

P. O. W.

CUSHITE POETRY

by

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This book, P.O.W. CUSHITE POETRY, by Dr. Q. A. Cush, is a nonfiction poetry book written during my time as a prisoner of war, political prisoner, uncooperative slave sentenced to death, and tormented soul held in solitary confinement for more than a quarter century. You have the unique opportunity to read the raw and un-apologetic expressions from my mind/heart. There were times that my sole nourishment to continue to hold strong and fight for another day was the hatred that my tormentors had ignited and stoked within me. But the vast majority of my motivation and sustenance to continue to live and struggle another day came from the love and friendship of my family, friends and comrades. As you read these poems please take into consideration that my writings were done within the confines of the deepest parts of hell within the U.S.A. and my light at times was just a flickering flame and at other times a raging fire. My goal is not to just survive but to gain full liberation. This poetry was a pertinent element of my means of survival.

PREFACE

by

Mumia Abu-Jamal
@ 2002

Cushite Poetry, written by the encaged, engaged Black poet, Dr. Q. A. Cush, is a searing, soul-searching exploration into the hidden realms of darkness and delight.

Using free-style, mnemonics, rhyme and haiku, Dr. Cush explores the universal poles of love and pain, loneliness and desire, tinged with the rage and anger that only sons and daughters of Africa know, having lived lives tainted by the limitations of white supremacy.

Here one hears the voice of a nascent nationalism, black dreams of overcoming and yes, rule – free of the crushing burdens of alien whiteness.

One hears the voice of survival, survival in the House of the Damned, yes, but survival still.

Dr. Cush hearkens to the spirit of a revered ancestor, the Honorable Elijah Muhammad, to find strength, sustenance, and reason in the dungeons of a New Age Babylon.

He is a fighter, in the sense of the brilliant novelist, Ishmael Reed, who teaches, first and foremost, that, “Writin’ is fightin’.”

The prison has given birth to some of Black America’s most militant voices, from a young Eldridge Cleaver, to a subtle Prince Cuba (of the 5%ers). With Cushite Poetry, Dr. Cush has joined that fraternity with his angry, unapologetic, liberatory poetry and prose.

His voice should be welcomed, as it comes from a place infamous for the permanent silencing of such voices.

It is inappropriate for me to ask you to enjoy the following (altho’ some surely will), suffice it is to say, heed this voice, for you shall be hearing more of it in the future,

-- Death Row, U.S.A.

SUNSHINE ON MY MIND

On hot summer days I think of you – Sunshine!
The sensations are wondrous and divine;
From the warm kisses on my glistening black skin,
To the strengthening of my bones within;
Enjoying the wetness of a luscious sweat
That trickles down my spine in rivulets;
A brightness that causes me to squint my eyes
And make them sparkle with passionate surprise;
Comfort that encourages shedding of clothes,
Natural nakedness from my head to my toes;
These are the things I feel when the sun shines,
A parallel to having you on my mind.

PHILADELPHIA

P ower if you take it . . .
H ell if you let it be . . .
I slam where you make it . . .
L ove as you see it . . .
A nswers to many questions . . .
D estraction if you bow to it . . .
E quality through struggles . . .
L iberty is elusive . . .
P eace to the peacemaker . . .
H igher learning for those studying . . .
I nterests to the investors . . .
A lways in the hearts of her children.

HOW DO YOU LOVE?

Righteousness is love –
Loving to do right by all –
Always in God's peace.

Peace beyond all thought –
Thoughtfulness throughout the day –
Daily prayers to God.

God's loving kindness –
Kindred spirits in power –
Powered by our minds.

Mindful of others –
Otherwise whose our keeper –
Keeping our world straight?

Straighten as we walk –
Walking the path to heaven –
Heavenly thoughts raised.

Rising with purpose –
Purposeful in righteousness –
Righteous in our love.

