

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