SPOKEN WORD OF POETRY

CHRISTOPHER S. PARKER
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The game of Chess

7 Is the Mind
Of a Person
That have lots

Of methodology
When sizing up
Biology
That graduated Sociology

Taking on ideology
Showing the world
My Biography
While holding the

CHRISTOPHER PARKER

Crown of a King
Or Queen

When squeezing
The Trigger
When

Mastering life
Only for a
couple nights
You will see

0
The game of Chess

The fight with
lots of consciousness
To merge your
Mind becomes bright

Your move becomes
Tight
Your words of
Language becomes
Famous
Just like my
Father灵动
While holding up

The master ring
He screamingly
Supreme being
Putting down geometry

Studying the skill
Of martial art
Your mind just
Become a question mark

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
#0789551
The game of Chess

To everything you lay your eyes on
Come in my home and let me
Welcome you to my zone of the grown
Let the life of songs play deep into your ears while looking through your tears of joy
Listen to the lion roar while your life
Take it course pushing back unnecessary force stealing the master
The game of Chess

Favorite horse
While blowing out your torch.

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
#0789551
My Best Friend

you can always
Depend on your
Pen
Cause it Will

Come through at
The end
It will Keep
your secret within

The ink of
The Pen
Relieving stress
From the tip

Of your mind
In between lines
Of going through
Hard times

Don't mind
Sacrificing
The blood for
Love
My Best Friend

Standing by you
Through thick and thin
Don't care IF you sin...

Your pen will never
Switch lanes
It will only

Sharpen your brain
To maintain your feelings from deep inside...

Aiming for
My winning prize
While I'll write
My tides...

to my silent cries
Never saying good-bye,
or telling a lie
Giving off Positive
My Best Friend

Energy
Filling Remedies
My Pen sign myself
out the Penitentiary...

No more misery
I'm invisible
My Pen is my Inspiration...

Going into my
Inner step
Taking long vacation
Fucks an aggravation!

Me & my pen deal with
Each other
Like a big brother
His eyes never
Goes dry
As we continue
To drive with
More

CHRISTOPHER PARKER #0789551
My Best Friend

Motivation
Not needing anyone's
Transportation
We are creating

Elevation
When putting down
This word Play
Of a demonstration

Of what a real
Best friends are
Suppose to be
See!

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
#0789551
All your fault

My brothers
Let aint our
Women fault
That

They run around
All over town
Trying to get
Their crown...

When we run
Through them
And call them
Out of their names...

Now they call us cowards
And they go on to the next

With no respect.
It's time to take a stand
My brothers...
All your Fault

And be real
To our women
They are not
The ones to

Blame my brothers
Life are what
An ugly shame
All your fault

CHRISTOPHER PARKER #0789551
They afraid to live

A lot of people say they not afraid to die
But they a shame to cry
Trying hard to make they next move...

So they can get around the city Blues,
And these old Crazy city rules
Trying hard to fit in and act cool

So they want lose
Afraid to go to school
Not even that...

They scared to go to sleep,
So they want to miss the streets
They heading for a big treat
Talk is cheap

You have to think then you teach
Not to be so fast to reach for your gun
Cause all of our brothers want run
Cause they afraid
To live

Christopher Parker
#0783551
Spring Time

The Spring is now
Coming
It will be here real soon

Can't wait to
Smell
The smooth cut
Fresh grass

Blowing through
My nose
With that cut
Cool grass

All between my toes
While this big
Pretty rose grows

With the world
With colorful
Butterflies flying
Up above
Spring Time

Watching the bees
Make honey which
Will soon drip
On the tip

Of our tongues
While the sweet
Honey
Suckers continue

To bloom
The hot dogs, and
Hamburgers
Fresh squeeze lemonade

That can be smell
Through the Park
While children run,
And play with

Mustard, and ketchup's
Stain all over
Their shirt

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
H0789551
Spring Time

While the grown ups
Drink fresh
Spring water
To clear their thirst

As the sun
Shine
Showing the
Shadows

Of Spring birds
Flying you chasing
The sweet smell
Of water melon

All through the
Air
On this nice
Spring day

CHRISTOPHER
PARKER
#0789551
It ain't easy being me.

