

# Lost Blocks

Billy Woods

Walking these lost blocks  
Littered with bored cops  
After the storm  
Old whores readjust teeth to adorn cock  
Twenty five a pop  
Coarse hands  
Chipped polish  
Do me a solid  
Please don't pass it if it ain't exotic  
I do thee admonish  
Eyes onyx, wide with promise  
Stepping careful, the floor's rotted  
Heaven's stairwell  
Scent of urine lingers  
Number one rap singer  
What a humdinger  
Sim simma  
Elevated train sways, rolling tremor  
They say my wave's different  
No man safe from the tempest  
Hang ten beeyotch  
Me nah worry as the hour beckons  
Born alone die alone  
Not a call to check in  
Precious metal squeezer  
Half-hearted believer  
Plugged in the clogged arteries of Medina  
Prepare a table for me in the presence of enemies  
Redeye flight to Tel Aviv  
Feta cheese  
Olive plates  
Dirty grapes  
Ornate plates and glass  
My black ass here out on Sutter Ave  
Film the police  
Fuck his name, catching badge's digits  
As they approach me in the park, I'm doing calisthenics  
I answer Jake's question when my set's finished

Today, I wrote nothing  
Stared at the page blunted  
Light drizzle out crooked window  
Sky, color of an old pistol  
Alternate side parking  
I didn't leave the apartment  
Sent the neighbor's kid to the corner for parchments  
Came back streaked with rain, keep the change  
Secure top and bottom lock  
Probably won't stop till he hit bottom rock  
The best laid plans of mice and men  
Hat in hand is how they often end  
Orphaned, unfinished manuscripts  
Rhyme books in a rubbish tin  
Tray thick with twice-lit clips  
Today, I wrote nothing