

Shael Riley, The Popcorn Hater

There's nobody here,
no one but me and the Janitor
both are exploring our fears:
there's meat inside our heads,
our skulls, our brains just
roll around.

I asked him his name.
He said, "You can call me the Janitor, boy. Can
I call you the same?"
I shook my head and laughed
and told him that was fine.

The minutes turned to hours as,
the morning turned to afternoon.
I'd only just arrive there,
but I knew that I'd be leaving
soon.

For a year and a day,
I rolled with the Janitor's crew
and each evening he taught
me a secret. I know
Mandarin Chinese
and I can Kung-Fu fight.

It was part of his plan.
Filling my head up with
movies and books
wouldn't make
me a man.

Then every night
we waged a
war upon the earth.

By day I played the schoolboy but,
I'd secretly been half awake.
My body grew in portions.
And my mind began to elevate.

Ode to the Janitor that cleans the basement carpet,
somebody spilled popcorn all over the place.
Ode to the Janitor that cleans the basement chocolate.
Ode to the Janitor.
Some call him the Popcorn Hater.

You think that I'm a kidding
but assuredly I'm a kitten, cat.
Meow!

What are we to do?
Man, is it me who you want?
He said "Boy, I'm the future of you.
There's meat inside your head,
your skull, your brain just
rolls around."
What are you to me?
Janny said, "Boy, come outside.
I've got something
I'd like you to see. Now
close your eyes and take this
candle in your hand."

We set that dorm on fire and
we watched it burn right to the ground.
The ashes rose to Heaven,
and the lack of God came smiling down.

This is a place where old children
come to die.
This is a place. We're old children
come to die.
Meow!