TITLE: WHAT IS

POETRY: What is walks you through many stages of life for Dark Fontaine. Giving you a glimpse of his life in a poetic fashion.

Address of author:
FONTAINE "DARK FONTAINE" BAKER# 391865
RCI P.O. BOX# 900
Sturtevant, Wisconsin 53177

Created by Fontaine "Dark Fontaine" Baker
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Cover by: Fontaine Baker sr.
FORWARD

I give to the world a piece of me. All I can ever ask is that whom ever eye's glances at my words, please be kind to each other. We may all come from different places and even hold different spaces in life, however that does not negate the fact that we all all a part of the same family, "The Human Race". I feel joys, pains, eat and bleed just like you. I've had my battles with hate and felt the warm embrace of love and I'm sure you have as well. So let's not focus on that which makes us different as a way to shun each other, but embrace the facts that we all are made unique for a reason. And that's for Each one to Teach One.

I Love you my fellow Brothers and sisters of the human race. thank you for your time and enjoy. if you'd like to contact me please do at the address provided. I'd love feed back.
sincerely,
Dark Fontaine.
The Mathematics of My Life

Daddy and mamma were single to begin,
Chose to mix emotion with wild turkey and gin.
They entertained each other,
and the two made one.
I was conceived on the coldest night,
Doomed the second son.
1975 I came out alive and well,
Didn't count on all the nights I would see heaven in this hell.
It was added up in me,
To be a number one man,
Cause my daddy hung with aces,
And my mama pledged grand.
Didn't understand the equation.
When troubled equaled fun,
Just the sign of a single cop car,
Could have 20 guys on the run.
For 30 years I buck this life,
Rolled dice with destiny,
Only given the best of me.
It's a hard knock life,
Full of strife and trifle figures
Mad cause I learned early,
Jealousy ass triggers.
I doubled up in the hard times,
Made a thousand Outta nothing,
Paid a few bills,
Hilltops shawl feels.
It was my mama that told me,
Son keep Ya prayers,
Pay attention to those around you,
Cause they'll flip on Ya,
Nobody cares.
I took heed to her leisure,
Became a celebrity over night,
Went to the club,
And got shot the same night,
My mind wonders if all I did was coming to a close,
As I seen the blood running out my nose,
and my body felt cold,
It wasn’t until the police came.
that I felt the pause of Hot flame.

My time was ticking,
And mathematics had an angle,
Of seeing a star dangle.
I ain’t mad at fate,
It’s all a process,
As I see it,
The realer I get
The more pain comes with this shit.
I don’t expect to die soon,
But a world full of those tryin to count me out,
Leaves me weary for certain.
I see the worse and the best a the same time,
And just hope, that it all add up,
The mathematics of life,
Had me fucked up.
J Come From

I am from concrete canvasses,
with a melancholy hue.
From textured creased clothes,
Nappy do’s and corn rows.
Broken hip likened limps, Cadillac dreams,
and postured poses. I am from,
“please don’t kill me, or steal my dog,”
watch what you say, night screams,
proverb themes, Tribulations
of different races,
identified by claimed nations.
I’m from mean mugs, sly grins,
childhood friends, adult enemy winds.
Single mothers, several children,
dilapidated houses,
garbage over run and piss-ified
sky-high building,
public enemy rats, roaches, and mouse’s.
I’m from welfare generations,
prison sentenced plantations,
battle grounds of spooky domestic violence
and verbal abuse.
I’m from you think your grown,
Gotta go get your own.
A million—ready, set go eyes,
Love life digested and cloned.
I’m from alcohol induced
psychotic episodes,
Sparse eats and crooked roads.
From paralyzed paused, chambered loses.
A penny for ya thoughts,
unfair treatment and unethical costs.

I’m from street fast ball,
Quarter back slumps, hope and dope.
Life savings spent on a car and Gold Rope.
I’m from Social Security exchanges,
Neighborhood beers with strangers,
Drunk bum fights, from night without sleep,
scared you’ll miss something that night.
I’m from standing up for yourself
Money don’t define wealth.
Grape Kool-Aid,
Funeral processions
Failing grades,
Relationship obsessions.
I’m from God hear my prayers,
From yesterday’s tomorrows,
Misery and sorrow.
I am from, “There’s no place like home”
Over run emergency rooms.
High accusations and non-visible solutions.
Rules of a Secret Society,
Where some people win
while others are lose’n
Unforgotten scars, abrasions and contusions.
That’s where I’m from.
I Gotta Live

