Anthology of Turbo1904

turbo1904





Dedication

To Jacqueline Rachel Owens/Tovey: Thank you for showing me the meaning of BETRAYAL! You opened the door for the poetry to flow. You taught me to never believe in Love. One more thing I refuse to have conversation with a female ARIES again. THANKS for that TOO......



Acknowledgement

My sister Becky: Sissy love you dearly.... You have always been an angel to me!!!!!!!! To Diane and Dallan what can I say you two are truly shining stars. Thank you!!!

To my family sorry for being a pain in the (ass, head, taste in mouth ECT.) To my friends; Poison Ivy (TIFF) Vicky Harp (actually plays a harp) Bubbles (what can you say about bubbles) APES (I remember when we were young and dumb) Much love for you.... All my Clairemont Friends (What\\\'s Up) Bless you all and everybody. Thank You!!



About the author

I\\\'m 58 years old. I\\\'m native to Southern Sunny San Diego, CA. A lesbian and active in the LGBTQ community. Recently went thru a divorce after 10 years. It devasted me. I bounced back. I have battled an active addiction most of my life. These poems are my thoughts and feelings, emotions on all kinds of subjects. Some enjoy them, some do not. It\\\'s cool with me either way. Thanks...



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QUEER

No matter how accepting society becomes it's hard being a Queer, You feel your not part of, like you don't belong here.

Queers and gays are not sexual deviants, No, were not missing any ingredients.

Being Queer is not evil or a curse, It's not something we practice or rehearsed.

It's not a sin, wrong, weird or strange, It's not a phase or something we can change.

No one should have to hide who they truly are, We are not retarded no need to lower the bar.

We all have our inner demon and things we fear, Gay-bashing only happens if you're a Queer.

We should be allowed to love who we love,

Two people same gender don't make a federal case of.

From day one all we hear is that we have a flaw, It's like always getting the short end of the straw.

Most of us choose not to wear a mask,
Why you choose to be Queer the question that they ask.

We hear a lot of we won't ask you don't tell, They pray for us were headed straight for hell.

After all we are part of the human race, Your opinion shows all over your face.

TURBO1904



A DIFFERENT KIND OF YOLK

When I was a kid I remember feeling different then my folks, You could say my egg had a different kind of yolk.

I was angry, rude, hyper and high-strung, I spoke how I felt never held my tongue.

I was constantly getting into fights,

My mom would ground me she tried to set me right.

I always felt like there was something wrong with me, I was loud, causing trouble never low key.

As I grew older the problem got bigger, Cocked and loaded, finger on the trigger.

Puberty arrived and she stuck her head out, Six-grade camp a girl I was crazy about.

We had to be cautious big trouble if caught, We would sneak away to our favorite spot.

I thought my heart would explode in my chest, From that first kiss I knew I was possessed.

We got caught making out our parents blew a fuse, They told us it's not normal and there is no excuse.

We paid no attention it was puppy love, She was the only thing I could think of.

I remember feeling different then my folks, You could say my egg had a different kind of yolk...



TURBO1904



A VIRUS

It's 2021 and
Corona Virus is still here,
No one knows when
the coast will be clear.

You notice you have no sense of taste or smell, As Covid-19 rings in your head like a bell.

A low-grade fever
a slight sense of chills,
Leaves you feeling
a little green around the gills.

The reason you're not dying or flat on your back,
You had the vaccine to counter the attack.

Still, you ponder will it kill me now that I crossed its path,
You can feel it wanting to unleash its wrath.

You keep your guard up you don't want to get someone sick, Go get the vaccine it's just a little pin-prick.

Some folks doubt they don't take it serious, They walk and act



like their fearless.

No one knows who will live or who will die,

Toilet paper and cleaning products in short supply.

They say it has spread to every corner of the world, All are at risk young, old, man, woman, boy or girl.

It is killing people
who are healthy as a horse?
They say it won't go away
until it runs its course.

The survivors scream it's real this is no joke, It's worse if your old and you smoke.

Still, they refuse to head the warning, Until they stand at a grave in tears of mourning. TURBO1904



ADDICTS

Addicts injecting, ingesting and inhaling their drugs, It's a dangerous life trying to keep pace with the thugs.

The addict uses and pays dearly for the sin, The disease effects all it's under his skin.

