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UNDOUBTEDLY BEAUTIFUL:
The poetry of a lost boy

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UNDOUBTEDLY BEAUTIFUL: The Poetry of a lost boy, is a blend of poetry written throughout my time incarcerated. A fusion of my intimate thoughts, feelings, sudden emotional reactions, memories, and true experiences.

Included is one of the most controversial poems I've ever wrote entitled, "This White Skin," so controversial that I included an explanation.

Swim in my mind and drown in my thoughts as you tour and explore the UNDOUBTEDLY BEAUTIFUL flow of art from a man with a story to share.

This White Skin

My white skin is such a burden to me-and
I lack the understanding of it.
The gift's and curses, incentives, even ugly truths
Therefore, many days I seek to transform, although I am a youth
with years and years ahead of me to find myself of truth.

I'm hoping to walk in the guise of someone hip
like a brotha, a darkie, a negro, a black,
badiqua, latino, a soul man in fact.
Because his dress and lingo is astounding
a style remarkably unmatched.
The way they smile and lean back
just makes me so envious, why can't I be black?
My race is so stupid!
My people so conventional, racist, and bold
even my history is taint leaving stories untold.
From columbus, to franklin, the pilgrims, to bush
slavery and Jim crow, and voting of course.

I mean why do we hinder another from success-
lest they be our masters?
Or is it because we want to stay the best?
Knowing that the better is them.
They bring the best out of everyone because they see the beauty
of self.
So intricate and inventive their ideas fueled our wealth.
Such a magnificent people who brazen undamnably slack.
We should amalgamate with benevolence,
they carried this country on their back.

Why do we mis-educate, at an attempt to enslave them;
their minds, bodies, and souls.
Moreover, I wonder
why they are so docile,
can they not see our true intentions unfold, manifesting in our
actions, still they stoically with hold
that black venom and wisdom the African Proverbs foretold.
I cogitate over these questions constantly
trapped in a chagrin battle down an endless road.
Talk does little
force brings inevitable change
this is the only way we've overtaken and cleared the range.
By bloodshed and torcher
rape and incarceration
My white skin is a mockery to me
and only fuels my infatuation of the other...

However when I seek to mingle
I just can't muster up the courage to indulge
In the mass murder and brutality
which is claiming black souls.
My ideas are laughed at, my suggestions a load
of 9mm bullets that shoot my aspirations down so cold
I just can't seem to fit in, what must I do?

Attract a black sista then impregnate her too
abandon the baby and put invaluable dedication into my crew?
Take a gun and eradicate their race?
Use drugs to manipulate and keep them in one place,
the inner cities, with no hope to expand?
Travel the world, even to places viewed on C-Span?

I'll do whatever it takes
thriving solely on the hate of my race
I'll say whatever to fit in- even Nigger and spick
Homie and cuz, my man, playboy, roadie, even shoot at the fuzz.
Fuck the police, my dad wears a badge
he talks about framing my friends often
To mitigate putting them in coffins, then fakes amends.
So deceptive with allergic tears, like, "Is there a coon in the
room?"
In clandestine meetings he speaks of throwing them in piss
smelled cells
Falsifying charges to sky rocket their bails.
So diabolical indeed

I often forget the benefits of my white skin
how I can use duplicity to avoid the pen
secure employment without moving a pen- to fill out an
application
pass a test, I'm white in this world
better than the rest.
In the fifties and sixties my separation reaped benefits
up until Brown versus board of education
Martin Luther King Jr. and a pound,
of civil rights activist.
In the thirties and forties. I could hang anyone on a tree
burn a blacks body, sell pieces of the charcoal corpse
then joyously drink beers and brandy peacefully.

Still I regret the history behind my white skin
The blood in my veins, my last name.
When I look in my eyes I see sin, vehemently splurging out
pouring down my face in a relentless quest to embed this in my
kin
Why, why, why, God why did I have to be white?
My skin is debilitating me
truly a plight.
This white skin!

Wo

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THIS WHITE SKIN: THE EXPLANATION

There comes a time when an in-depth explanation is necessary, so that whatever it is that's being relayed can be fully understood and appreciated. A lot of times individuals draw close minded opinions and hold bias views pertaining to works of art because they don't really understand and grasp the true meaning behind a specific work.

I am the poet behind a piece entitled, "This White Skin," and my poem is based around the very touchy subject of race. As we all know, or may not know, here in America color barriers and race wars have plagued this land since the advent of Christopher Columbus. Therefore, any work which even boards the topic of race will immediately be targeted as another piece by a, 'radical race-monger', or just another black with an indelible hate toward white people. This is not the case dealing with myself or any of my work. As a poet, I, the majority of the time, write what I feel or view. The rest of the time I write either about what I see and know unbiased, or about the feelings and views of another. This latter style is the form in which, "This White Skin," is based around. The idea wasn't one thought out. It happened suddenly when I was engrossed in an intimate conversation with a friend, who happens to be white. My friend shared the resentment and dislike he had toward his own race and people.

The anger my friend had with his race was motivated due to past events, and due to a lot of what was going on at the time of our conversation and even still today. Acts such as discrimination, racism, unjust incarceration, poverty, and genocide. Yet my friend's underlying issue was how he sometimes wished he was another, preferably black. My friend's had an infatuation so deep for black culture and race, that he sometimes wished he could transform.

Unfortunately my friend isn't alone with the desire to transform, he is actually just one of the millions of white males that sway heavily toward the urban hip-hop culture that originated from the black life style. These individuals love the dress, slang, image, and swagger of individuals in this realm of life so much that they become envious and even in a sense covetous of this new culture.

My position as a writer, intellectual, friend, and representative of Black African culture was to seek to understand and be more empathetic so that I could really see the logic behind my friend's desire. After I shared the uniqueness that Black American intellectuals, activists, authors, poets, athletes, and medical specialist including psychologist possessed, I went on to share my unbiased view on why I understood where he was coming from. More so because of the way his life and everyday circumstances have been so different and some what bland. Plus he is not alone in this yearn to be what he is not, at an attempt to escape what he is. There are Black people whom seek to be so much of what they aren't that they actually forget who they are, and the beauty their people possess; causing them to hate their own to the pleasure of another, who in reality likes them nonetheless, but use duplicity to conceal it. This is why I wrote this poem as if I were a White man with the feelings toward my race as stated above. Thus, I wish to explain each verse in-depth hoping that you, the reader, open-mindedly see this art as none other than that which it is:

Lines 1-5

As a White man in America, with the constant haunting of their ancestor's history, continues battles with equal rights organizations, and angry minorities who scrutinize their every action and hang on their every word, it bears a heavy burden. However, through and by legacy, political, religious, educational, social, and not to mention economic power in this land, being a White man has some value. This is why it becomes a gift to be White and be automatically viewed as superior in all field of endeavor. This includes even the rabble White folk. Now the many Whites who have inherited prosperity in this land realize that it indeed came about through force, murder, bloodshed, manipulation, and brutality. An ugly truth can not be avoided. The truth always reveals itself no matter how much it is despised. Hence, in spite of all this, a lot of Whites lack the understanding needed to deal with these issues, so they attempt to run from the inevitable.

When faced with undesirable circumstances in life, a weak individual will always try to avoid that which seems hard to deal with. To the extent that they will try so hard to actually transform into something or someone other than themselves. When this occurs it always leaves the individual trying immensely to do a particular thing like another, say things as another would say them, and move as if they were this idol. Yet it always go sour, leaving a person hurt. When you are not a natural, you are a pretender. Pretenders always get revealed by something they say or do, because one's thoughts manifest through their speech and action. It's sad, because instead of dealing with the trials, burdens, and history every people face in a quest to reform and record history as it should be they all out bail. Despite the fact that they are youth with a future to pave for their posterity; a history which will be appreciated.

