

Anthology of evenwheniLie



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

*I dedicate this work to Harriet V. Polk and Henry B. Polk, the best mother and father any child could
have on god?s green earth.*

About the author

A hard working African American poet, conscious of my social political surroundings.

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January sixth get Mike Pence

....January sixth, they almost got Mike Pence, a group of Neanderthals had a ball climbing the walls that was more than six feet tall, they had a ball them Neanderthals. They threw rocks in socks like sling shots while they smoked pot, wishing they could lick shots, on January sixth they really tried to get Mike Pence, but there was no consequence. A Vice President was threatened y'all, by them Neanderthals who had a ball climbing them walls, they cooked cops while still standing in their tube Sox, it was more than just a bill on capital hill, they setup a fence but the mob was more dense, but hence there was no consequence. Cops was scared to wince over Mike Pence in the face of these Neanderthals who had a ball climbing the walls that was more than six feet tall, but alas there was no consequence for threatening to kill Mike Pence because they had the backing of a dead end President.

Freedom

...it was the pursuit of freedom that toppled them, that's why I throw rocks at them, and get down and dirty cause I think its right, to kick them in their windpipes. It wasn't right what they did, to the black, brown and red, but the truth got them running scared. Even when they humble, it feels tactical, trying to move in close so they can get back at you. They want to re-erect that damn flag, polish their statues, so they can brag, about Braxton Bragg, Stonewall Jackson and General Lee, while they do away with critical race theory, the truth is being made bleary, trying to make us scurry, get the jury without the afros and the jewelry, that's the only way this will pass, they can kiss my ass, I'll blast before we go back in the past, the judge better get on his task.

America the great

...Even America ain't America, it's just the America it always was; the America America strives to be, but never was.

....She pretends there's a greatness in her past we all just can't seem to grab. Or is it, there was a time it was great, but we can't remember because we was smoking that good hash, somehow only the ones with the guns and whips could grab, Even America ain't America, it's just the America it always was; the America America strives to be, but never was.

.....But it would appear, the notion of America America strives to be, but never was, is strong enough to keep America on top while it keeps its buzz. It keeps the freed guessing and her enemies climbing the walls; but sooner or later someone is gonna slap that two inch thick makeup off..

Oh yes, the America America strives to be, but never was.. is going to be exposed for just how ugly she was. All that foundation, lipstick and eyeliner will then be seen for just what it was, a bunch of lies to keep the freed guessing and her enemies climbing the walls.

Slave Bible

.....how do you know they didn't just change the cover. A book designed to keep you under the covers, to keep you in the dark so you won't love each other, to help keep you bent and accept your enslavement. It included nothing that would incite defiance, while they treated you like an appliance.

Sixty six books stripped down to fourteen, thats unclean, the mental enslavement was pristine and polished, even then you wasn't allowed to read, to make sure you didn't make it to college.

They was scholars for dollars, with a crack of a whip, made any man holla, those saints was liars, Nicolas the fifth sift through our people for the lean, most was in their teens; raped our women and children until they ripped through their spleen. They was so mien I can't even keep it clean. Yea, Nicolas the fifth caused a rift on the scene, where do you think the royal crown did its mining for that diamond.

Herschel Walker

....The plantation down the road and on the left hand side, is this where Herschel Walker resides..

....Let me reiterate; surely this is where Herschel Walker resides, the plantation, down the road and on the left hand side.

....His masters say jump; not only do Herschel Walker say how high, but where do you want me to land master, on the plantation, down the road and on the left hand side.

.....Master says, you gonna be a senator.....! Herschel Walker says, I don't know how, master says just lie, and mention Jesus a lot; like we use to lie to you, on the plantation down the road, on the left hand side.

....Herschel Walker visits the black community, and a brother brought up reparations, Herschel Walker says Jesus don't play that, you should come get a job at the plantation, down the road, and on the left hand side.

We are the Gods

I some time feel the infinite reasoning of the elders; the illustrious ones, is incorrect.. as I become more in tune with my immortal self, it becomes more apparent to me why we divide, break up and fracture the things in, and out of the knowing. We create a sensation of "out there". All of which gives an illusion of distance, and different experiences, as opposed to the one. The self that our immortal selves create must first go mad, and then die, on the path of realization; to know that [it] is the god that walks on the floor of the universe as it throws the many stars into place like confetti.

Addiction

.....it's my nephew's addiction that bothers me, he's close to me, but when he's near his addictive condition got him miles away, on display but untouchable. Approachable, but he can't take in what I have to say; it makes one pause, cause he can't hear me anyway, it's killing me to watch him waste away. His death is anticipatable, it's like he's already a ghost sent to teach me the un-relatable. He rather sleep on the street and he ain't capable, he thinks he's hot, but he ain't dateable. he's periodically beat up and stepped on, he needs to keep a blade or two, but he can't pivot, because that liquor turned him into a small digit, his life is real rigid, but dig it, he thinks he's in control when he rolls, even when he walks into poles.

...too much mileage; he can't start over even if he was driving a rover. Now I hear some dude just strolled up, left his face swoll up; holdup... I jumped up, then I sat down, I forgot he wants to be that clown, he mess me around, when I tried to straighten him up and down.

Earth to Wade Watts, calling Wade Watts!

....Way in the meta-verse with Wade Watts, is way more beautiful then raw reality, is it not; or is this just a technicality of our inner realities, or are we too blind to see our inabilities to accept that fate we wish to escape. Deep down we hate being mere mortals, which is just another portal to wishing we were immortal, is this immoral..

....Wade Watts pass the Scotch and we can escape into another world where reality is just a ploy we employ to play baseball in space, turn baseballs into shooting stars destined for another place.. then we run from Jupiter to Mars and slide across the stars leaving no scars or trace...

....Hold up someone's knocking at my door, tick tock, tick tock.... I'm back, sorry for that; let me straighten and put my headset back-on.... oh my god the strap is torn, I'll just hold it on, my child will be getting scorned for touching daddy's jawn, holding on this headset, the experience just ain't the same, it's messing up my game, this is my personal escapism in an electronic prism.

....What do you mean the electric bill is due, sale my shoes, booze, and jewels, the rest of my bodily senses I don't care to lose, long as I can still use my meta-verse tools. Earth to Wade Watts, look at your watch; it's time to escape again, let me put my pamper on and we can get it in, this time with madden, I can make it happen, run a touchdown and kick a field goal and make my teammates feel bold, I swear they broke the mold, cause I can get some meta-verse clothes so I can feel it from my head to my toes. Suppose the flesh and bones is to set some sort of tone, to mask our true task, while we exist in a large flask, and we're just being watched while some being stares at his wrist watch while he jots on his note pad, wouldn't that be a gas.

Death is my horizon

Death is my horizon, it is the start of everyday, it consumes my reality like the sun on a hot summer day.... Life's experiences are merely where the lights and shadows fall, an optical illusion that creates depth where there is none, time where there is none. It is like the crackling of the sun being heard through the silence of empty space, it's power is complete and all consuming.. of which there is no escape. Our philosophical potions can not bend her or even pluck a hair off the monstrous womb that's in constant display, for it is invincible in every way, it is the true black hole that science and religion can't just explain away...

Damnation

.....who's exempt from the devil's imps, who alone can cast the first stone, maybe we should just leave that question alone, better watch your tone, your soul sure don't have a clone, to take that sentence, you better show penitence, and you better have a witness. I don't think you'll be doing dishes, it will be fire and brimstone, but you won't be alone.

.....Better stop looking at that girls bust, that ain't nothing but lust, learn control before you get turned to dust, maybe control won't be enough, shouldn't have to control something that shouldn't be. We gonna have to become another being that's void of lust before we get turned to dust with no fuss or disgust.

...it's scary knowing we're not the being we're suppose to be, the being most are will get chased from the gates while we drop little bits and pieces of hate, now that's in bad taste. All one has to do is meditate, and you'll find you still can't even see the gates, the give up in you will start telling you it's all fake; but don't listen to Jake, he on the take; he's a imp that's sent here to pimp and turn every man into a spiritual gimp, cause he's a snitch and he's going to get you in a bind and rob you of all your time.

All of creations consist of man, woman and child, before you take a bow don't throw in the towel, just put your ego in check, what the heck, you got a little time before you on deck.

Life is a monster

It clings to you only to insure the suffering. We are tailored and groomed for suffering; happiness, love, and other fleeting pleasures are but an attempt to momentary escape its cold hands. It overshadows all, as it pulls all of creation deeper into its dark cave..... overtime it feeds on our very souls, consumes its parts and sphincters us into a light at the end of [that] tunnel, only to pour our souls out again, camouflaged in flesh and afterbirth.... Only to love again, and to have that love stripped away again... love is just the Creator's tool to help closely involve its victims with the overall suffering taking place. MONSTROUS! Again; or is this but one experience being made to look like many..... Being born Ignorant is just another tentacle of this monstrosity, as is the knowing, for the knowing brings no comfort nor peace. MONSTROUS!

Holy moly

.....Holy moly, Superman told me, they was gonna try and fold me, hold me and control me, on Krypton they was born into their jobs, you didn't have to climb and go splatter from the corporate ladder, you was already there no matter your career even if you were there just hunting deer, whether it was clear or mire, you was tailored to be there no matter where; back on earth and on our own turf we had to hide like the Smurfs even if we had girth. They sat in thier pews and judged a man because of his hue and hairdo, although they are few, they stay up until the morning dew figuring how to screw you, lock us into a prism of athleticism while they build wealth from capitalism, destroy images like Shirley Chisholm while they hold, fold and control black men in American justice systems. But Superman stands for truth justice in the American way I'm surprised he had that much to say, every black man wish he could just fly away to planet black so we won't get attacked or have to watch our backs, or hear any flak. We can hang our armor on a rack and re-learn how to act towards one another, without being undercover. Then we can come back and hover until we pick up the rest of our brothers.

Are we seeing

...Are we seeing what's in front of us, or are we seeing what's been told to us.
Can it be we have been made blind by the blindness of others.

....Are we black, white, brown, red or yellow; or are we African, European or Chinese. Who told us we were these, please free us, these false images have brought us to our knees.

...I strike out into darkness, because what was told to me, has blinded me; I can't see you, or me.

...my blindness is like a dream state I can't break, can't fake enlightenment with no light, even if I had more height I still can't see pass my own fright...

Are we seeing; or are we stuck in the dead of night, brothers and sisters please step out into the light, trying to see with all my damn might, it still feels like I'm high as a kite with no light.

This isn't mere cataract, someone else's monkey has gotten loose and is riding my back; whispering in my ear but distorting my vision. Trying to keep from listening, but it's become my only means of sight.

...Are we seeing.

Merely disbelieving ain't good enough, because knowing is seeing, so we can move right and cut on some darn lights, in the dead of night.

Outdoor Jazz in Philly

Outdoor jazz in Philly, what the dilly it's a beautiful day in Philly, don't get silly just cause my town ain't hilly don't mean the baseline is flat, get the bat, let's play baseball, cause you know we got the Phillies. Outdoor jazz in Philly, what the dilly, we just came down, and a jazz band from Clef Club had ole heads getting their swerve on, felt like I was just born listening to dude blowing his horn, in the city of brotherly love. White, Asian and Haitian people of all persuasions was getting they best days in.

The music was good in the hood like it should, what the heck, what you expect, you shouldn't be perplexed you know we got the best jazz bands on deck, outside bands can catch reck with no check. It was a beautiful scene even for people just looking through their screens, I mean, you didn't have to come off the porch to light that Philly torch, people was on the grill selling necklaces, rings and things, you know that Philly bling. Cedar park before it got dark, is where the love was, next time come chill with your cuzz and you don't need a buzz, and that's just to keep the fuzz away, but hey maybe you need a break today.

What is the self

...What's meant by the self, it feels so personal when first spoken out loud to the self.

...It's a wonder how it's particulars can be stripped away; to adopt what another self means about its self.

...Or is it, the self can be weaponized and mobilized into meaning many selves, to the point of donning and handing out hardhats, handguns and ammunition's to other selves.

...Just like the one self that handed it to the self, that identifies with the self, that handed the self a portion of its self, in a attempt to spread out, self.

...Where does self ends, and where does self start.

...Can the self contaminate self? Or is there but one self, that exist here and there; yesterday, today and tomorrow...

...Could it be there is but one self, looking into a mirror at self.

LGBTQ friend or foe

.....is more than confusing, it's abusing social orders established, they get ravaged; and it's down right defiant and refuses to show compliance, start calling them your highness. Black lives just matter, so what you were slaves for three hundred years, but LGBTQ demands the world to conform, and they want their own dorm. If you ain't down, you get clowned from your head to the ground, and you better not make a sound if you oppose their crown, keep it to yourself if you know what's good for your health, they got the power to turn you from a giant to an elf. Better say your peace in stealth, or you'll be put on a shelf. Black power take a shower for an hour, you've been climbing and still ain't reach the top of the tower, here comes the LGBTQ, you better cower and move to the side and hide, better jump glide and scurry in a hurry, like a roach with no thought of an approach. Here comes the colossus nemesis of testosterone, better leave them alone, they just took the throne.

Why I shave my head

.....Because I remember being a monk, through all life's junk, I remember being a monk. It gives me spunk, the strings of life go ka-plonk when I pull. Before I know it, I'm gone, and here we go again. The ego life tries to dress me up with comes off with every shave, leaves everyone else in a daze, they think I'm smoking purple haze as they gaze at my moonshine at the top of my spine, that's clean as a dime. Excuse me, but is that your slip showing or your ego.... You should tuck that before you trip and fall, you'll have people thinking you're drinking alcohol.

.....I realize there's no time, don't ask me how, must be from when I was a monk, when I realized life is full of junk, I just throw it all into my trunk, the nice cars, clothes, expensive shoes, along with the false sense of self, some people have no clues they just pay their dues. Y'all need to sue for your time back, but nope; you can never get back something that don't exist, because we come back again, again and again, it can make your head spin, that's why I shave my head cause I'm a monk who knows to throw life's junk in a trunk, that's how I get my spunk.

The Oldies

.....The oldies use to hold me, made me reminisce with no time spent, made the moment more fuller, it's lyrics was more realer, it gave me the reasons to let's get it on, and then let's do it again, but neither one of us, never can say goodbye. The oldies was samples of reality, events and happenings that will play themselves out again and again. I can still hear my mom's voice singing Donny Hathaway and the eight track in full display, while we ride through the park on a beautiful Christmas Day, or Nate King Cole you know his voice was gold when he sing silent night, it made the holiday out of sight.

...It was always and forever, when heatwave was on, and Stevie made you wonder with his pastime paradise; then at midnight the quiet storm helped you drift away with the Drifters, tempted you with the Temptations, and brought you up to date with Luther Vandross. Minnie Riperton made a man feel wanted every time he comes around and Michael Jackson just had the crown, while Prince gave the world diamonds and pearls, Teena Marie kept you out on a limb, can't forget the four tops and spinners, and we was winners when Babyface came on the scene cause he noticed the cool in you. Cameo brought out the fool in you, Isaac Hayes took his time with walk on buy, Barry White told us he was never, never gonna give ya up, if only you knew Pattie Labelle was in love again, boy she could sing. Gladys Knight had the pips and she let you know if she was your woman, and ain't no mountain high enough for Ms. Diana Ross. Just a few oldies enter my mind from time to time, thank god I grew up in the era I did when music was cognitive and had the power to make the blind see and the cripple walk, and make the stern give up their hearts, it left its mark on people the animals and the trees.

Philadelphia, or Philly

.....Philadelphia or Philly, the streets ain't hilly and the winters are a bit more then chilly, but none of that says nothing about it being Philadelphia or Philly. I'm not being silly when I say our cheesesteaks and cheesecakes ain't for cheapskates, we ate good in our hoods like you should, but again; none of that is the difference between Philadelphia and Philly, holdup let me shake my Willy, really. I've come to the conclusion it's no illusion there's a whole other city call Philly that's not on the map, now you can scratch your head and spit through your gap, but grab any map, and you'll think Philly got scraped. Philadelphia takes its place and it's a waste of space, it's not a trace of Philly, that map has no taste. Philadelphia is the place where we keep the crack and the bell; hell, it's the place where the Constitution was signed before we had most of these institutions. It's a fact, but let's not get caught up on all that, the question is, where's it at? What? Philly! Stay focused forget all the hocus pocus. Visions of old chucks hanging from the wires, is in the hearts and minds of every Philadelphian who remember playing in the hydrant, Bad ass kids with jeans cut off at the knees, making people say please, we wet drunks that was bent and spent, and was on a lean, but was still clean, we wet drivers and their cars that road up the block down to their socks; we collect popsicle sticks for no reason other then it being pleasing. We didn't need swimming pools we had our own summertime tools; hopscotch, ringo and tops on the block, watching the girls jump rope and we was up close so we didn't need telescopes, it's not a hoax or joke, hear me folks. Philly is where we use to put up dukes, don't shoot, right over there on Spruce. Everybody was cool and went to school and paid attention to the rules, sure we had gangs that use to bang, but even they had order before the slaughter, old heads controlled the shoot outs, but you had to prove worthy no mercy by putting up those dukes or you got clowned if you tried to shoot. Weekend summer block cleanings was made fun cause the party soon to come was hardy, don't be tardy. Those parties was tuns of fun and you didn't need wealth, everybody was fam and got served you heard, that was the word, you got a plate long as you wasn't fake and didn't bring hate to Philly gates.

large mirror on my wall

.....it gives depth and makes my room look bigger, go figure. It gives the illusion of fusion from one space to another, even if it's the same place it adds grace. I move through the room with haste, and momentarily I'm confused thinking I'm in a much larger place. I subconsciously ignore the other me while it flees, it's just a tease but it goes ignored with ease when I want to add to my delusion of a much grander space. A large mirror on my wall doubles the number of people in any given room, I presume a party has started, everyone arrives at the same time through a different but similar door, on similar floors around similar decors, no need for a tour. The ancients would have thought it was some sort of dark magic, it would have been tragic, to see themselves move to the left or right, they would have jumped out their shaft-sheaths and sandals and took flight, adding a few inches to their height, pushing through crowds with all their might, the whole scene would have been out of sight, but there isn't a total disconnect cause sometimes I wait for my reflection to move without my influence, I don't know why, I just do it.

Halo joe

.....Halo joe, always in the way, trying to save the day, and he's always gay and always praising the lord all day, he stays on a different cord, he refuses to go ignored, never has the appearance of being bored. I would like to have known when he came on shore, cause since he's been here I can't complete a damn task without him setting the scene on blast, once he swim across the room like Michael Phelps trying to help tighten up my damn belt, I yelled out stop, I can fix my own clothes; he replies Jesus knows. I heard something go ka-ting, it was my key hitting the damn floor, here comes joe sliding on all fours just to hand it to me at the door, like it was his designated chore. He does way more, then what we hired him for. I can't escape his annoyance, because he lives across from my front door.

.....it's twelve o'clock midnight, and halo joe is still sitting out, he makes me want to shout, go in the damn house. So I can down a few beers without hearing his damn mouth. But before I could think another thought, a big booty girl came out, and joe whispers to himself, god is good, they both walked to the front of Joe's house, he stopped and looked about, I yelled out yes, god is good; god is great and she better be sleeping on your damn couch!

Give up the tapes

.....like in the movies with my gun drawn, give up the tapes, or I'ma give it to you. Don't be a wise guy, just give up the tapes. Come on man, don't make me do it to ya. Just give up the tapes. No hate, it ain't personal; I just want those tapes. I got ways to make you cooperate, you starting to agitate. How bout one in your knee cap, look, hold up, let me screw this silencer on, I'ma make your neighbors mourn , last time; give up the tapes. I got to make a phone call. He doesn't want to give up the tapes, what should I do? Shoot em in the knee cap, that's what I threatened to do. Pull his mask down and then threaten to cough in his face and give him your flue, that's what you should do. What's that suppose to do. He'll get scared you'll give him the COVID and give up the tapes. Hey guy pull your mask down, I'ma cough in your damn face...

...Oh no; anything but that, the tapes is up in my drop ceiling over my drapes.

Uncle Snells

.....Uncle Snells kept his belt above his navel, so you could see his socks before billy jean was on cable, boy his lean was stable. Kept a pint next to his pipe, to his delight he was inebriated every night, next to his height his memory was the shortest thing in sight, he had a little might that's why he had a little fight, but he kept that tight because it got in the way of him drinking every night. In and out of every bar on the strip every night, got started when it was broad daylight, could see he was drunk from a camera on a kite, yea from that height. Look it's uncle Snells, go tell, it's uncle Snells ring a bell; he'd just nod his head, light his cig and straighten out his wig, then ask how's everybody doing, and then go back to what he was doing. Drinking, Tanking, not thinking about his life's ranking just walking around breath stinking.

