

Jana Mashonee

"Real Afternoons"

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There's only one altar
That's the refrigerator
Where you keep your food
Whether you slaughter human, animal, or grapes
It's your altar
The table for your food
Devour God's knowledge
At your altar
In your food you eat
Build your blocks to stand up
Straight and erect
Skank, you skank
Leave
I got away after you left
Now I'm gone, don't see me
Forget and go on somewhere
I forgot now I'm free
I ain't going back to no mystery
These afternoons are real

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