

# Hip-Hop Elephants of the Golden Palace

*by* Shawn Misener

Hello floaty word man  
suspended in smoke  
chortling coughing with collapsing colon  
spraying sounds into the day  
making it night and ending the line

the advantage of hip -hop over poetry:  
battles and  
BEATS, of course  
head-knockin' sounds

you'll gain a few pounds  
in gold chains and pistol rounds

BUT  
the one thing we all have in common  
Is that our days will end, inevitably

we KNOW NOT how  
or when or why  
we just die

and they pack us away  
under the earth  
then maybe born again  
as a beetle, a flower, or a fucking elephant

HOW COOL?  
To be an elephant

roaming the edge of the Sahel  
munching on plants and trees  
majestically

Big as all get out  
not even bears would step to us  
we'd communicate by tapping trunks  
and thumping weeds with our hind legs

The ELEPHANT  
fears nothing  
and therefore faces his doom  
with dignity, awe, and recognition

The awed elephant  
looks to the blue sky  
and spots an airplane  
ripping a cloud trail

he points to the nearest cloud  
and whispers to the plane's pilot:

“Be not afraid and approach the cloud  
'tis golden body is decorated with fluff  
and teensy silver linings”

So the plane shifts course in a jolt  
as the cloud opens like lady legs  
letting the plane into her glistening  
golden glades & caverns

The elephant dies  
and joins the pilot  
in the golden palace

