

"Imagine That"

by: **Dushaan
Gillum**

poetry/non-fiction

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THIS is imaginative voyage to a world of ideas and enlightenment where all things are possible and every goal is attainable.

THROUGHOUT this volume you will be priviledged to explore the realm of realization in rhyme and hopefully discover an internal inspiration.

IN order to "see " the exceptional you must simply "LOOK" beyond. ENJOY!!!!

DUSHAAN T.GILLUM#1256533
COFFIELD UNIT
2661 FM 2054
TENN.COLONY TX 75884

DUSHAAN T. GILLUM
117 FAIRVIEW
BORGER, TX 79007.

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Dushaan Gillum 1256533
2664 FM 2054
Tenn. Colony, TX 75886

"Life Is..."

Life...

Life is...

Life is, too short,
life, is what we make it

life is the leaf, we are the wind,
it will go as far as we take it

life is joy, life is pain,
life, is both darkness and light

life is what we see, through our own eyes,
and only we, can make it right

life is not our profession, nor status among men,
it's the essence of all we can be,

all that we are, or dream to become,
it's the potential that resides down deep

life is a journey, through space and time,
a trip, that extends far beyond

an intangible reality, often taken for granted,
it can be here one moment, then gone

LIFE, is the sentence, handed down by the judge,
at which point one's life truly begins

though our bodies are grounded, our minds can soar,
as long as the wheel of time spins

Life...

Life is...

Life, is what we make it!

Life is a gift, CHERISH IT!

This poem is dedicated to all who know that there is more to life than what they have experienced and desire to experience life on deeper and greater levels. Be patient. EVERYTHING has it's appointed time.

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"Last Night's Conversation"

I hope my words have moved you
I pray I didn't lose you
sometimes I get on a level like that
yet never intend to confuse you
it's sometimes hard to keep it simple
when it comes to something so deep
how can I expound on the mysteries of dreams,
without touching of the faculties of sleep?
how can I speak of love,
without speaking of the human spirit?
how can I speak of the heart of man,
without mentioning our deepest passions?
for years I've waited to take you there
to visit the realm of the impossible
to consider what remains unanswered
to seek and possibly find
for so long I've yearned to bring you along
to follow me in searching beyond
to rise above the norm
and seek our true reason for being
I hope last night's conversation between us
manages to bring us
to the expression of our true genius
and the experience of the Supreme Us

let's speak no more,
until we arrive

by
Dushaan Gillum

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"Solitary"

So many things
jumbled together
bouncing around in my head
nightmares, of all my fears
keep me tossing and turning in bed
there's darkness in sleep
as when I'm awake
pain in my feet
and wind in my face
I push forward still

locating what I've lost
is one thing
finding what I've never had
is another
as of now, the search continues
I press on
seeking cover

I think, therefore I am
I dream
does that mean I will be?
I acquaint, by chance
the days of old
the past, I left behind me
I believe
therefore I am expectant
I know
and cannot be swayed
alone, I seek my destiny
facing choices that I've made

at times
my memory serves me well
yet, I cannot seem to remember;
whether it was I
who abandoned all others
or everyone else who abandoned me

as of now
my knowledge appears both
vast and accurate
but one thing
I do not know
is which way to go

by myself, I walk
on my own, I seek
as one I will attain
it's just as well

by
Dushaan Gillum

"BRILLIANCE"

BRIGHT to the point,
of blinding sight
too strong,
to stare too long
SHINING, oh-so-BRILLIANT-LY

Can you see it?
Can you believe it?

a GLOW so powerful,
it can be seen a world away
a real-life lighthouse,
a beacon,
KINDLED for a reason,
directing like the North STAR

a son of the SUN,
so superb
never succumb to the night,
never submit to darkness,
never die!

BLAZE!

BLAZE!

BLAZE!

Can you see it?
Can you believe it?

JUST BE IT!

by
Dushaan Gillum

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"The Hardest Part"

Sometimes I wonder who I would be
if I never would have known you

how would I be
if I never would have loved you

would I even believe in love?

would I laugh this much,
or smile this big?

I wish that I could put
the way you make me feel into words

or rather, I wish I could put
words into the way you make me feel

the words do not exist
but the feelings are all too real

sometimes I wonder, how I would be
if you had never left me

I try to imagine, what life would be like
had you never taken your love, and my breath

would I ever have known such pain?

does another pain such as this even exist?

