

*Clase tipo subnormal*

I lie under a willow tree and grassroots,  
circuit growth of your *I don't know's* and *Later's*, I  
hate to compromise myself for you but even I  
can see it's needed if we gon' run this,  
look me in the eyes and tell me you don't know about that  
sacrifice cause you're used to shitting answers  
to questions nobody asked, somebody tell Jesus we found the real Messiah  
cause you too holy to let us forget it.

Tell me I ain't crazy cause I might be losing it, mumbling to myself notes  
I never wrote down for a meeting you held in my absence.  
Lord, let me go a day without no fighting,  
yelling at my rearview mirror like it'll talk back,  
picturing somebody else's face when I'm screaming  
at a car that ain't come near me, Amadeus, name me a symphony —  
No. 5 for nobody cares and a band that doesn't play music.  
I'm learning to like songs without the words,  
just a violin concerto and some piss-drunk maestro they got off Craigslist, man,  
you gotta kill me,

cause I'll die before I sing a Goddamn note, I know  
I said so, made some New Year's Resolution I'd be a Saint,  
God, You best send me to Heaven after the year I've had,  
playing the same vinyl I broke on repeat 'till I got used to it,  
read an article that we become attached to shit we hate if we hate it long enough,  
and I swear I'll never lie again if You give me an angel. Flying's got me turned up  
but I'll jump off a cliff if it gets me out.  
Had a dream I almost sank, but I held the ship up,  
don't put me in no ocean cause I don't care enough to swim:  
These folk will treat me like a lifeboat and leave me out for sharks,  
I saw the movie *Jaws* and it looked awfully real on screen.  
You already testing me like a Prophet with a cross nobody's gonna help lift,  
martyrdom might be Your thing but it ain't mine,

death's really just a punchline to a joke I told before,  
I'm not tryna be funny, but I know how this one ends,  
I got table manners that don't matter when the silverware is gone You call my tone disrespectful  
or make a comment 'bout my lawn,

so cut the Goddamn roots if you're so helpful  
and get the hell out of my yard. Shit,  
I signed a warrant, but I can't pay for my own arrest.  
Don't get mad, I can't even complain cause  
I dug a grave under my own feet and let myself die,  
I don't get paid for the work you frame on your walls, I gotta sue.  
Hold up a blank document in court and spit on it,  
that's how much would get done without me,  
write your songs on napkins  
and keep 'em in your pockets,  
ain't nobody listening to Amadeus these days,  
so choke on it.

*Encerrada en el retrato*

I hate museums,  
or I hate the way I need them,  
online galleries not enough to satisfy  
the desire to gaze at someone else's art,  
eyes roaming a prepaid, beautified corporate nightmare.  
The art's edges frayed, passed from frame to wall  
across ten museums,  
the hellish inner circle of an industry we know exists but ignore,  
workers pointing at No Photography signs  
nearly tackling an elderly man  
trying to get a picture of an ornate table.

I hate the commodification of art.  
There is no such thing as public domain,  
I cannot slide the picture from its case, take it like a token.  
It's an unfree, undemocratic, perfectly human institution:  
ownership both collective and individual.  
We do not own the rights to art,  
yet we the viewers are more than spectators,  
and a creator exists only within the fabric of their own creation —  
once it's varnished, packaged, placed behind a golden frame on white plaster,  
it becomes an us, but not a we.  
We do not believe in sharing,  
but it still belongs to us,  
propertized free market feeder worms  
feasting on corpses of what might have been art.

## *Dos patrias tengo yo*

1° Pseudo-scientific Stockholm Syndrome-type love, I seen it in the articles my father pretends to care about, I know it's hard to picture, but I've lived it: hate the land that raised you cause He let you go like you was made of asphalt, love a place you wanna hate cause you don't know how to, capitalist-hellscapes don't seem so bad when you're not the one exploited, I learned that one when I showed off my all-American teeth to my ESL teacher. Patriotism got me singing Ol' Yeller like an anthem, get me rootbeer and a flag, I'll pop a squat in this cemetery, just close my eyes for me, don't see why I can't walk blind if y'all do, get your groceries and pack it up, we're skipping town, road trip through somebody's land, we real movie stars in one of those James Dean pictures, put me in black and white, and get off the screen, hypocrite, we singing some industry plant 2000s pop before the hurricane blows our heads off, I got nine minutes to live and you ain't worth one.

2° Muy original, la chamba, como canta esa niña el himno nacional — ¿explícame qué quiere decir patria? No es querer muerte ni sangre, pero amar la patria como el aire, quiero ver la lluvia desde el techo de la iglesia, lávame el alma que me siento sucia, ahogame que si tengo que morir será por tus manos, Dios, no entiendo como se puede vivir así. Ain't no Western film decoration pistols on mantelpieces next to deer heads, this the real thing, no article's gonna make you feel sympathy you ain't felt before, stop thinking about theory and see it in practice: Ven a ver la sangre por las calles, no storm's gonna wash the blood off your hands, look around. Life is primitive cause you made it that way, this used to be something. Always stealing shit and pointing fingers, got your name written on more funeral notices than not, talking about some some good ol' country loving that comes with a shotgun to the head. Can't forget about no crimes on a road trip cause where we driving when you burned the damn car? Always picking up after you, I'm sick of it, that's why Hell is full. You don't deserve to kill this place even though I want it dead, that's some corpses I'm never gonna stop hearing above your screaming, I rather die first if it means I'll haunt your children long enough for them to feel some sort of shame.