Panther's Boy

By: Marcus A. West aka Panther

Prose in its new form
TITLE ...... PANTHER'S BUOY
AUTHOR ...... MARCUS A. WEST

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

FOR THE NATURAL BORN INTELLECT AND STRENGTH OF A WARRIOR, AND FOR INFUSING IN ME THE ABILITY TO LEARN, LIVE, AND LOVE THE ART OF WRITING. EPIC THANKS IS DUE TO ALLAH! THE MOST COMPASSIONATE, THE MOST MERCIFUL.

PROFOUND THANKS TO MY MOTHER, PATRICIA A. WEST AND MY SIBLINGS ACE, KENYA, IRESEHIA, LAFAKIS AND MARTIN. YOU ALL WILL ALWAYS BE THE FOUNDATION THAT HOLDS MY HEART FULLY INTACT.

TO MY CHILDREN, MIKAYLA & MARCUS, YOU BOTH INSPIRE ME GREATLY SO I WILL LOVE AND THANK YOU UNTIL AND BEYOND ME END.

LASTLY, BUT SURELY NOT LEAST, A VERY SPECIAL THANKS TO LIL'BIT AND ALL THOSE WHO KNOWINGLY, AS WELL AS UNKNOWINGLY HELPED MAKE THIS BOOK A REALITY...
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONTENTS</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. INTRODUCTION</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. ENOUGH IS ENOUGH</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. FROM THE INSIDE</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. NOW &amp; THEN</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. AWAKEN</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. FUTURE</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. UNBRIDLED</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. WHAT MALCOLM SAW</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. MR SCREEN</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. BLACK-ESTEEM</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. ONE BEAT</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. SOCIAL CONTEMPT</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. LOOK N' BACK</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. NOCTURNAL</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15. BROTHA IN ME</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. CAN U RELATE?</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17. INSOMNIA</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18. I DREAM</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19. BROTHA IN ME</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20. RHYTHM LIES</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21. INSOMNIA</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22. SURRENDER</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23. NUCLEUS</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24. HURDLES</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25. HERE TO STAY</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26. BLACK 'END</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27. WHY?</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INTRODUCTION

IN MY OPINION, THE WRITTEN AND SPOKEN WORDS ARE THE MOST POWERFUL HUMAN AGENTS IN EXISTENCE.

SO WITHIN THESE PRISON WALLS I WRITE, I WRITE WITH THE DESIRE TO FIND MY PEACE, I WRITE! NOT JUST FOR THE SAKE
OF WRITING, I WRITE BECAUSE IT IS MY SYSTEM OF RELEASE...

THE PEN SPEAKS VOLUMES, SO IT'S BY THIS MEANS I CHOOSE TO NAVIGATE THE TRENCHES OF A CAPTIVE LIFE... UNCONSTRAINED I WRITE, FOR RIGHT... PRINTING WORDS Sometimes tormented by rage... While the depth of many minds control the tone of every page.

CANDIDLY AND OFTEN THIRD EYE SIGHTED
I WRITE, INFLUENCED BY AN UNSEEN FORCE... BUT DRAWN FROM BLACK, UNITY I ASSUME CLEARLY BEING THE SOURCE OF ALL MY MIGHT...

WRITE! WRITE! WRITE! WITH THE DEEPEST DESIRE TO MAKE THE OPPRESSED FEEL AND HEBE... HISTORIES OF PAIN EXPRESSED BY MY PEN'S RAIN... ETCHING ON A NATION'S CONSCIOUS WHICH REMAINS-clouded and UNCLEAR... By MEANS OF MY PEN I FIGHT AND SHALL CONTINUE TO FIGHT... UNTIL THE PEN BECOMES INARGO AND ALLAH SNIFES MY LIFE'S LIGHT... FOR THE CAUSE I WILL MAINTAIN POSITIVE CHANGE AND WRITE.

.......................... THIS TERRIBLE Destructive, UNFAMILIAR COMPULSION SPEAKS TO MY EARLY MORNING MIND... SAYING, "LOOK!" AS I WALK PAST THE TELEVISION IN THE PAGE 4
Pop on the 3rd floor, of the Pima County jail in Tucson Arizona, on my way to the coffee pot to nurture my sunrise fix, I pause and focus on what appears to be breaking news. This vision woven together with the unanticipated prison sentences that I would be unjustly given a few weeks after September 11th 2001, leaves me still confused and deeply troubled.

Now that I look back, many years later, today considering myself a man and far more mature, I'm forced to confess that I couldn't tell the difference between my sorrows for whom was I to find courage and strength for whom was I concerned? Myself or those victims of my crimes or those victims and herds of a disaster that would change the course of my life and history itself. I decided; most definitely, all of the above.

I sat in the nearest chair available, eyes glued on the t.v. just as the second plane flew right into the other tower. Realizing I possessed a lone tear in my left eye I quickly looked
Away in search of a distraction, not finding one equal to the moment which in my opinion would only have been an all out riot. I became angry by the fact that I had up to that point in my life grown so accustomed to violence and destruction. At the same time I was ashamed for allowing such emotions to get the best of me.

Concern must have been apparent on my face because my cellmate placed his hand on my shoulder when I inadvertently glanced back at the screen and saw the Twin Towers ablaze and collapsing,... my next reaction, total disbelief, not at what I was seeing, but by the fact that I had at that very moment in time completely forgotten about my own dilemma. Thus, for the first time I discovered my soft side for humanity.

I remember, watching the television (Tell-lies-to-your-vision) is what I used to call it. But I watched for about 60 more...
MINUTES. THINKING TO MYSELF AS I ENDED MY TV TIME FOR THE DAY. DO THEY HATE US THAT MUCH OR DO THEY FEAR US THAT MUCH, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, FROM WHERE DOES THIS HATE OR FEAR COME?

FROM THAT DAY, I DECIDED TO WRITE AND TELL MY STORY, HOPES AND DREAMS FOR MANKIND AND ATTEMPT TO BECOME PART OF THE SOLUTION, INSTEAD OF REMAINING PART OF THE PROBLEM.

THIS COLLECTION OF WRITINGS WAS INSPIRED BY A LIFE TIME OF HARSH AND ENDEARING EXPERIENCES, LACED TOGETHER BY THE THREAD OF THAT GLOOMY MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 11TH 2001. THE VERY DAY THAT I REALIZED THAT I WASN'T A LOST CAUSE, DESPITE THE MANY YEARS IN PRISON I WOULD HAVE TO SERVE, I STILL HAD A FUTURE, A DAY THAT I, N OR HUMANITY WILL EVER FORGET. THESE POEMS COME FROM A SINGLE MIND BUT INSPIRED BY MANY MINDS IN CAPTIVITY, REACHING OUT BEYOND BARBED WIRE AND CONCRETE BY THE PEN & PAPER. REPRESSING THE PAST, EXPRESSING THE PRESENT AND ASSESSING THE HOPE FOR THE FUTURE OF THE BLACK MAN IN AMERICA.....
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

CLINGING TO A CERTAIN MIND STATE, I RELATE TO A PEOPLE WHO MUST CONTINUE, RESISTING CARNIVOROUS PARASITES WITH THE MOST VORACIOUS OF APPETITES AND CREDENCE IN LIFE'S POISON.

ENOUGH TREACHERY IN THE BLACK CAUSE, OPPRESSIVE, AND EXPEDIENTLY ESTABLISHED LAWS; TO SACRIFICE NOW AND ALWAYS OR, DO MOST SEE IT AS A LOST CAUSE?

THE QUESTION REMAINS UNANSWERED... BUT STRUGGLE WILL ALWAYS EXIST. I AM STRUGGLE. FOREVER FIGHTING FOR REVOLUTIONS RETURN AND 360 DEGREES WITH NO SUBSTITUTION.

I AM AND WILL REMAIN MY BROTHER'S KEEPER, GUARDIAN OF SORTS, AGAINST HIS CHOSEN REAPER, ON THIS REALM AND BEYOND. STARING AT MY REFLECTION IN HIS EYES I WITNESS PROTRACTED PAIN THAT TEARS THOSE ORBS THAT ENVISION ENDLESS REJECTION.

INTRACTABLE EMOTIONS ARE WHAT KEEPS A WHOLE NATION OF PEOPLE STRAPPED AND HELD DOWN, KNEES BENT DUE TO THE PRODUCT OF HATE ON OUR BACKS, FULLY LOADED WITH INSIGHT
CONDUCTIVE TO THE FIGHT, SO WITH DELICIOUS.
IMAGES OF FREEDOM WE ATTEMPT TO
RIGHT THE UNFORGOTTEN WROGHS
MISUNDERSTOOD FOR FAR TOO LONG.
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH,
CRYING FOR PRIMORDIAL STRENGTH TO
RETURN TO MY PEOPLE, DISSEMINATED
WITH THE SEED OF TRUE LOVE, BURNING
WITH RED FLAMES WHILE BURSTING
FORTH TO THE TENTH POWER. LEAVEN
CARNAGE ON A HISTORIC PATH ALREADY
CLUTTERED BY LIFE'S DEBRIS. SO I SAY
"ENOUGH" BEING DIFFIDENT NO LONGER
BUT YELLING TO BE HEARD. ANGRY WITH
EVERY WORD. THESE DISTINCT THOUGHTS
SHOULD BE LIKE SPITTEL RAINING DOWN
ON THE HUMAN CONSCIENCE.... HEAR
WHAT I SAY: "ENOUGH IS ENOUGH."

I AM FREEDOM'S FREEDOM IN CAPTIVITY,
NO LONGER RESTING IN THE OPPRESSORS
PEDESTRIAN BED WITH BLANKETS OF
SELF-HATE. SHADING REALITY PULLED
OVER MY HEAD. WONDERING. WHY
MUST I, THE ORIGINAL MAN, CONTINUE
TO DEFLECT CONSTANT WAVES OF
FALSEHOOD ON MY GOD GIVEN PATH TO
THE THRONE? THAT RIGHTFUL PLACE,
While witnessing the enemy's unconscious bow as I pass with
truth on my face...

Rectification of the situation
rids self of dysfunction. By
submitting verbal requisition for
the ultimate respect: backed by
the bullet and audible neck
cracking of racist illogical minds.

Those who show no regret, but
systematically unable to forget
men like Dr. King and warriors
like Malcolm X. Those who took part
in paving the people's way but
left it far from complete, taught
me how to be a Trojan Horse,
never subject to defeat...

