



100% PARBOILED BASMATI RICE

MY FLORIDA C...
H...
M...

Dividend

By Nick Murray

The property actually had their own pronouns prior to the pretty packaging
but round town peripherals they went by James, Lex, they went by John, Rosa, Malcolm, the aim was to miss the
point of Martin's Montana.

I could dispense the rage much more Santana, or Basquiat
or Baldwin.

I could dispense it
the way my goulash is sloshing.
I'll dispense it.
My kitchen smells like ackee and salt fish.
Harlem nights in the living room.
Patois told me drink this juice,
put this cd on.

How could this painful journey also be a favorite song?
The property actually had their own culture,
prior to culling.
But who sits and thinks of the convos between toys while they all still have their price tags on 'em.
All you do is purchase!
Can you get a grip, like ascension?
I apologize if the wordplay is too serious.
But I'm dying somewhere.
The scream is so much quieter than the streams.

I'm tired of content that's created by these things.
I know of empty rooms full of isolation.
I know a little boy alone in his room, looking in to a round mirror that sings his reflection.
But it's American, his parents ain't from here!
His source material and place of assembly are creating tension
and around others like him he consistently fails to mention his DNA, cuz it's coiled and knotted between the coasts
of two different shipping centers.
The property had problems prior to the purchasing.
Plans prior to dilemmas of acres vs. ounces
before mail order organisms were ordered in to bounties.
Before blood from the heart of darkness dripped silently off the edges of counties
wipe up the spill.

Tell me, have you had enough?
When will you have your fill?
When did i start buying cuffs?
They link me to problems of possession.
I'm at 99 plus.
Shopping cart full of burning rainforest.
Meanwhile big bro says, "I'm the one"
Fingertips gently brush a void of twitter drafts and unanswered texts.
I can feel legacy blunting my shoulder blades,
like an astronaut turned atlas.

So tired of holding up my world.
But I'm so scared I'll drop it.
My horizon and my planetary curve
don't look up or you'll see my earth.

The property
we made soul, you insisted we were only 60 percent
of your tears, fears, emotions.
You watched us persist
in the lake of fire, drowning, burning in tribulations midst.
Well that lake is flooding its banks who you think will drown next?
In ya scene like Yasiin, Ameen, invisible man made the world's eyes
Clementines, with how he turns a clever thought to living thing.

Like God
whoa insides
dark, divine yee.
I'm fly
angelic flex on swole,
burning bush like a prophetic bowl.
My intuition mathematical
superstition made the lie plentiful.

Round town and bound, so we bounce and it's frequent
the exit is always French since the line is Maginot.
Always on otro pagina siempre,
but you wrote the libro.
My unliberation is a footnote
you barely note my breath beneath your foot.

So I'm stuck in detention,
longing for summer.
Round town and bound, so we bounce and it's frequent
the exit is always French since the line is Maginot.
I don't need the clemency.
I took the detritus and made it sing.

Power, power
is it in stratocumulus or savanna.
I ran this like it was business.
Now the relationship is sinking.
Now the blood bank is bankrupt.
Now the giant is phantom.
Now the wedding ring manila.
Now the fold is a shackle.
Flight through cloud gate vanilla
velocity had me spinnin'.
I'm on fumes, the nose dippin'.
I'm entombed, death is slimmin'.

Mourning had been my aesthetic.
Morning another day full of zombies' feening for flesh.
A feeding is what they expect.
I know you've seen Romero's scenes, but when it comes to Peele, everyone laughed at how the food feels.
I mean damn!
Power, power
Where does it live?
Does it hide in the heavens or just beneath the horizon?
I'm looking for the sun like my father.
He said don't get too far ahead
and leave your heart behind.
Alone with a prophet in my ear

HOW DO WE
MOVE FORWARD?