Poetically

Speaking

120
Introduction

Poetry is art; it expresses the true nature of a being.

It gives a creative ideal of the character.

Poetry expresses drama, love, passion, and revolution.

Poetry excels and gives diversity to our thoughts.

A poet defines life throughout all episodes and is never obnoxious.

You feel the vibe like an ancestral mantra that attracts your emotions.

A Poet is experienced and very influential, listen to the Poet.

Let the rhythm ease your pain, let the Poet answer your deepest question of life.

Enjoy the most beautiful art that shows love and compassion. Our destiny is in our hands.

This is art in one of the seven most divine essence of art.

A Poet is a story teller like the Ancient Priest in Afrika, who is the most powerful and effective people on this planet.

Some may ask, what makes the Poet powerful?
A Poet have knowledge and wisdom that's manifested through-out his/her character.

It's like recieving Psychotherapy from a Doctor of words.

Nothing can be more serene than peace and poetry, sit back and enjoy the musical styled poetry along with the prosperity it brings.

I'am highly blessed and thankful to have you in this Poetic vicinity.

This is Poetically Speaking 120.

I start writing this book in 2016 and, 'finish it on September 10th, 2019.

Maurice Stephens #130899

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Have you ever read or heard poetry in a Hip Hop form or have you ever read poetry that reads like an Ancient scroll that was written by a wise Priest? Do you understand how life is in the ghettos (hoods) of America, the section (8) homes and the people that’s torn away from their families by the divide and conquer tactics of the Elite Ruling Class? Is your L.O.V.E. so strong that nothing in this world can tear it apart, knowing that the Universe Divine order brings us together? Is you aware of the life the incarcerated "Men and Women" across America have to endure? This is written by a young man who is determined to rise above the diabolical obstacles that stand in his way.

Can you imagine or visualize a seed that grew from a wildflower can give you some precious jewels of life? You can experience it all in these poems because, poetically speaking we all recieve hardships and conflicts no matter your race, creed, or culture. Just let your third eye open and grasp the wisdom, compassion, courage, and strength of the poet. And that’s Poetically Speaking 120 - Maurice Stephens
My peers around me was encouraging me to write this poetry book and, I spent days contemplating on a title. You know that it's a lot of work that have to be done in the book writing profession regardless if it's poetry, a novel, fiction, non-fiction, a self-help book or a urban novel. The editing work and all the arrangement going back and forth in the Thesaurus making sure your words are used properly and precise without altering your style.

My goal is to write this book in a musical, poetic, urban, historical, revolutionary and esoteric form. I wanted to give a site application of my knowledge and its wealth in which people take for granted.

When you have them ballers in the streets they disregard all the precious things they are putting at risk of betrayal. Once they are putting those thoughts of change into their minds, they regret the so-call thug life.

They spend countless days, hours, weeks, months, or years fantasizing and doing legal work to get free. Some even come in terms of their purpose of living, because a man/woman who is without a purpose isn't living life to their fullest potential.

So I drop a few lines for the "Street's Forgotten Pharaohs," you know I had to keep it Hiptop with a touch of Jazz, R&B, and Neo-Soul to reach those who needs it the most.

And it goes like:

Maurice Stephens
(Intro) - 4. The Streets 4-gotten Pharaohs

In all the hoods, ghettos, projects, and Section (8) poverty stricken communities across the world rely on drugs or any criminal activity to get that fast cash. What most of these people don't realize is that they have a marvelous talent but they have to transform their mentality. It's the common things in life that cause us to backslide but, we have to rise above those diabolical circumstances. Don't accept the culture of this corrupt society, take your short comings and use them as vital tools for success.

The Laws of the Universe is what we are governed by and, it's important to be right in alignment with the Laws.

I grew up in the projects; in the state of Mississippi and my mom was and still is on crack cocaine, this was the worst experience I had in my childhood life. This created the hunger I needed to continue striving, so now I'm sharing my jewels with you. I want to help you all expand your conscience mind, so bounce with these words for a few:

Maurice Stephens
Poem - The Streets 4-gotten Pharaohs

May I introduce myself,
Share my wealth express my health,
Give you the cards I'm dealt,
The books I left on the shelf,
Now it's hard metal bunks,
Trying to look through the wall - all alone.
All I ever wanted to see is;
My mom free off that stuff (pause);
(ah! Hush! shut-up; it's count-time, inmate.) What!
It's count-time, inmate every day;
Counted like a damn slave and Trump.