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH...

We must fail no more to eradicate
the perpetuation of self-destruction...

MAN IS MIND!

I REPEAT "MAN IS MIND!"

It takes the mind of men and
women with the ability to hear
the drum beat and know thought
to overcome... Day after day, we
wake up in a state of repetition.
Breeds slave relations, leaving minds venturesome and elusive to capture.

..... so I profess that I am King.

The dark tone of my skin, the ancestors of my kin, the strength of my heart enables me to no longer be susceptible to that lost part of unproductive, society...

This captive man is fully aware of the fact that ambivalent mind states subjected to torrential down pours of sincere love, can and will conquer self-hate. So I trample dragon’s teeth, even as incipient panic evolves due to the realization of failure, which assures a pyrrhic victory, but less lethargic minds create strong armies in time, erasing beastly visages and expose camouflages. Simply weeding the weed to allow introspection... Hear what I say.... Enough is enough....

maw 2001
From the Inside

Outsiders can't associate,

Therefore they become
Harvesters of Hate...

From the inside, I see it all...
From the inside, I trip, but never fall....

From the inside, I look down
With a frown upon you....

From the inside, I'm careful
Of what I ever do.....

From the inside, I envision
What you don't...

From the inside, I do what
You never want.

From the inside, I'm considered
A man...

From the inside, I'm witness
To God's grand plan....

Most think from the outside, so they
can't comprehend, faced with the
truth, but stuck in Sin, living in a
reality to stay sane, with every stride
attempting to perceive life, like
those who exist from the inside.....

MAY, 2002
EVERY NOW & THEN

DANCING DANCES
MEANT ONLY FOR PRIVATE LIVES.

SO WE EMBRACE A LIFE
WORTH EMBRACING LIKE A CHILD...

BOUNDLESS VISIONS

POINTS TO THE STRUGGLE
INSPIRED PRECISELY BY THE HEART
SECRET IN TEARS
FOR MIS-READ THOUGHTS
REVEALING EMOTIONAL STATES IN PARIS...

ASYLUM DRAWN

FROM OUR HOPES AND DREAMS
A PEACE THAT FORMS FROM WITHIN.

MUSINGS OF A PEOPLE'S STRAIN
IN THE ABSENCE OF REASON
EVERY NOW & THEN....

MAY 2002
TO UPLIFT THE STRUGGLE REQUIRES LEARNING CURVES THAT ATTRACT MAJOR MINDS FOR SOCIALISTIC STRATEGIES SHAPED BY SUCCESS. KNOWLEDGE THAT SLEEPING MINDS BREAK AT EVERY ANGLE, LEAVING DREAMS TWISTED AND TURNED SO THE PLOTS MEET DARK OBJECTIVES, REALIZED THROUGH HISTORIC PERSPECTIVES.... RIDDING TOP DAWG MENTALITY IN A PUPPY'S DOMAIN. SO WE NO LONGER REMAIN OBJECTS OF LOVE AND HATE. ADMIRATION FROM THOSE WHO KNOW THE RULES TO THE GAME. CONCEPTS THAT SPEAK VOLUMES, BONDS RESULTING IN CEMENTED UNDERSTANDING EMBEDDED IN BLACK PRIDE..... EYES WIDE, SEEING THIRD MANS EVEN FORTH EYE SIGHT. BLESSED BY ERECTION SIMPLY FOR THE CAUSE. REBIRTH BY AFRICAN RITE, SHOULDERS SLUMPED WITH TONS OF KNOWLEDGE, UTILIZING A STORIED PATH AND PURELY JUST REFUSING TO LOSE BY REMAINING UNSLEEP.......

May 2003
FUTURE

Yearning for change.
Present era seasoned by the ages,
Blind by silence.
The struggle ignited in stages.
Black fist cast about.
Salty tears swallowed.
Hard knocks encountered.
Can leave a life unknown and hollow...
As today retires, yesterdays inspire...
Foreboding thoughts
Becoming habitual desires...
Burdens created
By fragmented illusions...
Lost but intrepid
Living a life by intrusions...
With certain memories unabated.
Darkness will surely pass...
A sense of independence
Never being part of the mass...
Wondering in reflection
Past failures fade, away from self.
Progression in focus.
Mind no longer driven by wealth...
Preparing for the final end.
The oppressor's clear, attempts to delude.
The indications of a future
We cannot elude....  May 2003
UNTAMED VISIONS,
LEAD TO UNCIVIL DECISIONS,
UNASKED QUESTIONS,
ALLOW FOR UNPROVEN PROJECTIONS,
UNCHARTED DESTINATIONS,
FOR UNFORTUNATE RELATIONS,
UNDREAMED DREAMS,
DUE TO UNSEEN SEAMS,
UNCOVERED MYSTERIES,
THROUGH UNCLAIMED HISTORIES,
UNGOVERNED LIVES,
SPREADING UNINHIBITED LIES,
UNFOUNDED WARS,
FOUGHT ON UNTRAVESED SHORES,
UNWRITTEN STORIES,
CAUSE UNCHALLENGED GLORIES,
UNTUCHED HEARTS
AFFECTING UNLAWFUL ARTS,
UNSaid WORDS
LIKE UNSHARP SWORDS
DEADLY BUT MEANINGLESS...
7 WHAT MALCOLM SAID

TRANSFORMATION.

ALTHOUGH THE CONFLICT WITH THE REALITY OF A CAPTIVE ENVIRONMENT SETS IN LIKE DEJA VU. THE DARK AND COLD CELL THAT CREATES MORE STRUGGLE AFTER STRUGGLE. WHILE SANITY SEEMS TO LOOSEN WITH NO REBUTTAL;

FINDING MYSELF FIGHTING NOW WITHIN A BATTLE I THOUGHT MALCOLM Fought....

REFLECTIONS OF BLACK WARRIORS FLASHING. LEAVING TRACES BEFORE INNER MIRRORS, BUT SOMEHOW THE PICTURE BECOMES CLEARER WHEN THE CELL DOOR SHUTS. A BLACK LIFE MUCH MORE DERRIER THAN A NUT TO SPREAD FOR THE CAUSE.... THE PROCESS OF REBUILDING, A PEOPLE WHO MUST REBUILD. THAT'S WHAT MALCOLM SAID...

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF NEW AFRICAN LAWS WITHIN SELF. WHILE TRANSCENDING REVOLVING AND RECAPTURING RITES OF PASSAGE WEALTH...

ATTEMPTS TO RIDE THE BLACK MIND OF DAILY MADNESS BECOMING THE FOCAL POINT. QUEENS SHEDDING TEARS FOR HER KING. MEANS IT MEANS TO...
AND INT. VISIONS OF WARRIORS RESISTING HER PLEAS BUT ACCEPTING THE JOINT AS A ALTERNATIVE TO HER LOVE AND UNWILLING TO GIVE NOTHING LESS THAN A LIFE FOR THE CORE OF THE CAUSE... NO LONGER IN AWE OF THE OPPRESSIVE STATE.... SEEING WHAT MALCOLM SAW....

DEEP WITHIN THE REVOLUTION WE STRUGGLE BECAUSE WE CHOOSE TO RELATE... NO LONGER, IN DETROIT RED STATE, IN CONFLICT WITH EXISTENCE... NO LONGER IN BATTLE WITH SELF-HATE... STRIVING FOR A NEW MALCOLM LIKE REALITY BY APPLYING ALL ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE... AIMED AT CHANGING WORLD OPINION OF THE BLACKMAN THROUGH DISCOVERIES OF INNER COLLEGE..... NOW SEEING WHAT MALCOLM SAW..... MAY 2004
MR. SCRENN

"Bearing his image clearly,
Yet assuredly he frowns in mind.
For mocking the pain mediocrity
Scars in time... averting all his fight
For right inspite of what the
cost may be... looking down on all
those who consider, their rhetoric.
Useful for the cause we see...
...... unless he throw a single
Glow, decimate whips and
nooses by self-law... he be
not a revolutionary man...

O what a tangle of a web he
weaves, citing scripture, for his
master's purpose alone... foolishly
attempting to keep his secrets
under. Those many hats he wears...
but Mr. Screen's still waters
never ran deeper than his blank,
stares... because the truth sees
through those slifty eyes... plus
his actions have always shown,
...... he be not a revolutionary
man...

Deeply embedded, his imitators even
Have roots grounded by all those lies...
like ships that pass in the silence of the night, un-noticed and un-realized by closed eyes...

Mr. Screen struggles with the inevitable... life's karma, his demise...
while knowing of the noise truth makes in time... thunderously in opposition to his false guidance I sigh...

Through Mr. Screen's insignificant chatter, small black-fisted salutes will even shatter when the revolution is no longer televised....

.... He be not a revolutionary man....

Mr. Screen lures ideas and plans restricting success of the youth to ruin, quietly attempting to strangle the line and muzzle the mind with the venom he's brewing...

dying over and over, even before his death. But still he lives. How so with that fragile mind?.... His craftiness knows no bounds beyond learnedness and time. Unfortunately reaching further than his grasp... still he be not a revolutionary man....
love will never meet his ends, so it is in him to pretend and bend the honest truth... the signs lie behind his existence. a result of his centuries in life's sin. pure definition of a soul lost... a hyena with no den...

Mr. Screen marches to a beat. now that the revolutions no longer hear... the masses disagree with his image. his message was never clear...

I am his creation, so I defend the right to see his grave. calling him Mr. Screen, Mr. Tom and his uncle, to this day and age he's still a slave... so he will never be a revolutionary man...

maw 2004
BLACK-ESTEEM

Picture me ABAFT THE FRONT CATCHING 223's with my fist pumped, BEAST-LIKE, AND ALWAYS SNARLING, CROSSING MY OWN PATH.
BECAUSE EVERYTHING BLACK IS LUCKY AND CHARMED IN MY EYES...

laden with knowledge that all black deaths can't be justified, so my Charlie attempts to ridicule my pride with every thought in stride...

Black as night, the blackness black at my back, so I set my sights on Tom and his uncle, following his gaze to his kingdom, snickering as I pull the trigger of my reality that kills his privilege to even think, he's right cause he's light, in a society that labels black as a negative... so I stand black proudly, showing cause why my black is as beautiful as your white, your brown, your yellow and red, while my queen rest at the nape of my neck, strong, when we stand hand in hand, side by side, in a world serrled with hate.

