

# Andromeda

Killah Priest

A holy priest and a Hopi chief meet at Snowy Peak  
Right below is Coyote Creek  
That's near the dark side  
Is right near the Upper and the Lower East  
They both slow to speak  
One says, "Wait, hold your piece"  
"We came here to hear the yogi teach"  
Then the chief spoke brief, said, "I brought with me my sister, Golden Geese  
"  
"Along with her is her daughter, Lonely Sheep, my only niece"  
She rose to her feet  
"We are complete"  
For joy, the yogi leaped  
His row was neat  
While the old woman rolled and knead, squeezed and beat roti yeast for the ceremony feast  
Where tonight the UFOs would meet  
That's when he revealed that it's not really shaped like a wheel but like a lotus leaf and all of us are old as trees  
His palms together on folded knees  
He calmed the weather with poetry  
Our arms had feathers unknowingly  
He said since the ovaries he'd been glowing, speaking vocally  
Then it turned socially 'til he openly [?] twinkle in the eye  
In a moment he floated free  
No man pursueth when the omens flee we both agree  
Howls from the wolf den  
Owls in the woodlands  
Hours with the bushmen  
Showers over the brook tend to the worms for bait, put the hooks in  
Then throw it back into the lake, then wait  
If the fish take, the line shakes, then we start cooking  
The trees absorb the toxic wind  
  
Then give off oxygen for the ox and hen to watch the rocks [?]  
Cloudy summer days right before and after storms  
Forecast is warm  
Spring flowers, violets, bells, orchids, roses, summer softness  
Marsh lagoons, dark side of the moon, late afternoon  
Wetlands, swamps, bogs, fogs through the [morgues?]  
The singing dogs from New Guinea  
It's misty and blue windy, a few pygmies, new city  
Two pennies on the third blue hue of the you and I verse, too pretty  
Robotic to aquatic, two exotic tropics on the forest to the rocket  
Take off, space course  
I wave and talk into the mic  
Engage, days lost  
The shuttle windowpane begins to frost  
Nebula registered  
Nah, we in the Andromeda  
I hear sounds like a harmonica  
Wheels down, checking the monitor  
I'm aware I'm the foreigner but prepared like a popular philosopher  
Study the stars like an astronomer  
Bars are cinematographer  
But the style is hidden like the Apocrypha  
It was written in steps like a choreographer

My core is in depth like a pure photographer

My nocturnal writing

First I analyze it, then I memorize it, then internalize it, then write my journal on the science, then speak it into a verbal alignment to take you on my vertical assignment to enjoy the personal enlightenment