

K_M_/M_T_ (To Expand Space, Be Moved By Love or a Funky Conversation)

A Side:

Dear *Mothership Connection*:

My hands are raised but I am not sure whether it's in joy or grief raising your hands can change meaning depending on where you find yourself like you I don't easily fit into any genre: *We* both be ego -trippin' on the mind of god minds and bodies emptied enough that it is all *We* Become a trip and the kingdom of heaven is all that's left or as *We* call it the outer space *We* found within And the within keeps coming out I mean is that freedom? Is it that? Is nothing But a convoluted orbit? Is it a waste of time to need? Freedom? Nothing but a concept *We* found in chains a concept in confusion? But the distortion sounds fun did you know in the future they will do the same to *woke*? means so many things till it means nothing all I know is *We* are all fools and I am emptied and I am free and I am in chains and I am woke to that reality *We* don't even understand how we feel *We* don't even hear ourselves calling for help I am reaching for out there somewhere my arms in maroonage playing in time and space phantom limbs with a charged smart I am phoning in from whatever is surging up again within *We* what space can hold my freedom? does the space matter where I am heard? James Baldwin knew that feeling remember? In Sonny's Blues? And I don't know what others are hearing when they hear *We* I wanna believe I am being heard but I just don't know other than the rumbling I hear within do I hear them? do I hear *We*? do they hear *We*? do you hear *We*?...I am having trouble hearing *We*....

Love (Waitin' on You),

Free Your Mind and Your Ass Will Follow

B Side:

Dear *Free Your Mind and Your Ass Will Follow*,

I hear One of our favorite songs growing up *Up Above My Heaaaaaad I Hear Music In the Aaaaaiiir...* you know Rosetta Tharpe? her gospel truth she saaaaang in bars and nightclubs another One *Swiiiiing Loooow Sweeeet Chariot Coming Forth to Carry Meeeee Hooooommmme!* I really want to believe, too because I know the sound can not only move but remove you dig? here's some advice: a long long long long long long with raising them arms how about them legs? I hear music in the aaaaaaiiir, too and I am gonna ride it till the wheels go flying a mind free looks like dancing in space and the only point move or be moved Be moved Be moved that is the true religion! on the One like Brown used to preach all over the world I am a syn copated citizen of the universe connecting through movement a mothership setting a universe into motion expanding space expanding the definition of citizen and when I have space my whole body can rest in its movement and Bemoved Bemoved Bemoved in every sense in hearing in seeing in touching in tasting in smelling the *Funk!* and trust it stanks! but you smell it don't you? in the future there will be a virus that can take away your smell so you better smell that funk now! Bemoved! what is someone who knows freedom without defining it needing it? a starchild gliding dipping loosening that booty because the mind was already in motion was already free those moves the body still has in its memory banks like phantom limbs re aching out to somewhere Bemoved! like *We* are re aching out to somewhere like that somewhere has always been trying to find us Baby! *We* always could fly! Free your mind and come fly with me!

(Here I Am) Yours Truly,
Mothership Connection