

souvenir

Milo

It's the lazy theologian
The clumsiest poet
Stumbling through the poplar grove
And doesn't even notice
Though his toes bled a little
The bathroom's a sacred space
If faith is under the left nipple
That's the king, no Martin Luther
You might have seen him riding on a, green Markham scooter
Clutching a Hewlett Packard computer
Indeed, he's ageless like Treva Throneberry
I don't worship Norse gods or stone fairies
At home on a cracked iPhone
Alone and hairy, casting post-modernist abra cadabra
It starts like this
Dum dum dum dum doo (I don't know)

I thought they might have killed me
So I read the Hagakure
On a very long drive
From Chicago to here
Holding viking spears
And I cried a lot of tears
But you know I kept an ox bow lake
In my thoughtful cave
And we both thought in gray
Or shades
Maybe even monochrome
This monotone is great
To the monotony
Sought it's own philosophy
To justify the dimples in its face (in its face?)
So we made a couple sticker packs
And pretended we didn't hear
When white fans said "Nigga" fast
Ummmm, there's pollo in this menudo
I'm the newest fellow in this group though
And they're all feasting on my naïveté
I guess it's picture day
I guess it's pizza day
If purity of heart is to will only one thing
Then you have some explaining to do
I can rap like the Afghan
I can rap like my last name was "Blackman"
I can rap like the son of Mike Ladd
Let me take out a full-page Vice ad
That supposes it might ask
If underground hip-hop was just one tight fad
This is an all-seeing-eye eye patch, if I might add

Got many styles
This time just tryin' to follow Milo
These days, most the time
I'm chillin' in the hollow
The sea slacks
Back in high school I wanted to be abstract
Not like Q, but pretty cool

In my heart
Was always more Busy Bee than Moe Dee
Lunch line headsets had me thinking yoghurt backwards
Plug in the bathysphere
Lake Champlain is crystal clear
I owe it to myself to speak free
Kelly brought me green tea ice cream
I could never forget
Eating sushi off ten dollars
Feeling rich
That was '06
Then I wrote a lot of mean shit
But only got love in my heart
To go along with all them sad ships
That never came
But that's just life
And life is strange
How do you change the way you change the way you feel?
Rain to wash the window clear
Wipe away constellation atmosphere
Blue lagoon, my isolation
Now I'm paper plane folding
Myself into a fortune
Hoping some missing ocean will find some luck
Met Brother Question once
Life in a fish bowl leaves me floating in the punch
Just trying to stay sober
Never read the Hagakure
Think you'd loan me a copy?
I'm still stuck on Murakami
Calvino looming
Looking down from vistas coolly
Through open windows moving
Grass on sand patch, move
Swathed by red clouds, see dead sounds
Dead sea snails - circling metamorphosis
Circling dumbly lit intellectual grumbling
Circling humbly
Numbly picked from keypad
Like Cabbage Patch Kids
Picked from key-latch
Dream Lee's sagged denim logo tags
Wondering sullenly
Will Tiger ever recover comfortably
Hang heroes' heads on pillows eve
Makes more humans relate
Makes more human mistakes
My humanity places head next to dinner plate
Eat myself
Without feeding myself
Sometimes retreating inside cell walls
The band simply plays on
Sitting, wishing you were here
Next time you're gone
Just remember to buy yourself a souvenir