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THE LAST SEPARATION

Why have you gone away and left this vast void behind;
Behind are the good times and struggles that we share together;
Together we were unbeatable and the world was ours;
Ours was a love so unique and special it is hard to find the words;
Words can't express how hard it is to go on living this life;
Life without you is like not living nor loving at all;
All I ask is that you rest in peace, 'till I too return to the void.

TO OUR MOTHERS

There she is, she's always here;
Without a doubt we knew she'd care;
Don't take her wrong, nor for granted!
Like nature, she's Godly planted;
You'll find her in jails or battle fields;
To Mom, even a general yields;
She'll heal your wounds, then knock the champs out;
Show you truth, when you begin to doubt.

Mom's unique, there's no one to compare;
One lady tried, and she lost all her hair;
Mother's got something special, you know;
The curtain opens and she steals the show;
I'm in love and I'll not deny it;
Against Mom the others are a deficit.

Take these words, run them through your mind;
Say I'm wrong! You'll land on your behind;
Mom(s) gave Dad(s) a chance, then gave you birth;
Now she's rocking and ruling the earth.

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE SOLDIERS

You're missing me and
I'm missing you;
Home with just one
When there should be two;
No telling when
I'll see you again;
War is hell,
God should've made it a sin;
You're innocent, child,
But feeling great pain;
No lies between us,
This world's insane;
What can a righteous people do
But fight;
Forcing the crooked, straight
And wrong, right;
Choosing to battle
For your tomorrows,
I'll not cry and
Offer you sorrows;
In the times you yearn
For me there,
Remember I'm gone
Because I do care;
Cared enough to fight
The genocide;
You deserved better than
'Run and hide!';
Look'em in the eyes
When asked 'Where're they at';
Tell'em 'When the war's won
They'll be back'.

TO COMMITMENT

Let's set aside this so-called love for a minute;
Minute, it is, compared to total commitment;
Committing oneself to a person or a cause,
Causing your will and power to focus on one
Oneness in spirit and mind, that leads to success;
Successful, because of dedication not lust
Lusting after materials or flesh, soon dust;

Dusting off ancient culture setting it upright,
Righteous indignation is what our people need;
Needless to turn the other cheek and call it love;
Loving abusers and oppression has one end,
Ending always in menticide and genocide;
Genocidal ways we must destroy and reject,
Rejecting the habit of loving all but self;
Self-awareness, means studying all about you;
Your people need you now for tomorrow to come;

Coming into our own is not easy to do;
Doing what needs to be done takes unity,
United in thoughts and actions, being of like minds;
Mindful of each other's needs and our commitment;
Committing ourselves to success as a people.

TO THE FATHERS

Who will sing
 the praises of the Father?
His work is credited to another;
Oh, it's true!
 We see it all the time;
Thanks given to an unknown sublime;
Before a meal, to Dad do we kneel?
No. That's against some religious zeal;

I saw no one out working but Dad,
But praise to him is supposed to be bad?
There must be a trick to this mystery;
Food, clothing, and shelter is Dad's history.

It's beyond time to set the record straight;
 Truth, sometimes, comes a little too late;

Thank you Father for all you've done;
Mother is Earth and you're the Sun.

FATHER TO FATHER

I am that I am because you proved to be who I soon grew to be;
Thank you father for making of me the man that all're seeking to be;
You taught me that, if I should fall down, get up quickly from the ground;
Never was a great man found where he fell looking for help all around;
You showed me to do my best at all times, then my failures would be less,
Others are content with a guess, I do what you showed and ace the test.

Life's a struggle beyond measure; in this you taught me to find pleasure;
Your wisdom I do treasure, often it got me through deadly pressure;
Fatherly guidance through the ages, moved our family in stages;
The continuance of you is in my sons, whom your blood runs through;
They'll stand as men so true, of father, because good men they'll be like you;
A good father I'll have to be, it's a must in our family tree;
This is something for the world to see, a father proud to be a father like thee.

