

Alexis Green
CONTROL

“Free all of my niggas that they caught with it
R.I.P. my niggas that they caught without it”
— Drake

Accessories Rail the body, mount it to glare of death
Barrel the bones hollow, they huff your name the size of a confession
Detachable Box Magazine the blood of eyes too wide to collect themselves
Ejection Port wads of flesh as the soul abandons the scene
Forward Sight the chambers with prison hymns pureed for dying boys
Grip the humming thunder in your belly; stack your fingers while it still burns
Magazine Release the regret of pouring honey over fire
Magazine Spring the dust angels towards heaven's backyard or hell's bus stop
Magazine Well the carcass until it's snug between the thighs of forgotten case files
Muzzle the lips that mouth the crust of purgatory
Rear Sight the sidewalk squares with the black hoodie wrapped boy
Slide your hands into the afterlife's back pockets, clear a space for vengeance
Slide Lock your silence against the grain of pride, once the threat is empty
Take Down Lever shards of your reflection, soak in stereotypes and epsom salt
Tang over all the alibi and oblivion your palms can chew
Trigger the slur of tomorrow's speech if you don't get to kiss her instead
Trigger Loop / Ring / Guard the salty sweet claws of preservation