I'm a fascist President being blessed,
With knowledge is HEAVEN sent.
I'm a self made Poet!
Taking my culture to the grave.
All I want is seven kids;
From seven Queens

Maurice Stephens
Can you feel me
I used to slap sistah’s
in the face,

Damn what a disgrace
crazy like C.O.’s spraying
me with mace.

I would catch another
case,

But my mind now is
always awake.

Morals used to be fake
they lied,
and told the world

That Pharaohs
will never awake.

My freedom
has been taken,
but liberation is in
the making.

Something they can’t have.
The numbers add up.

Just do the math,
these fools in

The streets
don’t know the half.

What a sad song
They don’t,
know the feeling.

Looking for the stars
at night.

And all you can see
is the ceiling.

Last time being degraded
kills your vision,
and they is, we is,

Blind, looking for a
purpose to,
continue living.

4-The streets 4-gotten Pharaohs

Maurice Stephens
(Intro)- Rude and Obnoxious

Yo; I'm vibed out to this old School Sam and Dave (Soul-man) this music have me in that mood for writing, which is a "Supreme State of Mind". It's amazing how the sound of soul and hiphop can ease your pain and answer your questions. I'm not talking about the hiphop that encourage killing, I'm talking about jewel giving hiphop. I was meditating on my next poem after me and my cell-mate had a argument about his neglect of being a incarcerated father. He don't write or try to use the things at his disposal to reach out to his seed and, I "over-stand" that the men now of days don't realize that your kids is just another extension of them.

This is the blessing that the creative force gave us to continue our journey, some how I always mention the importance of having a female companionship which is half of "Man's Purpose." We as men have an obligation even if our family disown us, we still have to be prepared to be a family man or woman. Our mind set should be flexible on the concepts of reality, in life in general. You know people complain when life is giving them hell but, when the sun is shining and everything going their way they never show gratitude. Now that's rude and obnoxious!

Maurice Stephens
Poem- Rude and Obnoxious

Chillin,
listening to some
Sam and Dave (soulman).
Honesty
I wasn't going to write this but, I need
Something to clear the
Non-sense.
So pardon me if I,
sound rude or obnoxious.

I'll let the dumb remain,
you take my advice
In vein.

You hate when,
the son is blessing you
and complain when it rains.

You underestimate
my morals and compassion.
The fake and phony
is out of fashion.

Is there any real people alive today?
if there is
odds are that we
will never cross paths.

A Strong Woman,
is my only divine half. Maurice Stephens
Rude and Obnoxious

Her energy feels so damn good to me.

Can you overlook my failures?
That what makes this relationship so unique

Perched like a star,
on a crown.

Lips like the color of a rose
when it's dark outside
and, you have
No one to hold.

Look for me,
to give you warmth
in the cold.

Sunshine and bright skies,
searching for another
Elegant soul.

So pardon me if I
Sound rude and obnoxious.

Now how can I measure this?
With my compass and scale,
They are killing you
with the Holy grail. Maurice Stephens
(Intro) - Have You Heard, Have You Heard

Have you heard, Have you heard, is a poem for those passive slave mentality low lifes who isn't aware of this in-justice system. Like my brother Muhammad Ibn Bashir, esq, say's: "you can stand for something or die trying for something." His book "RAW LAW," is what inspired me to write this poem for a vision seeking movement, despite my current condition.

We all have the ability to achieve our aim in life.

Have you heard, today is September 11, 2017 and, slavery is still in affect.

Just look around you and do more observing and in-depth studying, then you will notice how technologically advance but, not the mentality of most people, you heard!

Maurice Stephens
Poem - Have you heard, Have you heard

Have you heard, have you heard?
Blue label Ralph Lauren polo Zulu horses.

About what's really going on.
I'm the ordained Poet, they talking about; want to see my credentials?

Ten years and I'm still preaching, the same damn song.
Have you heard, Have you heard?

Just a different chorus and hook, Man made thesaurus, I'll never run out of words.
remember me in the so-called "Goodbook".

Can't let this get the best of me.
You haven't heard, that I'm chasing Freedom and Liberation.

The justice system is, teaching my community to hate me.
With these words.

They might be mad because, Have you Heard, Have you Heard?
I want sign a contract nor, I want be a slave in this chaotic day.