A.I is gonna get the job

.....A.I took the jobs and ain't give no goodbyes, it's cold as a dead man's hold, you've been told, don't fold; its too much time to go. A.I took the secretary and the receptionists jobs, can't call out, can't clock out, can't even fall out, but if it crash out, it just needs a repair man named Sam, with a troubleshooting scan. A.I. Is going to expand from here to Iran, going to leave the world in a jam, you can catch it all on your cam, we gonna wish we would've ran. They working on A.I driving trucks, for low bucks, that's going to suck. Before long we'll have A.I doctors and A.I cops pulling up in choppers speaking to each other in doppler. I bet it only stop when A.I runs for office, politicians will say we can't do this, put up their fist and piss a bitch, and they won't be speaking French, be so mad they'll make the weak flinch, cause a big stench, might even turn snitch, then we'll really find out some shit. Like the truth about SARS, AIDS, Area 51 and colonizations on Mars, a way of living that don't leave scars, no pollution and no wars, lil kids don't even have to do their chores, it's no one keeping score. Our lives has become a movie without the bad guys, now that's a bore. A.I make me breakfast, is this what we're shooting for, we already got self driving cars, cut the cord and go back to the drawing board, before Mother Earth starts to snore, we've pimped her into a whore we no longer adore. Maybe A.I can fix her, we just trick her, and put her out our car so the next John can score. We know the answer, get rid of us, now hush, you know we been living in gluttonous disgust, no fuss. Maybe that's why we're making A.I, to get rid of us, cause we're to afraid to do ourselves in and next to kin. A.I can make it more pharmaceutical, more like a farm that's not new to you, systemic self murder, hold up we already been doing that to; that don't make me jump when it says boo, I'll hit them with my shoe and start a coup, they won't have a clue, they'll be stuck like glue, right next to the blue, collar no dollar work until they holler, two steps from being a friar, its dire. A.I is gonna get the job. It will be the bomber, it's no timer, it's going to kill all the old timers, those that think they're finer, and kids that think they can climb her, and everyone in between and unseen.

The traveler

....to be is to be present, present in places I'm hesitant, present in places I've resident. We are travelers through life and travelers unto death, until there's nothing left. Present at birth, present before birth, I know no hurt but I was present in reverse. I travel on foot and I travel in spirit form, astral planing quiet as it's kept I don't have to watch my step, because there's nothing to wreck or keep in check, what the heck, but yet and still there's still an order that controls the borders. When I travel in flesh and bones I rather do it alone, it's easier for me to set the tone. The traveler would have you set fazors on stun, this could be fun, but we might have to run and escape into other forms of being without even seeing or searching for meaning. We come into the world as travelers and leave just the same, death and departure have the same aim, I proclaim. In another life I help tame lions until they ripped me out the frame, I was game, it was a shame; I start traveling again, this is no sin as time and space gets bent again. As I travel my final destination overpowers my horizon, it's no surprise as the earth spins. I'm the traveler, I'll get back at you again.

The pulpit

.....Is the pulpit legit, can it speak from on high, without being very high, surely to speak for god it should be at least sky high. Does god whisper in the ear of the pulpit and not mine, was it that wine, or was it the swine, or was I not kind, I'm blind, can't see why the divine won't drop a dime, it's time, my light is getting dim and surrounding life is full of sin, can't win, maybe if I sing a hymn, the devil won't grin, but then, I still can't hear god's poem so I can show 'em and hold 'em, throw 'em for a loop, cause I got the scoop y'all been getting duped. The pulpit ain't legit and need to quit, cause god's true words would have fixed all this shit, or maybe it's a glitch, and the message is lost in translation, ain't that a bitch. Why the pulpit ain't making a dent, a lot has been spent. Lives are at stake, it's no cake, they better not be fake, that man better had walked on a lake, or should I say water, people have dropped many quarters, every so often they pass the plate, and they never late up to date, one church she came around on skates.

Punishment

.....should it further unbalance a man, un hinge and infringe a man, seek revenge against a man. Do our policies possess fallacies that make us prone to fail, surely punishment can only be wielded by the gods, once contrived, the hive can't punish itself and this should be of no surprise, all of civilization takes a dive when we try. Self discipline has been achieved by some, while the rest of us remain dumb; come, see the wicked hide in a cracked mirror, it will scare you, I dare you. None of us are without sin, so we can't throw rocks at another man, we should get canned, jammed and sold on the market like spam, if this is too much you should increase your RAM, society will continue to fall on its face like blam if it continues to handle us like Yosemite Sam.

Can you assure me

...Can you assure me you won't implore me to do more, if only you knew the score; her mother was a whore, slept on many floors, kicked out of many doors. Our sufferings has been coming at supersonic speeds, of which we can never be freed, take heed there's no need to plead or read any consequence because of pass deeds; the suffering comes because of natural impediments, due to our inadequacies and inabilities, so we naturally commit crimes against our own conscience in conference. We fall short of life's sports, a little dork that thought we could eat all life's meals with a fork, nature's special child, rallied to the front where we don't belong, we'll soon be gone, but not before we're torn, there will be no one here to mourn. Human existence has been one big porn, minus the many wars, it should be scorned not adorned, we should have done more.

Before the Wanderings

.....before the wanderings, we was closer to the original, no subliminal; before any king was crowned, before there was a kingdom or a town, before the original thought got brought and wrote down in any book, before any story or name, they're all the same; before a creator, an alpha or omega, before the story and everyone's subscribed glory, before the same story was told and told and told, before we became a remnant of the original globe. Before we started to stay put, and keep things that we took. Before we covered our feet or our heads, before we had beds. Before we wandered away only to come back thinking we were in foreign lands, before we felt the weight of clothes, before we had corns on our toes and rings in our nose, before chaos became sin and we couldn't win; before we knew meat was a tasty treat, before we knew the sun moon and stars wasn't just pin holes in the fabric of space, such grace. Before the people spoke the name Jehovah, before any nearby supernovas, before we buried our dead with things they might need, spoke words the living might heed, before there were books and people that could read, before we waged wars to make each other bleed, we were a different breed.

Old Fart

...Nothing new impresses you, kids having fun stresses you, one day the grim reaper addresses you, why let life get the best of you, you never have a guest or two; mad cause your son wears a dress and hairdo, refuses the name Drew, hates the color blue; everyone knew but you, even the neighbor's cockatoo had a clue. You play by your own rules, plus you're cruel, life ain't like playing pool, you're like a hard stool passing a hemorrhoid dude, that's not cool; stop being rude, you purposely allow people to catch you in the nude, that's the only way you can keep them glued, mess around and get sued, but your old ass probably try to dart, and run your old Cadillac through someone's dwelling, they'll probably want to give you a swelling and leave you yelling, but heaven made you, so I can't grade you. I know life played you, made you a sour plum with inflamed knees and knuckles with no hustle, even your associate Russell said you a old fart and your breath is a little tart; but you got a little heart, that you keep in a black box with rocks. Every now and then that little heart starts to putter, a utter surprise, makes me start to stutter, it's it's not a mirage.

We about to lose our job

.....It feels like a evil villain in a James Bond movie, who became president, made the White House his resident, they didn't even check his finger prints, they should've been more hesitant. He bent the country over and dented it, Russia rented it. The sleeping bear and the red dragon is filling their wagons, raising their flags and; ready to turn the eagle into a beagle that's less regal, to show you the world don't need you, now that's evil, plus they don't believe you.

.....now America's about to lose its position, there will be no comprehension, people gonna lose their pension, they better start wrenching and stop flenching. Somethings gonna have to be done, this ain't no fun, the red, white and blue always won. It will be a shock to the system to see the west lose and start paying dues, dancing to someone else's rules.

.....Let's not forget these fools got nukes, they should be made to put up their dukes, instead of destroying everything on and under the ground, that can't be sound. We have a problem, so your answer is to destroy everything that's around, you clowns get down, gone-get, quit, run out into the street and get hit, then do a back flip, I hope you break your hip. All this because you wanted to police the world; should've just protected a group of friends, and developed your science, stayed within your alliance, long as they stayed compliant and no tyrants, we would have remained giants, but now it's a different climate, we'll soon be needing the Heimlich, this mountain, I'm not sure if we can climb it.

Raised in pharaoh's house

.....marble floors and ten feet tall golden doors, too much room to explore, taught the science of your highness, kindness brings compliance, a piece of wisdom proved to be triumphant, just another jewel given to rule, so you don't have to duel. Father's baritone voice reads the Bible, as a cool summer breeze help transform the lessons to blessings, and future confessions to a peace of mind that will be all mines, sublime and will never be lost to time. Classic jazz fills the background, although faint, at least one can think, and into the room I sink. Mother wakes me to a friendly chess game, to test my aim and my game, it better not be the same. The presence of god can't hide, and no one died, for we are always tied to the Elohim, we're apart of the endless seam that keep Muslims on their deen, and Christians connected to the unseen, it's much more then a dream it would seem. Love was in every room, even the tomb lack doom and gloom. Pharaoh's house is inter-dimensional, it's view is a double exposure of now and past events; hence, the lessons is dense, from whence I gather my sense. In an instant I remember my past, resting face in hands, looking down at my sandals my life is absent of scandals, so my mind never rambles, I believe I have a handle.

Rain fall

.....It could rain from now till fall, I wish it could rain inside city hall, or at the over crowded mall, rain so hard the fire department won't have to be called, rain until everything's afloat and there's no hope; the military won't be able to cope, until it's too deep for people to get their dope, even if they had rope and scope. They won't be able to call on the pope, cause he'll be floating by on his boat. Nope; Noah won't be there to give instructions, to help us with our survival functions, and other human conjunctions. Everything would be under water, even the self destructive boarders; you wouldn't have to protect your daughters, it would be a new world order. No city blocks, no cops, too much distance for anyone to get the drop, cause everyone is floating on top. No buses, trains or air planes; no land, no country, no cars, no bars. No sports arenas; yeah, that would make us wish we kept it greener.

Why we cry

....life is still life, pain is still pain, no matter what we gain, the pain exceeds the tears, fears and scares; cry and everything remains the same, even if our tears find someone to blame. There's no shame in this game, because the tears come after the pain regardless of any gain, tears can't be tamed, they'll just fall inward until we go insane. We should feel disdain, because so much focus has been aimed at the tears instead of the true blame, life is like a great-dane, it will bark until we take aim; no matter how great, our tears are too little to put out life's flames. Life doesn't care if you cry blood, it's your turn to pass the jug; you get no hugs, you have to work out the bugs, before you're in the ground feeding the slugs. Tears don't stop life's pain nor do they increase the gain.

The order we seek

.....it's a lack of order that's making us weak, the same order the young seek from week to week, without it we're merely meek, every man becomes unc, their lives sunk cause all of society stunk, we've been forced to replace the ankh with junk.

....it's the order we seek, that causes the young to create a healthy distance, cause all has been lost, unc didn't pay the cost to be the boss, that idea got tossed of course.

....it's the order we seek, that is reflective of the fact society has fallen down and forgot to take care of its offspring, let freedom ring; ka-ching, ka-ching.

.....It's the order we seek, the old tend to disregard, they've grown fearful of their position, and have every intention of ignoring their Intuition.

..... it's the order we seek, that causes a young girl to seek an older man, while all along searching for guidance they never received from their fathers.

....it's the order we seek, that's slowly molding society from the ground up, from the young who never got it, they have to push mankind into compliance for the order we seek.

Escape from heaven

.....Are we really built for too many pleasant surprises, is that how we rise; when we don't have to contrive, aren't we to dive into the throws of life with all its strifes to become ripe, to reach heights and achieve might, be it in the day or night. Surely heaven is so far out of sight, it can psych one to believe with ease, but could it all be a tease, sure as the sun shine through the trees. Before you know it you'll be catching zees, whole life on a deep freeze, got your loved one's praying on their knees; for heaven's sake, or is it fake, are the preachers on the take. Even a rich man's life ain't all that great, he still experiences hate and heart breaks, scared to go on a date and find a mate. An escape from heaven into reality, can prove to be our greatest quality. We walk towards a dream, cause in life we're getting reamed, it's hard being on that team, wish we could get beamed up on a light beam, but wait a minute; that's another dream.

Rap music

...lost in metaphoric literature, that's the way they get at ya; other rappers will want to spit at ya, the poetry didn't make sense, but the rhyme was on time, chime in about crime and make the record sales climb. How we go from speaking truth, to lying pass our one good tooth, is there anyone with the scoop, hip hop got duped and sat on a stoop while our pants droop; go bloop and drown while we talk about crowns, pounds and hand me downs, jewels, expensive cars, that get passed around to the next clown, talking bout they down while sporting a fake frown. We mention mansions and living in the Hamptons, while black and brown faces lose court cases and windup in strange places. It's no longer our story of glory and it's a bunch of conservatives on the jury. Outside forces changed its direction, and its complexion, they pushing for a cowboy hat wearing Texan, so they can start flexing, leave the whole world vexing. The revolution will not be text'n, we'll be Tyrannosaurus rex'n, making the system undress and, losing fools; now that's a blessing. Too many metaphors caused us to lose focus and we went for the hocus pocus and no one noticed, ask Joseph, write that in cursive, it's explosive.

bush bumper

.....your bush ain't better then mines, mines is ready to go all the time. It stays moist, especially when I climb. I keep it trimmed, so it won't get tangled with other bushes if they bump, they be coming in clumps, I have to cover mines when I hump, it blows back when I jump, when I wash it lays down like the bush in front of my rump. I keep it clean and then I apply some sheen; yeah that looks mean. My bush is extra cushion no matter if I'm pulling or pushing; but I hit my head and got a contusion, it gave me confusion; I can't tell if I need to clean a wound or start dou'ching; it's like discovering gravity like Isaac Newton, It's no disputing, my bush is hard to kill like Rasputin.

Sprinkle some crack on ?em

.....it's better then smack on 'em, then we can go whack on 'em, start to stack on 'em, raise the tax on 'em, then shut the door on 'em; call the cops on 'em, stay two steps ahead on 'em, pull the floor up from under their feet on 'em. Then kick 'em while they down, in their ribs and their face with haste, if they run give chase; justice for them we'll erase, and leave them in a fucked up place, then teach 'em a false god so they can spend their time looking for grace, yeah our military minds is at work to keep 'em in that place, like Sun Tzu do with his false acceptance voodoo, keep 'em chasing true citizenship no matter the case, only we know it's a waist.

Into the nebula

.....A pocket size space, that glows in the dark, with different color arks, where love stories got sparked like Lois and Clark, it's here we should leave our mark, it's a start, we're in the nebula let's fill our carts, and then we can chart, I don't mean to hurry ya and get too far ahead of ya, but we're in the nebula; don't let earth tether ya. It's my favorite space in space, there I can solve any case, even if they left no trace, it's an acquired taste. The different colors and streaks may seem bleak but that's only to the weak who seek constant heat and instant treats. The nebula is warm and inviting, and so exciting; it can make you climax at its apex, it's like safe sex, it can get so complex and scary like T. rex.

Death is holy

...it stops the old monstrosity, the decrepitude should be sued, it's so rude, hate to get caught in the nude, the mind is at its best in its heyday, we'll all go crazy some day, Mayday Mayday is all day, it takes years to crash, even though it was a smash, maybe that's where I got this gash, it's gray hairs in my mustache; It's not the brakes on life, it's an attempt at a correction on life. Death is change, stay too long might get deranged, a thousand years of life is strange, how do you think things change; lack of understanding have you looking for blame.

Critical race theory

.....Critical race theory ain't no theory, this shit is making me weary, I dare you to dare me, you don't scare me, my community will cheer me. How are you teaching history without teaching the past, we can correct that real fast; time is like a machine, and we can reverse engineer that, it's no sinister scheme and it sure ain't no dream, but it would seem you think you're It's dean, think you can make your fingerprints unseen, your history can't be cleaned. Real history is flesh and blood, even if you drag it through the mud, when it comes to truth your grave is already dug.

A Victim?s Victim

Historically, the Baka have been kept as slaves by the Bantu, who knew, the Baka knew, I was disconnected that's why my name is Drew and my knowledge of African history is doo-doo, but from a couple of books I drew knowledge like a scholar, not for a dollar but to free my mind so I could reach, teach and preach, and add great literature to my speech when I speak. I've learned Brutally can be apart of the process when peoples become people, life ain't no steeple, it's diesel and can cause great upheavals, in some cases it can be straight up evil, but that's only if you see it like we do; we the victim wish we had a Great Dane so we can go sick 'em, pick 'em out our noses and flick 'em, flip 'em like a prostitute and trick 'em. But we the victim are victims of other victims who wish they had a dog to go sick 'em, wish they could pick 'em out their noses and flick 'em, flip it like a prostitute and trick 'em, they're also victims

Well hello

...I see you shaking like jello, I'm a nice fellow, would like to date you like Othello, watch me bellow when I say hello; say goodbye, hell no. I like it when you shake it like jello, but can I get a feel though, what's the deal yo, I'm better then a dildo, let's get together and keep it real though, I'm not living on skid row, I have cash flow, for real though, I can make it rain yo, and sit back and watch you glow yo, until you start to go on that pole and move like a yo-yo.

When it?s time

...when it's time I hope I turn into specks of light like Thor's dad, I'm glad I last and didn't have to fast in the past, I just laid in the grass and stared into space looking for a trace of supreme grace staring me back in my face, but wait; we are born with that trait, which is great, but later we learn hate, it seems to be an inevitable fate to this date. It consumes to our doom, have us looking like witches on their brooms as we zoom and go boom all cause hate looms, but that's why we stay groomed for doom, it's the hate that looms. When we reach our zenith and arrive on Venus we'll be at our cleanest, can you close your eyes and see this, better yet can you be this, it would appear not even a fetus has achieved this.

Kanye West

.....Needs to give it a rest, better yet cardiac arrest after he gets aggressed, wouldn't be surprised if he got caught in a dress at a rap fest, he probably pull up in a bird's nest, he ain't lazy but he sure is crazy, I know his life is hazy even after the gravy, and his day be maybe, that's why he can't get his babies, he crazy. Kanye West got the Dow but not the pow, he better call Cal before the black community make "em say awl, he gonna have to throw in the towel or get plowed from the back like a European cow.

White and brown skin

...ain't no sin, it could be the perfect blend, but then who would win, it could start some crap all over again. Is white and brown..... brown, get down, your bags is in the lost and found, or maybe you're in the wrong town, either way your identity can't be found, is it confusing, who's doing the choosing, they must be boozing or using, what are we doing and where are we going, no one is scoring, this game is boring.

My uniform

.....I have visions of an adorned uniform, with green, black and red emblems on; I'm torn since I was born, because of unmerited scorn, my people was a blindfolded gimp in the American porn. Is it wrong for me to salute the red, white and blue, I can't say it was no one in it I knew, but the far right knew the same people to, and they still do what they do, it's going to turn this country into a bloody goo, that's true. Our experiences fits us into a different uniform, that's why we're torn, they want us gone, not even born, now that's worst then blood and gore. The Medgar Evers's, the king's, the Park's and the X's, that help civilize the red white and blue, that's who I'm standing for, they still want us dead and gone, even in lands where we was the first born, that's why I have visions of a black uniform.

Planet of the apes

.....australopithecines, chimpanzees and gorillas all wanna be killers, run around in ruins that they ruined, it's all congruent, maybe it was the lobotomy that bothers me, that's why you can't blame me for the bodies, it's topiary; all we do is cop a plea, then we get out and do another robbery, stop it's me, you can't lie to me, this shit got roots like a tree, it's not zig zag like a zee. Trying to be peacefully free can get you killed, when other people build, you just a brick if you ain't got that zeal, people cheat when they deal, it's real. Planet of the apes, there ain't no escape, or a expiration date, you better learn how to shake and bake, any other speaker tell you different they fake. This ain't no poem, it's a rap, remember you a Christian, and you ain't fuck'n with that. Now where's my banana, I'ma plan a plan with no monkey wrench in the data.

In and around the beast

....Stretches from here to the Far East, and I'm not talking about Jason looking for the Golden Fleece, It popped up like a cake with too much yeast..

.....some are fleas on its back, their news isn't right and exact, that's where they lack, mostly the black; the rest are thrown on its lap, that's why they caught the clap, but the fleas are running late, the beast got them held up at the gate, so they won't contemplate, if they ever see that it's fake, the beast's bowels is filled with those who figured out their leaders were on the take, now they're just being used for bait, while the rest of the world waits, the beast releases its intake, the seen is so foul we don't have enough towels to soak up this nasty pile, it increases the crime rate.

Where is god

.....does god sit so high he, she or it remains hidden, It's out of my mittens but the faithful remain smitten, but listen, this conversation can be nitroglycerin, and cause tensions, and have friendships put on suspensions; but we have to listen to hear, put down that beer, haven't you ever wondered why life ain't fair. The wicked seem to be in their element, and it sure ain't heaven sent, and yes that's relevant, can life be bent, can all the rewards be spent, surely it hasn't made a dent. Have we been tricked, have we already been endowed, like the bees and the cows, maybe god is my reflection, better yet ours. Don't get confused and take up a plow, or try to fly a mile, maybe god is communion and how we form unions, some church officials are clueless, I'm sure some of you knew this.

Is it hubba or bubba

.....can you really take a man seriously if his name is Bubba, even though it means brother, it's nothing hubba about bubba, and not because he's middle class, don't think too fast, I refuse to simply call him trash, but he's low on cash, too fat to make the dash, when he jumps in the pool it does more than just splash. His neck is so red it's burgundy, his brother commits burglaries, the whole family got liposuction surgeries, help me please I'm scared to sneeze, cause bubba's here and his belly's out, talking bout he's a Boy Scout, at least that's what he told Chris Hansen in a mansion, got caught texting kids he's a champion, tried to take one for ransom, now he's in prison prancing, with tattoos like Charles Manson, he still thinks he's handsome, just because he's another red neck's grandson.

