

"Boiled Skunk Anus With My Danish"
Pen Zen: An Eclectic Poetic

An Isaiah "Trzy Ghost" Johnson collective

2015

In dedication to the innumerable Jameses &
Olivias, known & unknown of; no species excluded.



"M.I.K.E. Brown"
M I K E
s
-Cleveland
-Cleveland
-Cleveland

The world is but Ferguson; Just what is your Darren Wilson's
Maybe unaffordable insurance; Is homelessness your villain's
Whoever is your Zimmerman; For 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 Shawn 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 sunligh shineth thru

Lickety smickety doo

If one + one = 2,

am I to be locked ↑ or shall I be 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 Makaveli?
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. . . .

Entry 4

T.G.

"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, yesterdays 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"

"Dog yearz, Lightyearz"

It seems like yesterday whence 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 - 'pon some days
Remove the one year schedule done 90% of the week
Indeed, one might finally grasp frivolity's epitome
Just whose clock should I abide by? Whose calendar is in line?
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 months
the value of time's quantity pales in comparison to that of 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 relation
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 wraths
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 wonderous 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 Muhammads 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. . . .

"Paranormal"

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 Soulj"

John B James Brown ~~we~~ soul

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 sandels of Jesús 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 thozе slayed are many, their apparitions floating

Souls. . . .

"Training Daze"

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 undetected 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, "Esto es
soló unatmancha ('Tis just a stain)."
Alas. . .

"Y I Married My Sister"

Maybe I should've sought out a caucasion,
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 continuous 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 & 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