

Angela Ammons**"What You Thought Hops"**

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Poetry is the language of imagination
Poetry is a form of positive creation
Difficult, isn't it the point? Ya missin it
Rockin's kinda new to me cause my true love is poetry
I don't know what you thought hops but chief I've got
tall props see
This be thee rebuttal version
To mister academic who does not believe that my
poems would
could should have muscles and bodies like this one
I want my poem to be brazen and long legged
and squash mud under a hard yellow heals wicked
gravity
I wish to leave this lab of brains swishing in jars
and write poems that shatter glass with undeniable
bodies
I want to be a word that wants to be a sweating brick
so drink that through your pointed teeth and critique it
I want to be the strophe that strokes the ear in salty
heaves
a spine that bends and works like the dance you shut
the door to be
Listen to me, with your hips
Clutch this line in the fleshy grip of bold thighs
Eat through your ears and drink through your pores
and if you see me splashed across a page
Know that a leaf is a tongue that you wear to make love
to a voice not your own, eat this poem
Floss with the barbed length of a simile
and scrape your tongue across the living verses
bristling skin my I is just my I I promise
I believe in closure but not in hospital corners
the way first principles are real but untraceable see
God is meaning, means becoming, means I knock
before I come in
Means I wriggle through the riddle of the flesh to out
sweat it
Means I wear my impertinence upon my fluttering lip
My refusal to bow out to some abstract curtain
and exist backstage by the sandbags and pulleys
Hell fucking no! I exist to be seen

to see and be seen, to push my I to the thou
Because the premise of my rhythm is the un-apologetic
emphatic insistence of the declarative sentence
That's right bad boy, I am I is I be, fuck you.
I can speak about myself and rhyme in couplets if I
want to
I am I is I be I do I self I delf I solo I dolo is is is is I I I
Am my mother's talk stories from beginning to end.
Listen to this poem with your hips..

Yes it's Denizen an exhalation of breath
and these Typicaaal Cats will make the session start
fresh
Yes it's I grip tight the lemon scented mic device
these Typicaaal Cats will make the session start right
See I was born with two tongues but no green card
my skin marked by the immigration narratives of my
people drifting a-part
Of the two worlds I reside in the high yellow phantasm,
of an undiscovered future
I am to breach the chasm between my mother's
memory and my hazy prison I so knew
Languages off the scraps of my hand-me-down clothes
I grip with ten toes the type or types are putting fact in
funk
deliver colder than statistics, bubble hot like a Cali
trunk
I dwell in the fertile valley between ghosts and history
subvert the dogma lefty-loosy righty-tighty every time I
speak
Conjunction junction what's ya function my assumption
that the fearful face of my future would fall and then
my punching is in question
Ghosts grip my chest and I can't breathe
panic brings my chinky eyes wide and then I can't read
Roll and I tumble and I cry the whole night long
roll and I tumble and I cry the whole night long
But my creator calls the human out the thinnest of the
vapors
I tease the story out the blankness of the paper
I can weave a family out the scarlet of a sin
and write the world in which my seed will be at ease
inside his own skin
See Miss Liberty stagger with evictions falling out
I tap with two tongues against the inside of my mouth
Had a date with assimilation, but I stood her ass up
and made love to the multi-color features brimming in
my cup
Because the end comes quick, ego says quit
I say work is love let my body be a brick
Because the end comes quick and ego says quit

I say work is love let my body be a brick

Yes it's Denizen an exhalation of breath
and these Typicaaal Cats we make the session start
fresh

Yes it's I grip tight the lemon scented mic device
Typicaaal Cats will make the session start right (see uh
uh)

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