Servitude is not an option for my line, except for the black cause... kill or be dead while I serve... either, why I'm black, even in death in society's eye, so pride is all mine 'til the very end....
ONE BEAT

They say iron rust from dis-use, as the mind, such a beautiful possession to waste, keeping politics in command requires a socialistic clandestine state. Ranks constantly re-adjust but kept in place with no debate, written policies - re-written but the line maintained precisely for the cause, preconditions guided with a purpose, to destroy endorsed unjust laws....

They say gold gains value with time, as the movement, with organizations to and fro, commonly holding a single vision, the people already know, the fight is for independence but united socialism is always on the rise, snitches gettin' ditches not stitches the cause, finally being sterilized, strategies and tactics in stone but evolving as time goes by, no longer just a black & white fight, surely for right more will die, for the battle produces directed and desired change for sure, so a salute to fallen
WARRIORS, THROUGH THEIR STRENGTH WE SHALL ALWAYS ENDURE...

THEY SAY DIAMONDS SPARKLE LIKE THE STARS, AS THE FUTURE OF COMRADES WHO COME BEHIND... UNITED FRONTS AND FACTIONS BUILT, FUNCTION AS A SINGLE MIND.... ARSENALIZED SOLDIERS KEPTING POINT, PREPARED AND READY FOR THE FIGHT... REFLECTIONS ON THE MOVEMENT'S MIRRORED PAST, SEEING REAL RIDERS IN THE NIGHT..... THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES IN MY REALITY, PUSH FORWARD THERE WILL BE NO RETREAT... MY COMRADES NOW MARCH IN UNISON,

ONE MIND - ONE DRUM - ONE BEAT......

May 2005
7. Social Contempt

You can't refute my sneer, due to dislike for treachery backed by government orderlessness, and reactionary shoulder shrugs at attempts to hold my suffering in check... you can't deny my frowns, camouflaged by smiles behind dark glazed eyes, uncaring eyes for your lies... communities diseased by absent landlords who consider themselves to be elite, making those who retreat to higher ground unaccountable and insurgent to the cause of senseless death, so they continue to lose to self-hate, unable to return to the state of mind in which they came from...

Groveling for acceptance within the oppressor's cage is never honorable, so we rarely pass each other in dead silence. Being black or white... a perfect expression of rejection for leaving your people stranded in sin... So urban islands continue to be
Contaminated by failure, while most flee with lip curls and flailing arms to the winds of chance and chance, without a thought to return as if the helpless chose their fate......

But I remain because solidarity will be a reality in this lifetime... humanity in its truest state... for now we experience, more than just segments of self-inflicted destitution... which seems like a consequence to being black.......
(2) LOOK'N BACK.

LOOK'N BACK ON A TIME,
WHEN OUR FATHERS WERE
CHIEFTAN AND KINGS,
WHEN WE GREW TO BE MEN
BECAUSE OUR MOTHERS WERE QUEENS...
LOOK'N BACK ON A TIME
WHERE UPON THE FUTURE
SEEMED BLEAR,
A PEOPLE UNSHELTERED
WITHOUT A CAUSE.
WHEN THE STRONGEST APPEARED WEAK...

LOOK'N BACK INTO A PAST
WHEN AFRICAN BLOOD AND SWEAT
BUILT MANY NATIONS,
REMEMBERING A PEOPLE
OF WHICH I'M PROUD OF BLOOD RELATIONS.
LOOK'N BACK INTO A PAST
WHEN WARRIOR SPIRITS WERE
NEVER SHATTERED OR BROKE,
THOUGH TREATED LIKE THE BEAST
OF BURDEN, KNEES NEVER
Bucked TO OPPRESSIVE YOKE....

LOOK'N BACK ON THE ROAD OF LIFE
WHEN I Fought AND STRUGGLED
FOR A CAUSE....
WHEN SACRED AFRICAN LIFE....
WROTE ITS OWN JUST LAWS....
LOOKIN BACK ON THE ROAD OF LIFE....
WHERE THE CAVERN OF MY
DEEPEST MIND MUST FROWN....
WHEN WE ALL POSSESSED GODLY SPIRITS.
WE NEVER EVER
THOUGHT TO BOW DOWN....

LOOKIN BACK ON THE DAY
FROM WHICH I FIND COURAGE
TO BREAK THE CHAINS....
WHEN WORDS WERE BOUND
BY ACTION AND
SOUNDS AND SIGHTS ASSISTED
LIFE'S CHANGE....

LOOKIN BACK ON THE DAY
REMEMBERING TO ALWAYS
WALK THE TALK, NEVER TO RETRACT....
WHEN WE FOUND INSPIRATION
FROM VICTORIES
WE WILL NEVER GIVE BACK.....

MAW 2005
NOCTURNAL

DARKNESS WASHES OVER.
MY PONDEROUS EYES,
(But still I clearly see)
LIGHT THROUGH THE STRUGGLE...
NEVER REJECTED
NEVER NEGLECTED IN ME...

SOMBERNESS CAN CAUSE
THE DEEPEST OF CAVITYS
WITHIN THE MINDS MANY CAVES...
FORCING TEMPORARY BLESSING
SIGHT BY THE USE
OF THE THIRD EYE ALLAH GAVE....

DREAMS REMAIN VIVID
BLEAK DARKNESS SUSTAINS NO LIGHT...
SOME LEFT BLIND
TO LIFE'S BENEDICTION
SIMPLY CHOSING WRONG FOR RIGHT....

RAISED BY THE SOURCE
AN ENTERNAL BATTLE WITH SELF
SHALL NOT LAST ETERNAL....
RESISTING ALL THAT IT'S CONSISTING,
SO THE SUN SHINES THROUGH.
THE REALITY OF A STATE NOCTURNAL....
The Brother in Me was strong from birth, amid a world of confusion, brought about in a steady but sick mentality... along life's path selecting alternative methods that end in the same ‘01 reality..." all the while I'm witnessing young beast being raised in fatigues but grossly unaware of the blessings through Allah's attributes...

Some days on knees with needs, other days on dope without hope, but brutality is definitely a daily occurrence when you're just an economic token, lost and often broken by the very essence that make it possible. For, 'im to remain being.

Peep this!

This is higher learning, from one stuck within a world among those left yearning with a inner, struggle so deeply embedded, it pulls and attempts to bind the very basic ability to acknowledge prayer, a world
WHERE THE GROOTHA IN ME SEES FEAR
IN REFLECTIONS AS MY GROOTHA'SKeeper
But rising with every tide, of
Rejection and NO LONGER in check
By self-hate, NO LONGER standing
to far from glory road one square
From Freedom's Ring....

The Grootha in me acknowledges
That I walk, upon roads paved by
The BLOOD of SOVEREIGNTY, and that
Sheltered bravery is the cause of
Failure when he neglects to act;
So the fact remains, the Black
Fisted Salute is the flame and
Changing the Venue is the
Only solution to my captive state.
Unlearned men and women die
On the Frontlines of sacrifice
daily, while many cling to
Realities and religions that
Are meant to keep mental and
Physical shackles on our
Offspring of progress....
This is Higher learning.
Such a Preceptive Device. The
Grootha in me specializes in life
And shall always uplift and assist
THOSE CAPSIZED MINDS, TARRED
AND FEATHERED REFUSING FLIGHT,
WHILE DEVOURING OPPRESSIONS
FALSE HOODS FOR THE CAUSE OF
BLACK STRIFE WITHIN A CAPTIVE
LIFE ... FIND THE BROTHER IN YOU ...
CAN U RELATE?

CAN U RELATE TO A TRULY BOUND LIFE, LOST AND CURRENT ABANDONED BY ALL?
A REVOLVING EXISTENCE, COMPRISED OF A CONTINUOUS FALL...

CAN U RELATE TO MY SKIN TONE?
FAIR AND SACRED.
OFTEN HATED FROM BIRTH, LIVING A CULTURE DISPLACED, FAILING TO ESTABLISH SELF-WORTH....

CAN U RELATE TO CERTAIN IMAGES, UNPLANNED AND UNPLEASANTLY FORMING IN THE MIND?
CAN U RELATE TO A HISTORY, A HISTORY DIFFICULT TO FIND?....

CAN U RELATE TO AN UNSEEN FUTURE, UNEXPLORRED BUT DESIRED BY THE HEART?
LEFT YEARNING FOR A PLACE LIKE LOVE'S HEAVENLY START....

CAN U RELATE TO A PEOPLE'S VISION DO YOU SEE WHAT WE SEE?
DREAMS BRIGHT BUT FUTURES DARK, ALIVE, STILL AT TIMES IT'S DIFFICULT TO BE....
Can U RELATE TO A TYPE OF HATE
JUSTIFIED AND COMING DEEP FROM WITHIN?
A SOUL SNATCHED
BY THE BEAST OF OPPRESSION.
DRIVEN ONLY BY ANCIENT SIN....

Can U RELATE TO GOD'S CREATION?
SOME, BORN TO FOLLOW NOT JUST LEAD....

Can U RELATE TO A PAIN
MAKING IT ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE
TO BREATHE....

Can U RELATE TO A LOST PEOPLE
WHO HURT AND ARE BURDENED
BY DEEP SHAME?
INFICTED WITH NO IDENTITY,
NEEDING TO RECLAIM THEIR VERY NAME....

Can U RELATE TO HOSTILE EMOTIONS,
SOME HIDE, AND SOME DON'T?
FEEL FEELINGS OF FEAR,
FOR LIFE ITSELF,
SOME WILL AND SOME WONT....

Can U RELATE TO THESE WORDS,
WHILE FINDING TOTAL BLISS?
Can U RELATE TO THE STRUGGLE,
Can U RELATE TO THIS?....

Mar 2007
HELD CAPTIVE. I'VE TOSSED AND TURNED
FOR FAR TO MANY YEARS.... THE RESULT
OF THE SHACKLES, SEEN AND UNSEEN,
HEAVY AS HELL AND STILL REAL FEARS,
SO NIGHTMARES REOCUR AND PRAYERS
ARE OFTEN ACCOMPANIED BY TEARS....

AS LEGENDS OF WARRIORS, KINGS AND
QUEENS FADE WITH TIME..... HOMOLOGOUS
VISIONS REMAIN IN THE MIND.....
HISTORIES OF TRAUMA FROM CHAINED
AND MAIMED WRIST, PRESENT DAY
DRAMA MAKING IT DIFFICULT TO
RESIST ASSERTION OF THE BLACKMAN
CAUSE...... BUT I INSIST......