Lines 6-17

It is a psychological issue when someone, specifically a White youth seeks to walk in the guise of someone hip, so to speak, and automatically a Black or Latino is the said hipster. Many times it's because this White youth thinks of himself and race as un-cool or lacking fun. It becomes so bad that some are inflicted with a sense of schizophrenia, believing they are really black and quote-unquote down. It's almost understandable when you look at the main consumers of urban wear and products. People only buy what entices them or what the current jones or fad is. The way Black people in these fields promote their style and lingo makes a White male or female, that is searching for a place, flock to these styles and lingo's so vehemently that they study it immensely. Now even a blind man could see that this urban trend and life style is intricate in its own way. So unique that colleges hold accredited courses in this field. But reality always rises out of the misty storm of deception and fantasy, causing some whites to realize that this style just isn't them; in turn they become so envious that they curse the creator. After a arduous realization that they can not and never will be what so desperately tantalizes them.

A person that desires a thing so much could lack appreciation for what it is they already have or are. In cases such as this one the individual in the poem wants for a thing, for an image so desperately, that he negatively comments on his race and people. Now a lot of times the truth is spoken to express a dislike. The person in the poem lets it be known that his people are so racist a

and bold with their prejudices that they went as far as to taint history, and attempt to cover up the contributions that blacks have made in building America into a democracy. From Columbus, who is credited in discovering America in 1492, when realistically Blacks and people of color resided here long before Columbus's appearance. Even he spoke of the presence of people of color when he reported of the new world. Then Ben Franklyn is the only man credited for electricity but realistically there was a Black man's contribution and without his help there would be no electricity. The pilgrims are taught as folk settlers from Europe who came to colonize and live in harmony with the Native Americans; and they allegedly had a merry feast. Truth be told the White man in the poem knows that realistically this was the birth of genocide. The systematic destruction of a people. When the pilgrims used duplicity to secure harvesting skills and haunting tactics long enough to gain a beautiful peoples trust. Then they massively and brutally slaughtered these people. So diabolical. Then there's always a hidden agenda regarding Presidents. George Bush, Junior & Senior appeal to the people as compassionate, considerate, integral, and wise. However, they have capitalistic and profiteer mind sets. Who allows tragic acts of terrorism to occur after being forewarned to justify a four year war? A man said to be a good Christian, but nationally publicizes his bigot view that the exploring astronauts knew the consequences of their venture before they shot off into space, subsequently blowing up. This was an utterly ridiculous, mean and ungrateful thing to say. The public doesn't see this or how Mr. Bush's actions of filing a friendly petition to the Supreme court to support the abolishing of Affirmative action in the University of Michigan was. Did he attempt to abolish legacy acceptances or Veteran privileges? If one is discriminatory then the next is also, why not rid of them all? The White male individual in this poem understands this. He also understands the historic lies of his people concerning slavery, wondering just why the historic fact of Whites being the 'first' people held as slaves in America; bought and sold up until 1887 isn't widely published. This is something that is not taught to the youth, why? Is it due to the fact that these history teachers and books want to shame a people, hide facts, and alter the truth? What about the laws prohibiting miscegenation, and how the law mandated that if any White woman married a negro slave she would forfeit her freedom and be under the bondage of the slave master for life, even after a negro bought his way out of slavery? What makes this so evil, is that the slave master would entice, manipulate, and trick their own women into marrying the Black slave so to have a slave for life; that's two for one. But how many school books contain this information about slavery? The White individual in the poem knows. Then the tainted facts of Jim Crow and voting. How Jim Crow stopped Blacks from voting and before, how tests deterred voting. By presenting a test who's curriculum consisted of studies unfamiliar to a Black's schooling and old and immoderate text. The educational material is so outdated in the Black schools, but the text books in White schools were modern enough to make voting test as simple as reciting the English alphabet. What purpose was this for? Instead of attempting to hide motives, won't school books, publications, and main stream media reveal these truths and admit to the facts. It isn't told that Jim Crow and separate but equal laws were rhetorical words to shield the fact that the government only sought to hinder a people.

Lines 18-27

In light of the facts surrounding a taint history, envious behavior, diabolical brutality, bigotry, and discrimination. It makes an individual

truly wonder, "Why do we hinder another from success?" "Lest they be our masters?" Sometimes speculation logically and pragmatically considered makes sense. Why be discriminatory towards a person's educational quest by not admitting them into a prestigious university? Why formulate laws and tests to keep a people away from that which will fortify themselves and their ranks? It can only mean that one is afraid that a race considered inferior will rise to levels of supremacy and be leaders and caretakers of a land they realistically harvested. It can only mean that when the cloak of ignorance is lifted from a person's eyes they now are contenders in the race for world domination. When this happens a monarchy will resort to the 'any means necessary' tactic to avoid being overtaken or even considered second. It happens everyday with these types of people. In sports it's viewed how an athlete would attempt to drug his opponent because he knew that he would otherwise lose. Thus, revealing the better of the two, and leaving viewers thinking, "Dag, why didn't I notice his worth earlier? I thought this other guy was the better." It always takes another to reveal certain characteristics of a person. How does the wise show his wisdom? By being around the fool. So when a weaker individual is in the presence of the stronger, his weakness is broadcasted. Therefore, the jealous one who just doesn't except being less talented or even just being one who is appreciated as the role player, seeks to hinder this better person from revealing himself; manifesting himself as a jewel to civilization. Was it not Black troops and soldiers that assisted in every American war, while still not being treated with any of the 'land of the free' benefits? "They bring the best out of everyone..." The man in the poem is compelled to speak the truth again. Just reflect, how do they bring the best out of everyone? Would World War II showed us all just how. When the Black fighter pilots were refused any fighting action in the war but, "...they see the beauty of self," they knew their abilities and waited until the bomber planes started aborting missions and getting shot down being escorted pass enemy lines by their fellow white fighter pilots. Until the knowledge that the commanders kept untold of who the better fighter pilots were 'somehow' came out, and the Tuskegee Airmen and Black regiments were given the mission of escorting the 'white' bomber planes across enemy lines. What occurred? The ability to drop bombs on prominent enemy targets manifested itself. The skills needed to fulfill the mission was only brought about once a people who were relentlessly overlooked were employed. Hence, the utter hate and resentment that Generals and Commanders had forced them to put the incompetent in perilous missions at the risk of casualties, just to keep the competent from receiving badges of honor and praise. However, when force is applied change is inevitable. It only took this force to literally force them to bring out the 'secret' weapon. Not one Bomber escorted by the Black fighter pilots was lose. This shows that a people sure of their talent and aware of their beauty played the back burner until it was time. Then they showed the others the fighting talent that is capable when amalgamation isn't avoided.

I now move on to another aspect of the poem where the narrator again compliments the people in which he seeks to transform into; expressing his honesty. These people are so intricate and inventive. If one looks at all the inventions that people of color brought forth it would mesmerize them. Blacks are rarely credited in history for heroic acts, inventions, and ideas. But why? Why continue to discredit, belittle, discourage, demoralize, and deteriorate a magnificent people and their true quality and history? This is a question that this White individual longs to be answered, because despite

it all, these targeted people brazenly and stoically endure affliction. It causes a pragmatic liberal to sit back and say, "You know what? I'm going to judge everyone by the quality of the character they possess. Employ, work, and join forces with a person based on talent and skill. Color is nothing more than that. It's the mind of a person that increases and qualifies them." This is why the poem say's, "We should amalgamate with benevolence. They carried this country on their back." just look at the reason to do such. If it wasn't for Black slaves who picked cotton, harvested crops, and fertilized the land, agriculture and produce in America would have never reached the economic prosperity that it has. The arm forces would be debilitated minus Black people. Entertainment and sports would never be as globally popularized with America at the top in recognition without Black people. So why can't these people be appreciated for such and given the unlimited opportunity to excel as White people?