PATERNAL LOVE ETERNAL

She said to, stop trying to get in touch
And she long ago stopped loving you much;
She admits, you two did make a baby,
you both were wild and a little crazy;
Now so many years and tears have flown by,
your seeking her now is a wasted try;

I told her you want to see your daughter
Not make a bridge over troubled water;
That I guess was the problem from the start,
Your love for the child broke her jealous heart;
Now she has a new baby and a new man,
Your happiness she'll block if she can;

Don't expect to change her hatred to love,
Can you change a scorpion into a dove;
Soon your daughter will be a lot older
And she will see through the lies told to her;
Then father and child will come together
A bond more precious than buried treasure.

NAOMI THE CUSHITESS

She is tall and lithe and exceedingly beautiful;
Moving with grace and agility she's patently youthful,
Speaking with calm and deliberateness, this Lady's an intellectual;
Having morals on high with righteousness, a CUSHITESS in life perpetual;
Precious gifts are brought and laid at your brown feet;
Lower Kemet is your abode and Timbuktu is your retreat;
The World once belonged to you and it's returning to your arms;
Nothing in nature can resist returning to your essence and charms;
I am the worthy warrior that will fight your revolution;
Soon your Kingdoms will unite and give righteous retribution;
You are worthy of protection from oppression, even if it means slaughter;
It is you that I will give all, because you are my daughter.

PEACE AND ONE LOVE ETERNAL
APOLLO CUSH
DADDY

AN OUTCRY

Where were you when I needed you?
Hanging out on the town,
Getting high, falling down . . .

Where were you when I needed you?
Giving your money to a stranger,
Hiding when I was in danger . . .

Where were you when I needed you?
Trying on some new personality
Scared to deal with reality . . .

Where were you when I needed you?
Claiming that you're now religious
Just when you're supposed to be vicious . . .

Where were you when I needed you?
Right in line with the other failed me
In your place sitting at the end.

GOD'S CHILD

Forbidden fruit you were to our family tree
Sweeter than wild honey you are to me;
Why is this world so sick with hate
Rejecting a child outside the marriage state;
Do they want back the life that wasn't theirs to give;
Why don't they deal with their life and allow others to live;
I don't believe a child can be born in sin;
I love everyone who is my blood and kin;
Jesus was born to the virgin Mary
Unwed before a baby she did carry;
If peace comes in the symbol of a dove
Then you symbolize God's appointed love;
You have reason to remain ever strong,
Above all others to God you belong.

CHAPTER

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MESSAGE

It's been a long time
 since I've heard from you;
Your words and thoughts are
 important to me;
My peace and joy are
 locked in your dreams;
Dramas that show us
 in life together;
United we stand,
 long ago we fell;
Down should be up,
 so we can progress;
Success, its key is
 communication;
Talk or write to me,
 I need your mind;
Thinking about you
 is all I do;
Move your mouth or hand,
 reach me when you can;
It's been too long,
 I need to hear from you.

LADY COMRADE

I want the softness of you to be
a part of me.
Because the hardest part of you
would be the softest part of me.
Let me release the pressure pent-up
in the column of your spine.
A magnetism so strong pulling the
axis of your essence to a level
sublime.
Give your trust to me implicitly
and I will free your mind.
I give you my bond explicitly to
break the chains that bind.
Watch as I use my steel to break
down the walls of your prison.
Removing all barriers to your
liberation is my Warrior Vision.

BARRED LOVE

This may seem strange coming from
a man in this place.
Petitioning love from a lady with your
beauty and grace.
Please take time to hear my
plans and dreams.
What I have is more than
it at first seems.
Loving and caring for a man
locked in a cell,
Could certainly be a challenge
and a living hell.
My present confinement will not
last forever.
These walls will come down if
we can work together.

TOTALLY MOTIVATED

I'm writing you this poem because I'm motivated,
Motivated by the pain that tears at my body and soul inside,
Inside my heart is longing for you to return the divested part,
Part yours and part mine needing each other to live.

Why are you so distant when you should be near,
Near to my soul that sees you as the sole mate,
Mated souls we are for now and forever more,
More than can be understood by mortal beings for sure.