EXISTING SOCIETIES SEPARATED BY
MANY COLORS AND MANY BORDERS,
BEING AMERICA'S DIS-SOLUTION FROM
THE START.... SO I FIND MY DREAMS
SWIMMING IN SEAS OF AFRICAN BLOOD,
VISIONS OF BEINGS HUNG LIKE ART,
SIMPLY DUE TO A SKIN TONE. MY
REALITY IS A HISTORY DIS-PLACED
AND A WHOLE CULTURE TORN APART...
MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS, REMAIN BURDENED BY RENT-UP RACE. A QUESTION OF REQUIRED CHANGE. A PEOPLE STILL BLIND IN SLAVE STAGE.

"TIMES HAVE JNDEED CHANGED," BUT FOR WHOM DO THEY SPEAK? SOME NO LONGER PHYSICALLY BOUND.

However, I view that argument as weak... especially when a state of mind has a whole nation of people unable to peacefully sleep.

Through Willie Lynch development has been corrupted by self-hate... so it appears that we've lost all faith in self... failing to transcend and recapture a pride in self-worth... although from the exterior, the struggle seems laden from defeat in so many ways... we shall overcome and subjugate hate's male.

The time has come.
The need to only succeed, conquer hate's affliction and find the desire to no longer bleed....
I DREAM

I DREAM OF LIGHT

I DREAM OF THE DEAD

I DREAM OF FAITH TO ILLUMINATE MY LIFE SPARK...

I DREAM OF EVIL

I DREAM OF GOD

I DREAM OF FLIGHT

AND WISH I COULD...

I DREAM OF HATE

I DREAM OF LOVE...

I DREAM OF ASCENSION TO LIFE ABOVE...

I DREAM OF WAR

I DREAM OF PEACE.

I DREAM OF LIVING "TILL AND BEYOND MY BONES"

I DREAM OF DEATH.

I DREAM OF LIFE.

I DREAM OF AN END TO SICKNESS AND STRIFE.
I DREAM OF SMILES.
I DREAM OF FROWNS.
I DREAM OF THE FUTURE
AND HOPE IT AROUN.
I DREAM FOR ME
I DREAM FOR YOU
I DREAM OF THE DAY
WE ALL MAKE IT THROUGH
I DREAM IN BLACK.
I DREAM IN BROWN.
I DREAM OF THE END
ALL WAYS FALL DOWN...
I DREAM OF GIVING
I DREAM OF TAKING.
I DREAM OF HEARTS
NO LONGER BREAKING...
I DREAM OF THE FUTURE
I DREAM OF THE PAST
I DREAM OF LIFE'S RACE
AND PRAY THAT I'LL LAST...
Just like you, I arrived. However, my dream is to learn to overreact with passion.
I dream of escape. I dream of flight.
I dream of the city.
It is a lovely people.
I dream of a glide. I dream of a graceful glide.
I dream of the realizations.
I have 2 images of a life.
I dream about life. I dream.
I dream with the moon.
I dream of a rope. I dream of a rope.
I dream of a place.
I dream of a place.
RHYTHMLESS

THERE COMES A TIME WHERE
SOME CAN NO LONGER HEAR THE
BEAT... DUE TO THE FACT THAT THEY
UNKNOWNLY BECOME TONE DEAF
TO THE STREET...

FIGURATIVE FACES
MOVING AT UNRELENTING PACE
AWAY FROM THE SOUNDS THAT
THESE THAT HEAR... HEAR...
THUMP... THUMP... THUMP
THE WAR DRUMS
YOU CAN'T HEAR IT?
SLOW GRIND OVER TIME
HOLD MY HAND. NO LONGER FEAR IT...

COMPOSITION ABSTRACTLY HEARD
NO TONALITY. NO HORIZON. NO WORD.
THUMP... THUMP... THUMP
THE WAR DRUMS
YOU CAN'T HEAR IT?
DISTANT RHYTHM
FEEL THE PULSE. DON'T FEAR IT...
RHYTHMLESS ACCURANCE FOR THE SOUL.
ALL TIME DRUMS NARROW IT...
THUMP... THUMP... THUMP... THUMP

May 2, 2003

Page 49
TRUTH LIES, BEHIND THE FALSE TO
CLOTH REALITIES, AS FACTUAL CLOUDS
ABSORBED EXISTED PINACLES OR
MAYBE, VENARIUS MOTIVES
CONFUSED BY MIRACULAR, IS WHERE
YOUR TRUTH POOR LIE..... WORDS
EXPERIENCE BY SELF-ENTITLED SUPREME
BRINGS REALM AS TOLD THROUGH
CHILDREN, AND THE TALES OF ELDERLY
CITIZENS, WHERE ACTUALLY ARE
MEMORIZED FOR TRUTH ALONE....
WHERE MIGHT YOUR TRUTH LIE?
KNOW THAT IT'S MAINTAINED AND
CONTAINED BY THE FABRIC OF LIFE
WE'VE GROWN..... TRUTH LIES IN YOU
AS WELL AS I.....
COFFEE BLACK

STYMIED Sogginess clouds the morning mind... for I find myself awakening to a sense of unconformity to yesterday's injustices... while being fully aware they're guaranteed to confront me today.

A cycle of the desire to change brews in my vessel of thought. Starting the day off with the bitter taste of racism... because society claims my coffee shouldn't be proudly black... due to the fact percolated or not, I step to the pot of life. Keepin' my coffee black...      May 2009
SURRENDER

Flags displaying as if a signal
Portraying final conflict within the
human core, where an incorruptible
part of the forgiving state lies,
untouched by society's adulterated
state of existence.... untouched by
life's trimmers and quakes of
emotional discord, refined and
perpetually in a state of resistance.

Submitting to the fact that I
must abandon America's hateful
trait and regain the state that
rides in the battle against
negatively charged projectiles
disguised as smiles to make
life genuine....

To surrender, I become
limitless and am infrequently
out of reach of the source that
leads to success... seeing impenetrable
elements of the undying soul
through surrender, enables me to
wave my flags consisting of all
my God like attributes... allowing
me to overcome all of life's chaos,
so for right, I will surrender....

March 2009
Self-devotion, but being NOT selfish
is the CENTRAL PART OF BEING HUMAN.
An inherent policy one must
acknowledge, throughout a life,
lived with meaning..... Kernal
strength can be built by self-
discovery alone. The region where
true love increases, setting the
stage for balance and insight
as to who we are as men....... 

Without a sincere love for Self,
we simply exist and rotate in
and out of a life's passage with
a baseless foundation..... in a
sense, having no nucleus.- no
center, axis.- no platform or
cause to call our own..... so
here I stand on my rostrum
citing our reckless attempts as
black men and assumption to
know ourselves... stating the
fact that outside of having
an inclination of our ancestors...
the reflection we see will remain
a stranger without self-love.....
Be not puffed up with false pride or commander, space on earth where we be not qualified. No longer wonder why the truth shows contempt for your existence as you blame your brother's every endeavor to live in peace with that blank, stare and gun cocked resistance. .... Now is the time to take hold of this truth. The type of truth that should unify all mankind .... as long as we let love be our nucleus...
(23) Hurdles

Leaps and Bounds
Obstacles crossed
Boundaries, use-less
Realities lost...

Man appears tired
No longer, inspired
Do to the fact
Hate in society won't expire...

Leaps and Bounds
Bridges burned
Heartaches caused
Many lessons learned....

Colorless Symbols
Surrender, like love found,
Still we shed layers
By those leaps and bounds...

May 2010
HERE TO STAY

VISIONS OF ANGELS
DESIRES LIKE FLOWING STREAMS
RESERVOIRS OF FORGIVING LOVE
CHOCOLATE FOR EVERYTHING...
HERE TO STAY
SEDUCTIVE WOMEN
SECRETIVE MEN
SOULS IN HEAVEN
ENDEAVORS IN SIN...
HERE TO STAY
CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER
GRANDMA'S SMILE
SWEET SOUNDS OF MUSIC
TRENDS KEPT TO BE STYLE...
HERE TO STAY
INNOCENCE BY RIGHT
STRAINED IN EVERY WAY
TIME DOES PASS
TIME DOES CLAIM
THE HOUR OF HOPE
SURELY IT'S ALL HERE TO STAY.......

MAY 2010
Be still and listen for the place where nothingness welcomes abandoned abstinence to silence.

where at times there's a betrayal of secrets and a peace upon peace..... where stillness is subdued and graceful expression is never repressed..... where there's no longer fear or tranquility never stressed..... where broken hearts are filled with serenity..... quietness is surely conquered there... where we welcome the very end, that final peace upon peace.... be still close thy eyes and fill the silence....

Mar. 2010
DO WHAT IF THE WORLD'S COMPLEXION IS BECOMING DARKER. THE MORE MELANIN IT GETS THE BETTER. I FEEL AS THE BLACK MAN BLAZES HIS PATH THROUGH LIFE'S MYSTERIES, APPROACHING FUTURES THAT SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN WHAT IT MEANS TO BE BLACK..... LIFE SHOULD MEAN YOU MEAN TO CHANGE WORLD OPINION ABOUT OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN DIASPORA, SHAPE THE EARTH WITH A CERTAIN WALK, WITH A CERTAIN TALK AND A SEED ALONE...

A PIGMENT THAT DARKENS TO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BLACK, WHEN A KNOWLEDGE OF SELF IS ACQUIRED. BECOMING AWARE AS EVEN THE WEATHER MODIFIES TO THE MOOD OF THE BLACK MAN..... BENEFICENT IN THOUGHT BUT SOME ACTIONS CLASH WITH REALITY WHEN WE LEAVE BLACK BODIES SCORCHED AND OUTLINED IN CHALK..... SEEING THROUGH THE DARKNESS, I SEE YOUR OBSCURITY AS BLACK LIFE SPAN CONDENSES TO MEET AN EARLY AND UINTIMELY END......

May 2010
WHY AM I HERE?
WHY ARE YOU THERE?
HOW COME SOME HEARTS REMAIN IN DESPAIR?

WHY DID WE CHOOSE THE LIFE WE CHOSE? WILL IT ALL END WHEN IT REACHES THE POINT THAT IT ROSE?

