In dedication to the innumerable Janeses & Olivias, known & unknown of; no species excluded.
The world is but Ferguson; just what is your Darren Wilson's
Maybe unaffordable insurance is homelessness your villainy
Whoever is your Zimmerman & Fox we are all Trayvon.
The torrid pavement for 4½ hours is what young Mike's corpse
was displayed upon
A six year old beauty lie peacefully at rest about a couch before
a raid
She now rest in peace, an officer's bullet within her brain
Whereabout is Eric Garner, Michael Taylor, that boy of twelve
years from Cleveland?
Was their music too loud? Kendrick Johnson's aware of the reasoning
Alas! Abundant apparitions of untold truths lack proper screening
Thus let the present coverage represent for those long seeking
to rest in relative peace
Marlene Pinnock is Shaw Bell; Fruitville Station, age-old societies
M.I.K.E.
"The Great Fall"

Autumn is such an intriguing time of year, inevitably on schedule
Reds, browns, oranges & yellows floating to lower levels
To fall is to rise again, a season of nature for us all
Indeed, the leaves shall return, vividly green once more as Spring begins to call
Put your leaf blowers away, let us rake many great piles
Yet these leaves are not to burn though they seem to cramp our style
Next time around this year whence a crisp crunch reaches your ear,
please watch your step, some cries for help are loud & clear
It's Fall...
"M.S.U. (Maximum Security University)"

Lickety smickety doo
Just what is one to do?
'Tis so dark within my cell though the sun shyn't shine thru.
Lickety smickety doo
If one + one = 2,
am I to be locked ↑ or shall locked ↓ do?
Lickety smickety doo
I've studied a course or two
Patience 101 and Tolerance 102
Survival and humility degrees I've mastered too
However, I advise against applying to M.S.U.
Lickety smickety
"Open Letter"

Hello Mr. Mathers, congrats on an extraordinary feat. Now that you've outsold Shakur & proceeded to plant your seed, indeed a yellow wolf may howl, for sure a Miller shall mack. Macklemore & Ryan Lewis just purchased a Cadillac. I hear their seeking machine guns from one known as Kelly. Is it true Ashter Roth is the modern day Makavelli? There's a foul taste 'pon my tongue, I shan't sip from this beverage.

I ponder the destination in which you seek to take my heritage.

Dear Marshall...
"Hope Eternal"

As one awakes to the sun's rays shimmering with bright new hopes,
I'm drawn to my window to bask in the warm glow
It's a new day for new chances, new questions and answers,
goals of the past and present, of future dancers and curers of cancers
Let us smile from within, yesterday's troubles merely a stepping stone
For the value of some lessons only experience can hone
May we join hands as do the stars, forming dazzling constellations
Diversity = not division, a falling star's antagonization
Shine on and as the sun sets to the moon's luminous glow,
close thine eyes and refuel on the holy energy of hope
"The Monk & the Prize fighter"

Could David have defeated Goliath without the sling-shot?
I haven't one in my possession nor do I wish it sought
This broad ring leaves me no option but to lean against its ropes,
steadily a'bobbin' & a'weavin' hoping to rope a dope
Yet I'm no Ali & though I've turned the other cheek,
the final round has come & gone, my challenger only gaining energy
I wonder if the ref views those headbutts and those blows below
the belt
Should I counter with just enough jabs to supplement the sustaining
of oneself?
Many times I've debated allowing the count to proceed to ten
What the blind will view as a loss shall amount to only a win
The bells now consistently ringing drown out the cheering crowd
I can no longer discern that which signals the end of each round
As one ponders the reason the crowd cheers, I'm ushered to my
corner
To an angel there I relayed my lack of signing up for such horror
After inquiring the identity of my opponent in this fight,
as I was sponged in ice water I was calmly told, "Life"
"Dogyearz, Eightyearz"

It seems like yesterday when I lacked the sense of common. No longer blind, my view perplexes one quite often. Should I reach out for a prescription? For sure we dance at the same masquerade. A mask matching each week’s outfit, changed throughout. For some days, remove the one your schedule demands 98% of the week. Indeed, one might finally grasp triviality’s epitome. Just whose clock should I abide by? Whose calendar’s internet? I know neither Gregorian nor Julian, your watch differs from mine. Although some weeks seem as a day for me, others like the passing of many, the value of time’s quantity pales in comparison to that of what we’ve done.
"Dear God"

Eli, Eli, once more your sunlight is a treasured kiss upon my face
Before I begin my day I've several emotions to display
Frustration, sorrow, uncertainty and appreciative elation
I must be schizophrenic from excessive anticipation
Though my respect and admiration for you remains quite clear,
of you deep within my heart exists an abundance of fear
So many alleging to speak on your behalf proclaim of your wrath
Of which religion should I abide? Which holy tome should guide my path?
Though I fail regarding the right you've instilled within my heart,
I long for direct replies to the questions I've set apart
For divided we are conquered, your foreign language a dooming plague
Upon querying my elders I'm informed you work in mysterious ways
Your wondrous blessings and miracles alike,
continue to perplex scientists' and physicians' insight
Forever I'll direct my prayers towards your direction
No popes, no Christs, no Buddhas, nor Muhammad to exist as an intersection
Indeed, Noah was one of drink whose ark I'd've suspected of whisking me
to slavery
Verily, you guard your mystique vigilantly, the tower of Babylon no mystery
May the song of victims unknown reach your merciful ears
With tragedy so plentiful accompanying many a joyful tear,
I guess life's indefinitely to remain bittersweet, a vehicle mankind
drunkenly continues to steer
Dear Lord...
Damn, another funeral yet no pastor's at this event
A childhood pal's within my space though he passed in '86
Whom accompanies him is what I'm attempting to discern
"Brenda's got a baby," was all he managed to utter in turn
The sneaker box labeled Jordan was indeed one of misleading nature
For when she removed the top, a fetus' dead eyes never wavered
As I gazed deep within its eyes I felt a tap upon my shoulder
However whence I turned around only an open casket was my attention's holder
Inside lay a striking housewife, a beautiful urn she was ensconcing
A glance in its direction led to an inscription reading Isaiah Johnson
The mortician failed to veil her neck's ligature tracings left by her husband
Placing my hand upon said wounds delivered my blood an electric buzzing
Feeling a nipping at my ankle caused one's attention to divert
Looking down brought into view my long deceased cohort
"Hey Fido" ...
"Hey Zeus"