I'm in a hostile environment, living in my own mind, surrounded by walking bodies with no minds.

I did all this with no instrumentals.
Maurice Stephens

(9)
(Intro) - A Strong Woman

What's your perspective of a strong woman?
Is it a Bossy Bitch who is always in control or,
is it a Jazzy Sistah who is exotic and sassy?
Is it a Hood Chick who does it all to see her man happy or, is it a church going Lady with alot of class?
I can go on and on about this topic more than likely; I can write a book on a strong woman.
There has been thousands of strong women who
have emerge in this world, look at the women who
raise all the kids on their own because the dad is
dead, on drugs, in prison or, just a dead beat.

Look at those women who have been rape,
abused, and suffered many years of drug abuse.
They are strong because they are struggling to
survive the best way they can, to live is to suffer. Do
you think all those so-call royal people had to suffer
to survive, hell no! Look at Trump's wife didn't
have to go through any of the obstacles
women have to endure in the 2nd class citizen
status. You have women that have to smoke crack
to ease her nerves, so peep this!

Maurice Stephens
Poem - A Strong Woman

People say that, 
a strong man
Needs a strong woman,
They say that's why you vex, 
because life's a mess.

Without a strong woman, 
why do you feel incomplete? 
That woman is all you need.

Can't you see, 
you have everything else emotionally.

Money can't buy love, 
no one is fully happy with wealth.

You feel degraded and dead. 
Without a strong woman, 
you have no future ahead.

You've learned to love, 
not lust 
so every woman I meet don't fulfill me.

I patiently wait night and day, 
hoping my pass don't run you away. 
Maurice Stephens
A Strong Woman

A strong woman is hard to find today.

I work diligently, for that strong Queen to come my way.

Prison can't keep you, from me.

GOD's will, will be done, because I'm his everlasting Son.

A strong woman is, beyond a million crowns on a King's head.

Your strength will help, me move ahead a strong woman.

It's the best, blessing a man could ever have.

Maurice Stephens
(Intro)- Ancient Eye’s

Not having the constant closeness of a woman is one of the most devastating conditions most men go through in prison. Having a intimate relationship is healthy for your mind, body, and soul. It’s hard to be incarcerated and not admiring some of these beautiful Queens. I’ve seen all types of guys fuck up these women careers over the same dumb stuff: drugs, phones, or sex. None of this foolish shit will get you anywhere far with a woman, a woman have to be educated properly; her mind have to be stimulated. If you truly know the true essence of the “WOMEN,” you will be in a state of “awe,” she’s truly a angel from heaven.

I love bossy women who is hood and book smart, to the average cat she is intimidating. For a clever young poet like me who is from the hood can handle and humble the most fearless feline. To be honest I’ve only meet two women who makes me feel this way, hopefully my mental energy can reach her.

May the powers that BE, will let me BE:

Maurice Stephens
Poem: Ancient Eye's

With the predicament I'm in, we will educate and build our dynasty.
I still know.
That the power of the divine, can pull you in.
I'm vex and it eat's me alive,
to know that you truly need a real man on the inside.
Your Brown Uniform gives me a little doubt.

I ask myself how can a man and woman be separated,
from that same Motherland.
Socially and Psychologically you is paralyze.

The more your body moves, I become hypnotize.
You mesmerize me with your, Beautiful Ancient Eye's which cause me to Fantasize.

Yes; she's that precious dime piece,
that immaculate Queen, Goddess of eternity.
You ask me my dreams and, if I had a ghetto Fabulous hood team

I answered; No my love my vision is more than a triple beam.
Your mind should not be inferior to my superiority.
From the darkness and scareness of your womb,
(Intro)-Love Bondage

You want believe that I was stun by this lovely Queen Bee; yeah she's a C.O but, she's Black and golden. I never meet no one like her; I was so bless to have the opportunity to share my goals with her. With all the small talks and dreams I fell in love, I became immersed in her pain and joy. Oh did I mention how unique and down to earth she is, you see most guys in my position would have tried to convince her to do stuff illegal. What kind of man would have risk the chance of having a strong relationship like that.

Even though me and her might not ever cross paths but, she will always share a spot in my heart and a essence of my soul. She has inspired me to treat women more highly moral respectful manner. You know life would be so serene if we didn't have so many obstacles in our way but, this is what builds our character. The many changes we go through in life is what makes us strong or, it can drown us in a sea of despair. Only if I could have meet this beauty ten years ago, my life would have been complete.

