

# Jamie Bond

*unMuted Ink*

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*unMuted Ink*

inner child press, ltd.

GRATIS

# General Information

## unMuted Ink

Author : Jamie Bond

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

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### **Publisher Information**

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : Inner Child Press :**  
**innerchildpress@gmail.com**  
**www.innerchildpress.com**

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LOC : 1-823251361

ISBN-13 : 978-0615700236

ISBN-10 : 0615700233

\$ 19.95



# *Dedication*

for My God and Family

My Ancestors,

My Parents,

My God-Parents,

My Siblings,

My Beloved Husband, Rich

My Children,

My Godchild,

and then the Legacy of My Future....

# Salutations

I feel like I'm going to miss some folks whenever this type of section comes around... First I must **THANK YOU** the Fans, the Fams, Friends, Consumers, Truth Seekers and Supporters because you have made it quite clear that you do in fact want to hear my UNMUTED INK! . . . I appreciate that too!

I would like to say thank you to those which I dedicated to the book to in the first place, meaning my family.

My Mother Anne,  
for her unwavering love, support and encouragement of everything I do!

My Sister Tanya,  
for always having my back, she goes above and beyond when it comes to helping me out actually SHE IS my favorite sister!

My Brother Julian,  
who has set the example of never being satisfied going against all odds to achieve dreams and re define impossibilities to make them possible and obtainable.

My Brother Jason,  
who is always there in a crunch! He is one of the most intelligent patient generous people I know and I am grateful to have you as my brother and so are my pc's.

My 3 sons, Jason, Steven & Donovan . . .  
I hope you know how much you are loved and adored by me as your mother...

To MY God Mother Sam,  
who has consistently been there thru every roller-coaster ride with me. I truly don't know what I would do with you God Mom THANK YOU is the most sincerest poem I ever wrote!

And to DeAnne, GURL you already know that I am most definitely a better person in society because of you! Thank you for always being there for me and with me! I friggin love you maannnnn!! 😊

I can't name some friends without naming them all and without it feeling like becoming a dissertation SO I'm just going to say:  
**YOU STILL *know who you are to me* and THANK YOU!!!**

Last but definitely not least....  
**EVERY MEMBER IN THE US MILITARY!!!**

GRATIS

# Preface

Jamie Bond, who is that, she asks with an infectious giggle and answers us with the following. “I am a fairly new widow, a mother, sister, daughter, cousin, aunt, sister-in-law a Radio Talk Show Host and a multi-talented poetess.

I am a lover of life and people with a large dose of humanitarianism about me. My goal is to always try to help the next person. I am spiritual BUT I do curse and don't apologize for that; so don't look for me to raise the bar there lol. I was born and raised in Newark aka Brick City, New Jersey and for as long as I can remember, expressing myself is as natural as breathing for me.

I write in Spoken Word format which means that my writing tends to be in paragraph form because I know how to stop and breathe with my own line breaks. Why? ((Smile)) Because I was the one who wrote it; so I understand my breaks and breaths within my own cadence . . . Ha-ha, I have a sense of humor too if you haven't noticed.

Now, this book is called UNMUTED INK for a wonderful reason. And that is because I want to introduce you, to not just my pen ...but pens like mine and or of like minds. UnMuted Ink is a lot of things. There is a fan page on Facebook for the public and a poetic group on Facebook as well. There are a lot of things coming into fruition, so calling it a movement is an understatement... Mark my words....

So enough of that; what I would like you to do is this ... breathe in, then exhale and smile ... because I feel that this book is going to be one of your favorites! ☺

I cover many topics and emotions hoping to not leave a single soul unsatisfied with their purchase. Some are picture challenges that I have written to without pictures for you to see. My words will bring the picture into full view for you. The dedications at the end of some pieces are because I recall a specific person making mention that that was their favorite piece.

Thank you soooo much in advance for purchasing my book; and please, I do encourage all those who do, to follow thru and write a little review of how you enjoyed it THIS helps others to decide if they would like to purchase it as well. If you take a picture holding ANY Jamie Bond/ UnMuted Ink product you may be the profile picture on one of the fan pages or websites as a thank you or in a future promotional campaign ...



Let's get into some poetry shall we?"

*Jamie*

# Foreword

Jamie is "the perfect verse over a tight beat", for when her ink spills and fills the page, she is blessing you with every ounce of emotional intelligence that pumps through her veins. Fearless in the way she expresses herself, every line and every refrain encompasses the pain, love, sorrow and happiness of her story. Her pen knows no boundaries, like the prisms of a kaleidoscope, uniquely evolving and revolving. Jamie's soliloquies stimulate your heart and mind till your soul connects with hers on a new plane, where her wicked wordplay invades your brain and lays the foundation for political, social and emotional fodder. With no shame or apologies, Jamie brings her whole self to you, unedited, eloquent and unmuted. To know Jamie's poetry is to have a front row seat at a sold out Broadway play, connecting you intimately to the one and only Jamie Bond.

The genesis of Jamie's journey began off Dayton Street in Brick City, also known as Newark, New Jersey. Jamie is the youngest of four children. Her father, two brothers and sister all pursued military careers, but Jamie knew at an early age that the constraints of a military life was not in her future. Her father, also worked at the NY Times as a Morgue Librarian and her mother is a retired nurse. Jamie absorbed her father's love of words and her mother's compassion for people and meld them into the amazing poetess she is today.

When Jamie was young, her parent's didn't allow her to spend countless hours glued to the television. They encouraged her to read, engage her imagination and play in life's realities. This foundation stimulated Jamie's inquisitive nature. She became an avid fan of detective and espionage novels. This is how she gleaned her Poetry name "Bond, Jamie Bond".

From the time Jamie was young she was always expressing herself through written word. Her diary was her best friend, a sort of pen pal, who didn't write back, but allowed her to share her stream of conscious thoughts without judgment. No topic was left unturned as her mind journeyed across the world. Every piece she wrote catapulted her pen into a world of imagination, perfectly blended with the life's harsh realities.

Jamie's passion for exposing lies and speaking truth to power resulted in a "colorful" chronology from one school to the next. Kicked out of public school, Jamie's venture in the educational system landed her in St. Mary's Benedictine Academy. She became so frustrated by the confines of Catholic schooling, that she left Newark, and spent a year living with her brother in Illinois attending North Chicago High School.

After one year, her brother was transferred to Japan and Jamie returned to Newark. Ultimately, she ended up dropping out of school and marrying her high school sweetheart Rich, at seventeen. She completed her high school education by attaining a GED. After earning her GED, Jamie's real education began.

As a young mother and wife, she continued to pursue her dream of becoming a probation officer by attending Richard Stockton College. Her goal was to help former prisoners find jobs, have a good life and avoid returning to prison. The balancing act between family and career was overwhelming. Recognizing that family was her top priority, Jamie made a difficult decision and put her career on hold. Unlike most teenagers, Jamie matured quickly and found solace in frequenting Spoken Word events. Hearing complete strangers share their raw experiences in rhythm and rhyme, was the defining moment when the seed of poetry took root.

Jamie's passion for helping people is undeniable. She delves into your inner thoughts and feelings, like a bartender serving up advice to nameless faces all in hopes of lessening their pain. Although she never pursued a career in psychology, she counseled people through her careers in Cosmetology, Home Health Care and Hospitality Management.

Now a retired, stay at home Mom, Jamie is focused on supporting her 3 amazing sons (Jason, Steven and Donny), as well as taking care of her Mother who lost her leg due to complications from a devastating ankle fracture.

In February of 2011, Jamie's life was turned upside down by the tragic loss of her husband, Rich, her partner in life since high school. This journey of grieving the one man she had loved her entire life could only be dealt with by shedding tears and spilling more ink to the page. Jamie's journey in to her pain and healing process will be presented in her upcoming book release: *The Widow's Walk in Stereophonic Silence*.

Jamie is far more than these mere words can describe. Only through reading her poetry can you truly get a glimpse into the beautiful complexities that define, the woman, the mother, the poet - Jamie Bond.

Kelly Greene

Kelligraphy Pens

Poet, Author & Friend

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*where they do that at ?*

## The Power of Words

Thank you for coming, please check your thoughts at the door!  
You see; I write for the same reason I breathe!

### **I AM LIFE!**

And the power of my words  
Will need you to Scribe it  
Like yours depends on me  
Your thoughts are my flashlight  
And my emotions are your batteries!  
And with the power of my words;  
I have the ability to flip moods and scenes  
Which has a profound effect; on how we feel,  
Both mentally and physically

Sometimes I save  
Sometimes I kill  
Sometimes I grab or let go ...  
Signing birth certificates and wills

I am known; to inspire you to pen,  
The deepest of emotions, cures and formulas  
So now; ask yourself; What is life?  
And...What are you doing with yours?

Are you....  
Excited or Agitated,  
Complete or Defective,  
Perhaps an  
Activist or Advocate....  
My words spit that true business while it will;  
Hit you at the knees and yet still uplifts

Words bring life, like plants and trees bring oxygen;  
So I breathe fire every day; like an awakened dragon!  
Be on some buck it up, suck it up and handle it  
Because I don't want to hear it because....

**I AM LIFE!!**

My words come in seminars with concern for minds  
Here to fill thought reservoirs with words between lines...

I am life, and they call me that because... it's all good  
Because I hawk it and spit out  
Like I've been chewing tobacco of truth

I am life to love and pain... and what is that without expression?  
I am the poetic newscaster; the networking pulse regulator;  
Connecting and encouraging

I write about the lives of kids that you may ignore  
The elderly ones you all know about and shut your eyes and doors!  
I write for that animal that needs adoption and companionship!  
I write about life thru the blood sweat tears and toil  
The soldiers struggle, the lessons... thru success, war and turmoil

**MY PENS' SUPER POWER... IS LIFE!**

We all have the power  
to create impressions, images and expectations  
So; until I'm wordless then know this....  
WE ARE ALL P.O.E.T's  
And our actions harness power thru poetry with a purpose

Now... We can either  
Ban together to construct mental connections OR Lower expectations  
And Hold people back by pre murdering enthusiasm,  
OR We can impact self-esteem, Motivate, and offer hope, Create vision,  
Confidently influence thinking and alter results.

We are Unmuted Ink spilling our thoughts,  
With real common sense conversations,  
Being the exchange and or the payoff...

## The Birth of Wisdom

It is said that ...

The life purpose of an angels' soul  
picks the parents for a child  
In a world so cold...

That it is destiny to be born  
To belong to the one who  
Deserves to give birth to you

I happen to agree wholeheartedly  
I think it's a vital part of  
Me and my being...  
Whatever purpose your life is  
IT'S thru me; it is my parental test  
And ultimate testament  
to teach you the lessons  
Learned by me ... and lucky me...  
The day I was truly blessed  
Was not when I conceived  
But when the three of you were  
Able to truly be cradled and embraced by me

And so; for so long ...  
I have longed and dreamed of each one of you  
I've had 3 awesome opportunities  
to get this right... and so here I am...

Each time perfecting it like make up exams  
passing with honors on the Dean's list of life  
thanking God for the chance to keep right...

Two happily married Virgo parents  
Gave birth to Two Capricorns and an Aquarius  
and we were so grateful and blessed beyond measure  
None of you were ever question marks  
each of you were explanation points in our lives  
and the joy you've brought our hearts is just  
Unexplainable...We are honored to unconditionally love you

While you retained sunshine in our lives and pride in our eyes  
The legacy of our heritage flows thru your veins and DNA  
we undeniably love you... Indelibly ALWAYS in ALL WAYS....

*Dedication to our 3 sons ~~ Jason, Steven & Donovan*

## IBJB The Poetess

I came across a pic of my mom and dad  
With my mother pregnant with me....  
She was just as beautiful and glowing  
With me brewing inside of her belly  
As she is right now at 80...

She said I kicked a lot  
But I was scribing on the inside of her womb  
I was the human form of a message in the bottle  
Telling the world I was here  
Slowly emerging from my poetic hiatus  
The main chakra in her solar plexus  
The incipiency of me  
Was smoother than a spin in a Lexus

And once I was born it was all said and done  
They closed her womb like an encased tomb...  
I have the secret formula inside her cave;  
Sacred Poems you'll never see....  
Even if you tried to excavate

Cradled in the strength of his arms;  
I read my father's loving gaze; like crystal balls...  
The tiredness and excitement when I was born  
His bloodshot eyes from crying  
Were like lines to a map of amazement, in his iris...  
He whispered ...Welcome Back  
I can tell you've been here before little one....  
I smiled and cooed on day one...

Brick city born and bred my needs immediately met  
My incumbency prophesied of ME  
The Nipmuck poetess ... Autumn Breeze  
Being birthed by an American Indian Queen  
With the skin color of pecan tan sand from Egypt  
I was almost 9 pounds being breastfed  
Nursing on the tips of golden pyramids

In a typical galaxy, consisting of a hundred billion stars,  
A supernova will occur on average of  
Once every 2-3 hundred years  
And so born into this majestic imperial Dynasty  
Each of my siblings lovingly greeted me  
Handed me the platinum mic and then inquisitively asked...  
WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG POETESS?? Welcome Back!!

With poems hidden in the roof of my mouth  
Immediately my immunities boosted  
I held the bottle in the palms of my hands  
Like I scribing psalms only I could understand  
I was walking by 5 months no lie  
I was trying to set trends even back then  
The warmth of my mother's smile still embraces me...  
I am my mothers' child My Father's legacy....  
A Brick City Baby! IBJB UNMUTED INK!!

*DEDICATED TO MY BEAUTIFUL FAMILY THANK YOU*

## **Deanne Taylor Allen**

Her beauty secrets are simplistic  
Her Manicure is the color of a perfect day

She washes her face with life's blessings  
Shampoos her hair with positivity  
Deep conditions it with common sense

She exfoliates until she is drama free  
Arches her eyebrows with humility  
Wears volumizing reality as her mascara

Charitably applies God's blessings as her foundation  
She brushes her teeth 3 times a day with prayer  
Uses shimmering optimism as her eye shadow

The fragrance of her perfume is heaven scent  
Her voice lingers as she speaks courageous truth  
Applies the empowerment of love as her blush  
While sweetly salvaging sun rays in her smile  
Her liberating lipstick is blaring of Unmuted Ink

## Twin Cities

If you  
Go to the highest peak in brick city  
you look across the way  
and the reflection of the water  
Shows you twin cities  
it ain't pretty  
at night the lights entice shimmering fights  
it's like a big x-mass tree  
with no friggin presents underneath  
echoes of cries in the wind  
that silence wind chimes of them  
silence broken  
invisible bodies piled in the lots of a barricade  
soldiers of the street got played like an arcade  
the towers song of twins gone  
everything left went wrong

misconstrued and polluted they smoke haze like a flute  
and truth is we live in times of big white lies  
our kids are digressing know more about dressing  
the rest are emotionally wounded... with no dressing  
it's a mess they keep making  
and we cannot keep undoing it and so; we say, ta hell with it  
and log them into the system  
bar coded roads some call them housing  
serial killers in the making some say they were wildin  
but I see em... I smell em... I can't help nor tell em  
In the highest peak of brick city  
there used to be a method on winning  
now slavery is in full effect  
keep the body...since the souls of them all  
gets auctioned off  
street zombies ...  
they are all slipping thru the sewer grates and can't escape  
they are in a town of mirrors looking out  
but looking into their own miles of a maze  
I'm still amazed at the twin city of brick city these days

*Inspired by Tammy Jones*

## **We'll Never Forget ~ Trayvon Benjamin Martin**

February 5, 1995 – February 26, 2012

It's more than just - us for Trayvon B. Martin ♥

It's all of us for justice against the injustices for a broken judicial system ...

~~ Jamie Bond ♥ — in every city a Zimmerman lives !!

This is more than about one child

It's all about all children

This is more than just about injustice

It's about the injustice within our system

This is more than about racial profiling

This is about legacies being wiped out

It's about all Zimmerman's in the world

Getting away with snuffing our families out

It's about the court system being broken

And making it okay to walk the streets

While a complete nation grieves.....

Stand up and use your voice before it becomes

A personal problem in your own household

That's all I'm saying....

We will not forget about Trayvon B. Martin

We will not for about Urban Voodoo's nephew

Rest In Peace to young Wendell Allen

We will not forget about the children

That were killed in our past, present and or future

We won't forget... but now tell me this

What is your pen and voice going to do about it??

This is more than being the wrongful death of a child

Let's not forget the fact that adults stood by

And called 911 and refused to get involved....

This could have been prevented on sooo many levels!

*Dedicated to Kelli Songbird Garden*

## Trayvon Benjamin Martin

February 5, 1995 – February 26, 2012

My heart bleeds for too many young men and teens; especially in times like these. We have too many victims not being represented fairly, in this what should be fair judicial system....Too many Chiefs and not enough Indians; inundated with an abundance of the self-righteous... stamped approvals for foolishness, of another goon being labeled as a vigilante running around... An eye for an eye but that's not the solution to revive him.... Trayvon Martin another legacy aborted for no reason...

Wrongfully slaughtered youth used as tokens, meanwhile petitions do nothing. Our society's voices are broken; blood curdling screams echoing ... For all the Trayvon Martins before and after him... I send my deepest sympathies to the families, And I throw hope to the wind... hoping it reaches the masses who can actually make changes... and although it may seem there's nothing being done; there's more than a handful of hopeful praying for justice to be had; so that it doesn't become another one of our sons.... nothing we do can bring him back; but laws can be implemented so that this doesn't happen again...

God bless the child who can hold his own in this world ...matters not if they are male or female we've lost so many unnecessarily off and on this American soil... and to all the George Zimmerman's out there; they seem exempt from prosecution; what you need to realize is that every young black kid with and without a hoody on IS NOT a marauding thug... WE THE PEOPLE do not co-sign your so called justifiable cause....

It's so unfortunate that our children are living on life support.... with plugs being snatched out and turned off, apron strings being severed; before they can barely take a deep breath ...extinct before they make it to college ...dehydrated tears evaporated before they reach the ducts of so many fathers and mothers... wishing that the on lookers would have just screamed for him to duck; now precious lifelines disengaged with no notice... our hands are tied and we know it....

I ...sigh... in a moment of silence; for a lifetime, for those who also refused to get involved and save this child ... A parent of a child grieves for a parent who mourns the death of their own... nothing is done, what have we worked for? What, where and how did we go wrong...

*AMOS 5:24 But let justice roll down like waters, and righteousness like an ever-flowing stream."*

## **Trayvon Benjamin Martin ~ II**

February 5, 1995 – February 26, 2012

Was the son of Sybrina Fulton and Tracy Martin, who were divorced in 1999. According to the Sanford police incident report of Trayvon Martin's death, 6-foot-3 and weighed at most 150 pounds, He was a high school junior in the Miami area of south Florida and had turned 17 three weeks before his death.

Martin lived with his mother and older brother in Miami Gardens, Florida. On the day he was gunned down by George Zimmerman, he was visiting his father and his father's fiancée at her town home in The Retreat at Twin Lakes in Sanford, Florida.

Around the time of the incident, Martin was talking on his cellphone to his girlfriend, according to her and confirmed by phone company records. She called at 7:12 pm She was interviewed by an attorney who has made a statement for her, and her parents requested her anonymity.

According to the attorney's statement, Martin's girlfriend said that he expressed concern about a strange man following him, and she advised him to run. She says she heard Martin say "What are you following me for?" followed by a man's voice responding "What are you doing here?" She said that she heard the sound of pushing and that Martin's headset suddenly went silent, leading her to believe that he had been pushed. She attempted to call him back immediately, but was unable to reach him.

## The Last Breath

The Last Breath

Snatched from a chest

Like a humidifier in a cigar room

The first scream of shocked pleas

Fall upon shattered glass in a drive-by

Bullets tear tears from the eyes that can't hear

Refusing to lose to fear

Saying farewell while sending unfair wells

As it propels holes thru the atmosphere

Creating apertures in craniums and heart valves

Buckled in for safety

Slumped over like a thirsty rose

Hit executed by armature pros

The Last Breadth

The one you can't ever get back

Sucked out of a vacuum sealed casket and vault

With a quivering lip and closed eyes

Of a barely audible sigh

The salted seed of a trail of tears;

Descends deeper than a 6 foot memory

Banners and Make Shift Murals,

Cards, Candles and Street Team Salutations

The heart ache of one violent death of a family member

Is another heart wrenching burial for the entire nation...

## I WANT MY POETRY TO . . . .

If we can't  
feel our own words  
while reciting them to you  
then I ask you.... .... why do it? ♥

I want my scribe to  
feel like a helping hand in a black hole  
I want to touch with my words  
like its Braille to their souls.....  
I want to uplift, empower,  
provoke thoughtfulness among masses  
I want my verbal conversation  
to feel like common sense classes  
I want to let you know  
that you aren't alone when you feel tried  
I want my paper to become a pillow  
to your frayed nerves and strained mind  
I want you to walk away  
feeling some sort of way about this shit  
I want you to say to everyone #fact  
I never hugged one but I know a brick city chick!  
I want you to know if I didn't personally;  
then I probably know someone who did go thru it  
I want my writes to... be indelible  
A legacy of incredible credible credentials  
head nods and be like damn Skippy cuz Jamie Bond said so!  
I want my writes to have rights for those who can't speak  
I want my writes to have all rights in Unmuted ink! ♥

*Inspired by Monte Smith*

## ALWAYS MY QUEEN NEVER HER KING

With a heavy heart and a sorrow in his voice  
He said I can be with her no more; I have no choice  
In disbelief he claimed that after 30 years  
He's finally leaving her... I hear his tears  
Swallows hard and says with a knot in his throat  
That's it; I've loved and done all I can do  
With her; I've reached my peter principle...

Strategically I've been setting and achieving Long-term goals  
The relationship now I'm leaving; I can stay with her no more  
Proud to say I've fought for her honor and sacrificed plenty  
Made her safety in every duty station as my sole priority

It's time for me to leave her and let another man take my place  
And he's got some big shoes to fill when he steps up to the plate  
I've made her proud to shout my name; I never bought her shame  
And I've left many women as she was always adored  
Refused to tolerate those who couldn't respect what she stood for

I started with her as pawn in this beautiful game  
My love affair with my queen yet I had something to gain  
It has been an ongoing tournament with each re-enlistment  
I then became her knight always ready to fight  
Promoted to bishop till I became her rook  
I always played fair I gave more than I took  
Every 4 to 6 years I would pledge my vows to her  
It was my duty to her yet for me it was a pleasure

Advanced to my highest position Never quite as her king  
Sacrifice was an honor for her I would have done anything  
Stopping at lieutenant commander I stand among some of the best  
She never wavered she was always my queen was never replaced  
No regrets for the 30 years I gave to her none of it was a waste

This union has been one hell of a passage  
In my heart and soul she will always stay  
We are so intricately interlaced and connected  
My obligations to her were infinitely respected  
I did everything requested and went beyond what she expected

She made such a Commendable man out of me  
That She's asked me to step aside and allow others to be  
So now July 8<sup>th</sup> 2010 I take my final salute with pride  
I'm moving forward one square space at a time  
Now back to a pawn yet with a rook's purpose  
I move accordingly with lateral power moves on purpose  
For years she'd admire my persona and wish that she could clone me  
So I'm giving her what she asked for on my 50<sup>th</sup> birthday

I believe that 3 decades is more than enough to dedicate  
I've spent countless hours rescuing the smile on her face  
As she cradled me in her dimple and molded my character  
The flag twinkled in my eyes and for her I've bled anchors

We've given birth to babies we named them shipmates  
But If I stayed to stay still... it is considered bad etiquette  
I'm all about progress and with her; I'm now stagnant  
And I can't continue playing in a position that's dormant

Don't get it twisted; for me this is not a checkmate  
As I'm still moving forward with strategic foresight  
To quit while I'm ahead anticipating a stalemate  
She was always my Queen ...But I was never her King  
It's just a pawn less chess endgame.....  
As a man I've gone above and beyond  
My integrity and honor could never be pawned

Happy 50<sup>th</sup> Birthday you're flawless! Half of the "perfect number" 100

***Dedicated to Lt. Commander Julian Wyatt's Retirement  
From the UNITED STATES NAVY!***

## I wish we could just scribe....

I wish I could just scribe...  
and have no concern of whom I offend or empower  
you see; everyone with a voice speaks "poetry"  
you know...that gift of gab is in its own class "they" call it poetry  
but ... I had a voice before anyone knew of me  
I had genuine thoughts and opinions even if no one asked me  
and sometimes I want to just have common sense conversations  
about the cessation of WHAT IF's with the media sensations  
you see; the emotions I bare have me always fighting to come up for air  
and the souls I encounter are like alien encounters

And I...

I just wanna scribe without being labeled  
I wanna talk about the FDA and then have sex on the kitchen table  
I wanna pray out loud and then cuss when I'm able  
but they try to hold me back restrictive like they are exclusive  
I got my middle finger up at these elite groups like EFFF YOU  
And I...

