

Aesop Rock, The Tugboat Complex

Oh my God,

They've got angels sweating like Helots, (this is a reference to <http://en.wikipedia.org>)
working their little halos to the bones combing them deserts.
my figure eight knotted lifeline defined traffic
the way my schooling end-less-ly(?) defined every day.

One exquisite fit a crisis rivets an octagon of red
to the ceiling above my bed. It's not a conversation piece,
like public spectacles leash, more of a clue,
so when I wake up to the rains, I'll be one step ahead of you.

I slide like Kodachrome, wrote a poem for every planet, (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kodachrome>)
typed their mileage from the sun in an envelope, licked it, stamped it.
Got eight thank yous in the mail, but nine planets means there's one left.
Only the earth would thank me later with a breath-taking sunset.
(man, I'm just a bum)

Zip that waterfall around your skeleton, tell it to boil.
Loyalty's the shovel in the soil. Dig it, I split
my lip kissing the winter, nursed the blister in the sun,
strung a hammock between spring and where the willows turn to blood.

Might a worm sip a little litter and love it
without big beetles trying to sell him sunflower seeds by the bucket.
Might a tugboat float a boxcut above these ashes
without hot air balloons floating their four passenger baskets.

And I'm asking you to let a captive lacerate a caption
splash out massive upholster plastic glasses with famine patches.
I-identify for all saints linked around the fountain's warmth,
and for a second taste of pain when removing that crown of thorns.
(anotropic?) motley click (macato?) born hostile.
Pacifists huddled in subtle masochist stamp the blame on following an inkling.
My fire escape overlooks ghost town market place.
Martyrs bought out passes then fasten selves to the target face.
You're killing me

If I had a hammer, I'd build a city on stilts
so my feet would stay dry when God's wine glass tilts.
If I had a shovel, I'd dig a hole in the dirt
and I'll be hiding when his drunken stupor lands upon earth.

And if your little wing is broken, I'll see the poacher in hell
I can't afford another anti-burden soldier to sell.
My carousel mimics the interests of a thousand leaking spickets
and a colony of crazes raised to justify the grimace.
(and yes I read the treaty)
and I prescribe brevity. Plus, the premise is
my pin cushion, my limbs pushing the knitting needles. Evils idle,
peddle past the greeting where the sleepers feed the cycles, stop,
watch the eagles board the little engine that could not.
Ghost in a shell and it fell in my lap.
Passion posted the bail but the guard had misplaced the key ring (that's wonderful).
I lead a fleet to blaze exact songs directly into the village power supply,
burning the bridge between the magnet and my eye.

Now how many cadavers satisfy a mad man?
And how many crooked Samaritans turn Pleasantville to bad land?
I can count my own dusty nickels with you laughing
About you'll turn my poor ass ebony and navy with cane lashings.
(well, you're right)

Grip your pointed stick, incite your riot.

I'll sell your worth in a bottle at profit, explain my bias.
Atomic box caught downward spiral rapidly, plaster hell with hate mail,
Forged Christ's autograph laughed itself, crafted catastrophe.

Biting my lip, skin, bones, stringent,
Binging on rancid baits mummified well inside a muddy New York minute.
Was it your remnants my smoke rings had cocooned prior to fading?
Well, it wasn't conscious spite, but it might have been that

I am not your friend anymore.
My arrowhead dissertation when narrow bed sleepers occupy the basement,
And I am not your friend anymore.
Come the dawning of cerulean, your pity blend will be spit in the wind.

Man, if it were only that simple, I'd add a gill-framed ichor.
I'd board myself inside my room to trace the wilting contour.
One petal falls to the rug: she loves me not. Town crier
Lugging a boom box with spirit plugs and a red radio flyer
tied to irony like twenty burning igloos with a sailor's knot.
Fiddler crabs build sandcastles while high tide off (aspalia?) crops.
In the icicle field I portray, cats get antsy and ask,
"why if every light is dark do I continue dancing?"

Why if every light is dark do I continue dancing?
Why if every light is dark do I continue dancing?
Why if every light is dark do I continue dancing?
Well if it ain't finally a question that's worth answering

I boogie for the raindrops, for the purity, the anger(/anchor?), for my childhood recollections,
for the comic book in my heart, the mocked intentions,
the clarity, passion, seclusion, those cool summer nights,
for the market merchant across the street selling me stogs at half price,
for the mights, the maybes, the nauseating pitfall,
my girl, my friends, for the fact my window opens towards a brick wall,
for the three legged dog I saw dragged on a leash, for the homeless
man who walks my block in rainstorms with plastic bags on his feet.
See I've thrown away the tenders over one shoulder and walk across broken glass
through every wicked world to kiss tomorrow's morning. Not for nothing,
you'll drown in a pool of your crooked morals whispering,
"maybe Aesop Rock was on to something"

maybe, no promises