You know she would have been mines to keep, so that's why I say this:

Maurice Stephens
Poem: Love Bondage

Pain is sudden
and, not just the regular.
Do you have this feeling?

Or maybe it's just an emotion,
life can take you on
a roller coaster.

Well at least the most of us,
you can't buy freedom
or can you?

How many victims died,
do to lost treasure,
can you fathom it,
no matter of the whether
We are still together.

Our bond
is tight like,
a turtle neck sweater.

Our love is like the x-factor:
You give me more,
mind than matter.
Sex appeal is a great deal.

But your personality is a raw deal
you is warm,
like a home cook meal.
It's to bad that you are gone,
the memories of you
It's all I have to live on.        Maurice Stephens
(Intro)- For my Black Dominicans

Me and my Dominican cell-mate who was one of my best cell-mates in prison so far. "Yo, word up Trap Star", and to all my distant relatives up in New York soundview projects. He schooled me on how life really is in the Dominican Republic and how the Hispanic speaking and Black people suffer from the same systems. I always believe that the Hispanic speaking people was rich do to how the media portray them as kingpins and Mafia leaders. History is my life but I never heard it from a Dominican mouth, raw and uncut. It's history that they didn't teach us in school.

The application of knowledge is power once you use it, it will open up doors for you. This month at Suwannee C.I it have been about twenty-one stabbings alone that I know of for sure, this is a lack of knowledge. My environment is so paranoid these violent acts is done by fear, greed, envy, hate, and all senseless excuses you could think of. We refuse to attack our real issues which is more paramount, instead we take it out on a lesser uneducated dysfunctional group of people; "Us".

In prison we are dehumanize in the most inhuman ways and we think that it's cool and gangsta, I'm not cool with it, that's why I say this:

Maurice Stephens
Poem - For my Black Dominicans

I'm from the Section (8)
"Sound View"
One of New York's most
stereotype projects.

Alot of brotha's in the hood
think I'm rich,
but that's non-sense

It took blood, sweet, and hard work
my mom's and pop's praying at church,
that I'll never see
the back of a church.

In the movies they display
the Dominicans of having lots of doe,
but only if you know
I experience life without hot water.

Me and my sister's striving, Maurice Stephens
not having shit, have you took
a look at the world lately,
Almost ever child is born a crack baby.

Ronald Reagan was the demon of the 80's;
oh this is crazy
Because of envy, greed, and hate,
my dogs Chinix and Bundels is in the grave
at a young age.

Rest in peace to the true men of the street,
Carter G. Woodson,
the first Black Founder of Black History Week.
I'm Dominican;
but don't disrespect my African lineage.
We are America's first emigrants,
these Europeans don't be making no-sense.
Christopher Coloumbus was lying for the hell of it.

I pass out Jewels,
Hoping you already got pearls
from these lines
Use them, create diamonds,
but keep it from the swines.

I'm still planning
to build my empire,
prison can't stop me,
nor can it hold me,
I'm legendary.

Like the great Dominican Missionary,
catchin' Hell Mary's.
Like I don't already have enough to carry
I feed the Saints.

Growing up, I survive the worst of things
like the fallen hawks without wings.
God bless the caged bird to sing
so for my great ancestors,
I wish to do the same thing.

All praises go to the Most High Ani (I'm out)!

Maurice Stephens
(Intro) Corrupt Seed

I’m sure you all remember the day Dwayne Wade lost his cousin due to a drive-by gang shooting. I’m not sure or precise on the whole story and, I don’t wish to go into details on anything I’m not sure of. This society stereotype a certain class of people no matter your race, creed, or color. Mostly we react in a manner of betrayal and deceit to ourselves by allowing our conditions to rule our emotions.

We are victims, products of our environments. We rape our women, sell drugs to our mothers, pimp our young girls and boys, kill our brothers, we think everything a hustle.

They say that the civil rights movement is over; shit I can’t tell, look at the South. It’s no different than the 50’s with all the white on black murders and no justice. We witness this with Emmitt Till and Travon Martin, now the media don’t tell us the whole story they only give us the side they want us to know or believe. Now I do remember the media making a sarcastic comment about how his (Dwayne Wade) upbringing may have caused this tragedy, whatever.