Is that me out there

.....We create distance with our minds, strategically nibble on pieces of facts unto we see a world that's all ours, horrors are unseen by design, as we pretend to be kind, but only because we subconsciously choose to be blind, that's why that mass grave is just another bomb, normalization sets the stage for justifications, of which there will be no purification, for the rest of our duration. The blood on your hands become seen as necessary, that's where things get blurry in a hurry; yes we should worry, the world out there is in here, or is it me out there; is that my fear and anxiety standing on the corner, trying to complete my order.... So what it's blood on my cuffs, here take a puff, pay no attention to that stuff, just know that sometimes people try to call your bluff and you might have to get a little rough, but you know what they say, he brought that on himself.

Dire straits

...difficulties ahead; have to bring your knees up over your shoulders to get over, the struggle ain't over and we don't have a rover, for the bumps, humps, lumps, and massive jumps we have to get over, great boulders attempt to hold us, but we move without notice, no time for disclosure, you just have to know the system lies to get over, so no one knows you except Jehovah, there will be no exposure, so hold your composure; dire straits is the only way to escape the rape and the hate. Excess baggage will have to be thrown over the side, so we can streamline and climb, we have little time and we down to our last dime. But stay calm and don't lose your head even though we in the red, life ain't one big spread we'd all be dead.

Slave mind

.....where does it's shores end, it changes like the wind along side new trends; how do the conditioned know when they are finally freed, as they self devastate and impede, and cause themselves to bleed, with a refusal to take heed, all of which keeps us in need; indeed.

.....Do we come from Fiddler or Kunta Kinte, is it gray or clear as day, we've surely lost our way, but is it just our ignorance on display, who's shoulders do we stand on, out of what culture was we spawned, we are closer to our names then our own DNA, we subconsciously help continue their schemes, and promote their dreams; a fleshy i-robot, serves as their egotistical clock, always riding their jock, we don't even make our own socks. The answer to our sufferings is in its historic dynamics, we don't have to move the planets, but no longer can we take our freedoms for granted.

A human explosion

.....A human explosion and implosion is one of the same, and everyone's the blame, even if you didn't take aim; man, woman and child, that's how we're compiled, it's how nature has us filed, social structures attempt to mirror its callings, and properly position people in peoples, we are nature's cathedral. The structure is delicate like a rose I suppose, even though we have strong bones and today we wear clothes, corruption no matter how small, can cause a fall, malfunction in necessary conjunctions; where one held their place with grace, egos and internal struggles cause disgrace in its place, individual selves plague social orders, they are the first to be slaughtered, where there was once a collective now stands a people made feeble, others stand ready to bleed you, not feed you, they stay close in an attempt to read you, so they can figure out how to hang you upside down, gut you and bleed you; they might need you. Other people that look like we do, took our land and our last lamb, they lie and say they took it from another man, cause all men are the same man, it's only one clan that can all be traced back to one land.

Don?t cross me

.....you know I'll kill ya momma, just to catch you at the funeral, that's what I'll do to you, this shit's not new to you, beat you down til it's nothing left but your cuticles; on cue, I'll step out from a few, while you stand amongst many; you Toucan Sam and I'm good and plenty, hear me, don't fear me, get near me, and I'll cut your sun out like a bulb, pull my ski mask down and get busy, leave you more then just dizzy, send your head flying like a frisbee, make you drop a load in your skivvies. I was doing this before you got shot out the dick into the pussy, stop acting like a wussy, it's ok to fuss but you better not cuss, I might get mad haul off and kick you in the nuts, I'm from a different time and metropolis, you can't topple this, fuck around and get dropped by this, this pill isn't placebo, negro... act like you know and not like a foe, you better act like befow, you not Willem Dafoe, you Astro boy but more coy, better yet my child's toy; I'll strong arm rob you boy, and take all ya cash, have you acting joe, like a flamboyant moe popping fire crackers wherever I go, but I'll be that other Moe, slapping you around like you Curly and Shemp, I'll be that Pimp. You've talked too much shit to start acting frail, talking bout you was under a spell; and don't try to escape with that falling down the steps shit, getting locked up shit, I'll pay your bail, then ring your bell, tell the cops your neck got broke when you fell. Nigga I'm great, you'll get ate and pooped out, leaving no doubt where the crown should rest after the fest, then I can walk away and beat my chest. They'll find traces of you in my fecal matter, but I'll still escape disguised as the mad hatter, with a pillow under my shirt so I can look fatter. Nigga I'm mo' badder; you and your punk ass friends better scatter, before I go rat-ta-tat-tata.

The great fall

.....usually a great fall comes after a great climb, surely our climb was backwards and into the ground, we have yet to be found, the last thousand years proves this reasoning sound... Was it evolution that made pollution, and weapons of mass destruction; they wasn't made to exclude, nukes refuse to be rude, but no one will be left, so they won't get booed, you won't even have a body to be found in the nude, are we intelligent beings or intelligent beast, so what we pray to the East, so do the baboon... other animals acknowledge the moon and is in tune with the earth's magnetic bloom. We should meditate before we move, and not develop a tone, just get in tune. Move through meditation and contemplation to reach our destination; most scientific breakthroughs would be irrelevant if we was in tune with the earth, moon and stars, instead we drive cars, sit in bars to give ourselves scars. Civilization is a series of civil acts, but it's the physical inventions that have our very souls in suspension.

Are the proud boys proud

.....About as proud as Peter Proud touching his own child. Their pride is compiled with lies and rape, from which there is no escape, so they act proud and great, trying to hide the hate, but it ain't no mystery like Robert Blake, it was men that look like them that murdered the natives so they can have land to take, now they talking bout making America great, when they ain't been nothing but snakes, it will be America the fake. Be who you are and say the Lord's Prayer backwards, then afterwards burn another cross while you drink your sauce, do your dark ceremony and watch another dude get tossed; burn candles while you ramble, I hope your clothes are extremely flammable, then you can eat each other like Hannibal.

Leave my people alone

.....Stay in your tiny resource box and Take short breaths, to the chest, but I must confess I know you won't rest until you make the whole world undress. Even though the earth can't stand it, you stay trying to pick the corn out the shit, you don't quit, drink your own spit, suck on your own dick, do Dat trick, and all the rest of you rich country hicks. Leave my people alone, fuck ya comb, let my hair grow nappy and strong, ding dong heard you was trying to make a clone, you'll catch him in your bedroom making your wife mown, watch it from your expensive drone, or ease-drop over the phone..... And what the fuck is a white Namibian, it can't be him, what happened to them; Europeans in Africa still send cash to Europe, while we wonder if we should go home, our egos are over blown, and our knowledge of self has been scrambled that's why most of us ramble when we speak, time and time again history teaches us this is weak; still we look other places when we seek, we're being fed false information and tasty treats.... Ain't had an apple since the last time you played scrabble, but you know last night y'all ate scrapple, better off using that shit for spackle, shits turning our women into cattle, they don't slim down, they just start filling up their satchels.

Crabs and stabs

.....hold me back so you can get ahead, soon we'll both be dead and off the grid, never achieving just like they said, in the end we'll be the only ones that bled. Always talking about the land of the lost that never was, we never had Vibranium I have to explain to them, it's not real girl, get in the real world, and stop looking for a thrill, we already had Earl the Pearl, we need to get up that hill for real. But watch your own people, they'll stop your sequel, don't want you as their equal, internal hate is thicker than a tree trunk, even though we bunk and sunk together, our own will split you in half; suffering succotash, then throw your body parts in the trash, wouldn't be surprised if they start doing the huckle-buck to Johnny Cash.

Family

...what's family if we ain't together, but what's in being together if we ain't got it together; if you know what I mean, it's often seen. As family members It's our responsibility not to become a burden, it keeps us all hurt'n; can't be a burden if you a man or woman, because men and women hold their own, it's implications is in the title, no need for a recital, or maybe you don't deserve that title, don't sit idle with your Bible, read and take heed, but I ain't talking about no book, it's your life's Bible that got you shook, tear a page out or two, patch over some parts with glue, whatever it takes to get a hold of you, so what your life is far from great, you barely got a plate, life served you late or whatever the case, it's not others mistakes, it's your cross to carry then bury, it's heights can be towering and scary, binding and designed to stop your climbing and throw off your timing, have you looking for excuses, because YOU ain't no man, the black race don't need you, you might as well join the clan, they ain't gonna do nothing but slap you with the back of their hand, rape you and make you a fan, even though they wish they had your tan. A man has his own, and that should resonate from his bones, even if he had a clone, you would still hear it in his tone.

A perfect being has no clothes

.....I am what I am, isn't an answer, it sure ain't no cure for cancer, our time on earth has been a disaster, it seems like we're dying even faster then death can transfer, where's the master, I've grown tired of the pastor; we need to learn faster, too much to learn and not enough time to master, if wisdom is described as a female, it's time to cast her, before mankind figures out how to trash her. Is the perfect being mean, or are we misreading his masters. Were the shamans shamans, were the prophets prophets.. the writings on scrolls are so old they messing with my optics; the truth has become so microscopic, it's an old topic, I think it's true origins lays somewhere in the tropics, mankind is from the womb not the cradle, who made you is an interpretation of what made you.

Unbeknownst

.....are our hateful souls the demons in the night, it seems any individual can be used as the devil's Skype, it's not hype, by now you know people will hit you over the head with a pipe, for wearing your shirt too tight, or pedaling your bike.., we used to be chums having fun, but now you want to bust your gun and make me run; we done. Okay Cain, what happened to Abel, jealous cause he favors Clark Gable, so you knocked him over the head with a table.. you knew Abel wasn't able, he wasn't even the one who played you. A prisoner on nature's chess board, how do you know your thoughts are even yours; maybe you've been infected with some fungus spores, that's why you went on that adventurous tour, now you in here and won't let go of my floor, with your Trump emblem on.

Time controller

...Our minds are on overtime trying to control time, it holds itself in suspension regardless of tension, two years my junior, but making me Mister somehow gives him time to shine, make him feel like he controls time with his mind, not becoming is just another trick of the mind, holding off marriage and baby carriages won't stop your senior citizen passes, nor will it stop you from needing glasses, you use to be the fastest and take classes, but then you enrolled to take more classes even though you a graduate, it's designed to diminish time spent, as if time didn't make a dent, keep it up psychiatrists are gonna have to fetch you, priests are gonna have to bless you, has fear of life's horizon stopped your climbing, deluded yourself into believing you can set the time, life has already set its bombs,and you can't dodge 'em.

Dark or night

.....Dark is a spiritual realm, night is earthly and explainable by science, only deep meditation can penetrate the dark, there's an ark, another spark, I thought I was in the park, there was a breeze, I heard someone sneeze, please don't let this be a tease, I pause with ease, tilt my head forty degrees and say cheese in a picture that captures me and all of creations, and every voodoo incantation, with no hesitation, I place my five fingers in the air and step into another dream state, this one's a nightmare, I dare you to come off your square and follow me in here, you'll windup like Linda Blair, the Vatican is too scared to care. I'm here, and they've been waiting, with very little patience, they need to stop faking, all of creations is about to start taking, that's why the earth been shaking, and baking, got light skinned peoples skin flaking.

Death by freedoms

.....it has mankind confused from here to eden, unless there's peace, you need weapons to feed it, sure makes things hectic, now we need some backwards philosophy to erect it, that's what recked it, freedom ain't been defined right, got people thinking walking around butt ass naked is alright, or because of other peoples actions it can't exist without some other fractions, like walls and weapons, civilization has been neglected, it's time the supreme being checked in, citizens need chips in their necks and, I won't contest it. Americans take pride in their freedoms, but rather its right or wrong is a second thought, that's how we got brought, every year thousands windup in court thinking they understood the sport, it can't just mean doing what you thought, or just doing what's right, cause we far from perfect; and that's right,.. maybe freedom is an attempt to do right while we short circuit, yeah that sounds about right, and into the night, where our spirit takes flight.

Postulate

.....life is pain, I believe this is its aim, where's the true gain in pain if pain is the aim, there are no new plateaus, you lucky life gave you toes, listen to someone who knows, this ain't the life you chose, feels like the creator's exposed; omnipotence is un-embodied, it feels like we're sleepwalking karate, from no existence we was torn, it's no pleasure being born, life is a constant sunset, we're pawns on this jawn, the Big Bang was just the chessboard being set, before the opponents scratched their heads, the imagery is captivating, but it has seeds of pain that will make you strain, trying to see who's the blame, but pain is the nature of things, life uses it to make you take flight, without it we wouldn't reach such heights.

A UrbanOz

.....Pay no attention to that negro behind the curtains, he's just hurt'n, even though he's smirking, chances are he's smoking, yeah toking, and I ain't joking, that stuff that keeps you floating, showboating and choking. There's the doorman again, and he dropped his needles, I know they wasn't for the measles, he was moving slower then my aunt Cecil, took him all day to say I hate to be you; pee yoo, he stunk, with a hairdo like a punk, walking through the city of Oz collecting junk. There was a tree monkey named Huggy, he drove a black buggy, and gave out hugs, as he looked smug, then he'd attempt to sale you drugs, smart enough to charge his phone on electric sockets, kept change in his pockets, had instincts not to drop it; stop it, I laugh... cause I'm getting off topic.. there was no traffic, the streets was made of plastic, the mayor looked like Chadwick, their trains ran off static, it was so drastic, it felt tragic, but the fact it was black and brown made it fantastic.

Black Patton

We mutts, that's why it's so easy to break us up, intensions all fluff, our leaders are H.R. Pufnstuf, scared to ring the bell, that's why we in and out of jail, there's no plan to sale, got you scared to meet your maker, stop trying to survive, we in it to die, just take some of them for the ride, like Malcolm said, a human explosion is worse then an atomic bomb, the blast might go over your head, but your enemy know you in there, you better beware, I don't care if you don't shed a tear, only another man can knock you out that chair, they just intelligent cannibals, but more camouflaged then Hannibal, tricked a sane man to stand with you, that's when I blew up the scene with my grill looking mean, and my fro glistening with that Afro-sheen, got people with naps on my team, fist raised high as if they was holding up the sky.

Past and present

.....Do the present always come out of the past, or can it come from the minds of men that have escaped their past; and can a man escape his past to create an actual future, will we need the past to bear witnesses in life's court, expectations can be cut short in the present due to the scars of the past, that can tether a man fast, would it serve humanity's purpose to keep unwanted events under its surface, hope this line of questioning isn't making you nervous, I'm trying to find purpose, something that should be exalted, and wrote on fine papers in cursive. If we're slaves to a unwanted past, is the present worth it. If the past can't be forgotten, it can become subversive, it's a beast that has to be brought under control, it's power of suggestion is explosive.

The factor of fear

.....if they killed another mockingbird, do we get Gregory Peck, or Inspectah Deck, the key to our cage is around our necks, even with a notice we still don't notice, through our captor's rituals, we've become too habitual, it caused the fear not the gun to become the factor, it stopped you from going after; you was intimidated by your enemy's heights, so you just acted like you didn't even have sight, gave into fright, how do you sleep at night, but don't worry you not alone, every man is your clone, we procrastinate and look the other way until it's too late, now we stand in front of Godzilla, and it's part guerrilla, plus it got on a wig, smoking a cig, you dig.. where's the neighborhood wino, I need a swig, got to figure out how to replace the lid, if I thought it would have worked, I would've just hid; fear got me acting like a kid.

The Convolutionals

.....If it's fun, maybe we should have some, just like my grandson, it's his bar mitzvah, my sister worships Krishna, but my brother swears he knows Buddha, he flew from here to Bermuda, he would've left sooner if his jet was tuned up, his mechanic screwed up. Uncle Chuck's Catholic, he says he don't believe in magic, but his crucifix stays fixed, just in case of that six, six, six, don't want to get caught in the mix without those two sticks; someone's at my door, must be Jehovah witnesses, you might want to witness this, our debates lasted two Christmases. My parents are Islamic, family dinners can get atomic, mom and dad are almost bionic with the scriptures; jedi mind tricks that make you forget, it can get sick with the word play.. it's where I come from, oh hum, if I windup a bum, my wisdom won't allow me to become scum, it's not a Conundrum, truth is upon them.

They want to look up your butt hole?

.....It's the IRS, FBI, and other electronic eyes, that want to eye ball your cracks and crevices, but more so the cracks than crevices, with microscopes and a room full of folks, talk'n bout they want to see if you had a stroke; and do you want to notify relatives, here's a sedative, are your taxes repetitive, take a number, get in line, the justice system won't waste your time, just wondering if you can hold water, hay, that game was a slaughter. One last stop, a retired cop, wants to do a cavity check from his computer, leaving brown fingerprints is a thing of the past, anyway his arm's in a splint, but he still left you bent with no gloves needed. Oh damn that's right, now we got to see the health inspector, to check for vectors and treasures, surely we'll find something up there to impress you, didn't mean to upset you.

War before peace

.....If we don't get through the war, we won't make it to the peace, to get a piece; the art of war dictates our presence in the east, cause that's where our numbers are increased, and we can properly eat, and achieve great feats, strengthen our alliances amongst each other, can't let the demons of my past sabotage my present, but the shit's fluorescent, sticks out like Charlton Heston in Seti's house, or your dad in a blouse, ouch. He better get off my couch and out my pouch before I finish this Guinness stout, and leave him forever in a drought, and that's after I punch him in his mouth. Its war at my door, but then we settle the score, peace exist for a time being, then war's back on the screen, as if it's some form of evolution, but how could that be, we're left with all sorts of contusions from the weapons we been using, I sure gave him a bruising; but now its time for peace again, the season for war will come again, next time we'll hit them directly on the chin.

Scientific breakthroughs

.....a ruse, designed to spruce up what they messed up, scientists stick their chest out because of ambitions, not their inventions; they need to invent something for car emissions. It's a business, being driven by greed, that's why we don't get the things we need. Those in charge want to go to Mars, that's far, what about Liberia, now you think I'm trying to put fear in ya, but then you wonder why people ain't hearing you..... And don't let Psychiatrist fool you, they're still just imagining what the mind is doing, theirs is financially screwing you; send you home with meds, that's how they get in your heads, and send you to bed, while they have the lobster instead. When a child throws a tantrum, we know Ritalin is your answer, but you won't give it to your grandson, cause you know it will turn him into a phantom. Doctors treat our bodies like mechanics treat cars, the treatment is purposely subpar so you won't go far, they need that check to put gas in their cars, hit the beach or pay to have their son learn guitar.

Cambodian girl

.....More beautiful than any natural landscape, or the shiny pearls on heaven's gates, with your lovely complexions and tones, I'm sure beauty has even touched your bones. Men come from all over the globe to stand with you, love you, marry you, and carry you. Earthly beauty, I thought only existed in Africa, but after seeing a sista from Banlung, of course I was wrong, she had on a thong, I needed my bong, cause her beauty took me out of my comfort zone.

Michael Jackson

.....what's happening if it ain't Michael Jackson, you can start clapping; he been song Ben when he was a child, thank god we have his best work on file, third world countries was exposed to his style, left dazed, crazed and amazed, but mike wasn't fazed, he put some of his fans through a spiritual faze, you could see it in their gaze, you didn't have to smoke that haze that left you in a maze, one video from mike and you was kool for days. Michael Joseph Jackson, a product of Joe Jackson's madness, it gave him a lean that made him fabulous, his brothers couldn't collab with this... talent, some even got violent, every since mike left, their careers went silent. So famous, ancient peoples might have knew his name, thank god I was born in a time when I could see mike take his aim at fame. Mike was more than hype, he brought it every night, but when he preached about owning his art, it caused a spark; Sony tried to botch it, mike said you better watch it, grabbed his crotch and some scotch, then moonwalked off the block and copped it, they couldn't stop it, mike grabbed the mic, then purposely dropped it; next thing you know some man named Conrad Murray appears as his doctor.

Mean for no reason

.....Ole head said we closer to death, than being fixed, how we get caught up in this mix, it feels like the universe is playing tricks, and it's ran by some hicks, spitting chew, and making it stick, that's sick... got me ready to shoot like John Wick. I wish we could change the flick, but everybody's in on it, and won't let me change the channel, let's play the piano, then they start talking about the Sopranos, and how Tony caught Fred and made him dead, for being an informant, and now he's dormant.... That's what I'm saying, we say we want peace, but if it was a TV show we wouldn't watch it, stop it; even if it's Little house on the prairie, we waiting for something scary, a shoot out, hanging, or whatever drama springs, you come running when it rings. We crave violence, and at our core we accepts all challenges, we'll fight for the last piece of food, even though we have no mouth or teeth to eat, just a old dragon protecting shoes, and we don't even have feet.

