

## Grace

Aesop Rock

Ian why don't you say grace  
"dear god thanks, and if you loved me vegetables would  
be extinct"  
Now I'm looking down the barrel of a string-bean side  
like an exodus of biblical proportion redefined  
Rectangle seat 4, squeeze 5, each one  
May not be excused from the table 'til the green gone  
Stomach revvin' up an episodic rerun  
Where's a dissipating plume of smoke when you need one?  
Chris and Graham hate 'em too but advocate a braver  
chew invented for the code red, cola chaser, nose held,  
gulp!  
Moments later 2 have been released  
Leaving me the legroom and the legume police  
Going "freeze, you with the pretzeled arms  
Send your fabricated nausea my best regards  
And know this kitchen as a prison 'til the pea pods die  
I could sit here all night"  
So could I

Who was at the doorjust now?  
Kids on dirt bikes asking you to bunny-hop the  
curbsides Really?  
Yup I told em "oh he busy, he staring at his green  
beans being a total pussy"

Who was at the doorjust now?  
Kids on skateboards asking you to navigate the  
claymores Really?  
Yup, I told em "oh he can't, he in the kitchen pouting  
and terrified ofa plant"

Blink Twice if you are being held hostage  
I speak and spell ofa sleeper cell in the hospice  
Woke, impersonating busy little helpers  
That intimately purr between the hiccuping up of  
feathers  
Pick a porcelain dish  
A single portion canned  
Frozen or fresh  
Defies the glory ofthe Poultry or fish  
Via communal bloodletting that rupture spud levy  
No '87 supper-scape was truly flood-friendly, ever  
Including at your basic cemetery for contaminated  
textures 60 minutes into never  
Where room temp heirlooms emanate a crude black mist  
To a rendition of "dude, dad's pissed"  
Tell dad dude's pissed too  
Not to mention genuinely brandishing a the new gill hue  
Still out-mule any last strafing watchmen  
'til the lord taketh waiting as an option

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Less like toes in a tide pool  
More like, left, right, poached from notable giant  
Kaiju  
Fat neck, fine tooth, rock and lean, yelling  
"this ends now eat the god damn beans!" ah!  
Hangdog mouth talk slang wrong and that there's  
flatware exhumed by a crane arm  
Time for some action  
Stab one ripe for a swipe and extraction  
Brined in malpractice  
Carried to the cavernous yap and obliged access  
If only in compliance with a deep-fried fascist, peep  
Literally bite down once  
And my tongue get a flooding from my uninvited guts  
Pointer finger plug a hole in the damn  
Ma notice, "ok gross, dinner's over, go spit", pop call  
"bullshit"  
Both of my brothers break in, like "he's on his Davie  
Hogan no mistaken", by the way

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