I cried a billion tears
From being behind the wall
And can't call home
Tears of losing my mother, and Father.

Through this crazy storm
My nightmares is like a loud alarm
Please don't hurt me I mean no harm

When I try to walk a straight line
Trouble will soon find me
Why bring evil when I act so kind

Now the time has came
To stop the pain

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
#0789551
My lover, ask me to take 10 years
My heart is full in deep fears
To see my mother in deep tears

Never hale I seen my mother cry so hard
When they back my child head heals

To help me piece

I bow down to my hands, and knees
Asking God to protect my needs

I am ill to find myself together
And write you these love letters
My dreams of coming home
Will soon be fulfilled, and this time
I will be far, far, so
Wipe your tears.
Look at this world how we living
In hate
While we living in this master state
While the trapping our women
Making our brother catch
A Capital (L)
Then sell us to this cold
Ass cell

At any giving time someone might
Just tell
Now the inmate is Playing
Both sides
By running around telling like
They got no sense

Christopher
Parker
#0789351
THUG LOVE

The making of a thug
Which shows the
Struggle of love
They get the word thug

Mix up
To the violence of thugs
Real thugs don’t carry guns
They show love

And up lift their people
By not selling drugs
Thugs can only
Be a threat

When they well educated,
And not become traders
That’s the reason the word
Thug has been drag through
The mud

CHRISTOPHER
PARKER
#0789551

So carry on
The struggle is love
From a thug point
Of view.

0
Ms. Independent

Look at our black, beautiful, intelligent, self-made queens living out their dream.

Owning hair salons, got big homes, speaking with sweet tones, telling a man she can pay for her own.

Walking off with Christopher, that sexy grown man smile that will make any man proud to know she have.

Nice style and don't talk loud about what she do in the dark.
She a woman at heart.
To keep her life
At the Tap
While rocking a
Pretty rock.

Hopping down to the
Dealer ship
To buy that hot Foreign
Car
Looking for her Black card

Not having to look for
Cause her money
Long like road reflectors
Waving and smiling
At the help

Telling them to get their
Weight UP
Cause her bank account
Is Caked UP
Yall Sisters better
Ms. Independent

Wake the fuck up
And use your head
She said
It's plenty bread
To be made

And not become
No man slave
Get brave
Because in all actually
You're self made

Never to be down
Grade
We are the earth
Of the world
Ms. Independent

CHRISTOPHER
PARKER
#0789551
If the world was black
I see the world
Of the same color
Coming from different mothers
It could never be
No other

We more like
Distance brothers
If we would kill
The disease and
Put it on freeze

Our generation of kids
I will never
Have to struggle. Christopher
This disease is killing Parker
Our brothers and sisters #0789551

While it spread
Like wildfire
And they looking in
As we kill each other
If the disease
IF The World®
Was Black

Would never have came
About
We would all have
Jobs
And all get along

It wouldn’t be
No law
To throw our
Black People behind the Wall

Christianity is under
An investigation
Christopher
Parker
It was pass through
Slavery

To keep our Black
People
In bondage
The pain of
400 years
If the world would not have been a question by being stressed out.

From the hands of oppression I see my kings and queens on their square holding their crown standing on solid grounds screaming out loud if the world was black!

Christopher Parker # 0784551
Is it because I'm Black?

Traffic stop
It's a cop
That chasing a black man on foot
It's caught on footage

Saying take off your hoodie
While releasing cop killers
In the Temple of his back

Landing him smack on his face
Head crack Christopher Parker
The street was pack #0789551

Full of witnesses
The vicious attack
Wanted call for
The more we scream
Is it because
I'm Black?

Peace and Justice.

The more they kill
our people!

All was well
of an impaired
young woman
in the city
of Charlotte, N.C.

The police came with
violence.

After being told
she had a mental
disorder.

Christopher Parker

Now her mind is in a maze
officer's gun
Going in blaze
Through the darkness
Is it because
I'm Black

of her apartment
After it was
All said, and done
They climb the story down
To fit their

justification
Why she was shot
To the floor
This is getting out of hand
Our people can't take
It anymore!