Lines 28-43

Miseducation is real in America, and in life period. A person who knows the truth and attempts to miseducate another regarding truth, in reality, has an ulterior motive. There are many ways in which to scramble a person's thoughts on a particular thing. In this poem, and throughout African-American history, a lot of the slave tactics, discrimination, segregation, and mediocre school curriculums were designed to miseducate these intended people. Let's look at the three aspects of a person that is most significant and targeted. Firstly, a person's mind; now we've covered how inventive, intricate, and deep the minds of people of color are. Thus, this would have to be the first thing an oppressor would have to destroy through miseducation. By controlling what a person is thinking one can dictate a person's actions. Their thoughts create their experiences, so if this thought pattern or mind which formulates thoughts is tampered with, or destroyed, the actions and speech which manifest from this debilitated thought pattern and mind will enslave the individual in a prison of ignorance. Let's look at some of the many ways miseducation has been used to affect and control Black people:

In this modern time it has been through history that miseducation has been greatly employed to instill inferiority into a peoples mind. Children are taught that Blacks and African-Americans are intellectually inferior to Whites and Caucasians genetically. Such a blasphemous teaching. Children are also taught, Black children, that their Black ancestors were good for nothing but man labor and household duties. They aren't taught about the many scientist and intellectuals who actually taught Whites. When one constantly hide facts and miseducate a person with a pure mind, these lies get embedded, resulting in the young mind to be indoctrinated with doubt. Thus, this can leave the child believing that he can not be the doctor, lawyer, inventor, or specialist that the Black community and the world needs. Another way in which these targeted people are miseducated is through watered down curriculum designed to keep a people from competing academically on the level of their fellow counter partners. Thus, when it's time to take prerequisite test and exams for admission into illustrious schools of honor in this country, the former people lack familiarity with exam questions and subsequently score so low that admission is out of the question. This is a form of miseducation, because to teach a people what isn't relevant is to enslave a people in the futile. Why would anyone, specifically a nation, want to do this to a particular group of people? Oddly, a lot of Black American people don't know they are being miseducated. It has already been implanted in their minds that the education,

treatment, and benefits that they do receive is substantial. This is example of an enslaved mind. To enslave the mind is to enslave the body, because the body moves in accordance with what the mind directs. One's physical self is one of the three keys to life and self along with the Spiritual and Mental. Therefore, if a mind is stagnate in a realm of ignorance, it would be logical to expect that the actions brought forth from this motionless mind will reap no true benefit. This is too common of a reality to know, thus, I'll move on.

When the poem speaks of enslaving the soul, think religion. An in-depth research will show that Islam is the oldest and truest form of religion to overcome Africa. Hence, the majority of the inhabitants were followers of Allah. These people were called Muhammadans, for reasons that they follow the teachings of Prophet Muhammad, the last messenger of Allah. Now with this known, look at the struggle to eradicate this beautiful religion. Look at how even in the early forties, fifties, and sixties Baptist Christians of Black churches were treated harsh and cruel, said to not be brethren of the same Whites who claimed to be righteous followers of the lord. Black churches were burned down, crosses burned on church lawns. All in an attempt to discourage a peoples faith, weaken their soul, and enslave them. Let's reflect on the story of the Amistad, where Black Africans were set free. Why did many abolishinist and others attempt to eradicate the captives beliefs in Islam and convert them to Christianity? It's documented that even Priest that heard Jesus's parables said he spoke as to be a Prophet. Does not Islam teach this? When the abolishinist saw a people with such strong faith in their souls of this God Allah, did they try to change it? Is it not a first amendment right to freedom of religion? When one attempts to force a person to convert or leave off from their religion, they can only be looked upon as one whom is trying to enslave a people. Why burn a church, beat a preacher, assassinate a minister, imam or monk? This is a question the narrator of the poem poses.

When a person has ample examples, books, and other sources of knowledge to learn from and refer to, yet choices to remain ignorant and easily manipulated. It causes one to wonder how and why a person or persons could be so docile. We know that many oppressors will pursue their diabolical acts attempting to hide their true intentions. However, there are many text, orator's, and programs available out there that speak of these oppressive disguises. Therefore, when a person is quick to trust, believe, follow, and accept oppressors as teachers, it's unbelievable. This is an especially hard thing to understand when one's actions always show what's real. However, every time these Black folks whom I speak of remain stoic in the face of affliction. Why do a people so wise, with many proverbs, stories, sages, prophets, and scholars choice to remain ignorant, even when they start to see the manifestation of evil? This makes the narrator of the poem ponder harder and actually experience a sense of mental anguish due to a failed understanding. It's clearly understood that talk without force is futile. Look at the way the country of America has obtained all that they have. Through war, our country has overtaken land, booty, and slaves. Through torcher, we have abstracted information about other nations. Torcher was also used to break spirits, gain a feared respect, and instill inferiority. Let's examine the example of slavery, when a slave master would take one of the strongest Black men, one defiant, bold, who would brazenly face affliction, and beat, whip, and lash him in front of women, children, and other slaves. This brutal display of punishment would continue until this Black man would comply, cry, and subdue. This forced the women into shock, causing them to implant the seed of inferiority into their children's mind. Thus breeding men useless as nothing

more than cattle. This is force. Examine even the race making process. The slave owners would rape Black women, causing them emotional and psychological damage. View the way incarceration is used as an entrepreneurial venture. Black men from inner cities fuel the economic crisis in the Black communities. Incarceration puts one under bondage, and does not the Thirteenth amendment state that involuntary servitude will be unconstitutional except as punishment for a crime? So naturally incarceration is a tactic which can annihilate a people. This liberal and conscious White narrator of this poem understands. Although he disagrees and mocks his race, he can not do anything. Still the narrator has an infatuation of this other man.

Lines 44-56

There comes a time when the quote of old Abe Lincoln is considered, "In times like the present, men should utter nothing for which they would not willingly be responsible through time and eternity." Hence, to want to be part of a people one must except all of what that association brings. Fatalities are a sad reality in Urban Black communities. The leading cause of these fatalities are disease, famine, poverty, and of course black on black murder. This murder either gang related, drug related, crime related, or circumstantially related. The narrator in this poem realizes that he hasn't been scorned by any of these perilous situations to even mitigate indulging in what he could never do. Even when numerous methods are implemented to fit in, the most treacherous, and derogatory action arises; fornication. It is very well known that teenage pregnancy is an issue that is really effecting the Black community. Especially when the individuals who Father the babies are incompetent, because they are children themselves. Ones that can barely provide for themselves, have no real education, life skills, or the know how of raising a child. Moreover, this fornication and pregnancy out of wedlock disease is so much of an epidemic that many times the females who birth these children hardly know who the father is. It's sad, but so true that the narrator realizes 'crew love,' is emphasized to the extent that irresponsible parents will cater more to the streets than their own child. A child who becomes malnourished, abandoned, and neglected due to poor parenting. Even taking guns and drugs to kill people off is realistic enough to make the narrator question what he must do to be accepted into his infatuated group. Drugs like crack and heroin keep people so stagnate that the high side of life is all they know. The street life is not pretty. It is a street that witnesses the most hideous acts. These streets can be escaped, but they are also capable of keeping a person endemic from the outside beauties of God's green earth. The earth was created spacious and meant to be explored. We as people aren't or should not be restricted to employ that option.

Lines 57-69

Many Whites as well as the narrator will go as far as to use derogatory language such as Nigger, Spick, Homie, and Cuz to attempt to be cool or fit in. Although it is ignorant and obnoxious, they see Black folks indulging in this nonsense so they follow suit. All the years that a people died behind this term Nigger. I need not elaborate further. To know one thing is to know ten thousand things. It's not a surprise to hear millions of Whites using the everyday slang of the hood.