Make the metamorphosis from Princess to Lioness.
Lioness to Gryphos, majestic cat with eagle wings.
Wings beating the ether, tele-porting you to my side,
Side by side we shall transfuse into a perfect oneness.

By motivation I write you this majestic plea,
Pleading that you be moved to return your half of my heart,
Heart and soul cry out to you, "give us your magic touch",
Touch me as I meld into you and promise never again to be divided.

DIVORCE

If you leave, I know I'll cry;
If you stay, I know you'll cry.

If you stay, you know I'll try;
If you leave, you know you'll fly.

Not having you near is pain;
Not having your freedom is strain.

If you leave, I know I'll survive;
If you stay, I know you're deprived.

If it was easy to say "good-bye", I'd lie;
If it was easier to stand-by, you'd try.

If you leave, I know I'll cry;
If you stay, I know you'll cry.

This being the end, WE'LL CRY.

THE ORIGINAL MERMAID

It is said that you're a mythological creation
This lie is repeated by those who warred to annihilate your Nation
They say you're unreal because I've hidden you in a secret place
No man can see you and live unless he's of our Original race
Every waylayer who sought you out in my domain found only death
Perhaps they dreamed of you as life fled them in a bubble of last breath
You're a work of art beyond mere mortal comprehension
Only a God can plum you in the physical of your seventh dimension
You are crowned with black waves undulating in the moonlight
With deep brown eyes you absorb and reflect astrological starlight
Unrestrained you are breasted, upon which my son did feed and my head rest
Your arms are strong to carry your fair load but gentle upon a head at your breast
From your belly to your nethermost region you are scaled to perfection
You are priceless and irreplaceable within any, Queenly or Goddess, selection.

MISSING HALF

What did I do to chase your love away;
How can I get you to come back and stay;
Whatever it was I'll certainly change;
Living without you is so very strange.

People say I'm crazy to want you back;
The emptiness in my eyes shows my lack;
Talk is easy when there is nothing lost;
This price I'm paying is too high a cost.

What is it you want, just give me a sign;
Surely my efforts will be blessed divine;
I'll conquer the world just to have you near;
Tell me your needs whispering in my ear.

Please hurry, don't make me wait too late;
Quality time you'll get on our next date;
Time is precious and every second counts;
It's good times that a lasting love amounts.

Us walking hand in hand is my desire;
Sharing fears, joys, and goals that we aspire;
Going to those special places together;
Doing all to give each other pleasure.

DECISION

I sense there is a double exposure;
Can the affair not have come to a closure?
What can it be, me over him or him over me?
Make your choice, then tell me what will be.

ALL MINE.

Speak to me Love in rhyme and I'll respond in kind;
We've done it in body now let's do it in mind;
Let me go ever deeper and be your soul keeper.

All that I ask of you is beyond doubt my due;
Looking at it from my side it's what I gave you;
Speak to me Love in rhyme and I'll know you're All Mine.

ONE ANSWER

Are you angry with me
Don't be . . . I love you
Are you distant from me
Don't be . . . I need you
Are you confused by me
Don't be . . . We can work it out. (smile)

THE WHOLE ANSWER

How do I explain the inexplicable?
How do I share what is solely mine?
What can I teach about my other half?
What can I tell about what makes me whole?
Where can another find a treasure unhidden?
Where can you seek what eventually finds you?
When is the right time to bind whole souled?
When the one you're with is your Soul-mate.

SELFISH

With firm and insistant hands I reach out to you;
Your hand is slow and lax when reaching out to me;
Extending myself to the ultimate limit to touch you;
You put limits on how far you'll deal with me;
Casting line after line I work to secure a bridge to you;
Your lines are like gossamer and I doubt if you want to hold onto me;
Bleeding myself dry doing all just to sustain you;
Your life is enriched by my blood, but only a drop gets back to me;
Why is it you won't give me even a small part of you?
Has it always been just about you and nothing for me or we?

