

Induction

These riddles I write
In the middle of the night
 Got me livin' alive
With a little bit of spice
I'm not a literal type
 So I consider it wise
To deliver the hype
In a critical light
 And minimize
The subliminal – psyche!
If I'm winnin' the fight
 And beginnin' to thrive
It's 'cause I'm not liftin' the mic
And grippin' it tight
 To be given a prize
Or fixin' my sight
On a visible height
 To legitimize
My difficult plight
'Cause if I did then I might
 Just limit the size
Of my physical flight
And get cynical, right?
 Let the pinnacle rise
'Til the minute is ripe
I'll give it a nice
 Welcome when it arrives
At the end of my life
When my differences, like
 Reciprocal sides
At the edge of the knife
Together unite

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