

# napping under the Echo Tree

Milo

The vibe is big, the room is small

When I was boxing with Vallejo in Albany Park  
It's already dark, and I'm scared of that  
Or was it with Hank Dumas in Oakland  
By the lake where I openly argued with my fates  
Coin purse bulging, loin cloth bulging  
How is it these words are my ointment still?  
Measuring years by tooth decay  
And ruthless stratagems played  
In the game of knights  
I would describe myself as the Yoshimitsu of Boyle Heights  
Most boastful over bowls of rice  
Like I'm Caesar with the soul of...  
It's just a feeling, really  
That being who has her being and pointing at what is  
Admittedly I stare at her finger's soul  
Herein defined is that in which spirit has its being  
Soul power, soul power, soul power  
This is the green horse for rap  
I'm putting my money on the green horse for rap  
Listen, the beginning is the illusion  
It is the iron veil concealing the origin  
But here I am with a key  
This is protected  
Steadfast, intimate concentration  
I've been gathering  
Gathering more and more of the lesson-less  
In the wastelands, gathering, waning  
In my being, gathering everything's constant intention  
That how-did-he-  
say "gathered, all gathering thinking that recalls"  
That devotional organ, my memory, I remember  
The riddle written on my rib cage  
The eternal recurrence of the same  
The being of all becoming  
The hammer and the heaviest thought banged into absurdity  
I wasted my life microwaving jalapeno poppers  
A love song for whom socks represent eudaimonia