I am a young
Black man
Being demand from
A European Citizen

Christopher
Parker
#0789851

To turn my radio
Dead

All I could do
Was Frown
Confuse, and felt rude
Is it Because I'm Black

By a Person
That wasn't even
My father
That bothers me
For no reason

I see in his eyes
Open season
Sitting in front of
A convenience store
His gun roar

CHRISTOPHER

PARKER
# 0789351

Now it became
A murder scene
Do you see
What I mean
The green light

Is on
His safety off
Can't wait to
Squeeze the next cough
Is it because
I'm black
Lonely child

A little boy
That is walking down
A dark road
In the cold of snow
That blows past

His red nose
With nowhere to go
He sleeps
In a deep dark hole

Clutching his teddy bear
Wishing
That someone care
To bring him in
And save his...
Lonely Child

Not even a piece of cover To keep him warm. He learns slowly

How to survive sewing up his torn dusty clothes picking through the dumpster

Heating up frozen food his face is bruised of being done so cruel reminding himself

He can't lose collecting different tools

Christopher Parker his characteristic of a kid is becoming so rude
He can't be fool
Nor
Can his Pain turn to rain
People see this child
As someone strange
Holding on
To a string of hope
That's floating down
The river stream
This little boy world
Is like a person
Drinking coffee
Without cream or sugar
Lonely child

Christopher Parker
#0799551
He knew
Taken in light
All odds
In a world of vast
His third ride
Black God into

Energy
Pushing the original
Into her main
Front out of the sun
Grabbing the light

She fell on God.
New born end
Looking at her
Birth
I made it through

Life of Earth
Born today
Cleaning my new
Life on the Earth
Coming out the womb

Faith
Greatest 0
God Son

0
Greatest @
Baby

At an early stage
He as Godman
Wont be Treated
In no cage with
Lots of rage

Eating some dog food
Trays
Wearing a crown
Of a king
Speaking supreme wisdom

To The community
Of Gods and earths
Letting them know
This is our

Christopher Parker
#0789551

That will soon
Turn into a
University
Not a Penitentiary
We have to
Godson
Greatest Baby

Learn Knowledge Of Self
For the young gods
And earths
To teach the

Next century
About Peace, Love
And happiness
Buy back lots
Of property

Read your literature
Then put down your
Introspect
Let your intone
Spread through the world

Christopher Parker
#0789551

I like Intoxication
That's a hell of an
Education
Coming naturally along
Godson
Greatest Baby
with the gift of
Gravity
That I breathe
My God State of mind
Feel relieve
To lead my people
To the finish line of
Peace.

Christopher
Parker
#0989551
Lights camera  
Action 0

Take a look into
My world
Looking down a
Double barrel
The feel of my stomach

Is about to curl
With the stream
Of urine
Running down my leg

Shot gun still
Pointed at my head
Praying he don't pump
Me full of lead
That will put

Me in my tomb
Or a hospital room
While lights flashing

Christopher Parker
Over womb
With a blur I can't see

#0789331
Lights camera
Action

This is a movie.
I'm losing no illusion.
My life has been
Chosen.
My blood is still flowing.

My thoughts are speaking.
Foreign.
Afraid of dying.
I can't even lie.
My soul is crying.

My life has cut into.
An temporary suspension.
Not to mention.
It's no fiction.
I can see the mortician.

Christopher Parker.

My ears are listen.
The clock on the wall.
Is now hissing.
The gun reloaded.
That made my head.

Explode.
Lights, camera, action.
Never change you

When it comes
To change
Only you can
Change the game...

Never see yourself
Better than the next
Cause you could
Be the one.

Calling from collect,
Or better yet,
Calling for a rock,
Or maybe a clock,

Or see your mother
On the block,
So now what?  
There's lots of things

We should study
Before we start
Judging
Look at self...
Never change you.

Before you start judging never change you.

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
#0789551
It's almost over so 0
Hold on

How my People
Doing in Africa

If you must know
The Gods

Of the Future
Ain't doing to
Good
No food for the

Children,
And it's not cool.
Then you got
These Fools

Always Showing
The bad part
Of the mother
Land...

