

The Tugboat Complex

Aesop Rock

Oh my God
They've got angels sweatin' like Hell, it's
workin' their little halos to the bone combing them deserts
my figure eight knotted
lifeline defined traffic
the way my schoolin' end-less-ly defined every day
one exquisite fitted crisis rivets an octagon of red
to the ceiling above my bed
it's not a conversation piece, like public spectacles
unleashed more of a clue
so when I wake up to the rains I'll be one step ahead of you
I slide like Kodakrome [?]
wrote a poem for every planet
tracked their mileage from the sun in an envelope
licked it, stamped it
got eight thank yous in the mail, but nine planets means there's one left
only the earth would thank me later with a breath taking sunset
(man, I'm just a bum)
zip that waterfall around your skeleton
tell it to boil
loyalties, the shovel in the soil
dig it, I split my lip kissing the winter
nursed the blister in the sun
strung a hammock between spring and where the willows turn to blood
might of worked
sip a little, litter it, love it
without big beetles trying to sell him sunflower seeds by the bucket
might of, tugboat for the boxcutter above those ashes
without hot air balloons floatin' their four passenger baskets
and I'm asking you
to let a captive lacerate a caption
splash out massive
apolster plastic glasses with famine patches
i-identify all saints linked around the fountain's warmth
and for a second taste of pain when removing that crown of thorns
[?] born hostile, pacifist huddled in subtle masochist
stamp the blame on [?]
my fire escape overlooks ghost town market place
artists bought out passes
then fast themselves to the target's face
you're killin' me

if I had a hammer, I'd build a city on stilts
so my feet would stay dry when God's wine glass tilts

if I had a shovel, I'd dig a hole in the dirt
and I'll be hiding when his drunken stupor lands upon earth

and if your little wing is broken
I'll see the poacher in hell
I can't afford another [?] in a cell
my carousel mimics the interests of a thousand leaking spickets
and a colony of graziers raised to justify the grimace
(and yes I read the treaty)
I prescribe the remedy plus the premises
my pin cushion, my limbs pushin' the knitting needle
evils, idle, peddle past the greeting

where the sleepers feed the cycles
stop, watch the eagles board the little engine that could not
ghost in a shell
and it fell in my lap
passin', postin' the bail but the guard has misplaced the key ring (that's wonderful)
I lead a flee to blaze exact songs directly into the village
power supply burning the bridge between the magnet and my eye
now how many cadavers satisfy a mad man?
and how many crooked samaritans turn pleasantville to bad land?
I can count my own dusty nickels with you laughing
about you'll turn my poor ass ebony and navy with cane lashings
(well, you're right)
grip your pointed stick, incite your riot
I'll sell your worth in a bottle at profit, explain my bias
atomic box cult, downward spiral rapidly
cast to hell with hate mail, forged Christ's autograph
laughed itself, drastic catastrophe
biting my lip
skin and bones, stringent
bingin' on rancid baits
mummified well inside a muddy New York minute was it
your remnants my smoke rings have cocooned prior to fading?
well, it wasn't conscious spite but it might have been that

I am not your friend anymore
my arrow head dissertation [?]
when narrow bed sleepers occupy the basement
and I am not your friend anymore
come the dawning of [?] in your pity blend that whispers in the wind

man, if it were only that simple
I'd add a guilt frame to [?]
I'd board myself inside my room to trace the wilting contour
one petal falls to the rug, she loves me not
town crier lugging a boom box with spirit plugs
and a red radio flyer
tied to irony like twenty burning igloos with a sailors knot
fiddler crabs build sandcastles while high tide off azalea crops
in the icicle field I portray, cats get antsy
and ask 'why if every light is dark do I continue dancing?'

why if every light is dark do I continue dancing?

why if every light is dark do I continue dancing?

why if every light is dark do I continue dancing?
well if it ain't finally a question that's worth answering

I boogie for the raindrops
for the purity, the anger
for my childhood recollections
for the comic book in my heart
the mocked intentions
the clarity, passion, seclusion
those cool summer nights
for the mark emerging across the street selling me stog's at half price
for the mights, the maybes, the nauseating pitfall
my girl, my friends
for the fact my window opens towards a brick wall
for the three legged dog I saw dragged on a leash
for the homeless man who walks my block in rainstorms with plastic bags on his feet

see I throw away the tenders over one shoulder
and walk across broken glass
through every wicked world to kiss tomorrow's morning
not for nothing
you'll drown in a pool of your crooked morals
whispering 'maybe Aesop Rock was on to something'

maybe, no promises