I live life like a fire walker,
Pure heat ignites the street.
As base lines measure mind states,
Predicted life line mixed with fate.
I gotta live by the scripture,
Like a preacher to a following,
They don’t understand this man,
So here I come again.
I flex hard with the time state,
To push honor like weight,
Compared to the steeple of towers,
The mighty man of the hour,
Who knew grief come wit power?
I magnify the struggle through contact lenses,
Me and my men’s is,
Blessed to flip verbs and Benzes,
I gotta live,
The sky is high I can’t see,
A life without a probable cause,
Dodging jail cells and court room walls,
As the judge says he don’t like my kind, or my mind,
Or would prefer me committing crime, instead of constructive rhyme.
I’i gotta live for the children in the hood,
Whose up to no good, and spill lines like brains on the wood,
I gotta live like a ravines beast,
As I release potent dictatable, tucked wit peace.
The ones that push mass amounts of madness,
I gotta live,
I gotta live,
I gotta live,
To the ones of hearts ackes,
The screams of troubled time and disconnected vines,
I gotta stay alive to breathe,
The free air, however filled with despair,
I truly care.
I gotta live past the pass and push towards the future,
Where not any situation will suit cha.,
I gotta live.
THE NEWS IN MY SHOES

I see the news displaying a world of twisted views,
Leaving masses confused, abused and feeling used.
The news shows neighborhoods over ran with death from violent crimes,
And drug getting more potent, with cryo-generated binds,
I call them signs.
The news shows poverty on the rise,
Homeliness climbing,
Same sex marriages, religious strong holds, and holy wars galore.
The news shows, police brutality,
Vested in legalized murder.
Government corruption topped with disturbed military deserters.
The news shows debased youth living dysfunctional lives,
Education substandard, breading spiteful future kinds.
The news shows mass incarceration of the blacks, Latinos and minority vines,
Irresponsible parenting, mood swing wars declaring, laced with premature preparation, ain't nobody caring,
Swearing they ain't making social security dangers, cold uncaring soul; of strangers.
With gun dealerships equip holding cash to turn the eye blind,
Causing genocide in an un-unified environment, as others remain silent.
The news shows turf wars over land not owned,
And the investigation of the crime was over looked an unsolved,
Cause the victim was seen as less than an unimportant by product of a kingdom less throne.
The news in my shoes, shows blues of pains from those given inadequate wealth care, brushed aside as a stoey-away on the boat of things that aren't fair.
The news in my shoes shows despair in polluted air leaving each soul in a fog, not able to recall the fight or see past the drugged induced smog.
The news in my shoes, Turned on the light, and let me see,
Things I didn't believe or conceive,
Which leaves me with the question?
How do I change this channel?
I MUST TELL YOU

I must tell you I apologize,
For not being superman, or bat man, but just an ordinary dark man on a rise.
I must tell you that I appreciate you.
Your love seemed specially made for me,
And when my understanding stalled on the floor of complicated relationship- you were woman enough not to dip.
I must tell you,
I never meant to fail you,
When my intentions were, to sail you into as sunset you’d never forget.
One where we make since out of the nonsense,
That has us both bent out of shape.
I must tell you,
Experience with you made time stand still,
I never knew love could be so deep,
Or you so shallow with your ways of sending us to the gallows,
Where I awaited conversation contemplated.
I wanted to tell you,
How I felt how I dealt with the reflection,
And the proper selection of you, yourself and your wealth of treasure, that grew with time.
I must tell you,
To me you were the skillet, coals and iron.
I must tell you, your looks held an intoxicating allure,
And being unsure if we were forever more,
Kept me awake at night, ready to fight,
Those who stayed hid in the closet, with the other bones,
Loves jones and broken hearted clone.
I must tell you, our two wrongs, made right,
As I remember that night, I realized I had to be swift,
And give us both a gift with room to grow.
So I let go of our future tomorrows, of all the sorrows, and borrowed stays wrapped in the emotional plays.
I felt dazed, but I saw our forever walk away,
Not forever to stay, but to lead the way,
And I felt the need to tell you.
It's Probably Because I'm Black

I woke up to society, 
hell bent on obscuring the facts. 
The accusations stood as a testimony of foolishness, 
a justification for how they act. 
I was judged for the clothes, cars and jewels I owned, 
thoughts surveyed, "he must be a drug dealer in fact!"
Afterthought of the accuser, 
It's probably because he's black. 
I mean just look at the way his pants sag, 
the way he walks with a swag. 
He has to be a thug, in fact! 
It's probably because he's black. 
I mean just look at him and his friends, 
standing all crowded in a group. 
They have to be gangbangers, in fact! 
just standing and swearing, lookin and not caring. 
It's probably because he's black. 
Oh look at that little boy's hungry eyes and nappy hair, 
he would steal from us in a minute, in fact! 
thoughts shared and mutually spoken, 
It's probably because he's black. 
Oh look that's a nice suit he's wearing, 
he must be on his way to court or a pimp, in fact, 
he may just be a conman - you know how they change, 
It's probably because he's black. 
Did you see that guy running? 
He just committed a crime, in fact. 
I wouldn't put it past him, 
It's probably because he's black. 
He's walking with a limp, he has to be packing a gun, 
Oh nooo he's lookin at me, probably to rob me for fun, 
it's probably because he's black. 
He's still smilin at me, 
he's gonna rape me! 
He's speaking to me, 
trying to test me. 
He's smiling, he must be crazy, 
it's probably because he's black. 
And that one has on Khakis and a skull cap, 
he must be an excon, 
you know the type, who never spend time with his kids, 
must be a deadbeat dad on the run, in fact. 
It's probably because he's black. 
I know he's a school dropout,
must be stupid, in fact
it's probably because he's black...

