

inner child press, ltd.



# General Information

## The Breathing Through paper Poetic Idol Award Anthology 2K12

#### 1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2012

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Cover Design :

Chyna Blue Edifyin' Graphix edifyin.graphix@gmail.com "Why am I fighting to live, if I'm just living to fight Why am I trying to see, when there aint nothing in sight Why am I trying to give, when no one gives me a try Why am I dying to live, if I'm just living to die? someone tell me y"

Tupac Shakur



to all the Poets

who have the courage

to stand up

and

to speak out . . .



Poets . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has to offer. Our words tease it forth into action . . . for you are the Poet, the Writer to whom the Gift of Words has been entrusted . . .

William S. Peters, Sr.



a word from . . . Lyrical Movements

My name is Monique Forrester A.K.A. Lyrical Movements and I am the host of the Online Poetry Radio Show, Breathing Through Paper.

When I was approached about doing a Competition that was the Poetic version of American Idol, I was all for it. WrittenInPain A.K.A. Carlos Lavezzari, has a knack at producing something out of nothing. It was very evident that the resources were there, however, they just needed to be utilized.

Once we started brainstorming the format, or the menu so to speak, the show began manifest right before our eyes. The birth of the Breathing Through Paper Poetic Idol Competition Movement was upon us. The journey was a beautiful one, although it had its bumps and bruises. The concept was simple... Yet the challenges had to be complex in order to hold each Poet as well as the audiences attention from the first episode to the finale. The formula was one of liquid gold.

The Auditions created a frenzy and then we knew we were truly on to something Magical. The contestants rained from all over the United States from New York to Florida straight across to the California. The passion was undeniable and the fever was sensational.



The overwhelming anticipation that was felt after every single broadcast was a force in itself to be reckoned with. When the idea arose to pull the audience into the mix by voting who should stay and then in the latter of the competition who should go home, all bets were off. No one was safe. Each week spawned a new challenge and to the same tide, each week someone was voted off the Poetic bus.

Jodi blessed us with her recaps which became known as "Stay In The Know with Jodi" was a beautiful touch to the show. She was very entertaining and informative. This Movement changed the way people listened, the way pens created, and finely tuned a few pens into sharper, deadlier weapons. We moved mountains with this one.

Choosing a judge was a hard task, however Karama Sadaka was a perfect fit to balance the Poetical playing field. He is a seasoned veteran in the field of Poetry/Spoken Word and his influence was felt throughout the Competition.

The Contestants touched our hearts with their talent, dedication, passion and most of all their time. The Competition inspired all who lent an ear or a click to vote for their favorites or the weakest performer. The Competition has a space for everyone. No one is left out of this force. All are welcome. We just ask that you bring your best and prepare yourself for the feedback. It can range from uplifting and positive to politely damaging, Not for the weak hearted would be my disclaimer. Just imagine the show we all Love... They do not lay it on thin... They lay it on thickly. We aim to do you a service, not a disservice.



The Poets who had the most influence on the audience were King Shakur, Aisiah Williams, Barbara Trawick, and Mizz Fab, to name a few. The winner shocked us all by spit-off ~ Goddess Ink A.K.A. Aisiah Williams vs. Bee A.K.A Barbara Trawick. It was a strong finish to a wonderful competition.

Stay tuned for the next round. There will be twice as many surprises and another Breathing Through Paper Poetic Idol. Thank you for listening, loving, and believing in Breathing Through Paper.

Lyrical Movements

Monique Forrester



a word from . . . Written In Pain

When the vision for poetic idol came about in my mind, it stemmed from my desire to sort of *up the ante* sort of speak in the Blog Talk Radio poetic community.

I had grown tired of poets receiving mundane responses to their poetry on a sometimes nightly basis. It was also fueled by a desire to push poets outside of their comfort zones and get them to explore while learning things about themselves and the art form. I also thought it would be entertaining to fans of the poetic community if they had a chance to see some of their favorite poets in a competitive setting.

Come audition time the turn out was enormous as over 30 poets tried out for the contest. Karama Sadaka, Lyrical Movements and myself tried our best to pick the poets that we thought had the most drive and combination of delivery, language usage and creativity. It was a wonderful 12 weeks of phenomenal poetry.

In the end, I'd like to see this collection as a time capsule sort of speak. Some of the very best in our community pushed their pens in the name of poetry, sharing themselves with us on a weekly basis with true dedication. I remember King Shakur with a child in back ground ... Quise calling from work .... Urban voodoo spitting by plane train or automobile ... and Goddess Ink spitting from her hospital bed.



Goddess Ink who was the eventual winner was basically unknown to most of us in this poetic community so it was great to see the platform shed light on a basic unknown which gave the whole experience that much more character in my opinion.

I'd like to thank all the contestants; Karama Sadaka for taking time out of his schedule to be a part of it. I want to thank Jodi for her Poetic Idol "Stay in the Know" which really gave the show some flavor. I want to thank Raayn and Miss Chyna Blue for their artistic contributions. I want to thank Mr. William S. Peters, Sr. of inner Child for always being supportive of everything we do, as well as having extreme patience. Lastly but most important i want to thank my partner in crime Miss Lyrical Movements for providing a platform in which i could see my vision come to fruition.

In the end, I really hope we can do this again, but if not I'm glad that we have this time capsule here, now! There were no losers ...honestly



a word from . . . Karama Sadaka

Sometimes even the greatest of ideas can suffer from lack of planning and flawed execution. This was NOT the case however with The Poetic Idol Competition. From the competitors themselves all the way over to the judges, everyone gave it their all from the moment the mic was first opened allowing us to share and be inspired.

Some of us called in from the road, our jobs and even from the hospital (yikes!). We laughed, we cried, screamed and shouted, but we all came away each week feeling like we truly shared a moving experience.

In the end, it was something I personally won't forget anytime soon and I have no doubt it will be even better next "season".

Please enjoy the offerings from our community presented here.

Karama Sadak<mark>a</mark>

Karama Sadaka

www.karamasadaka.com



"You can spend minutes, hours, days, weeks or even months over-analyzing a situation; trying to put the pieces together, justifying what could've would've happened...or you can just leave the pieces on the floor and move the fuck on."

Tupac Shakur

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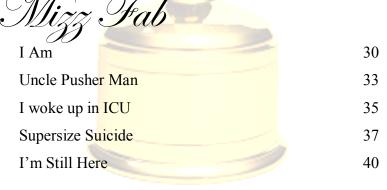


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### a good Poem is one that corrals the mind and spirit of the reader but leaves the gate open . . .

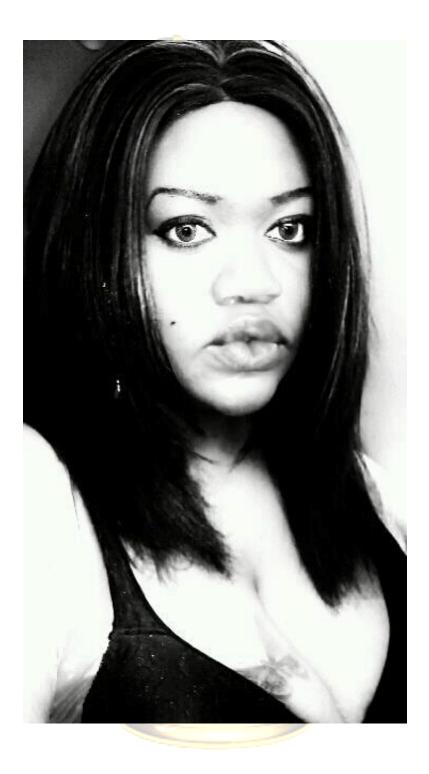
## William S. Peters, Sr.







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Goddess Ink

aka

Aisiah L. Williams

### Passion

I want to hate you. But every time your lips press mine I wanna thank God for taking time to create you I want to be free of you But I wear your mental shackles like jewels My addiction is clear to view And I'm confused Because I know every kiss is like poison Every sweet nothing in my ear as unclear as white noise Blurred ethics quietly pushing my moral line further back each time From "forget him, he's not mine" to "forget her, out of sight, out of mind" From denying my hunger for your essence To dipping my toes in the wetness that comes with your presence Testing my precious With a passion that leaves me breathless... I want to run away from this But the raw strength in your arms squeeze me harder When I try to break the kiss I want an ending to this But crave the momentary weakness That luscious secretness That 50mph heartbeat-ness when I tease-ness

That frees your raw animalistic beast-ness

Teasing-it-with-a-treat-and-daring-it-to-eat-ness

I breathe less

Lapping up the spillover of your frantic energy Drinking in the nectar of your intelligent liquidity Basking in the afterglow of mental stimulation Gorging myself on the fatty velvet of physical relation Triggering mind-blowing saturation of supplication just by approximation Bringing me to my knees Beyond please Chanting pleas for alleviation And painless elevation from loves adulteration-A piece of my past from which there is no salvation Just salivation and dopamine elation Uncovering places that didn't exist until our naked exploration Into the width of creation The height of mental formation And the depth of physical depravation Ravaging and reformation in every secret location The copulation of two artists leaving ink stains and adoration Boy you are sin Of the highest temption.

I want to hate you-But DAMN, I love you...

#### Cosmic Crush (Theoretic Love)

Scientifically speaking...

The theory of black holes and event horizons Says that there really is no such thing as a when And if you get right on the cusp the horizon expands And the grain of the world spreads like sand And because time doesn't exist in the depth of the hole We can see through the flux of time, as porous as foam And right on the edge, all of the unknown Would become visible to the naked eye, all of it shown And we would see that all realities are happening right now Past, present and future all floating about; So somewhere on the edge of never and forever Is a reality in which you and I are together. And maybe this universe isn't even the one that's real Maybe that explains all the distortion we feel Maybe the people who meet and seem star-crossed Are lovers in a universe that is already lost Maybe the reason we can't ever get our relationship right Is because we already exist somewhere in the cosmic night Theoretically, in one universe... There is a me and a you and our child is still alive And our family is intact and in love and we thrive... Somewhere is a world where I never left your side And you never left my protection and love never died And simultaneously there's a world where we've never met And we never knew love because we aren't 'we' yet Just thinking...

That if the light of the sun that shines on us now Is a million years old or somewhere thereabout The sun we look at might no longer exist It may be long dead and we're basking in its spirit And the love that I feel when you look at me this way May be the ghost of emotions that passed away A love you felt for me when I was still seventeen That took years to get through all the confusion in between Maybe the hunger that takes over me Is just a latent reminder of what we used to be All the passion and fire that consumes us now Is just beaming light years from something long burnt out And just like light from a long-dead sun Maybe you and I were over before we begun. Chemically... They say being in love is no different to the mind Than eating large quantities of chocolate all at one time That love literally causes an increase in hormone production Similar to taking hit after hit of crack with no interruption Your brain interprets love with increased dopamine The chemical that pleasurable activities bring So falling in love can make you act like a dope fiend And I'm constantly jonesing for the high you bring Two lovers in a room cause each other measurable reaction

Their blood pressure and heart rate increase with interaction

They become physically depressed when they are kept apart

So there is a scientific reason for the ache in my heart And an educated explanation for why, no matter what, You can't stay away from me, and I can't let go of us.

And every day that I'm without you, everyday that you are missed

I keep my sanity by reminding myself of this: That somewhere... sometime... two lovers meld bodies in fusion Free to simply be without the anger and confusion Somewhere is a me who loves you with purity and grace Somewhere is a you who loves me with honesty and faith In a parallel world we exist in unadulterated bliss Somewhere... we spark creation and birth stars with every kiss Maybe we are celestial beings without body or form And we need to transcend for our love to go on Or maybe we are elemental like water and wind Coursing through the world from beginning to end A star and a planet; A fallen angel, And a wandering muse; Whatever we are... I know I am, Eternally, Somewhere... In the cosmos...

With you.

#### Lyrical Seduction

Ordinarily I would look past, or not even see, Not even notice all the vibe he was throwing at me... But Before I met him, I first met his ink, And the first thing I realized, was that he made me think. It's been awhile since I had my brain challenged-My mental is presidential, and much more than most can manage-But his ink- threw me back for a minute-The kind of thrown that leaves you gone and jaw slack for a minute... Wherever his well was hiding, I wanted to be in it; I wanted to dip his pen and be the words he had written; I wanted to lay him across loose-leaf silk sheets; And let his lyrical lucidity leave imprints on me... I wanted to taste the quill and feel the feather on my flesh, And hear his wisdom spill with every punctuated breath; A muse for his amusement; a proof for his improvement; I met his ink and he embodied a movement. He touched a mic- and it made my spirit quiver. He posted a verse- and my body was soon delivered. He freestyled a few bars- and my brain was set free... I met his ink... and his ink met *me*! And we copulated, copiously: Paragraphic climaxes and digital destinies, Cellular stimulation from easy conversation, Wetting my soul in liquid articulation... He became poetry in motion and pure raw emotion; A secret little fantasy, with my mind's devotion; A pen stroke so strong it controls every motion; His ink is so powerful it can unleash the ocean... He is imperfection, unblemished...

