**06/29/22**

Gonna drive to Madagascar  
Gonna take a fast car

Get there quick like Nascar

I’m your Huckleberry Nasa bard

Blew the summer cruising round in Nas’s car

Training everyday cause I want to be an Allstar

Burning bright like a comic in the night

Falling comet what a sight

Full of comment and delight

Hangdog aware of despair

But putting up a fucking fight

Try to make things work out right

All my cuts leave deep scars  
lost and droning pony bard  
ceremony’s only phony hard  
phoned home lonely,  
got lost out in the gloaming  
returned burned,  
spurned served  
frozen from the word  
for befriending the absurd  
gallivanting, chanting answers  
splintered cells, sanguine stances  
rooted juke joint moot points  
floated theories, bleary queries

Circumspect to witness bombs away   
from the fat man’s technocratic reindeer sleigh.

Plate tectonics, life is gay?

Acute or chronic its pain to play.  
But literally, literally.  
the money's on its way.

Literally, literally,

The money’s on its way.