ONE LOVE

I'm no longer hanging out looking for a good time
because I've got you on my mind.
People tell me that it's obvious I'm in love with you,
because of how I talk and what I do.
There is an everlasting smile on my face
as I go through my day, place to place.
No longer do simple things get me down
because I sense your good spirit all around.
I know what we have is going to work out right
because the beauty that is you sustains me all night.

We will be as one till atoms are no more
or we've passed through some strange dimensional door.
Even then the perfection we share will be written in the
Universal mind,
A testimony to a love, unique and one of a kind.

DOROTHY

Do me a favor and don't change a thing;
Original as you are please wear this ring;
Resplendent in beauty you wear a natural crown;
Opening heaven the gift of you came down;
Thank you Almighty for this gift to this land;
Holding you so near is a blessing at hand;
Yesterday has no meaning when you're here today
and every tomorrow's a holiday.

© Dr. Qahhar Ali Cush – January 1997

SUNDAY

Dear Sunday:

I avow to everyone that, I venerate you, and implore you to be my everyday. Other days on the calendar are nonentities. The sun must come and go overhead six indiscriminate times, marking the rise and fall of the other plebeian days. The proximity of you dear Sunday brings about a state of ecstasy unparalleled by the others.

The endowed renown of Sunday is certainly apt. Rationally the Lord marked Sunday's arrival as the time for all to dovetail and worship Him. When you're around there's no hard work done, there's only time for atonement and blissfulness. Your presence transforms my home into a utopia.

You are number one on my list and I could not begin a week without you. I know that it is inevitable that you must be shared as number one on the calendar or list of others, because of your highly acclaimed prominence. But remember this O' Sunday that you are prodigiously pivotal as life's substance to me.

TO THE BLACK GLAMOUR MODEL "SUNDAY".

CHAPTER

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TO THE HISTORIC LIAR

I must tell you the truth,
 I know about your lie;
Lying to the sun,
 hoping to conceal my light;
Lightning strikes twice, setting fire
 to the myths and tales;
Tails upon the serpents
 slithering in your mouth,
Mouthing poisonous incantations
 into our heads;
Heading us into an abyss
 with no bottom;
Bottomless as your kettle
 of lies and half truths;
Truthfulness is something you fear
 with no reason;
Reasoning with a sound mind,
 you'd know not to hide;
Hiding is hopeless
 because truth will surely rise;
Rising to right your wrongs,
 soothing where you caused pain;
Painful as it might be
 I relish the relief,
Relieving us of our burden
 of not knowing;
Known now is our heritage
 as mighty rulers,
Ruling as meant to be,
 no bastard's history;
Historical accounts about
 our family tree,
Trees whose roots reach
 to the very beginning;
Begin to know,
 you can't destroy reality;
Real is – as real does,
 never can you change – what was;
Wasn't it we who gave life
 to the first Atom;
Adam, on this eve, knows the truth
 about our lives.

“THE 8TH DAY”

As I think upon my people in trouble.
Troubled by the oppression in this land.
Land of opportunity for those without color.
Colorless as the bleached bones of countless victims.
Victims of a deaths-heads' label called “white-power”.
Power to murder with impunity Ab-original people.
Peopling the earth with a two-legged blight.
Blighting our world with a slow and painful death.

Awaken you Gods who have slept far too long.
Long have you tossed and moaned through the nightmare.
Reigning six days since the Sabbath you went to sleep.
Sleep no longer my people a New Day is Dawning.
Dawns early-light giving witness to the rising Black Sun.
Son of Man comes into power to destroy and to build.
Building a thousand years to restore perfection eternal.

ONE IN A MILLION MAN

It's time for us Black Men to take
the decisive lead;
Giving our families material wants and
spiritual needs;
Stop letting others take them to a white Coventry;
Do our duty of physical and spiritual husbandry;
Putting a peace in our homes that overflows
out the door;
Self-reliant provider of abundance, no one is poor;
Eradicating low self-esteem and unhealthy fears;
Creating security that will last a thousand years.