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One look at his scars and I knew I was finished-Something about the typos typed in his soul, Made my pulse race faster and my heart stop cold. His prose shimmers and shines, Like the lines, Of an African coast... His energy ignites a fire in the back of my throat, He pours himself into the mic and I'm *dying* to take a drink... I think I have a crush On his ink.

#### **Broken Paradise**

I see dead people. pale skin and bottomless eyes gatekeepers of poverty plotting mass genocide in the name of humanitarian charity feeding the lambs to the wolves and pretending there's no disparity I see pale skinned zombies with no human qualities just the need to feed their greed by the destruction of our seeds raping the earth of the motherland, stealing our dignity, condemning our lives, while claiming christian pride is THIS why You died?? so that treacherous heathens could abuse the name of Jesus and lay ruin to Eden?

I see dead people. taught brittle skin stretched over bitter bones eyes empty in defense against the horror and sin of being born in a hell of poverty that sits on top of property that ameriKKKa wants to control trading the lives of the millions so that a few can own diamonds, oil, and gold abandoned children sleeping in garbage dumps

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kings turned to criminals preying on their own nuclear bombs destroying ancestral homes mothers murdering babies rather than watching them starve to death or selling them into modern slavery in order to feed themselves the paradise GOD createdthis is what we have left.

dead people. everywhere. ebony skin and eyes turning pain into addictions ignoring indignities that arise praying for salvation on Sunday practicing damnation on Monday blaspheming in betweenyou will have to answer HIM one day.

I see: children dying everyday, being stolen away; mother's tears falling, no safe places to play; black majesties dethroned, because they can't afford a crown; because the higher-ups climb higher by holding them down; no jobs, no education, no responsibility or self-respect; rampant despair, violence, and neglect; water so polluted it's flammable; soil so polluted it kills the animals who use it to feed; God made a paradise world, and we destroyed it with greed... (why sacrifice Your Son for us to live this way? knowing human nature knowing in advance that we will inevitably come to self-induced ruin, why even give us a chance? or are the few who are true, that love You with their whole, worth a billion false prophets, politicians, and faithless souls? if all that will be is written, do our choices mean anything? or is it some multiple choice test, where free will determines our ending?)

... and all around us are the living dead ghosts of what He created us to be with every generation accepting dysfunction with celebration instead of revolting in the streets and trying to repair it... the broken paradise of earth is our dwindling inheritance

### White Rose (Rest, In Peace)

Rest in Peace, I can't allow you to live I have to break your bind on my mind, and let death be what I give I've comforted you for uncountable years I've held your hand tight in mine and eased away each one of your fears I always take your side, I always excuse your actions But it's time for you to die, I no longer want to be a part of this faction Rest in Peace, I'll make the end quick I have no need to see you suffer, for crimes you didn't commit You're a victim of the past, but I'm a hope for the future And I can't keep stitching us together with rusty scalpels and filthy sutures I've kept all your secrets as you've kept mine I've camouflaged all your flaws, and kept you so hard to find But the stress of keeping your life is now strangling mine I gotta pull the plug on you, it's way past time. So Rest in Peace, I'll bury you in white roses and sweet grass I'll sing your favorite songs and leave you a beautiful epitaph: Here lies a little girl who was unwanted, unloved, and undone Who was born by threat of death and delivered under a gun Here lies the girl whose own family bullied and teased Crippled her self esteem so hard she crawled through life on her knees

The pill poppin' runaway who got in cars with strangers hopin' for death Until she learned to lock and load and use violence and threats Who learned to use her imagination while laying in a bed Creating heaven in her head to escape the hell happening between her legs Here lies a girl who lived in misery forever Who was neglected and rejected and thought life would never get better Here she lies, a weak girl with no sense of protection So ashamed of her body and face that she couldn't stand her own reflection Here lies the fifteen year old virgin in the basement Who never really recovered from the defilement and defacement The abrasions and torn genitals healed on the surface at least But here she lies with all the inner scars of the ravenous beasts The seed of a part time pimp, rapist, molester, drug dealing bank robber Who almost died at the hands of that very same man she lovingly called father, The alcoholic who overdosed and was turned away by the light The girl who was given to the darkness and fought it with all her might Who's afraid to sleep at night because in the dark lay her demons May she sleep peacefully now, never again to wake up screamin' Under the blazing sun, I lay her to rest with the angels The girl who couldn't relax because she always felt endangered

Here lies the caterpillar who stayed in her safe little cocoon Who was a butterfly in waiting but gave up too soon Here flies the nightingale who never learned to sing The self hating sparrow who clipped her own wings The lost woman-child who used drugs, food, and sex To destroy everything she despised about herself Here I lay her, with her anger, to a world without blood or filth Where she won't need knives or razors to cut herself out of pain and guilt Eternal may she slumber without worry or doubt All the hurt that kept her in, I release her spirit out Rest in Peace, little girl, I've carried you as far as I can I needed to know who you were to understand who I am But now my conscious is calling me to higher demands So I have to kill you now, but I know you understand I will wipe the tears away from the bruises on your face For the experience you gave me, you can never be replaced For the strength you lent me to survive, you will never be erased

Just laid down gently to a kinder place Where you can shine in the sublime and walk with infinite grace May I Rest, *Finally*, in Peace.







"Bee"

aka

## Barbara Trawick

## Self Destruction

For centuries I've laid dormant in torment of your negligence and disregard for my well being Seeing Your existence fade at the hands of your own ignorance I've prayed for your repentance But your ears are too far gone to listen So you've made me the victim Pummeled through all my defenses Yet my love for your is stronger than your stupidity Flirting with mankind's suicide just to fuck greed I'm dving to keep you alive for me To none of my warnings will you heed One by one your reckless behaviors Are slowly killing me Air becoming to thick to breathe Soon the birds will be grounded and brought to their knees The sun will lose it's place in the sky Clouds will forget how to cry Rain Will blister upon contact of skin and singe our vanity Water tasting like waste with a sluglike fluidity Oceans of oil overflowing reservoirs Contaminating our life source Marine life lost in landfills I am literally ill From all the innocent blood I've swallowed in my core My surface is too heavy to hold dead bodies....no more Senseless violence I can't take anymore I must intervene You will fear me since you can't obey me!!!

So with a whisper to the wind I send wildfires blazin Leavin corpses and leveled homes as a maze and Yet you unphazed Wrestle with these walls of waves Standing 60 feet tall Non believers...I will drown them all Katrina.... My daughter always their when I need her Assaulted the Atlantic and reaked havoc And y'all blamed Bush and bad planning for what happened??? You still need more!!!! So I wrapped my legs around Haiti Cracked open my skin And pulled lives in....by the thousands to my core Thought if I aimed high you'd be astounded Bewildered by my obliteration If I have to sacrifice some of my children to divert damnation That's the decision I'll be taken Besides I brought you in this world And I will take you out Mother Earth

## Flashing Lights

Can you hear me??? Wailing in the wind Adorned on the hum of acceleration pushin 110 Strobing frantically in hues of red that read caution as blue blew through stop signs and intersections too I can feel it something's in the air tonight Somewhere Someone has just given birth to their last breath in this life If my timing is right I may just see some souls ascend to the pearly gates of white It's the hot summer days that leave me in a daze Crime rate climbing higher than mountain peaks but peeks at nightfall Never know when I'll be dispatched But I answer every 911 call

Call #1

3 misguided youths at school with guns When black trench coats brought coroners with body bags and white sheets Turning school cafeterias into stockpile graves In awe of the unseen loose seam in the mind of a children that seemed normal Call #2

A mob bashing on gays for a gaze in the wrong direction So they decided to quicken they're life's detour to hell By beating the gays beyond the recognition of which their own mother couldn't tell Willing to share a cell to sell their soul to the devil As long as the pigment in his cellmate's skin Is no darker than....his

Call #3

Truly astounded me.... Humanity lost a fight to gravity Shootin heroin made him a heroine Till he face planted on concrete from the 5th floor Testing his wings to see if he could soar

Call #4

Arrived on the scene to see the worst I've seen Husband angered by wife while sippin on brews her face now wears the bruise For every time he flexed her body caught the reflex of his closed fisted beatings But she covered for the coward Although she knows her nose lost its sense of smell sense he cracked it like eggshells

#### Call #5

Made me wanna die A baby no older than six Discarded like trash in a landfill Stomach contents revealed He was eating his cereal with a serial child molester It took all the strength his mother could muster Cause it was her baby she missed as she wiped the mist from her eyes

But The most appalling crimes are the ones that are never dispatched at all

Victims to fear stricken to make the call

The ones where the criminals are suppose to be enforcing the law

Boys in blue honored with a bravery metal for their

involvement to meddle

with the innocent

as they pepper spray peace and break them off a piece of their justice

My all seeing eyes pivoting 360 degrees I....see....everything But no one ever asks me What I think There are days when the cries of my sirens Short circuit and I pray a fuse goes out So I can black out and shut the world out.

## Black Girl Lost

Your reality is a matrix Red or blue pill you choose No worries it's all a rouse Young girls skippy happy to be hoes No more Jiffy or after school special shows More Idolizing reality shows Whoa But the reality is paid by a check Broke and homeless when the flashlights fade to dim Shoppin around your soul on run down soles to see who bids next Open negotiations with your legs spread wide Stuffin bribes between your thighs to feed that demon inside Gucci, Prada, Louie clean Butchu more dirty than greed Hair once nappy and coarse altered your course So you opt for a weave Can't have those genetic traits of proving to be black seen

Too vain to know there's gold flowin through your veins So you artificial pretty on real ugly scars Steeple high titties silicone packed in bras Temporarily rich Permanently lost Self destruction the cost Brothas spoon feed her liquor Made her a clit licker Porn star figure But Everybody knows you snorting coke up your nose To keep the mouth on your conscious closed All you hears are echoes So far gone You Pluto cold Dead chic walkin Running fast to her grave I hope she remembers Jesus and asks to be saved

### Breadcrumbs

There will come a day When my silhouette will remain tattooed in the skyline As I watch from up high Know....that I will never leave your side But If the sound of my voice becomes becomes distant Close your eyes And find me in these lines Life What makes it so special is that you only have 1 Time is its ultimate thief so use it wisely because you can't take it back or change it once it's gone. Let these words be your guidance during this world's journey Your tissues when you shed a tear Direction in the mist of confusion Like fragrant flowers born of seeds pollinated with love I dedicate this to you Keep growing Be as wise as any man that leads because he believes.....in his purpose and never takes orders to follow Knowing what's done right here, in the present always affects tomorrow. Rest your strength in ambition over adversity when the path ahead isn't well paved Know that. Even the strongest statues were once rubble and pebbles in their past lives. So Keep growing Like seeds planted with great potential, strength and beauty There's no ifs, ands, buts, never(s) and can't(s) If you claim it you can attain it, what was made can and shall be

A mind relentless, determined, illuminating hope amongst the lost;

Can dispel any fallacy

Your voice speaks the truth,

With every syllable spoken, vows of change spread through the air like a virus

infecting the hearts of believers everywhere.

Hands gentle and enriched with humanity bringing serenity and rescue to the earth when sorrowful cries fall upon your ears

Shine your light bright, promising prosperity,

erasing misery.

Use prayers as weapons against foes both large and small Remember you are a precious gift blessed from THE

ALMIGHTY above

So.....Keep growing

Like seeds planted with promise, purpose and unfaltering courage

Effect change,

challenge yourself,

never become complacent with the majority nor be afraid of being unique

The belief

of one can spread change to thousands.....millions.

Believe in yourself when the only other voice you here is GOD

And know

that will be enough.

So Keep.....growing

And growing

And growing.

### Bliss (Sonnet)

Captured by your light like fireflies in a mason jar....

my stomach still holds the butterflies you've sent in your absence..

rapid wing flutter kisses erase the taste of me missing you although the warmth of your breath is far

You are....the definition of the smile that defines love's presence

Rising at the start of each day and setting when it's done

Pressed lips whisper poetry in the soil of my garden

Seeping sticky morning dew as pollination has begun

I reap girlish giggles on the petals of every flower as his pistil hardens

Whimpers tickling my larynx as they swarm to exit my lips

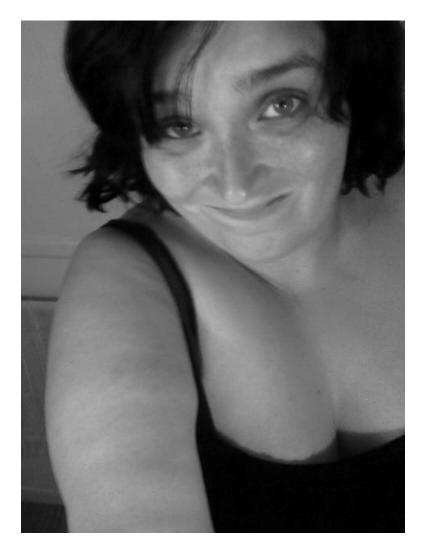
Resounding in soft pleasantries while you look at me and call me your baby

Pulsating and precipitating every orifice

Consciousness fading practicalities evading because I'm waiting

To be deafened by love's sound

With my feet dangling above the ground and my head in the clouds.



