

Affection

Billy Woods

Music for films that don't exist now
In the mind's eye, drafting the cloud
Talented tenth, I hope my nigga writing manic shit
Apparently ghost of James Van Der Zee
In the parlor flicking cameo classic pattern see
I witness leather with tweed in brown water
I'm up late couple stacks shorter, reluctant block offer
Slack soldier in sloppy quarters, never tucked the corner
Hair natty, trouser high water, in the business of expanding borders
Brick and mortar, falling forward, creeping out the back door
Brass flashing charges without a warrant
Attempts at sabotaging my consortium, planet black tar
We long way from the orient they hoarded in
Huffing hot air like accordion, brown stone Victorian
Same spot you last saw me in, this is not a gallery

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Gun in hand, like it's a free country
Give 'em all something lovely, they damn near did the duggy
Silly putty, idle hands did a cruddy
It's two kids, baby coming and it's getting ugly
Two Seans young gods freshly blooded
Grandma, your sister, and her husband
One roof, no heat, use the oven
Man, children hunched low ceiling
Gut punch, kneeling, pray to God they stop dealing
Ammo dump, brazen, cousins is open cases
Older daughter storm chasing, palm razor
Mom, it's a lot of haters!

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