Since when did it become justified, because of the hue of my skin,
to run me through the ringer, or treat me lesser than other men?
Since when did it become justified, to shoot me down or choke me senseless—
until the point where I'm defenseless and cease my existence?
It's probably because I'm black, does not give you a free reign to act,
and neglect the fact... I'm more than black!!!
I'm human...
I FOUND MYSELF

I found myself, gladiating with emotions,
Trying to win the inner war.
As gun shots rang in my brain,
My body pains the score. I’ve been confined by circumstances,
Yet descendant of great kings, once stolen from the mother land,
Casted in the land of dreams and things.
I knew freedom was in my blood line,
Therefore I shared hardship with generations.
Yeah we were disconnected from what we knew,
And started claiming different nations.
How can any proclamation declare emancipation?
When my hood brothers and sisters are dying at the hands of racist.
They covering up the cases and planned terror-hood try’s to erase us.
I calculate a billion steps,
Causing confusion likened to the matrix,
We found hope in cotton bails,
Beauty in our dark skin.
Power in our textured hair,
Power in our will to win.
I found myself looking in the mirror,
Seeing my cheek bones reflect the hills in the Serengeti.
My eyes blood shot reminiscent of Chicago streets, seeing deaths peaks, as my body temperature’s rising, thinking of restricted lines,
In which I’ve seen misplaced hate, equal wake, jail terms and addictions not to mention separation.
I found myself seeking the aims of change.
Or some lever or key to release the mental scars,
That crippled my peoples charge up the hill of greatness.
And I know that even in this current state-no irate opponent could cause this heart to cower.
Because when we’re feeling low, we summon the flow that’s connected to the power.
That power which generates light, built off right that’ll forever guide us on.
That’ll forever be shown, that’ll forever guide us home,
And that’s where I find myself
MY HOMEY

Picture this,
My homey lived in dilapidated houses, sharing coughs with roaches and mouse’s.
He would often wonder of the next time he would eat,
As his thoughts ran deep.
Ya see my homeys mother was a crack addict,
Who spend most of her day in the attic, getting high as time flew bye.
My homey noticed this guy, who brought his moms drugs, that controlled her life,
and how his cloths seemed nice, always courteous and polite, so he invited my
homey to ride one night, and from there my homeys life took flight.
He traded up the roaches and rats, for thugs and gats,
Put an end to his hunger pains, from the Peruvian flames.
He even changed his name to homicide, his soul sat dormin of emotions, as he
cooked beef and let bullets fly.
Homey studied the coleons, bumpy Johnson, al Capone, john gotti, Larry hoover,
Jeff ford and reganomics.
His mission was to change his world, from being a ghetto rich nigga, to a major
figure.
So instead of buying cars and cloths, he invested in lawyers and stoes,
Instead of buying bottles and chains, he invested in stocks and brains, my homey
had a lock on thangs.
So when his mother died of an over dose, he stood at her grave and he gave a
toast, he said “mama I ain’t gotta sell dope no moe ,cause we ain’t broke no moe,
and mama I’ve took my bad and made some good, sent 200 hundred kids to
college and out of the hood. Mam I know you were a strong woman, and I don’t
blame you for what I had become, you taught me to depend on me, so O vow to
you, with this breath I have left I’ll build a legacy.
Ya see my homey let us see, you could take hold of your own destiny.
So when the feds came and tried to erases em, and lace him with count after
count of tax evasion, my homies maneuvers were amazing, they couldn’t faze
him. My homey grew tired of the harassment, and with the cash well spent, it
meant he owned five passports, and spent his days passing ports, as the world
became his resort.
The word is, my homey is still out there somewhere, still doing good. He could be
standing next to you in your hood; ya see my homey understood, His
reality......................
Well Fare

The pain in my stomach made me know the truth of want.
Mama tried to keep at least a slice of something nice in the place, but welfare made a
different case.

I know what struggle looked like, as I stared at the reflection in the mirror and my ribs
shone true. I was hungry, not just for food but for a lifestyle I couldn’t afford.