I want a collective awareness on subjects that rep us  
I want unity in community and NOT just a few some of us  
and I want children to see the truth that lies in all of us  
and I want the elderly to understand  
our humble advocacy and homage to their history  
I want poetry to be the soldiers hero and outlet for everybody

And sometimes... *Sometimes...*

I don't want to rhyme but I do it naturally  
I don't want to just write...  
I want to scribe about landscapes, strong points with no points,  
what is our take on stakes we got no bid in, economics, historians,  
I want to interview a check cashing bail bondsman, the government,  
I wanna see a poet RE WRITE our future  
I want to inhale scents in scenes  
till I get a cool breeze thru a closed window  
the politics... and how polly meaning many  
and ticks being blood suckers

I wanna know where the conspirators are at  
and if they're still looking over their shoulder

I want to create individual biology's of biography's  
and SOMEDAY have poets in their own anthology  
I wanna see poets in their own Wikipedia encyclopedia  
tell em to bring it and have em all linked in at linkedin

I want them to speak in braille so that even the deaf can hear  
I want their words to hit the blind like a flat screen HDTV  
I want poets with promise and heart that spyt those fearless hooks  
I want poetry or whatever they call it to flow like a babbling brook  
I want em to stand by their words and speak with conviction  
I want poets to recite what's on their minds like they're running for election  
I want UNMUTED INK to reach even the prisoners  
tell em we all know and they aren't alone in these holes  
and that we truly understand about these troubled trifling times

And never mind Rachael Ray  
I wanna see a poetic cook book one day  
I wanna see a newscaster free styling the reports to us  
I want poet laureates to show up at open mics and support us  
I want SO MUCH MORE than just social networking and BS  
I just wish...  
I wish we could just transform concrete thoughts into scribe...  
I just wish....  
What we transpose onto paper  
was more than a method of others being able to identify with us  
I wish ink was the healing kit that cured the hurt in all of us  
not just a comparison of collective competitiveness of anguish  
BUT until it comes into fruition  
....I can only do my part ....but I just wish.....  
That's all....  
....I just wish

*Dedicated to Mangus Khan*

## WAKE UP!!

The stifling humidity coupled with the soft night mist... Descends upon her, as her hair begins to kink up... The image of what she thought she was When she began her day... slowly announces itself... With a half-moon peeking thru inked clouds ...The unseen shackles on her wrists and ankles ... Are now illuminated by the glow from the night sky... There are no street lights present along the James River...

The twinkle in his eyes dance methodically like a candle flame... His heart beats to a pace of a warriors drum... Tears trickle down his face like a candle wax Into a colorless pool of blood... Bellowed by the air as if it fills his lungs with life... Flaming of the fire ignited his soul... Overwhelmed by the stench of smoke... His existence struggles while now being snuffed out...

The echo of her heels from her stilettos on the gravel... Creates a clacking sound of a racehorse in slow motion.... The sound of rain... with an erratic melody drops falling oh so hastily... Hood over her head you can barely see her eyes ...She crosses her arms quickly as if to rub her own shoulders... You sense the dampness has gotten into her bones... The rain was cold on this hot July evening... She's startled by the faces and places she passes so quickly...

*...Laughing can be heard behind her back ...As the Willie Lynch Legacy lives on....*

**I** see colors clashing and souls being mashed & meshing **E**yes with fingerprints on the lids **I** see gel tipped tongues made out of pens **I** see women crying and men dying **I** see potential kings digress into ordinary men **T**hey have become mere shadows in the sunlight **I** see queens who have been stripped of self-esteem **W**earing their crown jewels around their neck and sleeves **T**hat which is negative; they wear like adorned cloth

**T**attoos of things that in fact come and go **A**re emotional fads they don't believe in **W**ould you put a bumper sticker on a Bentley? **Y**ou see ... These young ladies cannot sense me **I** said they hold emotional tattoos embedded of things **T**hat won't mean the same for the public to admire em **L**ong after they wish it would go away **N**o legitimacy or story behind them

I see kings being shackled as born with a bar code. The law knows of their greatness their lineage foretold They get breed like horses, tagged, sold and shipped out Transferred and incarcerated; because society sold em out

Queens would rule in their King's absence Yet today it's no more... they are sleeping with the enemy The queens refuse to live in a righteous fashion provoking envy Associating themselves with drama and deceit And all committing treason against their very own No loyalty, no stability and no holding down the fort

Our kings are being shipped away before they know their identity And those with potential are victims of stolen identity Our kings need an army before they take their first breadth A clan of people around him to ensure and protect More than one man to influence his behavior and yet Women are dual in this mental enslaver Mom is mother and father; yet father is never mother and Without balance in upbringing he will kill his brother Sisters are too weak to stand by their man And men are too unforgiving to ever understand

Queens are lacking respect for themselves and their castle Everyone under them they refuse to be higher Self-esteem so low they refuse to set trends Preference is to have fashion dictated to them Black man, know your worth don't sell yourself short You were made to rule this world Instead they convinced your parents That you are a peasant and worthless Black man... do you hear me? The whispers of your ancestors are proven statements of you being a king

Black woman stand up! poke your chest out be straight You are the descendant of Queens Hold down the kingdom woman Don't fraternize and be distracted by the parliament It's a trick to get you to distract your attention from the household Don't trust words more than actions look within for satisfaction Your personal gratification cannot be bought or sold Educationally your true instincts earn you masters So master your instincts and get educated of stories untold

One ripple in the ocean doesn't sway our impression Yet strive to become a title wave that everyone questions You can't give pearls to a pig Queens have lost their prowess Kings must sit by and watch it powerless Slave quarters have been replaced By projects and low income housing Mega prisons now the new old legalized plantations

**Queen** you are Beautiful, Strong and Courageous, we ruled & reigned above nonsense  
**Kings** .... **From** a slave to a pharaoh rise up!! **You're** as vital as our bone marrow **Break**  
the chains and be free, the curse has lost its magic We no longer live in those times of  
inopportunity **It's** no longer impossible just difficult **The** building can only go as high as  
the foundation is strong **It's** a fact that weak foundations don't last long **Weak** beams  
won't hold and cannot carry the weight of dreams **The** wings of love be not enough for  
the winds of hate blow hard

**Protect** and fight for your life, for your ancestry, for your children, for each other, and  
your future wake up my brothers and sisters, wake up!

*Inspired by Michelle Forbes aka m9dbodisol  
& Urban Voodoo Live and Direct "Dear Miles"*

GRATIS

## POETRY'S REPLY

Yeah I used poetry as therapy  
an outlet to let my soul out  
Like spilled milk with no paper towel  
like eatin BBQ chicken with no wet nap

Trembled and fought like my pen was a sword  
talked about and entertained nonsense  
whenever I was bored.  
Made it more vital than the sacred bible  
never posted  
cause I loved my own words in my emotional isle

Stayed loyal to myself  
never gave others feelings too much thought  
had opinions and solutions  
but it never felt good for my health  
And so I went from being all about me  
to looking dead at me  
and I realized the gift wasn't even about me

I was given an abundance of common sense  
a third eye and a pen  
and I wasted this God given gift  
being a Battle Rhyming poet in Beast Mode  
against these trifling ass ho's and men!

With great power comes responsibility  
And at first I didn't take it seriously  
Abuse of power caused low level poetry  
sacred scribe Obtained a restraining order on me

Poetry Said:  
if you refuse to use me for a voice  
then please set my pen free  
Poetry left me a letter and said:  
I thought we went together like flashlights and batteries!  
JB you don't even talk to me! You talk about me!!  
You went from selfless to selfish In less than a decade!

Forget tha peanut butter and jelly  
they aren't nothing without the bread,  
so either your wrist is going to cooperate  
with these images in your head  
or you'll lose the ability to pen the issues unsaid

Poetry then threatened me, said:  
Don't make me black ball your rhymes  
and make all the lines to the paper disappear on you  
poetry walked out; left me just like that  
she said: spit some something of substance  
or else I'm not coming back!

You need to use this gift as a proponent  
and not as an opponent!  
You're missing the most basic component!  
I'm sending writers block  
so it stays un penned till you compose it!

Statistically JB  
African Americans make up about 45%  
of the prison population in the US  
And yet less than 1% can be found protesting  
against despicable living and social conditions

The world needs  
more Revolutionary lyricists to become advocates  
and what are you doing with that pen in your hand  
NOT A DAMMN THING to change the world!  
You're just being lazy!

Stop writing!! Just stop...  
When your belly is full and your mental is growling  
Come see me so I can feed you  
and bring you back under my wing!

*Inspired by Roe Devovotion*

## Problematically Simple

She was asked  
About the relationship she's no longer in  
The pool of tears in her eyes told the story before she did  
She said: it's complicated  
I inquired if she needed my assistance to aid her  
She sighed and replied yes ....  
I sat her down and quickly assessed her body language  
Arms crossed, indirect eye contact,  
Furrowed brow, with a look of anguish

I said okay then; How long were you dating him?  
She replies; 6 months 3 weeks and we stopped on day 5  
Ok then; How long did it take before you had sex  
She said we didn't wait long at all  
I said how long before you exchanged I love you's  
She answered: 3 months 1 week on the night of day 4  
I'm like rigghhhttt so you were  
Just in a semi long term relationship going nowhere slow  
Pouring her a cup of fresh chamomile tea with honey  
I say hmmm interesting.....

So when did you ever feel the words you were exchanging  
She looked me straight in the eyes and said I hoped it was when we had sex ...  
So when did you ever make love is the real question...  
She shakes her head and stutters saying...  
Never been made love to in all honesty...

Head nod hand on shoulder I smiled and said ok gotcha!  
Do you think he loved you though?  
Yes he told me he did; I had no reason not to believe him  
Alright I replied are you prepared for my answer then?  
Inquisitively she looks at me like sure go right ahead miss know it all.....

I sip my tea for a bit and take my time  
Gently guide her from the kitchen to the deck outside

And I say, you allowed him to love you... more than you love yourself  
You redefined love and love making for self ...  
You'll always feel less than;  
When you can't love yourself the best you can, without a man's hand

You need to be in a healthy relationship, with you first  
You need to make sure He knows God and your worth  
You're going to have to make sure that you know God and your worth

You can't allow someone to love you more than you love yourself  
You cannot be about allowing someone to recreate your standards  
He's probably a good guy but now think about it  
Some folks will convince you that it's true love by their own bizarre definitions  
And because you didn't set standards you never create limits and limitations  
Just because he buys you flowers and doesn't drink and beat you  
Doesn't in any way make him the perfected mate for you.

Make a list  
Not a what if wish list  
But a declaration that this is me like it or lump it brutally honest type list  
What are your good qualities; what about you is full of shit  
What about you do you like; what don't you appreciate  
What can you change and how fast can you do that  
What can't you change and learn how to embrace that  
What won't you put up with from another person in your life  
What's the limit for being uncommitted and wasting your time  
What do you do when you are uncomfortable; how do you communicate  
Do they support you emotionally, physically and spiritually?  
Or are you alone in this plight, dreaming about salvation in a dark alley  
Do they pray, do they go to church  
How do they interact around their own and other folks  
Do they represent you when you aren't around  
Do you respect them are you proud to be their crown

There are real deep soul searching things  
You need to ask and answer  
Before you invite another into the temple of your spirits cipher  
Only you can ask and get the right answers  
Only you can advance you  
Only you can say yes and no  
Only you know what you do and don't deserve  
Only you.....

She looked at me with the sun dancing in her glare  
That piercing perforated silence in this inhaled sigh of her eyes  
Mad but knew I was right  
Because I could read her and read her mind  
I just smiled....  
I walked away and left her sitting there for a little while on the deck  
Came back with a tray the whole tea pot and pen and pad for her to gather her thoughts

It simply said: Who are you? What do you really want?  
Same day 1 hour 96 mins 35 secs later ... she's still out there writing furiously  
Problematically Simple problems... I can give you solutions if you let me  
But you see... As a life coach this is the part that warms my heart  
When I can inspire someone who isn't even a poet to dig deeper and think.....

## WELCOME TO AMERICA

Welcome to America  
Where we got backassward laws  
Where the judicial systems so broken  
They're beyond flawed  
Where your chances of getting shot by a cop  
Are higher than becoming a millionaire  
Where crooked corporations  
Can file bankruptcy on your lifetime pensions  
Where the higher the sentence appointed  
Coincides with your skin color  
Where woman have rights to kill,  
Keep and put a kid up for adoption  
And the only thing a father has is  
A court appointed payment options  
Where in less than a min  
We got 100 Trayvon martins  
Being murked by Zimmerman's  
Where we exist, hustle backwards  
And still can't make a living that we can live with

My ink will always be unmuted  
No bic of mine gotta a cap unless it's a fitted  
I'm going to always talk about what I see  
I'm going to always be brick city me  
My thoughts will never cease; the ink will always bleed  
This ain't no past time this is a passionate speak  
Read this spoken word till they choke on my verbs  
Inaction is just unspoken dreams  
Where actions are always going to be words to me  
Get me an asthma pump quick  
I refuse to be suffocated by flocks of pillow cases  
When we got brothers and sisters in the hole  
Pending falsified cases constantly  
**OUR SOULS SPYT IN CAPS**  
**AND BOLD FONTS CONSCIOUSLY**  
All the posts in this room  
Scribe with hot missal ink

*Dedicated to Darwin Greaves*

## **F-BOOK**

If it weren't for face book I promise you

I'd have fewer friendships and more accomplishments

More filled segments in my life and less drama in it

I'd have books and cd's and anything else I can write on

Take my word for it

My piece would be screaming for peace in my home

My kids would eat on time and nothing would be wrong

Time would be on my side and yall... yall would go on

Jamie bond would still be known

Unmuted ink would still be up and running

And yall mofo's who even think you made me

Understand this ...what I am tomorrow I was today

I don't need a like click or bullet clip

With a birth-certificate I'm already validated!

*Dedicated to Planted Daisies*

## VENERABLE GOD FATHER

So quickly I have dropped and fallen  
It feels like I got a hole in my safety net  
My tomorrow is sore my sorrows are raw  
The one thing I was always sure about is now gone...

I feel dreadfully lonely, like absinthe without sugar,  
Tears locked out of my eyes like a pearl outside of its oyster shell,  
My life suddenly looks like an unset diamond,  
Grief attacked me suddenly  
I can't breathe like an asthma attack and lost my inhaler  
The core of my soul is so deflated the realization is difficult to relate to  
Even worse I feel like I'm melting onto nothing  
Like a grilled cheese sandwich with no bread....

I will miss our common sense conversations,  
Your uncanny ability to calm me down and lift me up  
And your voice especially your hugs...  
Just knowing that I use to always be able to and from now on no longer  
Now I can't see you, text you, email you, nor phone you...  
Feels like I've got a restraining order against me for contacting you  
Despite my appeals, no court will hear my case,  
But just in case with the base of my voice  
There's some way to get thru I want you to know  
You were my other dad, my hero, my deity, my idol, my Godfather  
And I've always loved, admired, appreciated and respected you  
Yet now I'll never forget you and I'll forever be missing you....

White sky with clouds ahead and a bright orange sun setting in the rearview  
Going back over the bridge again and I'm thinking about you...  
As I unconsciously dreaded  
Coming back this way without you  
As the last memory and receipt I hold  
Say I lost you right about there...  
Missing you, loving you wishing you were still here  
But I feel you and I hear you as you whisper in my ear...  
Knowing now you are my travel angel I glide with you by my side  
Your program above the visor which I always kiss and pray before I ride

Worse part about it is that  
With all the education and seminars I've had;  
Could not have prepared me for this resonating hollow void I have  
I'm still finding it hard to grasp reality that you're no longer in my life  
With a carving knife, I draw you back like an architect etched in my mind

So pleased I am hopeful for a piece of peace  
Tatted your affectionate reference for me  
Always your Baby Girl with x's and o's  
Tears come to my eyes as I wish  
My heartbeat would just keep a steady melody  
My heartbreaks as my heart brakes like a car  
Pumping, stopping, starting and throbbing  
Everything hurts and I can write but not swallow  
Can't breathe can barely see thru my tears of grief and sorrow  
I loved the relationship we had  
And I appreciate EVERYTHING you did and were to me  
Without you being a consistent pillar in my life  
My foundation would not even know how to exist  
Crying still, I fight to control this feeling of sorrow  
Hoping the tears will fill this hole I have not borrowed...

I want you back, we all do and I know that it's a part of life but it hurts!  
And now I'm fighting with all of my being to stay grounded  
And live thru you as an example of what matters most without wanting too  
Because I can hear your voice saying let it go baby girl move on,  
You can do better, death is a part of life; no one gets out alive  
I love you darhlin yet death is for the living it's time for you to survive....

***Rest in Peace to Herbert Freeman June 14<sup>th</sup> 1944 ~ August 9<sup>th</sup> 2008***

## HURRICANE IRENE

like an ocean would to the shoreline  
the wind systematically blows invisible waves of air  
that push and pull on my window  
making it look like the curtains are methodically breathing  
inhaling and exhaling sweet breezes  
as the warm misty rain falls like  
soft melted snowflakes onto the pavement  
while there's clumps of branches brandished limbs and leaves  
showing coagulated splatters sporadically appearing scattered  
in an undecipherable code throughout the streets

the weeping willows pendulous branches thinned out  
and stuck in a blowing motion as if frozen in time  
no longer standing upright but visual traces tell a story  
of its roots putting up a hell of a fight  
houses holding up fallen trees looking like stilts  
to what once was a row of oak trees  
that are still standing but now to the right are left tilted  
the crickets harmonize a chant for the birds to come back  
beckoning them to be perched upon  
the compromised branches' biceps  
the storm wasn't longer than the hysteria  
after hurricane Irene has left the area....

*Dedicated to Jason Wyatt*

## MOVE ON

You are sooo dirty, me I'm dirt free  
And you got cracked like a code  
Belonging in tha davinchi  
I can't be there for you actually;  
I simply refuse  
You're like shoes I out grew;  
Your essence no longer comfortable  
I can't say the same about you  
ya see; you wanted me to die for you  
But you never tried to live for me  
I took our friendship wayyy too seriously  
Now you're in my business  
Like you're a silent partner  
Sneaking and peeking around corners  
Like tha pink panther  
You asking where I'm at, who I'm with  
What I'm doing who I'm screwing  
So my response has a little bit of a change from me  
I ask WHY ya wanna know  
Curious I inquire if you're writing book  
Then you say yes... its history...  
I said well dammnit be my guest then  
And make it a mystery  
MOVE ON!!  
Nothing to see here keep it moving  
Me I'm out you wanna stalk me be my guest  
I'm too blessed to be stressed ☺

*Dedicated to Francinda Manns aka Lioness*

## THE HOOD TRUTH ABOUT SANTA

She was crying talking about  
Santa didn't get her nothing for xmass  
I was like fuck this shit!!  
Dry your eyes lemme tell yo lil ass  
how it really is besides your 5yrs old dammit!!

Well see Rudolph the red nose reindeer  
wasn't accepted among his friends  
he had acne and had gay tendencies  
that's why he had to stay in the front

Santa's fat ass was an alcoholic  
that present delivering shit was a gimmick!  
that was part of his community service  
he was serving probation after his jail sentence

so anyway baby everybody knows  
but wasn't gonna say anything  
but Santa fell off the wagon  
no literally  
he was drunk driving again  
that reindeer mixed  
Oxycontin and Musinex together  
his nose wasn't working in all that bad weather

and well ....they died.....all of em  
there was one survivor and a bunch of victims  
stop crying  
that's life  
shit happens!  
The reality is that..  
you ain't never getting presents again

so the moral of the story is:  
you better get over it and grow tha fuck up  
if you want it  
go get your little ass a dammn job!  
Nobody liked you enuff to tell you  
that's why sent Aunty Jamie to tell you the truth  
ssssooooooo there ya go dammit  
AAAYYYEEEEEE  
didn't I say stop crying??  
Take yo ass to bed  
end poem! <---- lmao ~~ IB JB

## When Poetry Met Music

When poetry met music  
muses were let loose  
it was a sweet and sour combo  
running rampid in the streets  
rhythm and melody clashed as methodically as  
waves crash against the shoreline  
being moved by the majestic power of the moon  
and once music knew poetry  
The Da Vinci Code was cracked as sweet sounds escaped  
from finding the rhythm of blues in a soft gray hue...

When love met joy  
music notes escaped from poetic eyes  
designed to be kissed and caressed solely by him...  
As stanzas danced with sharp notes and flat pitches  
Haikus to enhance and enchant with every other pant  
she was the crumpled paper that took the place of his writers block  
and he was the symphonic melody to her captured thoughts

A poetic blend so well executed and orchestrated  
by a beautiful musical collaboration  
of notes belly dancing in the mind of a musicians poet  
while words chased phrases  
begging to be formed into memorable hooks with lingering beats  
Snuggled soft, safe and warm on a cliff of a bold clef  
this is where music and poetry meet...

*Dedicated to Ahh Poetic-Choklate D-Poetess*

## Sincere Lies

I had a friend once  
You'd have liked them too  
No matter what was going on  
They didn't think twice about being there for you

No matter how insecure you could be  
This friend made you feel like a queen  
No matter the stress or sadness you'd feel  
They always found a brighter side for you to see

Yeah, I thought I had a good friend once  
I swore the love and respect was unconditional  
I've always been taught to give what you want back  
But it didn't work like that with THAT friend

Somewhere along the lines of life's definitions  
My friend and I disagreed and I never noticed  
Our explanation for simple words became complicated  
Pride, loyalty, love and respect  
Friendship suddenly became foreign words

My friend...  
Yeah, they used to be my friend  
Use to comfort me and hold me  
Never lied to me  
I'll miss the honesty and trust  
That I thought we had  
More than I'll miss the friend....

## We are Poets of a Special Breed

I feel  
like a grid in the streets  
protecting the world  
beneath my feet  
my thoughts full throttle  
like a train with no stops  
people move too slow  
for my mind to follow

my soul  
burrows under my shirt  
never wanting  
to see its shadow  
like its ground hogs day

I came I saw  
in tune with it all  
but they are oblivious  
to those of us  
who are continuous  
they are on some  
to be continued shit  
we sit still  
checking the pulse  
of those who are living it!

## QUITCLAIM

Her abandoned mind lost in lucid shadows  
racing thoughts that day dreams in the night  
she can't see herself in the distance  
yet she's inches away from her own reflection  
where she's sitting gazing blankly into the mirror

Trembling fingertips that can't hold her lipstick  
bitten upper lip jerks like an earthquake that hurts  
as her chest heaves her tears cause an avalanche  
of make believe episodes of lost reality shows  
just to show her that her orphaned emotions  
often are as scattered leaves off trees in a forest

Shredded balled up papers she chokes back failure again  
her screams trapped inside of a maze in the back of her throat  
she pounds the surface of the dresser she tears her dress off  
inaction's creating discontinued possibilities  
of ever being something more than she is ...

Clarity become evasive and vague successful plights elude her pages  
the paper doesn't quite appreciate the pressure she pens her emotions in  
and dreams are scarce now more elusive  
she concludes that her words are destined to be homeless  
scavenging for ears and eyes, to seek shelter every now and then  
so she counts to ten then she pimps her pen  
till she can find the write ink again; to save her from herself.....  
A discontinued unwritten book upon a shelf that doesn't exist...

