and The Sleaze:
Part One

“The thing is this. That of all the several ways of beginning a book which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the best—I’m sure it is the most religious—for I begin with writing the first sentence—and trusting to Almighty God for the second.”

Laurence Sterne



**JESUS
BABY, ARE YOU THERE?
DO YOU NEED ME?
ARE YOU OKAY?
ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?**



**SISSY IS GOD REAL?
SISSY, DO YOU THINK JESUS LOVES ME?
COULD HE LOVE EVEN ME?
YES DADDY, JESUS LOVES YOU. THE BIBLE TELLS ME SO
HE IS HEALED; WOUNDED NO MORE
HIS WAR FINALLY OVER
HE IS HOME AT LAST**



**O BROTHER
IS THERE STILL TIME BROTHER?
SISSY, IS THERE STILL TIME TO MOURN?
IS THERE STILL TIME TO KILL, TO THINK?
IS THERE STILL THE TIME TO REALISE?**



**HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO LEARN HOW TO THINK WHEN MY HOUSE IS ON FIRE
AND ALL THE ANIMALS HAVE DIED
WOUNDED INSIDE, THE KIND THAT CANNOT BE SEEN
HOW WILL I TELL MY SON WHO WILL NOT ENTER THIS EARTH THAT WE KILLED
ALL THE ANIMALS BEFORE HE WAS NOT BORN UNTO THIS EARTH
I'M LIMITLESS
IN THAT MY PERSONAL CAPACITY HAS BEEN COCK-BLOCKED BY MY OWN CUL-
TURAL CONDITIONS
MY TIME
MY CITIZENS
MY ERA
SHE'S DEAD TO ME NOW ANYWAYS**





**SOMETIMES I THINK ABOUT FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN
WHO WOULD DARE?
HOW DARE WE FALL IN LOVE IN THIS CLIMATE
WHO WOULD DARE?
POST A PHOTO OF THEIR NEW WALLET
AND BIRTHDAY DINNER ON THEIR INSTAGRAM STORY
WHO WOULD DARE?**



**BUT THEY SAY OLD SISSYS NEVER DIE - JUST FADE AWAY
YET SISSY LOVED THE LORD
BUT DID NOT UNDERSTAND
NO ONE HAD TOLD HIM
DADDY DIED A LONE SOLDIER
UNREALISED
DISPATCH'D
BEEN
BEING BUT HEAVY
YET SISSY WILL BEAR THE LIGHT**



**I TRY MY BEST TO STAY ON DECK
I TRY MY BEST TO STAY AFLOAT
I TRY MY BEST TO RIM MY LOVE DAILY
EVEN THOUGH HE GETS SHY
YET FADING AWAY STILL ASKING
HOW
COULD JESUS STILL LOVE ME?**



**ROAD-TRIP IDEATION
GOD HATES ME AND SO HE GAVE ME YOU**

—

IN LOVING MEMORY OF DADDY

**A poet sits on a park bench
And deliberates why the Sumerian tablets notate the human race as a slave race**

**It's the age to live, the time to remain alive
What are we trying to prove anyway
I can't answer that right now, but I don't think young people are killing themselves so much
anymore**

**If only I could tell you what to be without you
Every morning I wake up and I am in control of what I want and what I eat
And there is no such thing as a just state of exile**

**I'm not trying to be anything
I start my day at 6.30pm
I go to university for dinner
And I routinely fuck myself in the ass whenever the opportunity arises**

**You failed to recognise so much of me
I would rather be in love
But I'm not trying to be anything
I told you I would never leave you
Emotional-polyamory is an austere condition of being a theory student**

**You're horny, but paranoid
I can read, but I can't write
I've tried to break through in the real estate scene for three and a half months now
Everyday I find myself alone and panicked
Like an Airbnb in the middle of the Arizona desert**

**An intruder approaching from the bottom of your heart
It's me bitch, wake up and smell the butane
As I grow older I can only learn to realise just how in-denial I am
And I fess up and I'm clean
I don't have time to make shit up anymore
I'm pure, baby, I swear**

**So then why are Americans so hung up on Kafka
Like an email invitation to the Wellbutrin club
There can be brief, yet effective thrusts of beauty in most public parks
Never trust a straight man who works in fashion merchandising**

**The opposite of spectacle is peace
Nihilism is only cowardice in the form of escapism
There are people who have accepted modernity
I heard women will fall in love with anything**

**But why are people so afraid of mundanity
Like thought becoming action
The name JACK doesn't deserve heartbreak
And I believe curators are barely human**

**They still shoot social workers don't they
Psychos in love, the musical
I went all the way to America just to escape her
A lifestyle that revolves around a constant state of unemployment
In this house we don't speak French**

**America is the birthplace of Jazz
There's no audience in solitary confinement
Crying in the studio only lasts a few minutes anyway
God, what have I become**

**I am now accidentally practicing abstinence
Boredom is my fundamental human right
Artists vicariously living through preformed media
And sensitivity is not rapport**

**I wonder how much it costs to buy an embryo at the dollar store
Are American artists only good for one thing
I fell in love in the midst of cultural resurgence and/or political counterrevolution
A European city desperate to preserve its cosmopolitan essence; Paris in the springtime**

**I always stay hydrated
There's nothing more revitalizing than the death of love
How do you tell someone they're too dumb to make you horny
The strangest part about coming here is that it's real**

**Rationale has killed extremity
I have been warned of Jewish men who like to pretend they're black
You cannot prevent or preserve fate
I guess practicality is ugly**

**Those who challenge virtue are morally corrupt
Academics who have never fallen in deep love
If I had a backyard I would be no-one's personal business
I believe in a space time continuum**

**A reluctance to memorabilia
Sensationalised hoarding methodology
Who killed sex drugs and rock n roll
People with minds that are too thick to read
To be undeniably orthodox**

**Like the mutation of the class clown
How far is acknowledgment supposed to take us
Emotional submission is almost as degrading as sexual submission
An American passport as self-assigned detention
And I am at ease**

Carmen-Sibha Keiso is a multimedia artist, writer and curator working in performance, video, and text. Keiso's practice functions as a reflexive mise-en-scène wherein current socio-political and global cultural industries are fused with the semantics of social performativity. Chiming millennial diaspora with contemporary cultural discourse as an attempt to divulge the way in which we analyze the self. cskeiso.com

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