Although police officers and detectives have teenage children a lot of their children are caught up in the 'fuck the police' mind set. It's so common to see crooked officers planting drugs, guns, and weapons on so called criminals to justify incarceration and often times murder. There are numerous cases of cop shooting's where the officer shoots and kills a person because they claim that the Black male had a weapon. Does that justify unloading multiple clips? How about after no weapons are found on the deceased? This excuse to kill is becoming so frequently used to justify murder from police that other officers follow suit and just unload with no care. Especially seeing their colleague get acquitted. Then the acquitted officer has the khutpah to go public with excuses and fake tears. The narrator see's how the most serious charges are put on Blacks for the most petty crimes. How bail is so outlandish there's no way to get out except through the courts. Release on your own recognizance is a dream. The court system hold certain benefits for White people. Examine the accusation of rape. There was an incident where three White youth sexual assaulted and allegedly molested a Black girl at a Philadelphia football stadium. These youth were acquitted without so much of a fright of prison, moreover juvenile detention. Then look at the Black male High school football star who was awarded a scholarship. He was accused of raping a White girl who actually willing indulged in the sexual act with this young man. The young man was charged as an adult and put in prison, losing his scholarship, and most of all his image was trashed in the media. Subsequently his innocence was proven but his scholarship revoked to protect the schools image. These two cases display how duplicity is implemented to avoid incarceration. Why when a White woman drowns her four boys in a bath tub does she secure a new trial on insanity? Yet a Blackman like Mumia Abu Jamal can not even get acquitted with exculpatory evidence.

Lines 70-82

Believe it or not despite the constitution and the so called civil rights amendments there is no true equality in America. The benefits of being a prestigious White person is plentiful, especially in the employment field. It's viewed how the most prominent careers have White CEO's, executives, and workers. In work such as construction, engineering, corrections, and other high paying trade jobs Whites have the majority of the work. Government jobs given to private unions are White. Theses unions are given instructions to higher minority union workers for about fifteen percent of the total pot. Many times a White won't even have to seek employment, it will fall in his lap. No test needed to judge competency, they're automatically qualified from their skin complexion. An application is filled out at a later date. The narrator realizes that he is White and labelled better than everyone. However, separation is not what the narrator wants. Thus, he reflects on the legality of separation. The fifties and sixties was an an extremely excellent period for many Whites, who couldn't stand sharing restrooms, theaters, transportation seating, schools, or offices with Blacks. When more and more Black students sought to receive higher education from white school it caused furor amongst even the poorest White folk. Therefore, something had to be done. Violence was a rampant means of releasing the anger and hate one had towards a Black with the audacity to even attempt to apply to a White institution. This down down south show down was scrutinized by hardliners and written off as Niggers causing trouble; really only Black students seeking what they considered a good education at facilities with modern books and

(x)

competent teachers. However, Pleggy VS. Ferguson scooped this immediately. The United States Supreme Court ruled that Southern Schools shall be separate but equal. Realistically this wasn't the case because Black schools would still score the lowest on standard placement tests given by the school board system. They would be taught by teachers that were good intended, but incompetent, and mainly due to inferior text books. The facilities were even broke down. White schools had school buses for their children, Black children had to wake up at dawn and walk miles to and from school in all climates. This was beneficial to Whites because it kept a lot of youth hindered and less qualified. Therefore leaving Whites with no competition for office, employment, business loans, or any executive positioning. It also kept them separate. This was up until Thurgood Marshall and other talented Black attorneys fought vehemently to change this segregated school system. This occurring in 1954 with Brown VS. Board Of Education. The United States Supreme Court ruled against their prior ruling that schools would integrated. This caused a lot of chagrin in White racist who would now have to compete with a motivated people. The civil rights movement of the fifties and sixties put an end to Jim Crow laws with a known leader named Martin Luther King Jr. who had a dream. Malcolm X, who eloquently spoke of a destination, and writers such as Langston Hughes who wrote of the American dream.

The thirties and forties were especially loved by the descendants of the narrator because lynching was rampant and already off to a eighty to one hundred year anniversary. This lynching was so freely pursued that it would be publicized. A Black would be hung under a fire and burnt to a crisp. The pieces that were collected from the bodies were auctioned off in public. Then the buyers would put burnt body parts on their walls, make material from the ashes and drink molasses and brandy while singing merry songs.

Lines 83-91

The narrator still regrets his White skin. The history that reflects in his eyes when he looks in the mirror is so repulsive that the evil seems to be hidden but still trying to come out. When it comes out it has a purpose and goal to embed the hatred and prejudice in his posterity. It's almost as if every look in the mirror scares the narrator because he's unable to shield the truth of his skin and the negative history behind it. Therefore he regrets and questions the creator on why he had to be White. As always with weak minded individuals the truth scares them into oblivion, decreasing their ability to withstand fact and live a different life style. Thus, the narrators skin color, what it stands for, what it reflects, and all the qualities that come with it will continue to be his plight until the day he dies.

THE END

I encourage anyone with questions, comments, or a desire to further discuss this poem and topic to reach out to me. It is not my intent to offend anyone, but I truly believe in what I wrote. I have many White friends and I love all people. I want that to be clear. I hope that you enjoy reading and appreciating my poetry. I look forward to all the wonderful feedback.

(X?)

This White Skin

My white skin is such a burden to me-and
I lack the understanding of it.
The gift's and curses, incentives, even ugly truths
Therefore, many days I seek to transform, although I am a youth
with years and years ahead of me to find myself of truth.

I'm hoping to walk in the guise of someone hip
like a brotha, a darkie, a negro, a black,
badiqua, latino, a soul man in fact.
Because his dress and lingo is astounding
a style remarkably unmatched.
The way they smile and lean back
just makes me so envious, why can't I be black?
My race is so stupid!
My people so conventional, racist, and bold
even my history is taint leaving stories untold.
From columbus, to franklin, the pilgrims, to bush
slavery and Jim crow, and voting of course.

I mean why do we hinder another from success-
lest they be our masters?
Or is it because we want to stay the best?
Knowing that the better is them.
They bring the best out of everyone because they see the beauty
of self.
So intricate and inventive their ideas fueled our wealth.
Such a magnificent people who brazen undamnably slack.
We should amalgamate with benevolence,
they carried this country on their back.

Why do we mis-educate, at an attempt to enslave them;
their minds, bodies, and souls.
Moreover, I wonder
why they are so docile,
can they not see our true intentions unfold, manifesting in our
actions, still they stoically with hold
that black venom and wisdom the African Proverbs foretold.
I cogitate over these questions constantly
trapped in a chagrin battle down an endless road.
Talk does little
force brings inevitable change
this is the only way we've overtaken and cleared the range.
By bloodshed and torcher
rape and incarceration
My white skin is a mockery to me
and only fuels my infatuation of the other...

However when I seek to mingle
I just can't muster up the courage to indulge
In the mass murder and brutality
which is claiming black souls.
My ideas are laughed at, my suggestions a load
of 9mm bullets that shoot my aspirations down so cold
I just can't seem to fit in, what must I do?
Attract a black sista then impregnate her too,
abandon the baby and put invaluable dedication into my crew?
Take a gun and eradicate their race?
Use drugs to manipulate and keep them in one place,

the inner cities, with no hope to expand?
Travel the world, even to places viewed on C-Span?

I'll do whatever it takes
thriving solely on the hate of my race
I'll say whatever to fit in- even Nigger and spick
Homie and cuz, my man, playboy, roadie, even shoot at the fuzz.
Fuck the police, my dad wears a badge
he talks about framing my friends often
To mitigate putting them in coffins, then fakes amends.
So deceptive with allergic tears, like, "Is there a coon in the
room?"
In clandestine meetings he speaks of throwing them in piss
smelled cells
Falsifying charges to sky rocket their bails.
So diabolical indeed

I often forget the benefits of my white skin
how I can use duplicity to avoid the pen
secure employment without moving a pen- to fill out an
application
pass a test, I'm white in this world
better than the rest.
In the fifties and sixties my separation reaped benefits
up until Brown versus board of education
Martin Luther King Jr. and a pound,
of civil rights activist.
In the thirties and forties I could hang anyone on a tree
burn a blacks body, sell pieces of the charcoal corpse
then joyously drink beers and brandy peacefully.

Still I regret the history behind my white skin
The blood in my veins, my last name.
When I look in my eyes I see sin, vehemently splurging out
pouring down my face in a relentless quest to embed this in my
kin
Why, why, why, God why did I have to be white?
My skin is debilitating me
truly a plight.
This white skin!