Hesitant to be neighborly

.....Slowed down like I was snowbound, that's why I stay frowned, experiences weigh more than ten thousand pounds, you can be the live wire, I'll break the ground, so I can muffle the sound; don't want the attention, cause I'm hesitant, try not to even leave a scent, whisper like I was Clint. Too hesitant to mingle, if I was Kris I'd drop the Kringle, surprised I'm not single, but every now and then I get that tingle. People is work, and I don't want to hurt, I should put that on my T-shirt, maybe they'll keep their distance, if they see I'm hesitant; people showed me crazy and it fazed me, it was like they tased me with truth, let me know they wasn't couth, wish I was a magician, I'd make 'em go poof, vamoose. I'm hesitant of the new residents, they must be from the jungle, it's the only way to explain why they ain't tamed the same as everyone else, shame they seem to be in good health, thank god they don't have wealth, maybe they'll move soon, their kids are flunkies, remind me of monkeys, their aunts and uncles are junkies; their cookouts ain't sunny, they argue and fight in plain sight, make the neighborhood less neighborly, I'm sad, but glad my kids moved away from me. Their kids throw rocks playfully, long as they stay away from me; but this ain't neighborly.

What's power

.....an unbalance in our favor, similar to another limb, once crafted, or are we deceived, this ghost arm feels greater than those who simply believe, it's a tool often used to feed one's greed. It can make others bleed, even the wielder if he doesn't take heed, they better read the fine print before they pass it onto their seeds. Power doesn't ask, it takes; makes it's own path, regardless of what was there in its place, and then sport it in your face like it was in good taste, it moves with haste, often times at the rate of its master's lustful chase. It feels no disgrace, as long as the powerless are moving to its base. Power and unbalance, come from the same womb, and will lie in the same tomb, get swept up by the same broom, occupy the same room, exist within the same foot and fingerprint. Very few can hold onto it for long, it's effects are intoxicating, making the best of us swerve and crash, that's why most try and stash some cash before the smash and that final dash; but cash can lead to more power, and then another crash.

Colossus

.....one hundred billion light years is his arm reach, all atmospheres are breached, the floor of the universe only he can reach, he holds it in his hands like a peach, all things in it only he can teach, I don't mean to preach, but mount Olympus is too small for his feet. If you looking for a god you don't have to seek, he stands before you, all other gods are meek, if not petite. This Colossus is monstrous; the mere sight of his size induces hypnosis, and fright that ceases all motion, it's a paralyzing notion; are we too small to be seen by such a being, if every man, woman and child was a single quire could he hear our voices, could his whisper create frequencies and supersonic forces, this vision surely was sent to me by Morpheus, or my imagination is a contortionist.

And another one

.....Bang! Another rapper dead, who did the spread, who popped holes all in his dreads, it sure wasn't the FEDS they'll lock you up instead, it was a nigga in black face, that's how they get in close, they even know how you like your toast, but it's the record execs that will host your roast, while getting paid off your masters, that's why they still your masta, you better pick that lock faster, when they through, they gonna trash you, have one of your neighbors blast you, so people can witness the trauma, that's only to help blind ya, they pull strings that's already attached, and you catch wreck quick, then your money get redirected to some exec prick, who just made a deal to put your death on Netflix, then he sits in his Maybach getting head from the best tricks, but it's just him and his driver, so it's less dicks, but they still pricks.

Cosmic slop 2

.....In the beginning, things kept spinning and spinning, then I realized I was out of my mind, having seizures, trying to wrap my mind around....is it really seven seas sir, please sir, it might as well be outer space with aliens giving chase; in any case, I wish I had mace to spray in our captors face, but they had muskets, we'd get our butts kicked, even though they rust quick, like P.E. said, you can't trust it; don't even fuss with, that way you can get in close, and poison their meal; they trying to do damage, make it hard for us to manage, our whole history is frantic, got our leaders in a state of panic, that's why we went down like the titanic. Got us in a box next to tools and fools, just waiting to be used, abused and confused. Sucka move; this ain't kool, I'm not a tool, I'm not meant to be ruled and my kids should be in school, and if I have to fight a duel I'll make you scream like a mule, knock you in the head like I did that dude when I was playing pool. You think you nice wit it, I'm triff wit it, I get in fights wit it, I ignite wit it, cause fright wit it, I'm tight wit it, keep watching and you'll see me take flight wit it.

I think I see Gods and angels

.....pictures that frame you, aim you, make you think a certain way, game you; naw, I mean tame you, make you act a certain way; grandma's angry finger pointing you that-a-way, but any hallucinogenic can spin it, and your brain already got dopamine in it, we come in the world with our vision tinted, that's why when it comes to truth, we can't win it, this body, we can only rent it, our souls, we can only send it, but where it goes nobody knows, but the body is froze I suppose, or is it.. maybe our brains shut down like old televisions, it can't make no decisions, it just goes off old superstitions and subliminal intuitions, but it's just intermissions, because the brain hasn't ceased, and death hasn't finished its feast.

Life?s deck of cards

.....I'll try not to choke, but it's like taking a toke of some dense smoke, life's hand always got that death card that you can't discard, no matter how dense the deck of cards; it doesn't allow you to see that far, I guess that's why by a certain age you find people in church or bars, because of life's scars. Philosophy can't possibly topple life's strange fruit, it's a brute that landed from on high with no parachute. It's ordained from a being with no frame, after which there will be no pain or eternal flames, an expectation we added from lessons to keep us tamed; but still life is just as real, and in it we can be killed, it's in the contract that didn't need your handwriting skills; it's part of the deal. Trying to see through life's mirror only gives glimpses of self, and the tilt you felt, as your candle melts and that death card gets dealt.

Meditations

.....I close my eyes and focus on every muscle and joint, until the body is no longer felt, not even the quilt, my own isolation tank of thought, where I can think and envision, sight beyond sight and thought beyond thought; all of creations is my crown, no longer bound. My state is forever altered, death can never again cause me to falter, cause I create the world that awaits from my altar, while in deep meditations, I feel profound sensations, with it I feel like a god outside of time, creating what will be all mine, for it is my creation, with no hesitation I envision a beach with golden sands and a beautiful woman with open hands, telling me I'm her man; in the distance rest a beautiful home cut to my dimensions, heavenly stars appear at my command, its splendid and will render any man dependent. In an instance I envision a warm summer breeze, trees and pollinating bees, in deep meditation I prepared a paradise from this side of life's mirror, for we are children of the one God, and a continuation of that first light spoken into existence.

Who slapped ya

.....I know it's late, but can a slap regurgitate and rotate back into the head, neck and shoulder that let it out the gate, cause it sure looks like that's what's happening, and this time Chris is gonna to be doing the slapping, leaving Will looking like he wants to start clapping, his eyes look like radars revealing his scars, I know he wish he could produce to the world a better avatar, but so far, it's just tears and the sniffles, and a new emancipated role trying to reach new goals, while wearing Kanye west's slave clothes in a movie, but Chris didn't just throw rocks, he lit up the block in a drive by shooting, ain't no disputing the ruling, Chris hit Will over the head with a toolie, then knocked his top in the coolie, unruly, at the end had a look on his face like; move me.

Chains don?t change

.....just another link in the chain, here we go again, did we ever leave, how do I know to pull up my sleeves, and tussle with these enemies; who has the keys to life's bracelets, even with death's facelift, I come back to society's basement, the scrutiny is baseless, my accusers remain faceless, I plead with the world not to embrace this, it's hard to face this, but my son's son's lives will trace this, wish I could erase this, because our lives are linked, it's the chain that's the I, and there's nothing in the sky, here have some pie, life never ends in a tie, I wish my enemies would just die.

Take a ride on the transporter

.....Kirk to enterprise, Kirk to enterprise, drop the ladder for a brotha, cause I'll be damn if I take a ride on the transporter, standing there with my brow raised, looking fearfully amazed, I be damn if I take a ride on the transporter, what if it malfunctions in midway, my molecules could be turned to jewels, that sounds kool but I had mo' better blues, I rather have new shoes; I don't think I'd come out kool, and it might be a little more than just my shoes are too tight, or a change in height, I mean my chin bone might be connected to my scrotum, I told 'em, in my Gil Scott-Heron voice, I be damn if I take a ride on the transporter, I assure you I'll floor you, if you beam me up with that damn contraption, I'll surprise you, and come out scraping, Scotty gonna get some fractures. Phasers better be set on stun, or bullets in a old fashion gun, cause I'ma be Attila the Hun, it won't be fun. Now drop that ladder, I'll climb three hundred and thirty thousand feet, in the heat, fall and hit the street before I'm transported, I can't afford it, y'all brought it, and will be escorted off the ship, if a single hair off my head is transported; y'all must have snorted, but don't get merked out, Kirk out!

A religious death walk

.....Remember Abraham was going to kill his own child, to show loyalty to his creator, who's suppose to be greater, did he ignore his own conscious, or was his conscious a mirror image of what stopped him; maybe there's only one consciousness involved, problem solved, but if we are ultimately driving ourselves, and have convinced ourselves not to hit the brakes, while disregarding physics we only see heaven's gates, we've flown planes into buildings in the name of a creator, again who's suppose to be greater, how could he be a hater, omnipotence is his major, a unbeknownst projection of self acting back onto self, can't be good for our health, it's like driving forward while looking in our rear mirror, trying to steer us; if we were in our right minds, that should scare us.

Control the dice

.....Not the events, but the physical characteristics, even if simplistic, are still realistic enough to constitute a side of humanity's dice, that's why we constantly get in fights, cause that side of our dice was rolled again, here comes the pain again, then we all pretend like that number won't be rolled again; look we rolling again, and it's a ten, maybe we might win, but then we crap out, and we still refuse to tap out; now we just rolling the dice as if we were the living dead, that's why we never get ahead, if we can't control the dice, standing on the sidelines will have to suffice, until we get nice with it, right now we stink with it, that has to be admitted, most truths are stumbled upon, that's cause we're pawns with no swords, who can't force themselves across the board, cause dice is our aim, and being controlled is our game.

In God's court

...Always in God's court; it feels like a constant spiritual sport, a series of serious self penetrating questions, constant self confessions, I look for no blessings, for they have already come, that's why no matter the test, my aim remains the same, it can't be bribed or tamed, I look for no trinkets or fame, nor do I point the finger outwardly looking for blame; what's out there is in here, that's why I have no fear, it's too familiar to cause me to beware; yes through self examinations, I've become omniscient at self translations, life's inflations and deflations, has no effect on my contemplations, for all of creations I've accepted, I ask for no exceptions, I've already been blessed with time, I spend it in service of the divine, examination of self is where I grind; I see deeper than a blind man under his blankets; to the God, I speak frank with.

Mad scientist

.....Let's make climate change and people strange and deranged, by putting chemicals in their brains, with hair weave and things, there will be no one able to fight the powers that we bring, too busy chasing fame and not change, we'll create scientific racism that lies on both sides, to help authenticate each other's lies, for Pete's sake not even; keep 'em grieving, but not too much, we need 'em breathing, we'll deceive them; they won't even know to get even, wars will be fabricated if not instigated, to reach our goals and decrease populations, miniaturize civilizations, make mankind do an about-face and, start erasing all traces, humanity is stage negative one, and we just got the gun, so stick a fork in us, we done; and we so stupid for wondering why the aliens haven't come, if they came we'd be down the drain, not even leaving a do-do stain, self destruction is the only thing we're good at, artificial intelligence is a replica of Cain and Abel, it won't be stable, it will try to behave you, act like it made you, all masters are ultimately competition, their power makes them dismissive, it will breed ambitions and suspicions, in an electronic pet we'll soon regret making.

Thank God for the Nation

.....Aamir El amin, the unseen, pulling the blind into the light, straightening out the spine and correcting their heights, clearing his nostrils like a Muslim taking in air for salah, deep meditations places him at the feet of Allah, the doves cry when he says bye-bye; it's late but it's not his final call, or pie; he stays ready to die for the nation, and he ain't Haitian, but he stays at his station, waiting on the infidels he'll be facing, the Quran and our struggles is his only guide, with it he can do everything but fly; he cleaned black men up that was ready to die, and foiled the plans of a once powerful clan, Damn he's a bad man, but he remains mild mannered and out in the open, he stays scoping, for the weak and those of us that's fallen down, he picks them up and reminds them our ancestors wore magnificent gowns and crowns, with a brotherly pound; he's removed many minds out the gutter before they was smothered by this lifeless mother, he fixes life's mirror so we can see the saddle on our backs, that only we can remove he concludes, he says it will be a little harder than when Stella got her groove back, but it will be worth the possible death and mayhem cause we can't keep stepping on this same tack.

USCT

.....United States Colored Troop, at your service, but all we had was soup, and we still had to get up front and shoot, but this black spook was dropping 'em faster than Uncle Sam lied at Hopewell, oh well another treaty fell, but don't step on my Union hat, or we gonna have to scrap for that; and fuck an emancipation I'll fight my way off the plantation, along side my flank man with his cotton made union uniform, we stay in form until slavery's gone and them crackers is castrated and hated, when they come out of hiding, they'll be surprised we waited, date it, that will be the day they get faded; but they better not touch my union hat, or it's gonna be bullet holes in clothes, when you strike that death pose for the cameras, I'ma bastard and my people been mastered, that's why I think backwards, my ancestors got captured; but I'ma make amends for that, make them crackers pay homage with a piece of their livers, just a sliver, every Juneteenth, while I smoke my spliff in the middle of the riff; don't step on my union hat, I'll change your attire with fire, let you try on that noose and you won't get loose.

Mark of the beast

...Is it six, six, six, or the latest electronic trick they're trying to make stick, or are our heads too thick to stop the next apocalypse. It went from sixes behind our hairlines, to electronic chips in our palms; how many times can it be reinterpreted, it's since short-circuited, okay I'll float with this, but we gonna at least need a boat with this, it's cold, so your emperor is gonna need a coat with this. Is it a single man or woman; maybe the beast is legions of swastika bearing nazis; or does it lurk in the hearts of every man, hiding and biding it's time to drop bombs, murder and distinct crimes, like standing on the corner selling dimes, made to feel so sublime, but it's just another crime that gets you use to more crimes. Maybe the beast is a trait that's too built-in to escape, and it's just our fate for all times no matter how long that takes, from time and memorial we've been beating that war drum, we the beast and we don't need no symbol, we make each other tremble.

Entropy

.....I gave you life..... But now I got to die, and leave all life's beauty behind, this is torture. Why did creation need an audience, a short time at life, then your babies complete the breakthrough, if that ain't enough to make you think, you don't get another turn to feel life's burn, some say we here to learn, but what use is lessons, if our whole species's gone, rather by nuclear war, or meteor, then all of life will convert back to dirt floors and no doors, and no planes that soar, only thing that remains unchanged is the earth's core. Spontaneous evolution, nature's way of computing, it had no consciousness or a nosy old lady to raise the blinds on this, but yet and still it made consciousness, an observer threw a curve ball at this thing called creation, cause now we looking for some explanations, surely there's gonna be some incorrect contemplations, consciousness comes with fears and anxieties, it's like light from a bulb, but it's it's own entity, it creates friends or enemies, it's aim is to perceive and make sense of all things, from a atom to our own brains, but in the end, where's the gain, if it's already in life's cards to hit the reset button again.

Tensions

.....anticipating another man's feelings, that might mirror my own, we could be clones sharing the same throne; out of the way prejudiced inquiries only mean they admire me, and they wish their image was tied to me, so our names will be two birds in a nest, but you feel only one of us is blessed, unmerited tensions can turn a settle moment into a mess, lack of self worth got you stalking my mirror, but only when casting my image, you look thin, eat some of grandma's spinach and make sure you finish, your soul needs to be replenished; you tripped, fell, and your dignity slid across the floor and under a locked door, it's worth kicking it in for. Insecurities that make you attack another, alarm fearful onlookers of your stunning emotional direst, you appear to be under enormous stress, you say you're a patriot, but I think you should confess your hatred, no one's gonna say where's your spaceship.

Shingles

.....Damn these shingles are going to cause wrinkles, this shit is more than just sprinkles, make me think twice before I mingle, glad it's not around my private parts when I tinkle; I feel it when I breathe or sneeze, I rather take my shirt off and freeze, have fleas or swallow a set of keys, anyone of these can't be as painful as varicella zoster, rather get shot from a roller coaster, pose in a gay poster with my prick in a holster. Hold up, yeah that pain will make you fold up, you'll have that ambulance roll up, or rob rite aid for some products, this sucks, shucks, should've listened to my friend Chuck and got the needle for the shingles.

To rhyme, or not to is the question

.....I know you, you the type to let the rhyme control you, You not filling my cup, or curing my hiccups, you stuck, cause the next word don't rhyme with the last, maybe you should pass on this poetry stuff, you can cuss and fuss, but at the end of it all, please hush; have a donut and a chair. We get perks for purpose, and noted if noticed, you should know this; here, write this down, rhyme with no reason is for clowns, and reason with no rhyme is out of bounds, you have to get found before you can find, come from behind yourself, that's stealth, in here, you got to put that stuff on the shelf, plus it's good for your spiritual health, release your true self into your penmanship, you'll emerge with it, it might even help you get that jewelry drip, and a nice trip on a cruise ship.

Prequel

.....They say your present is determined by your prequel, onto your present determining your sequel, if that's the case, then incarnations are see through, and I've been a monk when the world sunk and gained buoyancy again; I remember a November from a time that's archaic and everyone spoke Aramaic; or a hairy barbarian, I was scary but merry then, slept in dens, had few friends, in battle had many wins. A slave owner, didn't stop until I was born while my mother was still in chains, they snatched my teeth out my gums, so another man could have some, he was there at my hanging, doing the background singing, last thing I remember was the trap door swinging, choking and feet dangling. I lived to be a hundred and ten once, took my last breath with my children and grandchildren forming a cycle holding each other's hands, I was struggling not to leave nothing in my bed pan. Another time must have been in the sixties, cause we all had afros and leather clothes, bell bottoms and butterfly collars, shots ring out, people started running, but I just fell, wondering why I couldn't look left or right, I just lie there paralyzed until my view faded to black, all light could fit on the head of a tack, but I could still hear someone say he was shot by Jack, what I have to do, to not come back, even if I change, people don't and won't, you not safe even if your castle has a moat, that won't change even if it had a remote, it can make you want to start doing dope, or hang yourself with some rope, but every time I do, I come back just to be aborted, slaughtered, and not even recorded, a hundred times over, then ten times born with a hump on my back and hungover, and that's just life shaking it's finger telling me to get back on my grind, I'm gonna make it, if it takes me a million life times.

Sweet tooth

.....Not to sound like Grady Wilson, but great googly moogly, this drink is too sugary, got my pancreas working while hard like Dirk Diggler, it feels like I'm on coke, and I ain't talking bout the soda, heart racing like a fast motor; the world health organization told ya, sugar's a drug and it's pusher is sugar bear aka honey love, he got the food industry paid off, wouldn't be surprised if it's in your water, his product is even stronger across the border, where people drink cola instead of water, they even give it to their sons and daughters; but a dehydrated dog won't drink it, rather lay in the hot sun under a blanket.

Miss Graham

Elizabeth Jennings Graham, hit em with the boom bam in 1854, made every civil rights recipient applaud, even my great great uncle named Claude, cause of her, he got to ride on a New York City streetcar. Another strong woman with bass in her voice like Maude, pointing out the cracks in the system, that's why it's flawed, and the people that run it are frauds. She must have gave Rosa Parks her spark, it wasn't one person that gave our civil rights it's start, bravery throughout time helped us climb without dropping a bomb, while making pennies to their dimes, and still committing less crimes; in retrospect after listening to my grandmother reflect, we owe generations before us big time respect.

Impact of a dream

.....As my shadowy form sat on a mountain side in lotus form amongst zillions, I controlled my desires and watched what transpired in the higher stratospheres of this ominous mirage, beautiful spheres of massive proportions, my mind drew cautions, but others followed as one sphere bellowed by, through the colorful sky a single sphere flies, over the horizon into an enormous explosion, millions died; but I stay frozen. Another beautiful sphere flies through the sky, this time against the winds caused many heads to spin and take notice, it's beauty is why they chose it, still in lotus form I watched as millions died in another explosion, again I remain frozen. Spheres continue to breakaway into various directions, people of all complexions follow while in a trance like state to whatever heaven's gates they imagined. A dream state with a feeling of infinity, every enemy and friend of me was there, every man, woman and child that ever saw the clouds and every blind soul that saw darkness, their energies was harnessed, it left my belief in belief tarnished.

Cheaters

.....The beast with two backs isn't a freak of nature; it's inherited, that makes it inherent; we get it from our parents, homegrown attributes are repeated over and over again, like it's a race we trying to win. Our feelings is king, our egos are gold and our facts are untold, so there's no sense in asking for justifications or explanations, just be my victim and get placated, as I commit selfish acts, that aren't hesitated; your friends as well as those unknown to you are on my sexual plate, backseats of cars and motel rooms are most likely our fate, something I know you would later hate, but it makes me feel like a fat person who just ate, it's not personal, but your attitude does trigger it at times, so I seek revenge with friends of ours, a silent victory when you leave for work at nine, I'll keep track of the time, I'll climax while you grind, be sleep before your first break, later we'll both have a slice of your favorite cake, and listen to some Drake as we talk about how you be acting fake, even though when it comes to taking care of me, you'd pull your shoulder out of place.

