Grace

Aesop Rock

Ian why don't you say grace
"dear god thanks, and if you loved me vegetables would be extinct"
Now I'm looking down the barrel of a string-bean side like an exodus of biblical proportion redefined
Rectangle seat 4, squeeze 5, each one
May not be excused from the table ?til the green gone
Stomach revvin? up an episodic rerun
Where's a dissipating plume of smoke when you need one?
Chris and Graham hate ?em too but advocate a braver chew invented for the code red, cola chaser, nose held, gulp!
Moments later 2 have been released
Leaving me the legroom and the legume police
Going "freeze, you with the pretzeled arms
Send your fabricated nausea my best regards
And know this kitchen as a prison ?til the pea pods die
I could sit here all night"
So could I
Who was at the doorjust now?
Kids on dirt bikes asking you to bunny-hop the curbsides Really?
Yup I told em "oh he busy, he staring at his green beans being a total pussy
Who was at the doorjust now?
Kids on skateboards asking you to navigate the claymores Really?
Yup, I told em "oh he can't, he in the kitchen pouting and terrified ofa plant"
Blink Twice if you are being held hostage
I speak and spell ofa sleeper cell in the hospice
Woke, impersonating busy little helpers
That intimately purr between the hiccuping up of feathers
Pick a porcelain dish
A single portion canned
Frozen or fresh
Defies the glory ofthe Poultry or fish
Via communal bloodletting that rupture spud levy
No '87 supper-scape was truly flood-friendly, ever
Including at your basic cemetery for contaminated textures 60 minutes into never
Where room temp heirlooms emanate a crude black mist

To a rendition of "dude, dad's pissed"
Tell dad dude's pissed too
Not to mention genuinely brandishing a the new gill hue
Still out-mule any last strafing watchmen

?til the lord taketh waiting as an option
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Less like toes in a tide pool
More like, left, right, poached from notable giant Kaiju
Fat neck, fine tooth, rock and lean, yelling
"this ends now eat the god damn beans!" ah!
Hangdog mouth talk slang wrong and that there's flatware exhumed by a crane arm
Time for some action
Stab one ripe for a swipe and extraction
Brined in malpractice
Carried to the cavernous yap and obliged access
If only in compliance with a deep-fried fascist, peep
Literally bite down once
And my tongue get a flooding from my uninvited guts
Pointer finger plug a hole in the damn
Ma notice, "ok gross, dinner's over, go spit", pop call "bullshit"
Both of my brothers break in, like "he's on his Davie Hogan no mistaken", by the way
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