

Ebony And Ivy

Esperanza Spalding

Ochre, ivy, brick, and leather-bound books built up by heavy locked crooks with unburdened minds of bastardized Darwinian logic projected as hard evidence on backs and faces of our ancestral culprits wasted, toiling as the majority on plantated crimes

We wanna knock and climb brass rings of wisdom and build our own hot breath kingdoms and make fuming passions rain down ash then hand out dirty white rules to wipe up and memorize then howl our own law hand-me-downs upon the class of masses and grin as each graduate passes on our synthesized words that sterilize natural awe

Sage grows on the mountain
You can dig it with a silver spoon
Float it off to market
Hawk and talk it from hot air balloons
Get your good old-fashioned learning

Hear the bell in summer's ending underneath the apple tree
Time to choose a branch and build your nest of animosity
Now we're really, really learning

It's been hard to grow outside
Growing good at act happy
And pretend that the ivy vines
Didn't weigh our branch down

It's been hard to grow outside
But we're finally happy
With the sage on the mountain now
Is it plant or animal

Sage grows on the mountain
Round the fountain of unfiltered truth
Someone's locked the well
You might contaminate their point of view
And the taste of high-class feelings

Peeking through the keyhole
Thirsty people watch the master read
One degree of kneeling separates the haves from loving need
And the art of low-class feeling

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Finally, ochre, ivy, brick and leather-bound books to find and fill our minds with double standard vision by degrees we banished slaving over someone else's question tests or problems and abolished all un-savory un-good grammar and forbid shovels, picking or hammers and the act of starching linen to become the educated ones wrapped in them

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