

Yorùbá Masquerade Dancers Sing Oríkì and Dance Bàtá

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July 28, 2023



The first frame is steady: smoke
in the distance; a montage of bodies—

singers and drummers, acrobats,
names forfeited momentarily to their craft.

Drumbeats for a cue, almost an epiphany,
and you pan for signs in a portion of the square

alien to gardening. It is a given:
the bàtá rhythm heralding the masquerades

now will shed its subtle beginnings.
At once gods and men, masked beings,

the guttural notes ferry their agon.
Pliable legs dangle on, unmoored

like a wanderer's intent, their tentative force
mirroring the strength of an alder.

For the uninitiated, the masquerades' dance,
it would seem, doubles the masks,

such things that must remain as puzzles:
the artisanal details of their garbs,

their woven pouches, and polished
stones. The birds lifting here know.

But they alone can reveal
what they carry beyond.

*The title is borrowed from a video by Debbie Klein

Invocation

Here, river bird,
take the burdens and the joys,
carry what you can; help
solve the puzzle of distance and fog.

Doppelganger

They had gathered all evening
for one moment, Pentecost
again, their fingers stalled on
one verse and the promise,
till the choristers tuned the milieu
to a refrain—seraphic heads
bobbed in the pews. A minder
yet to shed his pagan name
struck me in that frenzy,
and my eyes dimmed. I began
to see men and women as trees.

In search of my mother, I went
to the left side of the hall,
where she would sit. A woman
there looked at me with a knowing,
pointed elsewhere. I turned
and faded into that smoke.

'Gbenga Adeoba was born in Akure, Nigeria. He is the author of *Exodus* (University of Nebraska Press, 2020) and a chapbook *Here is Water* (APBF/Akashic books, 2019).