Woman's Worth

Who is the one man solemnly seeks
that magnifies his existence and makes him complete
who is the one he uncontrollable befriends
defends, and brings forth amends when they are hurt.
The softness of their touch which he needs so much
the sound of their voices fortifies his motivation
their faces disfigured brings forth anger, rage, and venom.
The smiles on their faces replaces these negatives with an
incentive
to hold, love, protect, and never neglect
This person is so stunning and sweet
tastier than the big round candies we love to eat
make one with our lips, tips of our tongue
In an erotic proposal
to explore the depths of love making.
If you don't know by now I'm talking about you
Intricate lover, labelled a woman too
so take your place and congregate to love

the man who needs you
In order to grow
You're the light of his life,
sunshine aglow.

Those Sad Eyes

Those sad eyes
sho'nuff reflect what's inside of me
the confusion, the heartache, especially the misery
that's just the half.

Those sad eyes
when I look deep
resemble strength in the mist of struggle
encouraging me to progress
stress no less but grow.

I know those sad eyes show disappointment
yet I make mistakes
however I gotta learn the lesson
lest the stakes get greater
and my loss more detrimental.

You see what I see
and your eyes speak it
yet you don't manifest what I do
for your eyes aren't leaking
exposing its liquid contents
screaming for joy and love.

Crying sadness,
crying madness,
even compassion.
Cries of laughter,
cries from disaster.
But once I master
these emotions all I'll see.

Is sad eyes on the other side of mine
revealing what's inside of me

I CRIED

I cried-for I know I was to return to the streets
an adolescent forced to compete
with the struggle and grind that make society be
pity me.

I cried-tough love I'd find in another form
cold and not like the norm
family wasn't there, so I had to weather the storm
I failed.

Eighteen on the scene with a job and an addiction
bills, poverty, friction, but a dream
a dream that I cried and through my tears I seen
the coming years where I'd stare
at success and be blessed without a care
or a worry, yet nevertheless
It was fiction.

I cried-they told me of the prediction

50% of Philly's youth condition
jailed by eighteen
a statistic in someone's dream
to capitalize off me
a vision for that green.

I cried-when that judge told me fifteen
thirty was the max, I wanted to scream.

I cried-when the sheriff took me off
on the bus up state.

I cried-for if I knew then, what I know now
my initial tears wouldn't have found those streets.

Mr. District Attorney

When you look over at me in your court house and see my tears
don't smirk thinkin' I weep cause you got me or instilled fear
naw I weep because you got them...
My people, who experience my struggles and tastes my dislikes
but come to testify against me and aid in your plot
to divide and conquer
destroy and control
hunt the young and exuberant, talented, and wise
enslave them in concentration camps
then predict their demise
see I weep because they did what was psychologically embedded
and that malady was never treated
moreover discovered so ultimately their act was instinctive.

I weep because you smile at them and make promises
designed around a plot
because sooner or later they'll be roasting in your pot
those devilish eyes stare and speak laconically
"I got you, I got you, you fucking nigger."
no; you got them
I'm aware of your tactics; sometimes it takes pondering to
realize
but speculating after the fact brings forth a stronger return
because either I'm studied by ~~self~~ others, or studied by self
so I'm a teacher and a learner if nothing else
and a true learner displays his teachings in speech and actions
just another conscious black; see the reaction?
master of tricknology, master of disguise
stranger in a house, jack in a box
a surprise.

The tears I weep from these deep dark eyes
are an admonishment to my people
who sever their ties
why did you testify?
why were you tricked?
I'm the duece in the deck the ace should've been picked
the peril of the courts
the caveat in our books
should've been explained to you, but the real crooks
robbed, killed, prosecuted
raped, bated, manipulated,
tricked, medicated, and eradicated unity with genocide.

If only you seek what they try to hide

because it's not hidden it realistically resides
In our brain, on their faces
but ignorance and mis-education replaces
our lack to know what is common
so as you observe my tears too
watch former teachers and learners
slide through,
my eyelids and down my face
to the tips of my mouth where I taste
the dissatisfaction of my race.

Back to you, you blue, blond advocate of satan you
I weep at your bravado
cause it frightens evident warriors
who survive poverty, famine, violent attacks,
killer rats, bats, and that drug called crack.
So as you commit misconduct contending justice
know that my tears surpass my years
and that this young fire
and avant garde opinions and strategies
will tear back like rapid fire
my metamorphosis will always scourge you
but grow higher and higher like Jackie.

So I don't weep because of your tactics
really I must commend you
I weep for my people
that testify against me
what did they get into?

Compelled Activist

Forced into activism
what am I to do
when I'm faced with the problems
that plague our people?
Do I follow my desires
blindly avoiding real shit
acting passive for cash?
or do I fight, until I eradicate the epidemic disease?
Its etiology was man made
so the creators posterity
lingers in my presence
smiling and joking
persuading and manipulating
I got you sucka.

But until I decide to pursue the task
my folks will continuously be taxed by your ass
that's it...
It's not a matter that allows me to decide
my decision is a coercive blast
my fighting was destined for me
this is true, just look at the past
I am forced to act
because my fads are a facade
my duties incumbent
and I was blessed with the voice that will speak
the hands that write
concerning issues that surround life.

Now that I know where I stand

will I stand erect
chin up, chest up
weapons drawn
ready for war.
The future will tell
of its past occurrences
so you'll see
that we're forced into activism
let's use our mental law
and visualize the victory.

Choices

Sometimes the choices we make can lead us far
barred
mentally or physically scarred
acting off of compulsion
or a meditated thought
many times I ponder
sitting in the dark.

Choices are unique
and they play a part in our existence
the leading cause of resistance
realizing the consequences of actions
reactions to the things that evolve
swarming around us
like the air in the midst
choices are amongst us, planting a lasting kiss
because its decision is embedded
remembered and stored,
in history's book, not sold in stores.

How do we bounce back in the face of oppression?
Choices are made while full of depression
anger, rage, and insanity
Can it be,
I'm calm, cool, because my choices tell me
that's the best thing
brain ringin', heart pumpin', blood singin'
Choices...

Grapefruit

Grapefruit treat
so sweet
but oh so sour of a delicacy to eat.
Its florescent pinkish red
gleams and drips with juice
once you open it with a crackish crisps
your eyes glimmer at the thought of this fruit
am I in bliss?
Then you sink your teeth so deep they get cold
as the flavor attacks you
shuddering your soul
licking your lips greedily indulged
in a snack made for one
how very fun it is not having to share
how dare you hoard something so dear,
and ripe,
big, and round?
Grapefruit the blessing
which grows from the ground

well the tree at least
shining in the sun
children rejoice
as the branches swing
and drop yellowing balls
grapefruits the name
deck the halls.

THE RAIN

As the rain precipitates
my mind reverts to a place
as gloomy as the rain filled sky
hearing the showers of the earth
met the drain down below
is so pleasant that I go
higher than the rain resurrected
to the clouds down below
the heavens
as if my emotions sink away
cleansed by the waters that complicate
an errand filled day
by a sound so beautiful making one say
"Ahh Ahh"

Relaxing rain rainbows
shallow showers simmer
with every splatter on hard dirt
and concrete
worms slide out to meet
Its sleep destroyer
but yet enjoyer
gift and curse explorer
of any place it falls
similar to my life thus far.

Now I'm as focused as a moist cloud
stationed above a destination
which will congregate with my determination
revealing my plots manifestations
I appreciate you rain
and thrive off the compelled solace
that you bring when you arrive
when I'm asleep you make me smile
when awake I crowd
the nearest window
watching you as if you were my child
and I a proud parent
mesmerized in fact
how you make my eyes wide
close, and propose
to your intricate face

Therefore, force of nature
know that I love you
you wash away my pain
help me look back
while you go obstreperously insane.

Delayed Mother's day

There's a justification for my delay
to honor you on a day, labelled mother's
your presence is more grand

beyond one hundred
existence one day couldn't possibly withstand
you're abundant
therefore I won't minimize it
be compelled to celebrate
on any set date
because you're a queen everyday
a mother in every way
your beauty makes one say
"I love you"
This beauty is within
not only outter
your voice is so magnificent
with a contained power
that it moves a nation
your offspring continues generations
mother...
Maintainer, of, the, human, earthly, remains.
joy of life, Gods delight, sent to the masses
smile so bright, ray of light, until you're ashes

Dusk until dawn
I'm you pawn
and will move in your defense
will die at you expense
will please you
I'm your prince, king, rook
or your knight
but always your flight, your right and left
there's only one thing left
a day labelled mother's
which I won't describe
It's too minute
that's clear just open your eyes.