I want D. Wade to know to know that you is a force to be reckon because you is young, black, and rich in American Allstar athletic attire. You have a voice to be heard in this world and not to mention all the hardship you endured growing up, you still manage to be an assist to your community. But what I really want to say is this: Maurice Stephens (20)
Poem—Corrupt Seed

They say TV,
alters and corrupts reality.
All I see,
is Black on Black—fatality.
We don’t listen,
to the Black’s perspective.
That’s stuff old,
back in the day.

Please try,
to explain to me.

Why it’s so much useless killing today?

most of us
Want to be accepted,
by the racist.

Dwayne Wade is an American
superstar athlete.
And his family isn’t safe in,
this dysfunctional culture.

These pigs created

oh, oh, oh, oh.
You catch an
attitude and, don’t want to hear
What I say.

It vex me,
to hear the bullshit.
So I walk away.
I go to my world
to meditate,
For a better day.

C.O.’s are ready
to attack me with
their pepper spray.
Because I talk this
way.

Maurice Stephens
Well talking is over-rated. "ACTION" is what we need today. I listen to, Rick Ross, Nas, and Mary J hoping their words will ease the pain.

So don't stereotype me because I can rock better. To the flow, of any beat so look in the mirror and point the finger.

At you stupid fool, should have stayed in school. Fresh off the porch, and broke all the rules.

You snakes rapping ain't cool!

Maurice Stephens
(Intro)- Love 2 Be Loved

I can't think of one person who don't want to be loved; now everyone don't define love in it's purest form but, we all want some sort of affection from that which they are attractive to. This particular poem was created for the modest, goddess, bossy type, someone who wants that true definite love. Love is the divine order of the world and if you use it properly, the forces will work in your favor. Now Ladies; you want to find that Prince Charming.

Follow the rules and the same laws attracts, like L.L. Cool J say: Only suckas afraid of love.

Maurice Stephens
Poem- Love 2 Be Loved

Essential is my soul, I don’t date men for a résumé.

Beauty is in the eyes of the holder.

Free as a dove on a nice summer day.

People say I’m serene and modest in a way.

Nor the cold hearts of my adversaries,

couldn’t break me.

Created for love each and every day.

Heaven is what you see when,

you look at me.

But hell is what I’m going through,

when I can’t find love that’s true.

I need someone with Divine Chemistry.

You don’t have to be a Harvard graduate,

with a Ph.D.

Dashikis and African names don’t fade me.

But it’s your love and loyalty,

that will set me free.

So I pray that the scribes of Ani,

Bless this dear letter to the powers

that be!

Maurice Stephens

(24)
(Intro)- When He speaks

You know when I wrote this I was in my rap, poetic zone even so it's been a few days since I've wrote anything it seems as though my pen is breathing like a runner at a track meeting. I had to take a break, this prison life will take a hold of you if you don't find time to relax your mind. You know I had to come out of my tomb, so that means you low life's is damned. This is mad crazy and crazy that is at Suwannee C.I. is a real modern day plantation, we are talking about Live Oak, Florida. The last city in the state of Florida to end slavery, I'm not going to go all in detail about the slavery history of Florida.

But I'm going to give it to you like this, just what they tell us is all bullshit!
Poem- When He Speaks

Yo; ah check this new poem out
by U-Art’s.

You hear that?
   come on bro,
Keep it down, I can’t hear.

Turn it up a lil bit bro.
   What’s he saying?

Why he get’s so loud?

When He Speaks,
   it’s been seven weeks
and, I can still hear him speak.
   everything seems to bow.
   at his feet.

Just by the mention of his name,
   When He Speaks.

Your wish is my command your majesty,
   When He Speaks.

Karma,
   I never thought.
that it would come back at me.
Damn; this is heavy.

When He Speaks;
   like a pound of salt;
on a Italians spaghetti.
Never did I imagine,

Maurice Stephens
Poem - When He Speaks

When He Speaks,
    taking trips to the Serengeti.

A brand new man,
    with a million dollar plan.
    It took a few hands,
    to expand.

Insane solitude from society,
    being divided from your family.
    Don't you see, Damn!

What these devils is doing to me,
    When He Speaks.
    section (8) Ronald Reagan's
    cocaine baby.

Product of the late eighties (80's),
    I Malcom hard for,
    Sista Patty.

She's my only Golden Grammy,
    When He Speaks;
    rest in peace,
    to the most Honorable Castro and
    Mandela.

