

# The bluez theory

DREEK0

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



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**BOY**

The light touches the skin for the first time, synthetic brights in his eyes before he even cries.

This will be the longest he will ever be held, take him home and give him this because she said he ain't using mine.

He doesn't understand the words, the intention is what observes, he wonders why he's hated by the one that's given him birth while daddy roams the earth.

Doesn't matter, time for school now stop understanding your cursed, "everyone here are jerks, they must all be hurt" no different from his home, he'd rather be in the dirt, or alone.

Prone to anxiety, afraid of society, treated like a liability they never think highly of him, "look what I can do" or that's nothing, shut up and sit down your always bluffing! zipping and running, hiding and ducking.

Don't speak unless spoken to and your homework is overdue, go get the belt, his whole life is uncomfortable.

What must he do to find an escape, his family are the screws that keep him in place, when his father decides to stay he leaves bruises along his legs.

Visible welts and scars are nothing to the ones on his heart, from a community torn apart, his life is a tragic work of art.

## For The Time Being

For The Time Being

I remember, we flew higher than the clouds, we got burned by the sun only to come back down to have a 1 on 1.

We lost our wings and learned how to climb trees, I remember, I can only remember, because right now it's only me for the time being.

Only me and you understood the power of good deeds, we gave to much to eachother and forgot our own needs.

Fell in love with pain as one does when teeth bleed, not so much a deep read just not a pure seed as I used to be, because it's only me for the time being.

I just miss my friend, the only real one I ever had, if you were here I wouldn't know my path, I wish it was just a dream, because ryt now it's only me...for the time being

## I'm Cool

Im cooler than the howling of the breeze, I'm cooler than the wind, I move with grace and ease, so swift that you didn't see, or didn't want to.

Im cooler than the kids that would tease me for being cool. them racist teachers were lame for subjugating me in school to harsh tone and a stone-heart, it ain't cool to misunderstand.

Did you know I'm cooler than my dad who knocked out the racist man who stayed next door, for saying your daddies a pimp and your mother's a whore.

How could I be cooler than the freshest nigga in the neighborhood, always matching creased up and up to no good. But I am, because that man ruled his home with an iron fist, and an open hand.

How the fuck could I be cooler than most of the people I knew growing up, I still am, because most of them were to afraid to be themselves.

Yea i ran from life but I never lied about it or tried to be someone els, because that ain't cool. Don't ever ask me what's cool, because that ain't cool.

It's just something about not giving a fuck about what everyone thinks is cool that makes me feel free. So why would I stop being cool when it's the only thing that keeps my body up when I feel weak, because I know they could never be me.

I'm cool as fuck and I'm cold as ice, when you get swept up in the wind your tears turn to snow, so no matter how hard you cry, your still cool.

So I'm the coolest mothafucka in the world, because now I ain't afraid to tell anybody that I don't care, so I wear it on my face, you can see it in my walk, I move with grace and ease... because I'm cool

## May you?

A tale of despair

Lonely are they

Restless are the unwilling

A need to undo what is given

Burdened by the depths of oneself

Hollow without those who choose to embrace ones pain

Aimlessly in pursuit of Change

Craving to shy away from what's right

Creating cycles beyond ones sight

What is written has not been erased only broken apart

Dividing what is into moments

every perception becomes an essential component

Lying dormant are the remnants of a story

All pages may be lost to this world

May one of the fearful be willing to choose

A new story is due

## Chosen

i see my fantasy waiting outside of time, I choose what was mine and ours once upon a generation.  
I may be lying to myself because my desires are declined.

So no more climbing with the crabs I've realigned my crooked spine and now I have so many divine gifts only for them to steal my shine. Why was I designed like this?

Programmed to serve, if I resigned it would be the biggest risk of all. The temptation of giving up, testing my will and resolve.

The future is now and the present is sublime. So pay no mind to the epic fails of the ones who came before. They now become the lore. I wonder how deeply they questioned themselves to become so detoured.

But here I am, this time less will be more. I am what the ancestors sacrificed for. Inside is the torch, forever burning in my core

## Momma

She always watches  
blows kisses through the trees  
the falling leaves resemble her cycle  
sometimes quiet, but never idle  
We fell for her long before we could tell who it was  
she has no rival, don't test her, or fight for your survival  
don't hurt her, or prepare for the dry spell  
who caused those fires, she knows all too well  
she needs no bells and whistles to be recognized  
look around, she's synthesized everything  
there's no ring that would suit her, we are all her suitors  
take a piece, and cherish it forever  
please don't make big momma change the weather.



## Burn me better

When the flame is no more, eye catch the ember.

Whispering with smoke, nothing is as clever.

Ashes are forever, ashes are my feathers.

Sterile are my scars I was burned for the better

## FREE

What is to be free, if not to experience death?

Shades of me to express strip me of my best new versions to except.

Who could possibly become less?

Invest in thyself, make a mess of the world.

Test my outer shell, the pieces turn to pearls.

Take as you may my story still remains even though you may hold remnants of my pain.

In my place is a corpse, I am free and unobtained.