Look at all
These Flies
In these young
Baby eyes...
It's almost over so hold on

Hold up
Can you hear their cries
It's almost over so hold on.
Keep your head up, baby girl.

Our sisters
That up in age
Get class
And get out

The cage
It's sad to
See how you living

In plays
And you wonder why your daughter
Pregnant with AIDS

It pays
To walk around
At age 35
Showing your skin
On up to your thighs
Now your

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
#0789551
Keep your head up
Baby girl

12 year old daughter
Is pregnant with AIDS
Keep your head up
Baby girl...

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
Can't be
Stop

The court just
Turn me down
Today
They have done me
Wrong
But guess what!
They have made
Me strong...

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
#0789551

These years are
Not even long
Before you know it
I will be gone...

Now I got
To get on
The Phone
And tell my

Dear mother
I want
Be coming home
From this day on...

[Signature]
Christopher

#0784551

I'm the leader

I'm telling the world

God

Nothing can stop me

My journey

I got to get

Stop

Can't be
My love goes out
To Everybody
That died on 9-11

As you lay peacefully in the cemetery
We as a

World carry out your remembrance with love and hugs with white doves

Flying over your rest area while prayers are being heard

In the dreams I hope that these quotes could one
Day
Be Heard
Towards the
Ones

We love
Cause our hearts
Are still connected
Which could never

Be broken
I can never
Stop my cries
No matter how...

Hard I try
You will always
Be in my
Heart

And forever
Spoken...
Bless the kids

Kids having kids
Why are they growing up so fast...

Slow down young one
And take control of your dreams...

Become someone's queen
That you were made to be...

What's between your legs
Just isn't pleasure
It's life of wisdom
That can turn bitter
Go grab your

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
#0789551
Bless
The Kids

Education
And become someone
That the world
Never thought you

Will be.
Teach the sisters
That are much
Younger then you

To care more
About their god
Giving body
Bless the kids

CHRISTOPHER
PARKER
#0789551
The Shakur Power

Assata Shakur
you was real
I love you
Even more...

When them pigs
slap you
To the floor
you stood strong...

And stood up
For your rights.
Through that hard
Night...

CHRISTOPHER PARKER

When them devils
Pulled you over
on that late
Summer night...

We all knew
The truth
Them pigs seen
The proof...
The Shakur Power

You was
That earth giving
Queen
And that was
The truth!

CHRISTOPHER
PARKER
#0789551
My heart beat
like a lonely crook
My heart bleed
like a horror movie...

Trying to remove me
From this quicken
Sand
Look how they

Brought my people
To this evil land
Now they took
on they tradition...

And it's so
Ridiculous
How we came
Ship across the

Great blue sea
While they sip
on their nice tasting
Expensive tea...
It's not too late.

But keep your head up.
And stay strong,
Because now we have

The key to stand tall.
Like the tree of knowledge.

So now, let's go to school.
And become a doctor.
True, tears strong heart...

Never give up.
It's not too late.

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
H 0789551
Our races
Is in a hearse
From being curse
Even worse...

Dehumanize of who
We are
With the wrong approach
Using the word...

Magic is like
Someone pulling
The trigger
We are very...

Unrepealtable
Individuals
Toward our own
People...

This is more
Then a secret
It became our
History
We Been 
Curse

That turn into
A mystery
Were it our
Real literature...

And not the
Hanged tree
Free us from
This rope and...

Give us lots of hope
To strive and rise
To pull our...

Nation of our
People away
Separating the illusion
Finding a solution...

Of the condition
Why we call
Each other
UnGodly names

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
#0789551
We Been Curse

Showing the Proof
That alot of
our mind are
Still train

More sadly abuse.
And confuse.
Running with a
Short fuse

When the European
Speak your same
Slang
It’s no need

To get mad
Cause you did it
To yourself
Take your time

To think before
You speak
And take a deep Breathe
Of fresh air...
We Been 4
Curse

And care more
About who you are
Because we came
To Far

Even though we
Still
Marked
Learn to follow

your heart
Find not hate
Lift your head up
Before

It's too late
Now let's pray
To see another
Day!

