

Black Belt

John Grant

You are at the height of your game, aren't you?
Would you not say that you agree, baby?
You got your grift all fine tuned and sparkling.
Yeah, you got your bored look all worked out.
You are all enlightened; nothin' makes you frightened.
You ain't got no time to waste on entry-level middle class.
You are supercilious, pretty and ridiculous.
You got really good taste; you know how to cut and paste.

What you got is a black belt in BS,
But you can't hawk your pretty wares up in here anymore.
Hit your head on the playground at recess.
Etch-a-sketch your way out of this one, reject!

You know how to get what you want, don't you?
Would you not say that you agree baby?
You really think that you can school me in semantics.
I can't recommend that baby. I see through your antics.
You think you're mysterious; you cannot be serious.
You got lots of time to think of new ways to deceive yourself.
You are callipygian, but look at the state you're in.
You got really nice clothes; bet you didn't pay for those.

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