

Robeson

Saul Williams

Beginning with the aftermath sayers of sooth who stand aloof to
hide their inner laugh
Depending on the circumstance I show my tools to where niggers
know where I'm just a fishing pants
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I slept once, The dream has yet to end
It was a purple evening such as this, the curtains had been pul
led by a hand unattached
I lay propped on a pillow of eagle feathers on a couch framed w
ith the skeletons of my uncles and great uncles
I did not intend to close my eyes but then I did
The night is falling on the moist palms of children too weak to
bear it's weight
The stars are visibly breathing in fact they almost look as if
they are chewing gum
The moon is crescented on both sides while its center remains u
nseen
I can faintly hear my mother calling me, or is that my sister s
inging songs of the railroad?
Robeson is reflected in a floating mirror
Then I realize that the mirror is not floating but being pulled
by a white horse and in great golden chariot, the horse has hu
man feet
I look down at my feet and they are hooves. When I look up it i
s no longer night, the sun covers the entire sky as if it were
stretched to reach all corners, flames are visible but not thre
atening.
A girl brushes my knee with her tail, she is wearing pink overa
lls and rollerblades, she signals for me to follow her, as soon
as I take a step towards her I'm flying.

There are rocky mountains below me, I decide to land in a small
settlement between mountains
A man walks up to me, he is my father but he introduces himself
as John Galt. I ask him if he is the Reverend John Galt. we be
gin to say the Lord's prayer together, the whole world seems to
join in
The mountains have mouths;
I am standing at an altar, it takes a second to realize I'm get
ting married
The woman beside me, my bride, is sitting in lotus position on
an Indian silk pillow
She is holding a white umbrella over her head, I cannot see her
, I keep whispering to her, It's okay love, it's okay love? and

she keeps shushing me, and shushing me,
I'm wearing a backpack I decide to take it off and open it up,
It's filled with colouring books and I keep thinking
"I have to be done in time to pick Saturn up from school, I have
to be done in time to pick Saturn up from school, I have to be
done in time
To pick Saturn up from school"

My darling Saturn I seem to break your heart daily, how could I
ever neglect to hug you
You are a planet hugged by a rainbow, forgive me
I sometime become so consumed in the travails of my own heart t
hat I neglect yours
And there is no greater crime I will never commit it again, for
there is no other adultery
You are my child, God's gift to the world God's will be done, I
love you.