

Solar Eclipse

Thunderous beats shake the ground underneath
Hundreds of feet that jump and leap and thump drunkenly
Beneath the trunks of people who've all come to see
Someone unbelievable, with a tongue to speak
With two lungs to breathe and a mind composed
To rhyme blindfolded on high vinyl ropes
And drive winding roads disinclined to doze
I won't let my eyes close 'til it's my time to go
As I find the signposts to keep me oriented
To keep me soaring into the morning with no resentment
To give me more incentive to get my stories printed
Ignoring poor intentions until this party's ended
I'm sorry if you're offended; just count to ten
And then bounce around when the record sound spins
I'm out to move mountains with a fountain pen
And then step down proudly in the crowd and grin
I've been around the bend, and I'm trying to make it back
To the only place I have where I'm safe at last
As I trace my path through this race of rats
All I taste is ashtrays, waste and trash
Every paycheque cashed represents my survival
I go from wet to dry as I flow; I'm inter-tidal
My style has been stifled by my most intense rival
Who resides in my throat and prevents my arrival
At the end of this wide road, this Möbius strip
It's got me frozen stiff, lonely and sick
Until the moment I lift this microphone to my lips
Then every poem is a glimpse of a solar eclipse
As cold as the polar tips before greenhouse gases
I bring out raps at extremely loud bashes
'Cause I've seen how fast people stream out of classes
Where senile bastards read from out the classics
My dreams outlast it; I stay in position
But my name is a prison and my goals remain distant
I'm unable to make decisions between fame and wisdom
So my aim is missin' and I just blame the system
I bitch and complain, fixin' to quit payin' my dues
It's a game I choose to play, and it's okay if I lose
Say if I do, take two, another day in my shoes
Makin' moves, breakin' through; I'm not afraid if I bruise
I create flavours and moods with wide brush strokes
And use subtle notes to describe crushed hopes
When knives cut throats, lives blood soaked
Eyes shut closed, I just float by such gross

Types of close-up descriptive images
And flip minute to minute 'cause the script is limitless
Depictions of women and kids gripped in grimaces
Diminish in a mist as the fiction finishes
Pictures of innocence begin to evaporate
I've been too fascinated with tragic fates
To graduate, and I tend to exaggerate
In fact, let me navigate back to my happy place
Where friends congratulate and there's pleasure and pain
Sunny weather and rain, milk and honey, leisure and strain
Where the earth forever remains but it's never the same
It just gets better with age like the veterans claim
As I sever the chains at the end of my noose
And let energies loose to get my enemy's goose
Go ahead, send in the troops; just remember the truth
Everything loops back to the centre's replenishing juice

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