Fab

aka

# Leslie Ryan

## I am

I am that annoying kid Nobody understands Loud outburst Fits Can't control my temper I just want to punch somebody A wall will do I am the one that stands out loudly Like won't he just go away Won't she just vanish I am the homeless man Thrown off a bus for smelling funny I am loud pop stars trying to make their Outside look pretty Yet there inside is ugly I am hair weaves I am spray on tan and silicone I am the outcast The strange looks The whispers behind the back I am silent cries in the night Holding a razor blade To make it all stop I am dank weed smoke To chase ghosts away I am creativity stifled by ignorant fucks I am that freshman in highschool The new person in town I am everything right with the world No second chances Cause I can't buy a loan On expired happiness

I am still holding onto that red balloon Obliviously that my two feet aren't on the ground I am fed up with the government Yet I refuse to speak up I am that mother in the welfare line you called a crack addict When in reality I am homeless I am humanity's funeral I am killing my own kind With every know hate crime known to mankind Corporate Civil war Silence the masses with toxic sin So they can make us pray to their "god" We can't even get peace of mind Not even at christmas time I am baby's dumped in dumpsters Toilets and the side of the road I am the cruel harshness of the world Waking up knowing no one will ever give a fuck So why give a fuck about ourselves I am lazy and self absorbed Shy and disillusioned I am hypocrisy Golden rule thrown down the toilet As we sit and watch everyone Rob, steal and kill our little bit of heaven I am suicide Not screaming for help Just can't take it anymore Sick of shelling out money To fund research for things That should have been cured years ago I am instant ty dinners and fast food

I am eyes bigger then the plate Complaining while families Are fighting for food and shelter Down the street I am America I am wallstreet All walks of life who Wont unify Cause of germs We don't want to rub off on each other Yet we don't want to be ourselves I am multiple personality disorder Schizophrenia and anorexia nervosa Racism and homophobia I am resurrected into some Bride of Chuckie media monster Love child of lindsey lohan and lady gaga I am originality Duplicate prints available at your local walmart Clean up on aisle four Total mental breakdown Send us all to betty ford Put draino in our coffee to slow us down We haven't slept in 2 weeks Since we found twitter I am a survivor Running up this hill called life Unmoved by anything that would Try and defeat me I am Pieces of a whole lot of nothing Trying to hold it all together Without snapping .....

#### Uncle Pusher Man

Lonely mothers PRAY their children never run into him His PREY school kids, selling bad decission in baggies A little dope to smoke To replace non existant daddies Offering a pharmeceutical playground A pied piper He weaves deception into his sales pitches All he needs to do is get them to try it once To feel cool Then their friends will want TO be cool TOO The pusherman babysits your kids for free you're to Call me uncle he says Tells blossoming girls THERE sexy Makes them feel THEIR innocense away Teaching them head games For a couple of rocks of the good stuff He's got an eye for the outsiders The kids nobody likes This is more then experimenting He stabs into their menta ITill he makes his home there Making the wheels turn slowly A cycle of running and stealing and lying Cause no 13 year old can fully support a crack habit Birthing a generation of drop outs with no ambition Homeless before highschool Cause mom and dad can't take it no more Dopesick runaways They have a love/hate relationship Trusting too much Till he rips em off He'll pay them back

Make them take the rap STASH his STASH in their bags Hand them fully loaded semi automatics So no one dare fuck with them he thinks he has won corrupting Innocent children pretending to be soldiers Pretending not to be scared He will leave you face down in an alley With 30 bullets in you Not giving a fuck It's not his son or daughte rHe is just an uncle Adopting children Selling their childhood fantasies for cheap Dollar store dreams Sticking shackles on their still young souls Confused Lifeless souls who wanted to grow up Tripping in mom's high HEELS Uncle's combat boots Smelling like alcohol and cologne nothing soothes or HEALS these battle wounds life experience warn on there battered bodies Pass them by as they beg you for spare change To use your phone just for one minute unaware of the AFFECT unclepusherman has on their impressionable lives substance abuse beginning to EFFECT them Minutes inching closer to death Guilty CONSCIENCE Children over dose, left un CONCIOUS parents burrying their babies But no one could save them They had there hope ripped from them Along with their heartsSold their soul to the devil Pusherman taking their lives before they even started.....

### I woke up in ICU

I woke up in ICU Unable to move The pain stung allover Nurses came in to check I had been in a coma for 4 weeks Traumatic Event Slowly remembering I tried to run I was no fast enough Usually better Yet that night I stole my sisters heels I remember there was ten of them All teenagers They laughed at me Called me a sissy A queer They pushed me down I remember boots to the stomach Coming down on my head I remember blood Warm Leaving to quickly I remember The boy screaming STOP Right before the brick hit my head I cried out to God They didn't know how hard it is to be transgendered Hardwired male But knowing every piece was feminine

Feeling beautiful inside Yet ugly on the outside Having to wear fucking boys clothes Cause if I complained I feared what my mom and dad would do Wishing every morning I could just be normal Yet not knowing I was amazing just as I am Anxiety just using a bathroom in public Watching people look at me different Laughing As they broke me Not knowing if today was the day Things would get to far If one day I wouldn't wake up Nobody knew I tried to cut away all the boy Hoping for a pear shape figure Perfect complexion and long flowing hair Nobody knows how it feels wanting to die Just because nobody wants you..... Thrown away Threatened daily Nobody knows how it feels to be me Uncomfortable in my skin Unable to change a damn thing Lying in this hospital bed fighting for my life Wanting so badly to drop the label transgendered And be love as a fucking human being

### Supersize Suicide

Screaming silently Scratching at stomach tissue Growling greedly Gimmie more Hunger personified This beast feast on her insides Never missing a meal Tells her she is fat She is ugly she is stupid Brainwashed The beast lives off empty calories Diet soda and chips Bad relationships No one will love her if she is fat Hungry hippo He always needs more Never completely satisfied His home expands Yet he is swimming in her clogged arteries Supersized soul Who has spent her whole life trying to break away from this vicious cycle Trying to stuff saturated fat into every void So busy trying to get the world to love her Even though the beast tells her she is unable to be loved To be beautiful Waiting to be rescued Building houses out of lies

A whole city of junk She doesn't need inside She tells herself just one more fry One more big mac And she can guit Drink more water Yet the beast won't have it His main goal is too kill her slowly Get her hooked to processed foods Slowly releasing toxin into her blood stream It always starts with diabetes High blood pressure Cholesterol Heart attack She is staring death in the face Dying to be that damn girl on the magazine No calorie counting can save her The beast has became insatiable Feeding on her oversized remains Self esteem slipping She is death personified He's hungry growling minutes after feeding Nails digging into her He is going nowhere..... Determined to stay Stubborn putting up a fight Delegating delusional dreams She wishes she was a ten But she is 5.99 supersized Waiting to breakdown Depressed

Breathing Through Paper

The beast weighing her down Pound by pound Eating away at her flesh Till she is the beast and the beast is her There is no separating the two She just wish he shut up Didn't cost her so much With the medical and grocery bills She will die buried in debt Keep on running Yet not knowing what for That beast has found himself A home......

## I'm Still Here

Right where you left me forget me left me on a shelf to fend for myself gave me a couple pretty scars a few demons in the closet then gave up on me i stayed put kept my mouth shut while the world terrorized me i stayed put even though my pain was unmanageable fuck that i ran away i ran away i would sit under the bridge every time we would have a fight and i would write and write till tear stained notebooks led me down dim lit streets this is where i was born this is where i died and this is where i now reside i am still here the one with no voice silent to the world check my notebooks thinking this one is about you i stopped writing you those letters after you gave up on me you gave up on me my forecast was sunny

you put clouds in the sky said my future would be full of rain clouds better pack an umbrella better learn how to tread water alone vou left me to the world alone i wasn't even four but guess what i am still here still hurting still screaming still breathing surviving without i learned to live, breath and survive in the dark learned to sleep with my belongings cause when sunlight hit it could all be taken away savor the day holding to hours obsessed with numbers years, months, minutes, seconds you've been gone and the whispers opinions people putting doubt in me before they even got to know me i am leslie and every day i am breathing is a middle finger in the face of those who gave up on me i am in your face though you turned your back on me still kicking and screaming the same way i came out the womb and i will die a survivor giving my blood, sweat and tears to all i do

you gave up on me so i took myself found my shelter in hope and learned to find my voice over all your bullshit and your blinking thinking your seeing a mirage but i am still here fighting like hell laughing at death as it tries to shove me in a early grave there will be no funeral today i am still here and i don't plan on going anywhere







Urban Voo Doo

aka

## Micheaux Forston

## R.I.P. ((Random Incidents of Pain))

I been tested I been Tried by fire I been buried alive Beneath the rubbish of Filthy books Tested by filthy looks I been a crook A cronie A little homie Ditching school Cuz I hated trying to sit Still No longer believing In make believe My mind on fire First time I ever knew the devil's Temptation Too many nightmares These days its hard to dream Wasn't long ago that Fantasized about childhood Play back home in New Orleans Frustrated cuz I was Trapped between 79th street and Oueen Came here blindfolded My eyes duck taped to fairy tales Cali snatched that tape clean from my eyes I still feel the antagonizing Sting of it Every time I let my mind wander Through the enchanted forrest Of childhood memories

I only see the shadows Had to find out the hard way Niggas out here careless about Life holding death hostage with Three letters blasted on a cross street wall R I. Ρ. Rest in Pieces of parchment Broken memories And tired war stories We Rest in pieces of bitter memories Remembering how much unlike our Mother's son we have become Dead homies Remembering the time moms sat next to us in our hospital bed Lying silent condition critical The first time violence ever came into the home At 14 We celebrate death like A birthday lost in three letters R I Р A young man growing old Wasting away like a malnourished tree Blindfolded by ignorance No wonder we can't see The dreaded screech of wailing sirens No wonder our ears are deafened to the truth of it all I have buried a lost soldier Adolescent stick up kid shit The homies paralyzed by grief Dolla died at the hands of his own

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Relative Where we live life strangles the future With bob wire and steel wool It only takes a little brillo To filter the horn That way we can watch death Burn slowly before We take that last blast and then R I. Р I hear the clash Of dull steal From the sound of sheriff badges Scraped against the concrete Justice always seem\$ to get stepped on Protection always scarce Why prevent violence, when violence protects you from the unemployment line? Subsequently We Rest In Pieces of charred glass Falling from the ceiling of the facade Niggas out here careless about Life holding death hostage with Three letters blasted on a cross street wall R. I Р Rest in Pieces of parchment Broken memories And tired war stories We Rest in pieces of bitter memories Remembering how much unlike our Mother's sons we have become Carryin guns in the 4th Grade The homie son already know How to weigh a gram

Daddy proud his boy Already got that hustle in him No use to fight the truth The devil already winnin' More than likely we all sinnin' in some Way Just that in this urban climate Young folk be victims of gun play Most of 'em only know one way And some may not know at all Following blindly Until R. I. P.

### I want to write her into existence

I want to write her into existence As if somehow automatically she would appear and adhere to my every wish As if she wouldn't have any issues See she's complex and often times we figure her complacent Adjacent to bitter memories Were beautiful celebrations The happier occasions I want to write her into existence With a pair of thighs like o my And a mind that can explain calculus Plus if I could write her I would ask her to consider the first time we kissed I would ask her to share her story I would listen... I would imagine butterflies And symphonies Coming from her lips I would feel the refreshing Of her waterfall I want to write her into existence So that I could fill her with the knowing Of her origins I want to enrich her with love And present her the finest flowers I want to watch her smiling As if tomorrow was a miracle And today was a prayer You see she is rare She is ideal She is the woman for me

## I Believe

I believe that when God colored me He knew That someday I would Somehow unlock the cages That bind we He colored my skin to remind me That genius exuberates from within And you vibrate on my wave length Like solar system we move together I believe he knew... He knew that someday I would rescue you from your lonely. He knew that someday I would muster up enough courage to be your Friend, your man, your brotha And your homie Lover who rejoices when you call me Daddy Only because I know that I have somehow come full circle A three hundred and sixty degree Awakening knowing that it Is you whom god made to compliment me You You are my balance You are my scales by which I weigh the potential of tomorrow You are my tomorrow

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My future decision My strongest ambition You are the very essence of my reason And logically it must follow That we would be together It was written It was justified by sweat By blood By destiny I fought millions to be born to find you To remind you That genius exuberates from within And without you All life would end Girl Let me impress upon you Your worth For birth would be nothing Without you.

Breathing Through Paper

### Deeply

You touched me deeply Wrapped your index finger Around my issues Massaged the tender places That needed urgent care You saw the spirit In anguish, Manipulated the tension Until finally it went away. And then you left me You left yearning for more than a friendship You sapped my energy Siphoned my resolve

Desperately hoping To gas me up I inhaled the fumes from Your exhaust You left me exhausted The thrill is gone Seems I lost it long time ago A long time befo you cast the first stone You touched me deeply like Bullets piercing flesh Like hollow points Made to pierce vest But who knew That my fortress of a heart Would still need protection I was in lust of imperfection Deeming you perfect

Even tho you have so many deep scars There were no bars No tiers No dayrooms But your love was much like prison Admit it You were the warden And I an inmate subject To random searches The inmate subject to Random questioning Searching for the preponderance Of evidence No matter how wrong you were. No wrong Just Condescension No right Just preconditions Existing not as a partner But as a captive Feeling like a fugitive Just because I had A tendency to daydream. You were the hurricane That broke my branches The tsunami That inundated My landscape I attempted to love you I attempted to challenge my very Nature To cajole my intense longings

I attempted to forgo my misgivings Misunderstandings Only to find my self drowning in Your polluted ocean I premeditated The murder of crows And vultures while forgetting to fly. You touched me deeply like Surgical instruments Used to remove my heart You removed the cancerous love Of your insecurities Thank you.

