

# 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