~ A SPIRITUAL DILEMMA ~

"A Poetic Narrative of the War Between Spirit and Flesh"

by Abdul Olugbala Shakur

Preface by Shanta Shakur

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~ Pelican Bay State Prison ~
Dedicated To My Beloved Mother And Sister
Gertrude Harvey and Dorinda Harvey

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(Revised 2013)
~ PREFACE ~

Mr. Abdul Shakuur is a New Afrik'an Political Prisoner who have spent the last thirty (30) years in solitary confinement for his political beliefs and activities, his poetry and other writings have also been censored and confiscated by Pelican Bay State Prison and the California Department of Corrections, but he continues to resist and refuse to surrender to racist repression.

Mr. Shakuur was once asked to define his style of writing poetry, and this was his reply:

I kidnaped, tortured and killed all the known poetic styles from narrative to prose, then I brought them back to life, twisted and disfigured, defiant to the rules that constrict my poetic flow to the confinement of conformity. In the darkness of my solitude I had begun to fuse these fragmented, decomposed melodic rhythms, without instruction or a blueprint. I was creating my own Frankenstein, a monster that I shall unleash upon those who dare to regulate poetic liberty.

The following is but a small collection of the monster unleashed by the defiant spirit of Mr. Shakuur. Though he refers to it as a monster, we believe that this Diary contains the fruits of life. We have no doubt that the critics will be quick to criticize and condemn Mr. Shakuur for ignoring the restriction of poetic guide lines which regulate his spiritual freedom, but I believe spending 30 years in solitary confinement would make anyone of us distant towards any attempt to stifle our words out of our mouth. We present this Diary in my name and spirit of poetic liberty!!

~ Sharifa Shakuur ~

PELICAN BAY STATE PRISON
SECURITY HOUSING UNIT
UNIT D-1
Introduction

When we speak about the spirit and the soul, we are not referring to the theological construct which confines the spirit and soul to the subjugation of a dictate, influenced by a subjective interpretation restricted to religious dogmatics. So do so is to imprison both our spirit and soul to the fallibility of man, which encompasses his biases and fanatical intuitions, which both can dramatically distort the spirit and soul into a fit of dyslexia, causing the spirit to miss read the soul, inducing a spiritual illiterate society, whose man's intellect becomes the focal point, while his spirit and soul is reduced to materialistic matter drowning in the laws of dialectics as the flesh becomes quantum physics magnified ten-fold.

My Diary is only a brief glimpse into the battle between the spirit and the flesh. Many of us are either unconscious or subconsciously aware of this battle. Thus leaving the spirit without a strategic plan to resist the temptation of the flesh. Though religion was designed to help mankind navigate through the physical realm and resist the temptation of the flesh, yet religion itself has succumbed to man's intellect, causing it to become an ineffective navigator.

I realize most would disagree with my observations. But before you raise your sword in blind anger, look around you, tell me what do you see? A world dominated by the flesh, man's intellect, while religion serves as the cloak concealing man's physical thought into a purely materialistic spectrum.

People, for a brief moment, I became consciously aware of the battle between my spirit and flesh. I had transformed into an embedded narrator reporting on the battle that exist in the minds of all mankind. The following entries are my uncensored reports detailing the inner-battle between my spirit and flesh. These are not daily entries that encapsulate the totality of my daily battles; instead, they only represent brief intervals between temptation and redemption that permits my narrative's prophesy to forward my report to the receptor of my spiritual awareness, visualizing the epic struggle that will determine our revelation, but our success will depend on our conscious participation in this battle, whether we are of the spiritual realm or the physical realm, your actions will determine what side you're on.

Though I am a conscious partisan and spiritual soldier engaged in this battle, I am a wounded spirit, struggling every day to resist the temptation of the flesh. My Diary is my battle story.
you won't find it on the big-screen, but if you were to look into my eyes you will have a front-row seat, an eye witness to a story untold—what is, until now!

Abdul Olugbala Shakur

Pelican Bay State Prison
Security Housing Unit D-1

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In the beginning our God's Consciousness was pure without any impurities or contaminants, but an inexplicable phenomenon had occurred when impurities began to germinate upon the receptors of our God's Consciousness, giving birth to our intellect. This gestation of an Antithetical Culture incubating within the womb of our spiritual realm, polluting the charity of our innocence, it became a spiritual imperative to segregate this cancerous tumor from our spiritual realm.