I wish that putting the way I feel
into words, wasn't as easy as this

it has been so long, I can't remember
how long I have been feeling this way

the words won't stop playing in my head
nor spilling onto the page

it is now so easy to hate myself
and to wallow in this pain

the hardest part, is accepting that it's my fault
and that I am the one to blame

by
Dushaan Gillum

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"Pick Your Poison"

Flashing lights.

It all looks so good from afar
such an alluring sight
music to my ears, and
chicken soup for my social class
"A change I can believe in"
"hope" for a better season
proposals and promises
assurances and guarantees
ideas for bringing about peace
sessions that seem they'll never cease
the men and women who stand before us
gracing podiums and pricey ads
who offer solutions to the economic crisis
as well as democracy in Bhagdad
are the very ones, that'll launch the next attack

is it healthcare we need,
or better education?
new toys, or TV stations?
who can we trust,
to fight for us?
who is fit to lead this nation?
Democrats for breakfast
Republicans for brunch
Independents for snacks in-between
Conservatives, Liberals, Conservative-Liberals
what does it all really mean?

what good is a full-course meal,
that leaves you empty inside,
and makes you sick to your stomach?

what do you do,
when the vote is on you,
and the choice is yours to make?

easy,
you pick your poison

by
Dushaan Gillum

"Unobstructed"

Opening doors
walking through ways
peering through OPEN windows
sifting through thoughts
exploring ideas
pursuing OPEN paths
believing
expounding on expectations
OPEN to all possibilities
enjoying the experience
realizing dreams
remaining OPEN-minded
surfing through the mist
into clear skies
ascending in OPEN air
living for the love of life
accepting all
with OPEN arms
reaching above
taking hold
rising to OPEN planes
looking forward
moving ahead
advancing toward the OPEN end

unobstructed.

by
Dushaan Gillum

"A Picture of Love"

The first thing I think of
when I awake, and
the last thing on my mind
when I lay down to sleep
IS YOU

the thought that keeps me going, and
keeps me holding on
is the thought of the love
that you have
for me

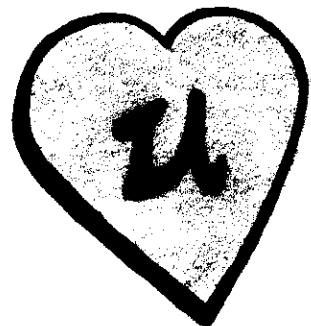
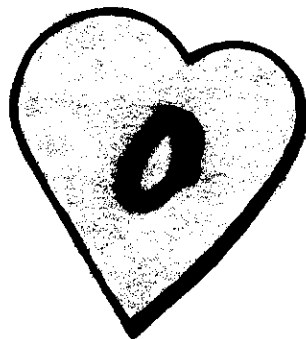
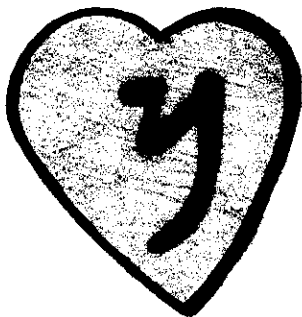
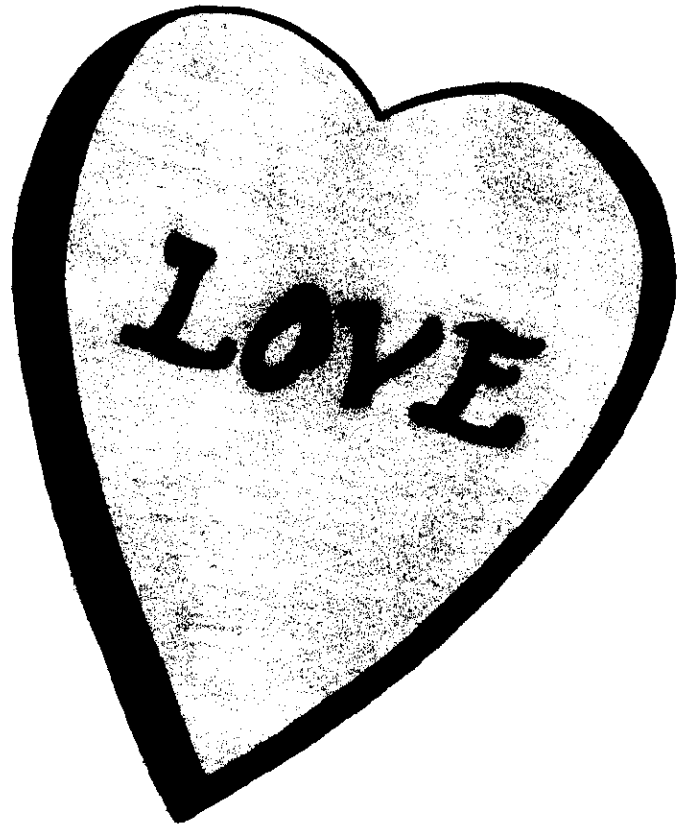
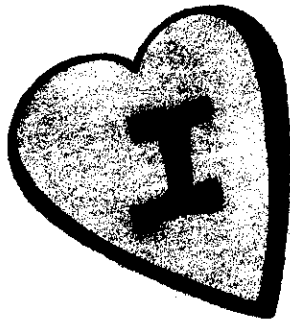
the foundation of our family
the glue,
that holds it all in place
IS YOU

