

Shrunk

Aesop Rock

My first name is a random set of numbers and letters and other alphanumerics
that changes hourly forever
My last name, a thousand vowels fading down a sinkhole to a sussurus, couldn't
just be John Doe or Bingo
My address, a made up language written out in living glyphs lifted from demonic
literature and religious text
Telephone, uncovered by purveyors of the Ouija, then checked against the CBG
B women's room graffiti
My social, a sudoku
My age is obscure
My 'in-case-of-emergency' is in the daisies chasing birds
Employed by trillionaires with perfect teeth and pores, and people who open
doors for the people who open doors
My medical history is a course at SUNY Buffalo
Charlatan psychiatry and troubleshooting undertow
Nervous in the service still
I'm burger meat and purple pills, "here"
"Thank you. We'll call your name."
Sure you will
Skipped lunch
I'm shrunk

You pack up all your manias
Sitting in the waiting room
You're dreaming of Arcadia, you're feeling like a baby tooth
Awaiting panacea, channeling your inner Beowulf
In Purgatory, just before you pay up to filet yourself and others
In the name of help, coal on a conveyor belt
Into ego death alone, no telephone from Gabriel
I'm half a human combing over Home and Garden stoned
Gold chains over turtle-necks, cigars over cologne
A thousand shitty paintings wrap around a wounded animal
Womb with the Schubert he's a future human-cannonball
Little f**kers fighting, mother hiding in her Hulu
I'm climbing up the stucco
Let's get to the seppuku, uh-oh
That pretty penny turn the prickly into Benji
If you save up all your winnings, then you get to count your blessings
I finally crunch the budget up and punch the button
She called my name out and pushed me into an oven
The f**k?
I'm shrunk

She says, "I'm not your enemy"
I said, "That sounds like something that my enemy would say"
Instead of playing off the chemistry she said, "You're being difficult"
I said, "I'm being guarded. You're a quarter mil in debt, I get more guidance
from my barber
Look, I'm not good at this, I grew up in a noogie fest
You built your walls up high or say goodbye to all your Cookie Puss
Here's one, every time my telephone buzzes I see images of hooded riders setting
fire to hundreds."
She said, "When you start getting all expressive and symbolic, it's impossible to
actualize an honest diagnostic."
I said, "When you start getting all exact and algebraic, I'm reminded it's a
racket, not a rehabilitation, okay?
Agree to disagree as grown-ups from opposing clans

Honoring the push and pull I should have called the Scholomance
Oh well. Preservation is a doozy
"Will you be needing another appointment?"
"Absolutely"
I'm shrunk