

## So Be It

Aesop Rock

Plate-spinner off a late dinner  
One fallen plate away from a date with the plague bringer  
One away from drugged-up in a cage  
Or all the fun in the world succumb to sudden malaise  
When his ship come in, what a run-in  
Rudder bugging, sail sliced up, somebody, "Would you mind if I cut-in'd"  
I would've in the young, wild and stubborn  
But, honestly the current version might invite the upend  
Auburn sky with multiple suns comp'd in  
The rising and setting, steady referencing John Venn  
Assembling these momentary overlapping super suns  
Beautiful, but lumens ain't some renewable two for one to fool with  
Fire with fire is not a great fight  
Fire and fire is on the same side  
A lotta history there, a couple novas even  
Hard to see a closed circle in the throes of open season, but

Don't look down  
So be it  
Come sit still  
Let things fall

Cro mag at the park with a bag of birdseed  
Stolen hand-warmers, flag of world peace  
Street Roots word puzzle crusher, on commercial feed  
Circumvent the tall man, searching for eternal peace  
Nervous from the service, it make him the perfect worker bee  
To what end? To what even is biodiversity?  
I mean, four walls, all hours, no change of clothes  
Low waterline, dry whole grain oats  
Whole worth wrapped in what you can make with your bare hands  
When sitting independent of the greater square dance  
And whether after all the smoke clear and flares vanish  
It can actually make another's arm hair stand  
Well, can it? Soul Blade or Old Maid  
I'm somewhere in the middle, pretty fizzled on the whole charade  
Still mixing up the stolen with the homemade  
Rapping for my life, and being difficult to locate

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On his second Arabica, hecka hackles up  
Edging outta latency, take me to the miraculum  
Backing off the b-team, blacking out name tags  
Never name a rabbit you apprehend for the game-bag  
Rabbit after rabbit, I'm backlogged  
I'm bag over shoulder, handing rabbits out to pack dogs  
Santa Claus, unbowed, running from the un-fun  
Get about as far as the bodega and my lungs are done  
Did the same shit yesterday  
And the day before, oh, for heaven's sake  
You can't just coach someone to "go out there and resonate"  
You go out there hoping the residents already ate  
Revenant, flare gun, life straw, tinder-sticks

Headed for the leopard's mouth, who let him out? He isn't chipped  
They shoulda never let him out the chrysalis  
Shit, if it's really wilderness on wilderness on wilderness

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