what keeps me smiling, and
laughing out loud, and
keeps my spirit high
is the thought of the love
that you have
for me

you see,
I realize the being, and
the glory of God
I realize that it's God
who gives me life
I know,
there are two paths to take, and
the path of God is light
throughout these trying times apart
I rely on God, for strength
I recognize,
where my blessings come from, and
to God I give my thanks

you see,
I know it is God
that brought you to me
I know,
that your love is a gift
I know,
there are no words
to explain what I mean
so,
I drew you this...

by
Dushaan Gillum



"Change"

Trying to improve my ways
 without forgetting what makes me, ME

trying to broaden my horizon
 without losing sight of what I see

purifying my perception of things
 hoping to hold what I perceive

growing in understanding of life
 standing firm on what I believe

seeking a new approach to life
 a side I've never seen

formulating new visions
 maintaining perspective on my dreams

many see change as simply something good
 some see it as instrumental

the enlightened realize it to be essential
 for the reaching of one's potential

without change from winter to spring
 all would remain cold and dead

why would we choose to remain in dread
 when there's joy right ahead?

go where you've never gone before
 be what you've never been

 refine the way you view the world
 go back and start again

don't be afraid to become something more
 exult in what you can be

 choose to change over remaining the same
 liberate yourself and be free!

hear more than you've ever heard
 see more than you've ever caught sight of
 feel deeper than your present depth
 know, far beyond
 live to the fullest!

by
 Dushaan Gillum

"HIGHER"

The power of GOD, is ever within,
waiting to be manifested,
by the development of the inner man,
an evolution, which is SELF-directed;

yes, from the very core of our being

Is it not the personality,
and all the evils which flow from it,
which prevent us from our illumining,
and stand between us and the height of our summit?

yes, the small, mean, petty, restricted and limited things

What cripples us, and others alike,
from the power of full expression?
is it not that same personality,
which must be cast aside,
to achieve the soul's progression?

yes, in order to expand

To confabulate with GOD,
to commune in silence,
to hear the whisperings of the Divine,
we, must come up higher,
where truth and understanding reside;

yes, to know that we are much more than just people

by
Dushaan Gillum

"The Best Of Today"

If the best of today
is the worst of tomorrow
that would be divine

if the best of today
is as good as it gets
that too, would be just fine

in light of circumstances
I can light any fire
make today what I desire

it can be the best for me
if I take time to see
and allow my thoughts to rise higher

the best of today
will be the best I display
the most that I profess

this day will be
what I make it to be
it's up to me to manifest

why not have the best?

by
Dushaan Gillum

"Responsible"

Taught by my mother's words, and
tempered by my father's acts
analytically unbalanced
emotionally impaired
cautious in love
wreckless in hate
slow to hear all but offenses
swift to speak my mind, in anger
swift to wrathful indignations
full of fury and frustration

it all once made sense
before I had sense to make sense, of
what I see

but now,
I'm shackled by my senses
bound in sensualization
locked in lasciviousness, and
descending further still
into the murky depths
of degeneracy
encouraged by my mother's faith
entrenched in my father's fears

were it not for my father's ferocity
my mother's focus, and
the favor of my family and friends
I can only imagine
where I would be
yet,

were not these very people
instrumental
in my misery?
not in awareness, or
certainty
not by intention, but
this is not
a matter of blame
it is a matter of
identifying,
treating, and
curing,
the pain

by
Dushaan Gillum

"Aspire, To Overcome Ire"

Anger is the result
of pain that we cannot hide
it trips us up at every step

anger hinders our progress
as does foolish pride
and threatens our success

it confuses love
it frustrates faith
and robs us of peace of mind

though anger is useful
for our defense
in its own, it continually binds

rage is the poison
on the fangs of confusion
the corpse in fear's lonely grave

it clouds our minds
with deadly illusions
and converts kingly men into slaves

what must we do,
throughout our days,
to tame this violent beast?

simply live,
forgive,
love,
fulfill, and
hold fast to the path of peace

by
Dushaan Gillum

"Rise!"