The trenches are full of front line soldiers affected by addiction, The city and the state say it's not their jurisdiction.

Addiction is not a choice that one makes, They ended up addicts by mistake.

Addicts are not moral failures,

Their wounded warriors drugs are their inhalers.

They are not week of character,

Dealing with emotional pain they hit a barrier.

Addiction is the reaction to emotional pain, It's cradle to grave in the fast lane.

98% of addicts were harmed when they were young, They often have mental issues and are high-strung.

Using drugs is an attempt to deal with the issues, Without proper guidance the addict continues.

Something went wrong a long time ago, From that day on it's been touch and go.

Shame, guilt I must be a bad kid, When your young the pain stays hid.



It festers up much later in life, It effects all, You, your job, your kids and your wife.

You are not fully aware of this inner shame, When you figure it out Who's to blame.

You can drive yourself crazy trying to figure out what to do, You attempt suicide you trying to kill you,

THE ADDICT......
TURBO1904



BIGGER THAN YOU

Being hated does not mean you have to hate, If you believe, you can change the fickle finger of fate.

All twisted up with clowns and fools,

Trying to build your fortress with the wrong tools.

Always willing to pay the cost, If you stay stagnant, forever lost.

Everything that brings comfort, disappears it's gone, For the love of GOD just hold on.

Seeking answers, you know you will never find, As you mature you realize it's all a state of mind.

It lives deep within the brain,

No action then it remains the same.

Stay focused on the task at hand,
Try not to make promises, nothing goes as planned.

Do not allow others to sail your ship, In the face of danger keep a stiff upper lip.

Most things work out, they always do, Never let the problem get bigger than you. TURBO1904



CAN YOU

Can you find beauty in things not pleasant to the eyes?

Can you be nice to people you don't recognize?

Can you find sunshine on a rainy day?

Can you remain silent when you have things to say?

Can you fight when your tired to the bone?
Can you call it quits, leave well enough alone?

Can you be ok in the lonely moments?

Can you stay strong in the midst of disappointments?

Can you take it all in stride?

Can you in the face of chaos pocket your pride?

Can you wear a smile when you want to cry?
Can you be ok in the blink of an eye?

Can you believe in things you can't see?
Can you hear the music if it's off key?

Can you really expect tomorrow to come?
Can you still feel pain when your numb?

Can you get up and do what needs to be done?

Can you figure out when it's time to cut and run?

Can you still believe when you know there is no way out?

Can your opinion change when you know beyond a shadow of doubt?

Can you be kind to someone you have taking a dislike to?
Can you help someone out, in worse shape then you?
CAN YOU??



TURBO1904 11/29/2021

IN THE YEAR 2020

It's 2020 a virus is in the air,
It spreads like wild fire every where.

People are dying the hospitals are stressed, Wear a mask was their request.

People are hoarding groceries and supplies, Every single person taking by surprise.

Some refused to follow the rules,
They closed stores, churches and the schools.

So many of us out of work, It's like the world went berserk.

Thousands are dying every day,
A vaccine to save your life so they say.

Half the world got in line,
The rest complained, bitched and whined.

So many died and went away, Still people screamed of foul-play.

It's 2021 and the virus is taking life's, Mom's, dad's, son's, daughters, husbands and wife's.

Pestilence is on the rise, Stand in line to get supplies.

Some people have it and never get sick, Some live, some recover, others die so quick.



It's 2021 the Corona Virus is still here, No one knows who, will play it be ear.

TURBO 2021

TIS THE SEASON

It's time for Christmas tree's and bright lights, No Christmas color here, my world black N white.

Sunny Southern Cali, No chance of snow, No Santa this year, he has no get up and go.

Broke no money to buy gifts and presents, I think I might need some Anti- depressants.

No stuffing of stockings going on here, Just another lonely day, will play it by ear.

No smiles, no laughter, silence thru out the house, I'm cold and lonely and poor as a mouse.

No frosty the snowman outside my window sill, Isolation and Ioneliness the coldness of a chill.

No cookies, no fudge, no Christmas pie, No Saint Nick or a twinkling of an eye.

My sisters and friends make sure I have some gifts, They stop by my spirit they try to lift.

All I can say it's been one hell of a year,
I dug down deep can't find my Christmas cheer.