It is said that man does not live by
bread alone;
But man won't have wife or children if he
can't bring the bread home;
There are words that God provides even for
the small sparrow;
God provides and He is a Man, from flesh to
his marrow;
When your child is hungry you must feed him,
even an egg;
You don't request that he get on bended knee and beg;
Time is at hand to live by the Universal Truth;
Each man must make his stand bringing forth food, clothing
and a roof.

No longer will we slave for a living that is
day to day;
Struggling to make a living on what the white
man will pay;
We must pave a way, if necessary, to success,
beat a path;
Separation brings God's rewards and evokes
the devil's wrath;
The devil wants his World Order not God's
Millennial Plan;
They must be destroyed from the White House
to the Ku Klux Klan;
We shall prevail, bring peace back to earth
and the Universe;
Establishing infinite love, removing the
devil's curse.

THE MIND DOES MATTER

I focused my mind on the sun veiled behind a dense and cloudy
gray heaven,
Clouds puffing and rising as if seeded with leaven.
Seeking an answer to end my quest to use
my mind over matter
To eliminate the devil and his machinations
to scatter.
Directing my eyes to where the sun would be,
Making my vision one from eyes that are three;
I commanded the clouds to give up their form,
And one form the other their atoms were torn.
Out of their separation pure light was born.

As my mind's ray continued to broaden the breach,
Thoughts came to mind that the Messenger did teach.
The last war would be won without weapons nor hands,
and the devil will be cleansed from these lands.
Then the answer came to me as if out of a dream,
We will wipe out the devil and his machines,
with our all powerful mental beams.

Just as clouds block out the sun with their gases
the devil rules with weapons that destroy the masses.
With my mind and eyes I did rip clouds asunder so too can we
unite as one mind and turn the devils' weapons into plunder.

NO OTHER WAY

No man can claim to be a Black Lion until
voluntarily passing through hell's fire, being
blackened by its soul stained smoke

No man can rise to be a Black King before
gathering the jewels to make a Righteous Crown

No man can promise to be a Righteous Guide
before passing tests as an Upright Student.

No woman can claim to be a Black Lioness
until voluntarily flying through thunder clouds,
blackened by its electric waters

No woman can rise to be a Black Queen
before gathering the seeds to plant a Righteous Garden

No woman can promise to be a Guileless Teacher
before being confirmed an Uncompromising Mate.

No people can claim to be a Black Nation until
voluntarily moving heaven and hell, being
blackened by Divine Transformation

No people can rise to be a Universal Power before
gathering the Gods to make a Righteous World

No people can promise to be the Original Creators
before taking back the world from the devils Yakub made.

MOTHER EARTH TO FATHER SUN

Lord help me with my Favorite Child
He's sentenced to Life in prison
Which is only a slow death.

Lord help me save this tormented Child
He speaks so bold before the enemy
They seek to arrest his every breath.

What can I do in this world so Wild
Watching concentration camps grow
From sea to sea, there's genocide.

What can we do with a white Devil running Wild
He has wronged so many in the World
There's no place for him nor his kind to hide.

Allah give power to my Favorite Child
He's fighting against a white system
Which is determined to kill us all.

Allah give Peace to my Warrior Child
He may lose a few battles now
In the end he will win overall.

Lord stay with my Black and Favorite Child
there is no turning back for him
He's in it till victory is ours.

A LIFE SENTENCE MEANS DEATH !

They put me behind these prison walls with their cowards and lies;
They put me behind these prison walls and you closed your three eyes;
Now I've been here fighting all these many soul torturing years;
You tell me that you love, need and miss me, eyes well-nigh with tears.

I see you're driving a new car and you have a nice new house;
Your life goes on and you even send pictures of your new spouse;
I ask about our babies who are now babies no more,
you say one is fine but the others you have kicked out the door.
Why is it that I continue to fight to live day to day;
Using the rope of the doctor's dope will not be my way;
Kill or be killed to survive is the one law of the jungle;
If this be true then why is my fellow prisoner so humble?