## MANSLAUGHTER

Damn if looks could kill  
I'd be dead from just half  
of one of his glances  
and if beauty is in  
the eye of the beholder  
then oh damn!!  
I'm going to utilize  
his eyes  
as my daily mirror  
you see he's got a smile  
that could charm  
a snake out its skin  
and me I'm shedding  
my clothes just for him  
and that laugh  
ha!!  
That laugh of his is infectious  
and I've just got to confess  
like it's a testament  
that venous kiss of his  
Is hotter than  
bullet holes and butter rolls  
like 2nd degree burns of love  
Of a back draft burning thru my chest  
its sweet like confections  
his entire presence  
is commanding of attention  
he makes me want to say things  
in an affectionate manner  
he's killing me softly  
like he plotted my murder  
this man's laughter is manslaughter

### #3flavorOFlove

Momentous moans oozed  
Soft whispers that soothe  
As I kept him amused  
He loosened his necktie  
Said it felt like a noose  
As my fingers tips  
Controlled fueled intentions  
Stayed on Cruise  
controlled intentions  
Love was the lighter that knew  
It ignited the fuse  
I unbuttoned his shirt and said  
Let me be your muse  
He knew from the view  
My prowess he couldn't refuse  
Two whom it may concern  
Who's gonna need an excuse  
I rode him he wrote me rescued  
Between lines transfused  
Hours of moans of enthuse  
Escaped moments of truth  
Ecstasy peruse tasted in bold hues  
Of purple then blue  
Pleasure clues diffused  
In tattoos tatted taboo for two  
Creating decadence of soulful motions  
Love tastes like you

*Dedicated to Joski the Poet*

**that's all she wrote ♥**

That's a negative ghost rider I never paid homage to the emptiness of promises it's odd enough that a lot of us know that sum are a minus they don't add up we peep tha spotted folks that flip over to stripes yooo I'm SO turned off without a remote they ridiculously mock and risk ridicule instead of vote quick to fail a life lesson quiz and bite while they misquote till these cut throat mosquito's with no toes get a sore throat advise em to stay in their writeful place they write it out I white em out like whiteout be like the fat boys and call it a wipe-out and that's all she wrote ♥

## MISSED A MAN

Mister man said he missed her plan  
Said he wanted to be balance to calloused thoughts and hands  
Stated she been working too hard  
Said she was misguided  
Said he was tired of being a referee to a female fight club

She was Miss understood being misunderstood  
Indignant looking ignorant she was huh??  
And he gave tha dumb gesture like duh?!?!?!  
She said forget you then come fight me  
He said nah you might bite me  
She said if I win you can wife me  
He said yeah right  
But if I lose I got a crazy ass wifey  
And I ain't got time for your princess type of bs  
I'm too laid back to lay down with stress  
She's mad now so she strips down to her nakedness

Unfazed at the public display anymore  
He's seen ass crack, cleavage, tits and hips before  
He clowns her because he's still not impressed  
She wilds out because he has put her pride to rest  
She's phissed off for a sec  
He says better to phissed off than phissed on  
R. Kelly can attest to it

Every blink of her eyes were like hazard lights  
Hazardous happenstances happened to be hazardous to this man  
Aside from the fact that I moved so fast  
You would have thought I did the electric slide  
So I two stepped and quickly stepped aside as they stepped outside  
He sighted her demeanor this made her meaner  
He cited her with a misdemeanor  
Lil Missy and Mr. Man are fighting again with verbal cleavers!  
Uhhh ohhh yall; here comes the man in blue  
Mr. Attitude dude to relieve him ♥

(phissed = pissed)

## SAVE THE POET ~ SAVE THE WORLD

When this poetess is in distress  
Her pen doesn't transform into a bat light  
There's no cape or fancy car used to fight crime  
Nope... just ink cartridges and a bunch of fly away paper  
But I be tryna stick to your brain like my phrases are flypaper  
There's just a bunch of likes and head nods snaps claps and daps  
Just to say they say that they can see me being a creative creator

And when I'm out of words for this world of ours  
Who shall carry the torch of this outspoken poetess?  
While I've been a voice for them all who is speaking for me  
Whose notes will save me where do I go to obtain some relief

When the last cloud of breath in my chest  
Of my soul shows I'm so broken  
Who breathes life back into me besides the EMS  
And who restores the hope that's been stolen  
When it's all said done and  
When I'm on that slab getting my chest cut open  
Perhaps Dr. G says a prayer for me during the autopsy  
Perhaps she'll see in my MRI the last words unspoken

I read and teach widespread like a king size bedspread  
Thoughts hang from my head like dreads when I sleep  
Words swirl around my head like Shirley temple curls  
Mouth wet with twisted verbs get me a wet nap and a wet vac  
Unmuted Ink just that you can see the cadence of my last breadth  
Save the poet save the world let me know by the time I get back  
Trapped inside of a daytime trance going nowhere in an evening dress  
Never give less yet nevertheless save the restless pen of this poetess  
Just so that I may have the opportunity to continually save the rest of us

*Dedicated to Mizz Fab*

## 1 picture is worth a thousand concrete statements

SMH....

No doubt this is truly

The creed of greed....

They try to force feed us bullshit

And pay made up fees

And our throats bleed

Yet I have all the power I need

2 discover the lies

I can easily

Uncover the disguise

With 2 simple questions,

Why not and why

God' Ble\$\$ AmeriKKKa

They all justify their alibis

Answers and solutions

Not seen with their own eyes

Since the beginning

Our history gets spackled

They warned us all along

About snake's skins and apples

And look where we are

Wanting the same fruit baked

For the sake of getting a slice

Of that pipe dream in caves

That don't exist yet we still crave

It took a WOMAN to free slaves

Pen gelled together

Yet still we're tryin to save...

~~ IB JB aka UnmutedInk bka Jamie Bond ♥

*Dedicated to King shark-Chase*

## **I'M NOT IMPRESSED**

I'm not impressed with how much money you make What impresses me is how you treat it when you have it I could care less where you have traveled What's impressive is the desire and the lesson learned on your journey

I'm not impressed by the name brands and the labels I don't give a damn how much you paid for that stuff Tell me the story behind the purchase And if you had a color scheme in mind Talk to me about your achievements and ideas About the passion stirring within Then pull out the blue prints and show me the lateral power moves You had to make in order to accomplish them

I want to know if you actually have an answer To questions such as, "what are you doing with your life?" And if you honestly know, "what it is that you want life to give back to you" I want you to look me in the eyes and tell me If you can share your success or riches with those who didn't help you thru the blood sweat and tears Can you go back down that ladder of success as well as help others climb it to get to where you are without being bitter I dare you to look into the depth of your soul and describe your back up plans when this segment of your life falls thru or goes beyond what your definition or idea on being on top was supposed to be

I'm not awed with the bullshit either and or the drama for that matter Tell me what you've learned and what you've seen The struggle for the preparation and where you are going next What I want to know is how you're doing spiritually and emotionally And if you're strong enough to be weak enough to be that person of value Rather than that person of success

I'm not interested in what happened at your job either Jobs come and go but your mental well-being has an obligation to stay intact I want to know if you are willing to not glimpse but analyze The 3 parts of my soul and see where yours' compares which are the me myself and I' Then prove to me that you are strong enough to battle or nurture despite the consequences

Everyone's got some game with them one way or another shit; that's a given. But what I really want to know is if you have an idea of what that game is And are you prepared to show hold or fold your cards when your hand is called out

No; I'm not impressed by what you do for a living, how much money you make or what kind of car you drive I really don't care who you're related to, who your momma knows, what your daddy did or who your cousin is What's important to me is if you have a definition to life love success and friendships.... If you are willing to stand by what you believe in even it means losing a friend or appearing vulnerable among your peers...

The most important thing that you need to know is that your actions are words to me That it's not so much about following up as it is about following thru with things And know that where you stand isn't as important to me as what direction you are moving

And to be honest; I could give a rat's ass about your past relationships and why they didn't work I'm not concerned with who was at fault and if you were astrologically compatible or not What I want to know is: what is your reason for being right here right now and what are you contributing to the relationship at hand I want to know what your limit is and if you're prepared to put your faith in me to take it 25% past that What where and when for grounds do you stand for? Explain to me if it's black and white or if certain qualifications make room for grey areas ...Then tell me why...

Passion doesn't impress me, you could be passionate about rocks and dirt for all I know I need to know to know if you can handle all of the acts of being in love and none of the complications of it Are you brave enough to emotionally give back even if it means getting hurt? Would you be mature enough to handle getting spoiled in every facet of a relationship?

I'm not impressed nor do I care about day to day tasks They can simply go away or be resolved by relocating your ass... In another 24hours that too shall pass...

Tell me if you could look beyond my shell and still befriend me? If I was disfigured, can you honestly say that you would take the time to get to know me?

I want to know if you know how to be your only best friend And I dare you to treat me just as good! I want to know if you can swallow your pride and allow a woman to help you I want to know if you can withstand the storm. Can you trust me with your life, your heart, your secrets and your cell phone?

*Jamie Bond*

I urge you to explore what you consider trust, respect and affection. And I challenge you to investigate your personal limitations to give and receive it And more importantly I really want to know you! Are you courageous enough to handle the journey with me or by yourself?

And when it's all said and done can you look me in the eyes? Still love, still share and still fight for the cause called because For my unconquerable soul....because then that's only when I'll be impressed!!

*Dedicated to Tanya Wyatt*

GRATIS

## BELITA

Trapped in a time warp of another world  
They placed your body in Hawkinsville, Georgia  
But your heart always lived in New Jersey girl

And the first day I met YOU  
We immediately clicked and became a click,  
We've been inseparable ever since  
Rest in the peaceful arms of God sis

LORD knows YOU will be greatly missed!  
You deserve this overdue vacation of serene bliss....  
Damn.... I'll never forget you Jersey Girl ♥  
Love always in all ways....  
ME ♥ — with *Belita Green Taylor*.

*BEA...*  
I'm drowning in my way of life  
Going down a dead end street  
Currently  
I'm fighting against a rip tide current  
The ground is sinking beneath my feet  
I'm Wading in quicksand upstream  
WITHOUT YOU MA

I got no lamp to rub  
No 3 wishes to be granted  
I am the genie in the bottle  
Trapped till I get a master  
Begging to be released  
Feverishly searching for a release  
I can't breathe

Who am I? ....Where am I?  
My destiny has amnesia  
My goals trapped in a cell  
Trying to get furlough in this hell  
Bounded by these pens  
The lines on my pages are spackled  
Trapped in confines of my mind's eye  
A Brick City Queen I'm in diamond shackles

I'm fighting against these werewolves  
And all I got is a butter knife  
I'm struggling to remain grounded  
But my tear filled life is on a frayed wire  
I'm trying not to become the same folks I detest  
A going nowhere alcoholic drug addicted mess  
I'm struggling to find balance  
Barefooted on a 120 degree tight rope  
tryna struggle as I juggle faith trust and hope

I keep hoping that this 2 sided puzzle  
Is something that I'll be able to solve  
Praying to find resolve  
I'm afraid that Even if YOU Blew  
The Strength of 10 Spartan men Into my DNA  
I'd be epically failing Unable to do this again

A saved soul lost in a dark damp ally  
Back against the wall to assailants I can't see  
Every day I get mail from the life insurance company...  
Enticing me to leave my family some form of security  
But ...where's my security blanket while I breathe  
Yoooo BEA....  
Where's my security before I leave

***Belita Green Taylor.***  
***Sunrise April 11<sup>th</sup> 1968 ~ Sunset June 29<sup>th</sup> 2012***

## PRAY FOR ME....

Pray for me something is happening...  
the aftershocks of the earthquake  
don't compare to this life of mine  
being rattled as I battle these demons  
my hopeful outlook is being bagged up  
like shake and bake  
my heart is on broil and I NEED it on bake!  
this is BULLSHIT yall ...  
I can't smile anymore I can't fake it  
I don't know how much more I can take

Give me my limbs I'm on a weak limb  
I'm tired yall sobbing from deep within  
thinking damn  
I'm losing so much even when I'm winning!  
I woke up screaming pleading my soul is bleeding  
needing GOD in it not because he's been absent  
I feel like a blood hound looking for him  
and I lost my tracking scent

If this is what pain and depression feels like  
you can have it....  
I choose to be happy but I don't know how  
deep inside I'm snapping

## Domestic vs. Imported

Domestic vs. Imported  
grateful I'm not stretched out yet  
I get sketched out with an eraser  
and carved out with surgical knife  
Seems GOD needs me to change  
a few things around here in my life ...

I'm beyond tired yall  
I'm emotionally exhausted  
Far from perfect I'm flawed and faulted  
My frame of mind and moves  
Are placing me in future positions to be exalted  
HIS signs have been painfully honest this August

Leaving me feeling beyond modest  
He promised me that if I do his will  
I'll be the sole beneficiary of his will  
so without hesitation  
I'm signing my life over to him  
as soon as possible  
making all things possible  
my pen no longer parched  
nor feeling bloodthirsty  
his path is trustworthy  
making him worthy  
I whole heartedly submit to him  
HE IS now my power of attorney

## Think you know me huh?

Think you know me huh? Well think again my friend because this woman right here is valiant. I got personal struggles and I hustle them, I act like they're crack flip em and bag em, Sling em like drugs catch cases in my life; my ass stay doing community service and probation for possession of uncontrollable substances under the circumstances, issue you my issues turn em into blessings I'm rich in prayer-phernalia.

I take losses like my gains and I still learn from them, I take pleasure with pain and still applaud em, you might be appalled by what I've seen and done; BUT this lifetime and MY lifetime don't run on the same lifeline. You couldn't validate my feelings even if I manufactured the seal you couldn't possibly know how Brick City Me feels.

I deal with deceit and disloyalty; tests and quests rags and royalty; I got few I let enter into my proximity; and call it closure close tha door on you, I got the gift of goodbye got no problems turning away, I ain't under arrest didn't you hear what I said?

You're looking at a little girl who found her father dead at 8, at a young woman who always shares her plate, you're looking at a teen mom who raised her kids, refused to be in a statistic I ain't try nothing I DID; at a child of 4 that's the most free spirited, a brave, feisty, forceful and strong willed. You're looking at: a woman who be about that, who protected a pit more than he guarded me a ghetto humanitarian going ham for advocacy.

You're looking at woman whose sure of her steps walking with a purpose and expects to be blessed a multi-tasker, an answer having question asker I move faster than they think I write like I can blink, worked with all ages in some facet or form say a cuss word and praise God in the same song. I don't hide behind nothing I try to place God before me, married at 16 first kid at 17, 21 and 27; at the age of 24 lost twins in between them.

And against all odds STILL achieved my dreams flawless is my face from every battle with these demons, they say God takes care of fools, drunks and babies because they need guidance ...I'm the unmuted ink guardian body guard to those who break the chains of silence.

I've seen kids die, teens die, adults die and elderly pass on, lost everything started from scratch and kept moving on; buried a husband got more than my share in burdens, I play hard to get with myself and I'm still learning.

So whatever it is you thought you knew about me you were wrong and every time you prayed I failed thank you it made me stronger, for every helping hand along the way I give em daps back; and say I owe ya one like they were miracle donors; and for the rest of the clan who couldn't understand my diligence, I can't do shit for em they goners they're on their own

I call it how I see it I don't get paid to BS you; I don't ever talk in subliminal codes unless I think your ass is wired I don't suffer from depression, turrets, battered woman syndrome or self-sabotage, I'm just ME, IJB, Jamie Bond BUT A SELECT FEW of yall truly know me.

I'm into personal excellence helping someone else and solving problems analytical me never functions aimlessly the Virgo in me has the heart of a lion. I don't care how big you are, what job you got or who know, you get at me wrong don't expect me to back down cuz that's just not my style I'm walking down corridors with opportunity doors and I'm prancing down isles

I'm not a time traveler I'm a watchmaker, I talk concrete because my bare feet have the capability of being able to glide on silky pavement You move forward to the past and I'm back from the future I'm not a teacher but I'm a Tutor either way I will still school ya.

Quick with wit; slow at wasting a clip; got no problems jumping in your shit if you talk shit I'm swift wit passing out a fat lip I don't drink, drug free and I'm still off the hook you not gonna punk me, disrespect me OR call me a liar. I am who I say I am I'm your walking flyer!!

## What kinda friends you got?

And so the story goes the best lessons learned are the ones you will solely find out on your own. you look like you're surrounded by actors and actresses but to me they look like target practice; your blasphemous friendships look fabulously scandalous... like you got theme music every time i see you; it wrecks of drama....

### *Ask your yourself; what kind of friends you got*

I confess some lessons are best taught by the full experience, with emotions that'll stick to your ribs like cold bowl of grits. And the funny thing is I wanted to tell them that; as they were big upping their friends to watch their back, that those kats don't feel the same about them....

I wanted to tell em that while they laugh with their peeps; that their "friends" make faces and laugh at them all the time! ...but then I thought about it twice who am i to point that out? That's something for them to learn on their own in good time....

You see; your camp don't represent you; you got the potential of be surrounded by confidential snitches; you got a glitch in your matrix but nah ...that's none of my business. All I know is that I'm surrounded by platinum maturity; maximum loyalty within my own friendships...

Yo... I really wanted to put it in their ear that the invite has an agenda I ain't beat let me tell ya I peeped that memorandum a while back but hold up now... on second thought who am I? I am I'm none of their friends and you're not even mines

So I'll monitor their behavior and your oblivious reactions, and just watch you're little trauma to drama reality show slowly unfold they use you and you let them, they abuse you and it's welcomed and me? ohhh no not at all i'm not hardly part of that click... because first of all i'm way too smart for those chicks. so i keep a low profile i peep their game and nonsense but you go right ahead, let em gas up your head and carry on and do what you know how to do best

### *Which is not bother to check and see what kind of friends you've got?*

Why should I relearn from mistakes that I'm watching you make? when I can get a master's degree on the sideline.... and if I continue to stay still and mind my own business; hell I'll graduate in 2 years with a PHD; huumpfffff you better follow my lead buddy; you're all amusing to say the least but you go right ahead hon have fun ... because that right there would neva eva happen to me!!

## We Got Our Own Thang

It'd be easy for me to make you believe that every lie that spilled out my mouth was designed to make you think that you were the best thing since individually wrapped cheese It'd be easy for me to whisper sweet nothings in your ear like your erotic humming bird or have my tongue doing the cha cha around you most sensitive body parts or better yet put hickies in the form of our initials like I carved them in a tree in places only we'd be privy to know and see...

And it'd be easy for me to spit that game and have you tricking out on me and my upkeep And play that sick victim role and have you feeling like you need to care for and be there for me But I won't because I can't I'm too strong for that But it's hard for me to make you see that you are a king deserving nothing but spoiling And it's hard for me to sit there and watch these chicks you deal with put Band-Aids and bike patches over your broken heart and convince you are healed by their plastic persona

When I know deep down inside the real man's soul needs the hands of a real woman to transform the holes left by these dingy hos and truly mend her soldiers' soul It's hard for me to make you see that I am not like the rest and I go hard for the man I deal with These chicks got you thinking that your biggest treasure is what's between your pants when I'm more concerned with what's between your ears and behind your eyes

See the rest will come in time but for now... I want to stimulate the strongest muscles you own and serenade your sexy ass cortex as I take a ride with no GPS and be the disco ball strobe in your occipital lobe as I count the chambers in your ear canal with the various octaves I spit.... See your girl over there is playing mind games Shed rather run her mouth to her friends and compare your faults and ask a gay dude about you and your ways and how to handle you... see I've listened while she's dissin what you represent and giving you no respect and my heart just falls apart~ cuz she treats you more like a pet Imagine that... Cuz I'd rather have you be my best friend

*Dedicated to LionHeart the Rebel  
Inspired by Eryk Moore's EASY*

## Blazing Guitar Strings

With only a smile and an apron on  
While wearing his favorite electric blue suede stilettos  
I kiss him with my eyes long and passionately  
Beckoning him to allow me to  
Pour us a chilled glass of whispers  
So that I may be allowed  
To become legally intoxicated by his secrets  
On a deserted island of thoughts  
Unspoken by candlelight...  
My desire is rename each scar  
Like the celestial stars in the universe  
As if it is the quest that quenches my souls mate....  
Crowning this King as my soul-mate....

*Inspired by Mutuo Consensu*

## **I am still here!**

Here I come to a time in my life, when I question my success. And as I look back, I see how much time I've wasted, And yet how much more time I have to go before I'm able to say that I have had enough As I sit here and look around me, my comfortableness has begun to take over my life, and the slightest move to something else could set me back so far,

I find that at this age I have a lot of fears, fear of struggling and getting older, not having enough and having to stop when I'm so close to the finishing line like I see so many times with construction workers when the project was underestimated for funds and the work just stops until someone can come up with the money...

As I look at myself there is a lot to be desired, my education and appearance, my attitude and pay rate and my future and I do mind saying my life, it's not that I'm not feeling worthless, it's just that lately... Lately ....I've been feeling like I haven't been doing enough and that bothers me.

Time is flying by so fast, and I'm feeling as though I'm stuck in cement forced to watch it go past me and not able to move along and participate with it. I suppose I ought to do a lot of things but for some reason I can't distinguish my incentive from my intentions and at this point in my life I'm acting like~ \*sigh\* just like the very people I bitch about a bunch of happy go nowhere bastards that fall into the monotony of everyday struggles and too afraid to take the risk and try something they'd like or ought to try

The ones who should question what is the worse that could happen or better yet what would happen if I lost this job then what? Too many of them me included don't want to think about up the road we're too busy trying to make ends meet right now robbing Peter to pay Paul and playing catch up and not getting anywhere....

If you keep walking with your head down, then you'll get a ways up; but you'll be oblivious to the things that have passed you by. And that is a reality. I look and think damn I can't retire until the year 2035 or after I could go back to school for 20 years and still work another 20 before I retire and here in all actuality I've wasted 10 years so far and other than children and a marriage anniversary I have nothing to show for it, yeah right!

Hell; I was never ahead to think I could catch up in the first place and yet I swear it can't get worse...But you know what?? It does and that's the scary part! I have so many directions that I could go in yet I feel like I'm playing blinds man bluff and I have to constantly wonder which ones are dead ends and will waste even more of my time by the time I even realize that this too has no type of room for me to expand and grow with....

And that is my reality in this very moment no off and on switch to my real life and it just is what it is..... Doggy paddle thru the quicksand and raise my glass to the heavens in a toast and confidently say you got me God the devil should have killed me when he had a chance...

I am still here! Devastated by natural disasters and yet a wonderful wreck being glued back together in shattered slivers, shards, chunks and puzzle pieces I am a survivor to say the least.... I am still here.....

GRATIS

## Economic Armageddon

Flying downhill fast on a slope  
Never mind glasses or bifocals  
Hand me that periscope  
Maybe instead of a stamp  
I should glue garlic to the envelope  
Listen to my checks  
SCREAM with a stethoscope

First of the month is toxic ~ a tragic frolic  
Our money begins to look like  
An art collection NOT in our wallets  
It's an economic Armageddon  
Financial woes appear tragicomic  
Bills will always be here  
The shit feels chronic  
There's not enough hours in tha day  
And yet... we're all workaholics!

Hey; Madd Writah!  
the economy is slowly killing us  
used to be a time that we could  
easily separate wishes from wants  
driving a car was a luxury at one point  
remember when you could TAKE a bus?

damn;  
long gone are the phrases  
keeping up with the Jones'  
the cost of living killed em a long time ago

used to be that the first of the month  
had a fistful of grace periods in it  
obsolete are the needs for  
change purses and money clips

Don't steal from the government  
THEY HATE COMPETITION!!  
BUT we're going to have to  
OCCUPY SOMETHING!!  
CONGRESS AND WALL STREET  
are the only ones with Knots in their pockets  
I'm like STOP THAT!!  
I'm watching em try every tactic  
to block Obama!! friggin bumble clots!!

Everybody's suffering  
Can't tell the difference from haves and have not's  
our necessities are atrocious  
the government is sticking me up  
and I hate sticking my hand in the mailbox  
bills invade my mail slot looking ferocious  
we can't even afford 10 dollar energy saving light bulbs  
we're choosing between food and lights on  
and this emaciated piggy bank right here poet says it all!!  
So by ALL MEANS MAD WRITAH  
WRITE ON!!.....

*Dedicated to Carlos George aka Madd Writah ♥*

## FIGHT OR FLIGHT

You're sorry;  
Because you sold out on your dreams  
And you're sitting there  
Wondering what all this means  
A tomboy, because your heart says so  
A lady is what your body knows

You desire,  
You deserve more but can't get out of this rut  
No education and you can't get up the guts  
Be aggressive that's how you try to play  
Like a gangster isn't that what you always say?

Single mom who's too proud to ask  
With that cold boyfriend that beats your ass  
I see those tears that you cannot cry  
All these years that you barely get by

Everything you feel; it shows; so far no one has told  
You look lonely but you have that one child  
Your life so far hasn't been so mild  
Your love life is shot because you're just a piece of ass  
Your man never schooled you in the bed of brass

You learned first about kissing ass  
Say goodbye to all dreams you once had  
Playing the role doesn't get you clout  
Yeah ....you found that shit out  
When your pops put that ass out!

He still makes you cry after all these years  
He's emotionally whooping you and doesn't wipe your tears  
You've got to run or fight back shit!! But then what??  
By any means necessary ...just listen to your gut

Another baby growing in her body and not her mind  
Too bad there's too many of her kind  
She's lost and abused and sad thing is she's being taught to....  
Custom made to be abused because she's accustomed to it!

**R.I.P. ~ Troy Anthony Davis**

*October 9, 1968 – September 21, 2011*

OUR

Court system

Dropped the ball

Where amnesty is an absentee

It's a travesty and tragedy

If you ever anticipate accord

Please purchase a Honda

WELCOME to America

Georgia to be more specific

Where lack of evidence

And recanted statements

Can't even get an appeal

Where swift justice

Takes the precedence

Even over our president

And chloroformed lies

Get silenced by being euthanized

Where apologies and lawsuits

Appalled the judicial system too much

Where they'd prefer to move forward

And see mistakes be hushed

The preference is to save face  
And not investigate a crime  
RIP to Troy Anthony Davis  
The real victim in the crime  
Unfortunately...  
Seems like we live in a country  
Where UNLESS a celebrity  
Gets involved in a cause  
More likely than not  
We'll continue to have  
Such a blatant miscarriage  
In our un just system...  
Justice becomes JUST US  
It will Always in ALL WAYS  
Be Just us against justice  
But that's just MY opinion  
Not all of US!!