CHRISTOPHER
PARKER 0789551
Mind over 0
Struggle

How our mind
work
It start with
Everyday struggle...
From out the trouble
we may run across
Or even toss over
When we feel like...

Life get hard
The only thing you got to do
is play your cards... # 0791551

Stay away from
The negative
Get rich stay
strong...

And get gone
While building your
home
From the ground up...
Mind over struggle

Just don't muss it up
Go grab your cup
Then turn it up...

For good luck
They sit down
And take notes
Think big,

or stay small
Don't call me Christopher
When your life on hold

Because I told you
It's like coming home from prison on parole...

This world we living
in is so cold
It's not suppose
Mind over Struggle

To be told
Let me unfold
your mind
Reset your time,

And get back
off the grind
Stand for something
Never fall for nothing...

Living life
Ain't free
Because money
don't grow on trees

you have to plant
your seeds
you get out what
you put in...

you drink gin
you commit sins
That's the way it is
you have kids
Mind over Struggle

At a young age, you take on a responsibility you get old.

And can't work, you get a big disability, you get old.

And get weak, welcome to an old person facility. Mind over Struggle.

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
H# 0789551
Misery love 0
Company

you can see the misery
Jealousness in human eyes
you have to use your third eye to analyze...

Propaganda can have you kill
And spread across
The great Atlantic
Misery becomes

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
An enemy that showed
Envy with my name
Drizzling off the
Bitterness of their tongues...

Exhaling deep from
Out their lungs fun
From miserable people
That love company...

That want to be something
But don't congratulate
I see the hate
Smile in my face...
Misery loves 2
	Company

Fake I'm awake
It's too late
Clean your face
Before you eat my name

Out your plate
Create your own path
It's a laugh
Don't be mad

At me I succeed
Creed of honor
I'm a loner
you get richer

I got smarter
Each is on
you was wrong
I'm gone
Misery loves company

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
#0889551
In my mother's stomach

I was such
At peace with
No reach
Of evil...

Manifesting
Knowledge through the
Womb
Of my mother...

Chasing colors
Of different food
Studying myself
I see that
CHRISTOPHER PARKER
#0789551

I have developed
Different tools
Which look so cool
Watching myself grow...

Blowing through
My mother's womb
On 11-16-85
My first word

0
I'm my
Mother's stomach.

I cried
Allah to come,
And save me
From this wicked
world.
The last of the
unheard still I
Scream Allah name...

Feeling my veins
Go insane,
Knowing that things
Will never be
The same
I see as
If my brain
Is being framed
To enter into
The world
Of guilt
Taking in the
In my
Mother stomach
=

Education of the
Devil's fifth
Leaving from the
Womb of the light...

Blending in with
The
Thieves of the night
Snatching pocketbooks

While putting
My life on
Hooks
Running with crooks...

Moving fast
On foot
Burning
In hell, heading

To a
One man cell
My life was
Already wrote...
In my
Mother's Stomach

Hanging from
"Rope"

Praying for some
Hope...

Not to choke
My heart beat
With hurt
From

Being brought into
This World
Of the curse
Much worse...

Crush your
Identity along
With "Independence"
Please, put me

Back in my
mother Womb
So the chains
will change...

4

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
#0789551
In my stomach

And my brain will gain peace.

In my mother's stomach.

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
#0784551
As I preach

Look at my people
How they dying
Off this earth
And what is

So wreck.
Is what truly
The facts
That our son's

And daughters
Are selling it
To their mothers, CHRISTOPHER PARKER
Then you got

Our brothers
That got our sisters
On their hands
And knees

For a little bit
Of breaking
Soda
Look at the sadness

0
In our women's eyes
When they selling
Their bodies in
Every Lobby
It became their
Number one hobby
This is really a problem,
So how can we solve it?
Let's stop robbing...
The real picture
From our people
This is not an illusion...
We must
Being abused is wrong
Please, plant
As I Preach

...your seeds,
And learn
Knowledge of self,
And yet the leaves

Cure your
Sickness
As I
Preach!

