

# Commencement At the Obedience Academy

## Aesop Rock

i fell asleep again; i wasn't ready for it.  
the harvest appeared less plentiful than last season.  
i imagine sloppy seed handling evoked a stroke of tardy planting, and the crops we'd have  
harnessed mid-november had only brushed the blossom bracket,  
then soon sacrificed lives to icicle jackets when the frost hit.  
i sunk to find the warmth beneath the mosses with a plan to tunnel past after the rains had run  
their courses,  
but alas,  
the portraits of these frostbit corpses tortured in the grass offered this torch supporter one tall  
glass of nauseous, and i'm asking you:  
why's the spy supply hiding in strangers when they know atop the food chain i could spot biters  
for acres?  
now be gracious,  
these minstrels turned the bully cycle civil by dissolving the candy coated image down to the  
pixels.  
the upbringing of self-styled freedom brigade investors and their studies connecting one-hit  
wonders with dust collectors puts it down.  
it's down beneath the sappy sing-alongs, let's take it further down, we'll let dante decide which  
ring i'm on.  
nova.  
the elders took positions and the fans marched, parched, plain and steamed hawking the rain in  
my canteen. now i'm like point:  
i guess i could spare a splash for a couple of heads.  
counterpoint:  
during my famine i never got broke your bread. well, equation of intrigue, yes yes. let me fence-  
sit for a bit.  
these tense lips need soaking before i hand out tokens. shut the fuck up.  
drama like kabuki with a heart of dirt, skull fucked crossbones, hence my birth. it hurts.  
check, check, check. must not sleep. must warn others. trust blocks creep where the dust storm  
hovers. i milk my habitat for almost everything i want. sometimes i take it all and still can't feel  
this pitfall in my gut and i'm like must not sleep. must warn others. trust blocks creep where the  
dust storm hovers. i'm tryin' to walk on top of sunshine but it's ridiculous at times. that's why  
i'm touring with this warning.  
feel it, it's like crowning the glory of our advance (advance). fire ants to water beetles.  
freemasons adjacent to pacing on pins and needles. pupil turned pedagogue, benediction to my  
dream, beaming a billion bottle rockets off the golden mezzanine. check it, i'll pluck the petals  
off a classic blood rose one at a time, gripping the stem in right; invite the thorns to dig up in  
my lifeline. it's a metaphor for nighttime. ante up the slight cost of exhaustion to salute the  
moon above paradise lost, and you're a spectator, scrinching. inch by sacred inch shoveling coal  
into my earthworm soul. burrow up through the dirt with bloody digit, lick my knuckles clean,  
noting the corporate clusters holding hands around the abode of the damned. now what's your  
poison? starlight in a maser with a nicotine chaser. sip it clean, savor the taste to sit and dream

later. the eyelids pivot back upon the hinges twenty miles across the glassy eyed window of wonders to passersby. now i'm six foot four with a six-floor walk up just to recline with no free time. the alarm storms at nine. my daytime's on some "yes, sir. okay, sir. right away, sir. sir, do you mind if i breathe, sir? oh you do? well excuse me, sir, fuck you." i breathe slow. i run in with these fantastic amalgams painting casket-bound careers to peers gunning with plastic albums. security's the javelin, catch it. labor. clocked in at '76, and haven't clocked out ever since.

must not sleep. must warn others. trust blocks creep where the dust storm hovers. i milk my habitat for almost everything i want. sometimes i take it all and still can't feel this pitfall in my gut and it's like must not sleep. must warn others. trust blocks creep where the dust storm hovers. i'm tryin' to walk on top of sunshine but it's ridiculous at times. that's why i'm touring with this warning. feel it, it's like must not sleep. must warn others. trust blocks creep where the dust storm hovers. i milk my habitat for almost everything i want. sometimes i take it all and still can't feel this pitfall in my gut and it's like must not sleep. must warn others. trust blocks creep where the dust storm hovers. i'm tryin' to walk on top of sunshine but it's ridiculous at times. that's why i'm touring with this warning. feel it, it's like that.

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