

REGIE O'HARE GIBSON

Wild Thing

Fetish

*Well, I make love to you and lord knows you'll feel no pain
Say, I make love to you in your sleep, and lord knows you felt no pain (Have mercy)
'Cause I'm a million miles away and at the same time I'm right here
In your picture frame . . .*

*'Cause I'm a voodoo chile —
Lord knows I'm a voodoo chile*

—Voodoo Chile Blues

Jimi

Monterey, 1967.

They need to believe I'm a witch doctor
The Wild Man from Borneo the papers
Paint me as that I can't walk in sunlight
Am not of body bile or bone but screech

And squeal an incubus made of black light
Only taking man form to finger
Centuries of un-plucked hymens hungry
For hands as big and black as these speakers

I hump White girls moon over my bravado
The insistent Satan in my hips thumping
Elegant mojo through the peace sign
Of their widening legs they beg the hum of hell

High water to baptize guilt from their thighs
This is why they followed the electric
Pheromone to me hoping I would free
Pentecost and plantation from their insides...

Hoping to slow grind grunt growl against
Jagged salvation like their daddies
Would have done with my mama

51