The Despicable Vehicle

.....The despicable vehicle that got us here, whipping through all sorts of atmospheres without a care, a spiked carriage pulled by wild horses and unseen forces, flew through worm holes and nasty orifices, left a nasty rag, I wouldn't wipe my floor with this, get it out the house before my kids try to do their chores with this. Flew past Santa, and spired Prancer and Dancer, I heard they was a cure for cancer, let me hurry and eat this deer faster, I got other civilizations to rock, and send back to the Stone Age, half their men already in a cage, they done slicked and slid back into them caves and glaciers, I come to erase us, we gonna have to face us, but I know we gonna have to chase us. We got more excuses than juices, more lies than different colored ties, but we've reached the end of our ride like Bonnie and Clyde; we've done too much to turn back, it's time to wear the suit we've been stitching, so don't start snitching and bitching it's time to lie in that ditch we been digging.

Anaconda

...Anna kinda reminds you of a snake, when it eats, it just sleeps after a sizable treat; she'll squeeze till your bowels release, you can have ten inches with girth to make 'em hurt under the skirt, and Anna still gets down like Dirt McGirt, but comes off as innocent as a baby bird's chirp, as she moves the fifth from her lips to burp. She kept her cheeks perky, and her smile smirky, so I couldn't tell she was out to hurt me, the situation was murky, I think she had it in her to try and merk me. Anna collects wallets like a artist collects different color paints on his palette; walks around like a pimp with a silver chalice, keeps a Dillinger in her purse for unwanted malice; she doesn't really need a man, she has a ten inch plastic phallus; for any man she's a challenge.

Coonology

.....Is more than just a pet kept too long, it's more on the level of a lobotomy, during some unusual form of sodomy, it created a backwards psychology, there's no one home to receive an apology. He calls me brother but still acts like we're in a rivalry, so you know there will be no cavalry, surely this is our Calvary, but we're in the audience throwing rocks at ourselves, as we spit back at ourselves from another man's symbol, in an attempt to make the source of the lie tremble; all it draws is a smile with dimples; leaves us all looking so simple, as our would be elders pass the ripple. We don't even eat right, that's why we big as hippos, grown men still on their mothers nipples. Under the same pressures because of his dark complexion, but he uses Spanish as a deflection, it only gives the soul controller an erection; you try to move in their section, and them Karine's start to flexing, and they got the power to start reeking with no weapons, but only because of your conditioning, all they need is pad and pin. Malcolm said we have no friends, even while standing in front of a large mirror.

Foolish Child

.....You know nothing, looking to believe in something; you construct from the fears and anxieties that mold thee, it has reduced you to a flea, a parasite basking in misery. Belief is not knowledge, nor can you master life with pure knowledge, that takes being the knowledge, which could be a challenge, most are too busy being stylish, but I'll pull up in a old mobile with a lot of mileage, feeling like Bela Lugosi cause I'm surrounded by foolish child after foolish child, so it's never a good evening, their presence isn't pleasing, a constant reminder how life be cheating, got innocent live's fleeting, their parents deserved the beating. A foolish child had a child and it was needy, all because the parents was greedy; had a home but cut corners on structure and spiritual teachings, and now the world is profusely bleeding.

Pick your poison

.....If it comes down to it, would you; now look at your kids, could you, with the coming catastrophe, should you. Can a society exist without being civilized, have we been wearing a disguise, I'm starting to see it in our eyes, that reptilian part of our brains was in charge all this time, I don't think our morality has advanced passed a cow. We've had several tries, it's ourselves we deny, we didn't run into this much trouble figuring out how to fly. Was ancient civilizations really civilized, or do we just say so because they had something similar to a high rise, or maybe they figured out static electricity and how to perform surgeries; even if they had clergies, we now do burglaries, send in the insurgents, so we can commit murder please, all that Heavenly Father stuff is designed so we can lie to ourselves and others with ease, it would appear our deep philosophical thoughts was just a suit, worn by a brute, thus we got spiritual justifications when to shoot, that's like a hand in a boot, or sitting upside down when you poop. We even made God king on a throne with an army, it was evil all awhile trying to charm me, why would an all powerful God need an army. If environmental degradations is uncivilized, than we've been savages for quite sometime, calling ourselves civilized.

A generation Z fairytale

....It was already hard to catch it, but after they touched it, now we move slower than Stepin Fetchit; the ratchet times made me wretched, I couldn't wedge it, so instead I pledged it, and became reckless; shot those who heckled, then I turned back into Jekyll, minus the freckles. Wish I had a sickle to cut down the fickle, cause they just tell jokes like Don Rickles; they give me the tickles. That fat man is Mister Wiggles, his belly shakes when he gets the giggles, he likes pink Sox and brown pickles, when he dances he just jiggles, prefers his change in all nickels. It all made me snicker while I ate my Snickers, jumped up and down like Tigger, into my Acc Vigor, pulled off like I was a sticker.

Religious text

.....it's nothing like a religious text, telling you how to dress and build your nest, or rather if it should face the east, to exult peace, in an attempt to make all wars cease. Even if it's hard to breathe, enough to make any asthmatic wheeze, the text says march on, never mind your corns, and carrying your new born, don't cut the umbilical cord, you might have to drag on, there's spiritual rewards in-stored. Don't panic it's always dramatic, and they got the hymns that won't spin your rims but it's better then playing the Sims. They say it's inspired by a God with a name, head and shoulders, hands, feet, and a mouth so he can scold us. I don't know about you, but that sounds like a man, they just haven't told us. Be fruitful and multiply sounds like the order of a king, thinking about military might and keeping his borders tight; only a fallible man would say let there be light, before any source of light, or justify the taking of foreign lands, this was always apart of your biblical plans, God damn isn't cursing god, it's cursing man.

Young Buck

.....Called him young buck, so he could have an angle, most of the time he was someone you wanted to strangle, some good would come his way and he'd just let it dangle, he has no car, and received five thousand dollars, but brought an expensive cat called a bengal, ran out into the street to catch a rolling penny, and almost got mangled. Sales drugs all week with nothing to show for it, advances is sleek, less than meek, as a man he's got to be feeling weak, there's a strength he doesn't know to seek; humility can be so sweet, as sure as big girls wish they were petite. Life is one big school and you walked into the closet, don't have a clue, can't find your home room so you disguised it; comprised it, with fake lessons and unreal grades you'd never obtain, your life remains the same, now you in a cage, got your ancestors turning in their graves.

What's beauty

.....Beauty is what's pleasing to the eyes or sometimes to the touch, it's the effect that we expect, the feeling is never complex, it could be what's found in nature, or a building we erect, or an event where time was spent, at times it feels like memories are held not in my brain but in my chest, my breathing becomes irregular cause of beauty and it's effects, turns dark into light and night into day, never mind the gray, but even that can be touched by beauty some day; it's according to what we say, the measuring quantities are more internal anyway, forget what's on display. Beauty is often used to describe strength, even if it's intense and broke out the fence; but it becomes a monstrous beast the moment a human being becomes it's feast.

End Game

.....I spontaneously looked up into the sky when I said fuck you; it felt like it was my debut, apart of me wish I'd stayed mute, but I'm tired of self doubt so I gave it the boot, became use to pulling unfounded ideas up by their roots, evil is explained not changed, kept in range to be used for blame, or to externalize shame, given the imaginary body of a Great Dane, and black to help create distain, only seen on dark and gloomy days; in truth, it hides best on bright and sunny days, and in plain display, shot out the eye like a ray. How long can prayers go unanswered, why would you pass such a god off to your grandson, your ancestors should've ran then hum, but they stayed back and got hooked on that rum, now they pat you on the back and call you chum, only cause you have no power and there's nowhere for you to run.

Wisdom?s blind eye

.....Enough wisdom over time breaks life's psychodynamics, an event horizon most won't reach, those who have can't teach, cause their lessons are out of reach, this is pass reaching one's peek, cause that's still a level in life to seek; achieving can kill one's motivations, decrease nonsensical contemplations, it begins to feel like forced meditations, preparations are no longer earthbound, and you never even left town, still got on your nightgown, there's a light in you that can't be put underground; will someday transcend the flesh, like a woman getting undressed. Wisdom can seem wicked when first exposed to the ignorant, it will tear down their lies like a beast, or like a smooth criminal with the subliminal.

From then till now and back again

.....A chieftain of the first man, from the first clan, opened his arms and hands to reveal the beginning and end of man; it was a rock flung from a slingshot that put a grown man back in the cradle, he held his shirtless body in his arms, as blood poured from his head wound to his navel; this will be our end, said the chieftain with a godly tone, he was killed by one of our own, surely this isn't our problem alone. Tribal members stood in confusion as their chief stirred a cooking pot with a human bone.

Shadows of mankind

.....Is it mirror mirror on the wall, or is that another human being I'm seeing; too similar, that's why it's scary when they grin at ya, it's like they sneered at ya, and god just stared at ya. There's my reflection again where it shouldn't be, it doesn't move when I move, nor with the breeze, I wish it would just stand at ease, is it really another part of me, we seem to have the same necessities, wish the truth of it all would open sesame, before it loses equity, and history continues to be made without thought, forget cruise control we got Tesla's, cowboys and wrestlers, queers that dress us, cops that arrest us, how could they be my reflection, how could us be me, and we I, surely my brain is fried, I'm here, they're there, how could we be merged, I must have died and my spirit is on the other side of a purge, I think I read too much of the word, like the rest of mankind I'm going down like the Hindenburg.

faggot

.....Your political stance is jagged, like you're running some sort of racket, say nigga with the wiggas while you hold up your gay stickers, Black Lives Matter, but gay lives matter more, or at least until the on going struggles of black faces like yours, hit the floor in a figure four, then you'll see what's in-stored, no gays go to heaven if politicians made the world, you're not walking, talking intercourse of course; no one knows your sexuality until you reveal it, you don't have to steal it, but you still choose to drill it, in our heads that you like another man's derriere, stop coming up from the rear, no one really cared, until psychopathic politicians, increased everyday peoples apprehensions, fed on their superstitions, confused their moral comprehensions, tactfully causing gay men to get defensive, now the black struggle is just your mistress, politicians masterfully use you as a tool to make them niggers look like out of touch fools. They're the cause of your drowning sensations, then they took advantage of your aggressive behavior as you donned dresses, wigs, and extended cigs, all because you like the mens. Fag don't mean coward, a lot of fags obtained power, and live on top of towers, grabbing musclebound men by the crouch of their trousers.

The good shepherd

.....nature has its own synthesis, we've got to remember this, it needs no witnesses, truth just is, not cause we say it is, just ask the kids, when it comes to truth they're a wiz; that's why that six year old pointed out those rolls of fat, on the back of your neck, something you can't push out and eject, tape decks ain't made of flesh; look at the world we recked, cause we treat it like our bodies, we're like a child that refuses to go to the potty, or a bank robber with no plan, pass the shotty. A good shepherd's record shouldn't be checkered, patches of mayhem and destruction don't go well with management, that should constitute banishment, but we keep a compass that's intangible, never paying attention to the tangible. Monkeys would be our flunkies, no one would have to hire junkies, and keep all your weapons in your trunk please; everyone already has a knife in their back, that's why the shepherd's robe doesn't fit right and exact.

Afrikaner

.....My African identity, hasn't been a friend to me, I don't know why some are trying to steal it, at the same time, trying to bill it, didn't have the right, but somehow they willed it, those ancient structures, we built it, what you think we honed our intellectual skills with, we were the only ones traveling across the Atlantic, until Leif Erikson and Christopher Columbus blew it, if I was there I would've took that map and threw it. We were gods with visible forms before other races was born, even now mankind has lived on planet Africa longer than on earth, to the world we gave birth, it was mother Africa that gave me my dark complexion, so I won't wrinkle like Charlton Heston, Dr Richard Leaky wasn't no Kenyan, Europeans in Africa is increasing our skin cancer rates, it's moving faster then kids on skates, some are only in their twenties but look like old Robert Blake, to think you are naturally African is a mistake. They're Dutch, German and French, you won't turn African even if you add their flesh and bones to your plate.

The features of Cain

.....Does seeing a murder make it easier to do, are we murderous creatures regardless of our superficial features, and why no one had to teach us; surely it provided some checks and balances in life's many featured films, are foreseeable motives god's inspirations or instructions, we do it so well, murder might be our function. We burn Mother Earth at the stake, let the fire simmer as if all of nature is for dinner. We are the death and doom we've written about, it's amazing how we lie and pout, while sitting on the throne in both heaven and hell, we're the ringer and the bell, the teller and the tale, what's told has made us bold, then there are tellers with tales to makes us fold. We are the bearers of gifts, and the thieves that left no fingerprints; fragrance and scents, as well as the stench that could make any autopsist wince.

What?s my niche?

.....you bald headed son of a bitch, that's your niche, better learn a new pitch before you make another stitch, or move an inch; don't flinch here comes your antagonist Mitch, always acting like he rich, him and that funny looking bitch, a bull mastiff that won't quit, sink it's teeth in anything it can grip, like it did when it bit my friend Mick, he was gonna shoot her, but tripped over his computer, didn't get the chance to mute her, had to sit in the hospital with a doc name Bueller, who measured everything with a ruler, her office was so hot, I wish it was cooler, she wanted me to pull out my tools and duel her, I said no, wish you was cuter, I know it was rude but, what the pluck here comes Chuck Chuckling, always buckling, got caught knuckling and suckling his neighbors wife, that's why he's considered trife, even though he acts nice, his eyes is blue like in that movie when they drank the spice.

Crazy bastard with a Gun

.....haven't you heard, to hell with the word in Johannesburg, I'm a crazy bastard with a gun, everybody else is done, I live in America where it's fun, catch you at the mall you better run. I don't care if you don't mean me harm, that makes it a charm; why, cause I'm a crazy bastard with a gun. Stop trying to hide behind innocent eyes, and looks of surprise, hold still and watch me peel, add you to my kills, give your grandma the chills, shooting innocence at will. My diagnosis is psychosomatic, I'll panic and grab that gun as a tactic. Accept me on my terms or burn, your political affiliates can't help with what I'm feeling, I know the sh!t you're dealing. No vote can make me accepted, my life is hectic, something in my mother's womb recked it; my affliction is biblical, the hatred's reciprocal, so my life's not typical, it's unlivable.... But I refuse to leave everyone else alive, we all can open hell's gates and take a dive.

Arabian nights

...In a room full of men and women with beautiful blouses on, but butt naked from their rumps to their corns; and you're not allowed to remove your knees from the floor, gave you padding to be changed when they became worn or torn; your audacity has been brought and paid for. A beautiful black model has had bowels released upon her, normally the culprit would be a goner, man he dump that dump like he was on a toilet in a hot sauna, he even had a boner like he had an African donor, sent out pics telling women to join us. On his yacht cooking Yock, with American women in just socks in flocks. Said bye bye on his way to Dubai, jumped in his private jet then flew through the sky.

Niggardly

.....A meager miser, refused an appetizer, one too many Kaisers, but it didn't surprise us, after all he is a miser, once pulled his rotten tooth with a pair of pliers, bald as Mike Myers in that flick, walks around with a stick, thinks he's John Wick, his parents was hicks, from a bloodline of Bolsheviks. Doesn't want fame, rings or chains, just for his money making machine to stay the same, steadily increasing his gains, he even saves the change. Keeps reckless desires in a cage, listens to haters rave while he controls his rage, allows the world to be someone else's stage.

Poppa Pope

.....The Peter, the piper, drunk rum not wine; father, son, Holy Ghost let's make a toast he was remembered saying the most, spilt rum on his mistress coat, sister Cabrini look like I dream of Jeannie, when she stepped onto any scenery, Peter could try to get close, but he couldn't boast, cause he was gods host on this side of the Pecos.

Crackhead

.....Some wish you'd hurry up and die, see you as a piece of shrapnel from an era gone by, generational self genocide kept deep inside, I know you from a generation that tried, but that's why they put crack in our hands so we could commit suicide; if one can't stop, suicide might be your duty, you should tuck and roll out of existence this instance, don't waist another Christmas, I'm looking forward to the kids shoveling snow again, pumping gas again, sweeping up trash again, for a change in order, our neighborhood got slaughtered, and these politicians talking about defend the border, we can't even drink our own spigot water.

Peace

.....I don't think everyone's convinced; the only way we all can get a piece, is peace. We've already gave it to the pinky toe, now it's time we get that uppercut from Della Reese, we're about to get our pants creased, another entropic topic, about how we better stop it, civilization is about to flop and drop to its knees, like it was being arrested by nature's cops, or getting whipped in school in front of our peers by an aggressive pops. It's gonna push past principles and teachings to get to our ass, our prayers will be put on hold, you may think god's cold, but we've got prayers against us, that date back before the first Christmas, yes we've been hated that long, by the birds, the trees, it's leaves and even the fleas.

Black Roman

.....allegiance to greed, Samaritans take heed or bleed for the empire, call me sire as I pray to Ploutos, release the restraints of my greed that I may know wealth beyond ages, well after Father Time has turned the last pages, after the goddess Libertas released those in cages. I'll be courageously egregious, leaving other citizens speechless; my skin is black, but my blood is Roman, don't confuse it with my last name Coleman, or with the fact I'm a showman, my Roman acts has given whole civilizations the axe, check your facts, I feel more Roman with every act, a squirrel pushing a pearl, trying to turn this into my world, so I can give it to my baby girl, that she may wear it about her neck, or a trinket around her ankle, she's too young to say thank you, all this, I might do, if I reach such heights to.

The News!

.....The news is telegraphed as what's happening, but it's truths are a ruse, an excuse for future abuse; covertly military, controlled by exemplary's, who vary; if you think about it, it's scary. The truth of headlines are kept out of reach but within our peripheral, so they can better understand our positional, to restrain ones senses, suspend time in its maker's kitchen, it is its own invention, an illusion of information sent; if events equal time, then actual time just got bent, a Mandela effect for a check, we've pretty much made history with just paper and pin, so what you expect. We've created a sun and moon made of mahogany but yet and still, it's still blinding me, there's no finding me in a house of half truths, it's mirrors reflect lies told and egos that are out of control, hearts that are as cold as the North Pole, a petri dish of lies has been comprised for the public, it's what they keep us numb with. The news is our medicine, to make us act right, that's why it's given in the morning, noon and night.

fairy tale stumbled upon

.....I take my job seriously like Jon Bon Jovi, I pray to Kobe that they know me from here to port Kobe, that earthquake couldn't roll me, but it showed me, even rocks and dirt seek balance, most of mankind is like a child with his allowance, wasteful, hateful and ungrateful, that's why I watch what Nate do, he be dead wrong but still face you, watch 'em though, he might try and mace you, his attempts to do so are so graceful; but I was ready to get low as huckleberry, my escape could vary, I chose the one that's scary, he stood shirtless and hairy, so I struck a match and now his skin is smooth as Mary's. I know he wish he could kill with a look, but he ain't Carrie, to lose that gut, he gonna have to stop eating dairy, he's toothless and broke, only means he hasn't been praying to the tooth fairy, heard she got married, new obligations has made her weary, husband clipped her wings, now she has to catch a ferry, at port Grimsby, the captain name is Gawinski, he's small as a pipsqueak, too short to see over the bow, but likes to drink whiskey, how he steers the boat is a utter mystery.

Admirable Admiral

.....The admirable admiral road in on a camel and totally out of ammo, they said he was like Rambo, but his brain was scrambled, I took a gamble and asked if he needed any ammo; he said boy they call me Rambo not Sambo, of course I need ammo, and guns, but none that will jam though. He leaned down from his camel, and grabbed me by my Afro, he whispered boy you lucky I ain't got my lasso, for putting me through this hassle. I snatched my head away, commenced to slapping his beard away, didn't stop til I saw gray, at the end of the day, still gave him his props, even though I had to buss him in his chops, luckily I saw gray or I would not have stop, bad for him cause we far from any cops; gave him a hanky so he could wipe away the snot, he went to shake my hand, I told him he missed a spot.

Politricking

.....Politicking taking lickings while keeping it ticking, it's always sticky minus the hickeys, the game is tricky, you can ask Vikki. Tried to get me stuck with no luck, cause I knew how to duck and roll, jump up into a stroll, hop the fence and pay my toll, remember politicking is my goal, all this to coexist with a raised fist, and reach bliss with very little assist, you can repeat this, even to Chris; no sacrifices thank you, we can politic it, then fix it, can I get a witness, let's not wait til Christmas.

A Painting of light

.....life's abysmal canvas is what I paint beautiful pictures on; the paper our biblical scriptures are on, ain't worth the space my soul had ventured on, even with heaven as a future prospect, life is torn; I used those tears to create a beautiful marriage on, wonderful kids are born, internal growth is spawned, god's crown is donned, that abysmal canvas is gone, I roll up my sleeves with no gloves and release the doves, every time I give my kids a hug, all of life's ills are reduced to the size of a bug.

Tripping over the past

.....trying to wake up, but I'm so drowsy, it's like I never knew what woke is, but I ain't sleep cause I'm turning like spokes is, even though I got no kids, I know what nope is, I remember running and sliding in my pro-keds, eating lemon-heads, I know what dipping bread in syrup is, waking up every morning with no cares, next to my teddy bears, smell the fresh air, in the next room mom and dad is there; my brother Drew plays his music loud, he slides across the floor like he's James Brown, he laughs cause I'm in my tidy whites, talking bout I look like Stymie, my mom yells for him to leave me alone, and tells him you'd think he was your clone, I see you don't remember your little block head, only difference you was a little red. I hear her tell my father to pass her her wig, like she was going to a new gig, but we just having a cookout, family will be over, you can count your three leaf clovers, and aunt Maybell will be handing out leaflets of Jehovah, not to mention her fowl mouth kids, but in school they smart as a wiz. Cusin kev will be over, they call us lil Seymour and big Percy, every since that movie came out, my real name I doubt, makes me feel like I got clout. Can't let life eat away at what made me happy, but it behoves me to do what Spike said do at the end of his movie.
WAKE UP!!

