

# Rings

## Aesop Rock

Used to draw  
Hard to admit that I used to draw  
Portraiture in a human form  
Doodle of a two headed unicorn, it was soothing  
Moving his arm in a fusion of man mad tools And a muse from from beyond  
Even if it went beautifully wrong  
It was tangible truth for a youth who refused to belong  
No name nuisance  
Stools in the bedroom Oozed in a brand new cuneiform  
Barely commune with the horde  
Got a whole gray scale ungluing his world  
Might zone out to the yap of the magpie  
Unseen hand dragging his graphite Cross contour little bit of back light  
Black ink after a Bristol to baptize  
You can imagine the rush that ensue  
When you get 3 dimensions stuffed into 2 Then it's off to a school where it's all that you do  
Being trained and observed by a capable few  
Back in New York, 5 peeps and a dog  
In a 2 bedroom doing menial jobs Plus, rhyming and stealing and being a clod  
Distractions free to maraud I left some years a deer in the light  
I left some will to spirit away  
I let my fears materialize  
I let my skills deteriorate Haunted by the thought of what I should have been continuing a mission that was  
routed in a 20 year affinity in rickety condition with an ID crisis  
Nap on the front lawn, look up at the sky its  
Shapes falling out of the fringe All heart though we would've made cowardly kinds  
They will chop you down just to count your rings  
Just to count your rings, just to count your rings  
And there were  
Colors pouring out of the fringe All heart though we would've made cowardly kings  
They will chop you down just to count your rings  
Just to count your rings, just to count your rings  
Used to paint Hard to admit that I used to paint  
Natural light on the human face  
Stenciled fire on his roommate's bass  
It was blooming addiction A miss and push and a pigment  
Book like a tattooed pigskin, look  
Pinhead kids intermittent  
Drank Kool Aid from a tube of acrylic And I grew up linseed oil over linen

Joy to the poison, voice in the resin  
Capture a map of the gesture  
Back up, add a little accurate fat to the figureRedo that, move that inward  
Zinc white lightening shoots from his fingers  
Studios drone with allusions of tinctures  
Stay tuned for the spooky adventuresYou can imagine the stars that align  
When a forearm starts foreshortening right  
Or a torso hung on a warping spine  
And proportion reads as warm and aliveRoutine day with a dirt cheap brush  
Then a week goes by and it goes untouched  
Then 2, then 3, then a month  
Then the rest of your life you beat yourself upI left some seasons eager to fall  
I left some work to bury alive  
I let my means of being dissolve  
I let my person curl up and dieEating up his innards in unfeasible anxiety is brutally committed to relinquishing  
his privacy aligning with the trials of the Anti-Midas  
Nap on the back lawn look up at the sky its  
Shapes falling out of the fringeAll heart though we would've made cowardly kinds  
They will chop you down just to count your rings  
Just to count your rings, just to count your rings  
And there wereColors pouring out of the fringe  
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