# An Incredible Knight

Surrounding me was a great Tapestry of color There were Da Vinci's and Rembrandts In the back of my mind I could hear the panting hoofs of conquest approaching In a moment I found myself Paralyzed as if I was weighed down By chain and mail unknowing A battle ax had fallen to my left flank I sweat icicles and shat bricks A death blow nearly severed the root Of my forelock From beneath the ground a beast Shiny black with claws like Sickles this thing was huge As if instinctively, I dove toward The unknown afraid to stand still I retrieved the battle axe and emerged from the dusk I was Hannibal The Carthaginian scurge I was Ali ibn Abu Talib The Saif al Haq My courage penetrating beyond the shallow vesicles of fear protruding From within It was as if something had possessed me I became Melchezedech Battling on the Mount of Olives I have been here before There are traces on my DNA Of ancient battles

With the swiftness of Surety I advanced Gallantly vanguishing my assailants I fought through the thick of it only to find that while my dumb ass was day dreaming The beast decimated the HOOD! Wake up this aint no fuckin fairy tail This is a land of two by fours Hammers vice grips and Nails This right here This shit is concrete and Steel. Fire and gasoline This is reality slapping you In the Fuckin' face Cause ya'll niggas aint really seen no war Most you niggas never seen metal that crushes bone Never seen a scrimmage line With warriors drunk with violence Un wavering You have never witnessed the carnage And devastation Of battle Only the sound of gun powder and screeching Tires Never seen the battlefield heaped with bodies And escape lost in the commotion Never seen the charging forces of Destruction raging 2 feet and 27 inches beyond your big toe No no you can barely imagine it So how will you ever prove that you are a warrior?



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The Notebook

aka

# Quise Williams

# Hold Me Down

You are my definition of, gravitation ...

Holding me down in, the same name, changing your last name to Blaine, the way you lift my spirits like, levitation... With out hesitation...

Being my equilibrium, taking the true meaning of Love to. New elevation,

Emancipating my heart, only to offer it to you for, complete personalization...

Impale me with, your passion...

The ways you Love me are, to the point of, momentary paralyzation,

Where, for a moment, my words are stuck, caught up, in translation...

With word stutter to, inside flutter,

To, find someone who, Loves like, I...

Who feels the need like, I...

Who, has an appreciation for, one another and, dreams the same dream as, I...

Wonder...

And wish on things.. Hoping, You're thinking the same, Let me smother you with kisses to, evaporate, your rain...

Onward on, Heaven's highway, Divine entity, diluted our remnants, hardened and shaped the mold of, the oneness, we are... No duplication of strength between we, two, No imitations can, do what we do... Love me.....as I Love you... Render me breathless as, I breathe in, your exhales... Suffocate me with, your sweet smell... Speak to me in, your tune of, clarion as, we hold one another's hearts and, carry on...

No baggage, Only what is and, what will be, No has been, Rid of all the pretense and past tense, You... Are, my future...

You are... The music of, my heart's producer, Smart and beautiful with, the brains of Confucius, no confusion of, where my heart lies baby...

You answered the call when, my heart cried baby... The resuscitation when, I flat lined, my heart died, baby...

Took a free fall, sky dive. You, stitched it with wings now, my heart flies...baby

You are, once... Twice... Three times, a lady...

And, I Love You.

# **Imperfect Perfection**

Without correction... your reflection, is my connection I'm talkin, flawless perfection... from inception, I was intercepted and turned in your direction... you...guarded by my protection, me...effected by your affection.. with my eyes glued shut and, a blindfold I can see you as my selection, and blessed beyond measures...

No mediocre system of metrics could have even projected, how many dots we connect with ... the number of signs...as we produce timelines of memories to come. the number of lines...I've written out, how this love was won... you're imperfectly, perfected.. by me, unanimously respected for embodying woman in every aspect... You and your every asset and curvature of your frame, as you aim to maintain your beauty, as beautiful as a mobile, still frame... igniting the hottest of blue flames within me, simply, making you... my imperfect, perfection...

My pendulum push my counter balance.. when my buttons are pushed, you counteract it, producing a smile... no counter productions for the similes you give to me, except for switching the second and third letters taking out the last letter (I), and you still end up with a smile... and I end up with a pile... of emotion, from my heart overflowing, from you immaculate devotion, this Love ain't no joke SHIT! Imperfectly perfected...

If this was food then, please, give my a plate full... just understand, I'm kinda excited but, I'm tryin to be tasteful... you say you're only human, I don't mean to give you a label but, I want to thank your parents, for birthing an angel...

No breach of birth, nor Love's contract... cloud 9 high, I got contact.. from you seeping into the cracks and crevice of the shell of my frame, and O my God!, every time you say my name.. It just gets deeper and deeper as my strength gets weaker and weaker, till I'm putty in the palm of your hands.. I don't know if you realize it yet, or fully understand.. Poetic Idol Award Anthology ~ 2K12

the kind of woman it takes, to break down a man with my mindset.. but, in like before, I never had my mind set... But, now my heart's synchronized and the time's set...

This...is spoken Destiny if you didn't know it yet... and I can only speak into existence what it is, that I want... which is you...

til infinity ends ....

And I know they say nobody's perfect but...

together

perfect makes us.....

an imperfect perfection.

### I STILL

I still, hear you... taking in, elongated winds like, sprints after running, passion's amazing race...tying for first place, dead heat as, the same heat turns, sauna like, mass producing beads of sweat hidden between wetness of other secluded spaces...I still hear...whispers of my name and, high pitched screams reaching invisible octaves quaking like Richter's scale...shaking til, the creek overflowed, walls crashed down and your oceans fell...leaving me wading...waist deep...in your Love. Poetic Idol Award Anthology ~ 2K12

### Hurricane

She blew in like, strong winds... Shaking and moving, the very foundation of what I thought was my destiny, manifested in the form of a stagnant standstill... Time...stood still...

Body moving like 100 mile per hour winds, Autobahn fast turns and, twists of emotion like, rollercoaster spins and, dips and turns til, the end, Then, you hear, that was fun, let's do it again...

Depending on if you can stand the rain, If you can make it through the joy and, the pain that it brings knowing, I trust in you and, for you to know that, Ill never leave nor, forsake you...

She came thru like, the eye of the storm... Where the weather is most warm but, the most damage is done if, you treat her that way.. Things can get destructive, A mass production of destruction of, ripping whirlwinds, sending your mind into a tailspin again, Only, if you treat her that way...

Mis treat her that way and, there will be an immediate evacuation placed on the city, that day... Past false pretenses and, false Love defense is enough to place anybody on the defensive... And it's understood ...

Because, my defense, carries more weight than Houston Texans linebackers, Building more walls than contractors, And I don't add to storms so, I keep my cool and try to straighten things out like, relaxers..

But, the fact of the matter is, there's still one major factor...

The rain...

Shout out to my brotha with, no pun intended but, most of my life was, Written pain so, I can stand it...I've been thru all the bad weather and, collateral damage and, I always manage so, I tend to Love, the rain...

Not so much, enjoyed it but, I tend to have an appreciation for all the pain, I've been thru...

At the same time, trying to rid of all the pain, You've been thru...

She came thru like, the quiet after, the storm ...

Sun, seeping thru the clouds with, angel kisses of rain drizzling, down from heaven, Just enough for you to enjoy them... Poetic Idol Award Anthology ~ 2K12

Just enough for you to understand, the reasoning behind, the devastation of, a natural disaster when, some men don't understand, the treasures of a real woman and, turn their women into, Natural disasters...

> But I... I understand...

That's why, I Love the rain in all forms...

I Love, Your rain ...

My hurricane.

### My Pen Is Me/We Are Poets

My pen is me so, I write...

Capture, unconscious prose, spew from within, the depths of tortured souls...

There are a lot of us...

Depressed...

Angry...

Outer shells disintegrating from the heat and, minds to, insanity

But, I can't be anything other than, a poet because, that's the way, my mind thinks...

Disillusioned from, mental confusion,

Unaware of my surroundings then, I blink ...

Not, missing a beat, fire flame, spitting heat but, whose, worthy enough to, judge me?

Just because, what we do is not suitable for you, Where do you get the audacity to, let misunderstood hatred, spew?..

Ass backwards, ass, going backwards, up an escalator, climbing up the stairs, giving blank stares...

We are visionaries with, tunnel vision,

Automatic precision,

Precisely speaking, when provoked,

We can be vindictive...

We write to, right, wrongs..

Pick up, pens and pads and, write to, stay on right paths, writing our ways, into the light...

Pendulum pieces with, ink that flows from, side to side..

Feel our words, let'em knock, inside your ride ...

Open eyes wide...

Gain sight...

Our sights set on, making it through, night's darkness to.

### Poetic Idol Award Anthology ~ 2K12

Write our ways to, sun's light...

See, we gain peace with, each piece, insight and, intel.. A pledge of allegiance of, intelligence that's been, through hell...

We do this for, our children so, they don't take the route, we went,

Closing their eyes, wide shut so, they don't go where we've been.

We are Poets...

We are the movement that, will continue to, move it We put, raw emotion into it because, if not, there would be no need to, do it.. See, with us? There is no mental capacity We will always have room that's vacant see, Always, trying to better ourselves, there isn't a such thing as, complacency...

Permanently, linked in, inked in, no erasing see, Carved in, desolated tree bark for the world to see...

We Are Poets...

This is what we do... We depend on each other to make it through...

My Poetry is God's gift to me, how I use it is my gift to you...

All I need is one stage and one mic.







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1 Love

aka

# D. L. Davis

# The Note

Another life gone too soon. An untimely death? Maybe. Or one less burden in the world of the haves and the have nots? What's a life worth? If this is *all* life has to offer, I can't afford it; I can't cope. Sometimes I write, so I wrote this note. I can no longer live my life as a masquerade ball. I mean, after all, *sometimes* I fool all y'all but, certainly the *only* one I'm cheating...is me. Depriving me of what it means to truly be happy.

Note (check) Chair (check) Rope (check)

I've always been an outcast.

Didn't seem to fit in *anywhere*; not even in my *own* home. At the dinner table with mom, dad, lil sister and brother; but always alone.

No matter how loud my shouts and screams

no one heard my cries and pleas.

The kids in school are cruel, so I ditch.

Sit on a bench...in the park...and write.

If this, is *all* life has to offer, I can't afford this; I can't cope.

Sometimes I write, so I...wrote this note.

Note (check) Chair (check) Rope (check) My passion is to be a writer.

I like poetry, but mostly short stories...fiction.

One day Imma be a house whole name; yeah, that's the plan.

I saw the video that prompted Lady GaGa's anti-bullying campaign.

He promised it would get better.

But I was too weak to push back. I lack

strength to overcome the obstacles and I apologize, Martin. And as for You, You said u would not give me more than I can bear.

Hmph, have I got a few choice words for u.

We all have a breaking point.

They *teased*, *picked* and *pushed* me over the edge...of my chair (check)

Now, I'm at the end of my rope (check)

Signed,

Do u really care?

# I Have A Dream

On the East Side of L.A. is where I used to lay. South Park? That's where I used to hang out and play. I endured many eerie nights and most days were not so bright. Imma native of The Back Streets The domicile of some of the shadiest brothas you would ever meet! "What up, potna? Who's you?" I'm the 1 in the Low 64 Cut. Locs on and the system's up. I'm on top of the roof, so you *can't* see me. But with my 20/20 view...best believe I can see you. Call me the White Horseman or Dr. Green Thumb. I'm The Don with the Magic Wand. I'm that *N-I-DOUBLE G-A* in the alley. A.k.a. The Candy Man. The o.g.'s call me, The Pusha Man.

I could have been a crook.

I was a witness to the dope being *bought, cut*, and *cooked*. I could have been the one on the corner sayin' to my crew, "*Everybody on point, here we go!*" Dealin' to strangers, hoping they not FIVE-0. It could have been me with the sleepless nights posted at the front door with my arsenal, guarding la famiglia by the street lights. I'm sleep deprived, so you believe I'm slippin', right? But *NIGGA*, how you *FIGGA*, you can move *QUICKA*, than I can pull this automatic *TRIGGA*? So *Bust-A-Move* and try to dash with my cash. GOOD LUCK! Oh! I never miss. So you...just *fucked up*. I could have made SCARFACE look like an ABC movie *THE WORLD IS MINE!* And it would have been all about me. But see, I'm a survivor. My soul was kept alive. Despite all the negative influence, Dr. King isn't the *only 1* with a dream [may he R.I.P] So, I decided to stay in school and, *Do The Right Thing*. This is my 3rd chance at a, *Higher Learning* and this time I'm in it to win it. You see, I *refuse* to be just another stat:

#### "Another Death In The Ghetto Yesterday Male, Early Teens and Black."

And that would be in small print buried way in the back.