I say the sooner the year is gone the better,
This is my Christmas Dear John Letter.
TURBO1904



GETTING HIGH

On the road and your headed for disaster, A liar, a creep, a thief you will master.

When you indulge in your drugs it calms the brain, You panic when you realize your to blame.

It helps you deal with who you are, Running from self you don't get far.

It steadies the nerves and calms the inner turmoil, It's a ritual, a burning of the Mid-Night oil.

Your in deep you can't break the grip, You see yourself going down like a sinking ship.

It kills all that is good and leaves you with no hope, It's a vicious cycle when you choose the dope.

It starts with denial you claim your fine,
Where you stand now you don't have much time.

Jails, institutions, insanity and death,

A revolving door when you play with METH.

Constantly hustling and your on the hunt,
The life of a drug addict, Is this really what you want?

In your disease it's dark you have no sight, After the dark comes the light.

When your sick and tired of being sick and tired, Your dreams shattered and your hope has expired. My poetic Side 🗣

It's time to get off this ride, here is the reason why,
The price is your life when your out there getting HIGH.

TURBO1904 2021



MY NAME IS ADDICTION

To those of us that struggle with addiction, It's a choice you could say, a self-infliction.

You're a slave to the poison and you're not even aware, A heavy cross for one to bear.

All the wheeling and dealing you can muster, your wife a T-weaker you can't trust her.

Shady characters with a song and dance, getting ahead in this game a slim chance.

Every night you hope there is a tomorrow, another day filled with deceit and sorrow.

Everyone is a liar, a thief and cheaters, Junkies, pill poppers, coke heads and T-weakers.

A mirage of people come and they go, tomorrow someone here will be jane doe.

The same thing day in and day out, sometimes there is enough and others you go without.

Addiction is with you everywhere you go, It out smarted you, you have no control.

Addiction comes in all shapes and size, hand in hand with Denial, deceit and lies.

You can never really be at ease,
My name is Addiction and I'm your disease.



THE LADY IN WHITE

A warning to you dancing with the Lady in White,
Her medicine stuns you,
leave you HIGH as a kite.

You think back and wonder how it got here,
There are gaps and things are fuzzy nothing is clear

A fucking gorilla, lives on your back, His only purpose is to get a fat sack.

The things you will do and the things you say, Gorilla will get his way.

How do you kill the beast? the beast, is you? You allowed him in gave yourself up to.

IT takes a life time for you to see what's real,
The death of you,
your Achille's heel.

Even knowing you are still willing to play,



If you're lucky you get to live another day.

Another day is just a day you have to hustle, Sometimes it's the brain other times it's all muscle.

It brings temporary pleasure but at what cost,
Among the living are the dead in the land of the lost.

It is powerful overwhelms, you and me,
Bounded by chains
you cannot break-free.

The lies, dirty deeds and all the shady tricks, Chasing the bag for your next fix.

I once had hope and dreams to pursue, Getting High is all you want to do.

The only thing in life I regret,
Is the day
The Lady in White and I met.....?
TURBO OCT. 2021



THE POWER OF ADDICTION

Why does the pusher-man sell his dope? Living his life on a slippery slope.

Is the money really worth all the trouble? Hustling everyday one hell of a struggle.

You can never relax don't get no relief, Finding out a friend is really a thief.

You have to keep an eye on both sides of the street, One side it's the cops the other thugs bringing heat.

Sketchy characters and lots of shady deals, This is no way to live hell on wheels.

Hooking up in alleys and dark corners, The young, the old, natives and foreigners.

Always having to watch your back, All hyped-up and under attack.

Everyone wants to steal your drugs, What a life the cops or the thugs.

The more you have the more danger that comes, The more drugs you do the quicker it numbs.

It's a state of constriction, It's the power of Addiction. TURBO1904



TENDER LOVE AND CARE

Take a look around, what do you see?

I see homeless, hungry, it could be you or me.

Strange times in the places that we live, So many out of work, sick, we have nothing to give.

I see scared people, funny look in their eyes, Lost souls, desperation in their cries.

Most have families, they sleep in their car, Every night the kids wish upon a star.

I hear people say it's their own fault, their lowlifes, These are families, moms, dads, kids and wives.

The cost of living is off the Rector-scale, It's like paving the highway straight to hell.