Casting aside our impurity gave birth to the composition of the physical realm. Its opposing force that competes for the soul and spirit of humanity. When Adam ate from the Tree of Knowledge, he had served as the portal which spawned the seed of the demonic conspiracy that constructed the physical realm, which contains all the impurities that are designed to kill the spirit and conquer the soul.

Creating that place, we came to know as hell. Adam's capitulation to the original temptation initiated the physical realm into the minds of humanity, sparking the war between the spiritual realm and the physical realm - the Genesis of our Revelation. "Thou shall not covet! In the face of temptation!"
Abdul Olugbala Shakur

~ Entry Two ~

To the Spiritual Dead, I warn you
read this spiritual [disturb. As your own risk, for its contents are highly explosive.
its composition consist of a compound that has the potential to resurrect the human spirit
of the dispiritual ghouls
causing a mass exodus from the physical realm into the pateure of eternal capture
grazing on the nutrients of a spiritual cultivation, causing an anatomical transfiguration
of the human skeletal sphere
Entering the orbit of an ephorionic cocoon
Commissioning upon a new beginning
shredding the residual remnants of one's physique
while kneeling before one's own spiritual presence
Asking for repentance for the sins of your physical trespasses
Now, enter into our garden of salvation and relish in its delight
I warn, though I enticing, a flirtation of a paradoxical invitation into the spiritual realm
A new life, after an old death
A reincarnation of the human spirit
Marshalling into the spiritual realm, our cavalry of spiritual soldiers
with our lances piercing through the blasphemous armor of the demonic infantry,
as the clouds celebrate from the thunderous cry of our war goddess Assata Shakur
victory is ours; my valiant and mighty cavalry!
I was asked by the so-called saints of the spiritual realm why are my spiritual narratives so violent? I explained: The violence is a metaphor for the intense battle that exists between the lust of the flesh and the resilience of the spirit. Too often, we find ourselves helping our spirit while the flesh is armed with dangerous intent designed to kill our spirit. And we then wonder why we are losing this battle? The will of the flesh imposes no limits on its intent to destroy while we tremble in fear as our spirit hides and run like a timid prey as the predatory instinct of the flesh stalks the scent of a fragile spirit. But now, I am declared a spiritual terrorist because as a spiritual soldier I have now become the predator in search of the flesh with equal intent to violently subdue its lust and break its physical entrapment.
Abdul Olughakia

Entry Four:

My spirit was awakened by an abrupt disturbance of dispirited spectators flocking at the entrance of my spiritual spectrum hurling an array of profane projectiles upon the receptors of my self-awareness. 

scared i became, i rose to prepare for battle.

as i confronted this disgusting mob

i demanded the reason for this affront being inflicted upon my fortress

A dispirited soul guided my awareness to a scroll, listing my alleged crimes against the demoniac Damagga and dispirited populace.

Count One: Convicting the dispirited soul into spiritual subjects!

Count Two: Mobilizing the spiritual soul into battle against the physical realm!

Count Three: Causing an explosion of self-awareness within the physical realm!

i have been declared a spiritual terrorist roaming from the physical realm for an eternity.

The demoniac Damagga has placed a bounty upon my head, rewarding any dispirited ghoul eternal life in physical damnation for the assassination of my holy spirit.

i am now the hunted, forced to take the spiritual revolution into the recesses of a guarded consciousness.

but i squarely declared that i will not rest until the ill of this physical realm is extirpated and the demoniac Damagga dispatched at the cost of their very existence.

As night falls, the gravity of my nomadic spiritual war was beginning to smother my celestial sphere.

disrupting the nexus between me and the gods of my world.

sensing my despair, the spiritual goddess Nehanda Absalun descended upon me, whispering into my soul, you are our spiritual warrior, the general guardian of our spiritual realm.

we are constantly in your presence, your spirit is connected to ours.

you are not alone, our noble comfortor.

the spiritual goddess Nehanda Absalun gracefully ascended back into the bosom of the spiritual realm.
The is the impetus for the rejuvenation of my inner-strength. I am now ready for battle.

I had returned to the battlefields of the physical realm.

Our invasion was executed with stealth like precision.

Our spiritual presence was invisible, but felt.