From the deepest depths
to the highest heights
we lose ourselves
in the issues of life
within our sight
is wrong and right
but the issues are not
always black and white
as we land in spots
that are painfully tight
while seeking the light
in the midst of night
the time is ripe
for our souls to ignite
and ascend despite
our fears and frights

as we take flight
to fly as kites

FLY HIGH! with all might

by
Dushaan Gillum

"Alone"

How can peace,
be so hard to come by, and
understanding,
so hard to find?
how is it that,
I find myself imprisoned,
within my own mind?

trapped on the inside searching
left on the outside looking in
unaware
of when it all began, or
when relief may begin

standing at the edge
teetering on the ledge, of sanity
surely,
my struggles are naught
but vanity

where can I go,
when every way is down?
how do I find,
my way up?
where is the help,
that I am in dire need of?
how do I find out,
what's what?

numb from the pain
trying not to lose, all touch
praying to maintain
some sort
of connection
seemingly,
lost in the world

sometimes,
I just don't want to remember
though I'm afraid
to forget
feeling as if,
I'm falling

many have taken my hand
but none,
have been able to lead
I am a paper

that no one seems
to be able to read

by
Dushaan Gillum

"BLACK HERITAGE"

A culture of beauty,
a past of production,
a passion that runs hot in our blood,
a hope of high expectation—

keeps the fire burning deep in our souls

established by GOD,
branded by destiny,
built in the brilliance of the sun,
standing as lights to the world around us,
striving until our duty is done

workers of art and excellence,
inspired by an everlasting power,
warring in wisdom,
ruling in righteousness,

eternally energized—
for the building,
protecting,
and
furthering,
of knowledge and truth

as we right our return to royalty,
through many toils and trials toward triumph,
over the present order of things—
we persevere,

on, and on, and on

we are a people rich in history,
proud and strong,
bold and brave,
creators of our own way,

true architects of authenticity

our heritage is legendary,

our time is NOW,

our future is full of promise,

our reign will be FOREVER!

by
Dushaan Gillum

"Opportunity"

Many of our struggles
are the result
of living in
an imperfect world
while others,
are the direct result
of poor choices

many of the consequences
of our mistakes
can be amended
while others,
remain irreversable
some,
are simply best
left alone

many of our circumstances
make perfect sense
while others,
keep us confounded
some,
will make sense
in time
none,
are cause for despair
because ALL
are opportunities
for our growth
and development

by
Dushaan Gillum

"Motivation"

As my hunger motivates me
 to seek my next meal
 and my thirst
 moves me to seek water
 as the ring of the bell
 and the most familiar smell
 lead cattle
 from the field to fodder
 as the hope of survival
 drives the salmon upstream
 and fear of monsters
 gives me flight in my dreams
 so does the pain of my past
 drive me

the sins I committed
 the wrong I have done
 my guilt from being
 a wayward son

as my anger toward my faults
 and feeling less than whole
 toward those who are gone
 that left me alone

my desire for success
 is a desire to prevail
 and to make up
 for the mistakes I made

a desire to triumph
 over those I despise
 the many
 who I've grown to hate

my sorrow is the substance
 which strengthens me daily
 and provides me
 the power to proceed

my anger intensifies
 my focus and fire
 as well as
 the concentration I need

you can all damn me
 you can all desert me
 you can curse me
 and even condemn

hate me
 hurt me
 do what you will
 it will only serve me in the end

my motivation

by
 Dushaan Gillum

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Dushaan Gillum
2661 FM 2054
Tenn. Colony, TX
75884

"In-between"

I know how the moon must feel
out alone in space

not planet, not a star
holding no special place

recognized as a reflector
known, but not respected

called by name, almost tasting fame
but still, for the most part neglected

in the land of my ancestors, I stand alone
in the land I live, I'm put off

as I move among those of my blood
in the place I "belong," I feel lost

the middle child of society
the step-child of The States

just a neighbor to all beside me
a stranger in my mother's birthplace

not seen as a foreigner, nor accepted as a citizen
not hated, but clearly unloved

not as low as the lowest
but held back from the clouds above

I understand how the border feels
simply lost in translation

having no home, to call its own
belonging to neither nation

named by two, claimed by neither
used by both as needed

caught in-between hope and despair
unbelievably mistreated

do you know how I feel,
caught in-between?

by
Dushaan Gillum