

## 10 Petits Indiens "Float"

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so I heard y'all wanna float...

yo, this fallen angel could stitch a wing with a  
shoestring  
prime directive selects reflective aviation bathed in  
mood swing  
I'm broke; I know a walking corpse that spit icicle  
dagger to slit throat  
quicker than you can prove there's four letters in hope  
(h...o...p...e)  
I paint a portrait of myself, bored life inside the tortoise  
shell  
tortured, orbiting Hell's orchid, intrigued but not  
compelled  
I smell a hint of charred child flesh sweeping through  
my corridor  
more than one canteen, a liquid caffeine and eclipse  
the slaughters  
now ? is the villain of my Kabuki hologram  
as I hobble with hollow hands, please pin the nozzle  
we see intent to reinvent dream application with  
homage to ancients  
but honor modern replacements circling now basics,  
fresh  
I'm Bilbo Baggins, with stilts tippin' the peatree dish  
beached fish on the shores with a feast of wits eats the  
corpse  
divy the servings and study the traits that deemed  
killer breed credible  
that's a harp of a different color, yeah, but the song  
remains identical  
I am not a crook (crook)  
I cook the wick at both ends just to blend that element  
of chance with my  
tight rope leaf  
life, sight beyond, I reign where hunger pain got  
begone  
elong to something civil saint 'cause this Rembrandt  
paints on  
and it's a tall canvas, lodged in the gut of Atlantis  
I'm pretend(?), impressive lungs, some truly learn what  
a death chant is

I alone personify man kinds collective soul  
as the result of one angry Zeus fist blistering pulp cult  
evoked  
face it, place it on the shelf next to the portrait Mommy  
gave you  
and the day it rains but y'all pose by the slave ship  
anyway (how sweet)  
make it rain 'till the lead be grain  
my face is a combine of Father Tom and his sweetest  
concubine  
whine, and it saddens me like televised casualties  
I'll be hung in the village square in exactly five minutes  
you don't want to miss it  
I've been soaking up my discontent regarding the  
equation  
I'm officially closed for consultation

I float  
when everyone around me's busy drowning, I float  
when everyone around me's busy drowning, I float  
when everyone around me's busy drowning, I float

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