The Government is of no help, they put us here, They say their transparent, yet the facts are unclear.

So many struggling with alcohol and drug addiction, So many of us just do not pay any attention.

Ignoring it, does not mean it's not there, Even the blind can see its everywhere.

Desperate people can do desperate things, You know what they say, it isn't over till the fat lady sings.

The law and all the racial tension, Negative energy, it's the bone of contention.



It won't work itself out, in need of repair, All it takes is a little tender, love and care...

Turbo1904



THINGS I HAVE LEARNED

I have learned that, crap does occur.
I have learned that, There is his and hers.

I have learned that,
Sometimes love is not enough.
I have learned that,
There is a diamond in the rough.

I have learned that, the outside does not pertain to the inside, I have learned that, it is easier to take it all in stride.

I have learned,
I'm healthier if I manage my stress.
I have learned,
that every day is a work in progress.

I have learned that,
I stick out like a sore thumb,
I have learned that,
I march to the beat of a different drum.

I have learned that,

My greatest strength is my biggest flaw,
I have learned that,

Sometimes it is the luck of the draw.

I have learned that, some lessons you do over and over. I have learned that,



there is a four-leaf clover.

I have learned that,
Time does make it better,
I have learned that,
I can be a go-getter.

I have learned that,

Good intentions can be misunderstood,
I have learned that,

There is nothing stronger than motherhood.

I have learned that,
You cannot avoid pain and sorrow,
I have learned that,
Not everyone has a tomorrow.

I have learned that,

If I starve the bad it numbs the good.

I have learned that,

Pinocchio was made of wood.

I have learned that,
The truth does exist.
I have learned,
It is easier if I don't resist.

I have learned,
you just have to let go of some shit.
I have learned,
It is better to be legit.

I have learned,

Doing the right thing is worth it in the end,
I have learned,

That a dog is man's best friend....



TURBO1904



THERE FOR YOU

I wish you peace on hectic days, If it's dark and gloomy; hope you catch some rays.

If you ever feel sad,
I hope a smile appears,
I hope you conquer your
demons and face your fears.

I wish you courage if you begin to doubt, I want you to have it all; never be without.

I never want you to feel sorrow or pain, Sunshine and blue skies never see the rain.

I wish you truth; hope you never hear a lie, I want you too never give up; always try.

I want your dreams and wishes all to come true,
If you ever need me
I'm there for you.

TURBO 2021



A DANGEROUS THING

A new year, a fresh start, a good attitude, Take it easy, keep an eye on your altitude.

A brighter healthier, outlook on life, A weight has been lifted, it left with my wife.

It's simple only have, to fend for myself, Only me; no sign of no one else.

I have pep to my step,
a little hip to my hop,
No more funky people,
only the ones over the top.

Become a better listener, be a little kinder, If I slip, I will use last year as a reminder.

No good to dwell on it, leave it in the past, Make peace with all, today could be your last.

We are warriors,
we have come this far,
Sixty around the corner,



yet here we are.

Lost some blood, tears and have a few scars, Lucky to be free, could be behind bars.

So many lessons, so much more to learn, At the crossroads; which way do you turn?

I remind myself,
I could be in worse shape,
I have had close calls,
and a narrow escape

I never thought, about old age, I guess I should have, read that page

Who knows what, tomorrow might bring. A little knowledge, can be a dangerous thing....

Turbo1904



CHOICES

Hi has 2wo letters;

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So does by,
 Try the first one,
If they catch your eye.
 Joy has 3HREE letters;
So does cry.
 Go with joy;
Hit the bullseye.
 Love has 40UR letters;
So does hate.
 They are a pair;
A double date.
 Hurt has 40UR letters;
So does heal.
 You can't pick one;
There a double deal.
 Truth has 5IVE letters;
So does lying.
  was stealing;
Should have been buying.
 Wrong has 5IVE letters;
So does right.
 Choose the second;
Get the green light.
 Happy has 5IVE letters;
So does anger.
 Go with the first one;
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My poetic Side $m{R}$

No one points a finger.

Accept has 6ix letters;
So does Reject,
Your situation shows you
Which to select.

Enemies has 7EVEN letters; So does friends. Which one you are; Well, that depends.

Positive has 8IGHT letters; So does negative. The first a must; The other tentative.