WHY MUST WE REMEMBER THOSE LEFT BEHIND IN ORDER TO PROCEED TO THE FUTURE TO FIND ANSWERS WE'VE SEARCHED FOR, WHAT SEEM A LIFE TIME?

WHY DO WE FEEL ALONE IN SUCH A CROWDED PLACE? FOR WHAT CAUSE DO I WEAR A TWISTED SMILE ON MY FACE?

WHY DO WE THINK THE WAY THAT WE THINK? WHY DO WE SINK SO DEEP CORRUPT AND LOST IN WATERS WHERE PEOPLE ARE SUBJECT TO SINK?
WHY DO WE SEEK KNOWLEDGE FOR RIGHTEOUS HISTORIC SAKE? WHY COULDN'T WE POSSESS A HEART THAT NEVER EXPERIENCED BREAK?

WHY AFTER ALL WE'VE LIVED AND SEEN, DO SOME STILL LIVE UNCIVILIZED? WHAT MUST WE OVERCOME, WHAT MUST BE REALIZED?

WHY MUST I NOW LIVE A HALF LIFE IN A CAGE, ONLY TO SIT WITH REGRET WITH MY CONFRADIS IN RAGE?
WHEN I LOOK INTO THEIR EYES.

WHEN I LOOK INTO THOSE EYES THAT STRUGGLE THROUGH LIFE, I SEE
PASTURES OF DREAMS REJUVENATE
WITH EVERY BLINK. RIVERS OF
WARRIORS ON EARTH PROTECTING
MINDS FROM EVER, EXPERIENCING
LASTING NOTES...

WHEN I LOOK INTO MY BROTHER'S
EYES I OFTEN FIND CONFLICT AND
REFLECTIONS OF DARKNESS IN HIS
PARADISE. I SEE A SPARK, OF LIGHT
WHEN HE PUSHES FEAR ASIDE AND
STARRS JOYFULLY IN HIS BLACK PRIDE.
His HEAVEN... MY ORIGIN.

WHEN I LOOK INTO MY SISTER'S
EYES, I SEE FUTURES FULL OF BLISS.
WAVES OF ENCHANTMENT SHE HAS
MISSSED. I SEE HER ESSENCE SAT
UPON A UTOPIAN STAGE, I SEE
PROOF THAT SHE'S ANGELIC. GOD
SENT AND DESERVING A LIFETIME
OF PRAISE,.... HER, PRAISE.
WHEN I LOOK INTO MY CHILDREN'S EYES, I'M SPELL BOUND BY THEIR CARE, I SEE HOPE AND BETTER DAYS, THE NUMBER ONE REASON TO CHANGE UNLOGIC, WAYS... I SEE FOR THEIR CAUSE A WILLINGNESS TO GIVE, ALL I HAVE TO GIVE... I HEAR THEIR LAUGHTER AND SEE THEIR SMILES THAT REMIND ME WHY I LIVE...... THAT OH SO PRECIOUS LIFE......

WHEN I LOOK INTO MY ENEMY'S EYES I'M TORN BY A TRUTH OF EVIL IMPOSED THOUGHT, I SEE SEAS OF REPRESSION REHORED BY EMPTY HEARTEDNESS, DEEPLY EMBEDDED, I SEE FREEDOM FROM THE THREAT OF MY EXISTENCE, SOUGHT....... WHEN I LOOK INTO SOMEONE ELSE'S EYES I'M FREE BECAUSE I SEE ALL THERE IS TO SEE...... May 2010
2D WOULD YOU CARE?

WILL YOU CARE IF EVIL NEVER EXISTED, HAD MAN AND SIN NOT EVER MET? WOULD CARE IF CAUSE CAME SECOND TO EFFECT AND THE SOLUTION TO IT ALL LEFT NO REGRET?

WILL YOU CARE IF FATHER TIME PASSED ON BY, NEVER STOPS TO CALL YOUR NAME? WOULD YOU CARE TO LIVE FOREVER, ALWAYS COGNIZANT OF LIFE'S FLAME?

WILL YOU CARE IF YOUR CULTURE WAS LOST, AND FELT YOUR SOUL WAS DESTINED BUT HEAVY BOUND? WOULD YOU CARE IF YOUR WILL WAS WEAK?

WILL YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHERE GOD IS FOUND?

WILL YOU CARE IF YOU NEVER ANSWERED TO NAMES LIKE NIGGA, BOY OR BLACK BITCH? WOULD YOU FIGHT WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT, INSTEAD OF DIGGING YOUR OWN DITCH?
Would you care, if the black cause changed, becoming a success with every thought? Or would you care to fight at all because your freedom we never sought?...

Would you care, if I had the answers, held my promise to always resist? Seeing the world as it should be seen, dying only for right I insist...

Would you care, if George or Malcolm returned to show the movement how it's done? Would you care if you knew your inactivity holds you back and won't let the battle be won?....

Would you really care?

May 2020
YEARS REDEDE AS MY HEART'S LIGHT
DRAWNS DIMMER. SINCE SHE LEFT A
PATH APPEARED ON THE TWILIGHT OF
MY EVERY MORNING, WHICH I'M NOT
SURE I SHOULD EVER TAKE..... FOR
FEAR, I WOULD MISS HER RETURN.
NOW CAGED AND IN A CAPTIVE STATE
MY HEART ACRES UNCONTROLLABLY
AT THE THOUGHT OF HER HAND
BEING ABSENT FROM MINE, LEAVING
ME UNABLE TO SPREAD MY LOVE'S
WINGS, UNABLE TO SING ANY LOVE
SONGS DUE TO PAST CHOICES I
MADE AND NOW FORSAKE.....
UNRAVING HER MYSTERIOUS
ABSENCE HAS HISTORICALLY BECOME
MY FIGHT, EXISTING WITHIN HER.
SILENCE WHILE SURRENDERING TO
THE CAUSE, BEING MY RECIOVISIM,
KEEPS ME AWAKE AT NIGHT... SO
I WONDER IN LOVE'S SHADOW WISHING
FOR A CHANCE TO RECAPTURE HER
HEART THROUGH REPENTANCE AND
AGAIN FIND VISIONS OF MY QUEEN
BREAKING CHAINS FOR OUR FUTURE
SIMPLY FOR LOVE'S SAKE.......

PAGE 58
Within my heart lies memories
Of her touch that bind all in my
Existing love. The passion we
came became snared by Satan's
traps leaving our love searching
for a continuous state of
physical pleasure, so I straddled
the fence, of good and bad of
my woman, gripping the maps
to a black love experience,
that I unknowingly couldn't
read......

Heartache has never been a
ttrue sustenance for those whom
never looked into her eyes with
my eyes, only to realize, how
deep and far, reaching my bad
choices could be. Those
mistakes that shattered our
future. We thought of as
unbreakable but penetrated
so deep to unlock all the
barriers we built to guard
our love against failure......

Oh, how I wish to experience
such a love again, a love planted
by the hand of the supreme. I
see life through new eyes every
TIME, I FANTASIZE OF THAT EMBRACE CAPABLE OF ENDLESS CHANGE LIKE HERS..... REMINDS ME OF THE FACT THAT CUPID WAS INDEED A PLOT ON THE KNOT OF MY ANCESTRAL ROPE, ENABLING ME TO GIVE HER, THE LOVE SHE DESERVES......

SO NOW I FIND MY LIFE'S INTENTIONS LOST BY THE REALITY OF HER STORY. REMEMBERING HOW I SAW MY FUTURE IN THOSE BEAUTIFUL EYES, THOSE VERY SAME EYES THAT SHINED SINCE THE BEGINNINGS OF OUR TIME AS ONE. ONLY THE PUREST OF LOVE CAN POSSESS A BEAUTY LIKE THAT, WITHIN HER REALM, THE ABILITY TO FOCUS ON THE ACTUAL RADIANCE OF HER BEING. HER SMILE, AND ESSENCE OF LOVE, REMAINS MINE......

I'M STILL AMAZED BY THE ERA WE BLESSEDLY SPENT TOGETHER, BEFORE THE END OF OUR UNION, WHEN CAPTIVITY ENCOURAGED HER TO TAKE HER GIFT AWAY. KNOWING I WAS PART OF THAT DEAFENING SOUND THAT KEPT HER TRUEST HEART ABANDON AND JUST OUT OF MY
PERMANENT REACH FRIustrates me. So I find myself TUGGING ON THE BOAT OF MY MEMORIES OF HER TO REMAIN Afloat... MY GOD! ANOTHER BLACK LOVE EXPERIENCE LOST AS MY HEART'S CORE SLIPS DEEPER INTO DESPAIR... WITH EACH ATTEMPT TO TURN BACK, THE SANDS OF TIME THAT DRIFT ME IN AND OUT OF RECOLLECTION.... HER LOW WAS SO JOYOUS AS I WATCHED THROUGH HER HOURGLASS OF ELEGANCE..... STILL TODAY SHE LEADS A HAND SHE CANT HELP BUT LEND BECAUSE MY QUEEN'S LOVE WONT LET US DROWN.....

MY BLACK LOVE EXPERIENCE IS WHAT I UNDERSTOOD TRUE LOVE TO BE. A LOVE SHE CLAIMED TO POSSESS WHEN SHE SAID GOODBYE AND REMAINS SINCE OUR TIME, ELUSIVE, TO THE DAY IN ME A SENSATION SO REAL WHEN LOVE DOES EXIST. HER WORLD WAS AND SHALL AGAIN BECOME MY REALITY. SHE'S MORE THAN A DREAM..... MY BLACK LOVE EXPERIENCE...... MAY 2011
Nubian Queen

She graciously sits amid a cacophony of voices that judge her stereotypically... So her sacred shadows loiter for love while she waits on her, kings return, justifiably afraid of the reality of recidivism... Her Protector, always returns to captivity....

Non-being by being a black being in a society where she's forced to govern the racial divide... all to well... relying on the fact that all is good in God's hands... she willingly allows unceasing utterances to define her story and turns to her preacher's casual conversations to hide in her struggle......