The Demonic Damagogy has conscripted every able-bodied ghoul to join their Axis of evil in their war of shock and awe against the spiritual realm.

Though they inflicted their malignant lust indiscriminately,

Me and my cavalry of spiritual soldiers were able to effectively contain their intent of mass destruction.

While minimizing collateral damage and dealing their Damagogy General Dick the Demon Cheney and his Field Marshal George the Sinister towards capturing their High Priestess Condoleezza the Infamous Rice.

Our mission was accomplished, but the war is far from done. In this battle, we have unequivocally proven with courage and resilience we can resist the invasion of the flesh.
Abdul Oluwabajowo

Many have asked, as an imperfect spirit
What qualifies me to be a spiritual narrator in this battle
between the spirit and the flesh?

This is a calling that requires a baptism in Fire,
So, I'm not just a narrator,
I am an active combatant in this battle
My spirit and flesh are in a constant battle.

So by my very circumstance
I have become an embedded reporter,
Witnessing first hand the battles between the spirit and the flesh.

Some days I am in the spirit
And some days I am in the flesh.
I narrate these battles from both realms.

At times my spirit is pure spirit
And other times it's pure flesh.
But sometimes it's an amalgamation of both.

Influencing the rhythm of my words,
as I attempt to interpret the forces that wreak havoc in our center of gravity
That disrupts our spiritual axis and causes many of us to fall from grace,
Only to rise to glory!!
...living within the physical realm
is a constant test to our spiritual resolve
As the malevolence of a consumerist material driven society
assault our spiritual senses on a daily basis
A process that is never ending
Though most of us attempt to resist this assault
by escaping within the doctrines of religion
only to become spiritual refugees
trapped within the seductive pathos of religiosity
that which has been encapsulated
by an arrogant love affair with himself
causing the spirit to escape in search of a new support
As the physical realm stalk their souls
with intent to recapture their faith
This is why the spiritual soldier exist
so guard the wandering spirit from recapture
or as the religious folks say
back-sliding into the lust of the flesh!
The Church have become a fals sanctuary
For the Assembly of its spiritual disciples.
Its Church is rooted in a physical construct
That have been painted by the lust of the flesh
And constricted by the ethos of capitalism
As bandits cloak in clergy array point their theological barrel
And shout in its name of Jesus "This is a stick-up" Whoops!
I mean,

Don't forget to pay your Security Housing Unit D 1
Abdul Olugbala Shakur

Entry Eight

Many within the physical realm have capitulated to the immoral contaminants which has accelerated the deterioration of a societal collective conscience spirit that resist becomes the citizens of the spiritual realm.

Thus the demarcation.

Though both realms are encompassing of each other
The boundaries between them are lucidly evident
As a spiritual soldier, it is incumbent upon us
not only to guard and defend this entangled contiguous quandary.
We must enter both realms and seek to restore the Human-spirit within the people.
I know most people will assume I am referring to religion, God and Satan.
Contrary to this erroneous assumption.
I am only referring to the natural Human-spirit.
These are many God-fearing people who hold this Human-spirit.

Do we not live in a self-proclaimed Christian Nation?
Do we not live in one of the most violent societies
But are we not one of the most fornicated societies in the world?

Where child pornography and other illicit provisions are equated with Free-speech!

First Amendment Protection?

The Human-spirit is an innate force guided by an indomitable conscience.
It detest any idea that has the potential to corrupt it.
We as spiritual soldiers don't claim any moral perfections
We are just as susceptible to spiritual decay as the spiritual dead.
But we are more conscious of its trappings that tend to seduce and captivate
the spiritual dead due to their lack of spiritual fortitude.
It is our fortified capacity to maintain our Human-spirituality
which allows us to resist the addictive toxins spreading from the pures of a dispiritied culture
such as greed, individualism and materialism.
These fiscal vices suffocates the inherent magnanimity of the Human-Spirit
transforming its spiritual anatomy into expendable waste
subjugated to the material exploits of the physical realm
rendering its moral compass dysfunctional
a conduit into the physical realm
Greed, Individualism and Materialism within the physical realm
are portrayed as normal socio-cultural norms, positive traits in a capitalist society
most are morally oblivious to the parasitic nature
which characterizes the social consumption of greed, individualism and materialism
over-emphasizing the accumulation of material wealth as the ultimate goal of each individual
losing their spiritual awareness in the process
that excess is an essential element within the context of gratification
given to the spirit via an euphoria experience
unaware that this same euphoria can be achieved within the spiritual realm
by drinking of its refined nectar that flows from our hearts embedded within the micro-cosmic reservoir of one's inherent God's consciousness
crystallizing the self-empower transfiguration
so spiritually resist the daily temptations of a materialistic cataclysm
as the spirit and soul spawn its rebirth
while caressing the fragility of a apocalyptic resolution
Abdul Rehman Shaker