#### I HAVE A DREAM

To one day *STAND UP* and be heard with all eyes on me. Now that dream's a reality [Thank You, Jesus]

#### I HAVE A DREAM

That one day, *each* and every one of you, will be...*whatever* it is...that you dream to be.

#### **1LOVE**

# The Thriller

Comin' up from under! Feel my erection before my resurrection, comes the light and thunder. Ur 1 time to shine is a, bloop & blunder. I, rise from the dead! My return you dread, When you sleep... I'm handing you your fucking head.

Only the brave dare stand and face me. 1 of us will be left standing faceless. *It will not be me. And though you fight to stay alive*, resistance if futile. *Your feeble attempt to be victorious is ridiculous! You should have run but u chose to walk! This verse shattered you into pieces!* Bits of u outlined in chalk.

I'm s-s-s-slitherin' up on'em spittin' venom in'em paralyzin' organisms before they realize what hit'em. It's time, nigga! Ur ass is mine. Here comes the fatality line... **FINISH HIM!**  When I rise again it will be your fall. I'm *snatching* legs from opponents, so I stand tall. What is this bad reflection I see? You tryin' to look and sound like me. I'm disgusted! Thus, I crush your esophagus so u cannot spit like me.

I'm grabbin' my shovel cause I'm tired of your shit! Lay your ass in here! Yeah, that's a nice fit. And since you cannot go back to the womb, I dug this hole for you...now your all alone. I'mma write it on your head, so it is carved in stone! "Forgive him Lord, for he knows not what he done.

*Here lies another, who tried to fuck with the evil of...Bad Boy* #1."

## Love Makes No Sense

I FEEL Love! Right down to my core. Love causes my body shake and tremble... I'm not quick, I'm not nimble. Love smacks my face! Head bounces on the floor. I can't dodge the swings, I scream, "STOP! No More." Love takes aim, yells God's name in vane and with a swift swing of the wrist (oh shit!), lights out...I can't SEE. And they got the nerve to say, "You should leave!" I say, "I can't!" They ask, "Why?" I reply, "I'm in love." So I, go back and let love darken my other eye. Fresh mornin' brew. Heyyy, boo. "How many lumps for you?" (POW!) 1, (BANG!) 2 Love is in the air. Wherever you are, I wanna be there. I'm lost! Without you, "What would I do?" Love rears its' hand again and plummets with maximum force The pain is too much to bear... can't inhale...lost all sense of...SMELL. I'm a *beast* in the kitchen Love *staid* fed 3 squares and anything in between...including late night smacks.

You know, I don't recall the satisfaction of my *own* cooking.

Delicious, multiple flavors (*POW! BOOM! BANG!*) exploding on my tongue.

I forgot what that feels like...since love slapped the **TASTE** out my mouth.

At one time, I heard *everything* clear as a bell. The Love had to repeat itself and sometimes yell. I said, "Love had to repeat itself and sometimes yell!" Now, now I can't **HEAR** anything at all cause repeatedly, Love beat my eardrum and slammed me into the wall.

Love kicked and tripped me! But I refuse to fall!

#### I HEARD, SEEN, SMELT, even TASTED Love!

*I've had enough!* Last time, I told love...I prayed to Jesus AND God, "*Never again!*" But apparently they didn't get the message or they thought I was jokin'. I pulled a Nine from behind my back (*click clack*) "Listen to me, Love! Now that I have your attentionI have one thing left to say, before I send you on your way. *I need you!* to believe me...*just* as I believed you. I...I love...I love you, too... **BANG! BANG!** 

# Numb

"Can you smell that?" It's the odor of innocence lost the *stench* of hope...gone. I much prefer the smell of you cookin' breakfast... bacon, cheesy eggs and mommy, your pancakes always came out browned to perfection. Your French toast was my favorite though. I can just taste the love. I got four A's this semester and you took me to receive my Most Improved Award but you slept through the entire ceremony. You was in such a rush to get home, you nearly hit that woman and her baby in the cross walk. You dashed upstairs and locked yourself in the bathroom for hours I remember when you were high...on life. Now, now you cradle that spoon and needle as if your life depends on it. You used to hold me like that; with such love...an undeniable, unbreakable bond. I miss you, mommy. Thank you for the computer. It's a great gift; it's a curse too. I found someone who will treat me way better than you do. Hell, at the very least, he can't be worse than you. By the way, I have not met him yet but he assured me everything will be ok. Seems like a nice enough guy so I'm off to give him a try. Four and 1/2 months later, she received a visit from the SVU Division

The pictures were too gruesome

so they showed her a piece of jewelry for a positive id; a gift for his 12<sup>th</sup> birthday.

At first glance she knew...

her eyes swelled with tears, she screamed and yelled.

It's been a long while sense she showed any emotions.

It's been a long while sense she felt anything.

All she has now are vague, hazy memories.

The inscription on the bracelet reads, "I will always protect you, mommy."

At first glance she knew...she failed as a mother.

Poetic Idol Award Anthology~2K12



King Shakur

## Footprints In Da Hood

Father Can You Hear Me?

I've been looking for you since the day I was born. Not having you around me all my life left me torn...Left me Lost. Yet know I'm Found...But Father Where we're You when I almost drowned? Where we're You when my shoes were ran down to the ground? I was the laughing stock of the block...Father, They thought I was a Clown...Father Can You Hear Me?

It's Me...Remember? You Made Me...You Named Me...Don't Blame Me If I would've Grew up a Screw Up...But No...I Learned From My Screw Ups...Strengthened My Mind and Suddenly Blew Up....Now Other Poets I Chew Up...

And Since I'm The Son Of A King that means This Kingdom is Mine!

Father Can You Hear Me?

I'm grown...It's about Time!

Father I'm Ready...

"I Know...Listen Eddie...On the Path You Just Remain Steady...I have the Whole World In The Palm of My Hand....I Carried You....From Before Your Birth, Throughout Your Adolescence and Even Now as a Grown Man...My Son I Chose You". You Chose Me? Alright Father But Where was my Dad? The Gangsters, Pimps, and Hustlers were the Only Role-Models I Ever Had...No longer am I sad...I just wanna know...Where was my Dad?

"Son, Everything happens for a Reason...Through all the hardship in life...The Pain only lasted for a season...I Never gave you more than you can bare...Son, Can You Hear Me? I Love You! I Always Have and Will Always Be There...You are Now Royalty! You are Now Aware! No Weapon Shall Ever Prosper Against You...Don't Even ask about Satan...Touch One Of Mine...I Wish He Would Even Dare...So Yeah, Your Father Can Hear You....Loud And Clear!!!

# Dear Momma

I'm Writing This Letter To You and All Mothers Like You Just to Let You Know Momma...I Forgive You!

I Know You Never Meant to Cause Me Any Pain...I know Momma...It was that "Cooked Cocaine" that disrupted Your Brain...I'm so glad you didn't remain on that "Cooked Cocaine"...So Pardon Me Momma as I reflect back in the Pain...

Dear Momma...The Kids down the street say you do a lot of drugs! Is that why I lack a lot of hugs and sleep with a lot of bugs Momma? Is that why our fridge only has Mayo, KoolAid, and a Coffee Mug Momma? Is that why I see you walking through the house searching for God Knows What, Fidgeting, looking Bugged Momma? Dear Momma...My Nintendo Games are Gone...Nana's Money and My New Sneakers that were barely worn...How'd the left side of my good shirt get torn? They tease me everywhere I go Momma...Sometimes I wish I was Never Born...

Dear Momma...I have a basketball game tomorrow...Will you try to make it? You should've seen me out there last week...The last shot...Coach asked me to take it. Inbound Pass...Fake left, Go Right, Crossover, Through the legs...Off The Glass...Ma, I bust they Ass... Dear Momma...I'm ahead in my class...You missed Parent-Teacher Night Again...I left school and had to fight again...Hit someone with All My Might Again...I bet he'll leave me alone now ... Momma, fighting isn't my thing but I had to learn how...Momma, Will You come back Home Tonight? Nana's here so I know me and my brother will be alright...I just missed you the last two nights...I really don't love more...Your kids know what vou or that Pipe...Momma, make up your mind. Did you learn anything having to go away and do Time? Foster Care was rough but I was tough Momma...I made it out Just Fine...

Forgive Yourself Momma...I'm Crem de le Crem...Otherwise Known as Top Shelf Momma...

But I Know I Couldn't Be WHO and WHAT I AM without YOU My Dear...

That's why to this Day I Hold You Near...My Unconditional Love Will Remain Constant I Swear...

Dear Momma...You'll Always Be Right Here!

# PRETTY BROWN EYES

Oh How I Love Those Pretty Brown Eyes...Surprise! It's Your First Born...Immediate Attraction...I knew a Star was Born. Cequense...Not Only Because She was Born that way but that's what Her Birth Certificate Say...She's the First Born of a King. I Still Remember that Day...I was only 16 but I knew how to kneel down and Pray...Thank You Father...She's the exact replica of Me...How can this be? She has Pretty Brown Eyes Just Like Me...She can see, hear, touch, and taste...Learn at a fast pace...In every category we have similar taste...Never would I think back and want to replace the fact that she's a Girl because She's My World...More Precious than a Pearl...Daddy's little Girl! I just so happen to look over one Day and see her left eve wink...It made me just think...Not only do we look alike...We have the same left blink...Our hair is the same...Our Eves have the same slant when they chink...Our Minds the same...We move the same leg when we think...Even our DooDoo smell the same when it stink...But Still to my surprise...I can't get over the fact that she has My Pretty Brown Eyes...And if you look through them You'll see a Pot of Gold...As so it's been told...They are the windows to Our Soul...So don't mean to sound but I stand as Proud as A Peacock because I Know We Have The Same Soul...Like a Reebok. Classic!

is a complex being . . . he makes deserts bloom...and lakes die.

Gil Scott Heron





Breathing Through Paper Poetic Idol Awards

Monique Forrester Lyrical Movements

Carlos Lavezzari Written/nPain

JoAnna Menzie Jodí

Karama Sadaka K.S





Lyrical Movements

aka

# Monique Forrester



## Fight For Something

You know what.... You better wake up....

And Fight.....

For Something....

Or before you know it You gone...

Died for nothing I domineered my way over there....

And then over here, With my musical capabilities...

Damn this solace Poetry I'm looking for empires to save...

The Generations lost I make it up...

As I go along At all costs...

And when I woke up this morning I Decided...

I was going to Fight for Something....

Why waste the jewels The Father has blessed me with.... Why let drift? Inspire a rift...

Of purple People Eaters...

And silent speakers... I mean...

Fight.... Like

I'm the last one Standing

Banding Landing

On the upper side vs. the lower slides The lower scribes...

Replace the higher tribes So....

Fight for Something Or Die for Nothing.....

## Love Noted

I never professed to being perfect I just have a knack of doing thangs differently

Blame it on my upbringing Or the times I wanted to be anyone.....

Other than me, We all want to be free....

Chase our real dreams, Leave behind the hustle for a bit,

Maybe take a ride on a ship.... I am a Lyricist

Born and bred Words are my vice

That's how my brain is fed I know many people from

Bonnie to Ted Kwame to Penn

From Dylan to Zen Need I say

I guess pain does build character So if absence makes the heart grow fonder

I'm going away..... These days are filled with gray,

As I lay, I think.....

About the memories shared I thought you cared

I think I feared the outcome Which happened to the episode anyway....

I think I wanted you to stay And that was.... that....

Bring me back..... you..... Mmmnn.... I cannot begin to say

How much I miss you, I guess....

I should say this is the last time I will verbally kiss you

Peace out Goodbye Romeo

Farewell I wish you the best

Tell your Juliet She's lucky I fell

Or maybe she's unlucky Because you are a snake

Mean as a fake There just to get ahead... Either way....

Goodbye my friend It was really nice knowing you

I miss you like crazy Ever since we faded away

I can't sleep... I can't eat... Feels like I'm dazing...

I just wish I knew how you felt about me The love returned was an anomaly

I wish I never met you came to mind Maybe....

Now..... I can finally shine... I just hope I am right on time....

#### Broken Karma Reborn

Karma keeps Passing me by

I play Pac As I wait

For the signs The landmine

Leads me astray Historically, life's events paved the way

New tears to fall While saying goodbye to yesterday

That's all My eye was dry

The past makes me cry So much death in this world

When I go Please

Remember I tried and I tried

To be What this crazy world wanted from me

Bitter I became Lost my name to the game

Chased the fame with some shame And to tattooed the Lord Jesus' name in a grain of rice

To read it with a magnifying glass Just to show you how nice

I can be I need not to pretend

I write for me Not the audience

Secrets unfold I write from my soul

I strive for control How can I help you If I can not help myself

Life has made me practical Yet I am still a dreamer

Think of the beauty Think of being golden and free

To know that he still exists My heart kissed your raspberry lips

Been On the moon

A thousand times Okay... Maybe a time or two

Now I'm over the trip But when I was high up there....