I must destroy this vicious system that's racist and callous;
They strip us of life and love, then execute
death with malice;
I'll not love my enemy which means to die the coward's death;
My enemy must be fought to the last, drop of blood and breath.

HAPPY DEATHDAY TO ME

What if I told you all, "I'm about to die;
I want you to party, not sit around and cry;
I may die in the struggle or getting away;
Die for Black people and liberation today;
To essence I'll return, evoking the devil's doom;
No more torment and disgust in a prison room;
Fighting my way to a righteous, preordained death;
Leaving behind a sentence, prisoner bereft
There is no good in a revengeless suicide
Deaths will come by all out war with no place to hide."
So rejoice when I say "my time has come at last"
I'll go onward slaying devils whose reign has past."

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

It's coming straight from the
Man in the cage;
Some want to call it simple
Black Rage;
I say it's righteous indignation
Black on white, new public relation;
Some say there's no evil in a color;
I say evil's in them without color.

You say I'm using a play on words;
I say they are decay to our worlds;
Deal with the truth, stop berating my sound
A real message, get your face off the ground
Come to your God who's here to save, and helps;
Leave that devil who adds to your welts

You say there're whites who do right by you;
Count on them and you'll be in the stew;
Why is it you desire to treat with death;
They've stolen all you have and want your breath;
Get away you devil-loving cretin;
I'll stack your bones when the devil's done eatin' (sic).

JUST DESSERT

Here is your big slice of humble pie.
For those who enjoy watching others die.
Here's your chunk of beam in the blue eye,
For looking on with glee as people cry.

I hope this pie is making you sick,
How is the taste of your own bloody trick?
There's a lump in the throat that was so slick.
Swallow or die it's your choice, so pick.

FEEDING BABY

You sit in your highchair with a black gown to your feet;
You refuse all the good foods that you're proffered to eat;
You only want what has already got you spoiled rotten;
You scream and holler at me like I'm a parent you prefer forgotten;
You're well aware that everyone's at your beckoning call;
You need to be disciplined for the good of yourself and all;
I sit before you spoon feeding the truth holding no grudge.
You will get what you deserve from me Mason, so-called judge.

RAP MUSIC

Sing Master Rapper we love to hear you sing,
Make these cement walls and steel bars ring;
Creating lyrics to see Black pride swell
A temporary escape from this prison hell
Beating on your walls and floor
Chasing demons out the door

To them it seems you're out of your mind;
But you've just reached a level sublime;
Taking your music to a supreme level;
Driving crazy those who worship the devil;
Don't question how I know this to be true;
The power that guides you moves me too.

Beat your drums through the night till the sun does rise;
I'll sing along while the devil suffers and cries;
Your rhythm makes the soul shake and shimmer;
Chasing away the one that makes us a sinner;
Thank you Lord for this music that is great;
For certain in Rap Music you did perfection create.

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TO THOSE ON BOARD

The cold frothy waves dashed me in the
head again and again;
Pushing me down under with the
force of arms;
Struggling to surface, with strength
I'd not known was left;
Fighting the whitecaps and ranks in file,
wave after wave;
I spew forth much of the cold
I'd swallowed inside;
Gasping to suck in the of freedom
while I had time;
Thrusting my arms and kicking legs,
treading an endless watermill;
Life depends on me keeping
my head above water;
I'm sending a S.O.S. to all of you
still on board;
Stay away from the edge,
this is a bottomless grave for a slave;
A place called prison or overboard.

TO THE LIVING

Struggle against death, in whatever form it takes;
Keep the flow of breath, in the fight against the state;
No bowing to the court, then crawling to the chamber;
This is war, not sport, you recognize the danger.

Cowards, weak from the start, seek the living to join;
Cold and blighted hearts, they'd betray you for a coin.

Keep standing and fighting for freedom and justice;
Keep destroying, 'till there is no more injustice;
Fan the flames of fire, burning for liberation;
Arm those with the desire to be a free Nation.