MY SYMPATHIES

Bonded in a country
in which I'm not native historically
captured by the sights and glee
but as I ponder
is what I see really for me?

Far away lands await my departure
from this place I be
because they will gladly except me
no matter my color.

However, my travels are limited
physically but not mentally
because my mind and closed eyes have seen
enchanted caves and mountains
faces full of mystery.

My heart and love travels
wide and far
emancipated from hate
so my dreams places wait
I'll be coming along soon
cause I follows my heart
so you can assume
I'll come full of alacrity
energy and peace
to learn and love
what I long to do.

First I must break through
this contradiction of enfranchisement
poverty too
then we'll sing and swing
and get merry like Christmas
like Maya Angelou did do
until then
I sympathize with you.

WILDWOOD

Roaring sea
hot ass sand
sea gulls
cranking on this piece of land.
Boardwalk jumpin'
rides bumpin'
monorail thumpin'
Wildwood
it was somethin'.

Special is the word
to describe such a plce
Summer time its packed and loud

winter time it's cold
just cold because it's still fun
find out yourself
to see where I'm coming from
I was there in the summer
stayed in a summer house
me and my sister
Mr. Reid and Misses
that's another story
so I'll stick to the theme
Wildwood, New Jersey
was like a dream
maybe because I was young
or maybe how I made it
it was sure as hell fun
ridin' my bike in the blazin' sun
goin' crabin' at the bay
I tell you everyday
a new adventure around that way.

I stayed on Baker ave
that's where I lived I didn't stay
I was here and there
on the board walk is where
it was really a delight
especially at night
so many attractions
my eyes would be bright
I wanted to do everything
but money was tight
my allowance would go in a day
probably in the arcade
once you enter
it's hard to leave
you're like a zombie you're glued
that place should be sued

Boy I tell ya
I could go on for days
writing about Wildwood
but I'll save
the surprises for you
Wildwood, New Jersey
an extraordinary place
waiting for you
I had my experience
and the memories will last
of a thrilling past
Wildwood.

CRAIG

Big bad Uncle Craig
I still remember all those days
at Grandmother's house
I was young in age

I remember all the late nights
we would watch Muhammad Ali fights
and you would imitate him
in the kitchen
sniffin' stuff up your nose
which was white and glistening
I never knew what it was
that got you ampted and gave you a buzz
not like the newports
you would beg from my Mother
they just calmed you down
I remember all the junk and stuff
you would pile in Grandmom's kitchen
all day she would be bitchin'
you just ignored and kept on whistlin'
even while you worked
doing odd jobs that is
but you know you handled your biz.

You talked little
laughed less
I lost all respect when you hit someone with breast
My mom
I couldn't stay calm
I wanted you dead
but I was too young of a kid
but I never forgot what you did
it is what it is
you did what you did
now I hate you
and will never take you as family again
you betrayed your trust
lost my love
I have nothing else to say
but I hate you Uncle Craig
you'll pay someday.

BABY

I miss those times you made me laugh
your sarcastic ways
and conceited ass
I miss those times we'd talk all night
I was your knight and you my morning light
eyes so bright, smile tight
gear updated and swagger just right
jealous ones envied when I'd be on your porch
I was on my grind so we could torch
the hood and rise to levels of King and Queen
living glamorously, that's the life
the one cool C seen
I miss lusting, wanting to remove those jeans
let me keep it clean
basically what I'm saying is I miss you
My Queen
I pray one day you'll wear my ring
Until then I'll be missing you, Na mean?

KNOWING

When you forget something
that you told yourself you knew
you fall into contradiction
because your statement wasn't true
knowing is mastering
mastering is key
never falling victim to false allegiance
see
you vowed to stay wise
vouched that you're on point
but slipped and was trampled
do you understand my point?

Don't be clear
or visible enough to see
always be unreadable
then you'll notice others reading me.

Words of wisdom
a written message
for the mind
to ponder for a time
pass on down the line
yeah...
You're being admonished by self
that's deep
but I'm your health, growth, development, and disease
your pain, strife, wonder
so please
really know what you say
before you utter it
cause I'm tired of eating my words.

Letter to self
better yourself
train and work your brain
okay I reloaded
however I lack any extra clips
so take heed to my tips
control your lips
and watch me with the invisible eyes
outside of you.

A THINKER

Out think the enemy
that's all you gotta do
It's part of growth and development
the outcome will be good for you
hold down your rage
pipe down your adrenaline
you wanna attack
but you aren't always winning then
acting unjustly will mean you're sinning then
chill.

I know the oppressors are doubting your skill
to a limit
because they understand the real
If they don't inflict any harm
they aren't doing any wrong
dumb shit is in their nature
expect it
If not then something's really the matter
out think the enemy
and save the chatter
then you'll see
I can't tell
you'll see
how beautiful and lovely your victory will be.

FRIENDSHIP'S

It seems like friendships are overrated
for when it's time to show
its late;

If it bothers to show at all.

BULLY

Why pick with me?
am I as hideous as you think?
or is your perception distorted?
am I such a jerk
cause "they" said
or do you know me
like your third Grandmom

Is it the energy I give
or the look in my eyes
is it because I sing,
why?

I make mistakes
as do you
what makes mine worse
belief, intent, malice
or are you heaven sent
to judge, miscue, argue
without cause
are you feelin' ya self
do you get a rush
are you better than me
and just can't keep it hush
I wonder;

Why pick with me?
is it I you wanna be
for in order to see
the beauty in another
it must be within
so when you pick with me
you only offend yourself.

IDLE TALK

Why does Idle talk lack essence?
because it's Idle
therefore one is wasting their time
when time is essence
thus idle talk is not; because it's a lack there of
of benefit, success, or productivity.

It has a way of bringing inevitable negativity
built from lust, desire, and want
If you really investigate the matter you'll see
that idle talk is a disease
one I have to train out of me
although it is wide spread
an epidemic
etiologically conjured up from a whisper.

I can master it, and ultimately control it
use it to manipulate or dominate
perpetrate then penetrate
for my benefit,
however I'd be a profiteer
like Bush, he idly talked, the guise of rhetoric
Idle talk is vicious.

Again I'm schooling myself
better now than years before
when idle talk was the core
of my existence and talks
but I'd be a fool if I couldn't learn
or catch myself
so word to the wise
from the wise
I am this because of my presence
avoid idle talk
because it will aid in your demise.

ENEMY 2

When they find no reason to excuse
blow you down when you stack your cards high
look you in the eye
and show no remorse
of course
they are your enemy.

Don't parade around me
laugh, politic, and criticize another
when the same one you speak about
employs you.

A Trickle down effect
can't work for the one
who's ideals and ways you disagree
If you don't agree
you're just as blind and can't see
that deep down within
YOU ARE THE ENEMY.

AN INSTANCE

For that instance
I looked in your eyes and I saw
not the difference in our sexual preference
but the rage inside of us all
understanding of the plight
the inevitability of our fight
for freedom, emancipation, sight
the vision we share of a dream
the burning desire to be clean
washed of the mask
which shields our existence as people to them.

For an instance
I felt deep within
the boiling of unification
us verse them.

THOSE SAD EYES

Those sad eyes
sho'nuff reflect what's inside of me
the confusion, the heartache, especially the misery
that's just the half.

Those sad eyes
when I look deep
resemble strength in the mist of struggle
encouraging me to progress
stress no less but grow.

I know those sad eyes show disappointment
yet I make mistakes
however I gotta learn the lesson
lest the stakes get greater
and my loss more detrimental.

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and your eyes speak it
yet you don't manifest what I do
for your eyes aren't leaking
exposing its liquid contents
screaming for joy and love.

