

Ebony and Ivy

Esperanza Spalding

Ocre, ivy, brick, and leather bound books built up by heavy lock crooks with unburdened minds of bastardized
Darwinian logic projected as hard evidence on backs and faces of our ancestral culprits wasted, toiling as a
majority of plantated crimes

We ... and build our own hot breath kingdoms and make humane passions rain down ash then hand out dirty
white rules to wipe up and memorize then howl our own law hand-me-downs upon the class of masses and grin
as each graduate passes on our synthesized words that sterilize natural awe

Seeds grow on the mountain
You can dig it with a silver spoon
Float it off to market
Hawk and talk it from hot-air balloons
Get your good old-fashioned learning

Hear the bell in summers
Ending underneath the apple tree
Time to choose a branch
And build your nest of animosity
Now we're really, really learning

It's been hard to grow outside
Growing good, and act happy
And pretend that the ivy vines
Didn't weigh our branch down

It's been hard to grow outside
But we're finally happy
Were the sage on the mountain now
Is a plant or animal

Seeds grow on the mountain
... the fountain of unfiltered truth
Someone's ... might contaminate their point-of-view
And the taste of high-class feelings

Peeking through the keyhole
... people watch the mastery
One degree of kneeling separates the heads from loving need
And the art of low class feeling

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