CHRISTOPHER
PARKER
#0799551
My life is over

On this early morning,
I can't sleep,
Thinking about my

Beloved Sister
That died on Valentine's Day.
Things have not

Been the same
Since you've been gone
When you left

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
This World
You left a little brother
Behind

That wish that
He could have
Taken your place...
My life (ə)
IS OVER

Because of all the
PAIN
I went through
From

Being slapped
In the face
From being told
Many times why

Couldn't I have
Died
Instead of you?
At night I cried

True blue tears
Asking you to
Come and save
Me...

I wait but
still no answer
So I turn
To the streets...

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
#0789551
My life is over

To hide my pain
Of missing you
Love always
My life is over

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
#078951
Open your eyes.

I'm in a cave,
But I am not
A slave.
My mind is free...

I bend down,
And put my ear
To the ground,
And hear the sound

Which I have
Found the
World of life
That move so
Freely
Without having to
Ask for anybody
Permission.
The illusion is
In front of
Our eyes...
Open your eyes

They telling these lies.

While the world cries...

We in a fiction
Can I please have your attention
This world is still Willie Lynching,
We not even aware of our own tradition!

CHRISTOPHER PARKER
#0789551
Hard Knock Life

The white gun blushing
The drugs
Throughout the neighborhood
Into the harps of young Black Kings
Watching them kill off their race

Slowly white drug addiction
Spreading like holy water
Making our people move through the streets like zombies
Cooking their brains like left over, over cooked Pasta

Christopher Parker #0787881

To were their face structure
Of bones begin to show
And they talk game of words
Start to flow
Deceiving their way through the night
In the city were it never sleep

Standing on the corner
Of a liquor store
With a needle
Sticking from his arm
Waiting for the next fixs
Or even a hit
Of crack cocaine,
While driving on night train
He doing the soul train
Begging for change
Before buying an hot meal
He mother be killed
He witness two white male officers
With their steel pointed at the temple
Of a young black queen
Christopher Parker
#0784551
When she heard her scream
The trigger was pulled
His vision became clear
Taking in the blood pouring from her head
That's when his legs begin to move
Making his way across the street
Towards the young lady
That lay on street
Once recognizing who she was
The addiction of drug he ever love
Was no longer
A key factor
His teeth started attacking
As they fell from his face
Onto hers
He grabbed a letter

Hanging from her pocket
I always wanted
To know
Who my father was
Cause I never had a father
I could truly love

And I was told by my
Mother
That I could find you
At the corner
Liquor store doing the
Soul train

I love
You daddy
Why come us!

The courts gave the Police

Acclamation

To kill us dead in the road

Abbreviating

Our Words

While we lay asleep in cold

Blood

Floating like a flood of red suds

They try to hard to abolish

our mind

The way we move as real Gods

Not giving the chance to absolve

Our Black People

Christopher

Parker

#0789551

Been rob

From out their lives with

No Strikes

But when we fight

We get shot

The prison door, begin to

Lock
Why come up to us? 2

We have a lot of people with heightened minds trying to take mine.

All the time, our black children have to elude, to not lose from being used and cruelly abused or in up on the world news.

I'm telling the God honest truth.

Christopher Parker

The Police is coming in groups, are they the K.K.K., hiding behind their uniforms, killing the offspring. 2
Why come
US!

Before they can be
Born
I'm not speaking foreign
I want to be the one
Speaking on good morning america

It ain't fair to us
We didn't ask to be put
In this world
We was giving
When filling up prison

Christopher

And walking on a
Burning bridge

Doing a 15 year bid missing
Our kids

The holiday is soon coming
Hearing the voice of my soul
My kids in my ear
Still ringing

I wish I was dreaming

Christopher Parker

#0789551
Black Power

Salute me, or I shoot you
This is day
That they will pay
We come with peace
But we will not be treated with
Indignity

We will march
Through the streets
Holding AK-47s, hand guns
And shot guns
dressed in all black we back
The new revolutionary

About to turn cities into
cemeteries
For all the black children
That they killed
We about to show these
Pigs