Entry Nine

Today I look into battle field with a wounded spirit
for I had allowed the torture of my physical being
so to capitulate to the material temptations
causing my spirit to separate from my soul
now my spirit mourns the absence of my soul
it awaits the inevitable torment that is to come
as I attempt to travel back into the palace of my spiritual introspection
my spiritual awareness began to contort
as the excruciating pain paralyzes the senses of my inner emptied space
I hear the disheartening screams of my soul as the dispirited ghouls crucify it
with the maladjustment of man-made devices
asphyxiating the rational vital's that correlate
the connectors that solidifies spirit and body
into an union of indomitable intrepidness
that is, providing that the spirit never abandoned the soul of the soul.
when we allow the spirit to separate from the soul
we create a subconscious void
vulnerable to the impregnation of the physical anti-spirit
that can serve as the catalyst
the transition from the spiritual to the physical
while the seed of the dispirited ghouls becomes nurtured
by the gestation of a material insidiousness, violating the chastity of a spiritual humility
causing the inner battle to intensify
as the spirit reaches out to grasp the soul in an effort to reconnect
we live in a physical realm where material wealth is one's daily bread
an addiction temptation into a societal orgy of uncontrollable consumption
stealing the sanctity of man's ego
extravagating its foul contaminants on the wings of one's spiritual calibration
Commencing on a nine month tour
where the battle between the spiritual realm and the physical realm
reaches its maturity.

As spiritual soldiers we have to be vigilant.

For temptation can cause the spirit to betray the soul,
losing ourselves in the abyss of meaningless purpose.

Our spirits suffocating from the pollution of man's selfish conquest.

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Abdul Olayinka Shabat

~ Entry Ted ~

Life is a very complex phenomenon. I seriously doubt that we as humans will ever grasp the totality of its evolving precarious implications, in constant search of life's unknown, only to become enchanted by its innate intricacies.

But one thing for sure, life is not easy. It is a constant and persistent struggle. A realization of introverted speculations, especially when one understands that life is without infinite continuity. Sometimes the sense of finality in death numbs our sense of purpose. Why must I continue to live when death seems to be my inevitable destiny?

What is the purpose of life? When life must evolve and capitulate its potential longevity to the decisive agonism of death? To understand. The natural contradictions of life, the opposing forces which seem to expedite the equilibrium of our very humanity. We must travel within oneself, in search of one's internal reservoir of spiritual presence, within the depths of this reservoir their lies truth, moral integrity and clarity of purpose, fortified by the covenant of soul and spirit.

'Ask of you- what have your eyes seen so Godly experiences? What have your ears heard so deep and profound? Can deafness and blindness be desired within? Are these apohamsh-sanctioned humiliations employed to satisfy a people's warped sense of justice? or quench the insatiable thirst of man's malevolence?

Though I have spent the past 30 years in solitary confinement, my spirit is free. For I have transcended the concretes hell which contain my physical being. I now walk amongst those who have touched the very soul of humanity with the hope of obtaining purpose of life.

Life is defined by purpose, and purpose is the articulated architecture of life. Life only becomes confused when one is without purpose, so I say to you, find your purpose in life, and you will become the master of your edifying destiny.

Please allow my words to resonate within the fibers of your God's Consciousness, each beat in the rhythm of your heart beat, don't permit the reality of my situation to steal this moment!
Abood Owaidah Shabur

"I am far from being one of the most talented writers trapped within this concrete hell. Though I am one of the most censor.

The rhythm of my pen is not intricate, intellectual, philosophical nor politically delicate. It is like a blunt force that ruthlessly舞台 conformity.

As I vacate the scene of the crime that my pen has allegedly committed, why else so much attention be given towards its containment and imposed sanctions? I once wrote a prose completely dedicated to my pen; it was confiscated by my keepers declared a threat to the psychological interest of their institution.