So as the heat rose my toes thawed out, I dove head first into a hustle, and for my time it
was about to flip the script.
Well fare seems to be a demon, because he only lasted from the first till the fifteenth, and
then it’s a’other day filled with pains from the nothing to eat.
I would make well fare mean something totally different for me, as I slept with the heat,
that only the street understood.
I was hungry, so I robbed,
Well it was fair to me.
I had holes in my shoes. So I sold crack,
Well that was fair to me.
I now drove a fancy car, given to me by enforcing ghetto rules,
Well it was fair to me.
Ya see well fair, now became fair,
Cause it made away for me to see, a way to believe that my circumstances would dictate
my actions.
Like a fatal attraction, well fair groomed me,
I swooned, and wounded me.
I’m no longer wishing, I’m living,
I am no longer hungry,
And I no longer have holes in my shoes.
I use to have the blues written on my heart,
Only covered by a tattered shirt, and the pain, from the hurt,
Compounded dirt.
I asked my self who really cares,
The stares are gone, I myself care.
Crime became a life line to shine, and well it’s fair to me.
Well fare where would I be,
If you didn’t corrupt me,
Where would I be?
Well fair, well fair, well fair,
Well it’s fair to me.


**Memory Lane The Event**

I remember to never forget, when I first got shot,
walking down the block, as the block took on the meaning of survival.
I was happy cause I use to chill with my cousin (use to have block parties)
I was confused when the car pulled up, (didn’t recognize the people)
I was scared when the hand came out the window with a gun connected
at the wrist (we on the block)
I was scared when the shots rang out.
I felt pain when a small chunk of flesh left my thigh. (Staying alive the block equaled).
And for the first time I knew the block, wasn’t a playground.
The block wasn’t a place to play nice. The block was a battlefield,
and I was in the midst of a war.
The block bred warrior, vibing to survive, as shots rang out in a drive by.
And all the guys I never seen, left the block changing everything.
I used to smile here, now I watch vigilantly. I used to walk here, now I stroll
up and down, down and up the block, trying to reclaim my blood.
I WANT MY LICK BACK!!!! (Don’t even know who it was, or what it was for!!!)
The block means to me, “Get up, get out, get done, cut loose, protect yourself,
guard your health,” and never forget to remember THE BLOCK.
A New Day

Thunder claps could be heard,
As a new day showed its blossoming face.
What would be in store for the new year?
Another episode in the core of liven.
Winner in time.
Cause we are still breathing.
What’s really the reason?
Will I discover the velvet tune?
Will I discover the hidden room?
Which needs to be filled with flavor.
Or will I just be another life saver,
In the moments to come.
A new day it is,
A new day, it lives.
And I see that as long as there’s hope,
As long as there’s a rope to climb,
As long as there’s a trail to follow,
I won’t be drowned by the sorrow.
Living today, thinking of tomorrow.
A new day to give,
A new day it is.
I’ll pray harder,
I’ll try even harder to accomplish it all,
Whether big or small.
While seeing the pictorial play,
A life of a grown man on display,
A temporary place to stay,
Tomorrows only a journey away.
A new day to see,
A new day to be,
All that I was born to be,
All that I was born to see,
All that was given to me,
Through the hate and envy.
A new day.
A new day being only me.
Time speaks

MY eternity weeps,
As my soul speaks.
To my heart,
That beats like a Congo drum,
A boom, a bap, a boom boom bap,
Over lapping, the scale unbalanced,
Giving textured talents,
Of life and destiny intertwined in a traditional tango.
And ummm, poverty made the pain grow,
Within a-mile-nourished existence,
Left conflicted views.
And I couldn’t run a treasured race, or keep pace,
With dilapidated shoes.
There was a vacancy, with vagrancy,
A perpetual penjalum of posttraumatic stress.
Dialated a tapestry of hard live I see,
Surviving on substantial breathes.
Still my core screams, flash backs it screams,
Of hollow nights under the sunken moon,
Thoughts of living and dying,
Fight like a pride of lions,
In which only one could win and rule.
Sayin! Prayers in the gangway,
God please keep me safe,
My family needs bread and butter,
And I cannot utter or stand a new case.
I just got a taste of liven,
Please forgive me for my sins.
I was drafted into the street life,
Gambling on a tomorrow,
And I’m all in.
THE HOUSE THAT CRACK BUILT