Crying sadness
crying madness
even compassion
cries of laughter
cries from disaster
but once I master
these emotions all I'll see
Is sad eyes on the other side of mine
revealing what's inside of me.

MOTIVATION

What could inspire one to excel?
How about the mere thought that they could fail
If they don't progress.

I CRIED

I cried
for I knew I was to return to the streets
an adolescent forced to compete
with the struggle and grind that makes society be
pity me

I cried
tough love I'd find in another form
cold and not like the norm
family wasn't there, so I had to weather the storm
I failed.

Eighteen on the scene with a job and an addiction
bills, poverty, friction, but a dream
a dream that I cried and through my tears I seen
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50% of Philadelphia's youth condition
jailed by eighteen
a statistic in someone's dream
to capitalize on me
a vision for that green.

I cried
when the Judge told me fifteen
thirty was the max, I wanted to scream.

I cried
when the sheriff took me off
on the bus upstate.
I cried
for if I knew then, what I know now
my initial tears wouldn't have found those streets.

Hell

Sitting in this hell
or should I say jail
guys tellin' war stories
or should I say tall tales
my mind goes hectic at times
so many thoughts
or should I say dreams
the courts play games
or should I say god
they lock you up and expect you to nod
or should I say rot
on a hard ass cot
you scheme and plot
walk the block with your team
or should I say slimy, manipulating, and grimy
dudes that you met in the yard
this place isn't a joke
these folks up here want you to croake
or should I say die
don't ask me why
I'm caught up too
I'm on the inside lookin' out at you.

Law Library

I'm feeling this little room with all these books
law books that is
for us crooks and innocent dudes
with rough looks
this little room is something nice
and with dedication and persistence
the outcome of ones research may pay a good price
If not it's okay
study harder and dig deeper
If you fail at least you can say
Alhamdulillah, I did my best

This little room stresses me sometimes
the context of its books
I'm unable to comprehend
so I ask someone knowledgeable
If he can lend
just some time to educate and cultivate.

This little room is great
you have Purdons, the Georgetown law journal,
rules of court, wait
you have Federal, Supreme, Superior, and State
you even have those little brown, blue, and red books
that let you shepardize a case.

This little room, HA HA!
If you don't know
you better ask
will turn your life sentence
into a ten to twenty fast
I just put you on to something beneficial
now stop crying on the phone with your mom
here's some tissue
go to that little room, and find your ass a issue.

Justifiable Hatred

When I look at you my face disfigures
I'm no killer
but if I had a gun I'd pull the trigger
I can feel your hate
I can sense you rage
you wanna bury me alive
this I realize when I look in your eyes
I see through you
I can read your mind
you don't like me?
or is it that you don't like my kind
your job tells you one thing
yet you do the other
head hunting
wanting me to pull a stunt
and get cased up
then you laugh
naw sucka
I know the right path
I'll holla
It's me against your world
and I hold the power.

HELL CELL

Damn this cell
this little hole in the wall
or should I say rest room
it has a stall and all
concrete floor
plastic light
steel frame bed
and a table used to write
some cells have two dudes
some have one
some cells are disclosed in the back
where the beating's are done

Damn this cell
It gets frustrating sometimes
you lay back on your bunk
and think about the good times
when you were free
then you come to reality
that this is where you will be
for a time
caged up like a bird who longs to fly

Damn this cell
there's not enough space
you and your cell mate tend to debate
which leads to a fight
If you don't understand each other right
but it's okay
they let you out a couple hours a day
for meals and recreation
jobs and school
then its back in the cell

this place is not cool
this little hole in the wall
Insha'Allah I come up
so I can say forget ya'll
I'm free
to roam free
In a land that's not disclosed
It's just a bigger cell
a prison can't you tell
If not open your eyes
wake up and realize
the same rule applies
we'll never be free
until we die

Damn this cell.

Friends

When I think about friends
and why we have to part
I think about this system
but they'll always be in my heart

The connection we have
grows strong and we find
it hard to replace
true friends are one of a kind.

Memories will always remain
plastered in our minds
but they get hard to contain
why? because we long for the times
to repeat themselves
like a DVD or tape on rewind
however time progresses and we fade
dipping in and out of our deck
like a spade

The value of our bond is priceless
money can't compare to you
you aren't on my price list
I know to each its own
and that our roads differ
but whoever said we can't stay in touch
I beg to differ

It's upon us to remain
relevant to each other
true to the name: BRET
the acronym that says what:
bond, reciprocity, empathy, trust
as friends that describes us

I hate this system
it's designed around a dollar
doesn't sympathize or bother
to care, rather profiteer
by snatching friends and family away
warehousing them and getting a pay

but comrade we must live and stay
in each others lives and heart
or settle for the system to laugh and thwart
separate true art
friendship designed in a heart.

Justifiable Compulsion

Justifiable compulsion
is when them guns will spit
because a dude reaches to rob you
and you emptied your clip
or when a dude touches your chick
while ya'll were at a flick
you went to get popcorn
soda and shit
came back to the aisle
where things get wild.

Justifiable Compulsion
when someone moves there lips
saying crazy things
which got you to the tip
of explosion
exposing your rage
bottled up depression
from when you were young in age
already stressing
because things don't look good
stuck in a bad situation
which landed you at the station
locked behind bars
now you're facing
incarceration
cause the law said you broke it
when in fact it was justifiable compulsion
which runs smooth
like lotion

Justifiable Compulsion
smoking the drugs
searching for an outlet
from that constant bug
poverty, homelessness
unemployment too
gotta support your habit and family
so the jones makes you do
unbelievable things
which you later regret
It was justifiable compulsion which you'll never forget
not spite, malice, blood thirsty ways
you were stuck in a daze
which manipulated your ways
all you need is help
but get rainy days
kicked, punched, abused
are some of the wicked ways
you pay the price
for justifiable compulsion
finally you understand
and are a changed man
but got too deep
and lost your rope
relving on hope, and folks that smoke, (20)

your dreams and positive fiends away
the sun shines but not every day
so pray my friend
God knows your intentions
not to mention what's in your heart
justifiable compulsion is everyone's fault

The Wet

I seen what the wet can do
I'm an example of its evil affects too
It deteriorates life and dreams
agony and drama it brings
spite, hate, fear, hope
blended in one drug
made to smoke.

I grieve when I dwell on them days
getting twisted and it causing
murderous ways
whispering in my thoughts
causing me to believe
that I'm a freakin' superman
until I'm laying on my knees
stressin' and trippin'
keep turnin' lookin' over my back
cause I'm paranoid and uneasy
confide in my sack
with a chick I just met
when I was going to get that wet
please I plead
make me forget
the things I did and now regret
please I plead
make me subdue
the memories it brings back
I'm though.

I use to roll it in a dutch
spend all my money
before the landlord could touch
her weekly pay
I'd sneak in and out everyday
was it an outlet?
I would and wouldn't say
cause I was doing bad anyway

Bull the wet
leave it alone
it destroys
your mind
Oh why did I smoke that stick
following another
programmed and shit.

Please I need another chance
I realize my downfall
jail house cries
outsider peer inside
look in my eyes they say

leave that drug where it be
experience a natural high
feel me
I'm warning and forewarning
through my thought that I jot down
If the wet gets the best of you
you may end up in the ground.

Black History Reflection

Lets reflect
study our black leaders
and pay respect
because they recorded history
their victorious triumphs
and oppressive adversities
that means we are much wiser
prone to succeed
If only we utilize
the tools genetically received
blood shot red are my eyes
a sailors delight
however my skies are thunderous
which causes a tremendous fright
In my own people
cause they are the ones I constantly fight
eradicate, I'd rather educate
dedicate my time
instead of selling drugs and warring
we should remember the time
sort of like Michael Jackson
more like Michael Griffith
who was brutally beat
called a nigger
killed, and made one with the concrete.