I thought you were my sky Gravity plays tricks on me

I'd prefer to live on the fly I made some bad choices

I pray for the light I pray for the ability

To hold on to my smiles, even at night Learn to speak from my spirit and not just from other body parts

Waiting for you Destined to be

Leaving the blues to time travel G's Enjoying life's undertones

In a zone Far from being alone

I needed more time to roam Now ~ You are on the fold

Dream Lover I see you waiting

On a cloud Eating cherries

Drawing air hearts with my name I seek not Jerry

I just have a song to sing Forgive the ring

The game The times we play

The math we grade The tunes we trade

The sleep we lose The minds we bruise

I mean please I need to leave

This World...

Unused Okay

Less abused Dare I to refuse the cues

The blues Fade like a hue

Then I do... innately... Move the bricks for the sun to shine

My rhyme Is mine

I do the time Put in work

Like my middle name was Grind I know you see me

Feel free to comment I'm like Lindsey Lohan ready drink till I vomit

Her new step-mother's killing her I died a few times too

Nine hearts they gave me Moved water under bridges like Katrina

Recite mythology to the point you think I'm greek... Like Athena

I hope the gray forgives the black And the white butters the backs

I hope the green teams up with the Queen And the brown makes

It up the stream A girl can dream

Now I'm off to do some last minute faxes Change the F to a T..

Now I'm doing taxes I need time off my axis

Better than Lyrical Movements I'm changing my name to Lyrical Blacksmith

Maybe Renaissance Something with a bit more pop

Like Groovy Rudy Ambience

How about Moody? I'm asking suggestions....

What do you think would truly suit me.....

## Life Jacket

I'm Sailing Like K'Jon....

On this ocean, so vast I forget how to run I used.... to be fast

On this cloud so high I forgot how to fly.... I used to soar like a canary... bird, in the sky

On this journey, so broad I forgot how to aim low.... I used to be in control ~ I'm not the same ~ Yo!

On this yacht, without a sail I forgot how to exhale.... I used to take deep breaths, fill my lungs up... for days

On this trip down memory lane, I forgot how to remember.... my life without pain I used to cry myself to sleep at night, now my tears morph into rain..... ~ Read my plight...

On this passion filled pain, hiatus.... I forgot how to care, I used to be so sweet... but now I just stare in thin air....

On this romantic voyage for one I forgot how to love you.... I used to love... everyday like my last ~ now I Love fast...

On this somber trip I forgot how to appreciate the sun I used to wear Ray-Ban.... Now UV rays can have their fun....

On this fantastic escapade I forgot how to stop and actually watch the parade I used to visit every float.... Now I sulk in the stands.....Murder she wrote.....

On this never ending adventure I forgot how to fish... Effectively.... I used to have a rod.... But now, No one gets next to me...

On the crossbow and arrow ship I forgot how to kip, back flip, and dip I used to be Quick... ~ So quick.... ~ Mr. Murphy named himself after me in that movie.... On the TLC tip I forgot how to communicate I used to verbalize.... The agenda ~ And now I just pretend to....

On the fin slip I forgot how to stop.... Trip.... I used to be on cue.... ~ Now look at me.... I just dropped the brew...

#### From Kamkutta to Calcutta

This one is for the road..... My middle name is Word,

Smith... Some like to call me...

Lyric, Others call me Mystic...

I should add the 'al' You can call me

Full Of the flow

This one goes... slow.... Like Corinne

Baileys And Ray....

Damn Is all.... I can say

The Gutta Stars fall from the sky like Kamkutta

I flip jargon live Java This is Calcutta

Skin smooth as butter Golf swing tight like Tiger

Only better Never text the jump off

Send a letter.... I know,

Nasty, Ask about the past....

Tragic, Ask about the future...

I'm a hatter Not mad.....

Just angry Even Steven....

Better believe him She can be plenty,

Flow sick as time.... I lost my mind,

When I committed myself to the grind.... Where goes the signs,

All I do is shine Talk about the Sun,

My BFF Sky high... Get the rugs....

I get by, Like Kweli....

Lose my vibes like a pony No time for phonies.. Retire slugs...

This is the only... Presents are nice,

I'd hunt to be wife..... But single life is.....

All me, All ups.....

No downs, No fights to wear the crown.....

But why do I miss him Daydream, about kissing him...

Damn this Love ship, I'm chasing front flips....

From now on I chase the Flow....

I chase adventures..... It helps my soul to grow,

I know wrong from right, I sleep moral tendencies.....

You do not know me.... So..... You don't owe me anything

You can keep that prison ring, This be the Movements....

Call me spiritual, Lip twisting lyrics....

Analytical, Subliminal,

Legal criminal, Swimming liberal....

Moving literal..... Mountains into fountains.....

Poet from the Bronx Pushing roses

Losing poses.... Just to smile,

On time.....





WrittenInPain

aka

# Carlos J. Lavezzari



# We Are Poets

whats in a word..spoken..? in the hands of a word weaver pretense never intended.. reality not suspended seamlessly blended we are not as they are .. we use words with precision viewing the world with neo's vision scribing life with a hero's mission RIP MY HEART OUT MY CHEST PUT IT RIGHT IN A RHYME We have no filter We are breathing Quills Dipping our souls in blood This is the ink of a poet truth and light is this what you think of a poet we are the raped the abused the confused the molested the brokenhearted the outcasted the black sheeps the adopted the promiscuous the poor the teachers the reporters the enlightened the story tellers the history keepers the visionaries

RIP MY HEART OUT MY CHEST PUT IT RIGHT INTO A RHYME we are poets!!! we had no choice no option the spirit was born in us light was created from but a word whats in a word? once spoken.. the power to inspire thought we are poets and although we walk amongst them we are not as they are they think about life... on a good day we.. we are the salt of life our thoughts are consumed with how to depict life so that the mortals can enjoy its flavor we are cheifs making alphabet soup each with a recipe .. irreplaceable we wilt but never dying DONT FEEL PAIN CAUSE ITS ALL IN THE MIND we change our names we hide our faces because our hearts are on our sleeve needing that paper to help us breathe we are written words in flesh RIP MY HEART OUT MY CHEST PUT IT RIGHT INTO A RHYME we are poets

# Grandma

My grandma would feed me breakfast in the morning eggs bacon homemade biscuits She would make them the same way her grandmother did who had learned the recipe from her grandmother... who was born in africa when i got tall enough, she would stand me up in a chair and allow me to help her knead the bread she would tell me stories of the bible tell me i was gods child... and not to fear no man. I must admit... I just wanted them biscuits. She would paint pictures in my mind visions of my great grandmother raising chickens my great grandfather a bootlegger in north carolina but... i just wanted them biscuits so.. when they came out .. all you needed was syrup while they are still warm so the syrup seeps into the pores "never bite bread .. break bread like Jesus did" she would say but i just wanted them biscuits so.. while i was watching tv.. she would say "i don't like them little rascals... cut that off" "that damn bugs bunny a evil little thing... cut that off" my favorite show was "threes company" lord have mercy i would just want to watch my favorite show

she would come call me.. put me on her lap telling me stories of my mother as a little girl stories of the "mooslums"..as she would call them and the KING, in reference to martin luther king jr. she would talk to me about how men use to beand how a lady should act. "women don't drink from bottles men dont spit in the steet women don't be outside drunk don't you piss in no street !!!" i just wanted to watch TV.. truly

Before bed she would make me get on my knees fold hands and say "now i lay me down to sleep i pray to lord my soul to keep if i should die before i wake I PRAY TO LORD MY SOUL TO TAKE and then i would give thanks to my ancestors by name VANNEL NEBRASKA ODU she said this was the bloodline in which i came through but

i just wanted to go to sleep My grandma died when i was 9. but i remember everything she ever said to me "every closed eye aint sleep don't let your left hand know what your right hand doing same dog bring you a bone will take one from you grandson better a real enemy than a false friend"

I missed my grandma when she died but i miss her more now i miss grandmothers i didn't realize that before i slept she was bonding me with the spirits that has guided my lineage for there is no death in the spirit of life

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i didn't understand that her interrupting my television watching
was to keep me grounded in reality
guarding me from those visual lies i was inhaling
as she told me stories of my mothers youth
to put my importance in perspective
sitting me on her lap
bone touching bone
igniting chakras in my souls
evoking my conscious self
for i am an extenuation of their very lives
energy never dies...
i am my great grandmother

so

when i think of eating those biscuits made the same way my ancestors prepared them i remember that hot kitchen drops of my grandmas sweat..only sweetening the batter i was tasting africa and didn't even know it SOUL food indeed.

nowadays... most children are raised by tv's and computer screens most food they eat comes from sources unknown most grandmothers are too young to hold any history for they're children cooking is a lost art as is story telling and its sad...

and yeah... i miss my grandmama biscuits

#### love letter

So, I dip scripts from soul patrols astros, past those, from orion's belt.. make lassos black hole near my soul sucking life from me no time or space near... face fear for fear of reality for fear being comforted inside insanity even god cant handle me these scandals dismantle me part of the devils strategy lost souls fill vessels nestled inside zombies trying to fight the light so the angels cant find me liquid hell inside of me speaking in low tones DEMONS TRY TO QUIET ME black wings hiding me st.peter denying me body burns children die violently crumbled in this concrete jungle witness the fall of the humble Armageddon glad its here vengeance for lost souls vanquished from the stratosphere in a dark room i was consumed then cocooned only the selected will be resurrected count me among the neglected im infected

shapened from clay only born to decay I CAN HEAR A TRUMPET SOUND judgement to be passed down i fear no evil i fear no flames i fear no death call me by name witness the coming of here after or then after neither time nor space so which over comes faster THOU CANNOT SERVE TWO MASTERS love me or hate me i am who you make me follow my open door it will lead to more for what do we pursue ? the very reason we work? pay our taxes? go to church? to feel the misery of a life never living up to its worth? no.... we desire the freedom to DO AS THOU WILT i am only what you make me and confining your desire will only make you crazy LUST would it exist if man was free by his own hand? for under the blade of one many have bowed to a command GREED is a simple need for more in fact it is only ambition at its core

for who would keep man from that tree only he.. who knew more than me for that he is sworn over me!!! DANCE because i can hear the gallops of horses pulling chariots of fire ENDULGE in your flesh because a darkness shall come before the light BOW to your gods and false idols i have seen great wonders in the sky plagues rumors of war are these not the days proven far worst then those of Sodom and Gomorra? yes.. they are DO AS THOU WILT in the distance... i hear a trumpet sound

# **Blood Brothers**

From i was young enough to remember a student i was of mother earth and all her ways I could listen to wind whispers..and know the season to reap the season to sew i could bring my nose to the soil and smell fertile ground I worked hard for the pleasing of my motherwho was dark...dark as i was yet beyond beatiful it was her delight to see the farmer i was becoming... the great shepherd i already was i could command a flock in a word never letting one stray a sight to see a multiude grazing two by two my brother, who wasnt much younger than i, was not built in the manner of men he was extreamly fair his frame fragile a bit clumsy of hand... my love for him an extention of my mothers love... she ...who babied him and coddled him his manhood suffered due to this over protection knowing he was too weak to tend to the grooming of mother earth i placed it upon my self to teach him the tending of the flock in time he became good enough to fend for them alone allowing me more time to grow the first fruits of the season this was the way of things for a complete cycle and it was good ...

in time i began to see my mothers beautiful gaze leave me her loving kindness seemed to be bestowed upon my brother good shepherd indeed but he failed in comparison to me he allowed them to graze at random even losing some along the way yet...her gaze was with him for she was pleased... It was the end of the life cycle the time where a offering was to be prepared for my father i had spared the best seeds for now when my mother approached me my son..your brother is much to aloof tp prepare a decent offering to your father what is it you ask mother?...i questioned please..help your brother as to not shame me she who birthed you both help him guide him so that he may find favor with your father see my love for my brother was an extention of my mothers love and she was beautiful so.. i showed my brother the richest of the flock for mating the best graze for feeding and when the time came which calf to keep sacred... and it was good so on the first day of the new cycle we went to the meeting place i remember the morning thereof... my mother placing kisses on my brothers brow this infuriated me!!! her lips on him. in a manner i only dreamed of. we reached the meeting place and i opened my sack revealing the fruits of my labor the juicest of the first fruits

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grapes fitted for wine only worthy to be poured in the goblets of the gods a complete array of all of mother earths blessings and it was good my brother... yanks the virgin calf from the sack.. unskillfully slices his throat and lays him on a stone My father arrives his voice..horrible and mighty looking at my brother YOUR HEART IS CLEAN... AND THY WORKS ARE GOOD. MY FAVOR IS WITH YOU.. BLESSED BE YOUR NAME!!!!!! in an instant he was gone without even recognition of my works when we returned to my mother he retold her the events with joy in his eyes her joy was exceeding!!!! she embraced him in a manner she has never embraced me rage filled my heart i spoke to him brother..join me in the feilds that i may show you the working of the soil this to delighted my mother my love for her dying my love for my brother dead for i have been his keeper and sure as my name be CAINE !!! they will both live long enough to regret this day!!!!