Crack cocaine,
This is the house,
Is sold in the game,
That jack built.
A hustler's dream to get rich
This is the malt,
The hustler failed,
That lay in the house,
And was sent to jail
That jack built,
By the words of a snitch.
This is the rat,
The snitch got paid,
That ate the malt,
And went to get laid,
That lay in the house,
Messing wit another baler's girl,
That jack built,
Word got spread,
This is the cat,
The snitch was found dead,
That killed the rat
And the baller's girl skipped town,
That ate the malt,
Crack cocaine,
That lay in the house,
A new hustler is born,
That jack built,
He bids his time.
This is the dog,
And loves to shine,
That worried the cat,
His rep is growing,
That killed the rat,
A hustler's dream is to get rich,
That ate the malt,
And to keep the city glowing,
That jack built.
We Don't NEED Chains to Be Enslaved

The mass stress of depression,
Laces the lane with lessons,
I work to support another and their mother,
A silent cover,
I starve and strive to pay bills,
And feel the ills f capital hill,
What's really the deal?
A section or selection of minded people,
Embrace hatred and convert evil,
This platio is a sequel.
A class mate kills for colors,
And not a hundred years ago, people died,
Caused they were colored.,
Connect the dot if you can,
Instead of labeling you a human being, they say,
Oh he's a black man.
So do I believe my life's in danger?
The anger of generations,
Control the stations of horror,
Cause we aint promised tomorrow.
Cut deep leaking sorrow.
These invisible chains bind me,
Named cloths, cars and jewels,
We spend our life chasing wealth,
As our health plays second stream.
I could only hope for change,
A change where we live the dream,
We don't need chains to be enslaved.
Where theirs a mental lock on the mind.
Freedom will come from education,
And that's not so hard to find.
A MILLION THOUGHTS

A million and one thoughts,
Are caught in a butterflies nest,
Unable to escape the motion picture of life,
Unable to over come the stress.
Why did yesterday die?
Why did yesterday cry?
Only to be remembered in the tears of today.
A solemn feeling I feel, of being real,
Still a sinner is laced with regret.
The closer I come to finishing,
The more trials I face,
The more I come to being uprooted,
The more I feel a embrace.
Yesterdays calling me,
Do I return to it?
Like the pages in a book,
Or do I look past the yearning?
Concerning with being a crook,
I don't know what I shall do,
There's a million options starring in my face,
I could follow the foot prints before me,
Which remain so firmly in place?
I rest my case.
If My Tears Could Talk

If my tears could talk, would you really listen?
"I'm a victim of abuse", said mother
And my body is in prison.
If my tears could talk, would you really listen?
"I'm a victim of alcoholism, drugs, rape, robbery and murder, scarred but I'm still liv'in."
If my tears could talk, would you hear what they have to say?
And paint a picture in your mind that would continue to play!
Or spend a day in the stream, covering my mountain of years.
Everything you could imagine, entertained with fears.
They'd tell a million different stories, of the fights within,
Restless nights, troubled flights,
And then it's on again!
My tears are so deep; you'd be able to dive in,
And the pressure you'd feel, as you divide within.
Different cycles of a life filled with strife,
Some victims call it a sad song, but I call it life.
They don't understand the melody, of souls set abound,
Could bag this pain up, and slang it by the pound.
How that sound?
Or we could bottle those tears up, and sell them in pints.
And make a mighty soap box, as victims unite.
So open up and let me in, I won't be harsh, I won't be cold,
My tears speak for the strong and the weak,
With words, more precious than gold.
The Weather Inside is Cold

My mind tells me to look at the obvious,
And don't waiver on that which is written in truth.
The proof of a storm comes in two;
First sadness, then blues,
As the weather inside turns cold.

I knew the truth,
But didn't want to believe,
The lie so real,
A cold plate to receive.

Look and look again,
There's not a soul to be found.
The world is upside down,
When the actions should be right side up.
I am the pain of the moment, and the storm is ready to erupt.

A lot has built up over time,
Infused my emotions,
Detailed my mind, the hills I climb are jagged,
As the edge looks bleak; I am compelled to speak.

How could a person be a stranger in his own body?
How could one's mind take him to places he's never been?
I see the clouds are full tonight,
And the drops of rain push at the bow to break.
At what stage do we relate?
At what cross road do we cross?
It's all a puzzle yet to be untold,
As the scene unfolds.

I'm shaken by the thunder,
The lightning leaves traces of yesterday.
As the soul turns blackened by the struggle, am I truly alone?
Do I truly deserve a house, a home?

Where is my rest stop?
Where I could make the rest stop, my thoughts are clear.
But the sight is blurry, as I feel the cold encapsulate me.
As I feel the iron scream, "...place ya burdens here..."
"Replace ya anger with that of praise for better days."