9/22/11

## REGRET

Took you for granted... I now regret my actions  
They always say that you always hurt the ones you love,  
I took for you for granted and did whatever I wanted  
And threw tantrums when you tried to do what you pleased,  
Never thinking about your desires or your needs  
I need you to feel complete now I'm sitting here crying  
Missing you... please come back to me  
There's a void without you,  
I admit to you and the world that I was wrong  
I don't feel the same without you;  
I promise you can do what you want  
When I cut you out of my life; you acted like I deleted you  
I still wanted to be friends you took me too seriously  
Now you refuse to hear my pleas  
I'll sit here and wait for you to come back,  
I'll study how to care for you and give you what you lack  
I'm in despair and it's not fair,  
our history has to mean something doesn't it  
We've been together for so long,  
without you here with me I cannot go on  
As a couple we were the envy of all,  
just come back so we can talk  
I love you still despite your faults;  
don't you love me back for the same reasons?

I'm getting counseling for my control issues...  
What's the point of counseling  
if you don't see the new and improved?  
I'll be more attentive, be more inventive  
My communication skills will be better than ever  
Just hurry back to me quick so we can talk,  
I miss you, I love you,  
I respect and admire you, yes I always cared  
Just please, please oh please, come back to me,  
I forced you to go wherever I wanted,  
I want you back so bad you always had my back  
Loved how you'd curl up on my neck  
How you would add to my swag  
while I was in those short dresses  
I must confess how you turned heads  
how I miss my long tresses

## FINDING FAITH

She looks at him and sighs out loud, wondering about her future now. She looks at herself and now she cries knowing full well that she has slowly died. Tears come down her face as if they were waterfalls; all that she can do is just wait and just allow her tears to fall...

Her life is focused in other places knowing full well, that her children know that no one could ever take her place. She struggles to her feet and cries out to God the only thing she's sure of is his love for her. No matter what she does, the lord will always look over her, and as she struggles for composure he breathes his strength into her

She looks back now and worries how to begin, and she looks ahead of herself to only feel the wind. So many different paths that she has to travel yet, and so many different lives she'll live before it all ends. And she speaks to her God with a shaking voice; She prays to the lord she feels she has no choice

He embraces her with all he has and makes her feel his love, As she drops down to her knees again and he lifts her from above. He says to her he loves her and he'll always be right there; And that whenever necessary she'll feel his presence near... He fills her once again with all the love he has and somehow this time she rises with strength she never had

And he comes to her and wipes her tears; but he knows she needs to cry... He knows it's a growing process but she doesn't understand why. He says to her in the gentlest of voices...Rest for now, I'll shower you with many choices; and whichever ones you choose I shall bless you in that path. I'll forever present you with plenty of options; I'll always make you laugh...

You're stronger than you think and I'll show you that as well in due time, I never saw you weak physically you must heal mentally you must unwind. I've supplied you with many talents that will be put to use soon enough. Although you may have to struggle stay humble because it shall be the bare minimum; special, yes you are my child; you've suffered more than enough... Talented, Beautiful and Righteous I've blessed you so as not to make it rough. Life isn't as hard as you think... You are here for a reason woman... Unmute your ink!

*Dedicated to Gabrielle Denize Rose (Gigi)*

## **If I ruled the world**

If I ruled the world problems would be simplified

HIV tests would mandatory and so would MRI'S

It definitely would be a woman's right to choose

But along with that would be stipulation and rules

If she wanted the child but he said no

Then she'd sign a waiver for child support

He'd pay into the system

But it'd be towards the child's education for college

And if the kid doesn't go

Then oh well it goes back into the pot

Passbook savings account would be created for the babies

Where parents would match up with the state like a 401K

It's time to put child support back into care for the kids

I mean hey if the parents don't look after em then who tha hell is

## That guy for me

That guy for me  
Needs to chill out for a bit  
Better not ever In his life call me a bitch  
Better not be broke but don't have to be rich  
He needs to be able to afford repairs  
Or know how to fix some shit  
Don't be afraid of guns or love  
And dat mofo gotta go if he's afraid of bugs yo  
He needs to have a plan a passion and a pastime  
He needs goals blueprints and a tiger's eye  
Got to be taller than me smarter than me and be able to trust me  
Got to be affectionate love LOVE and want intuitive intimacy  
Blame the love we have on the Illuminati got to be into me  
Not just in to me my body isn't assembled like the rest  
I can go on and on without rest see my mind is between my thighs  
My erogenous zone is my eyes I tell them all tha time  
That actions; are words to me I always see things in 3D  
I think he's got to have eyes that smile like my presence  
Implanted chocolate swarovski crystals in his irises  
With an aura that illuminates a room with the two of us  
Like a soft snowstorm with a swarm of fireflies  
I don't want a man who's not afraid to try new things  
I need a brave and adventurous king  
I want a man who's capable of holding me down  
Someone who can admire every battle scar I've acquired  
I want him to have that healing sting to my soul  
Like a lifetime supply of medicated Vaseline

## Long Distance Mistress

I miss that kiss that made me smile  
The warmth of your body for that little while  
I miss your eyes, those clandestine looks in your face  
That said you knew the time and I'd know the place

Are you afraid of the risks that you won't have us both?  
Of losing more with the first than living on love  
You said hang on and be strong but how long with that song  
Hey it's me... haven't I been there all along?

Countless times in my mind I've gone over to it to no end  
I'm the one on the side; I am your mistress, your friend  
So have your cake and eat it, I've never snatched your plate from you  
But realize I qualify to be all... icing cake plate and spoon  
If you can't answer it for us at least be honest with yourself  
Put the cards on the table and your feelings on the shelf

Finally I found a love that before I only dreamed  
I found it with you but so did she it seems  
You'll have to make a choice, not now maybe but soon  
We're both mature adults and you know I'd stick by you  
Front and back burner yeah I played that game too  
I'd like to think you're worth it don't you know that I love you

Long distance love letters and phone calls hey I can handle these  
But pen pals with empty promises THAT I just don't need  
It has to be 50/50 ~ maybe more... perhaps less  
But I refuse to allow my 50% to be 80  
And settle or tolerate you contributing only 20 percent

In my mind I can't help but wonder although I convince myself it's not true  
Perhaps my feelings have been played with while it's been convenient for you  
Perhaps our relationship should be titled truth, consequences, love and dare  
I seem to fit all of these categories for you but evidently you're still scarred

You said that you didn't love her ~ to me that's hard to do  
Especially if you're still fucking her and she's making love to you  
The New Year is waiting and now I'm wondering if I still should  
If I had a definite date to look forward to you know that I would

So if you're worried about the consequences Remember I've taken them too  
Haven't I been there all along? Don't you know I'd take them with you?

## When a 'Bye' isn't good, but good for you....

I heard the tone in their voice  
When they said goodbye to me  
Everyone else's ears deceived them  
They heard: see ya later  
I heard: be gone I'm done with ya

They saw a friendly exchange and a hug  
I was embraced for a moment too short  
Had a hug with too much elbow distance  
Coupled with a slight pat on the back  
nah... my spidey senses were tingling  
I knew exactly what it was and wasn't

THEY saw what they wanted to see  
Lulled sense of what they wanted to believe  
Simply because of conduct or lack there of  
The absenteeism of arguments between us

I peered into their soul  
Pierced thru the lens of their eyes  
Their honest goodbye needed a lying alibi  
I walked away and never looked back  
I refuse to be on the floor because  
A wastebasket is too full of paper that's crumpled  
Never walked backwards, never limp like I'm crippled  
And will never revert to crawling like an infant  
In my grown life....

I know what it was... I felt it  
Good bye had an emphasis in it  
They may as well have said:  
Bitch be gone good riddance!  
Because my I love you wasn't rude:  
It really was sincerely a Forget YOU too dude!

## NEITHER ONE OF US

Locking lips till we're Tongue tied; We got cheat codes to unlock and unblock.... We're pirating love like it's a hot spot Code name WI FI Because

*Neither one of us. Neither one of us can say goodbye*

Love hurts too much; stealing moments of touch Our souls howl at the moon; Lust can't be touched Can't trust the aboriginal essence of our feelings Too numb to feel yet we both reach for the ceiling Mistrust and distrust both have an ulterior motive We're severing ties Out of here like a locomotive So I marinate on your presence Prepared for the void of your absence Saying no to this emotional diet I'm on We both said hello so long ago Now gone

*And now neither one of us, neither one of us; Wanted to say goodbye*

We travel this road of bliss with a full tank and no spare A love life with no brakes, a broken speed gauge with no cares Only fast forwards no time to rewind paying no mind to the road signs A Lawless love where our hearts are issued speeding tickets We are in too deep, It's like quicksand, we're love struck and sick from being in it Quickly shifting gears with a slower metabolic rate Platinum spark plugs are dirty, so continuous mileage is unjust But we can't help it...

*Cause neither one of us ... Neither one of us wants to say goodbye*

Saying hello has continually been so much fun for us Goodbye constricts our souls Till it's about to cuss We can't prolong this charade it's slowly killing us What we share right here is just too precious Too precious to cast away Or abuse and not properly cultivate Emotional turmoil feels so insignificant We both need to say goodbye but we just can't We're hurting each other with fast stagnant actions Secretly We're openly professing our passions

What am I to do when you stare at me like this? With a hunger in your eyes as you move in for a kiss What are you to do when I Press into you like that Heart chambers gushing as you press into my back Carelessness is becoming Emotionally dangerous It's getting hotter we could care less who blames us We're so wrong for all the right reasons as our minds relate There's no ethical prescription the love is a poisonous drug Detoxing from 7 stages of addiction and together we go thru them all

*And neither one of us.... Damn you; Neither one of us can say goodbye*

***NEITHER ONE OF US ... C.RILES CHALLENGE***

## SMOOTH CRIMINAL

Whew that last dude was off tha hook  
She put it on him like a yoo-hoo and he was shook  
He was love struck from a hook up

***Baby are you okay? Baby are you okay?  
You're about to get hit by... You're about to get hit by... A smooth criminal***

Blew his mind in a matter of minutes  
Shredded his mental to shards and tiny bits  
He couldn't compare to her bag of tricks  
He wanted her to make love to his mind  
She straddled his face and began to grind  
Silly wabbit has a habit of talking too much  
Cuz unless a body part is in it  
Then he best shud –dit- up

***Baby are you okay? Baby are you okay?  
You got done by.... You got done by.... A smooth criminal***

She had him sweating and forgetting his own dammed name  
Visiting him in the hospital waking up and passing out again  
2 IV's going Doc said he was drained  
Leaned over laughing and she shook him and said:

***Baby are you okay? ...Baby are you ok?  
Tell the doctor that you're okay baby!***

Blank stare in his eyes he can't recall it all  
Some buds blast but flowers wilt  
Left em slumped over like a thirty rose  
She's breaking hearts like jaws,  
She changes fast like draws  
Consequences cause and effect  
She lives by extreme hood laws

***Baby you ain't okay ... Smh ...Nah ...you ain't ok  
Stop messing with Jamie... She's a smooth criminal!!***

***SMOOTH CRIMINAL ... MJ CHALLENGE BY MISS REMY***

## IT TAKES A VILLAGE TO RAISE A CHILD

I want to say happy mother's day to all parents  
moms, dads, siblings, grandparents, Godparents, aunts and uncles... etc

it takes a village to raise a child ... I'm a mom all day no breaks in between and I love it!!!

Take a moment to remember the parents who don't have a child still here or even those with missing children or perhaps those with children incarcerated... and those who desperately wish they could give birth...

Damnn!! My heart goes out to those hurting hearts.....  
♥ What they wouldn't give to be able to hug their child huh?

Use this time to uplift someone's spirit keep the words "deadbeat" out cha mouth... I see people holding more resentment towards the parents than they do to their past 5 failed relationships... it's a shame when anyone allows resentment to override their common sense and courtesy....

if the biological parent wasn't there in your life perhaps God had plans for you.... yes you... perhaps he designated you as the angel to bring joy and fill a void in someone else's heart maybe..  
Just maybe... you ....weren't put here on earth to get yet it was simply to give.....

today... I'm missing the man who made me a mom I thank God for his presence in our life.... ♥

**STAY BLESSED & #BEINSPIRED2WRITE**

## ALL THE MOMS

Happy Mother's Day to any and everyone  
Who has been responsible more than once  
For breathing and reading life  
Into the characters of bedtime books  
Providing puckered up pillow soft  
Magical Neosporin kisses for all the boo boo's  
Pouring bubble baths and for provoking belly laughs  
For lulling nightmares and resuscitating dreams  
Rescuing sweet smiles filling a void in the life a child

If you are a would be mom to be  
Then congratz for the future of your progeny  
If you could be a mom but made other choices  
Kudos to you for following your own voice  
If you wanted to be a mom but just couldn't be  
Thanks for opening your heart to someone else's seed

And for significant others and surrogate parents  
Who didn't have to be ever be delegated responsibilities  
And somehow it seems seamlessly that by feeding em  
Completely made them look like you  
Hope you know that unknowingly  
~ Your presence was a present  
Willingly authenticating their personalities  
Thank you for all that you didn't have to do

To all the if you could be their parent but aren't  
Be it the influence of a foster or honorary God parent  
For trying with all of your heart  
To define love for them and being different  
While making a difference for children

Thank you for just wishing that this was your kid  
Hope you really know deep down inside  
That in the world of a child you mean the world to them

And if you are the parent I commend you on all levels  
For all the love and hugs used when you made crooked paths level  
For all the sound unbiased advice and for instinctively listening

For always forgiving and in all ways for all ways for giving  
Unapologetic ally knowing when to cut apron strings  
Effortlessly handling your domestic chores and duties  
On behalf of every child you are thanked truly

There are a lot of parents out there  
That come in all forms the would be

- ~ The wouldn't be
- ~ The could and couldn't be
- ~ The should and shouldn't be
- ~ Those who if they could be ...could be kinda iffy
- ~ The wish to be
- ~ wish they weren't but have to be
- ~ And everyone in between

Lest we not forget about the empty nest  
~ The ones that used to be  
There's those that were  
~ Was theirs and wish they still could be

And last but not least I pay homage  
To the Battling Goddesses and the Single Fathers  
The it is what it is  
Without the complaint department

YOU be that MOM, MOTHER and or MOMMY  
Loving unconditionally as your duty and honor!!

*Dedicated to my mother because she's so many things to myself my family and friends  
and so many others And I see a lil bit of you in the entire being of her Love ya mom!*

## HATE HIS ~ HATE HERS ~ DON'T HATE

HATERS this ... HATERZ that...

I ain't got no dammn haters

fall back with that whackness

I got love for everybody!

SOME of us can't quite mesh right

BUT I still respect their pen game

hence = familiarity breeds contempt

THIS allows me to remain indifferent

MOREOVER the less I know about cha

I can STILL RESPECT your pen game! ♥

KEEP PENNING POETS!!

## Chattel Slavery

Help me they pimp me  
they treat me like a whore in this society  
they don't ask me if I want to have sex they make me  
sometimes watching these horrific acts happen  
they shake hands and make deals without asking

concave eyes of loyalty I'm haunted  
they don't care if I want this  
and when it's all said and done  
and the child is born I don't see the father anymore  
they don't seem to care about my dignity  
they seem to care less about my stateliness  
all they see is my breeding abilities  
I don't get a break I don't get a babysitter  
they sell my kids off to the highest bidder

they make me do it again and again ...  
they are not my friends ...they kill me inside  
my insides are scarred, malnourished and sick  
my body is crying to be loved  
and all I do is get humped on by them  
no memorized numbers to call  
I've tried to escape... tried to run far away  
but they track me down beat me  
and keep making me do it again and again

tears stain my cheeks I cry till I can't speak  
when I'm not doing what they expect  
they don't give a shit about me  
they can't seem to feel my struggle  
my thoughts controlled by a muzzle  
I'm in a sex trafficking legacy  
as a front to pay bills I'm miserable and lonely  
When it's all over I'm unwanted  
no lost and found posters my statistics don't matter

the neighborhood watch doesn't even know about me either  
they've become careless about my upkeep because they care-less about me  
I'll never be recognized emaciated skeleton they've disguised me as homely  
another victimless list I'm missing and no one's ever noticed  
filthy cages and unsanitary living conditions and they're ok with this  
never to be free of this puppy mill hell the entire operation is bogus

## BRICK CITY ACROSTIC

Be prepared if you run your mouth

Real niggaz will bust your grill like

It's nothing round here

Careful because the streets are watching

Keep your opinions to yourself unless asked

Come at somebody wrong you could get it quick

It's a bad move if you can't back up the talk you spyt

Tell folks what you don't care gets back to you

You need to makes plans on how fast that occurs in your crew

GRAPHS

## Loose Caboose

I think some women  
Have lost the art of loving a man  
but I also believe  
Some men have forgotten  
How to obtain respect from us

I think some women  
Have grown weary of giving their all  
and I believe that  
Some men are trying too hard  
To do themselves first and foremost  
Looks like buying a car don't it?  
Men want the nice whip, the kewl tires,  
the smooth ride....

and women want  
The comfort of the reliability  
the practicality of the budget  
To get where they got to go

neither wants to  
Pay full price and full coverage on a hoopty  
in all actuality neither should have to....

yet sometimes  
Both wanna ride it till the wheels fall off  
Then act like sheisty salesmen  
Like they're giving you the deal of a lifetime  
get it together folks! I'd rather walk! #realtalk ♥

## WHEN I SAY "MY POETS"

When I say "my poets"  
I declare their mindset and cadence  
As gelled ink on one page

I wholeheartedly  
Adore their pen  
And what they stand for,  
Don't stand for,  
Have, want, need,  
Envision and refuse to see....

When I say "my poets"  
I say it with my chest out  
Affectionately and proudly  
To anybody who will listen

When I say "my poets"  
I don't own them  
But I do take full accountability  
For their penning under the influence  
As the designated driver  
On the road of unmuted ink

When I say "my poets"  
Trust and believe!!!  
You can't, won't and don't  
Want it with them  
Because then you're  
Wanting it with me

When I say "my poets"  
I'm saying that  
The DNA is in the unmuted ink  
My poets are my family!!!

## MY QUESTION TODAY IS

gm fb fam

what's really good?

We're coming close to the end of the month of April

And some of yall are showing yo ass!!! lol

All the other holidays get 24 hours

And you got 30 days to get cho "A"-game up,

Increase your vocab and stay inspired....

My question is today is... have you?

Have you learned anything and taught something?

Researched something or reported anything worthy?

Will you have made history in your 30 days of National Poetry Month

Or did you stay local with your thoughts?

## IS THIS YOUR PAST TIME OR YOUR PASSION?....

recently I had  
an interesting convo with a poet  
it went something like this:

they said:  
JB, I'm tired of tryna share knowledge  
these people don't wanna hear common sense  
they don't read why bother to publish a book  
when our indelible ink is splatted in pdf's and nook  
you get empty comments nobody pays homage  
I'm about to retire and just be the fan  
that I wish I could of had....

I said:  
are you serious cuz real talk  
I can't even fathom that shit  
first off your direct audience  
is that of your peers  
do you think two doctors  
in the same profession won't agree?  
do you truly believe that you can  
teach a poet anything except form  
cuz teaching teachers is a treacherous task  
the only thing we learn  
is your writing style and your past  
you threatening to leave is incomprehensible  
me retiring from being a poet  
is like saying I'm switching skin colors  
.... What you say needs to be heard  
but who are you talking to poet??

The question I have for you is....  
is this your past time or your passion?

***STAY BLESSED AND #BEINSPIRED2WRITE***

**I WANT.....**

I want to...

Feel glimpses of my heart beating  
With every other blink of my eye lid  
Inside your ribcage

I want to...

Love you till I taste serendipity  
In the bed sheets like a fabric softener  
Especially formulated for me

I want to...

Look into your eyes and be  
The reflection in your dimple  
Like a full length mirror  
And get ready for my day

I want to...

Define my enchantment with you  
By etching your initials  
Into my minuets in time  
And capture my most intimate  
Hours trapped inside my moments

I want to...

Metaphorically scribe you into  
The greatest love poem ever written  
To only be read by you

I want you....

To articulate me without words  
While allowing my fearless devotion  
To be your daily cologne

I want to...

Ooze you without losing you  
Snuggle up hun...hold me closer  
Than closed pores from slapped on  
Aftershave astringent on your jaw

I want to...

Make you a household name brand  
While being your personal logo  
As we become incorporated  
Shamelessly.... [♥]

I am....

Writing an epic love piece  
That you'll never read  
Because you never look at yourself  
Like I do.....

*Inspired By Candace Mumford*

## SLAMS, BATTLE RHYMES & VENTS

I feel like it's important to point out the difference between SLAM, Battle Rhyme and Vent pieces

A Slam is a piece you perform trying to reach EVERYONE no one should walk away from it and feel untouched

Battle Rhyme is when you get in a beat your chest beast mode and metaphorically dare ANYBODY to take your pen it's a very unapologetic bravado piece

A Vent piece is when you start throwing names in it and everyone can tell who you're talking about because you have insinuated and clearly implicated another person

Slam = 's ... I speak to the people for the people cuz I'm one of them people  
Battle Rhyme = 's ... I speak to your crew and will beat down your crew in a few  
Vent = 's ... fuck you, you; and you publicly even tho I might get fucked up publicly too

I could pull a slam piece talking about the emptiness in a person's eyes how they lack luster in a smile... or the hardships of making ends meet...  
You all will understand if you haven't experienced it you know somebody who has

I could pull a battle rhyme I wrote 2 years ago and it's still relevant and resonates with you today and yall have no idea who I'm talking about but you don't doubt my skillz to get at you OR you'd be foolish to try me

A vent piece is least relevant it's a punk move to get some shit off your chest instead of being an adult about it and agreeing to disagree <--- go ahead and say my name on your track and see if i don't sue your ass for defamation of character nobody at regular open mic cares about your online beef nobody in the street cares about your online comments trust me!

Nothing wrong with beef BUT if you serve it raw you better be prepared to eat it raw... me personally I've been known to force folks to eat raw words and sew their mouths up and make em get salmonella from the spill of my ink!

Spyt responsibly!! That's all I'm saying....

## BABY SHOWER

I love the quiet of the night...  
it's the only time you hear the echo a bullet  
and the sirens cut thru the wind...

I'm bed ridden with high risk pregnancy  
I got a piece I've been penning in my head  
unsure of its date of conception but...  
I'm too tired to give a flip about its birth on a page  
so my mind has contractions 45 mins apart  
and when the water of my pallet breaks in the morning  
giving birth to breach thoughts  
that get their inked umbilical cords cut weighed and named

Therefore I am waving goodbye, blowing kisses goodnight  
to my tucked in unborn thoughts of tomorrow....  
be sure to stop by and say hi to the baby poems...  
I'm having triplets you are all invited to the baby shower lol

## **NO is not an option with him ♥**

He calls me every night right about this time  
And entices me  
With pimpish propositions of sweet promises  
And details of how he can rock me to sleep...

I kind of like that too  
I can always count on him to come thru....  
He knows me all too well;  
He also knows  
That I refuse to resist his charm when I am tired....  
I'm more likely to be submissive  
In these middle of the morning hours ...

I love how he feels in the back of my throat  
The constriction of my larynx  
taking him in S L O W L Y like a cobra digesting his prey  
relishing in the entire digestive process... he smiles... and says  
you got about 5 mins to get in that bed woman  
Or else I'm gonna have my way with you right on the floor!

I giggle and begin to undress  
Taking note of the cool air lapping up my spine ...  
Nah we don't do PJ's in here folks...  
He inebriates my senses I trust him with my entire body!  
GN FB FAM ♥ yall can call him Percy  
But his government name Mr. Flexural Percocet

#jamieALLday another long day ahead  
Objects are closer than they appear

**WE OCCUPY ALL STREETS!!**

They said Jamie Bond

LET'S OCCUPY WALL STREET!!!

I said FOR WHAT???

We been speaking about the injustices all along

Go ahead knock yourself out and check ANY poet's notes!