We should focus more on unity
over coming high boundaries
living out the dream
King did not see
by any means necessary
Malcolm X would say
where are the U.N.I.A's
like the Marcus Garvey days
Booker T. emphasized education
"Up from slavery"
It pays
so let's start with our families
and branch out gradually
embedding them with tools
and rules
so they won't be left stranded
searching for clues
the answer is in our face
It's what stopped the KKK
kept them in place
In Washington DC
full of grace

August 28th, 1963
the day we marched
I can still feel the unity
even though I was not there

As I write this poem
inside the belly of the beast

I'm not saying what we need is peace
I'm saying we need to det the genocide
black on black murder
violence, let coincide
unite as one powerful force
torch the pleasure of white america
and of course, that white house
which holds many secrets
and the disease that's killing me
and you
yes it's true
they promote the drugs and more
gang war, pregnancy out of wed lock, I'm sure
just rewind back the hands of time
study their art
and seek reparations

lets unite and fight
with sheer dedication.

How I feel

Wanna know how I feel?
cold and betrayed
forgotten and mocked
like a crazy laughing stock
my heart is slowly dissolving the pain
replacing it with blood clots of remorse
that burns like cain
or a bullet splitting my flesh
infecting my veins
directed towards the source which caused my pain
those I thought I loved
who once said they loved me too

I feel agony of course
but despise deceit
my life is passing fast but discreetly
I long to do my thing
but the jail wants to keep me
juice me for my youth than street me
embed me with hate, rage, predict my fate
stock me with dudes that hate
and try to rape you
demoralize and attempt to bait you
tantalize you with hopes but fake you
my family I once held were fake too
they left me for dead
because I made a mistake, who?
disowned me for life and cake.

But I...
slowly meditate and focus on some other
all my thoughts are scattered like I'm schzo
but I can't blame my Mother

I guess she's doing her
for years I longed for a brother
however he wasn't there
nor was another
the love I seek...
I guess it's in deep cover
cause I have yet to discover
what brings me joy without hurt
rather what enrages me
with thoughts of going bezerk
I entertain and I end up jailed
in a system tested with blacks who fail;
trapped in a system that manipulates for bail
how I feel is very hard to explain
then everybody wants to know
why I'm always the same
It's very simple see
my soul is to blame.

How I feel Pt. 2

How I feel right now
is full of immaculate joy
like a child mesmerized by a brand new toy
but I'm also feeling emotionally drained
a thousand different thoughts trigger my brain
while I attempt to stay focused
things get hazy
and my view starts shaking
I become lazy and stressed
lack my best
when pursuing a task

How am I suppose to feel?
being trapped behind pounds of steel
bricks and wire
whites with fire power
I stare with disgust
because no one I can trust
I'm filled with lust
cause I'm not hitting no boy
praying daily
seeking forgiveness
a way out of this genocidal joy
or sijjin, otherwise known as prison
my life is so real
It could boost sales on Prism.

Feelings, emotions, dudes try to subdue
I was always taught to follow my heart
that's true
being true to myself, will lead me far
being fake I will remain barred
from success or fame
bricks I blame
not drugs, those bricks that move bricks
by dudes with scuffed kicks
I'm sayin'
those streets will have you layin'
dead or beat

Bull my feelings, my thoughts
can get rhetorically bright
like Malcolm speaking in the dark
or physically strong like soldiers in that park
or field
my life is evolved around poverty and less
deterioration, agony, and stress
realities doom approaching
thinkin' you livin' then it's encroaching
biting my nails wondering when it's floating
over me, will I be in a peaceful state
dreams fulfilled
and hate eradicated
family built
and children educated
Fam for real
is how I relate it
feelings chilled like icebergs elated
ponder game sophisticated
people saying he's hated
cause the shit he thinks is highly predicated

My dreams set aside
when I realize I got to die
my tears arise
when I look in my own eyes
what have I put forth
have held back?
why are my thoughts and feelings deeper than the black
abyss where no one can visit
the bliss I long to visit
I'm always sad
what is it
filled with music and stories
love and rage
bottled up depression
stemming from early age
It'll probably remain
the meaning behind
cradle to the grave
the grave...

I'm full of fear and veins
scared of things unseen
for my peeps I yearn for cream
for my keeps, I vouch my soul
to be endemic from the streets
words can spit for eternity
verbs can flip from the lips
but it's hurtin' me
it's your turn to see
close your eyes and visualize
you'll see
remember my lines
experience my flow
living in my shoes
enter at your own risk

I revert back to the norm
living through this vehement storm

perilous swarm
of attempts at my neck
blows at my face
I sympathize for the next
person who takes my place
sees my vision
tastes my heart long provision
to survive
how I feel?

How do you feel?

Lost Love

As I look to my right
then my left
I lift my chin and stick out my chest
alone in this world
that's how its been so far
lone ryder for real
and I've made it this far
life is so precious and sweet
however, it gets cruel
and displays deceit
love is an emotion I feel deeply
emphasized daily
if only skin deeply
my left side and right
are missing something that was never there
because compassion and love
it wouldn't dare
leave someone's side
because it's unconditional
make a dude cry
grabing for some tissue
everyone has a heart
its functions trigger from the brain
however my heart is aching and my brain shaking
wondering how a vital organ
could act all alone
it all started with a song named Simone
unheard cries, scream to the skies
eyes so revealing show what's inside
my fingers flip through pages
telling stories of imaginary guys
and girls
diamond and pearls
could not buy my heart Prince
I miss my girl, don't make me start
or girls
Mom, Danielle, Camielle
one thing my family didn't instill
was loyalty to fam
royalty is a sham
a deceiving delight, that causes plight
also families to deteriorate
bicker and fight
happiness I'm seeking
my love life is leaking
sadness is speaking

through all type of means
why is love so frustrating?
why is it hiding from me?
why do I feel all alone
I'm dying you see
maybe not, that's how it goes
I suppose
I'll overcome and carry along
lift every voice around me
as I sing my song
my song, so long, I'm wrong, I'm right
because love is the key that will ignite
my life, my existence, and all around me
I guess until then
I'll be singing, "Sweet lady"
vehemently searching
looking from side to side
subduing my pride
muffling my cries
gasping for air
only love can provide.

Let me tell you about those ~~streets~~ ^{Those streets} you walking
those streets that are alludely talking
makin' you believe this or dat
those streets
are wack
dangerously packed
with things unbelievable
that will hurt and leave you
unconceivable
victim of the streets
of course you can victimize
and become a statistic
white america
home of the free
land where you break a law
you will be
an example of the streets
tell me how liberal is that
can't you see
the streets decide what's justifiable
force individuals to become homicidal
because of a fad or jones
one wanting to clone the unknown
livin' up to someone else's expectations
or the streets

Yeah the streets
will force you to compete
if you don't race'em
force you to eat
any means necessary
those streets are nothing nice
and if I claim the streets
I claim to be a fool
one who knows the art of manipulation
and all the rules
who knows the answer to every problem
because I witnessed it.

Yeah the streets are there
lurkin'
perilously smirkin'
go your way
to my children of time
and those that are mine
posterities mentors
listen and be kind
to your ears and eyes
focus a little more
and you'll realize
those streets are niggardly
designed around genocide
and yes bigotry
It's like chemistry
who's formula is mixed
with ignorant human beings
who are cruel and cutthroat
so be stern and wise
seek knowledge
and you'll realize
maybe not what I see
we have different visions
I'll let you see

I could go on but I'll stop
the streets have four flip sides
and I'm sitting on ones cot
jail, the bing, penitentiary, institution, the rot
then you have death
which comes of a sudden
while you're chillin' in the streets
which are hunting
then there's success
which stemmed from selling your soul
steppin' on people
black heartedly blind
by some shit that didn't kill you
because you kissed his behind
literally.

Then there's restart
which is a cycle
you look up years later
and finally see you're recycled
In the way tryin' to make a way
thinking you know
naw family
the streets will show
so avoid what I'm saying
the streets, I'm not playing
jail, success, restart, or death
laying in the ground decaying
and the streets are saying
" I got ya sucka"
and are laying waiting for your folks
whom you never schooled
who will probably end up like you
because they had no understanding of the rule.
streets are watching.