Every Nubian Queen needs her king as her fight yearns to render a renewal of love's energy, allowing her to exhume over and over the strength required to establish her legacy. So for her king, close calls are a daily reminder when we quest
TO SEEK CLOSURE FOR HER PAIN...
WE REMAIN INDEBTED TO THE CAUSE
TO RE-ESTABLISH HER LOVE'S EFFECT.
...TO WHICH WE RIGHTFULLY MAKE
OUR BURDEN AS BLACK MEN BUT
IN REALITY IT'S OUR DELIGHT....
WHATEVER I CARRY FOR MY NUBIAN
QUEEN, IT'S GLADLY CARRIED WHEN
I'M FREE THAT IS. BUT FOR NOW WE
CLOISTER LIKE LOST SOULS, AS WE
REALIZE THAT OUR ABSENCE
CONTRIBUTES TO THE CAUSE OF HER
STRUGGLE, BEING PROPELLED BY A
FORCE GENERATIONS LONG. STILL THE
WORLD SHOULD BE HUMBLED BY
HER BEAUTY...... SHE'S ALLAH'S
FAWN FROM WHICH WE ALL ARRIVED
SO I PROUDLY EXIST WITH A DEEP
SENSE OF SERVILITY FOR MY NUBIAN
QUEEN..........

MAY 2011
They Laugh So Nice

Morning rise I see light brown
And Ocean Blue eyes.

No disguise, for those beautiful
Prying eyes....

By mid-day tea
My heart may plea,

For those eyes, they laugh so nice.

So right in life,
They shine so bright
Reflections so spice,
Seeing self in sight....

To look upon those light brown
And Ocean Blue eyes,

I realize, some prying eyes
Specialize in broken hearts....

But still... they laugh so nice....

May 2012
ENDANGERED

STORMS BREWING IN MANY YOUNG BLACK LIVES, A SEARCH OF VITALITY IN AN ERA WHERE SUFFOCATING INBRED PANTS ARE REQUIRED TO SURVIVE, A STATE OF EXISTENCE THAT SEEMS NONEXISTING......

DANGEROUS COURSES TAKEN OUTTA CONCRETE JUNGLES AND INTO CAGES THAT WONT LET US GROW... SO WE SURVIVE, BLOW BY BLOW WHILE REMAINING OBSOLETE THROUGH A STATE OF SELF-HATE, THE NATURAL ENEMY TO LIFE'S FLOW......

SOMETHOW IT ALL SOUNDS LIKE THE SAME 'OL SONG A CLOUD CATTERERS TO COVER THE PLOTS SOME WILL FLOWER, SOME MAY ROT SELF-HATE IS A ROAD TO RUIN WHERE TO MANY YOUNG BLACK HEARTS STOP......
THE ORIGINAL MAN'S MIND STATE IS GLUED AND HAS BEEN SUBDUE
BY LACK OF PRIDE, SIMPLY UNAWARE
OF THE JOURNEY THAT HAS OPENED
ENMITY'S DOORS... THE ULTIMATE
BETRAYAL STARTING ON MOTHER
AFRICA'S SHORES... LEAD TO THE
BLACKMAN'S DISPLACEMENT AND A
REFLECTION HE ABHORS....

SEEDS PLANTED BY A BEING NAMED
LYNCH. BROUGHT ABOUT HATE
IN MY PEOPLE LIKE A NOISE ON
THE BLACK MIND... DEIFYING 450
YEARS OF SPACE AND TIME... A
PEOPLE POSSESSING HEARTS THAT
FUNCTION ALL TO WELL BUT CORE
VALUES DEVELOPED USELESS FOR
ALL OF MY KIND.....

SOME HOW IT ALL SOUNDS LIKE
THE SAME 'OL SONG.
A POWDER KEG AWAITS
WITHIN HIDDEN PLOTS.
SOME WILL FLOWER
OTHERS MAY ROT
RISKING IT ALL BY STAGNATION AND
DISTRUST, TO MANY BLACK HEARTS STOP....
STREET CORNER

STANDING ERRECT WHERE REAL MEN DEMAND RESPECT.
WHERE PUSHEES EXIST TO KEEP THE FIENDS IN CHECK....
TIME MAY SLOW BUT NEVER STOP.
WHERE BODIES CONTINUE TO DROP.
STEADY MOTION HAPPENS THERE UNTIL YOU HEAR THAT FINAL POP....
BABY MAMAS BRINGING CRAMAS TO LIVES NEVER COMPLETELY STILL...
WHERE BAKING PIES ARE HIT BY GARMENT LINES STRETCHED FROM WINDOW SILLS....

SILENCE CAN BE HEARD IN THE LOUDEST SPOKEN WORDS BY FAKE...
WHERE A PRACTICED MATH BEING 9 TO 5 IS A SYSTEM THESE REAL MEN HATE...... NOON'S SUN RAYS MAY SLOW MY CAUSE. MUST RE-UP NOW. THE TIME WHEN FIENDS ESCAPE....

THE STREET CORNER. WHERE THE FAMILY STORE SHELTERS AND CARES FOR SOULS. SO AT TIMES ITS THE ONLY PLACE TO BE...
MAMA'S IN THE HOUSE SLAVING AWAY WHERE PAPAS SORN TO BE
THE GAMBLING ATTACK ABOUT TO ERUPT
A EXPERIENCE FROZEN IN TIME
MARKS EVERYWHERE SOME SLAPPNG DOPE
SOME BRAIDING HAIR
LOOKOUTS NEVER EVER BLIND...
POLICE MAY COME BUT NOONE CALLED SO SOMETIMES SWINE MAY FLY... SIRENS SCREAM DON'T CATCH THEIR EYE PLAY DUMB
ANDLET THEM BY....
WHEN NIGHT ARRIVES
NEW FRIENDS WANT NIGHTS
SO THEY'RE SURE TO STEP WITH THE BEAT... WHERE DOCTORS ARE BORN ATHLETES ARE WORN SO THERE CAN BE LIGHT ON MY DARKENED STREET...... MAY 2012
BLANK PAGES BECOME VIVID BY
SIMPLE AND COMPLEX THOUGHT...
THROUGH MY PEN WORDS AND SYMBOLS
FORM MEANING WITH A CERTAIN
EXPERIENCE Sought......

SOME PAGES VOID OTHERS. BUT
REALITIES ARE ALWAYS FELT WHEN
THE WORDS ARE READ IN SLOW MOTION...
THE HEART EXPRESSED WITH MY
PEN IN HAND, THE INK SEEMINGLY
SCENTED WITH FRAGRANT LOTION......

MY EMPTY PAGES BECOME NIGLECTED
ONLY WHEN I'M DEALING WITH A
BROKEN HEART......
MY SECRETS REVEALED IN DREAMS
INSTEAD, WITH HER AND I SO FAR
APART......

EMPTY PAGES CALL LIKE HUNGER,
GRUMBLING THROUGH TRUTHS AS
THEY COME TO PASS......
EXPRESSION WITHOUT PASSION IN
WRITING, ALLOW DIAMOND AND GOLD
THOUGHTS TO TURN TO BRASS......
My empty pages are forced to endure the silence. When at times my mind can't grip the pen, keeping hidden motives hid, only to discover, they're all revealed on empty pages in the end.

I use the ink to express my life. Finding freedom from held back pages.
Possessing a deeply embedded love for writing alone, so you'll never see my empty pages......

May 2012
YOU & ME

You look like me, yeah you there! Reality as such... you talk like me, our voices mirror, so I know you just that much......

You walk like me, confident and never a step amiss... you touch like me, soft and deeply, so I know you need my kiss......

You hear like me, radiant sounds vibrating every path we pass..... You feel like me, some times glad others sad, heart wide open collecting it's mass.....

You want like me, success and bliss, a life full of genuine love..... You smell like me, wondrous scents, created by life above.....

You know life like me, aware and sure, ready for each new day to begin..... You pray like me, with a certain faith for all to live without sin.....
THERES YOU.

SUCH BEAUTY IN THE WAKE OF GENIUS. TAKEN ABACK, BY THE FACT OF ADMIRATION FOR YOUR TRUTH. FOR YOUR LOVE I SURRENDER, MY PAST.

AN ABILITY BENEFICIAL FOR THE SEEDS OF SECLUSION, WHILE I DREAM AND HOPE FOR YOU TO SIMPLY KNOW ME......

THERE ARE THOSE WHOM WE THOUGHT TO BE GENUINE SURVIVORS OF TIMES LOST IN THE STRUGGLE. THOSE WHO APPEAR ON THE SURFACE TO BE FIXED FROM THE START. THOSE WHOS ART DEFINES THE HUMAN ESSENCE WHERE WORDS SOOTHE AND MEND BROKEN HEARTS... LEAVING THEM NEVER TO EXPERIENCE THE PAIN OF LESSER LOVE....

THERE ARE THOSE WHOS LIGHT KEEPS BOUND THE NOTION OF SELF-HATE. THOSE WHOM WITH I CAN RELATE. THOSE WHOS TRUTH LEAVES ROOM FOR NO DEBATE... THOSE WHO STILL SEE THE STARS ON CLOUDED NIGHTS, WHO REMAIN DEEP IN THE SANDS OF THE STRUGGLE FOR UNDERSTANDING FLIGHT OR FIGHT.

......AND THEN THERES YOU...... May 2013
WHAT CONSOL ES THE MIND AND RELIEVES FREEDOM FROM BONDAGE? SURELY ERADICATION OF SELF-HATE.
DREAMS ACHIEVED THROUGH ACTION AND FORGIVENESS A GENUINE STRIVING FOR A BETTER DAY, WHILE BEING PATIENT BY THE FACT OF LONGEVITY IN A CAPTIVE STATE...
AS BLACK MEN WE RE-LIVE PAINFUL OCCURANCES AS WE SEARCH FOR THAT INDIVIDUAL COMFORT ZONE INFUSED WITH UNITY, A PLATEAU OF PURE HUMANITY... ALTHOUGH MOST SMILES BE ORNAMENTAL AND ACTIONS BLATANTLY CONTRADICT CRAVINGS FOR LIFE'S BLESSINGS, WE RID OURSELVES OF TROUBLEsome THOUGHTS ON A DAILY BASIS OVER AND OVER AS WE ATTEMPT TO PATTERN OUR LIVES BEHIND A MORE INFORMED BEING... THOSE WHO REAHLZE A LIFE LIVED SOUNDLY AND HATE FREE, INVOLVES AN OPEN HEART, ENABLING LOVE FOR ALL OF MANKIND... IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT
SMOKE SCREENS MAY CLOUD ASPECTS OF THE HUMAN CONSCIOUS. WE CONTINUE TO FIND JOYS IN LIFE THAT CURES THE SOUL IN DISORDER NEVER TO EXPERIENCE SELF-HATE AGAIN WITHIN A SOUL MIND .......