They turned their face up I just glared at them into pieces

And before I left reminded them that in the poetic community

**WE OCCUPY ALL STREETS!!**

GRANTS

## CorpRAPE America

I feel like  
umma scream on my co workers  
And supposed team mates  
I hate that  
Everybody is tryna eat off of my plate  
Tell MISS know it all to mind her dammn business  
Tell the company kiss ass he can pucker up and kiss this  
And let the bosses know that  
I'm not moved by the management package  
The corporations wanted ads can kiss my ASS  
They're either looking for stunt doubles  
And or salary paid actresses /actors  
Whatever it is I don't wish to fit the descriptor

They try to bleed you cuz they need you  
But what they really need is three of me  
I'm only one person needing 3 jobs to feed my family  
It's a slow death that's quickening it's sickening  
I'm at every town council meeting  
Fist pumpin in the air while all the issues are brimming  
And no one who can do something about it  
Seems to care about the cost of living  
I'm an heir to nothing but issues and problems  
No silver spoon in my mouth and no money in my pocket  
Pull tha wool off your eyes let the American dream go  
We were 2 paychecks behind being homeless 5 paychecks ago

*Inspired by Tammy Jones from HipHope Publishing*

## **The making of a Bully**

Anger inside she can't contain

She gets humped and punch

Her little bones get crunched

The woman starves her

The man has her for lunch

The victim of a twisted system

At home she's tormented by em

But at school she's acting out

She senses innocence

Smells the stench on her friends

And so the bullying begins

Every boy in her little mind

Needs to be destroyed

Every girl with a toy is the target

For her hitting to be enjoyed

She terrorizes the lives

Of all the other children meanwhile

Inside she is crying out to be rescued

At home she sleeps on the floor  
And gets treated less better than a dog  
This is her 5th home in 13 months  
Trapped in the foster care system  
The new hosts tell her  
That nobody's missing her  
She's beaten and mistreated  
She's only a monthly  
Automatically deposited check  
Her birth certificate is a receipt

She's tired of crying  
Slapped and told to stop whining  
And now our society  
Has a monster in their system  
Of course it falls on blind eyes  
As social services stay quiet  
The avoidance of paperwork  
...They see she's hurt but...  
Unfortunately saving her  
Seems like too much work....

## My 3 Sons

When I say I love you...  
He says I love you more  
And I pray for his safety when he walks out that door

I say be careful...  
And he smiles and asks of what  
Yo Ma I'm big dog no longer a pup

I say I wonder...  
He says let's explore  
I taught em well about dreaming and waking up on a floor

I'm like yo watch her...  
He's like I'm ahead of the game  
So cocky he is; his eyes roll and he says yo what's my last name

I'm like yo real talk...  
He's like no need to explain  
I got this ma game recognize game

I say okay well if you need me..  
He just nods like yeah aeeight  
Imagine me calling on moms when I pick and win my own fights

I'm like hey now it's time...  
He's like no worries my watch runs fast ma  
He was ahead of his day before his head he did lay

The twinkle in my eyes  
Is because of all of them combined in my life  
And they are soldiers willing to step in and regulate when things ain't right

They are the twist to my wrist,  
The candle wick to my burning wishes  
Closed eyes and blown out they are my wish come true

***Dedicated to My Prized Possessions....  
My Gems, My Jewels and My Riches....***

## HALLOWEEN

the kids play dress up and parade around town  
on this eerie evening after sun down  
where whirlwinds whip leaves in tiny tornado's  
and mist can be seen creeping under the doors  
houses are decorated to celebrate this occasion once more  
with cats, bats, brooms, spider webs, pumpkins and scarecrows

with hero's and professions both good and bad  
as they race door to door with candy filled bags  
trick or treat they all scream with glee  
as I dig into the bucket filling their bags with candy  
and who are you may I ask?  
I'm a power ranger says one I'm a fireman says another  
be careful I tell em don't eat the candy till you ask your mother  
we won't says the little princess in her glittery dress  
thank you - you're welcome, I said...

oh the joy,  
I reminisce as I think back to being a kid and into my teens  
while I smile and wave saying be safe little ones and happy Halloween

## SAY THANK YOU EVERYDAY !! ♥

♥👤👤👤👤👤👤♥ 11-11-11 HONORING OUR VETERANS!! ♥👤👤👤👤👤👤♥

Countless Americans mistakenly believe that **Veterans Day** is the day that America sets aside to honor American military personnel who died in battle or as a result of wounds sustained from combat.

Please pay attention!

*Memorial Day is the day set aside to honor America's war dead.  
Month of May...*

*Veterans Day, honors ALL American Veterans, both living and deceased.  
Month of November*

In fact, Veterans Day is essentially intended to thank THE LIVING veterans for their selfless, dedicated and loyal service to our country. I have 3 siblings that have served in the military and I come from a family of military members! You are all prayed for, admired and honored every day that I have breath in my airwaves

THANK YOU ALL YEAR ROUND!! <3

## **Your Television will not be Revolutionized**

What happened to us we used to be tougher than leather, Now we look like we got weak threads shit feels like pleather. Our whole crew used to be down in all kinds of weather, the entire group went from solid as rock to light as a feather. Forecastable friendships become facades in fair weather....

You all make me feel like Rodney King in this bitch; damn going to have to cease and desist with all that crazy shit... The breakup to make up is leaving me with repressed emotions in my chest.

See I would give you the middle finger; But that would be like giving you half of my peace.... Let's just say: I decided to release the lease on our Fucked up friendship; Thanks but I'm all set!!

You are paid in full boo so here's your pink slip, Let's NOT consider it being repossessed... No room to pen it out in my composition; It's been decommissioned smells like decomposition.

Commotion and corrosion Inner explosions cause erosion. It's a different cult and it's difficult to be empathetic to your stories. Got my eyes rolling make my life feel like it's going thru epileptic seizures;

I can't tolerate your pathetic life as it creates a tsunami of epidemic lies.

Plagued by premonitions filled with Buffets of deceit and ruthlessness; Embellished with a barrage of untruthfulness ... Sipping on my Folgers... I left you in a draft folder, because you were like an old poem before the ink even dried... and I tried to edit it...

Was like ohh well what tha heck ...Ended up shredding it SO I started from scratch; since there was no room for you in my new piece but it's just as epic! You see. . . even if I filled in the blanks, it still becomes a thankless relationship that belongs in a septic tank, and for what, just for an outward fake harmonic effect ?

You are more like a cactus rubbing against a fleece; you're caustic to my soul creating systemic breakdowns.... You're sadly mistaken if that's how you think I get down. My mind is NOT a playground or garage for your bogus life; Eclectic solutions created hectic conclusions...Human vs. Synthetic I'm too confused with you.

Your life is like a movie I seen before; Never mind flippin the channel I'm turning it off. You appear repetitive your evident selfsameness Makes your Transparency evident Opaque conclusions concealed recognition ...Your television will not be revolutionized.

So I did what you weren't brave enough to do; I deleted your face off my side of facebook... You were like a pencil while my mind works like an eraser; I'm grown and still growing and there you are acting like a teenager... My statement of truth: I don't know what anguish tastes like; BUT I am acquainted with the sweet sounds of peace in my life ....Try it you might like it.....

**Your television will not be revolutionized**

--Italian (Petrarchan) Sonnet

You're like a cactus rubbing against a fleece  
For your bogus life my mind's not a playground  
Broad shoulders short coat tails, I'm feeling weighed down  
Presence scathing itching to my soul like fleas  
Eclectic solutions hectic conclusions  
Best friend is 10 letters so is lying bitch  
Called it home improvement when I burned that bridge  
Human Weave, synthetic lies, root confusion  
You're shameless selfsameness repetitive lies  
Unmistakable are your guiltless time-lines  
Your life is a movie I've seen plenty times.  
Your drama will not be revolutionized  
No desire to know what anguish tastes like  
Simply acquainted with sweat peace in my life

## He Is

I transcribe what HE translates  
camouflaged we go together  
like salt on rice  
HE IS there when I'm strong  
and in my weakest of times

HE motivates me  
inebriates and collates my thoughts  
there like a flashlight  
HE IS my spark in the dark  
HE creates my sanity when reality feels so fake  
HE personalizes me like a vanity license plate  
lying is a waste of time  
HE knows me better than I know myself  
nothing is faked make no mistake  
I got a lot at stake  
when it comes to being HIS WIFE  
my right hand man  
check the ring finger it's like painite

combined we are a work of art  
nothing can ever tear us apart  
thru sickness and health and  
financial stresses and wealth  
and I'll keep spytin  
even with my wings broken in a sling  
despite blood sweat tears & toil  
to HIM I am loyal  
the jaws of life couldn't even cut off my ring

HE stays on my mind even when I dream  
HE IS my King wedding bands  
are adamantium  
I am married to the game  
HE IS POETRY my elixir of life  
MY rib cage is made of link chains  
while his is made of bob wire

*Dedicated to 'just bill'*

## ASAP ='s Always Say A Prayer

I can sustain anything outrageous  
I am blessed and grateful  
especially because I am  
an exquisite example of love and courage  
remaining steadfast in my faith  
even if I'm totally bewildered with Gods' plan  
HE is impeccable and if I'm ever feeling melancholy  
I use the time to go deep within  
soul searching leaves no time for tears unless of course  
the salt water is truly a homeopathic method for  
healing inner scars it makes you feel off course  
I don't relish in self-pity  
you can't see your path thru blurry eyed vision  
never crying WHY ME life is so incredible  
regardless of these tumultuous times I pray even harder  
up before dawn never allow the moon to catch me crying  
the sun shines in my eyes and dries my cheeks  
I only come off my knees when today's forecast will be  
God reins and the SON rises its Always in all ways going  
to be alright I'm always satisfied with my drama free life

*Dedicated to Cheryl L Yarber (Hartfield)*

## 9\*11\*01

they say... WE REMEMBER  
how the towers fell to the ground  
where we were when it happened  
the horror and helplessness,  
the ongoing news coverage,  
disbelief,  
the fall,  
the mangled mess  
most of all they say  
.....WE REMEMBER

the anger and the confusion of the senseless act of terrorism  
and the successful attempts to bring grief to us

they say... WE REMEMBER  
the rubble, the cleanup crew, the vigils and the prayers  
Rudy Giuliani being in more places at once than any other mayor  
the victims,  
the hero's,  
the volunteers,  
the grieving families  
the building #7 that fell due to the impact of the towers buckling  
the stench of death, those who got sick because of it,  
of those who felt sick  
and nauseous as a result it  
those who received

ONE tiny bone from DNA results  
and were told...  
that's your family member  
I'm sorry for your loss...

they say... WE REMEMBER  
what used to be there  
we will rebuild the hi rises  
and replace these ground zero lights  
hearts filled with vulnerability,  
regret fist pumps and disgust  
that's what they say...  
it resonates and echoes ...  
they say WE REMEMBER

WE REMEMBER....  
That's what they say  
they say ..... WE REMEMBER  
I cry inside everyday  
my blood stream feels like soup  
vowing silently  
9-11 TO NEVER FORGET  
any of you

## **DISTINCT PENS Feature . . .**

**an interview with . . . Jamie "JB" Bond**

*FEBRUARY 2012 w/ DL Davis #1 luv*

### **ABOUT**

*My name is/I go by Jamie Bond aka IBBJ. I'm a poet/spoken word artist :) all of that and then some. I was born and raised in Newark aka Brick City, NJ. I have been a poet/spoken word artist for as long as I can remember. I've been published locally and globally. I've been featured on poetry shows both on the air and on stages. I've been a radio show host and a co-host (love life and pain / blood sweat and tears). Unmuted ink, 30 days of Jamie bond, IBBJ TV 2012, Murder Ink (MI6). Winner of various slams throughout the Tri State area in the past, (stage and street corners). Most of all I have been a fan and a cheerleader of the art form :)*

### **POETRY... IN YOUR OWN WORDS "WHAT IS POETRY?"**

*To me poetry is an internal art form projected thru all levels of expression. Poetry isn't always written sometimes its spoken, painted, pictured, danced, body language . . . sometimes poetry is loud silence, but everything that God has created that we come in contact with is poetry in my heart and my life. I feel like we all freestyle a poem whenever we open our mouths and simply talk about a feeling and or situation most importantly...if you speak common sense matters not if it rhymes it's still poetry to me*

**DID POETRY CHOOSE YOU? . . . OR DID YOU CHOOSE POETRY?**

*Poetry chose me before I chose it back; It was stalking me for quite awhile. I finally gave in and consummated the marriage of inner reflection. Every time my pen hits the paper we make word babies. The paper proposes to me and my ink says, "With this pen I thee wed." Sometimes it takes the stand and says, "I promise to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth". Sometimes it just wants to get it in and battle rhyme pulling verbal drive bys. My pen has no limitations, neither does my mind set; together we transcribe and translate to the world.*

**"DESCRIBE HOW YOU AND POETRY MET?"**

*Poetry and I never met actually...it was quite natural, like having another sibling in the house. I was just born and raised with it, everyone in my house reads and writes VERY well and are talented with self-expression. This seems to run in the family back many generations. So I never met it...I just get to know it better every time I do it.*

**"DESCRIBE THE MOMENT WHEN YOU WERE CONVINCED THAT POETRY IS WHAT YOU WANTED TO DO...OR WAS MEANT TO DO."**

*I always loved writing and learning about myself and my expression as well as others. I'm a people watcher and I take mental notes of mood changes. I wrote a poem about this I'll include for you as well called: "I AM MY SISTERS KEEPER" (see poem below)*

**"WHAT HAS POETRY DONE FOR YOU PERSONALLY?"**

*Poetry has been a consistent daily horoscope so to speak. Its just as automatic for me as is praying and breathing. Its empowering and at most times its anger management to my soul as well. I know a lot of poets say they write for themselves but I write for you. I write so that you can understand me better and maybe understand the next person better...and as a bonus track maybe see something inside of yourself as well*

**"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE IN THE NAME OF POETRY?"**

*I've ghost written, edited, spell checked, I've networked and marketed, cross promoted, read and thoughtfully commented on thousands of poems. I've given honest feedback when asked and I see the tragedy in beautiful scribe and read between the lines of those embellished poems where those that want to tell you a secret don't want just anyone to see it... YES indeed I see it all.*

**INSPIRATIONS**

Everything inspires me...the struggle and the victory of all those I come in contact with. My inspirations are derived in getting others elevated in thought and most importantly having them be unmuted in all artistic forms of expression. Every poet I've read has inspired me to push my pen a little deeper and make the paper scream with joy like the quill tip was a back scratcher!!

## OTHER TALENTS

*There isn't much I don't know how to do I killed a spider the other day all by myself :)  
wrote a poem about that too:*

*he tried to flex on me and I wasn't havin it see  
mad cuz I was scared but he ain't gonna punk me  
so I sprayed his ass like a drive by in the bathroom  
stabbed and stomped em like it was a crime of passion  
I was like damn that BS I done conquered bigger  
I had to act like suge knight and handle this nucca  
yeah...I was like p ditty like take that ~ take that~ take that  
smooth wit it I free styled a quick eulogy in sonnet form for it  
tissue casket gave em a moment of silence then flushed da toilet  
yeah...I killed that damn spider all by myself yall wut?!?!?!?*

*Although I must admit that there is plenty that doesn't interest me so what I'm Not ...is technically interested in technology. I like the simplicity of an on and off switch and a start and stop button etc. I want to turn the pc on and use the program; all the details of how to splice and dice don't move me. I have a poem about that too somewhere! lmao*

## CONTACT INFO

I'm google-able. If you type in itsbondjamiebond, you'll find me on twitter, blogspot, reverb, facebook, myspace and various social networks.

## MY SISTERS KEEPER

I recall the first time I fell in love  
With similes, metaphors and analogies  
I remember as a kid saying to my mother  
That she wasn't listening to me...  
Insisting she didn't understand me  
No matter what my statement was for it  
I learned to find the write words  
For the world to understand me because of this  
It was like fitting puzzle pieces of words  
Like a game of crosswords and scrabble  
Like playing twister with my twisted thought process  
Till I could no longer dabble  
Like hanging on a wire of phrases  
That my pen learned how to lasso over paper  
Like being a Scribe DR.  
Trying to resuscitate the pulse of those who are numb in layers  
I became a self-taught student by the behavioral dialect  
Of those I came in contact with  
I perused answers to questions nobody seemed to interested in  
At that very moment  
took emotional notes of the obviousness  
Of the un obvious ambiance of the unobservant

I was just a kid a sponge absorbing my surroundings  
It was loud where it was silence  
Dark to others I always saw the light  
I see the good and the bad in everyone's plight  
I saw the win-win in every defeated fight  
And I saw steps when they saw flights  
They noticed the colors or someone's eyes  
And I saw the dullness in the whites  
I was a kid though,  
I saw into the soul of everyone's eyes  
I saw auras despite actions  
I felt attitude in a room of everyone smiling  
I was an empath I understood those lives  
I could pen a story and be a mouth piece

Of someone I never talked to a day in my life  
Expression meant everything to most  
But for me in was body language  
Despite their dialect language  
I could always feel their joy and or anguish

If they said they were touched by me  
It was because I knew how to transfer energy  
If they claimed to be feeling me  
It's because I allowed my pen to massage their temples  
I gave back massages with my mental  
I sketch a feeling like a pencil  
Blow the shavings of an eraser  
Like it was anger healed by paper  
And then still  
I PUSH = prayed until something happened within me  
Because I never get complacent  
Always thought they still don't understand me  
They say they want to know what's on my mind...  
But.... they really don't  
They are sooo visual it's dismal ...  
Matters not if I saw more or less or ever express it  
I am here to share  
And replenish the warrior in every female  
I'm a street sweeper, a gate keeper,  
I'm the sachet of rainbow colored powdered tears;  
That gets sucked up in a vacuum cleaner  
The sandman's right hand woman  
putting heads to bed with common sense conversations  
I am the restless zzzz's for the rest of the sleepless sleepers  
I AM the angel wings on each one of you women winning  
I am the second wind and peace of mind when you need a breather  
the diazepam to your seizures, the bell to the ringer,  
I'm the knee cap supporting your femur  
I'm the container to your creamer, the hook to your sinker,  
I'm the woofer to your speakers, the water to your sprinkler,  
I'm the thought to the thinker; I'm the tweezers to your bee stinger  
the student to the teacher, the double lace to your sneakers  
~ I AM MY SISTERS' KEEPER

## **It feels right when I write**

There is a scent of fall and winter in my hair  
As the air whispers to the wind chimes  
And I sing a soundless tune  
With the harp strings of my heart  
And so I write....  
I write to a soaring flight internally  
My paper whips about furiously  
With the ballpoint of my paper-mate pen  
Producing words that now becomes the  
Two pens in my hand one each behind the ear  
Words flying to and fro  
And the paper cascades with my ink  
Flapping like ....  
Like a flag flying in the softness,  
Slamming into the sweetness of the breeze  
And I write.....  
I write like a conductor  
Orchestrating the lines on the paper  
Composer of thoughts to a flow  
That my wrist knows all too well  
Words swirl and under my tongue  
Eyes shut  
And  
I  
And I smile from the core of me

And

I

LET

The papers go

They fall up and whip around

Like balloons and I let go

I watch them tumble

In an invisible dryer into the ether

Flying to and fro and the paper

Like a flag flying in the breeze

I throw my head back look up at the sky

And spell into the clouds with my pen

I smile as I raise my arms

Like a child willing to allow an adult

To pick me up

I feel submissive to the words in the world

that are to come

and I...

I smile till my cheeks are cramped

And I sigh till I empty out my lungs

Then I inhale till I can't

And I scream till it's gone and then I pray

THAT has not stopped yet tho...

Amen!!!

*~Inspired by a painting by Kelligraphy Pens ♥*

## Oh, my bad yall ...

If I've done something to offend you in the past  
I apologize ahead of time  
for most likely not being in my right frame of mind  
reflecting back to things that would agitate me quickly  
No longer seems as pressing  
like being added to groups without my permission  
It took me awhile to be so submissive  
I understand what you were trying to do now..

If I flipped out on you for what seemed unwarranted  
please know that life was throwing things at me I didn't want  
and so therefore I was at war  
I had a verbal bat swinging at any and everything

If I missed an opportunity to say happy "born day" to you from me  
I'm sorry about that; I can't get everyone  
Without somebody being offended  
but just know that I celebrate you every day  
So your birthday is just a small extension of ya...

and last but not least;  
If went from pit-bull to beast  
just know that my mind is in battle-rhyme all the time  
its survival mode for me  
Sometimes it's hard to slow down  
it's like driving at 65 mph  
And then straight off the ramp

Into a residential area at a 25 mph speed

j u s t

f e e l s

T O O O O O O

S

L

O

W . . .

and if nobody told you

They are proud of you and love ya

then let me be the first to say that today

if I don't say it again

It's not because I'm not proud of your movement

it's just that I'm busy trying to

Make lateral power moves for myself too

and it's difficult to continually uplift those

when I need to recharge my own batteries at times....

Keep smiling and doing you

keep inspiring those who already grew

and for those of us still growing

thank you for raising the bar

you are beautiful in my eyes

You are all Umuted Ink stars! :) ♥

## A Mother's Love

Seems like just yesterday  
in amazement I said honey; look at what we created  
Look at what I was blessed to carry for 9 months  
there you were looking a little bit like the two of us  
swaddled up and winking and smiling up at both of us

Thinking how fast time flew for me to give birth to you  
no dream could compare to you actually being here  
a small hand grasping at mine had me gasping frozen in time  
that's all I could whisper listening into echo's in a hall  
Lord... I never met an angel before

Such an honor to witness you grow right before my eyes  
Gods mercy and grace was a floodlight in my life  
from a cuddly bundle of joy and pride to a curious energetic child  
growing and glowing I enjoyed falling in love  
watching your eyes twinkle and your dimples dance when you laugh  
a young man now look at how times passed

And although you may have quickly outgrew my lap and knees  
my heart has plenty of room for you to grow up like a tree  
you'll always be my baby but I see you as a young man  
you went from car seats and high chairs to taking out garbage cans

A mothers love for her children is the most potent of potions  
the true definition of unconditional love and emotions  
I am too blessed to be stressed you are a gift from above  
my children fit me like a glove designed to love and be loved  
empowering me as a parent I was born to be their mother

*Dedicated to My Love, My Pride and My Joy....*

## Dear Dad

I know you see me,  
I can always feel you with me....  
I know you're grinning from to ear to ear  
Proud of your daughter thru out all these years.

I know you're looking down guiding all of our steps  
Blowing strength into mom when she can't catch her breath  
My life continues to be a rewarding job and adventure  
Despite your physical absence it was always a joint venture

Due to your upbringing and values I've been successful  
Despite life's little mishaps never was I resentful or forgetful  
Yet grateful that you were there surrounding me  
Like the shadow that only I was aware of  
Thru my love life and pain I lost more than I gained  
Learned to pen it out say a prayer and turn the page  
But little did I realize with an invisible machete  
You were steadily clearing my path  
For greater things to continue flowing forward for me  
Tears could never compete as life made me laugh

Proud of the sons I birthed you most definitely would be  
From Soldiers to Pharaohs now they are now my Kings  
Happy Father's Day but I don't need a holiday to recognize your greatness  
Because your presence in my life for almost 9 years was adequate enough

## PERNICIOUS POETS

### **What if**

What if what I LOVE to do would actually break the law?  
If I didn't give back to the world and only made withdrawals  
If professions were religions and religions were professions  
If I didn't care to know the answers to any of these questions

### **What if**

The secret to flourishing was failure and our society was diffident  
There was a sniper for kids who exhibited forms of articulateness  
We all gossiped about the same nothing topics and had radical standards  
An act of terrorism was promoted coupled with a bounty for killing poets

### **Imagine if**

Being Sapphic were sanctioned but poets were viewed as a deplorable  
Every lyricist in the world got discriminated against and unable to vote  
Poets had to be in the closet and could only be heard in a few states  
Lawyers and judges gave the world free services but poets had to pay

### **How about**

If there was never a such thing as oral history, church hymns or slavery  
If poets had their tongues or hands cut off if caught with pen and a paper  
If we served jail time for reciting and drug dealers had more rights than us  
If freedoms of speech as our first amendment included everybody BUT us

**Let's just say what if**

It cost us more money to be self-published than to send our kids to college  
Before you could practice your passion or craft you had to have a doctorate  
They applauded women at the abortion clinics and child porn was acceptable  
Threats of aggression plagued every open mic location and it was permissible

**This is why**

I speak about unfairness trying to be a voice for those who can't  
I try to say what I mean and mean what I speak refusing to recant  
Pernicious poets agape I guard the morale of those who are broken  
**UNMUTED INK** becomes a bodyguard to those who are outspoken

~~ I believe in freedom of speech and every layer of expression  
Jamie Bond middle name silence broken!

*Dedicated to UnMuted Ink*

## ***GRRR OATH***

My Lil mans' growin up  
he's gettin too big for his britches  
told em...

LIFE requires you know a few things  
keep it movin on bitches  
learn CPR for snitches

Remember that  
our ancestors picked cotton  
so don't be a slave to it too often  
know your place  
and don't let others speed in yo lane

The rest are just lessons  
that you should learn fast  
play  
tha game  
but don't be  
the game  
gettin played

You're an explanation point  
not a question mark  
stay good at math and estimate fast  
how far you can swim wit a pack of sharks  
in Brick City you got to go  
from pollywog to SHARK in a matter of minutes  
watch yo ass  
but don't  
wash it wit em in tha river  
once you burn those bridges!!