Dedicated has 9ine letters; So does sacrifice, Be wise here, the right one is paradise

These words are;
A double-edged sword.
Choose wisely;
Get a reward.

Choose the better side;
Of your lesson.
Your integrity won't;
Be in question...
Turbo1904



TRUST IN THE PROCESS

Don't waste time,
On holding grudges.
Always make sure to add,
the finishing touches.

Say you're sorry,
When you should.
If you make a bleep,
Knock on wood.

Let go of things,
You can't change.
Stay clear from things,
That are pre-arranged.

Forgive,
If at all possible.
Think before you react,
Be responsible.

Your darkest hour,
Can be the brightest light.
Never give up,
Without a fight.

A new beginning,

Comes from a painful ending.

Try to complete the task at hand,

Try not to leave things pending.

All the painful lessons, It makes you strong. Helps you out,



keeps you plugging along.

Betrayal can make you,
More intelligent.
Only put effort into,
Things that are relevant.

Be quirky,
Attract the unattracted.
Stay on track,
Don't get distracted.

In the face of adversity,
Don't hit below the belt.
When you leave,
Let your absence be felt.

Some days go slow,
Others you make progress.
Believe in yourself,
Trust In the Process....
Turbo1904



WELCOME THE CHANGE

Darkness and loneliness, Here in my hell. With pain and fear, Too great to yell.

I search for the answers,
To come to me.
As I wipe away tears,
No one will see.

I pray so sincerely,
With my head raised above.
Please help me and show me,
How to love?

To believe in truth,
As the story is told.
Mining for silver,
Searching for gold.

I love and miss my youth,
I want old age to be hassle free.
I need to find a better way
To deal with the sickness in me.

Memories fill me with happy times,
That I once knew.
With family, friends and
The things we would do.

The darkness and pain,
Will prevail.
If I don't get rid of secrets;



I long to tell.

In so much pain,
I'm on my knees.
In hopes that someone
Hears my pleas.

The wound begins to heal,
But the scar remains.
No more comfortably numb;
I welcome the change.

Turbo1904



A SIGHT TO BEHOLD

I was made

For war.

She let her

Sugar pour.

She was made

For peace.

I fought with

The police.

I have a head

Full of bad ideas.

She is making home

Made tortillas.

I'm a

Work in project.

She is a

Desired object.

I have too

Much to say.

She is a

Quiet day.

I easily

Fall apart.

She is smooth,

State of the art.

I'm full of

Nervous energy.

She is a



Special documentary.

I'm that,

Four AM call.

She is the

First snowfall.

I'm full of

Confrontation.

She is a solid

Foundation.

I'm ready

To attack.

She's easy going

And relaxed.

I can make

A scene.

She is a

Living dream.

I'm a fucking

Mess.

She is hot

Off the press.

I seem to

Know it all.

She is that

One free call.

I'm a big

Ball of worry.

She is never

In a hurry.



There is something

Wrong with me.

She is perfect

As can be.

I run hot

Then cold.

She is a

Sight to behold.



BURN UNIT

Welcome to the 5th floor burn unit, UCSD Medical Center.
This is the sign you pass,
As you enter.

They ask what happened,
How did you get burned?
They do this all with
Care and concern.

On a scale of 1 to 10,
Where is your level of pain?
I'm cussing, swearing,
I cry and complain.

They whisk me away to a place,
They call wound care.
Nothing here is familiar,
I'm not yet aware.

Wound care is a special place, Full of pain and narcotics. Stool softeners and I.V.'s with Liquid antibiotics.

They scrub the burns with Soap and water.
It's like leading the lamb
To the slaughter.

The cries and screams,
You can hear down the halls.
They bounce and echo,



Off these walls.

You end up in a realm of awe,
For the angels that work in this place.
The scrubbing of the burns,
You learn to embrace.

This is where you find out,
You have nerves of steel.
There is a method to the magic,
In this place to heal.



WITHOUT YOU

I can be selfish, insecure,
And mean.
I can hide my dirt,
I can come clean.

I make mistakes,
I can be hard to handle.
I can bring peace,
I can bring scandal.

I can be rough,
I can be rude.
I can bring a smile,
I can change my mood.

I can change my mind,
Or stay the same.
I can sit it out,
Or play the game.

