## Studies in Canadian Literature Études en littérature canadienne

## **Pathogen Textures**

Ian Keteku

Volume 47, Number 2, 2022

**Special Section: Black Lives Matter** Dossier spécial : Black Lives Matter

URI: https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/1108326ar DOI: https://doi.org/10.7202/1108326ar

See table of contents

Publisher(s)

University of New Brunswick, Dept. of English

ISSN

0380-6995 (print) 1718-7850 (digital)

Explore this journal

Cite this document

érudit

Keteku, I. (2022). Pathogen Textures. Studies in Canadian Literature / Études en littérature canadienne, 47(2), 131–131. https://doi.org/10.7202/1108326ar

All Rights Reserved © Studies in Canadian Literature / Études en littérature canadienne, 2023

This document is protected by copyright law. Use of the services of Érudit (including reproduction) is subject to its terms and conditions, which can be viewed online.

https://apropos.erudit.org/en/users/policy-on-use/

#### This article is disseminated and preserved by Érudit.

Érudit is a non-profit inter-university consortium of the Université de Montréal, Université Laval, and the Université du Québec à Montréal. Its mission is to promote and disseminate research.

https://www.erudit.org/en/

# Pathogen Textures

### Ian Keteku

The parasite made gardens of cadavers built fences around the motherland reparations for good science.

A gangrene gardener, planting its sick inside the calabash, wilting walls, a passport's emblem.

banned from entry

---

She lifts the temperature gun from its holster raises it to my forehead — I feel warm a muffled voice behind the blue mask you're good to go!

I pat my fro the phantom bullet dissolves into my smallest details.

---

When the hospitals denied us a chance to wash the wilted cadaver we prayed the most merciful would accept her sodden soul regardless. the West moves the bar clamps you in a corner builds a glass house, watches through hazmat suits as Johannesburg burns.

At Kotoka airport a British Airways flight full of fuming passengers rush past a row of commandos refuse to wait another hour for swab results more parasites arrive in the Commonwealth.

We stay inside alone with our thoughts; the veiled, bearded onyx, an undesirable roommate.

He pokes at your growing gut through intravenous screens feeds you footage of your genocide waters the plastic begonias obsessively scrubs your insecurities with Clorox.

The parasite painted over exposed whites barely visible blacks. Tried to erase a larger sickness more gangrene, way more infectious.