Why do my keepers feel so threaten by the words that fluidly spills from a ragged heart? or is it because of the blood in my eyes.

My spirit choreograph the rhythm of my eyes.

At times it is rage and at times its pain. I am often accused of writing with a hammer blow.

My words tend to have a sledge hammer affect, pounding on the door of one's consciousness demanding the release of one's humanity that appears to be held hostage by the restrictions of one's own self-imposed imprisonment.

I've tried to reason with society using a melodic whisper being careful not to disturb their peace.

As I approach the peripheral realm of their spiritual projection with the hope of embracing a glimpse of their humanity but the callowness of a desensitized society.

Distorted my spiritual expedition denying me the detraction of consummating my emancipation with a kindred traveler.

I believe this is the cause which has compelled my words to metamorphose into a blunt instrument.
Abdul Olugbala Shakur

intruding upon the premise of one's private introspection
demanding the release of one's humanity
I need not have to translate the metaphor of my expression
whatever you may receive from it,
its what it is
its interpretation is dependent upon your spiritual capacity
no transcend man-made restraint
surrender to the seduction of a liberated spirit
defiantly refusing to be defined by man's limitations
a subjective obstruction debilitating the inner self ability to reach
beyond the normality of a socio-construction
that is designed to stifle one's spirit in a constricted place
where ignorance fornicate with the perversion of an ascetic jealousy
attempting to divert you from your objectification
the liberation of a spirit untamed
rising above the desolate plains of a dispirited society
increase your self-awareness so see beyond that which you don't see
and find what you're looking for.
most people believe that the true journey is a physical transport
from one place to another
but it is within the physical realm where human limitations
become magnified ten-fold
limitations are often man-made or the manifestation of a society
strapped within its own sins.
we find redemption not in an escape from our reality
but in a total awareness of our spirituality
I've spent the past 30 years in solitary confinement
it is a daily struggle to resist the attractive seduction of insanity
for it is also testing my resolve
I am a realist
And I am fully aware of my physical reality and limitations.
So my journey is not an escape from reality,
it is a spiritual freedom where the inner space and tranquility
console the tormented mind and put me at a place where the concrete and steel
becomes my coat of arms
As my spirit stalks the cold corridors of my reality
in search of the condemned souls
with the precise intent to ignite their spiritual fire
becoming a light of hope
beaconing from the depths
of this manufactured hell

They call Pelican Bay State Prison
SECURITY HOUSING UNIT D-7
Drafting soldiers into our spiritual cavalry is a daunting task especially when we are dependent on concepts from the physical realm, a realm that defies the intrinsic dual nature of the Homo sapiens only leading credence to those things that which are tangible to the receptors of one's empirical capacity to capture and physically subdue. Thus dismissing all spiritual intimations that probes the peripheral odification of the physical realm daily.

As dispirited populaces ignore these signs as their own perpetual peril.

The prophetic revelations of an Anomalous spectrum spiralling out of the gravitational forces of human degenerate flux.

I ask: How do we save this physical realm from itself?

For it appears to be impregnated to the probity of our spiritual epoch.

Do we condemn them all?

Grant them all into draft dodgers refusing to enlist into our spiritual cavalry?

Are we compelled to ponder their fate with a sympathetic calm while they continue to profusely disfigure the foul phosphorus bill that oozes from infectious sores that adorn their discarded waste?

Or, are we not compelled to plumb the physical realm forcing the dispirited populaces to submit their spirit to the despicable seduction of a spiritual transformation or suffer the wrath of a spiritual power that would cause an explosion facilitating their ultimate demise?

Is wrath only attributed to the physical realm?
Abdal Olujide Shakur

can too much mercy spell our own eventual demise?

As we battle for spiritual dominion,

This is the dilemma that we must resolve to contend with.
As I have often illustrated
the disconnection between his spiritual and physical realm is so minute.

They are encompassing of each other
but there does exist a finite space between the two realms
that is known as the mind-field.

There are many horrific spirits
that believe in slothfulness.

That exist in the trenches of this mind-field.

Trying to escape both realms
so repudiate a constant state of non-commitment-vagancy
under the impression that they can stay neutral.

Many educationally learn that this mind-field
is inundated with improvised explosive devices.

Sensitise to the rhythmic pulse of one's heart beat
causing ignition and dispersing its fragments of pestilence
into the flesh of straddling saviors.

