

Shane Book

## **Glock Weather**

It's Glock weather. That's why  
all my sweatpants are leather.  
A set of older White people spies  
me strolling the shuttered  
downtown core. Away  
with those purses,  
pursed, lip-less lips.  
They cross over.  
It does not hurt a little,  
human cross-over dribble  
Whatever.  
I'm flossing, I'm sipping, steady tripping  
pure Evian, no tap water,  
I'm wearing fake Chinese fox fur  
in these young money temps.  
I own these times like Casio. No cap.  
They say I'm filthy rich,  
yeah I'm guilty.  
I been on the craziest wave, making nice  
and now they wanna make me see ID.  
Nice for what. That's the London  
where they don't dab  
they just swag a lot.  
You say you no go leave, oh!  
If you no sleep, I no go sleep.  
Money long, my car too fast,  
Aventadaor cherry body chocolate like a kitty cat.  
Chilling in my inner Dubai, I get by.  
My fire is fire.  
My inside desert is lit. By the oil fires  
of a thousand American bloodsuns,  
they gon' make me interview again for it.

Next time I see him, waiting on line  
at the fish bar, my Cape Verdean barber  
tells me I been looking fly.  
International flex. This the real face.  
Yeah, I'm John Wick, tryna live  
my movie like I'm Serena. Hold tight  
pomade with the ill-est flow,  
Scarface Part Two,

pay me. Like De Niro.  
Après getting my hair did  
at the only Black barbershop  
in a slate-walled English town,  
I feel this sound from the other side.  
Who be that.