Son... stay blessed  
if there's an on and off button  
don't be stressed  
your education and money made already  
cannot be repossessed  
last but not least  
ya destiny ain't on lease be a beast  
yo parents weren't having it  
in tha least!!

## QUENCHED

Taste my words

Like the most succulent sweetest kiwi

You ever sucked before you began to chew....

I carve clouds out-loud in your life

I scribe on leaves of palm trees

With peeled off white birch barks of my soul....

Same pen it never grows old...

My ink smells like a Hawaiian breeze

And it tastes like passion fruit

Designed to consume your senses

Marinating you in common sense

Till its senseless this makes no sense

But it's free so you make no cents! lol

#jamieALLday ♥ #ATI

## NIGHT SHIFT

stay still and feel this breeze with me  
inhale the fresh scent of tomorrow  
as we watch the stars dance around the moons outline  
hold my hand and lock fingers with mine  
as our palms touch then.... let gooooo  
let my fingertips trace the veins in your wrists  
and relish in the strength of your caresses  
as I detect the palpitations of your life line  
you are velvet to my soul....  
exhaling as I drift off  
smiling to myself like ohhh yeahhhhh  
I KNOW you all too well  
I'll never forget how you feel to me  
my heart aches for you...  
heavy eyes I look at you  
as you trace my lips with your fingers  
and then begin to passionately kiss me  
crack of midnights morning....  
content I confess as you profess  
in sync we both say I love you to each-other  
I burrow into your chest and say good night honey....  
you sigh out-loud and say good morning sweetheart  
#CHARGEitTOtheGAME #jamieALLday

## LIAR SIGHTING

Somehow I feel slighted... like I had a fake constituent sighting

Like I might be nice and act like I ain't see it coming

Knowing full well I'm cleaning my sig and keep humming....

hmm hmmm hummm hummm sssshhhh as I whisper

Somebody's lying eyes gonna force their tongue to slither

Somebody's throat is gonna be the grave to my full fist in a minnit

Somebody's body gonna be drug thru some bloody mud in a second....

hmmmm hmmmm hmmmm hmmm

SOMEBODY got it fucked up and umma BOUTA call em on it!

#jamieALLday = Jamie Bond

## Inner Dispassion

The sanctuary of my stillness is windless  
complacency has not one bit of harmony  
like a broken collapsed cardboard box  
eventually my attention folds inward  
my parched soul feels thirsty for respite  
from everything around me even myself

I feel drenched with minute distractions  
Feel as if I just want to unzip my skin  
and be free from these garments called burdens

I try to revivify as I seek refuge to find peace  
agitated by clashes of outward lashes of conflict  
To the point where end result was to hack my hair off  
So that I might get some reprieve...  
*Redefine Peace of Mind*

Through hatches with broken shackles and latches  
into the tunnels of hidden serene corners I escape  
dreamscapes of broken lies and patched promises  
of an era where I made eras my soul's not awake  
deep meditative breaths comfort my heart rate  
bruised love's illumination time is on layaway

Sadly it'll be some years  
before I can purchase it without window shopping  
loves light basking in baskets pushing wheels on a casket  
not re-energized by extended times encased inside extreme seconds  
bitter slices of silence and life's brief moments apart

I turn my attention inward to a stillness within my heart.  
Purge the cache of me, myself and I  
No battery yet a car you kick start

***And the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding,  
will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus. --Philippians 4:7***

## Invisible Rainbow

Into this life of yours  
You were born alone  
Caught by arms so as not to hit the floor  
Undeveloped lungs and wings  
Destined to achieve anything  
Some births like a flare for a fleeting moment  
Designed to exist solely to keep your soul humbled

Every whimper an unprocessed scent from a past life  
Each touch a future whisper in an un deciphered language  
Every blink encompassing the sound of a fond memory  
Echoing hum's of a heart beating like Morse code to the soul

She gives birth to the right child by the wrong guy  
Refusing to become shallow within hollow visions  
Non- sedated in these times of surgical enhanced lies

She tries.....

To recall names places and things in the past of her trenches  
Objectively adding adjectives to future perfect tenses of tension  
Comes home to an empty nest filled with anticipation  
Visibly absent her bundle of joy of missing in action....

## IN HER DREAMS.....

Sometimes it's amazing  
how we can FEEL more touched  
by words and sounds than anything  
a physical encounter can do for us....  
I feel wrapped in the sweetness of words  
like a blanket I wear him like a poncho  
took vows because my heart knew  
that he is the vowel in my life ...  
I can't do or say much without him  
when it comes to expressing myself...

I feel compelled to hold in  
what used to be on my sleeve  
guarded with bob wire and  
still slipping into myself backwards  
like my tears are being sucked inside out  
with a vacuum cleaner...  
I'm a naked painting by Kelligraphy Pens  
yet I feel cloaked by him  
his kisses are embedded into my soul  
like tattoos everyone else can see BUT me...  
I avoid that lonely bed  
till I can't sit up any longer and then...

I drift off to a place where everything is worse  
and I can't wait to wake the fuck up!  
no escape.... I think he does it on purpose  
so it's a place I don't want to stay with him  
like having a nice whip  
dead smack in the middle of the ghetto  
anticipation for what's around the corner  
can't wait to wake up and peel off  
like a high speed chase from that dream state  
I slept with pajamas on and then....  
I woke up with my clothes off in my dream.....

*Inspired by Kelligraphy Penz painting*

## **N.I.N.A. ~ New Identity Not Applicable**

Born May 27th 1971 I left **LEFT EYE** on a red eye

**Ooooooohhh... On the TLC Tip** she's terribly missed

April 25th 2002 she left me too she was **CrazySexyCool**

Lisa **What About Your Friends?** she said TLC went from 3 to 2

last **Girl Talk** we had she had a do not disturb sign sayin **No Scrubs**

we knew she **Ain't 2 Proud 2 Beg** with her **Hat 2 da Back**

she was alright with me **Left Pimpin** in **3D FanMail**

car accident is was bad karma with a bad car ma

hope your family sued the hell outta the jeep company too

just know that your left **Eye Legacy, Forever** will always be with us

up in heaven now looking over us she was a **Supernova Posthumous**

a free spirited soul of a humanitarian with a line under the left eye

And diamond tears and we are still looking for rainbows

Chasing **Waterfalls** after all these years

**Energy never dies... it just transforms**

Rest in Paradise till we see you again....  
you were loved woman!

## WARPED VIEWS

I gotta yell CUT  
to the actor and actress  
Their action is stagnant  
their non-fiction is fact-less  
Wearing a turtleneck  
but that shit looks backless  
What seems to be in  
would be out to me  
Complicated things to you  
seems easy to me  
The simplest thing to you  
are complicated to me  
The definition of Love to her  
feels like hate to me  
His definition of providing  
looks like a slum lord to me  
What looks like needs to them  
is defined as wants to me  
Her definition of White lies  
looks like Black truths in my eyes  
I'm just a thin slice of cheese  
they are the bread sides of the sandwich  
they call that spaghetti sauce  
shit I call it a manwich  
His Definition of dedication to her  
looks like a scared to fail addiction to me  
Everything they hide from the world  
is all I manage to see.....

## I'LL BE BACK LATER

I give my pillows some head  
And I rape my sheets  
I'm always looking for peace  
Always fighting in my sleep  
With steel toed stilettos  
And sooooo for those nosey folks  
Who want to be a fly on my wall  
They aren't expecting me to be the spider  
I'm off the chain like an unset diamond  
A hostile fiend with a pipe  
Frantically looking for a lighter

Allergic reaction to inaction  
I scream In REM dreamed whispers  
Ever since my voice box was stolen  
I mouth the words  
But no one can hear me  
My eyebrows furrow up in my mind  
Face feels paralyzed and I tread thru black ink  
I cannot scribe anything...

I morph into a human pen  
And my footsteps leave ink trails  
Brass knuckles ring side fight club  
Hair sheds paper like dandruff  
My thoughts handcuffed  
My cartilages transform  
Into deformed dwarfed cartridges  
Covered in blisters  
Help wanted like craigslist's  
Ambitions are listed as a curbside pickup

Contortionist hovering like a helicopter  
A spasmodic nomad on a tightrope  
Brick city drifting in a circus of crop circles  
I'm playing twister to spell out my expressions  
I wake up with my calves sore...  
Swinging like a monkey on a trapeze  
Grasping for insubstantial hopes  
Gasping for air clinging to my feet  
From Charlie horses in my shins  
Knees to chin nerves worn thin

Spasms in my cheeks forms slurred vernacular  
Soul erupted solely interrupted  
By corrupted hysterics of convulsions  
As my ears hemorrhage factual dishonesty  
I'm blinded by rainbows in the dark  
Rocks rolling against heavy metal  
Tasting warped music caused by disharmony  
As I keep having this nightmarish dream  
I wake up in my sleep feeling distraught  
Praying to rebuke crazed thoughts  
Of never getting my ink unmuted

*Dedicated TO Authoress DIONNA Butterfli Per-Will*

## Faded Accolades

Faded Accolades

Made to create barricades

You bop your head to my tunes

Tap your feet, whistle and hum

But eventually you'll have to

Learn to sing it and face the music

Or turn my radio off...

My pen is slowly dying

It's bleeding for you

And you won't say a word

You just let it....

You got a lot of nerve....

As the white-noise

Drowned out my hearts screams

Like speakers without audio

It's too late love life asphyxiated

The ph balanced breadth in my chest left me

My withered pen gasps at grasped whispers

And the paper screams the saddest apology

That the world has never heard yet

With selective hearing we still suffer

From episodic like memory symptoms

I tried to warn em but you blame it on the system

## Slaughtered Essence ....

Deficient Corporate America fatigued;  
Wearing the armor of God and camouflaged Fatigues.  
Drafted and didn't ask to be part of the war in these streets.  
Exhausted and pissed off parents pumping their fists.  
Movements replaced by makeshift murals ...  
Candles lit next to a zip lock pic.  
Shattered hearts with frames bent  
Yesterday's life deemed totaled... an unfixable mess  
Frayed tears over a casket replaced by one more hug and a child's kiss.

Thank the makers of Crack, Gangster Rap, King of New York,  
New Jack City, Heroine and Video Game Makers,  
They've got kids feeling like indomitable fiends,  
Trying to fill day dreams of paper chasing  
But outdoors don't raise our kids, perhaps inconceivable to you  
But the pavement has invisible wild grape vines...Even for the invincible...  
Starting up from their feet ...  
Suffocating our children's minds; all we do is struggle to provide.

Bankrupt souls' aborted dreams...  
Large withdrawals made from a mortals morale of an ATM machine  
Entertainment starts earlier than you actually realize;  
Open your eyes with your real eyes;  
The streets effectively amuse our kids  
Like a sports event such as hopscotch and the like

Hand shake deals are null and void  
Expression of rage replaced by unretractable actions  
Verbal drive by's cause bullets to fly by,  
Violence and virus' have no prejudice either  
They graze a few; go thru the flesh of some;  
The effects ricochet off of every-and anyone  
Another one bits the gun power of bullet  
But we all clutch our chest falling... we feel in the ether  
We tell them; "don't go chasing waterfalls"...  
Problem is they "do" stick the rivers and lakes they're used to  
Communities refuse to be aggressively involved  
Children starving; from a lack of something, deficient in it all.

Malnourished belly full with malice values  
Which we can no longer raise em with  
The hungry eye of the tiger replaced by thirsty liars  
Like they come from Bosnia their belly cries of suffering;  
Every ghetto USA got drug dealers; stick up kids & carjacking happening,  
Street wars involve going against the good ol' hop out boys  
While Kingpins color family units hungry, like piracy in Somalia its genocide  
Successfully suppressing the rest of them, by justifying the cause of justifiable homicide

*Dedicated to Todd Smith*

(phissed ='s pissed)

**X** ← **YOU ARE HERE**

On foot at a path  
All too familiar to my feet  
I'm tired, hungry... thirsty  
Finally arrive to be greeted  
By A voice so smooth it soothes me  
He says WELCOME  
Thru an illuminated speaker  
The voice asks: how can I help you Jamie?

I say I'm on a tight budget  
But I have a family to feed  
Gimme 4 of each of my order  
From off of the dollar menu please  
He said we have a special  
It's nothing special really  
How much do you have?  
I said almost 8 bucks  
He replies how bout 5 happy meals  
I said THAT'S too much  
There's only 4 of us....

Well I'll give you 5 anyway  
And this way you can share  
Thankful I never questioned  
Why he would care

Just a few more steps  
With all my mustered up strength  
I'm finally at the window  
And a light so bright  
Comes from the booth  
Hidden is his face  
I can barely see his hands  
Handing me my food

My change dropped  
And as I kneel down to retrieve it  
The aroma fills me  
Before I can even eat it  
He says my child...  
With 49 cents you could super-size it  
I look up and overwhelmed  
All I can do is smile  
As I slump to my knees  
Tired feet  
And swollen ankles  
I'm grateful...  
At Mc-God knows  
I'm blessed  
I'm at the *Pray Thru*

*Dedicated to Seabe*

## Be quiet about those diets

I'm upset with myself because I'm so big  
Eat again, eat again, jiggy jig  
All of these diets which one is right?  
They claim that my fatty tissues will win this fight  
I need to loose over 70 pounds  
But when I look for results all I do is frown  
I've even tried to talk myself into being anorexic  
But while my mind is listening my body says forget it!

Why can't I be thin like all the others?  
I try hard I fail I don't know why I bother  
Every diet I've tried has not yet been true  
So I acknowledge that I can diet till my face turns blue  
But then again blue is a nice color  
I can't give up that easily I must find another  
So in pops another pill out comes a diet plan  
And once again I stick to it the best that I can  
Who's to say that I'll succeed only I'll know if I fail  
30 days has passed again  
Money back guarantee in the garbage pail!!

*Dedicated to all those who keep striving for that perfect figure that doesn't exists....*

## **I see you**

She withstands things she doesn't have to  
And she wears her heart on her sleeve  
She conforms from her own standards  
In order to keep the peace  
She goes the extra mile she's forgotten how to sleep  
She runs the race with no finish line in sight  
She loves and protects always willing to fight  
She comes in so many shades and behaviors  
She goes from professional to bipolar behavior  
Her hips have glitter and when she sways; she hypnotizes  
Looking like her graceful ankles hold up her thighs  
The true make up of a woman is striking in all facets of her life  
Eye color and cheek bones in various masks  
But the DNA is the same regardless of nationality  
Not moved by what if's in the past, present and future  
Her spirit is in the spotlight with her soul being featured  
She's not involved; but you know she's down for it all  
She's the keeper of secrets with the mouth of justice  
She acts confused some days... when she's totally in the loop  
But she's going to let you tell her what you know first  
Burning the candles at both ends and yet She's tireless  
The most time she gets to herself is the stolen moments of rest  
You know her as Ma, Mama, Grandma, Sister, Aunty  
**I see you ma I see you.....**

## BEAST MODE GRIOT

I move in stealth mode through blaring silence, Even when I'm silent, even when I'm old  
My soul will still solely be in its prime like I stole it These broken bumble bees be tryna  
battle optimims prime Opportunities to get at me ...nah homey I advise you to avoid  
these pleasseessssee

I got a backyard as a graveyard laid to rest many of em I ain't neva worried about her she  
knows I'm a word warrior i get at em quick put their head on a platter Leave em bleeding  
out with coagulated ink splatters Loot em Shoot em, leave em pillaged and plundered  
I've got plenty of em stacked up like 300

I own a junkyard for all of them busted up pens Put a lighter to the tip of their ass and  
they still can't roll I got splattered caps and distorted fitteds' poets convulsing and having  
fits Only thing they can scribe in tha dirt now Is HELP ME, WOW and Ohhh SHIT!!! I  
spyt eulogy's and hock a loogie on em

Beyond un-amused I'm immune Neva caught slipping, never buckle under; I'm a swag  
stabbing muse murder Unsympathetic I ain't give em shit so of course they don't get it  
cuz I ain't give a shit ..Get it? Some of them pathetic Pathogenic of cartoon characters  
Brick City in the building YO fugetaboutit

I gotta stop sign ya - so stop ya whining; I'm vintage with tears that refuse to ferment in  
the ducks my eyes, Popping corkscrew tempers like Chianti wine. My words transform  
my actions for actors Like loudspeakers for passion; Toyo tire mind, double treaded  
pallet I revive her like my saliva the only survivor It crypt walks off my tongue into yo  
ears Even my cadence has cadence actin like its gang affiliated As QUISE would say:  
fukouttahere

Idle pens get penalized for identity theft I cook hearts and chef em up For homeless folks  
breakfast can't call it I heard the beast mode in me calling jodisartisticjoint.com beyond  
ambidextrous my pens are double jointed

I got this leaving ya spotless like a cold case be like lady gagga with my pen game and  
poke- poke -poke- her face face off -fuk that I'd snatch yo face off like my ink was  
Travis then erase yo shit like I shoe shine spyt wit Windex erase ya paper face rename yo  
ass Charla Nash

*Dedicated to Jodisartisticjoint.com*

## FALLEN ANGEL

I roam the streets in the heat with these broken wings  
With a match book and no cigarettes' to be had in this hell  
The depths of my mind require an escort,  
I'm distorted and half aborted never again to be whole  
Unfamiliar constituents join their allegiance  
But my sins are my own; I share them with no one here  
Trust is overrated, they never understood my ways  
I am the liaison to nothing good, but go home to what

Razor cut feet from the landing I pace the cold soil of the graveyard  
Where the smell of dirt and worms overtake my senses  
Familiar are my nostrils and besieged with the stench of death  
And you sense an eerie unfamiliar presence but it makes no sense  
Resting at the tombstone I am exhausted in every aspect of the word  
Only to turn around and read it and see my own name etched in the stone  
I refuse to let this be the end of my existence  
evicted from heaven, Avoiding hell and purgatory has an appalling smell

A rotting corpse smells worse than burning flesh any day  
My emergency kit; I still have here somewhere  
Broke the glass before I read the warning label and instructions  
A second chance at life with contractual restrictions  
A second chance of death so that we all may perfect it  
Deep slow breaths without an inhaler I breathe backwards  
Wings unmendable I am no longer able to fly  
With a pulled feather I stab myself in the thigh with the tip  
And scribe my final apologies with the stiff quill nib

### **Saying:**

I have not failed you more than myself this time  
Stagnant as I refuse to be blind  
Middle finger up to the ways of mankind  
I may have lost the comforts and safe haven in heaven  
I still possess my freedom of speech which I shall keep  
Often wrong but never uncertain I take my punishment willingly  
And be rid of me physically you might be  
But hear the last of me is highly unlikely

For I will shout till the dead in every graveyard rise  
Regardless of my Angelic hierarchy demotion I exist  
I will defend myself and fight them until I have no arms and throat  
Made to suffer and never heal  
Forced to live and never die now a seraphim being  
Penalized for reckless eyeballing yet my eyes are pupil less  
With a peripheral vision that makes me sick  
To see my enemies approach and swallow defeat

I shall bleed forever leaving a trail for the predators to hunt and track me  
With kerosene in my soul I am leper among the devils to feast on  
Tarred wings and dirty like the pelicans in the Gulf of Mexico's oil spill  
Blood steadily trickles down my spine with a fresh stench of innocence  
And anybody that wants it with me I invite them to come and get it  
Not helpless; yet hopeless with dried eyes and shattered wings  
Needing no one's permission and hell bent on finishing my mission  
Bring on the protesters and victims this angel is finished  
Vampires do not re-bite those already infected so to hell with it  
I dig up the bones of your corpse and make a cane to limp away with  
My seconds feel like years....  
I am a fallen angel hiking down this Trail Of Tears

*Inspired by Champ the poet*

## World Peace

It's hard to write about something in which you don't truly believe you'll get; world peace is such a broad topic, it's a "I'll believe it when I see it but I really DO wanna see it happen" type of subject I think if we got back to having a sense of community it would help if taxpayers were actively involved in their town meetings they could make an splendid impact.

I think if some folks paused and THOUGHT before they spoke it'd make a big difference and I know for sure without a doubt it'd be a better world if some folks minded the RIGHT business I believe in freedom of expression in all genres being able to keep that right would assist if we did away with judging others and jealousy and just kept trying to uplift

I don't believe there is one formula to solve the world of its plagued problems but I do believe that we all are planted seeds designed to create smiles where there are none so asking me to talk about world peace isn't difficult at all... what's difficult is that it's a different cult and good intentions can fall we see the wrong we complain to the wrong folks our legislators and congressmen aren't on these social networks yet so complaining about it and not doing something other than writing about it only raises a small fraction of awareness

Before I bid you adieu let me say that whatever you do - do it well spread the love because that's what heals you can let your words and actions be the band-aid and Neosporin do, create, laugh pray and don't hate love is the formula for peace in my world I hope it's in yours too try to propel forward wishing others well by being a loving better you ♥

Inspired by World Healing, World Peace Poetry 2012

## Till The Ink Fades!

**Till tha ink fades and that's some shit you can trust** You can come see about Champ *on tha back of the bus* B'cuz Champs a heathen and we're never committing treason And by no means need a reason since we are a poetic legion Our scribe is that Truth that something for you to believe in. And you already know that we stay getting it in **So say tha word chief and we're peelin back caps like Indians!**

When I look in the mirror My reflection is of the two of you The me myself and I ~ The Sacred trinity ~ The pyramid ~ The power of 3 The amigos like the good the bad the ugly - We come in 3's In unison same vision on a mission our pens sting like bees **We grabbin gatz and bats bustin caps on their knees**

**Till tha ink fades till it dissipates** Into diluted disputed inkless pages Till it goes thru all the stages Of growth in prolific places Because it can only go thru epic phases Mercury ruling over the planet of Uranus. You be David and we'll be the daughters of Zion We are like the celestial stars of the belt of Orian Virgo moon rising into the Aquarian son like a hyphen Ink roaring with a distinctive fierceness of Leo the lion We're as magnificent as the three rings on Neptune **We go together like knives forks and spoons**

Like a traffic light we come is 3's We tight like a turtle and it shell and the bark on a tree That red yellow and green is that LLP Love Life and Pain We remain like Sun, Stars and Moon Sweet scents makin sense Like that Lagerfeld perfume Like those 3 words I ~ love ~ you, Like the S's in kisses We'll be the guardrails to your bridges Never get too big for our britches No need to act like yall oblivious cuz You know what time it is **So tell em' Don't get it twisted Cuz we be tight like twizzlers**

We stay in sync with one another Like the 3 hands on a clock We go from sweet to sour within minuets, seconds and hours We got those S's on our chest Like our pens have super powers We are as solid as a rock and as comfy as a couch **We stay Playin captain save a ho And general Slap tha taste outcha mouth**

We come in 3's like pods and pees You can have half my piece of mind So you can get some peace We go together like Rock paper and scissors We're stronger than A fermented glass Of Everclear liquor.

