

Accent

My skin was born in the year of the pig. My accent, much later, & it'd rather be a Capricorn.

I seduce women with my accent, I subdue them with my skin.

You will still hear my skin whinge ^{even} after maggots dwell & die in my accent.

My skin is my landscape, my accent my fresh air. My skin is too thin for bad weather. My accent, incredibly thick, it will whistle underwater.

I am not one of those who are sentenced to solitary ~~life~~ confinement for life inside their own skins. I can get under your skin, once I walk out of my accent.

People judge me by my skin. My skin's purpose in life is to prove them wrong. Once I open my mouth I'll prove them right. I keep my mouth shut my accent open.

Which is truer? My skin, or my accent?
When it comes to swinenishness, they
are on the same page.

In places where I am considered white
my yellow accent always holds me back.
Since whatever out of my mouth is
unpatriotized lies, I'll always have
a yellow accent.

As for my skin —
it will be blues when it fancies blues;
it will be j'agg when it fancies jagg.



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