Life is not for the weak, only the strong survive;
You're the elite, willing and able to stay alive;
Don't let these slavemakers catch you lax and asleep;
Expert life takers, they'll slay you as docile sheep.

Better is a lion's life with pride and dangers,
Than a dog's strife getting kicked by every stranger.

Life is for the living and freedoms worth taking;
Let us keep working for the new world we're making;
This is dedicated to the women and men
First rated, fighting from beginning to end.

TO THE DEAD

You're reeking with the smell of death
From your corrupt feet to your stinking breath;
You hate good, that keeps us alive,
Even unity to survive;
Evil has paled your no good heart;
You thrive keeping people apart;
You fool only those in darkness,
Believing in a god headless;
Keep your steps out of my path;
Should you cross me, you'll taste my wrath.

Stay bowed in your lower regions;
Head in the ground with legions;
Never again to arise
To bring down those still alive;
You're the ten percent leeching,
Rejecting the life giving teachings;
You battle, evil versus good,
Thrusting up a cross of wood;
No more crucifixions today
Dead man, you've lost, God's here to stay.

TO THE COWARDS

If you want to die then just die,
Stop the sad stories and long goodbyes
Stop picking fights with everyone else,
Go ahead and do it yourself;
You've quit and don't want to struggle,
No more surviving in the jungle;
Laying down with your butt in the air,
Going along without a care;
You're afraid of the state and police;
On knees begging to be left in peace;
Get peace on the other side of 'Bang!';
They took your gun? Here's some rope, go hang;
No pity for the nay sayers;
No love for the freedom haters;
The brave must continue to fight;
Cowards, dig your graves, you die tonight.

TO THE HATERS

Hate me because of my consciousness? Don't!
Heed the wake-up call yourself.

Hate my family ties and children? Don't!
Start up your own family.

Hate my intellect and love of self? Don't!
Get a book and a mirror.

Hate my Messenger and his message? Don't!
Find yourself a worthy cause.

Hate my Black skin color and my hair? Don't!
You're just one part made from me.

Hate me because of the truth I speak? Don't!
Stop loving the lie you live.

Hate me just for the sake of hating? Don't!
Hating can create your death!

THE SNITCH

Don't give me that stupid smile,
With your finger right on the dial;
You're about to press nine-one-one,
Looking to tell on someone;
Hoping to strike it ghetto rich,
Turning on friends like a dog bitch;
Time to go back to old school ways,
Putting in ground he who betrays.

Don't cry, you did this before;
The last time cops kicked in our door;
You watched as they drug Mom away.
No doubt counting your Judas pay;
Come along coward as you are
Your place is the trunk of the car;
You needed this from the start;
A graveyard, barren like your heart.

THE HOLE 2

I wanted to write you a poem ... I really did;

But the guard took my pen and paper.

I tried hard to write you a poem ... With tears on bed;

But the words were clouded and vanished.

I began to write you a poem ... Words in my head;

But it's so sad and I've forgotten.

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THE HOLE

I'm going to write a poem that doesn't Rhyme, Because I'm under a lot of pressure;

I'll write this poem that can't possibly Rhyme, For it must show feeling above all else;

It's not easy to pen a poem that has a Rhyme, In a place where pain is the daily bread;

You would understand this poem that doesn't Rhyme, If you listened for cries of the tortured;

Gather your friends and read this poem that doesn't Rhyme, Written for those who do suffer and cry;

Don't look for this poem to have need of a Rhyme, In a world that lets the innocent die;

Give me a reason for my poem to Rhyme, In a place where life and death are the same;

I would have written a poem that did Rhyme, But I'm steadily running out of time;

I'm going to write a poem that has a nice Rhyme, But not until we tear down prison walls.

YOU TOLD ME A STORY

You told me not to,
Expect you to take the lead around here;
You told me not to,
Look for any thing special upon your coming;

You told me not to,
Expect vast energy because you're tired,
You told me not to,
Look for perfection because you have faults;

You told me a STORY!
Because you're everything,
I've expected and looked for.

TO THE BELOVED QUEEN DARLENE.