

Jumpscare

Billy Woods

Ragdoll playing dead
Rabid dog in the yard, car won't start, it's bees in your head
Daddy longlegs stride your home like Cecil Rhodes
Death poems folded in breast pocket in my bed clothes
It's a dark road, but it ain't no accidents
No coincidences, it's all praxis
Some drove, some crawled, some ran glancing backwards
Some ran ravenous
Tender is the flesh, slender imaginary friends
This winter, you'll eat to live
Summer, heat blew the grid
Rabid dog in the yard, car won't start, ragdoll playing dead

One strip of tarmac lay through the wilderness to where the natives work the pits
So you don't eat the fish
One strip of tarmac lay through the wilderness to where the planes and ships sit
It's a grip

The vaccinations was TB and whooping cough
Looping, looping thoughts
Morose villagers queue in the sun, an ouroboros
From the church pews, you could see the deep blue of the coast
Fresh green wood burned blue, those who can see appearing in smoke
The dead don't speak to the living, something not for us to know
The dead drift like empty boats
My people fled to the mountains, but it's nowhere the white man won't go

One strip of tarmac lay through the wilderness to where the natives work the pits
And you don't eat the shit
One strip of tarmac lay through the wilderness to where the planes and ship sit
It's a grip
It's a grip
One strip of-

The English language is violence, I hotwired it
I got a hold of the master's tools and got dialed in
I'm downwind with the drop
I'm Deng Xiaoping, smoking oil in the wok
I'm caught
History is a snare struggling, rope ever more taut
On my death bed, chuckling about all that time I bought
Afrofuturist Acura Legend on the cinderblocks
But I bet if you toggle the wipers with all four doors locked
It would still be like, "Voila"

A horrid sight
The blackest gnome