We're so on point we're like the corners on a triangle As crucial as the 3 wheels on a tricycle! Being your friend is an honor something I don't take lightly Meaning that be it in front of your face or behind your back About you I always speak highly But ain't no fair weather friends here we pack umbrellas prepared So we sport that gear Outfitted with our fitteds' for all climates of the year **We're like true religion jeans, white tees and timbs causing tears**

I'm there for you whether you like it or not The amplified X in my life as I mark tha spot! At the drop of a dime my Plans can be rearranged Cause you can count on me like a jar of change We'll be your specs and visor when shit is a blur You know we got your back like a chiropractor

**Till the ink fades away cuz it's all gravy baby** We don't do shady, don't do maybe And dammn sure don't do lazy And if poetry is our seed then we can go thirds on a baby Drastic maneuvers are made without calculated tactics I'll be your speeding ticket in stand still traffic

We'll be your get out of jail free card **Till tha ink fades away or until it's an act of God** Even if your actions don't make sense and seem a little off or odd Then we all play dress up in that masquerade and blend in with tha façade And as your friend till the end I'll defend your right to be wrong **Despite you while in private I'll be all up in your ass like a thong**

We stay trippin so much it's like we got frequent flyer miles In my eyes there's no one fly er! I'm your walking flyer We stick together Strong Like the prongs in a three ring binder Amped like the power strip to your cord 3 minds one goal We're FORD TUFF cuz we be on that Mind body and soul

**Till tha ink fades Cuz there's just no other way** I love you like an eraser loves mistakes Your name embedded in my heart and forever it will stay We go together like ice packs, heating pads and ace bandages **So fuck tha peanut butter and jelly It ain't shit if it doesn't make us sandwiches**

If your eyes are slanted then we'll be your chopsticks Your double ACE's up your sleeve we'll be your card tricks And if your lips are dry then we'll be your chap stick **We come in threes like a pack of gold magnum prophylactics**

**Till tha ink fades away** till the well runs dry I'm there for you personally assigned Begging GOD To let me be your guardian angel even after I die You shooting up the spot then I'm bringing the bullets I'll be your external memory drive just in case you ever forget We be so far ahead of the game like 3 points in a free throw **Showing our ass and grills like it's a 2011 car show** So little things go over our heads and Slide down our backs like an an oil slick And just Like tha 3 little pigs we be about that brick We be like those 3 flavors on a banana split **We be on that buckle up or buck up or fuck that shit**

You tryna pass on your dirty laundry Then hell I'll be your emotional hamper We'll take turns on being that spin cycle and the dryer to your permanent press We'll be that crush proof box and lighter to your cigarettes To you my friendship is available like an all you can eat buffet **And I'm gonna ride wit cha ass till tha ink fades away** When u need to be motivated we'll be there to inspire And the only way that won't happen is if I expire

If they ever call your bluff I'll be your best bet I'll verbally be your thought lozenge when u got strep If you're ever lost we'll be your GPS I'll be your pace when you're outta step **Getting into your soul like an insole And wit my foot in your ass like I was Dr. Scholls**

If you're ever stranded I'll be your emergency flair And when you can't walk I'll be your wheelchair We go together like brake lights and tires Like a windshields and its wipers **Like bull's-eyes targets arrows and snipers** I'll be there for you **whenever** you need me Meet me under the sycamore tree on Sesame Street The streets need a prophet so roll out the red carpet We go together like a 3 prong plug and the socket They haven't created an antidote to the venom we spit yet Barely a difference between shapeless shadows and a silhouette

Stop you like a rumor got you like a tumor If you come up short I'll be your seat booster So tell me who want what cuz **I'll cut a bitch to the white meat like I was Freddy cougar!** Whether it's kickin rocks or duckin cops countin knots or scrapin the pot Our scribe got that vibe like that verbal graffiti on your block

We'll be the smile to your eyes the truth in your lies The ipods to your wif and the hellos to your goodbyes **I'm down for it all Till Tha Ink Fades Away** And that Jamie's bond!! Always in all ways!

***DEDICATED TO CHAMP THE POET***

## Middle Morning Phone Calls

Effeminate voice  
The person on the other side hurriedly whispers...  
JB just listen to me I don't have a lot of time....  
Don't be a softy ice cream  
And let them sprinkle you with their swag  
For you have your own...

Friends aren't as important  
There is more to life than increasing its speed  
Your soul is astrologically conflicting with sun rising in Libra  
As the scales lack balance I sense that  
Your Aquarian mind swims against your hearts currents

I've watched you for months  
Internalized this inner conflict  
I've watched your soul anguish in pain.  
Barely treading water  
You're doing laps like a swimming Olympian  
Struggling in a depthless abyss...  
First you doggy paddle, Then butterfly  
Now its breast strokes, pssttt do the back stroke

Groggily I said: THANKS!! I'm all set!  
But Ehhh heemmm I'm a VIRGO!!! Lol  
And then I woke up... where they do that at? Lol

## Problems in Pair of Dice

She said: this dude is playing games with me  
I said: cuz you let him get away with it  
she goes: I wish I was more like you  
I responded: nah; no you don't!

She said: JB what would you do if it were you  
I sucked my teeth and said: real talk I'd shoot em!  
she laughed kind of slow but she knew I serious as shit

so I go:  
tell that mofo your heart ain't like his dick  
just cuz he ain't got nothing better to do  
tell him that he can't keep playing wit it

she smiled and said: umma use that  
I said: be my guest

she said:  
can you write that down for me  
so I don't forget

I said I'll do you better before I go to bed  
I'll make it my gn fb fam status msg! ♥

## VICTIM OF A LIAR

*“If you want to live a happy life, tie it to a goal, not to people or things.”*

*~ Albert Einstein*

Withdrawing from the world is like going thru chemo the sickness is an uphill battle knowing that she'll be in remission of this loveless relationship that's been festering in her system she's hapless and ill-fated like a rash its irritating her spirit suffers from a life threatening chronic debilitating unease Emulating her erratic heart beat Assimilating a heart disease its because she has arthritis in it snaps crackles and pops when it beats

Love has strained the ligaments within her ribcage rage has blockage in her veins metaphorically cholestesterol is unaffectionately called why care at all evidence left trails like a snail she's bruised, torn, distant, broken spirited and diffident broken in self confidence from his malicious promises compromised her belief system she's a victim of a liars repeated offense Ignored symptoms have created incidents he has successfully stolen her innocence

The ringing in her ear is him not calling her any longer oral antibiotics don't control the nausea scabs in her ears that refuse to heal because he's frequently lied to her Infection in her ear drum due to scuba diving in his deceit street diagnosis she's a victim of a liar she's the survivor of trickster who deliberately tricked her

Throws head back and takes shot glasses of decongestants he's no longer feeling her she cries tears of blood hemophilia the fever gives her cold hot flashes and chills swollen lymph nodes as if she's allergic to his ill will strep throat she can't even speak about him without sneezing she can't see his lies any longer suffering from a coronary disease

She's a TransFormer and he's a DeceptiCon he latched on and burrowed himself deeply into her skin symptoms of the rheumatic fever is like Lyme disease years of neglect created in an instant she's insulin resistant loss of love low sugar creates hypoglycemia starved for affection she's got bulimia

Insomnia can't save her yet becomes her savior end of an engagement creates disengagement behaviors selective memory blamed on being Ischemic lack of oxygen constricts refuses to go to a clinic yet clearly she's clinically depressed unseen bruises sorry excuses equals a loveless nest sleepless nights created from lack of trust pains aphrodisiac become ever so rapturous

Cancour sores and abscess have gotten into her blood stream She's dying of cancerous thoughts Sensitive to the world's misplacement with half a lung she takes a deep breath with it just so that she can hear herself sigh out loud Physically she's cleared emotionally she's dependent and unfree to a less than a well learned a lesson she's yet to learn in codependency

*“Heartbreak appears to be contagious that's why I stay away from it Breakups leave you bemused and the only thing that cures hurt is to live thru it She's lost the magic of her Midas touch got into a fight with lady luck her perfume smells like cloves in her clothes and she says its black and mild that's why It's imperative that I check my mirrors Stay in the drivers' seat try to steer clear of the drama Yet I can't avoid inhaling second hand issues my motto: it's a dog eat dog world and I'm just tryna make sure I ain't wearing the milk bone underwear...” Jamie Bond aka IB JB ~ victim of a liar*

## Battalions Of Love

Her heart was hurting tremendously she felt so alone Only she knew of her personal grief she thought she was grown She kept a lot of the drama to herself never bothered to waste the ink The twist of the wrist seemed so petty to her she preferred not to think She wondered about her first love and what life would've been like with him.

He always pops in and out her life she represses going out on a limb She wants to say things to him but she doesn't want to talk He wishes she'd say something to him he doesn't want to walk She's tired of being strong she feels he's worthy of her submission He's about the only one who'll ever understand her and will love her with her permission

She wants him to go away grateful he only visits one day every few years He wishes he could stay and knows nothing of her tears She feels the need to hold back, she shuts down and withdrawals Little does he know her smile is a front for em all She misses him and wishes but would never tell him so He's always loved and wanted her but never lets her know She wanted to run away with him like they did when they were kids She walks over to the stadium that's due not to exist She looks out of the back window hoping to get an old glimpse of him She goes around the block, dammn she's really missing him

He lays down in his bed and looks up at the ceiling He's wondering how she is, he's got a funny feeling He's praying to Allah, he knows she's the one for him She's praying to her God to keep her sheltered from his feelings Silently she says to herself she'll take it to the grave Out loud he says to others my first love was why I was made She thinks she's damaged goods, broken heart and kids Secretly she feels like a used car needing a whole lotta work He's happy to drive it and knows how to fix it but she's being resistant He's gonna need a locksmith

I think looking at them they'll make it but I'm not sure what it'll take They were so cute as kids I chuckle now at how he would carry her books Little did he realize that he was setting an expectation for her to follow And if men didn't measure up to him she kept it moving and couldn't be bothered For years she held him in her heart but she never shared the knowledge For years he held a torch for her but always held off from saying

They were opposites that attracted He was outgoing She was a homebody She liked being home and his ass liked to party Every time they exchanged words it was as if they emotionally made love Perhaps that's why they never took it any further I think looking at them the dynamics were that of a relationship in another world or time And I think that's why they keep in touch but aren't concerned with what it is was or should be

She feels like she's stuck in the wrong commitment; He's patient and happy with the friendship She's always be there for him He's always going to love her secretly Someday I think they will be together, but not for a long time She's glad that he lives so far away because she's less inclined He wishes he lived closer but something is holding him back Curiosity is striking something in him it's also what killed the cat When he sees her this time he will not hold back....

## ANGEL of life SPEAKS

so....

hmmpf;

You better get it together like a real estate agent  
And read the contractual fine line and  
Do a walk around in your mind  
Before you close the door for the next to last time  
An eye for an eye will make the world blind  
Put some visine on your forehead  
cuz that 3rd eye of yours is blind

Allow your analytical mind to create metaphors for what you lack  
I am concerned for your well-being and ability to relax  
Exhausted confused and horrified I can see it in your eyes  
You break free and run back to the very thing in which you despise

Lungs constrict oxygen to your brain  
Your fingers shriveling as your cranium slowly depletes  
As poetry becomes your pens asthma pump you can't reach  
Misuse of blessed ability  
To reach and teach you randomly refuse to preach

More importantly to be motionless than to be that other fellow  
Concern that you are in a play by yourself portraying Othello  
Your name is recognized from coast to coast  
Now ink must stay still for those who don't post

Cherub;

I plead with you to take that desperately needed brake  
Whatever it is or isn't believe me sweetie it will wait  
For your mind needs to be relieved of the pressure at stake

Pendulousness is unbecoming of any business man  
The best investment is in self-first. You can't convince the masses  
To believe in your vision If you are at your worse  
Stop and smell the flowers I'm here to remind you of balance  
I've worked very hard to keep your fingers from being calloused

Beware of those who bark about greatness  
Pay attention to the old fables  
For they are trying to turn you into their talking mirror  
Beware of those trying to gas up your head  
With enticing recruitment of being bought back from the dead

Everyone smiles in the same lingo  
A rose is a rose in every language  
You were born alone you shall die the same way  
What you do in between creates memorable days

Emotional restraining orders adhered to and issued by you  
You said you need space right? So now go do you  
Masking and making it seem like you're out of touch  
Yet everyone in your circle knows you feel too much

Concrete has more stability  
Although  
Stagnant water loses purity  
No man can be comfortable  
Without his own approval  
Validation only happens when  
You've dearly departed  
Only then do you really become famous  
The true scriptures offer the formula  
For the most comfortable ways dying  
The best way of living vs. the noblest ways suffering  
Hours of darkness fester cursed memories  
Creating absence of justice

Prerogative Writ of Habeas Corpus has been issued for intervention on your behalf for  
your own good Summoning a gag order until further notice you are hereby on display;  
this poetic court will resume hearings amid uncertainty in a few weeks your poetic  
license is suspended until further notice

## BLIND FURY .....

Now listen.....

I can't force myself, nor my company into your cipher...

I'm not built like that...

The code of your emotions can't be deciphered

I understand the need for solitude and space

Intuition comes in capital letters not lower case

Some paths aren't meant for us to travel together

Some roads are designed crooked for your growth,

Life's lessons and endeavors

I'm tuned out like a dead zone on a cell phone...

Some walks are designed for you and you alone

To marinate on the scenery, at a pace that's leisurely

Just know there's no smoke there so no you're not in hell

Therefore stop and smell to inhale the refreshing air

Sweetheart on this road there are no guardrails

But know you're never alone you'll never fail

I know for sure that you're protected by GOD rails

So I'll be here when you are ready to share the story of your journey...

Till then let your solutions be your defense attorney

When you want to talk my ears will be perked up

Like a cat listening to the lowest of frequencies in the tone of your voice

To every breath not taken in conversation to every word not spoken

As you talk around the subject and every word you do speak as you bare your soul

When you want to be found I'll be looking for you

With an amplified binocular vision of a hawk

Watching your movements to assure my mind

That your words match your actions

While perceptively estimating the hidden pain

In the landscape of your facial features

I'll have the memory of an elephant  
Holding onto every word in the trunk of my heart  
Like it's the most precious trinket ever received  
Like one of a kind heirlooms  
Lips locked tighter than a Ziploc freezer bag  
Swallowed and protected like a contraceptive pill  
It's never gone farther than you saying it to me ... it never will

And when you need a hug, I'll be there open arms  
Cradling, engulfing you like a newborn with no fur  
Keeping you safe and sheltered until you feel empowered  
With a Survival advantage to deal with life once again  
Either you're going to be patient or be a patient  
It's okay to be weak for a moment  
So long as you're strong for a minute  
You've got a strong back  
I'll never be your cushion when you fall  
But rest assured I'll be your ice pack

Stay focused and remember what I taught cha  
Mind your own business because memorizing the answers  
Isn't as important as finding your own reasons for doing you!  
I put forth so much of my values in you  
So as not to have you struggle nor surrender to a confusing solution  
I'm confident in my upbringing of you in this world  
That you'll be the winner....

## CREATIVE DESTRUCTION

Oh my God don't leave me I love you  
I'm lying to my friends just to be with you  
Sound asleep; you call to me and I come  
Anytime during the day to you I can run

Every time we begin it feels so brand new  
My mouth is dry and my tongues on fire for you  
You move slowly down my neck  
My minds on rewind like a tape deck

You're caressing to my chest and I protest  
You travel Further down to my bellybutton  
Making your way to my thighs on a quest  
Rapacity for you like an insatiable glutton

Ughh, I need to feel you deep inside of me dear  
Don't stop, ummm oh yes, I need you right there  
An emptiness, that only you can fill giving me with chills  
I'm all yours stamped and sealed like a probate will

You're my only salvation, you're more important than air  
For years we've been sneaking around having this love affair  
I wish I could have you every second of the day  
You're my lifeline with my love for you on display

I'll die without you; your sweet whispers beckon me I cannot speak  
Your lovely promises of fulfillment of my desires make me weak  
I can't move without you I'm going to sink  
You're not here right now and I can't think

In the other room you're waiting for me like a mist  
Calling my name, enticing me and it's you I cannot resist  
Ohhh dammn, I'm on my way to you as you insist  
All common sense gone as I have to have you like this  
I'm addicted to the way you make me feel; it's so euphoric

Ummmm you feel so good in my mouth right at this instant  
My soul is hungry for you and even inside of me you feel distant  
Hard to contain self-control I'm quivering with excitement for your entry  
It's only been a day since I had you in me but I feel like it's been centuries  
You tease me, you taunt me, you haunt me, make me sick and I love you  
I hate you, I want you, and I need you, shit!! You're gonna get me in trouble

Shhhhh.... It's my affair with food, who knew?? ☺

## MAKES SENSE TO ME LOL

illogical comical chronicles

articles of air particles

topical eye sty's hospitals

optical's hair follicles,

tropical stars Popsicle stripes

thunder sin bolts symbol crystal

anatomical combustion's of laughter

pen jumps double dutch on the paper

bellow a drastic harmonic flow

ironical smirks and smiles

fantastic scholastic gymnastic eyes

elastic backside enthusiastic thighs

unenthusiastic plastic surgeon asks why

sequestered and pestered get pesticide

endeavored dismemberment of remember whens

indentured embers of September November December

## I ain't never scared

I'm afraid of being unconditionally accepted; on the condition that I accept it Catching feelings having an infectious effect and love killing me like my life has an infection it and you still feeling like there's need for improvement in my steps all the while I'm trying to prove some shit I mean... yooooo?!?!?! Where they do that at?

I'm afraid of the inner rage my temper be like I got rabies and distemper Because I don't take likely to folks crossing lines I tell em all tha time When it comes to my kids or family you crossing enemy lines And I just cleaned my piece but fuck em I'll beat em wit sumthing Till their asses are crossed eyed ..... I'm just saying... BRICK CITY!!! THAT'S where they do that at

I'm more than just afraid of bugs I can't stand them in my house I mean I know they need love but I'd take too em better If they contributed to bills in this muthaphucka I'm just sayin... This AIN'T where they can do dat at!!

And I'm afraid of leaving cuz these poets are out of control with me here I mean look at the bullshit they're spytin in our ears They are like poets gone wild on a bipolar muse I'm not amused I don't cosign it and neither should you Montell Jordan mocking me too talkin bout ..... Jamie this is how they do it!!

I'm afraid of dying young or growing old And forgetting some important shit; Of gettin Alzheimer's and being committed And then possibly incriminating my niggas ...Of having selective memory and unraveling a legacy On some shit that I can't recall And I don't remember telling it at all On some unsolved cold case, just in case; There's no statute of limitations on their old shit Nah .... I'm afraid of that I don't ever wanna KNOW BOUT that!

And yeah... I'm afraid I'll lose interest in your nonsense, Quite honestly I be feeling like You need some common sense The very fact that your dumb ass Got me actin like an extended pipeline Like I'm your only lifeline To the real world of circumstances I mean yooo .... What's the chance Of you getting your act together in advance.... Yeah let me know ... Let me know.... When you gonna do that And where at cuzzzz I gotta see this shit!!

And I'm deathly afraid of this world I'm glad I didn't have any girls but a mother worries about her sons differently we worry about their demise, societies unheard cries, and females who use their bodies as nuclear weapons against em every time they walk out the door we don't rest till they return once more we worry about their struggle from the times their in diapers and huggies we don't feel like we've hugged em enough... we become sports coaches to the street team we talk to em rough so they can get armored up we become sideline hype men praying they become men

We worry about their personal hell worry more than they do about going to jail, probable cause called because we got folks missing splattered on posters goin ghost on us don't know if their dead or got caught up and deported teach em to talk violence instead of acting upon it aint that an epic fail no need for truth serums and lie detections they passed tha bill for indefinite detention not to mention now they can consider you a terrorist and aint gotta tell ya shit have you in concentration camp like fuck yo feelings you cant get em back yeah well.... USA that's where they do that bullshit at

And last but not least I have sensitive loving side to my battle rhymes I'll kill a grown man to save a dog or a child I'm afraid of the sweetness in me that you might be gettin used to lookin at the same angel of me

What you see what they see what I portray and who I be aren't the same so I gotta shift in my seat pump tha brakes on em and jet and let the world see some thangs... about my mindset yeah I does that every now and again I'M AFRAID OF A WHOLE LOTTA SHIT ... BUT I AINT NEVA SCARED!!

*Dedicated to Bobbi Rogers*

## **JAMIE BOND vs UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**

With my right hand to God and the other on the bible  
I swear to tell tha truth the whole and nothing but the truth

Your honor

I'm here before the court to represent myself in this matter as my own counsel  
It's Jamie Bond vs. the United States of America

Ladies and Gentlemen

I have a pile of evidence and stacks of exhibits and documentation  
I'm bringing charges of conspiring of attempted manslaughter against them  
Because the government is tryna kill me

I got witnesses your honor with notarized and recorded statements  
Of how they sent their special ops for me and how they hired an assingnator

Here ya go here's a copy of my basic needs and my lease,  
Here's my statement of income and a copy of outcome as you can clearly see  
The government has me codependent and loves to see me live below my means

I mean c'mon on your honor; the government has taken me thru the mud  
They've got me living to exist they hope to have me be extinct  
Statistically THEY ARE BEING cost of living bully's

I plead to the jury of my peers but hold up!!  
You all ain't even a jury of my peers  
yall don't know about my struggles but let me make it clear  
They've taken everything from me and my family this past year

The only thing they haven't done is re possess my fears and tears

Here's my syllabus

They're tryna abort a grown ass adult:

They've placed an unwarranted restraining order against me

Blatantly going against the United States declaration of independence

I'm just tryna acquire the same as everyone else

Which is ~ life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"

So now you tell me!!!

Why wouldn't this be seen as repeated attempts to assonate me personally

How much more do I have to loose how much more basic do I have to get

When already I'm overwhelmed with bills and stressed out and vexed!!

I'm struggling for my right to life

And they're trying to expeditiously ....expedite my right to die

Are you even serious the United States Government

Is the costra nostra of the head of all organized crime

I'm charging them with various counts

Of drug charges with the pharmaceutical companies

They are red handed guilty to money laundering,

I'm like ohhh please just STOP it!!

The government has deeper activities than some of these mobsters

FROM Racketeering, counterfeiting, drug trafficking, murder conspiracy

The list goes on and let's not forget about labor racketeering

Look at the evidence with just occupy Wall Street  
These big banks have a long rap sheet for Criminal activities  
From loan sharking, robbery, extortion, illegal gambling

I ask the court to look at the proof presented and prove me wrong!

Now the prosecutor will have you believe that I'm whining and complaining  
But for the record ladies and gentlemen of the jury that's not the case  
They've stolen a good night's sleep and HOPE from me  
On more than one occasion  
It ain't all good in the hood and it's far from a good look  
They went from fable of Robin Hood to outright robbing tha hoods

We're supposed to be a united front and they stay fronting on a sister  
Who's judging the judges decisions ... governing the government, policing the police  
divisions??

If I die tomorrow don't call this a suicide letter  
Call it a crying shame  
Call it homicide  
Call it genocide  
Call it financial cyanide

I'm being poisoned slowly dying  
Call it anything but a cost of a living!!  
I rest my case

*Dedicated to William Washington aka Words of Willie*

## Easy on the Eyes, Hard on the Heart

*Somewhere... between the end of cheerfulness and the beginning of calm...  
We are Easy on the Eyes Hard on the Heart*

I wish I could swallow a mic, so instead of reciting my emotions... You could hear how my heart feels and construct your own words, While righteously using the mood of love that you evoke inside of me as a color pallet ...so that I may learn how to masterfully sketch then oil paint the expressions on your face as if I were John Singer Sargent, then frame it as if LOVE were mounted deep within my breastplate ...like a shadow box inside of my rib cage on display for the entire universe to remain infectiously inspired by the creation of US ...right here and right now....

I wish my arms were a garland of the most fragrant, fragments of intoxicating floral scents and soft breezes that I exhaled with every "I love you" in your ear every time I embraced you... Making your presence in my life the solar panels to a moon lit garden ...that we could always dance in

I want to smile sun rays at night; And guide you to my sense of humor... Where you'd laugh at the oddest things and rename my dimples, And do cartwheels when you felt like frowning... So that the world would see you smiling upside down

*Because I truly believe that ... You can't successfully struggle with your shadow...  
Until you saunter and sashay a samba with the sun*

I want to loan you my problems for a month In an effort to show you that... Whatever it is you are going thru ... You'll get thru it; And not because my problems are any worse ... But just to give you a break from your own

I wish I could redefine trust and expectations for you; even it meant that every wedding band came with a lie detector test ...And every heart had an MRI as an annual checkup... So that we could detect failure before it starts or perhaps even be able to go back and see where it all goes wrong... And then quickly repair it

I wish my love was a pillow.... For not your head; But your neck and knees, So that when you laid backwards ...You'd know I'd catch you and if you fell forward ...It'd be in prayer with me

Just relax and Let my fingers be your comb... So that I may get in touch with what's on your mind... Taking only the hairs that naturally shed ... An average of 80 strands of info And conversation topics to be had while Playing trivial pursuit with you on a daily basis.....

***Because Somewhere .... Between the end of cheerfulness and the beginning of calm ... We're Easy on the Eyes Hard on the Heart***

If you could just sit still for a second and just listen to the cadence of my heartbeat... Then you would know that If our love was liquid... then I wish that my silhouette were your personal vase And that you were the bouquet of fresh flowers inside presented every day; blooming and beaming for all to inhale and admire ... like a majestic fountain or sacred waterfall

I wish my love were A GPS system with a lo-jack installed, so we could get lost in our mental and sensual stimulation... Rescuing and resuscitating one another with loving touches and thirsty kisses daily ... While absolutely never in danger of losing our own identity

Because I'd wear you like a pair of comfortable flip flops And my well fitted favorite jeans like a billboard smile.... I'd sport you like a tang top in the winter, Just to show off my contour and accentuate Your generous affection in my eyes, like I was a model on a runway in New York, Milan, London and or Paris .... And you ... you were the videographer of fashion week capturing the million dollar smile and pose for the perfect centerfold of your heart's desire as you made me blush out loud..

You see sweetheart... All I'm saying is that; the wishbone will never replace the backbone And if you were my spine ... Then I'd be your tailbone; be it with you or in your absence I'd be a soldier and I'd show ya MY allegiance and dedication to what we have ....

***Because .... Somewhere between the end of cheerfulness and the beginning of calm The storm of our artlessness becomes Easy on the Eyes and Hard on the Heart***

Simply put... Pain is foreseeable, Anguish is discretionary  
Question is ... What's taking YOU so long?