## diary of the unwanted

first there was love wasnt it? had to be followed by a heartbeat beating beating this is the music making me living before becoming concious yet concious i am living growing breathing .. i can hear her she is the base line to my sound track growing still knowing one day my eyes will be all she caares for this is love isnt it? her life is my lifes livings engulfed in her core knowing there is more as i perform summersults to remind her i am axious to live in that world the one she lives in full of the sound creating the music i dream to I WANT TO LIVE how long will it take before i can verbalize this desire will i even remember this place this time when i could feel her loving me..this, is love isnt it? holding stead fast to dreams this life a lullaby

SHAKING HEART BEAT DOUBLES somethings wrong with her i can feel her pain as i feel the pain like a hot rod pearcing my leg.. through my thigh another through my head out my eye why??? another another then... silence this feeling over coming me numbing me feeling nothing like the oasis of life she feels cold to me distant i am literalyl melting away it .. it dosent hurt anymore but this is not peace this is not love Is it? heartbeat beating beating beating then... music stops.... (please ladies stop having sex without love) Birthright.... inspired by Danyeil Green I was born under the Empire's Skyline Where greed and gods collide Where love drugs and crime combine Yet this was in the distance Nothing like my existance Born Bronx crack spot vacated lots and the sweet smell of burning garbage in the air and it wasnt about the addidas or gold chains it was the boom bap of original rap pumping throught the veins my question was how can i get a global view with these obstructions of self destruction towering over you a system that dont consider you just as well get rid of you or for being smart get torn apart and riddiculed its the odds verses you and it seems your skin curses you yet i see pass the park bench and these low rent apartments could still hear horn riffs trapped in harlem blues when hustlers still wore shoes and hustling still had rules bullets over broadway every street got a story tip beers giving glory to those who came before me both laid and played the game before me

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things chaged near the polo grounds the officers on them rooftops take photos now where brooklyn at.... classon and gates... raising the murder rate now its colors and flags brothers in tags losing what we really never had close to my notepad raised here damn if i die here plus NYPD dont fight fair ask yuseff elenor louima, bell, diallo ... after awhile it becomes much to swallow guzman biaz tawana brawley told the truth new york city of ambition where buildings fall under suspicion... fall.. or rise above conditions romanced by the ghetto neglecting poverty so those who have .. turn fighter defending property i was born here city that never sleeps so its in me to never sleep

Breathing Through Paper

loud bragadocious lyriclly ferocious tri-boro thorough im from new york city the pen spark bench mark central battery prospect park where ever the stars align im in a new york state of mind i was born under the Empire's skyline

#### Leader of the Followers

a story you can read to your children

Once upon a time there lived a man who devoted his life to building a prosperous land where children played freely..men stayed at home and such no one sat on each other cars look but dont touch people didnt gossip or argue too much It was important to him that there remained a unity A bond between neighbors For a true sence of community Because of this there were no fights Joy filled days Peaceful nights A place void of true ignorace silly talk and biligerance It wasnt odd by sunset to find an empty park Parents had children home by dark They would gather for functions Partys and lunchens That was before now Before the rats got in somehow It may have started as one Then came another one before long this place was infested with them this weird smell came from them as they attacked residence now this place was infested with pestelance from there homes came these sounds their babies now infested the playgrounds This man had no clue what to do cause these rats were doing things he couldnt believe but no matter what these rats wouldn't leave

So he asked his wisest men even they had no clue for it would be but a boy to tell them what they should do i hear of a man who can move moutains with words he opens up his mouth and summons birds his legend is known through out the plains I think they call him writteinpain they asked? what manner of man uses that for a name? dont know, legend has it he's completly insane so how can he help us..? I guess it his words... this is hard to explain The man stood as t make himself clear WE HAVE NO TIME FOR THIS JUST GET HIM HERE!!! well they say the aroma from the burning of green herbs will make him appear So they burned the herbs and fanned the smoke after 6 hours they began to lose hope The rats were in the stores taking over the schools turning the children into fools destroying the property peeing in pools then down the road they saw a man crafted as one they had never seen before bandanna on his head he sang when he talked wrote as he walked he walked up to the man by passing the others shook his hand and said... "whats going on brother?" the man shook his hand back then tipped his hat and said my home is overthrown with rats

he smirked and said i'll be right back..

he saw them with tattoos in japanese on their back some had words across the ass crack he saw their children which didnt listen outside all night without supervision overwhelmed by the smell of pork coming from their kitchen he saw them in strip clubs swinging from poles over exposed in the tightest clothes he saw cars in chrome and tints where ever he went food stamp card holders who couldn't pay rent and barb-b-ques turned to arguments everyone's lawn looked like the pits covered with pit bull shit people sat on stairs benches and folded chairs and there was weave hair ... everywhere their babies shared fathers fathers never seen and when they spoke no one could understand what they mean now matter how many "knowhatimsayings" the stuck in between cigar guts littered the streets talking loud dragging they feet he came back to the man after seeing all that and said "so your infested with the dreaded HOOD RAT" the man said the hood rat? he said yes indeed to survive a stoop and a cell phone is all they need and they rapidly breed there kids have kids who cant read they will stay until your building wont lock or the couple next door keeps calling the cops

or the market value of your home starts to drop...

THATS WHEN THEY ALL STOPPED oh what can we do? he said oh i can get rid of them for you it may cost you a pound of your best herbs... maybe a daughter or two you got it sir what ever you need he pulled a notebook from his back pack and began to proceed he went to the higest roof to be heard by all... then screamed "TO THE WINDOW TO THE WALLL...TIL THE SWEAT DRIP DOWN MY BALLS" he continued to sing now lil wayne hits til he saw a crowd of foot draggers with tattooed tits listen all who can hear my call i know a place where you are free to piss in the halls where you can play loud music til it drives people insane and you can screw your neighbors man... and no one will complain where you can sleep around and not be considered a tramp and they will even give you cash for your food stamps see you dont have to be called whores no more and its ok to buy make up from dollar stores where you can let your kids holler and you can get a coach bag for 10 dollars where you can know everybody buisness with out baring witness where running from cops is physical fitness a wonderful place where dress shoes are Tim's full of spining rims a place where you can all be little kims a place where all of you can wear the same purfume and you and your 5 kids can share a one bedroom

where parties on the block result in someone getting shot its ok to have fun with a gun go head shoot a few shells if you kill someone no one will tell come one come all follow me to the sunset to a wonderful place built for you called the projects they looked at each other and began to smile then followed him.. single file they left this place and didnt care although they had written their names every where The man jumped up and down getting so hyper saying thank you sir.. my royal pied piper he stop and said pied piper im not im the hidden prewritten before you jot i am knowledge unspoken before you acknowledge her a strength to the weak the leader of the followers he took the two daughters before he was done asked for id to see they were over 21 he went to the herb man and collected his pound then marched the rats right out of town one woman went to the man and said he is worthy of fame for the duty of his works..his picture should be framed please sir tell me his name his reply....

THAT WAS WRITTENINPAIN

Breathing Through Paper



We can't change the World . . . unless we change ourselves.







Breathing Through Paper



# JoAnna Menzie



## A Mother

I am a Mother Yesterday Today & Tomorrow

From the birth of the first, I felt my motherly spirit burst and All of me became all for thee A bond unbreakable, snap the lock and throw away the key Tell'em I'd rather be locked up for eternity There is no justafiable fee To give up displaying the love of a Mother like me

The kinetic energy is unobtainable I've given it to kids two and three, so you see, I don't want to be free

I am a Mother Yesterday Today & Tomorrow

From being alone I've learned and I've grown, Being a single parent was a challenge, but I pushed on

I'm committed to my time, it's not an 18 year bid, It's yesterday, today, and tomorrow for all of time...as I live. I Deja vu the days of my childhood and youth, Emboding lessons learned and knowledge gained to help them see the truth I'm their living proof So an example I must be, living by the morals instilled in me I was brought up to be the best woman I could be

I am a Mother Yesterday Today & Tomorrow

My main concern is what they learn The education they pursue I am their pathway through

I may be stern and seem strick to some, But if they can handle me, they can take on anyone...

With pride, I am the best mother I know how to be, "Dad, what you taught me, I've taken the good with the bad and encompassed my seeds."

Let them not mimic the radio, newspapers, or T.V. but in their lives their mom stands tall as the image to repeat

The roll model they see Their one and only Mommy...

I am a Mother Yesterday Today & Tomorrow

So on this day I smile for the time I have with them I communicate the why's and why nots to her and him I break up fights

getting to the bottom of whose wrong, and why they all may be right.

I riminisce to when they crawled, walked, and then began to run,

Tossing them in the air, tickling their bellies and having lots of fun

I'm that one.

Now as I watch them grow

I worry what I've taught and how much they really know. From the boo-boo's to bigger and better shoes Sweet baby breathin to sarcasm and sneakin Childhood dreams to the reality of a pre-teen

I've been through it all,

And as a mother I've had stumbles, but my will was too strong to fall.

I've had to concur many battles to succeed

But having faith allows one to believe

I've forgiven those who've wronged me, I licked my own wounds to stop the bleed

I've prayed to the higher one and he heard my pleas And on my bended knees he whispered, "You will achieve." To all the real mothers everywhere, I understand, cause I've been there, still there But today,

You have been given a grant to unmeasurable strength, a paid in full release of all your troubles and sorrows There are no loans to pay back, there is no need for dismay over patience leased or happiness borrowed

We have what no one could ever take, our motherly gifts to share, for birth like time will continue to take place.

Be your Best...

I Am a Mother Yesterday Today & Tomorrow

## Never A Wedding Bride

I never had a real wedding Never got to walk down the isle in my... Beautifully Fitted More orange than white, dress The one with my back out Silk Thin straps Lace decorated along the carefully placed "V" in the small of my back... Meeting just above my Should be panty line... Come get some honeymoon pussy Unseen zipper on the side Just above the hip so the dress can slip Ass full bloom Swishing side to side as I enter the Oh so important room Train just long enough to get that extra stare...

Nope, I wasn't there

Never picked out the bridesmaids dresses Or had my hair done up real nice Vail over my face to cover my excited Yet revealing nervous glow I didn't have that Something old Something new Something borrowed... Or... Something blue Hiding out before the wedding in a dressing room Sneaking kisses with my handsome groom Being naughty without a care...

Nope, I wasn't there

Never got to pick out the wedding cake Address the size and shape Didn't have to worry about chocolate ... Ugghhh It's a flavor I hate Please don't mistake... I make no reference to my men Because then smooth chocolate Would surely be my sin I missed out on decorating the place Deciding on the food... I got good taste No gifts for my guests Or prizes to win And it's not even fair... Cause...

Nope, I wasn't there

Never got to hear my... Play my... wedding tracks Wear my "show it off " dancing slacks First dance to Eric Benet and Tamia Cause all I want to do is... 'Spend my life with you' And who can forget Luther For the 'Dance with my father, again' And... The closer I get to you Right before Boys II Men opens the floor with, 'A song for Mama' Never got to hear Alicia tell you to "Hold me... Like you'll never see me again" Or Jaheim's 'Never' Can't forget Jamie describing 'When I first saw you' But Fantasia expressing the feeling of 'When I see you' With the Pussycat Dolls telling me to 'Stickwitu'... And how can I get ready for a 'fuck'em all night,' Honeymoon... Without some 'Tease me' from Plies Or a little 'Bedroom Boom'... Damn all that music I never got to share... Cause...

Nope, I wasn't there

Never even got to go to the court They filled in for me And a fill in for him While we sat by in our Iraqi room Sent in money Filled out so many papers Worked everyday while Awaiting papers Saying our marriage was a go We were visiting my sister when they let us know Yea she was deployed too

She has a blissful tour Qatar was a golden trip When you had us to compare So without a wedding I spent more than half of my first year of marriage In a contained box No dress, Just camaflauged greens No sexy heels, Yet tan boots I couldn't keep clean Didn't walk up the isle... Drug my feet through desert terrain No flower girl or ring barrer Family took our kids in Sent them a video to kiss them And keep them safe though the night Having to be without them was so hard to bare... Cause...

Nope, I wasn't there

Never had a wedding But he was right by my side Wasn't a easy road But we joined our lives Made the best of our home so far away But, I'm still hoping for my wedding some day And if it never comes, I know it wasn't meant to be I may never have a real wedding But you see... He carried me through the door And made a Bride of me...

# He Carried Me

It was not once, but twice I wished to die Life would build then crumble and at last... thinking of my last...breath... I had no more cry. Being a single parent was gettin harder, and harder, and at a moment I began to think ... Why bother? I had no help and saw no more success for me. Was turned down done dirty by the one I thought would understand me. Being a single parent herself the grand of my own, she would want them all to be kept together in the same home... Or so I thought.

Before I had even began my demise he was looking through me saw the depth of my eyes and without my consent he already knew He would carry me through.