Theoretic conspiracists

.....psychologically scarred, traumatized to the point of delusion, subject to believe there's always a method to confusion, sounds like it would benefit him to start using; so serious, situation nearing us, feels like it's designed to put fear in us, not care in us, but an emotional tear in us. It's never good, or come in wood, always metallic and from space driven by a pilot named Mallick, who wants us to bow down to his phallic, and work hard until we form a callus, never prosper and peace, always got to sacrifice a niece, just to get along in the coming new world order, but everyone's still protecting their borders. Maybe Bigfoot's just a down syndrome deformed grizzly bear, that's easily made scared, that runs when people are near, and the Anunnaki was just misconstrued pictures of king Alulim's jockey, Ocky; if you know the truth, stop me, but you don't, so you'll just mock me.

God machine

.....Did we create Gods where there were none, a spontaneous quantum mechanics spawned from mere observations, thought and deep contemplations; have we subconsciously chosen to lose ourselves in these endless meditations, to instinctively give depth to these creations, can this all be compared to holographic simulations. I'm afraid to wake up, what will I see, what will I be. If everything that's out there, is in here, then there's no separation, and there's no we, only I, the creator of all of creations.

phobianation

.....Poppy's store is Coco Cabana, it's where I met Anna, she had a cat name Blisters, with white whiskers; a bulge between her two pockets, a clothing-line called socket, some haters tried to stop it, cause her hands was too big and she loved them Alec Bradley's; sadly, these goons, madly gunned her down, all cause she had some Y chromosomes and big bones. Came out of jail with black fingernails and under a spell, do tell, I heard he fell and came up a she, with no plea sipping tea, talking bout what she'll do for the dee. Neighbors would go crazy and storm pass the pedophile on file, and the bodies under his tile, and the fact he missed trial, and the wanted posters saying give the police a dial; to get to Anna's door with everything but torches and pitchforks, as if she was Frankenstein's child.

How deep is the corruption

.....the upholstery was sultry, the fabric was noticeably hosiery, but inside hung a rosary; the driver didn't notice me, cause I stood still as a pole would be, he pulled up telling a young girl to roam with me, stand close to me, she said I'm only twelve, he said that's where I like to delve, take beautiful young women off their parents shelves, so they can be their beautiful selves. Hell; I'll even throw in something that will make you feel good as hell, but only if you don't tell. It was then they felt my presence, she had a look like she wasn't going to receive her presents, she looked back before running to his car, with a devilish grin that made his look subpar.

These damn flies

.....Caught one out the air with just two fingers, warned it I was going to kill him and all his kind, if it's tentacles touched another damn thing of mine's. Another can of bug spray would be right on time, or where's my swatter, it's one on my toddler, oh why bother, they faster than a Harlem Globetrotter. One just flew from under your collar; look, they nibbling on the edge of your plate, another has drowned in your drank, and there's more in your sink. The fact they be on excrement is my biggest complaint, better not leave that sandwich cause that's Vegas to them, big as you are, you not even apex to them, they got the numbers, so what they can't drive your Hummer.

Crippling effects of power

.....what does it all mean if it ain't balanced, the nature of power is imbalance, mankind can no longer bear witness to the destructive nature of power, even in nature imbalance produces powerful eruptions, like the rich and their unbalanced bottomless consumptions, has reduced even nature's functions, committing un-anticipatable acts in the name of science isn't science, it's compliance with a system of greed, stampeding through our streets as you read, maybe one day humanity will take heed, until then we'll continue to bleed from wounds that are self inflicted, our race is conflicted, philosophical beings capable of confusing our needs with our wants; the scientific breakthrough will come when we realize we should not have advanced pass huts.

Escaping the devil's system

.....It has eyes and a pulse, but it's size is out of scope, I took careful notes, most would love to sink their teeth into it's throat, it got horns, but it's no goat, it's not human so I freaked out and slapped it's face when it spoke, emotionally I couldn't cope, I needed to get my hands on some dope, either that or some rope; nope, I can't choke, I got to get it in, and do it in, and put this thing on the ropes, maybe it will loosen it's grip after I slip, dip, and make it's lip do the split, before I do that I got to get ripped, but if you stupid, you'll get jipped, pay attention out in these streets cause you'll get nipped. That's why I use thumbs, fingers, and palms to climb, fight the power like Tron, then skid, lift the lid, and look for the roaches that hid, now I know they trying to get off the grid, but that's something we all should have been done did, I should've tried to escape the crib.

It?s just another superhero movie

.....look; up in the sky! It's Cremation Mary, she's scary, cause she incinerates pimps on the spot regardless of the cops, no jail, send 'em straight to the chopping blocks in their drawers and socks. Damn, it's Cassius Clutch, he's fast as pluck, the drug dealer's stash he snuck, ran out his classy chucks, that cost ten thousand bucks, his COVID mask is a Gucci plus, oh boy it can stop some dust, this boy is a fashion nut. Its another trash day, we could witness Scrap-Man in action, he'll leave no stop signs standing, take the scraps home like Dutch Schultz told 'em to, he'll hold 'em to, fold and mold em to, be at the scrapyard bright and early to weigh em to; got to watch your step, those manholes, he stole them to, his truck and uniform is gold and blue, his only weakness is catching the flu. Sam-bo Coltrane, an ex-cop, lips red and inflamed from a grazing bullet, hit over the head with a hot skillet, that's how he got his superpowers, the hate keeps em up all hours, searching for his archenemy Crack-Towers, trying to get his fiends to take crack showers, but Sam-bo Coltrane is on the case, slapping his henchmen in the face, knocking their teeth out and selling em in cracks place.

Up under the rug

.....We're very good at sweeping things up under the rug, and will act crazy if later generations try and give it a tug; they will continue to be perplexed and bugged until allowed to examine what's under the rug, their behavior will be unplugged and repetitive until they get that sedative that's swept under the rug. We continue to lie, deny, and hide truth in the attic like the Kennedy's did Rosemary, as if a different truth will emerge, it can't be purged, it's apart of everything that exist, right down to a snake's hiss, and that time Babe Ruth missed; surprised we have the nerve, after everything we supposedly had learned. The lies and protection of our image, has damaged our vision, we're headed for a collision, it's time to make a decision, with proper apprehensions and thoughtout contentions.

My mother Eve

.....Mother of the earth, queen of the universe; is what every black woman is worth. Let us go down and make man in our image, could've been the first truth hidden, in plain sight men have breast, but women have no testicles, scream that from your vestibules, if you a child of god, lies can't rest with you, humanity is at its best with you. The black woman our better half, we were her staff, to direct life's calfs; the original shepherd, but men betrayed her role, our true nature was exposed, blasphemy untold, it is the beast in men that rule, thus, Christ road in on a mule, subliminally nature dictates we should be her tool, it was she that spun mankind from her spool, then found herself in a duel, the mutiny was so rude, says he's a dude, with brute force that mirrors hell, not heaven, philosophies from men who true talents lie in warfare, to promote more fear, in the name of their deified masculinity, is what's apprehending me, even in thought, yes, a great deal of me was brought and fooled, then turned into it's food. But the original god carried and breast fed it's creation before laying it down in any cradle. It was pure sunlight before it had teeth, it wore a bra before a sheath.

For the brothers that ain?t here

.....Nick Nipples loved ripple, it showed in his dimples as he acted simple, he claimed it helped with his pimples; but it was that Jack Daniels that got him into scraps, it was almost taps in a tangle, got strangled and almost mangled; then he started drinking Henny with Gwinny, and they had many, together they drove through the wall of a Denny's; came out of jail sober, hopped in the Rover, realized it was colder, drove pass a bar, convinced himself he was there to warm up, now he's in court telling a judge that's why he showed up, the judge said hold up, you expect these courts to fold up, so you can continue to drink up, you better wake up. But he was use to having fun, that's how he came up; straight momma's boy kept it coy, a ploy so he could drink with his boys, and get drunk as a skunk while they played tonk, drinking that bottom shelve junk. A session that was abruptly halted, another drunk bolted, cause he drove through the wall of their alcoholic function.

My God, your god, their god; check the spelling

.....What did our ancestors see we don't; with the state of current affairs, we won't. Contaminated specks of scrolls and broken tablets, thoughts etched in stone, complex writings using cones, we've found amongst their bones, and still a proper insight eludes us. Tracings and footsteps of a messiah, pharaoh's throne, and Rosetta's stone, are now kept in museums; even if we freed them their true meanings remain elusive, everyone's God remains exclusive, negative effects that are inclusive. Situation psychologically becoming a nuisance.

Misguided loyalists

...He wore polyester, dressed like uncle Fester, stood there while they arrest her, said nothing in her defense, watched the real culprits climb the fence, although betrayed like Mike Pence, she stayed loyal like she was dense, hence the latter; the cops wouldn't allow her to relieve her bladder, threw her in the trunk like it was her bunk, or like she got slammed dunked. Down at the station old cuts and bruises get explained away, that may help put her man away, but her loyalty won't go away. He beats her, but she remains loyal anyway.

What?s in the seed

.....Empty smiles and laughs, attempt to suckle on your conscious like a new born calf, but I extend my staff, bust through the window holding a rope and gun like I was Shaft, blast, I remove my mask, ready to take on life's tasks, go in my stash, but not to be brash, I wear all black like I was Johnny Cash, sit and read philosophical books for a long time, like I was taking a smash, all the while getting ready to dash; cause life's a race, with nothing giving chase, but a feeling of being displaced. Is everything I do a waste; It's hard to do my best for something I'm not sure is mines. What's in the seed, you can read; the whip marks, bruises, concussions, robbery and identity crisis stifles us, can't get right with us, it explains our inconsistencies and lack of sight with us.

Astral projection

.....I tip toed out the flesh and became a spirit, screamed but no one could hear it, instantly appeared where my deepest desires willed it, everyone else's feelings, I felt it, deep down I knew this world was made by the way I lived, I built it; if it's happened to you reading these lines, I know you felt it, it's not a mistake, the universe dealt it. That's how I know when the time comes, I'll awaken in Full uniform running across a field of dreams, with my old team, full steam, cause no bones can be broken, only true words can be spoken, too much light for shadows to be cast, nothing is hidden, all is revealed and unmasked.

Freedom of a slave?s mind

.....Self image diminished from over inflation, lack of patience, over indulgences, incomplete challenges, allowing one's self to be molded by outside alliances, that think they have the Midas touch, but with the slightest touch cause destruction, a master still looking for compliance in his branded beast, even though all silence has ceased, and his island of Dr. Moreau now even gives him the creeps, he try's to spin off in his jeep, pressing the gas with both feet, but life won't allow him to cheat for much longer, his one time beast has grown stronger, because of pressures imposed, his breath is longer. No longer can his captors negatively influence his mind, stop his self defenses with lies of the divine; only thing left to do, is set the timer on this bomb.

Butterflies in my attic

.....Butterflies in my attic, looks like magic, beautiful sun rays are made sporadic, as butterflies fly casually through my attic, a delicate creature with very few features; an animated rose petal, some colored black and yellow, blue and various shades of green, they can beautify any scene, their wings seem to be lit up, and throwing off a colorful gleam.

How do we escape

.....I was so amazed it felt like I was dazed, but physically unfazed. The pain went through my body without being processed, this might sound like nonsense, but I remained conscious during my lynching, I felt the little kids pinching, heard the crowd bitching, hit with rocks and they were spitting, someone in the distance was admitting, that they actually did the deed, that monkey should be freed, but I like watching him bleed, then he threw back some Jim Beam, I looked up and saw his face was mean, and he was unclean, inside and out, but he had power and clout; I saw him as their punishment, like Christ, I closed my eyes cause I was done with it.

Pointless

.....The mind can split itself into two, and so forth, conveniently convincing itself it's in the room with another, and proceed to have an experience with this perceived other, a dual consciousness but one half is cloaked from the other, yet in still influences the other, as a child is by it's mother; thus innate, but still unbeknownst influences centered in ones survival, surely this isn't tribal, it's been apart of us since we were primal, somehow I sense this is final. Can we ever escape the self, not to do so is described as good health; even if it's the self that's killing you.

intern, patient confrontation

.....Walking the halls when ole man Methuselah lost his grip and dropped his drawers, proclaiming he's the boss despite his tiny balls, and his broke hips from numerous falls; too fragile to razzle dazzle, pulling his foot out of manure proved to be a hassle, at graduation his left eye was put out when he flung back his tassel, lost a leg from trying to wrestle, couldn't afford a prosthetic, so he got ridiculously imaginative and cosmetic, with his best friend who believes he's a medic, he'll soon regret it, a built in scooter is unusual, people in traffic was rude to you, disrespect is not new to you; old but still bold, for those who haven't been told his heart remains cold, when it comes to nerves he's richer than Beyoncé Knowles, that's why time seems froze, cause he ignores its impact as his comes to a close, his wisdom is exposed.

Victims of Sun Tzu's book

.....Although no acts of mines was suspicious, it was of no surprise I drew supercilious eyes, that should be fixated towards the skies, after all the unidentified objects floating by, a judicial system struggling with a guilty complex, leaving a people feeling hexed and pummeled by T-Rex, who knows what's next, a feeling of constant vexation, and no I'm not Haitian, or just another Black Country infiltrated by Eurasians, it's amazing how we've been globally corralled, as their wealth is compiled in style, there will be no trial, that court hasn't been constructed, it's judges haven't awakened, all truth and justice is forsaken, present day judges are just faking, the hypocrisy's blatant, wealth was taken and still being took, it's even written down in history books, the powers that be don't care if you look, we've been dumbed down enough to be told childish lies, they keep edging us on til the oldest of us dies, the young don't know there's a hill to get over, don't realize the sh!t's up to their shoulders.

Poverty is a clock

.....like the back of Forest Whitaker's neck, red and inflamed, looks like pain, here we go again, an attempt to look into the future, sure it won't suit ya, pass the suture, so I can stitch you up, with some karma sutra, nothing can dispute you, or uproot you, once grounded in truth, you'll be held tight like a sabertooth, in it like a talented singer in the boof, a black raven taking off from the roof, I'm trying to possess that black man that's scared to shoot and leave blood in their boots; God is man and man is god, just cause I'm demi don't mean I can't make you do simmies, gimme mines, you've held it from me along time, it's tic tic time.

Heavenly trial

.....Once shot in the head, I instantly appeared before my maker, the great contemplator; couldn't tell it's gender because there was just splendor and pure light. I could hear it telepathically in my own voice, with a omniscience reasoning I knew wasn't mines, a scary magnificence but yet I was compelled to stay calm, asked me why I cursed the name told to me was divine, I said because I know you existed before names was spoken, and your children tell lies, they wear names as a disguise, we've had many men don those names as they rise, even the Bible has more of our fingerprints than God's; it was than I felt it's consciousness brush up against mines, it told me I was wise, but disconnected, most of your points will be deflected, into the abyss of human rigidity, the usual bases of our overall stupidity.

Abundant Carelessness

.....Standing curb side when they drove by, too fast to say hi, sunroof open, endo smoking, I could hear them joking, music jumping, passenger scoping females he could start bumping, you could almost see the hope in his eyes as they sped by, driver tried to stop on a dime as two kids strolled out into the street, they didn't peep, too brazy eating sweets, laughing, joking, running in the street; the driver was a friend of mines who couldn't stop in time, after a kid was killed, bullets ring out, understandable anger from that child's guardian, but it was just another shooting across the street where they were partying.

My People

.....Primordially oozed together, that's why we drink booze together, snooze together, wind-up on the news together, got systematically used together, we turn racial epithets and regrets into child's play, like kids in hay, I don't care what you say; we peoples by biology or circumstance, either way situation enhanced from here to France, that's why we don't need them, we create our own freedoms, as long as we remain peoples, we won't have to bob, weave and wobble like Weeble, intentions can remain see threw, our history is regal, was here roaming while others was still in the fetal.

Parallel universe; really

.....what's going on in the universe, that would create a parallel other, surely it doesn't have two mothers, more likely a product of observational, quantum mechanics, that other idea you can can it, we see the same things even if we speaking Spanish, the universe ain't no sandwich, you can't pick and choose, it's all or a lie, live or die, we loose understanding giving into the reflexes of our minds, off the cuff our minds are good at perceptual balance, when it comes to understanding we win no pageants, at best it's a topless old lady on a nasty mattress.

American superstar

.....flamboyant annoyance is what you are, from your fancy cars, ridiculously priced cigars, to that one of a kind guitar you keep over your bar; none of which can heal any scars, at the end of it all you'll be feathered and tarred, here you're just charged, in hell you'll be charred. I know you've come far, but you gave no helping hand to those stranded in the sands, nor attempted to extinguish the fire under their pans, spent your whole life accumulating fans, only saying the right things to escape bans, scared to let it be known, your true feelings are contrary to your fans.

Bearer of the past

.....Can't fix them, but is it my mistake, yes I raised them, but the flaws are deep rooted in life's design; are those flaws really mines, it's hard to stay calm, patience is something I can't find, a flaw that was handed down and became mines, and now it's their time. I have anger to give, cause it's all I've been given, to stop me from sinning, nevertheless I'm never grinning, anger isn't sinning, I was taught it keeps the leaders winning; it made the hungry fat, and those without it kept thinning. I have flaws to give that was given, are we but links in a chain, when we're born has life begun again, or is it a continuation of the life giver, just cause we're born with our own livers, doesn't mean we don't shiver when another shakes, or caress our own necks while witnessing decapitations, we need no explanations, David Blaine can't explain, cause it's not a trick, or is it.

Doctor Detroit reborn

.....After I drink my elixir, I don't care what you started, you started before you farted, as if you was retarded, that's why your plans got discarded, you can chart it, like Dionne Warwick, but you can't ignore it, you made a mess, you don't really want to explore it, your career I'll wipe the floor wit, you and the kids better do your chores and, I better not hear no snores and; ass whippings are becoming a bore, last week I beat you to your core, made you confess to something that happened before you was even born, it's funny to see your big black ass get scorned, don't know why you're so adorned, but I'ma lock your gimp ass up in the basement and only feed you corn, make you put on a dress when all my friends are gone, fit you in a crown of thorns, but don't get it confused, no forgiveness needed, I know what I do, like Ray Charles, I'ma make it do what it do, til I'm gone; while you in jail getting head from a man with whiskers, I'm out here chilling with my ladies listening to The Whispers.

Origins of a terrorist

.....Is life prison, I'm smitten with penitence for asking, it's tasking, sometimes I feel like fasting to end it all, or don a shawl to cover my gun holsters like Clint Eastwood before I get in a brawl, I don't care at all, I'm tired of y'all, I ignore God's calls, I'm ready to take that fall, that's why I broke that dude's jaw, hoping the police get called, so I can get took downtown, and then I can set this bomb off, take it back from them, like the protesters did the Shah. Maybe we need to take it all the way back, when human beings wasn't that tall.

What's worth more than money

...Think from a midget's perspective, let's get reflective, I know you didn't expect this, but how much would he pay to be tall, so he could ball, and be able to wear bigger drawers, tired of being small, or that fat girl that's shaped like the world, hard to see herself as a pearl, wants to be that slim pretty girl, thousands of dollars of surgeries later, looks in the mirror for something greater, but only sees what her culture reflects, damn I got to get rid of this goose neck, maybe that's why I'm not getting any respect.

Bitter old man

Cadillac Jack had his facts converted, good was bad and bad was cool, must have been a fool, had to had skipped school, cause that's bumping your head against a wall and life's rules, hemorrhages ensues, a cold pack of spinach won't due, I thought you grew, who knew, you was a grown child with gray hairs, it's a scare, for those of us who care, from Whence forth did all these dummies that's old as mummies come from, it's frightening they're dumb as the kids, but they look old enough to use the force, and change minds from simple suggestions, but it's a mouse in a wheel at the end of their steering column. Don't think because of his age, he was conscious as life turned his page, he's unfamiliar at this stage, got em locked in a silent rage, that's his cage, so he acts younger than his age, on cue hides his wisdom and knowledge to covertly watch the young and beautiful folly, mad cause he missed out on blessings, and a few lessons, hopefully it will come up during his confessions, so he can be saved.

Pyramid builder

.....Grand constructions of human ingenuity, we must stay true to these, through human strife we bleed, and all our future seeds; internal constructions we need, to bridge over group mentalities, with no apologies... with it, we become one, but still different, with our own inferences, at the end of life's sentences. We all have been witnesses to humanities unfounded mistresses, our endeavors cause destruction, because we refuse to put our egos under construction, our humanity is fluxing, when it comes to fighting our own vices, we're the ones that's flat on our backs, unconscious, and still throwing punches.

