

Women, Black Rice

on a bleak Monday morning
holding my head
everything tastes right
permanent daylight

neatly stained fences and gates
lions to tame
cut through the front yard
you were a stranger

scenery of cutting through the smell of tropical
I sure knew it was you
black rice
???
???
??

I swear an ocean swallows me
but all I really want is just another girl
black rice
???
???
?? right from the start

and your plants become a chore
spots on your ??
lashes so vibrant
left on the table

with your charm tremble in ??
you look like a painting
out on the sidewalk
no one was watching

fighting up this flight of stairs
you're not a mess
?? ?? dazzling ??
black rice
falling
???
??

mix your ?? in ?? blue
you dread the sight of this place
its too dry its true
black rice
???
???
?? right from the start