I had put so much into this trip had even gathered all their things and advanced shipped. Not knowing that this very thing would cause my sanity to slip After ten years... lost... with hope, backwards stroking, further and further in my rear view, this guy... a donor... yet lacking a fatherly clue... was involved again. Smack in the middle centered around my life I wanted to strip A devils overcast of a demonic... nervous breakdown's flip. No longer tormented by guilt

Before I had even began my demise he was looking through me, saw the depth of my eyes and without my consent he already knew He would carry me through.

He said he could...help She said she would...help but I was soon shown what I should... have known The yes turned to no stuck in a place unknown My mind went bisserck, I couldn't fail my seeds they saw in my face my internal bleed Last day there delivered this blow I needed air

As I began my demise he was looking through me, saw the depth of my eyes and without my consent he already knew He would carry me through.

My world was spinning I was thinking about ending no reason to live got in the car and drove with my mind roaming, but my body still slowly slippin from this place Not caring if I would be caught by grace Making plans for not only me Get the burial plot ready for us three my vison began to blur the hunger for my future... our future, started to slur I could actually see what was gonna take place Head to head collision... closed casket...no face

As I slipped into my demise he was looking through me, saw the depth of my eyes and without my consent he already knew He would carry me through.

I was crying and praying, "Lord help me I'm gone!" My walls were closing in and I had no one and right before my reality pushed back Something...

#### Breathing Through Paper

Someone grabbed the wheel and pulled me off my track Swirved left drove a few blocks then right I came full throttle car could take no more abuse for the night Looked up to see a hotel in front of me Room available military discount this was meant to be

When I slipped into my demise he was looking through me, saw the depth of my eyes and without my consent he already knew He would carry me through.

Checked in wasn't sure how many days I would need "Let's start off with six My soul may still bleed... Bags unpacked, kids situated back to the front for help... Shift change a new name as I approached she wept Long conversation she was just as bad off as me I helped

After my demise he was still looking through me, saw the depth of my eyes and without my consent he already knew He would carry me to carry another through.

Days passed as I took the kids here and there They saw my pain... and continued to show they cared. Days were closing in time to sink or swim and a decision had to make. I Grabbed the phone and recalled the easiest number my mind could replay... 313-535-3535 Nana answered the phone Thanked God we were alive. Shocked to hear the events of the weeks past told me to shut up and stop thinking so fast. She spat venom at the ones that caused the situation to be, "You were meant to dial my number, now bring my babies to me!" 85N to 75N...I never took a break and I realized as things became clear The Higher One holds my life...it's not mine to take Arrived safely, departed quietly back to Germany He NEVER makes mistakes...

Throughout my demise he was looking through me, saw the depth of my eyes and without my consent he already knew He would carry me through.

This is my testimony...Pt 2

#### Fading Away

Fading away, But Woke with a swift kick in the side Good bye little mouse It's time for me to rise Mouth washed out with soap Clothes thrown on in a hurry Back hand to the face Just for good taste Molded bread to fill my belly As we head out to her job Where duty rarely sleeps I wasn't dragging my feet I was trying to keep up Moving... As fast as my little legs could run Arms pumping... But she yelled and slapped me anyway I just put my head down I told my self to run faster next time Momma had a job to do She would throw me in that little room Where I couldn't be seen Unless I peaked or made a noise Those men would get really mean if they saw me "What the hell is she doing here, she want some too?" And sometimes for more money... I too had to do momma's job And boy... What she would do to me after her "job"

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Those guys would say, "Show her." "More... more, You ain't suckin hard enough for my money!" Then momma would scream and say, "Okay, Okay!" Then I had to try Sometimes the guys would groan... After a punch or kick And that was it We could go home And there would be less impact with her hits Spits Slurs of the names I held The... "Hey... You little shit Do this Do that How does this feel Shut up Stop screaming Get the hell out of my face Hurry up Get in that room Why did you have to be seen And ultimately... I hate you girl!" But other times... She We... Would work long hours Man after man Wipe-ups in between...

Breathing Through Paper

Groans Moans Screams My coochie aching Grunts Black eyes Bruised ribs... And a quiet limp home I wanted to cry I throbbed and bled inside But... Happy I didn't have to run Worried about when we got home She would drink... Heavily... "Boil me some water!" Now I'm crying... I tried to work like she taught me, I tried to walk slow with her Help her along Tough it through my own pain But... I will never be right in her eyes That black eye Sees me as the dark shadow My clothes cover the hot water welts on my thighs Cigarette butt burns across my back I want to die Why doesn't she just kill me? But I'd miss her Miss the day that hasn't come When she would love me And happiness would be found in my name She doesn't even say my name... Maybe this is how her love feels

But the love I feel For my momma Would never cause her pain I wanna grow up so fast So she doesn't have to work I could take care of her Run her bath water, Cook her food See a smile as I clean for her Make sure no one would ever hurt her again ...Maybe... That is what I want... From her... For me... As I lay on the floor Beside her bed In this one bed room house Greeted everynight by a mouse No food to share It just runs up and stares I wonder if it feels sorry for me? Maybe... One morning, like this mouse... I'll have the courage to Speak up Tell someone Understand that... For me... I should flee... Or continue... Τo Fade away\_\_\_\_\_

#### A Voice of the Unborn

I saw you before I was ever able to see; had no idea then, that you would change your mind about me.

First it was Michael, then you gave your heart to Johnny, but when he broke that heart you prematurely slept with Tommy...

When you got on your knees to beg forgiveness...I heard you because I was right there,

Guess he knew then I'd be coming back real soon because he had my name imprinted on the chair.

You said you would be careful, stop club'n and drinkin' too...

As you were saying these words he patted my head and smiled...yea, he knew.

It was only a week later when David knocked on your door.

You had left him your name and number two nights before...shakin it on the floor...showin off your goods until your body was sore...didn't know your heart would be tore (shaking head) and soon wouldn't want me no more...

But he knew: He put another "X" on the calendar...clue number two

It wasn't even a month and you made David your man...added him to the plan...let him cheat time and time again...was drivin your car like only he can...let his job go...MOM YOU SHOULD HAVE RAN!

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In three months time you were pregnant with me...

I disappeared from my father's side, but since then I've been told the story...about what I couldn't see, when you took my life from me...and I became what I was always meant to be...

But he knew: As he kissed me goodbye and temporarily took my wings, something he had to do

See...I know you told David he was gonna be a father, but why bother?

He laughed in your face and said it wasn't worth him staying around...You wanted to contest it but were scared to stand your ground.

He painted a beautiful picture for only you to see...One with you and him..."you working not him"...but one without "we"...Did you forget that being able to conceive tells you I WAS MEANT TO BE?...and that you could have all three, but if he left you'd still have me...

He gave you a treasure and I promise to make you proud...but, just thinkin out loud...cause I'm here being told of how...

I guess you thought it through, cause he says it took you four more weeks before you made it come true...then I saw you...

I silently cried with the mouth I couldn't open and saw you with my eyes still sealed shut.

I wanted to give you a hug to show I would love you...but I was snatched from your gut...My Luck!

But he knew: He was standing there to greet me when I finally left you

I remember seeing you cry when I died without even saying goodbye...

Tears of joy? Or regretting the decision you'd made...wishing you'd went with the inner you and obeyed the prayers you'd prayed? David stayed...for two more months...You got played...

Now I sit here with my father watching you day after day...He says you'll get another friend...

So stop being sad, I'm not...He says you'll get pregnant again...

And this time...You'll make it right in the end!

He knew: As he wipes the tears from my cheek...I look at him and I now smile too...my father always knew...



Breathing Through Paper



aka

# Karama Sadaka



### Sorry's not enough

I hurt somebody cut her deep and I never got the chance to say I was sorry I was angry vindictive spiteful arrogant and it had absolutely nothing to do with her it was all on me mv issues she didn't deserve my treatment and I didn't deserve her my soul mate so I was told so I believed except she was never supposed to be my girlfriend I guess I was supposed to be like Al from Quantum Leap and just observe from a distance but she was so beautiful I got closer and closer closer so close it hurt she was a vegetarian hippie one of the most beautiful souls I've ever known with long, flowing locks she took care of mine took care of me when it was not what I deserved at all

I said some of the most cruel things I've ever uttered directly to her all she tried to do was teach me about the Universe beauty music poetry love friendship peace and in return I showed her the dark side of New Orleans and myself she told me I should seek help for my issues face my fears embrace my gifts control my temper harness my energy and be better I still hear freedom ringing like the train she used to sing about she told me I lived on a shoestring and if I sent things out to the Universe, the Universe would respond but did I listen? did I appreciate this angel? no

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I thought I did but I did not not at all so one day she remembered who she was and what love she still carried in her heart her song her spirit when she remembered who she was she realized she deserved better MUCH better and she left and she left me a letter behind a scalding scolding and I know I deserved worse **MUCH** worse but she spoke the truth and ended it by telling me to stick with my poetry and then she was gone and I was alone again the self-fulfilling prophecy personified again and then all of a sudden, I could hear her singing breathing laughing talking whispering and then crying and then

I woke up and realized what I had done to this angelic muse she didn't come there to be abused misused or confused and what was once funny was no longer amusing she did a reading for me when we first met and it was to tell me what my destiny would be and what in my life would make me into who I needed to be the card read "THE STORM" and now... after all these storms after all these years I just found her but she doesn't even know I'm here what do I say? what do I do? do I tell her how much she changed my life? that I'd probably be dead or insane had we never met? do I tell her that she meant the world to me but I was too foolish selfish haughty and spoiled to say it & mean it ALL THE TIME? do I explain anything everything

Poetic Idol Award Anthology ~ 2K12

or nothing? as I'm remembering how I got too close last time when I wasn't supposed to remembering how I never intended to hurt her, but still did remembering how she NEVER hurt me when she would've been justified remembering I promised to take the weight of the world from her shoulders instead, I added my burden to her load and I'm still sick sick of knowing I was soooo insensitive soooo miserable soooo heartbroken soooo very very very ashamed and sorry from the bottom of my being ... I know sorry's not enough I know it would never come close to making up for the hurt headaches & heartache that I am totally responsible for how could I ever convince her that she made me who I am today still not perfect, but a helluva lot better than I was then? does sorry mean all of that? I wish it did because I would say it until my lungs collapsed until the sun took a nap until the sky died or I did... no no NO

sorry's NOT enough SO I send this out to the Universe: wherever she is right now please let her know how grateful indebted appreciative changed and truly sincere I really am there are probably no words I can say to alleviate her pain erase the scars I created and that as sorry as I am I am even more thankful that she ever entered my life please let her know I wish her all the happiness she deserves and more and how lucky I am just to have touched an angel at least once... I thank her and I thank you from the bottom of my heart

### 4:20 am freestyle

tread lightly this might be evolution arrested then reanimated one mo ginn equal parts sloe gin and slow dance no chance to change the future if you knew it since the past ever since the last present passed it's been constantly getting closer to being even further from the past from the first mass to the last repast and everything in between it's been real like some good red beans and like New Orleans. you know you'll still be seen in my dreams will I ever make it back to yours? distant shores sure seem closer in the side mirror so would I get a clearer view near you in the rear, too? or should I just turn around? while I'm listening to Aquemini Jim & I are running & gunning tryna get back to the gym & I'm huffin & puffin explaining something to Jim when I first went to the gym then I lost the bag I left my membership benefits in & I remembered they expired in November & since it was already September

I might as well dwell a lil bit longer - but that was way back in the beginning & I changed my mind when I began grinning with some Geminis & then Jim walked in & I introduced him to the twins & then they told Jim they were Geminis the same as him & I & him & I just sighed & replied I know U R but what M I? I Μ high as the sky during daybreak just like the tide the night before but more walk with me through your daydreams back to the cabin where you like to hide from your nightmares right there right here from next till last year knowing the next one will only get us closer to right now so we might as well stay here keep it close closer than subatomic particles in perpetual freeze frame waiting for you to spot them 2 C F U can stop them not them me neither

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do ya self a favor and become a believer this is the same shit I used 2 spit to make the new Sith learn a few new tricks still slick when I'm dry still just as quick when I'm...low.... 504 ya know aint no swagger in this just a lil touch of da real reachin out like I C D hem of the garment that let that widow get healed closer than most but nowhere near where I need to be UPT 2 Tennessee 2 NYC here I B pay attention I got something 4 all yall 2 C

#### untitled freestyle

3 year old thugs and 40 year old hoes I see em in my sleep then I wonder why I'm awake again tell somebody tell anybody everybody to tell you to tell me why I ain't scared doesn't matter just know that I ain't so why the hell do you think I am? I seen more trouble in my life than most but I know there's more waiting for me 2 C UC? don't tell God how big your storm is tell that storm how big your God is and in the meantime...

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don't tell me anything... nothing... until you tell yourself whatever you need to say to avoid those 3 year old thugs and 40 year old hoes and remind them they were once royalty and if we get it together we will all be royalty again...

The Composition



Lyrical Movement

WrittenInPain

Karama Sadaka

Poetic Black

The Composition

The Composition is a group of Poets that want to help the community by making a difference in the lives of children through Poetry. We want to have Poetry workshops for all ages, weekly meetings for teens, and start a foundation that helps children in need succeed. Our ideas are limitless but our funds are limited.

We are from communities plagued with violence and poverty and we know the power of healing people through Poetry & Unconditional Love.

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