I can go with the flow,
I can make a wave.
I can mind my manners,
I can misbehave.

I can speak,
I can remain silent.
I can be gentle,
I can be violent.

I can be difficult,
I can be easygoing.
I can stay the same,



Or continue growing.

I can say the wrong thing,
I can be shrewd.
I can hold it together,
I can become unglued.

I can choose to teach,
I can learn.
I can leave here,
I can return.

I can walk away,
Or stay and represent.
It is all about how I react,
To daily events.



POINT OF VIEW

You see a junkie, I see
Low self-esteem.
You see a problem, I see someone
Swimming against the stream.

You see a cocaine fiend, I see
Pain and fear.
You see an inmate, I see
A bum-steer.

You see an alcoholic, I see Social-anxiety. You see a loser, I see Future sobriety.

You see an addict, I see
Someone's child.
You see a disgrace, I see someone
Whose problems compiled.

You see a prostitute, I see someone Caught in addiction.
You see a jail bird, I see
Their conviction.

You see a self-centered person, I see the disease.
You see death,
I see someone ill at ease.

You see a pill head, I see someone in pain. You see no hope, I see



Someone caught in the rain.

You see a lost cause, I see
A willingness to change.
You see someone evil, I see
The exchange.

You see denial, I see
Someone willing to try.
You see them in hell, I see
A person reaching for the sky.

You see a dope-fiend, I see A new soul. You see a creature, I see the Way out of the hole.

You see a lost person,
I see their heart.
You see the end,
I see a new start.



HAPPINESS IS

HAPPINESS IS

Coffee in the morning.

Heeding the warning.

HAPPINESS IS

The kids next door.

Wiping out an old Score.

HAPPINESS IS

Children when they Laugh.

Looking at your better Half.

HAPPINESS IS

Ice cold coke Cola.

A date with a girl named Lola.

HAPPINESS IS

A family that drives you Crazy.

A co-worker that isn't Lazy.

HAPPINESS IS

Taking care of your Pet.

Finding your favorite Cassette.

HAPPINESS IS

Coming home to Mom.

Hanging with Auntie Tom.

HAPPINESS IS

Time with your Siblings.

A new Beginning.

HAPPINESS IS



Winter and cool Weather.

When we band Together.

HAPPINESS IS

A 3:00 A.M. Conversation.

A stretch of the Imagination.

HAPPINESS IS

An inside Job.

Not owing money to the Mob.

HAPPINESS IS

Homemade.

Making the Grade.

HAPPINESS IS

Being kind.

A state of Mind.



DON'T SWEAT THE SMALL STUFF

Live beneath your means.
Stay behind the scenes.

Return what You borrow. Live each day like no tomorrow.

Own yours,
Don't blame another.
One hand washed
The other.

Listen more,
Speak less.
You're always a
Work in progress.

Do your best
Be on time.
Some things have no
Reason or rhyme.

Handle your business,
No excuses.
Be kind to others
Don't be abusive.

Have a conversation,
Do not fight.
When you leave,



Travel light.

Be nice to people who Are unkind.
These little things bring Peace of mind.

Always cultivate,
Good manners.
Be on the look out
For the scammers.

Stay humble, know when
To be quiet.
Be a part of the cause,
Not the riot.

You know when Enough is enough.
Don't sweat
The small stuff.



THE WHITE MAN

Even after all the misogyny,

That shit with

Monica Lewinski.

Homophobia and No abortion.

Congress and Political extortion.

Too much racism,
And white-supremacy.
All the bullshit lies
And no transparency.

Women's rights are
Being abused.
Why are you smiling?
You look amused.

We can't forget about
The slave's
Here in the land of the free,
home of the brave.

The slaughter of all Non-converters.

Pumped-up white men, Commit these murders.

The destruction of Several societies.

Most Americans border



With social anxieties.

Too much racial profiling;
Violence overlooked.

If you're white and have money,
You're off the hook.

The churches, boy scouts, So many pedophile cases. All this done by, White men in high places.

Were at the hands of a white Washed unproven mythology. In the name of God, religion And Scientology.

An infrastructure solely built
To keep rich pale males in power.
As you sit perched on your
Throne in your ivory tower.

The end is near, you can Hear the drumming.
Many are prepared,
For you, we are coming.

