

Imitator

Jonny 5 & Yak

I got an e-mail.
Somebody wants to be talking.
Maybe it's a female.
Checking the subject header I started gettin' goosebumps.
Three letters jump loose pump nervousness bubbling in.
A W M. It said
"Yo, imitator, how could you deny my pain. My red, pale words"
A dirty table of contents.
Frail, disturbed under pressure.
I'd failed cuz I guess I hadn't heard about the angry white.....

That night I had a dream I was running down
Underground
paths in the forest.
Soft dirt swerves.
Dusty trail curves up vertically.
Running, momentum like a roller coaster
before it flips,
I slip into a hole and I'm half stuck,
legs dangling,
eyes fixed on the forest floor.
It's poetry sketched with twigs and sticks
(Just enough to show someone's face),
"YO IMITATOR".
Guess he'd written it more as physical proof.
Scaly feet overlapped (like plaster),
tessellating.
M.C. Escher fading into peach limbs,
chunks of skin,
together like plaster.
Fade into posters:
DMX , COUP, and OUTKAST,
patched on the American flag.
That was the last verse
and the bloody white flesh was the chorus.

The forest became a classroom.

FLASH!

The scene trembled.

The bloody white mess of flesh reassembled at their desks.

I'm seeing symbols and signs
expressed line by line on the overhead projector.

Necks reclined. (Before Columbine).

My color obsessed mind had labeled them all simpletons?
much duller and less grotesque?

but now pimples and lipstick hair
coalesced with buck teeth and insecure cryptic characters
tucked deep beneath a frail shell that's far less then lovely.

Pale scarred breasts, ugly, dug-up pre-carcass.

Dark as their fate was the poetry was
defending the ones I once hated for their identity.

Seated on my left,
the artist kept sending me stern faces.
The hardest part is I just lost my enemy.
Semi-racist rich kids just don't seem so bad
when you know them as a bloody pile of flesh in a poem

Lyrics submitted by Noob.

Lyrics provided by

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