“Intro”  
by Discopoet Khari B.

I never really understood the day workers  
Waking up when they’re compelled 2  
4 5 days of slaving 4 someone else  
8 hours a day  
40+ hours a week  
2 provide 4 a place 2 sleep  
eat and lay their burdens down

*vocalized blues* ...when I lay my burdens down

& awake 2 another day of burden  
N the light of day

wearing a mask of polite society  
all covered N coercive brand name habiliments  
from the finest modern day plantations  
designed 2 streamline & draw lines  
between the working class the elitists and yo ass

If U really liked the light so much  
Y would U sacrifice so much of it  
4 a compulsory piece of paper  
& if said imperious paper was really not so important  
or U’d rather not B bound by medium of exchange  
made with malicious intent  
Y Rn’t U fighting  
4 more control of your day

Maybe the day ain’t the truth  
Maybe the truth ain’t N the light  
Night is when the darkness falls  
The obligations dissolve  
& the doors of our preferred church open  
& N 2 the air music breathes  
& greets us like a best friend that’s been gone 2 long

We do not care that the light is now gone  
It was merely 2 highlight our rich undertones  
By day we were babies  
At night we R grown  
Our chance 2 reright  
all the things that were wrong

We float like a tone from a vibraphone  
We R the fire and the brimstone  
That is the reason we R reclaiming our throne  
Our job is reorient where lost minds have gone
The moon N the sky is not reason 2 moan
Because it’s the night that 2gether we own

Let us rest when we’re dead
the night is 2 glorious 2 waste N bed
The dark 2 expansive
not 2 C what’s ahead

Ase

Darkness is a decision 2 B made ~Josh Ishmon