

The Big Nothing

Billy Woods

Getting old
The protagonist smokes at home alone, stoned
Dingy housecoat, rotary phone
Hidden room where cheeba is grown
Occasionally roam, see what's gone
The Crone play keys of elephant bone
Took the chalice with a shrug, "when in Rome"
Sipped the cup of destruction
Pipe-head said "Lemme hold somethin'"
Dance like marionette
Numb to it all like I'm smoking wet
Yellowed newspapers said he opened for the greatest
Dusty books
Chain on the door, he know 'bout that jux
Go to church if you're shook, or get a pistol
Dollars amounted to a fistful
Tellin' you like big homie told me
"Black Girl Lost", "You Owe Me"
Coin of the realm, paid to trolls
Rake the coals
Negroes run till they out of road, dig a hole
Madder than Dame Dash, stockings full of coal
Their eyes was watching God top of the stripper pole
Passed dour to brothers on parole
Would say somethin', but what do I know?
Sweet chariot, swing low, scoop me
Trunk full of dro, speakers blown
Out of state plates, Ls lit, tempt the Fates
NY to D.C., barely tapped the brakes
White privilege
Cocky smile like you know my style
Todd Marinovich

Never had the chance
You lose, you get nothing
You get nothing
Never had the chance
You lose, you get (not a damn thing)
You get (not a damn thing)

Friend of a friend, you had a fun night
Good job, and in addition he seemed nice
Still, something not quite right
Women's intuition
The difference between finding yourself
And coming up missing

In the meadow, she bring me
Like a big bee, she sting me

Granted manumission
One black came back, knife glistening
Heart like a piston
Back scarred from whippings
Let that be a lesson, listen
Whispered sedition
Saw Lincoln at intermission

Gots to get got, my gat accept no petition
Better yet, save your breath, ask God those questions
Possession, nine-tenths of the law
Gas station, vacuum rental car
Back in the back of the bar, demons spar
Wrote in a cloud of smoke, Negroes in Paris
Clock stroke, frayed peacoat, await my carriage

Good day, Sir!