The sun ain't shined in weeks.
And I know the vessel feels blue,
But what can a soldier do?
What can a heart say?
When light travels faster than the master of fate compels,
And my voice needs balance,
As the storm begins to break, I take in the silence.
I wonder what’s at stake after this.
For the weather inside is still so very cold,
So very unforgiving, yet so abnormally peaceful.
I am a victim in this society, a product of my mothers and fathers conduct.
Still but never stuck!
The weather is cold inside, so outside I bundle up.
I AM LEGEND

The span,
I have none.
The beginning,
Never known,
The middle setting,
I exist constantly
The travel,
I recreate a better me,
I am Legend...
I have not an ending,
I have not a beginning,
I was there before there was,
I am Legend,
Contemplated often
Never figured out, argued over endlessly,
I am a puzzle inside a riddle,
Inside and enigma,
You may seek to know,
That which I show is a wheel,
Keeping me continuing to go round and round in your mind,
For the place where you start,
You shall end.
I am legend
Realities myth.
March is Ruff

Streets lights changed color,  
As another brother laid lifeless under a cover.  
On one knew why he died, just a victim of genocide.  
Perhaps for money, perhaps for pride,  
I thought as I stared at the blood pool at his side.

A victim of circumstance, a name by certain advance,  
What really were his chances?  
He grew up in the city of no hope,  
Where fiends dashed for dope and prayers were asked for the next high.  
A city to fly to spare a single guy,  
But thrived on hearing his mother cry, his daughters try,  
To reach inside the casket, where he’d get his last bit of fame,  
A plastered T-shirt bearing his name, “Jermain”.  
Caught up in the game,  
This wasn’t B-Ball, but B showl could ball like a soldier,  
For he was known to tote guns in a holster,  
Slung across his shoulder,  
Rushing to get older..  
His march was ruff,  
His demeanor was tuff,  
A good card player, shuffling from the bottom of the deck,  
Honed in on respect, never earned a honest check.  
See Jermain was doing his thang; all the way up into he met his shame.  
And there March cut short by flame.  
Another black male fell victim to the strain.  
I could see the cities eyes,  
Searching for the next in line,  
The next ambitious find,  
The next willing to shine,  
Do dirt and do time,  
As one who lived by the code of it’s law and grind,  
Only to have his place and time,  
A plastered t-shirt for shine,  
March could be ruff at times.
I've Seen The Likes Of

I've seen the likes of trouble,
Brewin on the spot.
Heard sirens in the hood,
Because somebody got shot. (A victim of violence!)
I've seen the pains of children,
All hungry to eat,
While their mothers are addicted to crack,
And their daddy's running the street. (They we're victims of neglect)
I've seen the best of friends,
Brawl to the death,
They were boys when they were younger,
But one went right and the other went left, (Victims of gang violence).
I've seen a mother cry wells of tears,
Just feeling the pains of being single madly,
Having no love for her son at all,
Cause he look so much like his daddy. (Victim of a broken heart).
I've seen the seasons change from warm to cold,
With a father living in a bottle,
Unable to hold his head high,
Cause he wasn't a role to model. (Victim of alcoholisms)
I've seen a high school kid's dream of making it to the NBA,
Get squashed from a single mistake.
Some how the judge justified seeing it fit to send him up state,
And he ended up hangin himself from a penitentiary gate. (A victim of the system).
I've seen the likes of the weather man,
Telling you it's not gonna rain, but instead rains,
Or the price of gas raises sky high,
And how it seems to reflect the flow of cocaine.(misunderstanding to blame)
I've seen us get a black president,
After so very long,
And the community still sets to misbehaving,
Like we in love with doing wrong.(Victims of miseducation & guidance).
I've seen the heart of men,
Wrapped u in a hateful thought.
Lost nights spent in troubled fights,
Not caring about the cost (A victim of being losted).
A victim of space,
A victim in place and time,
I've seen the likes of,
Each distinct kind.
CAMOFLAUGE OF EMOTIONS

We hide behind the veil of our existence,
Just a model of the truth within us.
As the silent pulls of the puppet master tugs our inner core.
A war of wills, a willing of the war, as we try to conquer our fears, desires, and emotions.
We hide in plain sight, covered only by the masks of confidence in us being so grand actors, hoping we will never be figured out.
As the wear and tear compresses our souls. Mixing the black and blues finely brushed lines making a mixture of the here and now. Covering our stance camouflaging our emotions.
The Streets Lied To Me

The streets lied to me, the hood cried for me,
When they sentenced me to strife,
The streets died to me.
Inside a million issues,
No times out no whistles,
Only blood, bones and grizzle.
Skies high like a missile.
Let me take you through heart aches,
Where pains displays itself a keep sake,
No cheap skate, cause destiny cost to skate,
A trade ya life to get paid and pledge the boss stake.
I toss and turn from the nightmares, I can’t take,
As cold stares and nickel plated glare,
Got dreams dancing in the silhouette of the streets lights,
I channel here,
Woke up in a wondering year,
Some food could change my mood, but ain’t one here,
Turn up my good ear; listen to the hard times,
Public aid and chow lines.
Copped emotion to grind.
Copped a piece, to keep a the piece,
Seen the scene rearrange,
Move up out of poverty to finer thangs,
Finer brings a pack full of haters,
Smoke a few like Newport’s,
As news reports identified my name,
A danger to the new world order of pain,
A new world order with casualties at gain,
I got a magnifying glass on thangs,
I made my dream to reality,
Became a writer over night,
And still had to watch my back at night.

