

Burnt By The Sun, Don Knotts

I can still hear the free behind your last gasp,
even above the flat slaps of my thumbs against this desk.
You take a moment to rewind in your mind:
if only you hadn't opened that hole beneath your nose.
I'm talking to a walking wall following a faulted call.
Hatred twisted your mind backwards so you suffer the truth.
In your mind you prevail.
Standing the test of tests.
By blind reflex I accept your challenge.
Argumentative vein, anger maintained.
My response is to let no jab go restrained.
Stand behind what you've said that's made this room grow dim
and what's made my eyes turn red.
Mind to mind, I know your kind.
Try and convince me that you're right because your skin is white.
(Let's enter your mind).
Let's see what you can do. Let's see.
(My standards are high. I will expect a whole lot from you. But you're not what you think.)
Men like you made the sky turn red.
(This smells like failure. What a waste of time.)
Men like you mad the sky turn red.
(Can't you smell it- it's as thick as life.)
And this won't be the last time.