

El-P, Dear Sirs

dear sir:

if the pavement comes alive on flatbush ave with toothy smile
comprised of traffic cones and manholes become eyes,
and birds burst into flames while singing satan's praises and fold into
the sky and rain down ashy danger,

if every office empties and all slaves walk in dazes to a pool of
liquid money where they bathe blissfully naked and
drugs no longer taunt me and flooze around my conscience and every
woman beating rapist is securely in their coffins and

every open hydrant in a brooklyn time summer moment is opened up by
cops and folds out into an ocean
and rent is payed by bread literally and parking ins't payed for and
food stamps can be planted and childhoods cant be damaged,

if fire can power space ships that safely ship the creators of
dynamite and gun powder to the graves of all who faced it and
the slurping nerf of bureaucrat life and bean counting slave owners is
twisted in on itself until they shave off their own faces

and the coke and crack in the nation is collected in a top hat and
forced to the children of every cia agent and the dust heads get an
angel and an acre's worth of rainbow and the projects turn to clouds
and the stupid aren't so proud,

and the sniveling grimace mongrels of infected money slobbering
pesticrats ignite into a brilliant beam of light
and mercy is the rule and the exception's mercy too and the desert
comes to brooklyn and the president goes to school

time flows in reverse, death becomes my birth, me fighting
in your war is still, by a large margin, the least likely thing that will ever
fucking happen

ever.