

Task 2 Poems

9-5ers Anthem by Aesop Rock

[Aesop Rock]

Zoom in to the fuming of an
aggravated breed
Via the study of post-adolescent
agitated seeds.
Half the patients wasted self prior to
commencement,
So I focus on the urban Oxygen
samples, the half that made it breathe.
This old Pompeii impression sways
infection in 12 steps or less
And cretins swiftly tippy-toe on hard
to swallow barter concepts.
The give-it/get-it never let itself past
wrought iron stubbornness.
Martyrs talk funny causes into a
harvesting Spartacus and so on...
I throw long Hail Mary bombs
Toward cookie-cutter Mother Nature's
bedazzled synthetic fabrics.
Life treats the peasants like
They tried to **** his woman while
he slept inside,

While they're merely chasing
perfectionist emblems.
When the clock strikes Nine
I'll be waking with the best of the
routine caffeine team players
For the cycle of it.
Under a dusted angel harp-string, Big
Brother is watching
My odometer like buzzard to fallen
elk, hawkin' stealth.
We got babies, rubber stamps, and
briefcase parts.
We on some door-to-door now,
Order ten dollars or more we'll shove
it down your throat for free.
I sacrifice my inborn tendencies for
copper pennies
From one commander 'gimme that' so
he can retain baby fat.
Mega biter snake bedlam,
Holocaust freak heckle shiesty brain
headroom shake planet.
Make a move, pause, make a move,
break cannon.

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Bend barrel 180 u-turn, squeeze, end
it.

It's on like it's never been,

It's bleeding well,

It's bigger than a breadbox,

It corrodes my leaky finance.

I take my seat atop the Brooklyn

Bridge

With a Coke and a bag of chips

To watch a thousand lemmings

plummet

Just because the first one slipped.

Sometimes I laugh at victory, kissing

these little question marks.

I tend to underestimate my average.

Just another bastard savage.

Someday you'll all eat out of my cold

hand

Cuz every dog has its day

At which point, I'll pull it away.

We the American working population

Hate the fact that eight hours a day

Is wasted on chasing the dream of

someone that isn't us

And we may not hate our jobs,

But we hate jobs in general

That don't have to do with fighting

our own causes.

We the American working population

Hate the nine-to-five day-in/day-out

When we'd rather be supporting

ourselves

By being paid to perfect the pass-

times

That we have harbored based solely

on the fact

That it makes us smile if it sounds

dope...

It's the Year of the Silkworm.

Everything I built burned yesterday.

Let's display the purpose that these

stilts serve.

Elevate the spreading of the silk germ.

Trying to weave a web but all I

believe in is dead.

Nah brother, it's the Year of the

Jackal.

Saddle up on high horse.

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My torch forced Polaris embarrassed.
Shackle up the hassle by the doom
and legend marriage.
I bought some new sneakers,
I just hope my legacy matches.
It's the Year of the Landshark.
Dry as sand-parched-damn, get these
men some water.
They're out there being slaughtered
In meaningless wars so you don't have
to bother
And can sit and soak the idiot box,
trying to **** their daughters.
Man, it's the Year of the Orphan.
Seated adjacent to the fireflies circling
the torches on your porches.
Trying to guard the fortress of a king
they've never seen or met
But all are trained to murder at the
first sign of a threat.
Maybe it's the Year of the Water Bug.
Cockroach. Utter thug specimen.
Fury spawned from dreaming of your
next of kin.
I'm still dealing with this mess I'm in.

I've been the object of your ridicule.
You've been a ***** lieutenant.
God, it's the Year of the Underpaid
Employee
Spitting forty plus a week
And trying to rape earth in my off
time.
You bored dizzy, I can't keep myself
busy enough
So you can run, run, run,
And I'ma let you think you won.
EVERYBODY!

We the American working population
Hate the fact that eight hours a day
Is wasted on chasing the dream of
someone that isn't us
And we may not hate our jobs,
But we hate jobs in general
That don't have to do with fighting
our own causes.
We the American working population
Hate the nine to five day-in/day-out
But we'd rather be supporting
ourselves

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By being paid to perfect the pass-
times

That we have harbored based solely
on the fact

That it makes us smile if it sounds
dope.

OUTRO

Fumble outta bed and stumble to the
kitchen.

Pour myself a cup of ambition.

And yawn and stretch, my life is a
mess,

And if I never make it home today,
God bless.

Fumble outta bed and stumble to the
kitchen.

Pour myself a cup of ambition.

And yawn and stretch, my life is a
mess,

And if I never make it home today,
God bless.

from “Imagine the Angels of Bread” by Martin Espada

This is the year that squatters evict landlords,
gazing like admirals from the rail
of the roofdeck
or levitating hands in praise
of steam in the shower;
this is the year
that shawled refugees deport judges
who stare at the floor
and their swollen feet
as files are stamped
with their destination;
this is the year that police revolvers,
stove-hot, blister the fingers
of raging cops,
and nightsticks splinter
in their palms;
this is the year
that darkskinned men
lynched a century ago
return to sip coffee quietly
with the apologizing descendants
of their executioners.

This is the year that those
who swim the border's undertow
and shiver in boxcars
are greeted with trumpets and drums
at the first railroad crossing
on the other side;
this is the year that the hands
pulling tomatoes from the vine
uproot the deed to the earth that
sprouts the vine,
the hands canning tomatoes
are named in the will
that owns the bedlam of the cannery;

this is the year that the eyes
stinging from the poison that purifies
toilets
awaken at last to the sight
of a rooster-loud hillside,
pilgrimage of immigrant birth;
this is the year that cockroaches
become extinct, that no doctor
finds a roach embedded
in the ear of an infant;
this is the year that the food stamps
of adolescent mothers
are auctioned like gold doubloons,
and no coin is given to buy machetes
for the next bouquet of severed heads
in coffee plantation country.

If the abolition of slave-manacles
began as a vision of hands without
manacles,
then this is the year;
if the shutdown of extermination
camps
began as imagination of a land
without barbed wire or the
crematorium,
then this is the year;
if every rebellion begins with the idea
that conquerors on horseback
are not many-legged gods, that they
too drown
if plunged in the river,
then this is the year.

So may every humiliated mouth,
teeth like desecrated headstones,
fill with the angels of bread

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