

No Smoking Here, Boy
Jangar Tokpa

I told this boy to stop smoking in my lawn.
He told me he could smell my incense from his window and he didn't like the scent.
If we wanna talk about smoke being integral my incense is ancestral,
and when it burns the white man
coughs up blood.
And the blood on his hands is red lines pipelines pumping poison through your veins
and the rain got acid.
You put your tongue out to drink and it's simmering till it burns through the tip of your tongue. They even
done got the sky keeping you from speaking.
So you sit in silence.
Listen to the sirens from inside the eye of the storm.
Oh the sirens sorrowful song
See the destruction she brings
when she's singing to you.
The boy keeps blasting her song.
I can hear it playing from my window.
No wonder he can't hear mother nature's call.