Shit is for real
Like the lethal injection
But you want be able to
Go pick out your
Black Power

Last night

We marched in your homes

Shooting under tutles by

Their thrust

Of gods and earths

Tunin in the streets

Today if I'll come to

P Stor

Cause you damn show

When killing them on backs

You had the black

People on hole

Their black kings and queens

By the more

Look at your life choke

Killing them off

Take you hung the

Black kings and queens

#14334454

Christopher

Farmer
Black Power

He's Killing
Cops that's Killing us
Black Power

Christopher Parker
#0789551
Please Help Me Stay Alive

Social Service are at your door
Ringing your door bell
All you can say is oh hell
While they telling you too

Hand over your child
And that your name will be placed
In the bad mother file
After witnessing one

Christopher Parker
Can of Pork & Beans
Parker
#0789551
In her kitchen cabinets
Feeding her off spring
Sugar Water
Turning his Stomach into an air
Filled basketball
Putting the doctors on call
They all running down the hospital hall
With an IV in this small child arm
Please Help ②

Me stay alive

While he lay in darkness
With his eyes close tight
From the swelling of this head
Posted on this small
From bed

Here is a woman
That he can call mother
Hi my name is Pantrice Parker
I'm not a doctor
But I will like to adopt

Christopher Parker ②
#0789551

Him
Donate the money for
His medication
To bring him out this
Hurtful nightmare

And into my arms that
care
I swear I will treat
Him fair
Like the cool Carolina air
Please help Me Stay Alive

Hugging him like a fat brown teddy bear
Rubbing down the side of her new bony face
She felt his thoughts say

Please help Me Stay Alive!

Christopher Parker
#0789551
In the mud

While watching the ones
That suppose to love you
Turn To sour milk,
Holding your helpless
Body face down
In the mud
So you want succeed feeling

The energy
Of what hatred breed
Jealousy, envy, and
No loyalty
Stop holding me down to the
Ground
I'm about to drown

Christopher
Parker
#0789551

It's not always good
To put your family and
Friends
Up on your life dream
Cause they will be the one
Cloaking your cream $\$\$
Mad cause you not allowing them to
Jump on your team
In the mud

you have to come from out

The mud

Causing without even knowing

your own people will drag you through

The mud

And you wonder why

The mud hole still

Pint dried

But your body drying from

Being sucked with a leech

They plains for keep

Turning your hell anyway they feel

Christopher

Parker

# 0789551

Looking past the real

Taking your kindness for

Weakness

Watching as your life begin to slip

As your blood begin to drip

And the flesh start to rip
In the mud

I came up with
My own creed
Stay away from greedy People
They are call the mud demon
Still selling nickel and dimes
Hoping you drop some money
Now they see you

Up and running doing
Big things
Living but your dream
Aint it funny
They now call you their right hand man
When smelling your money
And the doles that suppose
Christopher Parker #0789551

To be in the mud
Are pulling in big numbers
And the person that
Don't suppose
To be in the mud
Is being dragged by
His enemy
In the mud

That showed him

Nothing but envy

If we as a people will

Help each other

Out the mud instead

Of holding our nuts

The mud hole will go dry

Christopher Parker

# 0789551
I have a dream

That one day

All prisoners will

Come to realization

About civilization

About no matter

of the coloring

of our skin

Find your ambition

Unless you college

Degrees

Christopher

Parker

#0782551

If you behind

A wall, or

A steel door

Rise for your

Pride and self

Dignity

I have a dream

To see my
I have a dream.

Brother from all different races,
That's incarcerated.

To be able to go home and see the
New generation...

And become lawyers, doctors, speakers, preachers,
And leaders.
Go home to show Christopher
The world and community that you
Are no longer segregated to be
Humiliated from not just
The color of your skin...
I have a dream.

But the crime
We committed
It is also
Sicken...

How we
Seem to be:
Looking
Like dogs, and slaves...

I have a dream
For us to
Go
Outside and watch
Christopher

The stars shine
At the time
Of night
Then watch the sun

Rise at the
Time of day
I have a dream
That rings deep
I have a dream.