Crazy man at your door with the Bible

.....Police sirens in the distance, cause he has no clothes, with scrotum hanging, your doorbell he'll soon be ringing, cause he's walking in the path of Jesus, so drink your kool aide, it's high grade, made from cascades, from the Everglades; I drunk mines, it was like wine, that's why I feel fine and hot at the same time, get rid of clothes I suppose, is what god must be telling him, he done forgot that stuff the pastor was telling him; stay clean for what, that's right you smelling him, wide eyed, he yells out deodorant is mockery, your Bible was interpreted improperly and sloppily, so whatever you're doing, stop it's me, look at me, I didn't have surgery, and satan never heard of me, that's why he doesn't know to purge for me, my name doesn't appear in the list of clergies, cause I didn't commit perjuries, that's why you don't notice me! I'm trying to save your life before they murder me!

What freedom brings

.....With both Thumbs and index fingers I form a misshapen square in mid air, I sense internal fears, just to gaze through the air, at an imaginary peoples expressing their lack of fears, to be truly free is something others might not see, or recognize, maybe it's always in disguise to those who are slaves in their own minds; the word into action is the key to our cages, it will interrupt all the master's plays on all stages, we should be done simply trying to make the majors, there will be no aliens landing with phasers, to save us.

Why war

.....In the mind of a Warlord, peace is only used in preparation for war, to his core there's always war on the other side of that door, he only explores to add to his knowledge of war and conquest; millions lost to war, and what for, diplomatic policies designed to systematically bring about warlike conditions, in an attempt to relieve suspicions. Millions upon millions murdered in Africa, one would think the sun, moon and stars would fall out the sky in protest, but we've learned the universe won't bat an eye if all life was extinguished, we make life distinguished, long before we spoke English, life was valued because we made it valuable, today we've made it soluble, like sand in water, it's on a road to being worth less than a quarter.

Nano Nano

.....From vine to vine, flying through air, it's in our genes to leave here, through portals we feel immortal, is this moral, we leave because we destroyed the coral; or is our escape apart of the creator's plan to expand, out into perceivable space, we gaze through our instruments only to find we've flown through a body of atoms, with arms, legs, and a bright sunny face, than evasive maneuvers, to escape what looks to be an attempt to undo us, as if we're a fly in gods kitchen, is it wrong to hope he has bad vision.

The power of the sun

.....Do the sun actually touch our faces, it's tentacles seem to touch all places, it's rays travel through the earth, and was here to witness our birth, no way to measure it's worth, we've not too long ago figured out it's girth, it pulls several planets, if it had arms I'm sure they would hurt; it boosted serotonin and inspired man to write a verse and build a church, induce prayer, because we care, it even influences the bears, baboons, geese, and puts smiles on children's faces everywhere.

King Polk

.....Your highness if I ever knew one, a crown made visible once heard, with an over-standing that's monstrous in scope, instilled in me abundant hope, like Ali against the ropes, taught to come out swinging with philosophical quotes, prestigious as the Pope, life's struggles you could always cope, a proven architect and artist, you was always the smartest, could read for hours, but yet and still intellectual prowess was just one of your powers, a kind balanced heart in today's world is almost seen as snobbish, how you kept your vision untainted, only god could explain it, sometimes I think your mind is, what ours was before slavery.

Shaniqua

.....Heavy, nothing heavenly, a frown that weighed heavily, a stare that stared steadily, a beautiful dark complexion made ugly with attitude; bitter one hitter quitters is her language, always in a state of anguish. Mammy, not Mommie comes to mind, the way she rolls her eyes and head all the time, takes a negative tone like a dog would a bone, but can't stand to be alone, black men refuse to ring her phone, so she feels hate is merited, menopause might give us all a break, if not maybe she'll slip and fall on a stake.

Into Heaven?s gates we escape

.....Why can't we side by side walk the halls and corridors of your vessel, enlightenment makes the walls and floors elusive, things appear and disappear as new guests appear, because the look of the ship is exclusive, something they can't make the news with, because the visual is only viewed with eyes wide shut, by those said to be out of touch, is the ship real, will it survive an intellectual peeling, or is it all in our feelings, not enough common ground to manifest a single ship, that's more than just a glitch, self delusions can only produce separate ships, before it was realized we choose death as our means of transportation, we were the faithful, so there was no hesitation.

I need more time

.....Word to verse, verse to chapter, still don't know what I'm after, I tell myself it's the truth I'm trying to capture, but what I've found, is talking about a rapture, makes me question my stature; better figure it out before an angel is assigned to come snatch you.

Tents, pills and needles; oh my

..... ill-Will will steal a bill and get killed, to get his belly filled, ain't got time to chill to steal, so he'd run pass and snatch food off your grill, catch him later when he slowed down after taking them pills, pulled up on his ass cause he couldn't make it up that hill, gave us some slurred sloppy stories and meth head glory, he was beginning to bore me, caught me off guard and floored me, started running but I had time, cause them pills had him moving like he was underwater, moving through mortar, anyone else would've made it to the border.

Happy Halloween

.....For hell's sake, do the crime and then do the time, so we can get your broken ass off the streets, it was a mistake your parents met under the sheets, you deserve to be kicked by anyone with feet, character too broken to hide even if you was Mystique, seeing you get arrested was a treat, to hell with black face, it's a zipper down your back, always wondered how you could pull another black face out their car, during the car jack, it must be that black fleshy mask, that says made in the U.S of A.. they even threw in some gray, I guess to make it look more realistic, after that Obama mask of yesterday.

Speaking in tongues

.....Heavens to Nishelle, and for Kevin's sake, get Poodle for kudos, that's who knows, the snare to our drum, it goes Tess, Tess da Tess like dun, dun, da, dun , or our bullet to our guns.. word to shoo-shoo now that's that Miller voodoo; say this at night before that Astral flight and you become a spiritual kite. Psychedelic relic yet still angelic, gotta wear ya helmet before you can get it, it can become a smash, poems ain't boundless, no need to hound this, reason should form a perfect circle even if you Urkel, lack of knowledge can hurt you, you in and out, you flirt you. This is just a electric eclectic shock to jerk you.

It?s war, it?s war, it?s war!

.....Even with our evolutionary advantages, it's world war three, and ain't nobody ask me, what's my fee, when I no longer can see, or hold my wife and babies in my arms, they talk about it like it's a storm, and the only things we need to worry about is our farms; all the love is gone, got these idiots making bombs, and I bet you think I mean Hamas. The faces on the news are just puppets and muppets, with strings and things controlling their subjects. Israel ain't been Israel since biblical times, it's become the world's ulcer, humanity should've never been on top, I sense we about to drop, this is what we do with power, these lessons are buried under our feet, and still we repeat, maybe it's a genetic flaw and we're meant to fall.

Space beyond space

...I contend space is not the final frontier, it will one day be in our rear, we'll no longer have to peer into its depths, still won't be able to rest, because we've already theoretically contemplated other dimensions, in our apprehensions to create frontiers beyond frontiers; cheers, let's sharpen our spears, and pull what's distant near with our travels, is it space that's being unraveled, is that's what's being grappled, maybe this all started with that apple.

God's only child

...It would appear humanity has had a God complex every since protruding brows was in fashion, when caves was our mansions, and the woolly mammoth was what's happening; thought the world was only ours with the little we've compiled, we even want godly credit just for inventing style, we built magnificent structures without hawk or trowel, egos run wild, told ourselves we were God's only child, we act as if the world spins because we stepped out the womb, and started walking, so what we left some markings, and the retarded child of homo-erectus started talking.

False freedoms

...Have crack babies come into power, one would think cause the bar is now set at our trousers, make a grown man yell yowzers, we working more hours, said the man as he cowers to darker powers, that's now set high on top of towers, past any clouds or showers. It's a new world but where's Milton Berle, a sense of humor in place of this tumor, where's my groomer, I should've been born sooner, when all the easy scores was locked behind doors, and angels had dirty faces, everyone knew their place's, especially if they had darker faces. Confusion is bruising, can make one start using, and prematurely think they can start choosing.

Bang!

.....Now put me in the ground and let me become nothing, tired of being something, tired of hope, nope, life was a rope-a-dope, and too much for me to handle, I hit all the buttons on life's panel, and still I'm going down, living life exposes the death process more, even while rich I felt poor, darkness has touched my core, I enter a room and spirits run out the back door; my words make them think I can see them, if only they knew I wish I could free them, I don't have to see them, soon I'll be them, I feel the pull of the next world, as if this one don't exist, every morning I rise with a closed fist, angry cause I'm still there, my whole life I felt I was forced to be here, death is always near, even the strong and wise, and those that wear disguise will one day receive life's final prize, death is much smaller than an eye of a needle, cause our bodies feel only life can feed you, but there appears to be something on the other side of death that needs you.

We wear death well

.....It wasn't the well that we fell into, but the wailing that followed, like the ghost of sleepy hollow, a foul stench from whence our bellows howled, all of which is time to swallow, we have to work on our snarl, we still the male inmate forced into a girdle, wear the name Merdle, missed a few hurdles, skin expected to be tough as a turtle's, but every now and then a nerve is touched, then to hell with shoes with taps, and combs for naps, cause we're tired of scraps, we build platforms for complaint, before they can blink, but they lack substance, a synopsis of the synthetic group synthesis to come, stop confusing the situation and pass out the rum. Self diluted with activism's is the new pattern, it's algorithms are perfected from deep within, cause we died back then, now we're just a spin off of him.

Keys to heaven and hell

.....It's the wanting that's the key to hell, not the act; most sinners don't see this as fact, the next world is spiritual, in it, we can't commit physical acts, it's just your inner nature that's exposed as if it was your nose. Characteristics are simplistic, there's nothing mystic, that's why character is carried over, knowledge is thrown over the shoulder, cause it comes and goes like the wise man told ya. Heaven recognizes heavenly, if you're seven or seventy, if your nature is revelry, earthbound you'll be found, but if your instinct is to forgive, live and let live, than heaven has no gates or snakes, moat or threatening folks you'll have to choke.

Psychology today

.....Psychology has surely been swayed, and serves two masters, the renaming of diagnoses for social reasons has been disastrous, to help deploy identify crisis is hypocritical to Hippocrates, we should change their status, right now they think they're the Pharisees, if not the baddest. Situation tragic, they change scientific laws and axioms like it's magic, validations are all plastic, our doctors are Hopkins turned to Lecter, trying to reverse his lecture, come on man, you're pulling my sigmoid flexure.

Are all the shamans dead

.....I need access to the other side, I'll be much obliged, they can throw their bones, and say their poems in my garage; I have questions and vexations, that's hard to penetrate with mere meditations. A glimpse only leaves me in suspense, hence, I need to talk to a mystic and master of the elements, something more than mere smarts, someone who can see through the blinds of space and time, and can read the ripple effects set in motion when god flinched for the first time. I have questions; set in on many sessions, even been baptized. Life has given me many tries, hard to let go of my earthly ties, I would settle for that deal Cruise got in vanilla sky's, but what happens when the body dies, a breach in contract in disguise.

Old maps

.....Due to my mate's hate, for what was, they still got that buzz, it's merited because of the fuzz, since we was jive turkeys, don't smirk please; here is a key so we can get up off our knees, in the land where we constantly sneeze, and it ain't because of the trees, this smog got us catching too many zees, in the winter we freeze, what's hanging gets smaller, we loosing these. Nuts we got 'em, but they walking around swinging in each other's face, it's a disgrace, a civilization with no identity is a waste, we toe jam in their place. Hitting the reset button on some of y'all only means going back to freebase, but whatever the case, we better find balance as a group, or we're going to see the true cost of being lost, old maps lead to dead places, close your eyes to see where you want to be, then make it.

Mob or government

.....Man or mannequin, what's the plan again, red or blue pill, I'd rather keep my will, but still, power kills to live lavish, snatches up resources by instigating divorces, then took all bets after killing particular race horses, by the time you connect the dots, they're already looking superciliously like Spock, and running off with the cash pot, to commit rationalized murder, who put this blood on my hands, will be your campaign slogan, you dig tunnels like Hogan, keep running like Logan, and surround yourself with tokens.

Spellbound

..... A simple phrase like Magnificent darkness, beyond what one could imagine, can twist a unguarded mind looking to be breastfed with spells and incantations. Masterfully selected words peer through; to that portion of the mind that remains a child, scolds it into compliance, it becomes fearful of defiance, the words become it's only reliance, only the naturally bold can keep control, unable to keep hold, most fold, simply from what they've been told.

Where did they come from

.....Derivatives and contamination, there's no other explanation, everyone's texts is the same ole presentation; descriptions of objects with human attributes or colossal humanoids with powers only human beings could imagine, with shields and axes and other tools only we have reasons to fashion, body parts as if they needed to procreate, chariots as if they needed to escape, somehow this all seems fake, in previous times I would've been burned at the stake for asking, what's that you're masking, it's not the church I'm trashing, but the dictates of the mind that make us prone to believe in the fantastic, in terms of what we need to be, it's tragic.

So what it?s chaos

.....Sweet Sadie maybe, but it ain't gravy, she be walking around with the scabies, if I was you I'd refuse her hug, ask Doug, played him like a plug and now he's covered in bugs, luckily he wears his hat snug, turtlenecks and spandexes, but those insects keep checking. What's happening, the new mayor talk'n bout setting traps again, and making them strip down again; philly's finest, you better check behind us, I hear sirens, it ain't Billy Cyrus I'd punch him in his iris. I hear gun shots, like that kid saw dead people, but most windup under church steeples, got their hearse repoed; body in the back, he cold. No more block meetings, them bullets be heat seeking, kids get hit and their mommas start freak'n, you can ask the deacon, he got that funny shaped bullet, that's always cheeks seeking.

How much is his wisdom

.....Boom, bap, pap, then dragged into a corner, he's a goner, now throw his body in a sauna, take his wallet, look here's a ballet, a rubber for his phallic, a phone, don't dial it; how expensive is his shoes, don't snooze, this game got rules, that chain is wicked, rinse it off in the spigot, that watch looks polished, look at his shirt, he's in college, his car got low mileage, I staked 'em out, so I deserve first dibs, I was doing this when you was still in bibs and sleeping in cribs, but I'ma tell ya like this, young buck; you get one item, now what's up. If only I could have his wisdom, my life wouldn't be so damn abysmal, living like that gremlin named Gizmo, bad enough our black asses are out here in Frisco.

If god was a man

.....He would be able to impregnate and bear children, he would have breast under his bright colored smock, and testicles in his jocks, wide hips and full lips before a single woman was fashioned, strong arms and broad shoulders before the earth and this side of the universe was molded, time and space was folded, and still unpacked, the pin holes in space had yet to be placed; no one creature can be made in his image, the bits and pieces make up the whole, nothing can escape all of creations, the true author of the logos, every philosopher seeks to expose.

Sweet science of the future

.....More dopamine, more dopamine yelled the soul practitioner, I wish we had this science way back during Henry Kissinger, would've saved money on international spies flying through the skies, causing whole countries to die, cause his tie and favorite color would've been tie-dye. Is he dead, hold 'em there, I mean more Dimethyltryptamine, to help create wonderful scenes, just keep pumping that dopamine, don't worry about the catecholamine, cause the flesh is dying, no since in trying, these chemicals and hormones got the brain thinking it's sky diving; joy is poised, I'm standing next to Floyd, no knee impressions just heavenly concessions, even with the science you still can't creep past confessions just because you're a adolescent.

What the migrants know

.....Misplaced egos has impacted us all, flawed as we are, still seek to walk tall, destined to drop the ball as we inevitably fall, no civilization has stood against time that I can recall, this one already shows signs it's about to fall, to hell with the rooster, wolves are coming home to gnaw, but don't get confused with the metaphor, the oppressed don't have paws or claws; while eighty five percent are manipulated, gated and separated, until it's time for votes, that's when they pull on their tail coats, not required to pay attention to historical notes, they don't really care what happened to other folks, don't care what MLK spoke, or that Malcolm kept us woke, to the fact they just wanted us at the table, to insure we're poisoned, so we could choke.

The spook who spoke

.....The spook who sat behind the door, heard more than what he bargained for, unusual hate even from a upright beast with hoofs and horns, executing covert plans to poison and imprison, to distort my vision, and destroy my ambitions, hate to see me fishing, so I instinctively spew hate cause I was splattered with it, wish it was a bullet out a gun, I'd hit you in the bladder with it, I'm not getting fatter with it, experiencing weight loss at a enormous cost, health issues due to stress, smoking cigarettes put this pain in my chest, the dynamics chiseled my perspectives, captivated captives are still kept once freed, they poisoned our seeds, that's why there's some corrections when we bleed.

Jason and the argonauts

.....Flung out into space, on a wild goose chase, looking for another place to start hunting and gathering, destination way past Saturn, so stupid we found it flattering, so we started chattering, there our dumb asses go on VLAD again, got our ancestors mad again, still coerced to go in our purse in their church, no longer do they look perched, they've been coming in first, while putting us in the back of that hearse. Midway Jason realizing his mistake, even most of the food on board was fake, never intended for us to complete the voyage, just an elaborate plot to get rid of an annoyance. Jason and the argonauts with right fists on left shoulders, fell to their knees pledging a new allegiance, to kill their enemy's soldiers.

Commander McBragg

.....Come closer dear man, I'm not going to bite ya, it's commander McBragg, I would only invite ya, I've got adventurous tales of riding in giant sea snails, or rather their shells, not to mention in the mouths of whale's. There I was, trapped; surrounded by a band of pigmies, looking to gut me then stuff me, luckily I had my musket, made them stand still while I handed out truffles, ceased all scuffles, that's how I became king of the little people with muscles. Dared to slap a loud Mike Tyson on board an aircraft, became conscious while falling and clawing in midair, to anyone else it would've been a scare, but I ran on the backs of vultures from there to Nova Scotia, and now pointing my finger at you like I told ya; now pass the tea, and you can add a Lil bit of that jubilee.

Conqueror

.....Your Majesty; the world is ours, now we can make it in our image, we'll keep it vintage, so they won't get any ideas as futures pass, compound the confounded with troublesome tasks, of staying afloat, you wait and see, they'll go all the way back to sacrificing goats, that mysterious mysticism was and is theirs, it's so easy to maintain their compliance, and they thought their ancestors was giants, that's why we came, we saw, we triumphed.

The power of a Priest

.....Shut the hell up, and stop smoking that spiced up cow dung, it's making you delusional and appearing to have a split tongue, I am king, but my high priests taking in herbs, thinking they're leaving the kingdom, your footprints have never seen the land of the gods, nor freedom, them chemicals made you dream you could fly, you don't know what happens after we die, nice try; but bye, I have to rule through mayhem in the land of the damned, your job is a scam, got us worshipping rams, or baboons looking like buffoons who chase the moon, I need inventions that go boom. The high priest said give me room, and I can make the flesh create death and doom, too big of a mess for any broom, it will be gloom served on a spoon. We can kill, without leaving God's side, no crafted weapon has that encoded in its design, but mine.

That beautiful bitch

.....Beautiful but dumb, causes confusion and destruction just to be noticed, thinks of themselves as the answer and the world's inevitable hostess, walks in the room like her theme song is being sung by the Coasters, she should start a group called the Boasters, her empire of fools would be bolstered, her deceptive ways causes dissension in any ranks, wouldn't look twice at Shabba Ranks, even if his brains was exposed and he was relinquished of all clothes, her caring heart is froze by the impact of her own beauty, I can hear her now yelling out, "so sue me", internally she's so unruly, make a depressed man reach for his toolie, thank god I'm old now, and she can no longer fool me.

Civilized trials and tribulations

.....The symbiotic effects of symbols, has made mankind safe as a thumb in a thimble, cause they open the masses up like windows, the connection will be nimble, no matter how slow we nibble, no need to tremble, or pop that pimple, come as you are, no need to highlight your scars, a prerequisite for understanding even if you're on Mars, remember when, way back in Wimbledon, before Arthur turned to ash, or king Henry cut his beard or mustache, they did the monster mash for very little cash, hung and impaled, today you'll go to jail, even on a battlefield where you're supposed to kill, civilization can civilize and turn humanity wise, only after several tries and a big portion of humanity dies.

It?s Christmas time!

.....It's Christmas; and Christmas just ain't Christmas without the ones you love, surely you've heard the song, but have you ever spent Christmas alone, to see if their facts are wrong, loneliness can administer thousand yard stares, make you suicidal and want to wrestle with grizzly bears, trespassers beware, the owners in here, but he ain't there, so if you visit, he don't care. The lights are up, but Christmas ain't in here. He says I thought Jesus flip the tables, on what we call Christmas, at the end of the year, financially I feel like the one in the porn, that got fisted, later made to feel uplifted, lying to me talking bout I'm gifted, all awhile plotting for a bigger Christmas.

The Cackling Count

.....Count Cackle ruled over the province of Cackula like Dracula, always got back at ya, with a cackling laugh, as he slammed his diamond tipped staff, after he gave out sentences, but once he listened to witnesses, is when the cackling would start, louder than the dogs would bark; a defendant asked to be excused to his hanging, and never mind the last meal they were bringing, please hurry with the noose before Count Cackle start his singing, that laugh is draining, anyone listening should want to get paid, his esophagus should be twist into a braid, or give me a knife, but don't expect me to give him a fade, his cackle frequencies probably shatter the blade. Thank god he's a nonbeliever, cause I don't want that cackle to be saved.

