

Double Jointed Crayon

Esperanza Spalding

To know what it means
When the brain throbs to warn of symptoms that ride along
With this potion made by the trauma one distills
Inside their mothers womb
When it spills over into the bunkers that men make
To protect themselves from joylessness
Envied my something unknown
What does it feel like
To wake up to a monster that's dressed itself in your clothes?
Being left off of the portions of remembrance that have moved on
To nurture themselves
Long live the time
When there was no need to exchange simpler feelings with toxicity
Being born out of the same fashion
That ruined so many past movers of trails
Enduring the pain while being swallowed
I what used to be the open arms of lament
Then comes along a delicate triumph
Glory be to the ones that heed not to potential consequence
But take to trial all that has permitted itself to become common law
The time will come
When the shadows of those wakeless mornings
Will bow to the masters of truth
The masters of priority
The masters of might and will
The holders of a vase
That reinsures the proof which shown itself at the beginning of time
For all time