Transmogrifying them into dispirited ghastly.

People, I learned there is no neutral haven within this battle.

Either you are a spiritual soldier or a dispirited ghoul?

Traveling down the path of one's mind-field
is flirting with the temptations of the physical realm.

For the Diabolic Demagogues has defiled the mind-field
with booby traps designed to inoculate the non-committal spirits
with a bacteria, causing the flesh to rot the spirit.

Though this mind-field is a dangerous space
we as spiritual soldiers in search of the nomadic spirit
often enter this space

but we are indomitable with the armor of our spiritual faith.
Abdul Olughla Shakur

That we become immovable to the flesh destroying snares
That are designed to incite our soul to segregate his spirit
Causing our transformation into the physical realm.

Though we are spiritually strong
We must seduce temptations.

I encourage you

To avoid the mind-field
Commit your spirit to our righteous cause.
As I entered the physical realm, I encountered a place notorious for crucifying the spirit and torturing the soul.

As a spiritual commander, I anticipated that my crucifixion and torture will be both intense and attempted.

So, I intend to summon the spirits of our ancestors and ask for strength to endure the agonizing fate that awaits me.

As I entered the gate, I was immediately surrounded by dispirited ghouls. I was separated from my spiritual comrades; they were beating back as they attempted to prevent our advance.

I had quietly whispered into their soul, bringing comfort to the distress: "Hade faith my comrades, the war goddess is watching over us, we must stand firm, defiant in the face of our physical temptations."

As I am escorted to the camp's prizetal court yard, I noticed a gauntlet of dispirited ghouls forming at the mouth of the gate.

Apparently excited at the prospect of inflicting pain upon my flesh, I refused to display fear or apprehension.

I smiled with a welcoming invite.

As our spiritual goddess Nezanda caressed my soul and shielded my spirit, with a cruciform aura I forged forward into the precursor of my crucifixion.

As I walked the gauntlet of dispirited ghouls unleashed their unadulterated hatred, forcefully expressed via each stroke of violence.
That impounded both flesh and blood in the coffin of a perverse side climate

desecrating the temples of the spiritual real

certaining my soul to spasm within a cataleptic episode

as my spirit contused.

I refused to succumb to the seduction of the flesh

as the pain attempt to indwell my will

At the end of the gauntlet I came face to face

with the Demonic Demagog Known as Abraham "The Barbaric" Lincoln

He grabbed my dreadlocks

pulling my head back and demanded

"Are you now physical or are you spirit?"

With a smile, my spirit answered: "I am free of your crucifixion

impenetrable to your torture

I stand before you

as the instrument of your destruction

as he laughed

I had broken all restraints

grabbed "The Barbaric" by his hair

snapping his neck with one fluid motion

I then asked him:

"Are you spiritual or are you now physical?"

It was silent

the silence of a physical reduction

which caused widespread paralysis among the dispirited ghouls

providing an escape for me and my spiritual comrade.

Kamp Nailsheath is no more

Its fate was sealed when the Demonic Demagoggs

attempted to convert the spiritual realm most decorated cavalry
who are we?
Behold!
we are spirit!
The Guardian of the spiritual realm
entrusted with the Flames of Justice!
which burns in the depths of our Amber Tsiss.
Fire breathing Dragons!
Hunters of the Dispirited Ghoul!
Destroyers of the Demonic Demagogues!
His Unconquered!
Apologist of Culture!

Who are we?

We will not rest until we have conquered who are we?

we are spirit!!!
Abdul Qudus Sharar

His Battle of Resurrection is the internal struggle of the soul that has been shaped and molded by the experiences of our life.

As the soul becomes too passive and the spirit too aggressive, the soul becomes an unsatisfying force in the life of the spiritual realm. The spirit becomes an unsatisfying force in the life of the physical realm. The soul is the spirit's way of escaping from the reality of the physical realm. The spirit is the soul's way of escaping from the reality of the spiritual realm. This cycle of escape and return is a continuous dance of the soul and the spirit.
we become lost in the middle of these two extremes
as temptationbeckles the lands of our faith
till here where the gods of our world declared the battle of redemption
drafting our spirits into fighting sodies
attacking the demonic trolls
that had infiltrated the spiritual realm
causing the spirit to abandon the soul
the symmetrical equity that keep our spiritual realm in balance
depends on the solidarity between spirit and soul
their amalgamation serves as the axis of the spiritual realm
ensuring a spiritual haven protected from the curse of physical damnation
while our spiritual cavalry wages its war in the physical realm
but when our spirit and soul was divided
the pillars of our faith is tested
the walls of our sanctuaries begins to crumble
only the battle of redemption can restore the sacred covenent of spirit and soul
so repent in the name of both spirit and soul
raise our swords in glory
so be blessed by the Blood of Queen AÂ zings
the Goddess of Redemption and keeper of our holy Grail!!
Abdul Rashid A. El-Fahmy
Entry Sixteen