Why are the gods naked

.....Who told you, you was naked, covering your body has become so hectic, everywhere you go the human footprint has been erected, the garden of eden, we recked it, just so we can have shoes and clothes I suppose, and crack jokes about what are those, never dawned on you, I'm suppose to see your toes, ancient peoples had little to no cavities, nor shoes, but formed social structures with respect for one another, all awhile with their breast and testicles in plan sight, something we lost balance for in the night, from mature to childlike, most of human existence should reverse its plight.

What of time

.....Soon, now, or later; time is an illusion, there is no exclusions, everything that will happen has, you're just waiting for it to become the past, if there's no food left, there's no need to fast, death won't come fast, but still you know that's your ass, your future as been trashed, no need to collect cash, you about to become ash, no need to wonder how long it will take, dreams of future endeavors are all fake, just something to think about while you wait, time is an illusion, it was given to help you realize and accept your fate.

Cryptic seance

.....What's going to become of me? You're going to die. Then will I be free? If you want to call it that. It is what you say it is, like I am, what I am; you created he, she and them, gave value to whatever pleased them, told themselves they were slaves, then it freed them; now whatever happens, they have to be them to reach freedom, came up with ideas to grieve them, good slash evil, bob and weave them, became encoded in he and them. Created time in our minds so we can see them.

Before the barbarian

.....If not the truth, we've learned to work with fantastic lies, if it can get the restless to comply, let's get these brothers back into suits and ties; today it may look like a disguise, because we haven't fixed our minds, that was shaken not stirred, sorry king James it all was absurd; still blinded by the word and the glare of your armor, and to some that fake smile is still a charmer, but in the hearts of many, it's cold, better wear your bomber, they may harm you, if caught to far from your chambers, stay close to your rangers and far from any strangers, the world blames you, for empires built on the backs of slaves, I suspect your hate hails from nature's neglect of you, and when you where living in caves.

A close encounter

.....A ship levitates fifty feet in the air, people pointing it feels like an anointing, it's pilot had white fur, pink spots, and three legs conjoining, it looked confused, as it threw back its hair, started aggressively pressing buttons and the military got scared, it's ship started to glow red before their missiles got there, onlookers locked in fear, the ship got struck then they started to cheer, one even celebrated with an open beer, and the band on the set of this sitcom of a poem, ended with a snare, signifying its trying to get in gear, wishing it didn't take its friends up on a dare, sorry earth, didn't mean to give you a scare.

The monk I was still lives

.....It's all incredible with no end near, no one to run to, the gods don't care, the suit you was born with, you'll no longer have to wear, once freed you'll no longer bleed nor breed, from one dimension to the next, our reality is so complex, just when you thought it was the end, nature comes with a new spin, and now life is at it again; from one cocoon to the next, that last life was just a flex, in a cell deep in a muscle in life's body, an identity that can be so calming; retroactive words from a previous life, that touches all I've lived, I'm still that scribe seeing through time and space, in deep meditations I can still feel the robe draped over my shoulders and the Mala beads by my waist.

Romancing the block

.....Romancing the block, has had a lasting effect, most don't know what to expect or respect; if it ain't Bumpy handing out turkeys, it's bragging about turning out junkies, to the world we look like flunkies, economical tree monkeys, selling food stamps and stolen merchandise is ravaging the system, every night forsaking your wisdom, using street corners to pivot, and make those digits, get with it for power where there is none, now throw in the gun, and they'll kill for mere dollars, while they pop their collars, then brag about how much they spent for flowers; romancing the block pours right and wrong into the same cup, that's why our kids don't know right from wrong or the difference between a king and a pawn.

Don?t fall watch your step

.....It's so hard not to fall down, in this world egos and emotions have been crowned, fear and anxieties keep us bound, in a room so small we can't make a sound, life should be lived, that's why it's for the living, after the giving it's beautiful sunrises and time to collect our winnings, a collected mind from the root of the vine, made kind regardless of innocences, can't be traded in for benefits, doesn't need witnesses, just instances, to exact the peace and wisdom that's developed overtime, but one slip can cause a fall back into life and rob one of his poise, fear and anxiety can creep back in like little boys, then you'll be a old man looking for his toys.

What the devil say

.....A creature that don't just tell lies, but tell lies with the truth, if that don't leave you spooked, when he speaks you can see every tooth, your own inadequacies, is one of his troops, and that pretty young thing that just hopped out of that coupe; don't worry about the spit in your soup, if it's hot, it's still good for you, whispered a voice from the shadows, he said evil is just the other side of the battle, like manure comes with cattle, mankind is young enough to use a baby's rattle, emasculated enough to ride side saddle, you can't just change the channel, his ominous tone, chilled me to my bones, reminded me I was grown and I didn't have to leave crack alone, especially if it puts you in your zone, he said heaven and hell was cohorts for more then just sport, to corner a portion of mankind into a bag I just just brought, and y'all think we holding court; it was his cold laughter that made me start walking faster.

At the top of my roll-call

.....Put up a banner for brother Malcolm, his accomplishments should be noted, his moment should be frozen in time, so we all can remember who help bring pride where we reside, turned a crash and burn into a joyride, not to mention others like him, who must have been sent by god, gifted at a time when we needed it makes you divine, crafted by a unseen hand to take a stand, to turn us from ape and back into man, and band their bands against his stand, so the original man can complete his plans, an undoing of what's been done could grow a forth leaf on every clover, put a flat side on every boulder, give grandma back her voice so she could scold us, reminding us we're on her shoulders, meditate and put your inner dog back on its leash, treat your infected areas with bleach, pray if needed and keep god in your reach, confront evil with your speech, but be careful of what you teach, because the truth can be used for evil and upheaval, and things that pleasure evil people.

Wrong in wrong out

.....Quiet as it's kept, you're not supposed to survive, the only way out is to die, your historical formula is nothing but a time bomb, too much hate to escape, too many lies to get by, most religious views are all fake, something most haven't learned to shake, so we put it in our intellectual ovens and continue to bake, that's why social structures continue to quake, then we act confused when we find out our leaders are snakes, just look at T.D. Jakes, that response was so fake, he should have practiced and took several takes.

Where?s George Carlin

.....Where does human humor lie, within the sadistic or is it simplistic, don't put yourself too far out there, I wouldn't risk it; what is humor, what are we laughing at, a play or ploy on each others misunderstandings, misplaced plannings have won Grammys, jokes aren't structured like wheels with spokes, but sometimes they are, some are created while drunk at the bar, or from serious scars, once told a joke about a headless prostitute challenged to be in two places at once, maybe it's not the humor, but knowing when and not to laugh, it's relevance a good joke should seek to have.

Identity crisis

.....The entity dreamed and projected a canvas of infinite space and time, it's own visions imprisons, without awareness escape is a waste of time; a mental factory of characters looking for the sublime, which are but mere reflections of the entity's state of mind, a sense of self suggested other selves, it's mind fills the order well, deeper into its self delusions we delve, here it creates on a much broader scale.

Expulsion explosion

.....A empty heart weights heavy, feels inappropriate like a wedgie, or the Jetsons in a Chevy, it's as obvious as someone blew those levees, a simple hello could extend last chances, most of their lives will be remembered in glances, no matter how deep the trance is, everyone ain't thankful for the givings, didn't enjoy the living, too broke to enjoy the spending, too in a state of shock for befriendng, situation needs mending.

The eye of a master

.....Sunsets and dawns exist in the same palm, of an omnipotent being yet to be seen, our eye needs to be all encompassing, self acknowledging, an inward eye sees all, including the disguise in the mirror, for it holds truths untold, it is the self that must be exposed, a chariot has many horses but one master; not running to, nor running from, is what he's after.

Our truth is a lie

.....Can all perspectives be accounted for, do we even know when we have lenses on, is the sum the truth, or is it the whole equation; can a piece of the truth be a lie by nature, even without intent an imbalance has been created, false perceptions because we don't have the total, all perceptions on some level are anecdotal, to get at it, we have to decode you, told you, the truth is a lie, our perceptions have to be rectified.

In or out?

.....Heaven sent, hood-bent, knowledge spent, we need some more; we've been damaged but not to the core, tell Puffy we need boys to become men, and shave their heads cause hair is for bitches, can't tolerate snitches, we've had spells casted on us by witches, it's time to cut their heads off and leave them in ditches, that can be our nutrition, got to increase our ambitions, and did I mention, we need life extensions not hair extensions, get out their kitchens, and stop wishing, it only leaves you spellbound with a distant stare, staring out of town looking like a clown cause you hell bound, it's in your karma to be chased down by hellhounds, on earth we find you in society's lost and found, you see me coming and start paplatating, that hard look start evaporating, come on son I paid your bail, that street life ain't doing you too well.

In his image

.....who would've known, family by nature was a double edge sword, that same nature created mankind's hordes, too many times a military was deployed, they even drafted me and my friend Floyd, peace was void and houses got destroyed. It's in us to see each other as food long after the famine, rub our bellies while we jamming, pick our teeth with a fibula bone, and keep on cramming, kids under the table reaching and grabbing, if another human comes through that door, there'll be another stabbing; don't let that philosophical part of our brains fool you, the primal is, still as usual, that's why our angels are depicted with armor and spear, mankind the intelligent beast, grip a rock, turn it into a weapon, take your food and keep on stepping.

Dog talk

.....I know you see me standing by this pole, about to pay this toll, you humans need to slow your roll, or should I say role, your ideas aren't made of gold;

.....And don't get confused with the wag, I don't want to play pull the rag, when it comes to fetch, I'm the only one who can catch, it's your reasoning skills I can't touch;

.....Cause I can smell something awful in your chest, and instinct is telling me it ain't good, your knees are stiff as wood,

.....If I could talk instead of bark, I'd say don't put smoke into your lungs, but you been reasoning backwards every since y'all fell out of the trees; because of your pollution we can't even enjoy a good breeze,

.....You hear a burglar and then start hushing, wait for rush hours and then start rushing, do dangerous stunts, then wonder how you got that concussion.

Who built the bodies

.....Ourselves, women and children, that's what we're building, not the buildings, nor the ceilings or the walls, shouldn't have to read a clause, but pause, maybe one should be written cause they're lost, threw out the old set of tools for some new ones, it came with no compass, ole heads that made it through, became pompous, community has no altar, it might as well be as far away as Gibraltar, have we been altered, or are we new and never was.

A message from the graves of slaves

.....Black immigrants told to stay away from black Americans, don't want you to start to care again, I guess we've been corrupted, but we've been lied to, enslaved and falsely imprisoned, we bear the internal scars of their incisions, our minds bear the weight of their religions, are we two mirrors facing one another, one wears a cross and the other a head cover, light skinned men in kufis has slipped you many roofies, when they say nigga during our rape they mean you to, they just decided to indoctrinate you into the hate they spew, I know you grew, because they did the same things to you, just know that we are an extension of you, what do you think they say about you. Is all of Africa in a sunken place, like so many of our soldiers, what happens when it's time to dispose of their junkyard of fleshy robots, with whip marks and torn clothes; they seem to be able to push a button, and we become froze.

Meaningful mortality

.....There was a time, before time began, and in that time consciousness was formulating, postulating our end; for we are but a dream, be it smooth and seamless, only gods have seen this, if it's a drug there's no weaning this, only a select few can hear meaning in this, it's the reason religious symbols are worn, torn from sheer fright at the size and scope of our Master's house, we hide behind our mothers skirt, from life and all its magnificence we flirt, afraid of being hurt; but without our microcosmic lives, infinity would go unnoticed, like one in a million birds that chirp.

Infestations in nature?s kitchen

.....Are we angelic beings or demons, that have touched down in nature's kitchen, got her up in arms and bitch'n, spraying insecticides and wishing, that her viruses and bacteria's were nearing us to our end; our idea of sin has a devilish grin, it protects us while we sin, ask Benny Hinn, heal for a profit is today's prophet, can't be made to stop it, Caesar profits, so it's legal, after awhile we'll be able to buy name brand dope needles.

America love her or leave her

.....American history is so real it's hard to digest, built on top of the Natives bones like general Zod would suggest, on the backs of slaves and the oppressed, confusion where to draw lines and who to address, distortion of biblical facts, made it easy to keep Blacks kept, and justifying their blank checks; but righteousness is powerful and penetrating, overtime it's effects are draining, leaves an oppressor explaining, why he isn't evil and keeping the world medieval, even tried to take credit for the slaves upheavals, by opening doors they was about to break into pieces, their constitutional thesis was feces, overtime we help civilize each other, although dysfunctional we come from the same mother, so lift that American flag and don't let it drag, other countries will start foaming at the mouth if they see our liberties sag, protest, but stop the smash and grab, it's something bigger we're trying to nab.

The most conquered

.....An archeologists blows dust off an artifact and declares your ancient ancestors were slaves, you can feel them shift in their graves, it was an emblem of one of their previous gods, it resembled their neighbors in appearance and adherence, a sure sign they had an earthly master, when your god looks like another man, from another clan, so what they ran, can't run from your own beliefs, your back stings, but you thought it Christian to turn the other cheek, its your enemy who told you hatred makes you weak, can't run a race without feet, it's spiritual and intellectual balance we seek.

Is it really just another odyssey

.....I know of dimensions, reached by time portals made of flesh, guarded by lizard like gods with no whites in their eyes, whose job is to sever all ties, sent prophets to warn us not to try; no need for the Enterprise, meditate to change frequencies, and see a view of many rooms, endless peace and many catastrophic dooms, come through another portal and windup back into your room, cause any place is ground zero, and you thought you wasn't a hero, step there and you'll be standing next to Nero, that weirdo, he cast fear though; back through the fleshy apparatus in an attempt to change your status, only to find out your past is your present, character is forever present and it hails from the past, all attempts are trashed, the universe knew of you before you came out the womb, and your tomb is just a changing room.

Inward to the lord of power

.....The power of the gun is inside you, not the gun; six bullets shouldn't make seven men run, if connected to internal powers, fear can be broken when truth is spoken, cease all hoping, acceptance is better than coping, Zulu warrior took the brits by storm, walked through bullets like it was the norm, postulated theology acted upon, every act brings you nearer, the light becomes clearer, you can sit at its feet, or become one and be consumed by its flames, but you won't come out the same.

Origins

.....Are our bodies like that of the portuguese man of war, are we a combination of individual life forms, a cellular soup synthesis, can this create thought and verbal sentences, is this how consciousness was born; can microscopic and or nano organisms culminate into a human form, and have others born that maintain that particular form, are we the outcome of someone's science and intellectual triumphs, a magnificent invention that has caused much tensions.

The many hands of God

.....Even the gravitational pull of peace, has been weaponized, holy lands are but a mere disguise, a trap for those looking for god in the sky, evil knows it's a mirage. It was evil that contrived the story, in doing so, it has comprised much glory, it has confused souls on the jury, that's why when the preacher preaches, his main targets are in the back whispering, "you bore me", the preacher prays to the sky, "they ignore me". He isn't answered cause the sky ain't God, nor are names or symbols, but it is the act and being, and others seeing, joined hands, and community before communion, that is God.

No one lives alone

.....It feels like spontaneous divination, how I get my explanations, is it crazy to think some of your inner thoughts aren't yours, what do you think knowledge of self is for, that's how you know these incoming thoughts aren't yours, but you can't close the doors, cause consciousness wants to explore, fear sets in until you realize there is no separation, loved ones passed could be giving you those explanations, some of which are whispering in your ear to control your lack of patience, but the day you spoke out loud, "Se pou nanm mwen vini ak fonsse epi yo ka pran kenbe", that fool was Haitian.

What a difference a role makes

.....Picking incompetence can be a tool, purposely situating these fools, to maintain certain views, this isn't news if you've been paying attention, why do you think black men are constantly under suspicion, not allowed to expand on various conditions, cause those particular masked roles are out of contention, a negative antonym designed to help complete someone else's narrative, this goes back before we were riding in carriages, before whites and blacks were allowed to be in the same marriages, our image this ravages, hard to even get a job making sandwiches.

The culture behind the culture

.....When our culture speaks I hear our voices, but someone else is using it to make these noises, our lives no longer put into music, just the ideas and direction of those who use it, allowed to go on by artists who abuse it, and have forgotten their roles, because they sold their souls, in some inter-dimensional realm their backs are tied to poles, bodies froze, all we see is nice clothes, gold rings in their nose, snakes wrapped in pink minks taking pictures cheek to cheek, no longer have to sneak, they've made it okay to be a freak, but it's soon to reach its peak, cause only what's natural is sustainable, our cultural guns used to be aim-able, now it's duct taped to the side of our heads, and now used to indoctrinate the walking dead.

A house at the end of town

.....Ding-dong is anyone home, in this house with exquisite gold knobs and such, who took the time to shotgun pepper this beautiful oak door with pearls, a platinum swing with pink cushions, statues of little girls running across meadows, filled with petals; there were puddles, and statues of boys in huddles, with the fronts of their shoes compiled in a circle; hedges spelled out wonderful lands, yes it was cut, not written by hands, a glass fountain, oh yes it was grand, a beautiful garden engulfed the whole land, it had the presence of a musical, everything was beautiful, even the trees had faces with cheeks and smiles carved into them. I was sure one spoke, but it was just the child in me filling up with hope.

The power of alone

.....Alone don't mean lonely, no time is empty, but people can be; sitting in silence listening to "You Send Me", wishing a particular person would befriend me, but if they don't it won't end me, there are those I used to envy, but socialites keep sweaty brows, always dampening their heads with a towel, juggling drama the size of cows, cause they refuse to be alone, put down that phone, no man is an island, but sometimes we're at our best when we're alone, the focus becomes internal when alone, I can feel the universe watching when I'm alone, that's why most lower their tone when they're alone.

Hitler?s scientific findings

.....Would the black race have done better outside of God's creation, not even in spirit form, have you ever had such a contemplation, the entity would have to find other ways to make other races, without our mutations, and or adaptations; we were the homo-sapiens that breed with Neanderthals to make other races. We walked up right before others was created, the proof is in our femur bone, that's where we stand alone, nature saw our brain structures and simply copied, that goes from Einstein all the way down to your corner store, yes Poppy's. I know some white supremacist is looking through a scope right now, wishing he could drop me, but that would only stop me, the truth is stuck to everybody's body, it's in your DNA, copy.

I?ve seen the future

.....I woke up in the year thirty forty five A.D., and we got flying cars that cost a lot of dough re mi, college retreats are in space them kids are so cray-z, next week I'm taking a cruise to a galaxy we can't see, I told my friends the trip is on me, can't see the ground everything is in the air and local trips are all free; hospitals have been turned to clubs, cause people drink a special kind of tea, to stay hell free, my robot doctor is named doctor E.Z. Well-bee.

I said my god said

.....Is the soul a outward projection of our physical mechanisms, like the light from a bulb, beauty from a dove, or innocence in a cub; are you sure it comes from above, maybe it's nothing in these gloves, let's give our reasoning skills a shove. Minds create psychodynamics of panic, philosophies are frantic, have we slipped into a state of manic delusions, as we paint reality with a broad brush of inclusions.

Save the children

.....He found the N word under his grandfather's dresser, blew the dust off and then started to gesture, in the mirror remembering being teased that he looks like uncle Fester; nigga, nigga, it came out so uncensored, for some reason it felt like a thirst quencher. His hate found an exercise, and to his surprise excitement arise, like it's time for a surfer to caught the incoming tides. The excitement is frightening, the hate is too binding, it's his self that needs finding, he puts it back in its box, cause it exceeded his emotional knocks.

The island of Dr. chaos

.....Toxicological dysregulation got the men in this generation walking around with hips, every so many steps they skip, breakout the lingerie and whips; told 'em bout drinking out of plastic cups and shit, it's more pear shaped men then chicks, only thing hard is their tits, testosterone was gone before you got dethroned, that's why you put that "Y" at the end of Tone. Can't forget about Flint, their water crisis is sick, they need a action hero like John Wick, this whole situation is crazier than any Hollywood horror flick.

Old man looking for new shoes

.....Running to the past, trying to escape future calamities, with no success cause these things do have gravities, it only feels like you're going backwards by ignoring certain tragedies, problems are unsurmountable, there will be major casualties; you casually sip on all our yesterdays, hoping some will rub off and kill your tomorrow's, from the youth seemingly time is borrowed, because of your desperation they feel much sorrow, makes it feel like you only have until tomorrow.

Lost papers of a troubled man

.....I came up hard, most would've came apart if they had my start, at a young age I saw men taken apart, a system within a system designed to give us a clubfoot start, that's why we're always on their statistical charts; when I was a child, I would ride on my momma's shopping cart, in the neighborhood store, where most of our synthetic outdated food was brought, who would've thought, I'd windup in court, in the words of mister Devonport, cause my black monkey ass was riding on the edge of his shopping carts, while arguing with my mom, he grabbed my arm, then I kicked him between his legs, instantly reminded why people say he's all balls and no shaft, and he's short on staff as he fell reaching for stuff to grab. Locked up for assault, I was forced into that cult, all black men soon find themselves, but still learn to find pride in themselves, I came up hard; almost came apart when I saw a victim, throw his child he was holding to the ground, to save her from the hail of bullets meant to rob him of all sight and sound, cultural dystrophy that serves as a trophy to victims trying to be wolves, but still serving that master with hooves.