Mar. 2013
WHO AM I?

SOMEONE WHO EXIST AND NEED NO JUSTIFICATION FOR THAT EXISTENCE. THE FACT THAT I AM
IS SUFFICIENT ALONE. SOMEONE WHO LIVES A DIFFERENT LIFE THAN YOU. BUT YOU MAY BE ABLE TO RELATE TO MY LIFE.

MY EXISTENCE IS NOT BASED ON ANY OF LIFE'S EMblems. ALTHOUGH GREAT PURPOSE DRIVES ME, I REMAIN STUCK BY A PHYSICAL STANDBY NOT MEANT FOR MEN..... YET IT CONTINUES AS MY DAILY REALITY. SEEKING AND SUICKING IN DEPLORABLE CONDITIONS RIDDLED BY SIN.....

WHO AM I? SOMEONE SOAKING IN VALLEYS DEVOID OF YOUR TYPE OF HOPE FOR MY NEW DAY. SO I ENDURE WITH VISIONS OF AMORPHOUS BEGINNINGS IN AN ERA OF FREEDOM'S FLIGHTLESS FIGHT. WITNESSING THE CAGED BEAST ENDEAVOR TO EXIST AND HUNGER TO DEVOUR ABJECT RHETORIC WHERE
CANDID CALLS FROM MAN’S FEELING MIND WILL NEVER CEASE.

SO WHO AM I? SOMEONE WHO DREAMS LIKE KING BUT FIGHTS LIKE MIKE IN A RING WARRANTING LOVE FOR MY FRIEND & FOE....
POSSESSING A HEART SET ABLE IN BLACK PRIDES FIRE BY CAPTIVITY
MATCH... BUT SOMEONE WHO HOPES REMAINS THE CORNERSTONE OF A LIFE INFUSED IN DISPUTE, BECAUSE MY BOUNDNESS CONTRADICTS THE TRUE ESSENCE OF A MAN IN RESTRAINTS, WHICH I SURELY AM...........

MAN, 2014
SOME NIGHTS I LIE AWAKE, WISHING MY PHYSICAL STATE TO BE A DREAM, PREPARING MY BURDENED MIND FOR THE ONLY MEANS TO WHICH IT ESCAPES.... IT, BEING A MIND DESTINED FOR RUIN IF IT IS TO REMAIN IN A CAPTIVE STATE.... STILL I FIND LIBERATION IN VISIONS THAT PROJECT ON MY EYELIDS WHEN I MEDITATE AND SEARCH FOR REASONS FOR, MY FAULTS WHEN I FINALLY CLOSE MY TIRED EYES....

SOME NIGHTS I CURSE THE MERE FACT THAT SELF-IMPOSED RESTRAINTS CAN CAPTURE THE MIND OF MANY MEN. WARRIORS WHOSE ACHILLES HEEL LAY IN EVERY DAY DREAM OF FREEDOM.... SO I PRAY A CHERISHED PRAYER, BELIEVING IN THE UNSEEN WONDER OF ALL EXISTENCE AS I CLOSE MY EYES AND ALLOW MY BEING TO BE ARSENALLED BY THE DARKNESS, GRANTING MY TROUBLED SUBCONSCIOUS A TEMPORARY REPRIEVE FROM BONDAGE....
IN MY SEARCH FOR FREEDOM'S LIGHT
I DRIFT IN AND OUT OF REM,
SAVORING EVERY BIT OF RADIANCE
SEEN AND UNSEEN... AVOIDING THE
SCAMPERING OF THOUGHTS THAT
REVEAL ALL THE FEARS I'VE HELD
OVER THE YEARS. RELEASEING
UNCONTROLLED TEARS CAUSED BY A
LIFE WASTED..... BUT SOME NIGHTS
I JUST SLEEP.....        May 2014
PERCEPTION

BLURRED VISIONS.
UNFOCUSED, NOT BLIND
CONSTANT STRUGGLE,
MY DEMONS.
I MUST FIGHT WITH FAITH IN TIME.
NOW I SEE....

THOUGHTS INTERCEPTED,
BY FORCES UNKNOWN.
SO BECOMES LIFE BEHIND THE WALL.
THE STRUGGLE ENCASED IN STONE.
IT MAY SEEM... ALWAYS FORCED
TO GIVE IT MY ALL....

NOW I SEE....

PERCEPTION DISTORTED,
IT APPEARS BY CHOICE.
SO AT TIMES I CHOOSE NOT TO RELATE
OBSCURITY MY MASK.
FOR A SYSTEM OF ORDER LOST.
RESISTING DREAMS.
OF A INSANE LIKE STATE...
OH, NOW I SEE!....

SURROUNDED BY MEN
WHO LIVE FOR MANY CAUSES.
LIFE SEEMINGLY TANGIBLE.
YET IT'S NOT....

CEASELESS STRUGGLE.
my future, my present,  
A life in a box  
To be my lot...  

Wow, now I see.....  
Perception raced at times  
For opposing my fate.  
I remained burdened  
By a lifetime of shame....

Now I see,  
Freedom was mine,  
And I shouldn't  
Accepted the flame...  

In captivity,  
Bleakness embraces  
Without leaving traces.  
So there's no way  
To go on,  
Before changing faces...  

Finally, now I see.....  

Mar. 2014
CONQUEST AT THE ULTIMATE COST
MY REALITY COMES FULL CIRCLE
WHEN I'M ON MY DEEN.....
A-DO-DO-BE ALLAH-ITE ME-NASH
SHAYTAN-NE RA-JEEM!
HIP HIP HURRAY.....

DREAMS NO LONGER DOMINATED
BY FANTASY.... MIND STATE IN ITS
TRUDEST STATE ..... KNOWLEDGE
OF SELF AND NO MORE SELF-HATE

DISCOVERING MY BLOODLINE IS
CONSISTENT WITH THE ABILITY TO
LOVE ALL OF MANKIND BRINGS
JOY TO A TROUBLED MIND
HIP HIP HURRAY.

CONSCIOUS OF SELF......
MY TRIUMPHANT STATE.....

MAY 2014
THESE WALLS

People keep saying, "Everything is gonna be alright," but what does that mean to those whom never experience captivity behind these walls?

I sit on my bunk daily, contemplating the many lives trapped behind these walls. Touched by my own story as well as those comrades, friends and foe who chose the same path as I... an analyst of sorts, attempting to answer why circumstances chose me? Why did I continue to repeat the cycle of so called survival that lead to my current position. Part of a incarcerated society? The dark world that many created before me, snuffing hopes and dreams, unless you're among those blessed with life's eternal flame by accepting blame for the mistakes made.
PRESENT DAY DRAMAS LEAD ME TO WONDER, IS EVERYTHING TRULY GONNA BE ALRIGHT? WITHIN THESE WALLS OF THIS WORLD'S MODERN DAY SLAVE CAMPS AND PLANTATIONS, AND HOW BROAD SHOULD THE DEFINITION OF BEING ALRIGHT BE? HOW DEEP WILL THOSE INCARCERATED CONTINUE TO SLUMBER, BEFORE WE WAKE UP TO OUR ROCK BOTTOM STATE, JUST ONE STEP ABOVE NON-EXISTENCE WITH MORE THAN 6 FEET OF EARTH PILED ON OUR VESSELS THAT WERE PROVEN USELESS BEFORE DEATH BECAUSE SOME OF US REFUSED CHANGE, KEEPING CRIME AS AN ALLEY...

THESE WALLS REMIND ME HOW SHE ALSO SAID THAT "ALL WAS ALRIGHT." WHILE WITH BLACKENED EYES SHE ATTEMPTED TO BLINK BACK REMORSEFUL TEARS THAT STREAMED IN THE REFLECTION OF HER REALITY WHEN EACH NEW DAY BEGUN. THESE WALLS MAKE ME THINK ABOUT THE SINS HER, INSIGNIFICANT OTHER, CONTRIBUTED TO THOSE WATERFALLS IN LIFE... YET HE ONCE WROTE, HOW
HE YEARNED TO SEE THOSE TEARS
INSTEAD BE OF JOY, EXPRESSED DUE
TO HIS MORE EXISTENCE BEING THE
ANTIDOTE TO MY ABSENCE. WHILE
BEING EMBRACED BY ALL THE LOVE
SHE WISHED TO GIVE, AS IF HE
DIDN'T KNOW SHE BELONGED TO ME...

THESE WALLS MAKE ME THINK
ABOUT HOW MUCH I'VE GROWN IN
STATURE BUT LACK ALL THE HABITS
SURVIVING A TRAGEDY ENTAILS. AS
I'M CONSTANTLY SADDENED WHEN
I RECALL THE NIGHT THE MASS OF
OUR WORLD CRUSHED MAMA'S
MENTAL AND HEAVENLY SPIRIT. THE
VERY SPIRIT THAT DROVE AND HELD
HER UP IN THE STRUGGLE, TO LOOK
INTO HER EYES ONLY ENRAGED HER
FURTHER BECAUSE AT THAT MOMENT
IN TIME SHE HATED HER OWN
REFLECTION..... TEARS THAT ONLY
EXISTS WITHIN GOD'S CHOSEN TEMPLE
FOR HER STAINED EVERYTHING
AROUND US AND THE FEAR OF BEING
DROWNED IN WATERS THAT I NEVER
IMAGINED COULD EVEN EXIST. SWEAT
THROUGH MY BEING, AS LIL'GIS RAISED
Her hands in defense, believing she could deflect whatever chose to exit the barrel of that demonic tool Mama possessed. I also recall in that moment a feeling or state of confusion that caused me to bark, "Why Mama why?" .... These walls have allowed me to realize, my question was the result of the cause of the experience and not the occurrence itself. At that instant with a child's mind it dawned on me that those very same demons that broke Mama would be the same ones I would be forced to confront in the future. Being the only genetic acquisition I'd grow to fear .... The dreaded moment came when everything went black, and I somehow regained consciousness with my head wrapped and on Mama's lap, while she wispered, "Everything will be alright ...."
ABOVE ALL, I'M RISEN. RIGHT UP FROM BEHIND THESE WALLS WHEN MY TERM ENDS WITH MY MIND STRICTLY ON SUCCESS. SWINGING AND MAKING CERTAIN I CONNECT ON THE CHAINS OF THOSE DEMONS THAT NOW OCCUPY MY EARTHY PLAIN. MY ANCESTRY GIFTED ME... A WARRIOR WHO UNKNOWINGLY LOST SIGHT OF THE PRIZE ALONG THE WAY BUT STILL STANDING, NOT ONLY BECAUSE OF THE BLOOD THAT CIRCULATES THROUGH MY VEINS TO ENSURE MY LIFE BOAT REMAINS A-FOAT BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY. BUT BECAUSE OF THE FACT THAT IF I TAKE ONE MORE TOKE FROM LIFE'S UNLIMITED PIPE WITHOUT EXHALING, I'LL FOREVER BE CURSED BY THE REALITY OF CAPTIVITY, UNABLE TO REPAIR MY ESSENCE........

