

# The Outcome

Tim Timmons

[Jessica Care Moore]Global warming between my legs, screams against the waves

Gave birth to thirteen daughters, so now we never run out of water

My skin layered in diamonds and sage

Left alone and confused, forces enslaved by days

Time keeps on whorin us

Ghetto saviors can't keep ignorin us

Flowers and flames, flutes from her fingers

Rifles pointed from her sac

or was it simply a bag of sticks and stones

Either way, she wore a compass on her head

Rains don't stop the grass from turnin red

Her hair was half perm, half dread

We gave up walking in a past-life and so we dance

Arms wrapped around my breath and choked me back to life

A new world wife, reflecting the sun and rolling dice

Symbol of the drama yet to come - too late to run

Time travelling was late

Watching was a blind man's mistake

All his assets melted right in front of his face

His right leg drabbed with demon paste

Shoes stayed angel laced

Never count your blessings with haste

Even a prophet can catch a case

Didn't realize how sweet the future might taste

Telepathically cutting through mental gates

Words were weapons against their hate

Shepherds search for stars in her hair

Her chest grew fermented like yeast

She broke her body like aged bread

He gave her truth from all the books he'd read

She wrote her poems inside the mud

Sacrificed her cervix to fix the future

Named their boys and spit truth inside his mouth

Read warm prophet, writing twisted scriptures inside her belly

Resurrected from bones and dirt

She made hard niggaz smile

Left her seeds inside the Earth

Gave hustlers and killers life's worth

This is the life we chose, remember who was here first  
Find a reason why you curse  
Gold rushed tongues by dreams too loose  
Sporting electronic nooses  
Hoeing humanity love-ticks over lust  
Despite the damage to destiny you can't take the best of me  
In God We Still Trust

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