

Pigeonometry

Aesop Rock

I like drawing pigeons,
People tend to feed 'em or forbid 'em
Either way it's rare to see 'em individually considered
There's always like a million eating cigarettes and ketchup
I take a lot pictures, I been cropping out the extras
I been studying the independent measurements and metrics
The postures and the body types, the patterns on the feathers
Like some ritualistic tattoo dating back to their ancestors
While the bib and neck come dipped in precious amethyst and emeralds
It's a pity about the stigmas
How the cooties overshadow any beauty that enrich us
A white dove symbolizes peace and pacifism
A white dove is a pigeon, you motherfuckers is bigots
Yo, 3 toes forward, one toe ain't
1 AM sketching muscles on a plump little frame
Plus I love your pretty orange eyes and dumb little brain
I'll add a nimbus to atone for how we sullied the name

Phone, wallet, coffee, keys, lighter
I'm headed for the beyond, I'm a need a cease fire

Lighter, keys, coffee, wallet, phone
The whole street is lava, the beyond is not a go

I seen this one Da Vinci exhibit
In which they reconstructed dozens of machines he invented
From diagrams in his codex, open and beautifully scanned
Marvels of engineering, broke up by Vitruvian Man
Margin exploding with the future like it grew from his hand
Plus every annotation backwards, homie, who is this man?
I bet his brain projected images of orbiting equations
That would later become warships, or attempts at aviation
Or some irrigation system steering water different places
He could picture and commit to paper from a grip of angles
Honestly it's pretty overwhelming
Contraption after contraption that had us "holy hell"-ing
Later in the afterglow, grab a tablet, have a go
I might invent some vehicle, or diving suit, or catapult
Fast forward to the morning
I had caught a thousand tags and drew a half a pigeon poorly, oh well

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I told my homie I had drew some pigeons
And was feeling like it could be the root of future submissions
It'd be cool to draw a thousand and layout a book of sketches
He said, "How many you got?" I said, "Like 6 or 7"..."
'What?!" He said, "A thousand is a lot"
I said, "That's why it's gotta be an actual thousand on the dot
I hit 'em with that thousand to make up for what they not
Once you mix that many bodies it becomes about the flock."
He told me, "If you do it, it's a cruise to manufacture"
I took it as a challenge, but regretted it soon after

See the point was always celebrate the individual vessel
That I pitched a package deal at all is pretty disrespectful
Plus a thousand is a lot
Sometimes I get excited before really sizing up the job
I think I drew like one more on a red-eye into Queens
I ain't even make a dozen, I been eyeing other things