I got a revolutionary
    Queen and she's on her grind,
    like Brisleda.

(27) Maurice Stephens
Poem: What He Speaks

Stand my ground,
with that beretta.
When He Speaks,

I want that Jigga blue paper,
no velvetta chedda.

You better grab your umbrella,
cause this shit
going to get hot.

like a white man in the Sahara Desert.
When He Speaks,

yeah; it's my time.
they can't stop this Mississippi and
Memphis shine.

All the time,
rolex on my wrist,
skydwelling on my mind.

Wisdom is hard to find,
so you want
to borrow
some of mines.

Shit I went through,
will probably corrupt
your mind.

Maurice Stephens
(Intro)- Chi (Ki)

After going through so many phases in my life you know the norm for a Black Man in America growing up in the hood. You know it comes a time in our life that we all have to move forward for better or worse, you either dissolve or evolve. I use to ask myself, why should I commit crimes, going to prison making these devils rich? Why should I steal when I can create to give back to my hood or, why should I beat and disrespect my Sista's when I can heal them. How many of you ever ask yourself when it's time to stop the jive, turkey. Man up!

Do you need that Chi? After years of meditation I've finally found a cure to my disease. I'm a firm believer in due diligence, so step inside the Chi!

Chi (Ki)- the subtle energy that propels the universe, the vitality that pervades creation and holds things together.

Maurice Stephens

(29)
Poem- Ki(Chi)

Can it be this new level of success that defines me.
Force me to pursue my dreams,
turn my life around.

Understanding this Sonnet,
makes it all an example right now
poetry inspiration.

My road is too long for just one line,
facilitating a life of incarceration.

Many give their souls away,
doing hard time.

I’ve created much in ink to express my emotions,
reader can you feel my rhymes?

Can you see how much that I’m devoted,
just in case you didn’t notice.

Now you are forcing me to relive that moment
in D.C I’ll rebel against the order;
All the thoughts of you is altered.

You have a sword in one hand and, a mallet
in the other.

Now my character is assassinated like JFK.

Maurice Stephens
(Intro)- Patty's Pain

Well the hurricane is over, at least Harvey that is, I'm still in the ring between the ropes like Ruben Carter with these mental battles each day. In this prison system you don't know what tomorrow will bring, hell you can't predict five minutes apart. You have so many of us who reminisce about the past and wish for a better future, me; myself personally think about my Mother (Queen Patty), I want to caress the essence of her soul with the success of my life, the life style of doing drugs can and will destroy your stability to function like a normal person. Today it's the norm. You disregarded that you have a responsibility that recalls for affirmative action.

Society and prison can cause you to become a slave to habits, addictions, when you don't have your priorities right. When you learn to control them you are then the Ruler of and Master of your independence, Patty is my reason! So with this pen I will succeed! Patty is on my mind all the time; she is my sunshine and yellow moon in the dark skies. Now my childhood life was without my mother's support, so I never had the feeling. My support of being a son is up to me and all the men out there.

Maurice Stephens
Poem - Patty's Pain

It was anxiety at first,
dealing with the pain of my mother's hurt.
Knowing that she would have cried,
to watch me be hauled away in a urch.
Devil's perch at church,
today reality hit again.

Tuning into some Jason's Lyrics
I often wonder what could have
became of my life.

If I wouldn't come to the pin,
now I push the pen
My ism.

Yeah Ma, me and you,
both is apart of this corrupt system.
I share your pain; seriously.
Only if I would have known all this back then,
from that thought I grin.

What legacy would I leave,
could I ever be bless to have
a Queen with a seed.
Can I succeed?

Damn how could this be;
Morgan I can remember
like yesterday.
when we first connect.

It was winter but, your smile
kept me warm every day.

Maurice Stephens
Poem - Patty's Pain

Now that's fading away
all my broken promises.
Forgive me,
a Queen like you.
should not have to deal,
with that gangstah thug life bull-shit.

Soon, I'll come and erase the
non-sense.

Raven, my queen of
the ocean Blu-skies,
my precious Nisā.
Spread your wings,
forever, one day, my love, we'll be.

Until the angels bow,
I'll give it my all until,
it's no one left to
seek love and peace.

Maurice Stephens
ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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This is a long, lonely journey, on the path to be a pathfinder but, I made it "Real Niggaz".

ONE LOVE

Maurice Stephens
Poetry
Royal
Z
Cafe
MEMPHIS
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