## Stop Complaining

You signed up for this right? Isn't this your job? I know a few that wouldn't mind replacing you and I wouldn't have to hear their sob story while I'm changing the trash.

I would rather hear someone brag, then nag and nag, it's not that our personalities clash, just don't bring your bad days to work and the work won't be half ass.

your the reason why there's tall grass, always getting done fast, do you always need the first and last word while reporting to the man? Damn!

What happened to the plan, what happened to your hand? Always something everyday, here we go again.

## She is Truth

What is this energy, who is this being that perceives me in ways I have yet to experience. Not a projection, but a reflection of innocence. How did it find ME? who am I worthy of such grace, why would it embrace me.

Swallowed by the gaze of pure power, I feel born again. After tower after tower this being still sees what's within. A feminine voice gives shape to this divine insight. her intuition is incomprehensible to my minds eye.

I need to know how she knows me before I remembered myself and why she came back seeking my help. Something we have both yet to understand. We do know it's more grand than we can imagine even though the whole picture we can barley grasp it.

I feel the significance of my presence in her life, she knows no one else would suffice, my hunger for truth. If I am the way out, she is the way through.

## Bravo

Front and center stage are the remnants that remain  
Singing to the walls as they peel from the shame  
Expressions of desire twisted by fate  
Pain as the echoes disintegrate

## Home away from hell

I inhale the aromas yet to be smelled,  
Hold the riches yet to be held,  
I ride the seas many have sailed,  
Fought every demon and never once failed,  
Heard every secret unwilling to tell,  
Seen every shadow,  
Searched every realm,  
Crawled with the crabs,  
Broke out my shell,  
All in my home,  
Away from my hell.

## Harmonic exchange

Nothing that was is the same as it is now.  
Who would test our strength if we didn't see our friends buried in the ground.  
Who will enlighten us if we don't choose ourselves.  
Why give riches to someone with no wealth.  
True wealth is a vibration created by oneself.  
What are the true intentions of those who scream for help.  
Are we not given the opportunity to win, lose and attempt to break the rules.  
The rules are never broken.  
Some knowledge goes unspoken.  
As one takes the other gives.  
As one heals the others cringe.  
We could all win depending on the phase of expression were in.  
The game isn't learned it's earned.  
You get what you give in return.  
Experience is the journey to the destination of choice.  
How would you know if you never followed your own voice.

## Career Cheater

Always skipping over, taking credit looking over my shoulder, creating boulders for the competition to carry. Why hold her without the intention to marry, why scold those who question your sincerity, confusing those searching for clarity. Cleverly looking for new ways to lie on your belly, or lie on your celly, ready, set, your already treading. Slow and steady wins the case, unless they've been paid at an earlier date. Saving face just to lose grace, sacrificed it all for first place.



## The Breakup

The distance created by time and space are not the reasons we don't relate.

Are we yelling because we can't hear, or because we make each other's heartache?

How much will we tolerate before we retaliate?

Have we reached our peak of elevation, can you keep up when I change the way I vibrate?

Will I acknowledge the way you adapt, will I bother to translate?

What have we created that we feel the need to escape?

Encased in our own interpretation of hate.

To argue from debate, from annoyance to rage.

Misunderstandings have filled our days with confusion that ages so finely that it feeds the illusion.

Who am I and who are you before and after this conclusion?

## Let It Go

Tied to my responsibilities with the ability to make life flexible.

Cut off my wings for a sample of my dream so now I glide with the intention to fly only to dive I'm far from the mile high.

Why let a perception slow my stride, will I cry or feel the wind against my eyes.

Falling feathers remind me of my schemes, planes ripping through clouds do nothing to put my mind at ease.

Teasing my ambitions, taming my suspicions.

Why not listen they say, one foot in and one foot out why not go all the way with my decisions.

Why half step with my existence, giving up and giving in are two sides of the same coin but still in opposition.

## What's Funny?

Something calling me, pulling at the inevitable. Will I relinquish control and let go of letting go, give in to the underlying fires below? Fueling my growth and my sorrow, without it will I become hollow? Why follow what's following me, the chase is unnecessary. My perception of the red has been programmed by the past. Without these programs how long will I last? A smaller question for a giant task, is it myself or my ego that I ask? At last, in the middle of the war between myself, no one has the last laugh

## The Void

I hear high pitch frequencies, i see shadows run from leaks of light, Even tho there is no window for the sun to ignite. In the void of night, void of sight activates fight or flight. I choose to embrace the nothingness and become the unknown. I'm more than a believer, I now understand the stories untold. The emptiness isn't as it seems my dreams were eclipsed by the dark, but they were nothing before I was able to see the spark from inside the void. Noises travel deeper they penetrate my thoughts. I'm not alone on my own I'm just the only one living the illusion. Time and space are nothing here but somehow they still exist. I can travel anywhere, anywhere is nowhere inside the abyss. I can fall forever here without ever being missed. Only what I choose will be my gift and curse to this mirage of existence. My home and my battlefield, now I see how and why they coexist, to create this.....this void