

Hip-Hop Elephants of the Golden Palace

by Shawn Misener

Hello floaty word man
suspended in smoke
chortling coughing with collapsing colon
spraying sounds into the day
making it night and ending the line

the advantage of hip -hop over poetry:
battles and
BEATS, of course
head-knockin' sounds

you'll gain a few pounds
in gold chains and pistol rounds

BUT
the one thing we all have in common
Is that our days will end, inevitably

we KNOW NOT how
or when or why
we just die

and they pack us away
under the earth
then maybe born again
as a beetle, a flower, or a fucking elephant

HOW COOL?
To be an elephant

roaming the edge of the Sahel
munching on plants and trees
majestically

Big as all get out
not even bears would step to us
we'd communicate by tapping trunks
and thumping weeds with our hind legs

The ELEPHANT
fears nothing
and therefore faces his doom
with dignity, awe, and recognition

The awed elephant
looks to the blue sky
and spots an airplane
ripping a cloud trail

he points to the nearest cloud
and whispers to the plane's pilot:

“Be not afraid and approach the cloud
'tis golden body is decorated with fluff
and teensy silver linings”

So the plane shifts course in a jolt
as the cloud opens like lady legs
letting the plane into her glistening
golden glades & caverns

The elephant dies
and joins the pilot
in the golden palace

