

Unplanned Parenthood

Busdriver

Now during these hours is a Ashanti Mask as my body cast holding together these withered bones
Now my vineyards have grown but not as an apple orchard
The branches are inward prone sprouting bashful portraits of this abused child
Who was conceived on a swivel chair by perfect strangers
Dressed like three little bears and Mommy's cervix as a manger
Cradling the crude fetus a nude Jesus wearing a pair of shoes Adidas
Doing windmills in a yolk sack when daddy plays the showdance
I fought God when she willed my daughter in to existence pouring distilled water on the pistons of my hot rod
Fueled by youthful vigor and I saw it as the collision of the Earth and Sun
But it was extinguished, with embryonic fluids in a squirt gun
Now dreading her teen years I go to job interviews wearing a shirt stained with baby vomit
Cleaning her ears with a cotton swab while we're in an inner tube being towed by Hailey's Comet
I'll put her first words in a safety deposit
You can think that I'm irresponsible and unfit
But my Pooh Bear won't leave McDonald's with a full stomach

(Where'd I come from daddy?)

I was wailing Mommy had Daddy's dick fondled and I come quicker than a gieser of love
I have to install the car seat before I drive the bus
And I was like, this weekend is mine
What's with this runny nose?
What do you mean we can't go to the park?
The school's where all of our money goes?
Her shirt's already too small
Stop yelling, I'm just a dumb man and our child's inherently good
God bless my unplanned parenthood