Thought I could live past the fouly,
The streets don’t love anything,
I see he lied to me,
Woke up in hell,
A prison cell,

17 year’s in the mouth of the whale.
We Change Together

We change together, no matter the storm, harm, thoughts ruminating of keeping warm.

Breastfeed on bullets bathed in metallic
gotta move quick, in a world so, so violent.

Imagination contemplation strong,
looking for freedom, abducted so wrong.

A marathon in my mind made me mad,
missing my children, a million tears laced with fears.

Pray my seeds know I really love em.
WHAT A WORLD

I aim in stance cut close to see,
A world full of hate, jealousy and envy.
       How did it all become,
       A place full of despair?
       I look too yesterday,
       To see who really cared.
       A past of a thousand times,
       Life lines painted in blood.
Slow tunes ushering in comfort,
For those who knew what was?
I place myself at the feet of time,
       And hope it wills a reprieve.
It's hard to overcome concrete thoughts,
When you live on a wish to leave.
       A battle brews from within,
       A look for complacent peace,
A cold swirls of the world, laced with hunger in belief.
       How did the pressure get so heavy?
       A sky ridden baron of angles,
       Wonder continues to live,
       Wonder continues to dangle.
I see the coming on the night,
When grace with over shadow harm,
       And the ears will pop,
       From the violent kept alarm.
       The eyes see the sun light,
       The heart feels the pain,
       The world will cry for me,
Once I catch the evening train.
       It's a train to thought,
Where wonder wills the emotion,
And fantasy is succumb by reality,
       Emotional and valiant notion.
       Where is a list to gain?
       A strain of plastered hearts,
       We find solace in the now,
Knowing tomorrow could tear us apart.
The Traveler

The day started off in a rush,
I had to make it to an appointment.
Or my dreams could be crushed,
Of something so bad I wanted.

Along the way I met a woman,
Said she was new to the city,
I offered to be her tour guide,
But had to do it on the fly.

As she followed me,
She clung to my words.
We hit the el platform,
This is what she heard.

Welcome to Chicago,
The city of gangsters and goons,
Half crooked politicians,
A celestial musical tunes.

This city never sleeps,
So the rats get no rest.
Beware of your steps,
Going to the south or the west.

Opportunity here is high,
You could find a job.
Be cautious of your surroundings,
People here profit on and rob.

We have a nice skyline,
The water in Lake Michigan is ruff.
The night life is vibrant, ill mannered,
And tuff.
This city is diverse,
We have a town for every race.
Jew town, china town, beans town,
To give a taste.

The murder rate is high,
People warring over blocks.
Since they tore down the projects.
Nomads roam in search of spots.
From wriggle field to comisikey park,
   We got the sox and cubs.
We have the bulls, and the black hawks,
   Fills seats and pubs.
If you're a coinsurer of great sights,
   Take a trip down lake shore drive,
   Chicago the city I love,
   Built on steel and jive.

   So be well young lady,
   Enjoy this home of mines.
   Keep your head on survival,
   And don't get losted in the shine.
Spiritual, Metaphysical

The span of my spirit strength eternity's length,
As my soul danced jubilantly at the vessel's release.
Finally I'm free yelled the soul, now I
can return back to which I came.
Transitional lights shot forth through the
cozoplane, as sunbursts of emotions
laid path of peace, patience, and pleasure
on which the soul would travel.
A celestial Zion plastered with nano
pictorials of previous patrons' passages, transcended
the cavernous areas of time and place.
The soul began to rise in level, as layers
of homosapian connections could be seen peeling off its
nature, a new brighter layer of divinity
embroidered in the souls stature took shape and began
to form. To the common eye, a pale white, then
ushered by a sultan bronze, a shimmering silver
casting, to be completed by a forged glistening
gold. The soul was truly on its way to freedom.
The mortal emotions and feelings of pain,
hurt, anguish, happiness, comfort, confusion,
and contemplation were no longer existent.
Far in this transcendence there was only
one ember of emotion attached to feeling
remaining, and once the soul reached its
destination, that categorical emancipation
of feeling could only be labeled as complete.
Far in the end we all return from
which we came.
YOU HAVE ARRIVED

