

El Plantador

I chant this to replenish
Like a sandwich when you're famished
Under bandages my hand is
Badly damaged, but I manage
By the handle-grip to brandish
My shovel as I plant this
Great expanse of forest vanished
Where the planet has been branded
Trees get slammed into the slanted
Land with frantic speed as I dance with
An enhanced sense of romantic
And I can't get disenchanted

Freedom of birth has rooted me from the first
Leavin' the worst curses muted to my feelin' of worth
I'm bein' reimbursed for puttin' trees in the earth
So I'm grateful, 'cause it's hateful when you're needin' the work
The seasons reverse; in the spring, bees and the birds
Got a reason to sing, bringin' their seeds into birth
And sprouts, pleasin' to nurse, upsurge like a fountain
And begin' to burst out the dirt up in the mountain
I'm countin' the amount and the worth of all my poundin'
Runnin' around, I work the ground, my words resoundin'
Verses abound, but the sound carries downwind
Drowned as it tarries 'round the area I'm found in
Weight packin' straight pounds around to break your back and
I make it happen; I race down mounds; I'm paper stackin'
My tapers blacken; late nights creatin's the best
I'm breakin' cheques, makin' connects, wakin' to sex
My achin' breasts never takin' less than they can invest
And I ain't paid to rest, as any day can attest
I'm hatin' the stress, but I'm lovin' the freedom
I'm shakin' the pesticides with gloves when I need 'em
I'm racin' the rest, numbers above and I beat 'em
I'm makin' a mess; I've got mud up to my knees, and
I'm shovin' the trees in where I dug and then squeeze 'em
I'm duckin' no-see-ums and other bugs and I'm bleedin'
But under my breathin' this is what I'm repeatin'

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I'm draggin' my feet; to get speed I shift gears
I fiercely lift my knees, and my fatigue disappears
Sweat drips swiftly; my lips bleed and get smeared
And when I lick my teeth, it's the sea mixed with tears
Clocks tick six year as I walk between trees
And the slash is deep with distracting green leaves
My dreams lead, and I seem to be fast asleep
I'm trapped in a deep trance, but I plant masterfully
I stand half-deceased at the end of my last screef
And when my hand slaps the tree in the sand, that's just sweet
And actually, it's past belief the feats I've had to pull
Wrapped in these rags of wool, tree bags full
I'm like a black sheep that's track-meet speed compatible
To pass me you have to be released by a catapult
And every word that I speak is autobiographical
So follow my path; it's all flagged with red tape
And I shed weight with each micro-site I impregnate
My shredded legs keep me upright to levitate
Up the block everyday, but the rocks never break
I've got to measure space and do whatever it takes
Some nights I lie in bed awake and shiver and shake
But I never let a late night get in the way
'Cause every second I waste is like instead of my pay
And when I've got to separate my head and escape
From all the effort it takes, I just rap to meditate

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