Into my dreams
For us to
Return
To
Our love ones
I have a dream
For us to be
Able to tell

Our families face
To face
How we Chase Christopher Parker

Down the word
Love from many
Miles, through
Our hard trials
I have a dream...

Christopher Rawley
Stop beating Women

Our women are not made
To be beat on
By man.
They are made to be loved
Not unloved.
And bruise.

Baby don't be no man fool
Jealousy rule.
And it damn show ain't cool.
To see them walk
Around with black eyes

Christopher Parker

Hiding behind black sun shades

All because he felt betrayed
As the waves of tears
Going through all these
Full up years
Fall from her swollen eyes
Trying hard to hold back
Her cries

She afraid to say good-bye
So she rather tell him a lie.
While her son ask mommy
Why life ain't fair
Why daddy have to treat you this way
Can we pray for a better day
Pick up the car and drive away
And never look back.

Mommy look at yourself
Why stay?
Because mommy love your daddy
And I know things will soon get better
Just promise me this
Never call a woman a bitch

Christopher
Parker
#0789551

Or slap her to the floor
Cause your food
Was cold

Love is suppose to grow
Old together

It's not suppose to be told
A woman is suppose to be hold
Not tied into a man punching bag
Stop Beating Women!

Do you understand, My son?
Yes, Mommy.
And what I understand is to stop beating women!

Christopher Parker
#0789551
Take the slime off
your mind
Cause it's a nasty line.
Coming from the Master
That stupid bastard

gave the left overs
To the slaves
Now it's in their blood line.
And they think
It's fine

Eating from off the
Savage bones
Hearing the same old songs
Call soul food
Not realizing they

Christopher
Parker
# 0789391

Been fool
All I can do is sing
These blues

A lot of people may be mad
But I'm glad
And I don't feel bad
It's very sad
How your mind still in slave
In a dark cave
Bringing out the decease of the European

Eating pork,
We are gods and Earths
From crying out loud
And you act like
You not proud
By injecting flesh of poison

That leads your body
To eruption
To waste your mind
Can't function

Christopher Parker
#0789551
Fight for your dream.

Everybody thoughts
Of becoming famous
Starts with the
Letter, D
And end with the letter, M

Which spells out the other
Letters
While you fight for your dream
you can be anything
you set your mind too

But be careful
Not too turn into no ones
Christopher Fruit
Parker The human mouth
#0789551 Will bite, chew, and spit you out

While the blood of your juice
Drip from their lip
When tasting you up to some good
Trying your best
To leave the hood
Fight for your dream

You became the crab
In the bucket
They like fuck it
And shatter your dream
By pulling you down

You fell down
But you must get back
Up again
To defend the world title
Of your vision

You will hear the words
You can’t
That’s when your response
Will be you can
Cause I have knots

Of money that is breaking
Rubber bands
Which mean nothing
It belong to my fans
For believing in me
Fight for your dream

When no one did
Pushing toward your dream
Is a headache
Along with a stomachache.
Surrounded by the fake

Eat the cake, and let's play
Cause it's never too late
Fight for your dream

Christopher
parker
#0789551
Breast Cancer Awareness

To the Mothers
We love you like no other
Never can we forget
About the illness
That the women from
All Around the World
Is suffering
Living with discomfort
But you move with your head held high

Without a drop of a cry
Looking like an angel
That's about to fly
Blowing kisses goodbye
While their children cries

Why saying it's so hard to say
Good-bye
From yesterday
Seeing the other half
Of the World

Christopher Parker
# 0789551
Breast Cancer Awareness

Of children and husband praying
Not to lose their mothers and lives
While the love rise

Between mother friends and family
Sticking by her side
Grabbing her hand
Feeding her motivating energy

Keeping her alive
to strive to fight off the sickness
Bringing her back to an healthy smile

Christopher Parker
Being proud of her recovery

Reading out the doctor summary
Saying thanks to the family support that kept
Breast cancer awareness

Her full of love
And hugs
That treated her pain
Now her body no longer
Feel the same

A woman wish has
Finally came
Breast cancer awareness

Christopher Parker
#0784551