I know many of us have not, been acknowledged,
For the good we strive.
Well today is a day to be elated,
The road was ruff, some how you made it,
YOU HAVE ARRIVED,
No matter what ill’s you,
Or compels you to strive,
Let no one douse your light,
YOU HAVE ARRIVED!
You have arrived at a cross road,
A time and place honoring you and your accomplishments,
A time and place saying,” Good job,” well done and all who sit amongst you, saying,” I
believe in you”, I care about you, and I am proud of you”.
I am proud that you stuck with it; you did not give up,
Though the nights may have run long, and the days may have been tough.
It was you, who took the time out,
It was you who accepted the gift.
It was you, who stood strong,
No matter what you battled with.
YOU HAVE ARRIVED!
No matter the depression, or trauma, you embraced a subtle change.
And stood the test against all odds, no matter feeling strange.
You could be here for coping, and those skills helped you cope,
Of settling in for you HSED, on a passing grade you hoped.
YOU HAVE ARRIVED!
So never let any one tell you, you can not do anything,
And stay determined to do right.
When this journey started, we all were in the dark,
But now you have become the light.
YOU HAVE ARRIVED!
Congratulations’!
YOU HAVE ARRIVED!
Thank you.
I seen the street corner packed—summer,
saturated with blacks
cops hit the corner—swarming—
stop and frisk is the act.
one youth got nervous,
decided to flee.
cops opened fire,
16 shots made history.
No Dope, No Gun,
yellow tape the scene.
a high school running back,
killed short of his dreams.
The cops scream—justified,
he ran—he had to do something illegal,
or he was a gangbanger, known for murdering people.
Nawl man—
strike one—he was black
strike two—seen as a threat
strike three—not seen as equal
equaled his calculated death.
This could've been me,
This could've been you.
This could've never happened,
This could've been true
A GIFT OF WORDS

We immobilize at this moment, sharing common vibes,
Living scribes, able to breathe space alive.
I am but one vessel, not sent here to stress you but bless you with a vision of the truth. So strap on your thinking caps and listen to the proof.
I’ve chased dreams in hollow streams, and heard the screams in the night.
Of a thousand souls, some bitter some cold, longing for a glimpse of right.

I adjudicated my words, as a minor, as I watched them grow strong and tall. They let me know, I had a voice, as was given a choice, to use them and share with you all.
I could tell you of my accolades, or escapades in the streets lights,
But life that was street dug a hole so deep,
That it buried my freedom twice.
In these words of proof, I gift wrap the truth,
The proof of before and after, Smile and sorrow,
In a concrete existence, “Labeled try again tomorrow.”

I see you all!!!! And with persistence, I know that we all could make it.
So take it!!! Take all of what is offered to you, inhale it, turn it over and over in your minds that are truly one of a kind. And never mind the nay Sayers, the dream slayers. Let them talk, let them speak.

Imagine yourself supermen and ignorance your kryptonite,
Despite your seat, you can beat this cycle.
For I’ve seen generations of fathers, sons, and grandfathers,
Caught in this erroneous flight, but don’t give up the fight.
So take this gift of words, and know that after every worse comes better.
You’re more than a number or letter, more than a budget, more than a discarded figure, more than a quota by order to be confined.
You are someone who matters.
A brother, a father, a son, a man, and as such you shall stand.
So embrace the day, take hold of the night, and be better than a brand.
I hope you understand!!!!
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dark Fontaine grew up in the city of Chicago, where he encountered poverty in a single-parent home. This poverty led him to selling drugs to stay alive and joining a notorious street gang at 15 as a means of surviving the cold Chicago streets. Many nights in the street life left stains imprinted upon Fontaine's soul which ushered him to start doing music and poetry as a way to escape the pain. A lengthy history of seeing violence as well as experiencing it gave birth to the Post traumatic stress syndrome he now lives with everyday.

Dark Fontaine was incarcerated at 24 and sentenced to spend 5 years in prison behind an accidental shooting, in which his PISD wouldn't allow him to stay at the scene of the occurrence.

Dark Fontaine writes and paints to deal with his illness and finds constructive ways to use his energy to help others for his benefit. The most prominent ways he uses his time is mentoring others inside and outside of prison, just hoping he can save someone from having to walk life as he previously did. He left the gangsta's life and became a alumni of Restorative justice who's motto is; "To Promote peace without blood".

Dark Fontaine's motto is: There is no such thing as failure, just different degrees of success. Each day we should wake up thinking how we can be better within ourselves, so that we may be better for those in need of that help we are given one life for one reason and that's to help others help themselves. I learned how to do this by being selfless instead of selfish.

CONTACT INFO: Fontaine "Dark Fontaine" Baker 5391855
411 P.O. BOX 900
Sturtevant, Wisconsin 53177