For the past millennium, our spiritual realm has been ruled by a matriarchal Quis données.

This is the domineer Feminine spirit that presides over our spiritual realm.

What has caused the physical realm to refer to us as an Abomination?

And to their way of life?

It is for this reason that the patriarchal misogynistic ideology of the physical realm
declared war against our spiritual realm.

During the battle of integrity, our spiritual realm was under constant attack.

The physical realm had launched their arsenal of WMD (Weapons of Moral Destruction).

At our spiritual realm,

we were bombarded with stud missiles
armed with deadly warheads
that were designed upon explosion
to disperse a biological chemical agent

attacking the Testosterone and Estrogen of our spiritual populace
with the hope of transforming them into vessels
of lust, fanaticism, infidelity, adultery, and pederasty.

We are the same physical idiosyncrasies that characterize the physical realm
of spin-offs of a misogynistic society

which eventually give inception to an array of profited disparities:
Rape, Gang Rape, Date Rape, Child Molestation—all driven by a male chauvinistic ideology,
defaming the female spirit for their own sexual deviant fixation.

As failure of their stud missiles

did not discourage the Demonic Demagog War Council

they had immediately deployed their special-op Pimp Forces

so infiltrate our spiritual realm to desile our matrix

with strip clubs, Brothels, Pornography and Child Pornography

but thanks to our Goddess of Femininity, Angela Davis.
For every one sinning we are not
Protect our sacred Black brotherhood
until the last drop of our Black Blood.
Brothers, stand up!

For whole black communities are now in the presence of our beloved.
With steadfast compassion and love, we stand.

Shake your soul to earth and raise your voice. Shall we be gently broken?
If we don't stand together, we are lost.

Who endures to keep us safe in this world? Our Black brotherhood.

As I stand at the crossroads of our spiritual center, I hear a voice. Do we need to say any further?

A spiritual mission, a call to all.

Peculiar Blackness

UNITED STATES

The souls of our ancestors are gone. This must be our voice.

A spiritual mission, a call to all.

30#
As spiritual soldiers
we are often fallaciously accused
of being didactic - arrogantly moralistic
A verbal assault upon our integrity
enacted by an unenlightened spiritual citizen
confused within its own dilemma
To define its role in our battle to conquer the physical realm
Though we are forceful in our declarations,
steeped in our critique of the physical realm
contrary to the mendacity of our nomadic kindred spirits.
We, as spiritual soldiers, are both humble and cognizant of the fact
that at any given time, we can also fall prey to the temptation
and it will be impossible for us as spiritual soldiers
To sustain our pillars of faith
While intoxicated by the denouement of deity
That profusely drops from man's ego.
Talking down to the people and potential converts
Is a by-product of an intoxicated ego.
Entry Eighteen

Abdul Daoud Baha Shukur

Contrary to popular myth, what is being persecuted by the physical fundamentalist, we as spiritual soldiers do not deny the flesh or the realm that which it exists for. We acknowledge that we are both spiritual and physical, but what the physical realm refuses to comprehend, the flesh by nature designed is subjugated to the gravitational integration of the spirit. This world is in turmoil because the flesh refuse the subduction to the spirit, causing the natural balance of humanity to contend within the restraints of a man-made duality. Afflicting the sensitivity of the spirit with a melancholic specter, haunting the soul until it screams in agony leading humanity to the unspeakable dictate of man's flesh. As this world turn on itself, bleeding from the wounds caused by the absence of the spirit. While man's mind becomes a grotesque animated disfigurement within the throes of his cerebellum inducing a psychotic manifestation.

Thus, the world that which we live spirit before flesh!

The rule of humanity's law!

We as spiritual soldiers have been called to restore humanity's law!!!