Your exposed, your Empire will crumble.
A word to the wise,
Learn to be humble



OUR BODIES

In the land of
The dollar bill.
Women no longer
Have free will.

In the year twenty
Twenty-two.
We will not adhere
To your point of view.

Our bodies, our choice, Our decision. Fuck the supreme court And the dirty politician.

You're on a mission to Impregnate all the girls.
Careful the collision of These two worlds.

For many eons you
Have led us astray.
We have been saving
For a rainy day.

The men who force us
To have a child.
Tread the woman lightly,
She is a beast of the wild.

You want Handmaid's Tale
To become a reality.
This is human trafficking



And brutality.

We will die fighting, we will
Not live on our knees.
We are not going to allow
You to do as you please.



I REMEMBER

I remember when you were, The peanut to my butter. I remember when you were, The one; There's no other.

I remember when you were, The near to my far. I remember when you were, The drink in my bar.

I remember when you were, The calm to my hectic. I remember when you were, The spell in my magic.

I remember when you were, The release of my pain. I remember when you were, The link in my chain.

I remember when you were, The reason for my smile. I remember when you were, The color of my style.

I remember when you were,
The reason to try.
I remember when you were,
The blue to my sky.

I remember when you were, The reason to be good. I remember when you were,



The gangster in my hood.

I remember when you were,
All I would ever need.
I remember when you left me,
Here to bleed.



IF I COULD GO BACK

If I could go back,
Change the past.
I would slow down,
Not go so fast.

I would pay attention
To the older crowd.
I get why, they're
Cocky and proud.

I would do better In school. I would play less Of the fool.

I would adjust, My attitude. I would show More gratitude.

I would speak less. I would prepare, For the test.

I would smile
A lot more.
I no longer would
Keep score.

I would spend more
Time with family.
I would take better care



of my anatomy.

I would say no can do, To the drugs. I would give Longer hugs.

I would have no Expectations.
I would have quiet Conversations.

I would be more flexible, Less bent out of shape. I would always have A plan of escape.

I would cry less,
I would laugh more.
I would knock on
The closed door.

I would never
Judge another.
I would be a
Better mother.

IF I COULD GO BACK...
Turbo1904 ?



WHICH ARE YOU

Are you a giver?
Or taker?
Are you a mover?
Or a shaker.

Are you a lover?
Or fighter?
Are you to bed early?
Or an all-nighter.

Are you the light?
Or the dark?
Are you the bite?
Or the bark.

Are you the water?
Or the fire?
Are you honest?
Or a liar?

Are you wet?
Or dry?
Are you sober?
Or High?

Are you the disease?
Or the cure?
Are you polluted?
Or pure?

Are you loud?
Or quiet?
Are you the pie?



Or the diet.

Are you soft?
Or hard.
Are you relaxed?
Or on guard?

Are you organized?
Or scattered?
Are you a bitch?
Or a bastard?

Are you for real?
Or fake.
Are you a rat?
Or the snake?

Are you free?
Or in jail?
Are you heaven?
Or hell?



THE DECADES

I am Farrah Fawcett poster on the wall.

I am rotary phone when I placed a call.

I am boss, it's the plane, the plane.

I am Pablo Escobar and his cocaine.

I am Queen with Freddie Mercury live.

I am the Bee Gee's talking that jive.

I am we have the technology to make him better.

I am Charles Manson and Helter-Skelter.

I am vinyl, 8-tracks, cassettes and CDs

I am, keep on trucking and hippies.

I am where's the beef?

Don't squeeze the Charmin.

I am Cheech and Chong and
George Carlin.

I am SNL when it was funny.

I am Hugh Hefner and his

Playboy bunny.

I am MTV when they played music videos.

I am Baretta, Dirty Harry and Al Pacino.

I am soul train, free love and the twist.

I am pay phones, pagers and stick-shifts.

I am conjunction junction what's your function.

I am Patty Hearst and her abduction.

I am Star Wars, jaws and Rocky.

I am Welcome back Kotter and sweat-hog cocky.

I am gas station lines and roller skates.

I am Stonewall, women's-lib and Watergate.

I am stretch-Armstrong, lite-brite, and pong.

I am Barry Manilow in I write the songs.

I am M.A.S.H, and a metal lunch-box.

I am clackers, tang and a pet rock.



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