THESE WALLS HAVE TAUGHT ME THAT GOD DOES NOT LIKE UGLY.... THE TYPE OF UGLY THAT PERMITS WHISPERS TO BE SPOKEN LOUDLY. SHUTTING OUT ALL LOGICAL SENSE OF REASON AND UNOBSERVABLE SIGHT.
THE TYPE OF UGLY THAT CALLS INJUSTICE TO THE DOORSTEP OF THE RIGHTEOUS, ENSNARING REALITY AND FORCING THE INNOCENT TO EXPERIENCE A LIFE TIME IN CAPTIVITY.....

THERE WULLS AINT GONNA BE WHERE I FALL BECAUSE I SEE IN MY REFLECTION THE CAUSE OF THIS DILEMMA WE FIND OURSELVES IN... THE PREDICAMENT THAT HAS PLAQUED MY STRUGGLE AND BOUND MY HANDS TO STRESS THE PUPPET MASTER'S THEORY OF CONTROL. NO LONGER AT A LOSS, SO I TOSS THE TRUTH BEFORE MY VISUAL PATHWAYS, TO IMAGINE A FUTURE FREE STATE, SHADING THE REALITY OF CAPTIVITY AT TIMES I NEED IT MOST.....

THERE WULLS AINT GONNA BE WHERE I FALL.... EVEN THOUGH HE NEVER GOT AROUND TO TEACHING ME HIS DEFINITION OF MANHOOD. IN FACT I VAGUELY RECALL A MENTAL PICTURE OF HIS PHYSICAL BEING AS DESCRIBED TO ME BY THOSE WHO ASSUMED I WAS THE
LEAST BIT INTERESTED.... MAMA WAS ALWAYS DADDY ANYWAY... BUT ABOUT THE BEING WHOSE SEED GAVE ME LIFE. THE QUESTION REMAINS A STATE OF MIND THAT HAS EVOLVED TO BE SIGNIFICANT. A YEARNING NOW IN EXISTENCE STRONGER, AND MORE IMPORTANT THAN I EVER IMAGINED IT WOULD BE. . . . TO KNOW MYSELF.

I MUST UNDERSTAND MYSELF WHO ARE THOSE THAT EXISTED BEFORE MY TIME? PAVING THE PATH OF LIFE THAT I NOW STAND ON TODAY. THOSE WHO CULTIVATED FREEDOM ENOUGH TO REMAIN FREE... THE ONES I HESITANTLY REFER TO AS ANCESTORS WHEN DOUBT SURFACES, DUE TO MY LACK OF COMPREHENSION... THOSE WHO TALES OF SURVIVAL SEEM TO DEFINE... THOSE WHO BROKE CHAINS SO STRONG, OF WHICH THE WEAKEST LINKS STILL BIND THE BLACK MIND TODAY... FOR THESE REASONS AND MANY UNDISCOVERED MORE, I ENDURE WITH FREEDOM ON MY MIND, CONVINCED THAT THESE WALLS AINT GONNA BE WHERE I FALL . . . .

MAY 2015
Do you like you?

The entity that stares back in your, every reflection becomes to be understood, needs to be acknowledged, so it glimmers and shows a twinkling eye of life in a Nirvanian state.

Even without the echo's of your essence, if you look hard enough you still see the true you... the you that throws back shots of karma while drunkenly reaching for a future unknown, resembling times past, yet seemingly deja vu... ask, the ultimate question and answer it too... do you like you?...........
CREATION

ORDERED EXISTENCE.

JUST IMAGINE, THE GREATEST THOUGHT.

PERFECTION BEING

THE MAIN OBJECTIVE.

REALITY ROOTED IN FRUSTRATION.

EVIL WAS ALSO BROUGHT.....

THE HYPOTHESIS OF THE BIG BANG.

LOST BEINGS

PRETENDING UNDERSTANDING.....

FAITHFULLY DECEIVING SELF AND OTHER.

ABSTRACT VISIONS

NOTIONS BASED ON NO RATIONAL BEGINNING

CUSTOMS DEVELOPE FOR ALL OUR

TOMORROWS.....

WONDERING MINDS LACKING KNOWLEDGE.

BRINGING DESTRUCTION

AND ABSOLUTE SORROW.....

THE GODLESS ACTING WITH DESIRE

TO ELUDE THE EVIDENT.....

CREATION HAS A PURPOSE,

NOT JUST MERE EXPERIMENT.

GREATER MINDS SHALL ALWAYS ADAPT.

GROW BEYOND SCIENTIFIC INTENT.....
TO UNBELIEVERS:
LIFE SEEMS HECTIC
AND SUPPORTED BY THE HAND OF MAN...
TO BELIEVERS
WHO UNDERSTAND
GOD HIMSELF IS THE AUTHOR
OF LIFE'S BEAUTIFUL PLAN......

SO WHEN WE SILENTLY DEBATE THE
DISCONTENT OF OUR NATION,
REMEMBER THESE MAY BE
IDLE THOUGHTS. BUT JUST LIKE I
THEY'RE PART OF CREATION......

MAR 2015
Final Thought

These poems and spoken word styled writings aren't merely an expression of a black man in prison, but are words deeply ingrained on the consciousness of my will to survive as a human being in the world today, who happens to be caught in this vicious cycle of incarceration. Written with love, hate, anger, hope, pain and joy, my avenues of choice...

I sit in my cell routinely clutching my pen while in a state of mind where my days on this earth have become metaphorically like a dripping faucet and my every night has become a blanketless bed... where prayers may at times diminish in timbre, but tenaciously remain intact due to a faith in God's promise. Although my intuition may unconsciously coil because of the wrongs I've done...

Through the years, I have learned to be in touch with a higher self.... a self that believes in the
Responsibility of choice, and the necessity of informed decisiveness... A self that knows, without the belief in some form of a higher power, nothing is possible.... A self that cries for assurance that life will always be better tomorrow.... A self that cannot apologize enough to my children, whom through my actions as an adolescent I unconsciously removed from the opportunity to be raised in a complete family atmosphere and placed in the reality of abandonment. A self that is well aware of that heartless inner judge called self-hate, from which it can be difficult to find absolution. For certain mistakes and that when final adjudication is affirmed for those mistakes, I would find it hard to survive emotionally and be saved by that higher power that unfortunately can sometimes be obscured by despair. Behind these walls of captivity, so I write!... through my writings, I am able to break away from my self-
Imposed hole of guilt and rise to the level of repentence. Finally achieving the realization of redemption for past mistakes. By casting my thoughts on this blank canvas of potential one mental stroke at a time. I believe that I can develop a better sense of clarity, purpose and most significantly direction in my life... So I write!

I offer my words to the public because I believe the written as well as spoken word has the power to shape life alone and that by living through these avenues we gain a understanding of life in and outside of prison...

I am not without dreams. Although many of those people who claim to know me would tell you otherwise. The life I lived before the veil of adolescence was lifted from my conscious mind on September 11, 2001 lacked even a whisper of reason for my actions. But they don't know
THE NEW ME... THE ME... WHO KNOWS NOW THAT AT THE TIME I CHOSE TO WRITE, I DID SO BECAUSE I BELIEVE IT TO BE MY CALLING AND THAT BEING INCARCERATED ALLOWS THOSE WHO ARE OPEN TO GROWTH TO DO JUST THAT, WHILE PROVIDING A MEANS TO PURIFY THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.... PRISON HAS AFFORDED ME TIME TO EVALUATE MY LIFE'S EXPERIENCES AND ACTUALLY ANALYZE THE PAST AND MY PRESENT STATE IN ORDER TO BETTER PREPARE FOR MY FUTURE... WHILE THE PACE OF SOCIETY CAUSES THOSE LIKE MY FORMER SELF TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE PRISON POPULATION AND REMAIN IN A STATE OF RECIDIVISM.... I ASK (YOU) THE READER TO THINK OF THESE WORDS AS BRIEF VERSES FROM THE NOVEL OF MY MIND, BROUGHT TO YOUR WORLD IN THIS ART FORM WITH THE HOPE THAT YOU WILL STRONGLY CONSIDER BEING THE BRIDGE TO A CAPTIVE STATE AND FREEDOM.... TAKING THESE WORDS INTO THE FUTURE, IN A ATTEMPT TO RID ALL SOCIETIES OF
HATE IN GENERAL...

I realize that what's being asked of the reader is a difficult task, and requires a particular blind faith engulmed in us all. I ask the reader to try to understand that hate by itself is a form of mental captivity and can be a dark, bleak and cruel state to experience when its backed by beliefs. But it has become a measure of life behind these walls and of our society as a whole. So with these words I hope you find the love needed to conquer all hate...

As some of my poems may suggest and as a prisoner to the system, I often feel as if my entire being is on some sort of life support system, kept alive only by the words I write..... Therefore, the only way to endure yet another day in captivity is to search through the mind and heart of the reader, for the answers.
TO THE QUESTIONS WE ENCOUNTER ON A DAILY BASIS... SO WITH THE HOPE THAT MY CHOSEN STYLE OF EXPRESSION WILL BE FELT AND UNDERSTOOD, I END MY FINAL THOUGHT TO PANTHER'S Budy...

NOTE: THE AUTHOR OF PANTHER'S Budy IS CURRENTLY SERVING A 32 YEAR SENTENCE FOR 6 COUNTS OF ARMED ROBBERY. HE WELCOMES LETTERS FROM fellow writers who wish to provide insight, or those in society who want to obtain personalized prose and poetry; all letters are personally answered by the author and I look forward to hearing from you...

TO OBTAIN MARCUS’ MOST CURRENT ADDRESS LOG ON TO AZ DOC.COM. ENTER MARCUS A. WEST #094049 TO LOCATE....