

Sun Ra Speaks to Gucci Mane

Are
you guilty?
Bitch, I might be.
They said that you
said, to the white judge.
But I say WHY MUST YOU LIMIT
YOURSELF TO ONE SMALL BLACKNESS?
to a planet you have carved into the skin of
your face.

You are ob-essed with the cold, with the solid state
of water. Brrrr the glint of your gold, but it ain't Horus, or even
the sand, it might be the record sk-k-kipping on the same dust speck
of what they call history. My story is the mystery but that don't mean
that I forget. When the judge looked me in the eye and said "I don't think
I've ever seen a nigger like you before." I looked at him and said **No,**
and you never will again. You see, my algorithm was born on Saturn with no mother
or father, like rhythm, the way Ornette say. I see the drum in the tree before the lightning *hit* it,
cuz my eyes wide open like the arms of Venus without Molly poppin, without slurring on a blunt
object aimed for the backa my head. Space don't have no trap spot 'cept black holes, maybe wormholes tore
through the velour of dimensions. I don't believe in violence at. all. Cuz that's not the way we do thangs in my orbit.
I wouldn't fight Hitler, nevermind a soldier trying to express an appreciation for the joyful noise that I make.
Now your equation look a little bit more finite. But that don't mean you can't compose yourself into the cosmos' groove.
That don't mean that you need to be stuck on that old rusty gun clap, of what you call a woman when you think she can't hear,
or don't care. But why buy old sounds when you could shoot into the atmosphere radiant, anew and get solar flare lit up?