

Eliza Doolittle

"Isolated Stare"

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I felt that isolated stare from a million pairs of eyes
Burnt this feeling into retina used as rhythmic device
Devise an I'll supply unrefined imagery
Can express captured hatred quite vividly
Won't resort to use of single simile
(Your) actions simply savage to a god's symmetry
You lack civility
Descend from men of caves
While we gave the gift of cities
My people's architects
Your actions parasitic
When it comes to artforms get it straight son we live
It
If this was '85 I'd be telling you yall bit it
I'll play eternal cynic
The tongues I speak intrinsic
Linguistics lodged in larynx made the words you spit
Transparent
Tales known to Two divided lives collide at Varick
Reformed in form of lyrics
A page of hieroglyphics
Marks mathematics of a people's true existence
When force exceeds resistance
It's our core that loses vision.

Restored glory just to be reduced to rubble
Dismantled culture's last gasp is never subtle
Common psyche troubled
Infants drown in puddles
Shallow answers sabotage attempts at weak rebuttal
You'd miss my essence even if you wrote this verse
Verbatim
Deranged sense of rhythm gives this griot endless
Patience
Obtained ancient manuscript said to hold salvation
It read "your quest for fairy tales will lead to more
Frustration."
Formulated thought now condensed to pure equation
Arithmetic of breath coincides with vicious nature.