Hello Shepherd, wow, it's been quite some time
I remain upon the same ladder in which you've observed me climb
These rungs are quite slippery, your life such a mystery
With so much divulged, indeed, it's difficult to discern your history
Yet it's clear you suffered immensely
Our Father's tears drench me whence a storm musters intensely
You set the ultimate example of what the humble ant should be
Nevertheless it is upon this farm in which I daily fail you miserably
Though the bizarre art of torture painted before your pained cry to Eli,
remains an admiration, your spirit never demised
Dear Jesús...
"What iz Soul?"

*Jike 9 James Brown*

Michael Jackson, soul
When Sam would Cooke, of course it'd be with soul
Like an old Negro spiritual Shakur had soul
King, soul; X, soul; Mandela and Ghandi spoke it
The miles in the sandals of Jesus surely evoked it
If the sole purpose of the sole is to facilitate one's patrol,
let us gain ground in our journey towards metempsychosis
For those slain are many, their apparitions floating
Soul. . .
"Training Days"

In America they train 'em
The Middle East, they train 'em
In the ghettos, the military, of course they train 'em
Young killers of both sexes, veterans'll train 'em

In Europe they train 'em
Indeed, Africa trains 'em
A vicious cycle to be broken lest they continue to train 'em
Gangs, they train 'em, religions steady training

Officers, mercenaries, the undiscovered serial killer,
the effects of a brain washed, the cycle capitalism

For sure the poverty, abuse & oppression is swift to train 'em
To love is to be weak, neglect a true sensation
A house can be no home if hate is the foundation
They're training
"Blood Stayned"

Yesterday I met a Native, Tree Spirit was his name
Though he managed a casino, gambling was not his game
You know what's kind of strange?
The day before that a rabbi labeled his homeland untamed
Prior to that an Arab crossed my path
We discussed how our earths seem to have taken a bath
Is it the norm for one to bathe in hemoglobin?
For the voices of our lands resound though they've never spoken
From the Motherland to Japan to the home of a fuhrer's hands,
the maroon tinge upon the soil was clearly caused by man
Thus no need for a geographer to decipher this particular mystery
Indeed, many centuries brought American Negroes miseries
Like Assata I fled to Cuba seeking out a change
As I gazed inquisitively upon the turf a voice relayed, "Ésto es solo una mancha ('Tis just a stain)."
Alas...
"I Married My Sister"

Maybe I should've sought out a caucasian,
or possibly someone of Asian persuasion
Yet a sister stole my heart while on a rare vacation
As the sea caressed our temples & I kissed her gently upon her neck,
One would never have began to think that I was engaging in incest
Though it's been quite some time since Mr. Charlie did his math,
those abundant seeds sold at birth equal a detriment continued
to be had
Fathers, aunts, cousins, sisters, brothers & mothers
All snatched from their tribes & dispersed to nations of others
How could a family have a meaning if one is sold on random evenings??
Four centuries my brother, wait, are you my brother?
Is this why the mental skies of our seeds hold autistic clouds
asunder?:
Though I've spent hundreds seeking my native tongue & treasured
wife's tribal clan,
as my vision began to clear I saw that I was being scammed
Although I aspired to marry a sister, certainly not my sister
We continue on in stride ignoring occasional whispers
I wonder. . .
"The Infinite Chase"

Mr. Dollar Almighty, just where might you be today?

I sensed your presence just around the corner yet you
were so much farther away

Some journeys never end in this great desert abroad

Seems like every time I'm near you disappear like a mirage

These rattlers behind each cactus indeed have one wary

If only I had the mule which Uncle Sam promised to spare me

What's that stain 'pon your essence? Quite often this I've seen

Smells of hemoglobin waft from your direction it seems

Just as those 30 pieces of silver, to earth we shall return

Without each other's presence our value is of no concern

Jeckell at times tends to Hyde whence he seeks the gold

essential for his family

Alas, abundant bars gleam though plated with much calamity

Genuine karats from the Motherland never reached my peers

I still await those 40 acres or the return of 400 years
"Glenn & Olivia"

I often ponder how beautiful rainbows come about in the midst of stormy weathers.

Must a rose & the thorn always form together??

I guess no battery can exist without each opposite charge, its infinite fuel for the great love within this baffling existance of ours.

If the apple was bittersweet was it not yet ripe to consume?

Their garden of Eden the Sarah Greenwood School.

Some say that pain = love, Indeed determining right requires some wrongs.

Though their record held many a scratch it produced a continuing song.

As I watched them walk, run, fall then stand again, one began to see how one can lose yet simultaneously win.

Glenn & Olivia. . .
"O.L.I.V.I.A."

I once knew an Outstanding character, Lively comes to mind
An Intellectual ~ So Vivid, like bright colors intertwined
If one could rewind her time & view her Interactive ways,
as Authentic as she was, I ponder her wordplay
Olivia, Olivia, Olivia was her name
Her place within our hearts as well as her memory shall remain

We Miss You