***Dedicated to Quise the Notebook Williams & Kelligraphy Pens***

## **Acoustic Dragon...**

Gazing at the clouds I wonder what is behind the sky  
does the moon tell the truth even when the sun lies  
my mind is playing freeze with stolen moments  
time is being evasive in a paranormal Romance with me  
I can't tell the difference between being awake and sleep....

GRATIS

## 2 good 2 be damaged

Even sleep for a poet

Becomes a commodity....

My slumber was so peaceful;

No enemies for me to verbally battle

For I slept on a pillow of serenity

On Egyptian cotton fit for a Queen

In the arms of a King in my dreams

And woke refreshed, renewed, brand new

New and improved with zilch to prove

Amused, empowered and smiling...

I am here world talking it all in

Inhaling life and exhaling strife

Truth to be told I'll make it known

That I never was damaged goods

Actually I was always in all ways

Too good to be damaged by the hood....

## Assassins Creed

They told me to list my failures  
in an effort to boost my self-confidence  
I never put my heart into something  
and failed at it  
that's my opulence  
The cognizance of my consequences  
makes me dominant  
I own up to everything I do  
resourcefully displaying providence  
I'm the laid back type of go getter  
I never play possum with my problems

I can only be me  
MY personal mission statement is a declaration  
of my poetic purpose till I'm wordless  
do not confuse this with  
my private spiritual proclamation of faith which  
encompasses my core beliefs of blessings and amazement

Failure comes in flavors  
I deal with movers and shakers  
E Moore told me that this man's life  
Is Beyond the stage, It's straight no chaser  
I just smiled and said: I'm just straight SO I ain't chasing her

Call mc gruff and take a bite out of crime  
Broken clocks take a chunk out of time  
Got shock therapy till I don't even know ya  
I may need an escort in my own mind  
but I damn sure don't need a chauffeur

Even with a little something strapped to my hip  
You won't catch me slipping  
Solutions to come to conclusions  
I always try to exercise conflict resolution

I avoid the drama and beefs  
that could possibly cause grief  
yall don't want it with me  
issues be like lasagna in layers  
I'm quick to put problems in prayer  
it comes in tiers that cause tears  
but it's all strength training

THIS IS MY WHAT WHERE AND WHY  
I live and die for what I believe  
I am the claimant of an ancient formula  
an heir to the common sense seed  
Piss Poor Pitiful Performances  
Prevents Proper Preparation & Planning  
That is the only disclaimer I need

#jamieALLday  
My heart is based on the Assassin's Creed

GRU

## What's wrong with being a Mormon

Soooooo

If you are really that type of chick whose secure and confident  
Then WHY WORRY about gettin cheated on in a relationship  
Go get you a man that'll come thru with minimal control issues  
It's alright let him take care of you and all them other hoes too  
What if it was okay to cheat and he could afford all of you??  
So tell me.... what if being a Mormon was the natural thing to do

What's wrong with being a Mormon

One man with a bunch of ladies and children under one roof  
She knows her duties says it's okay to screw me and you  
Everything about this rapport is based on reports of a due date  
Y'all have a certain time you have to pull your weight and get paid

You said what?? Being a Mormon is awful really?

Why? Because it goes against God and your religious beliefs

So tell me.... explain to me

How you can go by a book written unfaithfully

How you can base your life on scriptures that don't apply to today

Hell.. look at Swingers.... Mormons... the only difference is

Swingers don't have kids on purpose and house you

Mormons are more responsible and support the entire household

And the only difference between Mormons and Christians is

One introduces their church to the world

While the other introduces their world to the church

One man + a few women = a bunch of damn kids

But hold up!! Isn't that what the projects is???

Isn't Uncle Sam taking care of tha CHICK

Doesn't she wait her turn like the rest of them did?

DAMN don't Uncle Sam and Joseph Smith JR look alike?

Don't you let them SCREW you and your kids with no KY

She ain't tryna be a silver dollar she's happy being a dime

Last time I looked ...she was the governments' concubine

Your man made bullshit is based  
On the bible's salvation by grace through faith  
aayyyeee that looks to me like section 8 ...I'm just sayin  
Ladies wake up you are a plantation mistress  
You are a spawn to governments experiments

Now check it out you can get mad all ya want  
But every 1st to the 5th of the month  
Is like mother's day on the block  
These section 8 chicks are comfortable with this  
I don't get it  
Maybe you can riddle me this!  
Are you searching for captain save a ho  
Or looking for captain America HO  
Cuz I ain't seen no hood rats in the suburbs  
I'm just saying tho

And so they say that  
The devil you know  
Is better than the devil you don't  
I'd rather be a Mormon  
And know who and how I'm gettin bent over  
You got squatters in the projects  
You got homestead nesters who don't object  
You got non=protestants and non-protesters  
I'm no biblical archeologist but DAMMM  
Isn't this like calling the kettle black FAM

## I Cry Out

*Tears are Summer showers to the soul. ~ Alfred Austin, Savonarola*

When I need a way out I cry out. When I'm frustrated about things that are overrated, when my heart is overjoyed and the haters hate it. I cry out for those who limp and whimper, for those lost souls who feel faded like a pair of clippers

I cry out I shout I walk like my swag has credit and clout, And I try to live in such a way, so they can say damn... Jamie just reminded me what God is about

I cry out when I got a pocket full of lint that makes no cents, I cry out with gratefulness when clarity and disparity makes sense. I cry out because I want more like minded to have additional common sense

And I cry out for those who need a way out of situations exhibiting false pretense. I cry out in past present and future perfect tenses, and I cry out because I can, for the weak the meek the used and abused. For those exhausted spouses who pay for the other to go away And for families bearing the brunt of deployment strains, I scream out from the tops of roofs of others minds with my truths

I shout out for those who aren't comfortable or accepted in their own skin, I spit turbulent words like tropical hurricane winds...Blowing typhoons into their souls that I now refuse to whisper in. I cry out for the disabled and differently-abled, And for parents struggling to put food on the table. My third eye sees and feels what most will never appreciate and I cry out for New Jersey from the bowels of Brick City In this deflowered flowerless garden state

I cry out when folks act like they have no choice but to stand by, act shy and tongue tied. When a helping hand, a kind word or quote Or a hug could have changed someone's life I cry out because I battle more negative demons in my cipher; than what I could possibly attract in my past or lifetime for that matter

And I cry out because I can, because I have breath and air...Because my lungs and my eyes take in all I can stand. And I cry out like a warrior in a religious slam, going hard for my God even when it's against all odds. And I dare any man to tell me I'm wrong, I dare any woman to tell me I don't belong. I cry for the brothers who insist on treating women wrong and I cry out for the lack of empowerment in a young woman's song

I shout about injustice when it feels like it's Just US. I cry out for all of the hate crimes Committed against my sisters and brothers and I cry out to God so we can cry out for each other. I cry out, and I cry a joyous cry when everything falls into place... I put life in a choke hold I cry out on this mic, for all the black kids UN televised missing without a trace...When I happen upon like-minded and who meet at this place

I cry out for those who can't let go of hazardous situations... I cry out for the spiritual lives of those in charge of congregations, for tomorrow's leaders and for today's victims And for the wisdom of the leaders of our nations

I cry out for the obvious lack of energy and absence of enthusiasm in careers and education. For the safety of those in the armed forces and lasting peace in our nation Then I cry out for myself and I cry out silent tears in my sleep... And I cry out for YOU because you can't see

I cry out for my moral integrity and my opportunity to be a blessing to you today, despite my discrepancies and my idiosyncrasies. For the 1 out of 4 kids born with autism. For the lack of participation and activism and our youths disunity in our communities

And I cry out and I shout and sometimes I even cuss and fuss, Because it keeps me in check reminding me to work on myself...Because I'm far from perfect and redevelopment of self is a must. I'll continue to cry out until my tear ducts transform into stallions and stampede these streets, Fermenting hope to the helpless and GODS way supersedes.

And my ink will always bleed and cry for those who are in need, and I won't shut my mouth till every child in the ghetto achieves! I cry out for any and everyone who's ever been hurt... And I cry out because I'm heard ...and I know it WORKS!!!

*Dedicated and Inspired by Godsent and the entire my entire Verses family Newark, NJ*

## KNOWLEDGE

Life today feels like simlac A supplement formula, physical touching and affairs Happen mentally for all of us Eye contact comes in pics on a PC screen and We don't even handle money Unless we go to ATM machines Scanned tags and Bar coded garbage bags big brother is watchin It's an evident truth and if he wasn't there at dinner then he sent A SNITCH to be with you

See game recognize game so I'm just sayin.... hhhmmmmm So What's in YOUR wallet?? I SEE that you're dropping money like a leaky faucet. Ask yourself if it's REALLY necessary to have those accessories think about it but there's no need to answer me, Cuz I already know what the answers gonna be. Cuz you're not really ballin shit with a modest salary and a sizeable mortgage, watch the company you keep and stop feeding these greedy shorty's even cash in abundance can crash abruptly and has its shortages and lately filling your gas tank feels like a damn bill some days!

We live in times Where Black boxes are in cars we live in a society Where Everybody has invisible scars. Roles are being switched Kids are too damn big Boys got longer hair than Most of these chicks We stay shaking our heads Cuz it's a shame girls are only sweet and dainty Till they look like Danity Kane And SOMEBODY PLEASE tell dese young katz dat Crack kills so pull up yo GOT DAMN pants

Simple times are no more We need more than 2 doors so we're either going to have to get involved or get revolved Either way We need to get it resolved. Life comes in pieces of ups and downs And everyone walking around are either Made-up less or are make-up less clowns...

What you think is cool REALLY Ain't kewl Don't get it twisted Tha drug dealers are for self They finance your habits not you And that's exactly why There's more Mini malls in America Than hospitals and schools. Relationships are stuck On black Fridays and drown Where souls of many are on sale You get em marked down

If you conceive it best believe it Someone is gonna make it happen Diagnosis is Mostly cancer of the emotions Bipolar is more evident Everyone is snapping obtaining balance only happens If you pay a few hundred And make it To a millionaire workshop dollar stores and bodegas Have replaced stores Of tha mom and pops

American has the words I can in them and Laws are Like secret antiperspirant, Strong enough for man But in favor for the woman Where psychological lies Are masterfully woven And fathers paying out more Only to see less of their Children It takes two to make a kid Women say they don't need men except to donate sperm Yet they exercise their rights To stay attached To every and anything he earns....

Maybe a marriage license needs to cost about 20 grand And getting RID of they ass should be like 5 dollars so it's the other way around... Shhheeeiiyyttt And it cost too much people ain't getting divorces They got this new trend they'd rather snuff out their spouses they're too busy working two jobs and dont want to argue over the houses they don't want to really be with the kids but ummm the flip side to that is They want to control who the other EX brings around them

Women are off the hook Real Talk Yall make me sick, popping em out but wanna run the streets Talking about They are just tryin to live... yet there's a planned parenthood in every ghetto fabulous hood and yet we got the most hood rat ass parents over populating these neighborhoods you outta control Your whole life is a reality show with your duckling spawns looking and Acting like octo mom

It's so apparent when a parent isn't into their kids But they be all about That EIC credit at the end of the year It's evident that the evidence leads back to them When the pregnancy test is negative that a man says amen. Tryna spice up your sex life with condiments Only problem is yall forgot Where than condoms went EVEN With aids still ranking number one For poverty levels in men... So if we still can't help those Who can't help themselves to build How the hell can we help you? When you refuse to wear a shield

Women lost the art of cooking and cleaning up their crib, And men are more concerned With the look of their whips! Life's like-minded are like Grids with blowouts on maps Women keep actin up and then Askin where all the good men at Men stay invisible with tinted windows Cuz they see where your heads at They peep BULLSHIT a mile away Continually stay on the prowl for a compatible spouse Men aint going nowhere... They'd prefer to stay by themselves That is Unless she can give good head cook and keep house

There used to be a time When a diamond could ease her mind  
Then she allowed fashion to dictate How you pause and rewind  
And the only thing That makes em feel worthwhile  
Is name brand labels They don't wanna cook the meal  
But they got a fork at the table Fat asses and small waist sizes  
Are popular goals in a man's mind They love with their head  
And not what's on yours Hold up!! Pause ...What's on your mind?

You see Everybody you call Even when they answer they're not home,  
Conditioned to no strings attached Like that cell phone they on and  
These chicks don't hold out for shit They running around havin sex wit anybody cuz they're bored  
And these dumb ass boys are taking it on the account of because... Yall fellas got real issues too you don't set the precedence about being selective  
Matter of fact yall promote most of the nonsense The perception of our acceptance of affectionate name calling has gotten outta hand  
historically Women have been referred to as ladies, dames, hookaz, mistress, Wifey, Hoes and bitches  
But dudes have consistently been only our King Boo or our man...

It's too dangerous to be exchanging fluid but hell yall already knew it and for whatever reason you think you need em actin like you'll die if you don't have it and then wanna live reckless....

**NEWSFLASH!!! hand sanitizer won't save you if you continue to live foul**

Liberation starts at the Mac machine; but hell you all know what I mean, ain't nobody asking the right questions because they would have been seen it... First date needs to be the clinic before you even swap spit, NEVERMIND THEIR FAVORITE COLOR Then find out their credit score before you go any further.... Therefore It's imperative to stay in the loop of what they are worthy of because compatibility can be a fluke and yet denial is stronger than love

*Inspired by Eryk Moore*

## BRICK CITY ANGEL

So before I get to going I'll have you all knowing, that I'm from Jerz and I beat for the bullshit so anybody who's over sensitive or easily offended, grab yo fucked up hurt feelings go get a first aid kit I'm from dirty Jerz; where you can get a street sniper for like dime, calling the cops is a waste of time, every second you get tested like a final, niggas be tripping so much they got frequent flier miles

Where mutha fucka I wish you would ...and I wish a mutha fucka would those are the only 2 responses you get in my hood! popular saying: it is what it is; where cause and effect says: you got wutcha get and where handle your bi means your biz or your bitch!

Now running your mouth will get a goon amped up and trigger fingers get cramped up tempers simmer like it's in a crock pot using that Rock and Cirock as a rocket and if we feel crossed or disrespected they treat cha like a Muppet! Fist don't stop making it look like our wrist got hiccups... they'd be upper cutting mutha fuckaz; till they look like sock puppets and be like Brick City Wut??

Now who you think it is its Jamie Bond your Brick City angel and I be coming at em from all angels... use my tongue as a silencer to silence him and her that's why I ain't fazed by gun shots and sirens for ya! cuz I got the face an angel with terroristic thoughts... and my clip so clean it needs its own pair of jeans when I walk. ...and I'm a chameleon politicking with the low level population, oh we got them thugs with that stuff that'll have you so high you're dammn near levitating

And so as I function in a world of noiseless silence, I move accordingly amidst all the nonsense and violence, where crack heads and homelessness are like a bogo sale.... and yeah well I wish it wasn't and chicken shacks & bodegas ...and funeral parlors are a dime a dozen

So ain't much you can tell or show me that I ain't already heard & or seen... like a crack head fiend selling single slices of cheese; I'm from Newark so pleaseeeeeee!! We go from drama to trauma quick style where 2 is a couple and 3 is a crime scene.

Brick City where there's a whole lotta reckless eyeballing and mean mugging, and where civilians look dead atcha and insist on zipped lips during a mugging.... where we gotz a surplus of goons felonies and body bags... 1 snitch and 2 toe tags 4 clips and 1 mag; and me I don't see sheiyt ....I'm out the door like a draft!

## LOOK AT YOU

Woman I see your struggle  
And the absence of love and hugs in your life  
I apologize in advance for the serrated edges  
On your would be butter knife  
For the sheltered  
I'm sorry you didn't get a diploma  
On street smarts to start  
And for those of you who got a PhD  
In lack of societies  
Definition of book smarts  
I'm sorry if you were mistreated,  
Beaten, cheated on, heartbroken, identity stolen  
My heart bleeds for you truly it does but look at you woman!

I ask what legacy are you leaving behind for your daughters?  
Is not enough to just look good for your age  
Tell me why you feel it necessary  
To still wear belly shirts and miniskirts at your stage

Have yo ass and cleavage posted all up in face book  
Being the attention whores you are talkin bout yeah BUT I still look good  
Yes yes you do still look descent but may I remind you  
That you have the next few generations to represent  
Might I be so inclined to tug your coat on some shit

Cuz I noticed that your own damn teenage child  
Has you blocked as their best friend  
So as not to have to explain yo ass and crazy actions to their friends  
I see her at 14 looking like the future principal  
And there you go  
Role playing the naughty teacher losing sight of your own principles

And I keep wondering when the hell; will the women of today  
Stop showing their bodies like they are running a sex trafficking trade  
You're basically saying on your social networking pages  
That if you like what you see; then come check out my kids  
I'm a bottom bitch but a top breeder  
I give brain I might be a mind reader  
But look at me fellas I'm a follower not a leader

Granny needs to be pulled over and handed a pullover  
She needs to stop singing the thong song and handed a pack of panties  
And not cuz she's old and cold but it's time for her to cover the hell up  
So now pass tha torch woman  
Even tho you may feel like you're not leaving em with much  
You must be conscious  
That THAT care package of your legacy is a heavy burden  
Our lil sisters are looking like atlas with the world on their shoulders  
Do something .....

Are you content about leaving the younglings with nothing

We've raised our daughters to be equal to a man in a man's world  
Convinced them that they could do anything they wanted  
Problem is that they've become  
Over competitive and ambitionless  
Yall have conveniently forgotten  
How to finish raising young women

I'm just saying  
Salutations and congratulations are in order  
I pray that tha smile on your face  
Is a front for your inner disgrace

Yall raised them to be PARASIDIC niggaz  
And disrespectful neglectful lil nigletz  
These chicks got black books,  
More game than dudes and no shame  
No separation between wants and needs  
~~ Priorities not met~  
House a mess ~ finances a wreck  
Talking about drop it like it's hot and put it in tha bag  
Like that's the NATIONAL anthem to their heritage

And I ask....  
Who taught em that shit!!??

Think about it ma....

Then tell me ....

At what age did you cease and desist your child from listening to you

Because it's generally undisputed that she carry the name you gave her

Till she's old enough to change it

Whatever religion you have in place

She has no choice but go along with it till she becomes of age

Whatever culture you exposed her to she has very few choices or a voice

And yet you are off the hook talking bout...

Do as I say and not as I do?? For real tho?

You are leasing rooms in a dilapidated building that's a blazing ruck to our children

Contrary to popular belief PLEASE don't get it twisted

GOD does not wish to remain anonymous in your households my sisters

I'm seeing more men with OCD the worlds' getting colder

Dealing with the absence of a father in their life

And a stable mother in their household

These dudes got high alert nurturing attributes that are off tha chain

These young ladies are like moths attracted to the the bling

Some of these men have better parenting and cooking skills than the women

Is it not enough that our men excel at most things

With a desire to settle down and not play games and have flings

And your daughters become good for what ? . . . only one thing !!!

Our warriors are being de conditioned and decommissioned  
Raised to be more sensitive to the world and women around em  
Got my eye brows rocked up to my hairline  
And I'm like what kinda shit it this  
The gamming law states you can keep her  
I've given birth to keepers  
And some of you are breeding throw backs  
Now...  
Don't get mad at me  
I'm just calling it like I see it  
All I'm saying is that  
A real woman in the making  
Seems just as obsolete as a floppy disk these days

Every task that a woman accomplishes  
Is a self-portrait of what she does with elegance  
Ladies if your daughters are your John Hancock  
Then autograph your work with excellence  
They deserve better than an inheritance  
Of being scarred by  
The Apple of Inappropriateness

## My Brothers you deserve better

*You can search throughout the entire universe for someone who is more deserving of your love and affection than you are yourself, and that person is not to be found anywhere. You yourself, as much as anybody in the entire universe deserve your love and affection. ~ Buddha*

My brothers you deserve better  
But if you want a relationship that's a failure  
Before it begins then  
Any excuse will do my friends...

Women are always being told  
Not to fall in love with someone's potential  
But lemme ask you this  
Why are YOU tryna play captain save a hoe  
With a chick who doesn't want anything better than  
What she's already got  
Why are YOU tolerating someone with no ambition?  
To encourage you or to reach the top herself  
Who's satisfied with existing instead of living

Do you really think that  
She's deserving of your credit score and earnings  
Your undivided attention and commitment?  
Because...  
All I'm saying is  
If you're not the one getting  
Flowers, Candy, Compliments or Affection  
Once in awhile  
Or she's never buying you anything  
But always has her hand out  
Then maybe  
Maybe you deserve better

If she's controlling, threatens to kill herself,  
Stalks you, argument or an attention whore  
All of the above perhaps  
If it seems like you're in love with a  
Type I manic depressive bipolar alcoholic  
That doesn't even drink or smoke weed...  
Then you need not to be in this relationship landmine  
She needs to take responsibility for her own happiness  
And not make you her lifeline

If she's  
Constantly accusing you of cheating  
Insecure, jealous, needy,  
Doesn't like your family or friends  
And they don't care for her ass either  
And or shows her ass in public  
Got comfortable like the Huxtables  
In a matter of months on you  
Went from a limited edition  
And now she looks busted  
And has limits and limitations  
Seems like she's an addition  
To your agitation  
Then maybe you deserve better  
There needs to communication  
And expressed gratification  
Man fuck all that complaining  
SOMETIMES,,, yo sometimes  
There just needs to be  
Recreational space

If she's alright in her own way  
But she doesn't weigh enough  
And if she's an option and not priority  
Then she wasn't ever gonna be a bargain  
To your heart In the long run  
And you deserve better fellas  
Unattractive behavior is bothersome  
Reclaim the glory of your authority  
Throw on your air Jordan's and run!!

Because anything less  
Is a violation of the sacredness  
Of your true worth and self-respect  
You see, if it were up to me  
I'd tattoo a mission statement on your arm  
To prevent you from being a victim of identity theft  
If she doesn't make the cut or  
Didn't categorily fit the list  
Then I suggest you politely excuse yourself  
You could exit stage left  
Don't confuse relationships with relation SHIT!

My brothers you deserve better  
But if you want a relationship that's a failure  
Before it begins then  
Any excuse will do my friends....

*Dedicated to Larie Edwards*

GRATIS

## Infernal Deterioration

His mind was sharp, reactions on point  
But his heart was callous just around the edges  
As I wedged myself between his mind and soul  
He bounced off and jack knifed right off a ledge  
A sliding door I saw his brilliance without a score but he was bored  
And I had more faith in him than he had in himself I knew he could do more

I saw in him an infrared light, for him I had nothing but pride and love  
And my mission was to be his exfoliator HA!! I was his body scrub  
Slowly peeling his layers back like I was Mighty Joe with a banana  
He kept squatting & swatting at me like a gnat agitated in his pajamas

And So as I courted the essence of his soul in a view so panoramic  
I worked on him relentlessly in the love lab like a skilled shop mechanic  
Then I resuscitated and resurrected his hopes  
Freed his mind from the slave plantation  
I bought vision to non-proliferated thoughts  
Like I was tha make a wish foundation

He was healed by what I could share, he was alive and strong  
Once again he was restored  
The hibernating beast within him transformed  
Into a jaguar now, plugged in like a power cord

Disgruntled with X-Ray eyes, as he could see thru all their lies  
With A discomfort in his mind's eye  
That he could not describe,  
Couldn't reach, explain or heal it  
Feeling un consoled & selfish about his self-control  
Knowing dammn well he can't conceal it  
Externally he was cured, topicort no more;  
Yet internally his eczema was itching at his soul

He can't scratch it he's gotta match and I could see the inferno  
Of a fire, of desire as he aspires despite the next plateau  
A flameless fire ignited inside of him he was tired I could see it in his eyes  
A quiet chaos required my rescuing him from himself just this one last time  
Waking up I'm petrified for him pleading please get out of the way  
Sweating, Heart pounding, screams soundless but the scenes always same

So I sat him down and said  
I ain't religious but I am spiritual in thought  
Fuggedabout wut cha heard  
It doesn't matter what we were all taught  
There is no good or bad from right to left  
Fate perched on your shoulders your mind cannot rest

Cracked body of amour but you're not totally broken  
Tasting blood biting your tongue before another word spoken  
And I know you're feeling Betrayed by the belief of Ephesians Chapter 6  
You began to function like a slave like your hopes were sick

But the amour of God for battles we shall have is a must  
And in it states that it covers only the frontal part of us  
There is a breastplate of righteousness to cover your chest  
You went wrong somewhere you stopped living and became a guest

And inaction plays as guilt while you anguish in despair  
Unaware it can be repaired with a little more prayer  
Heart in a cage, rage brewing within;  
With its lifelong hopes looking in  
You are my SON!! NOT my Sin!!

There's Loins girthed with truth & a helmet for salvation if you can envision it  
It protects our feet with peace the shield of faith & the sword of the spirit  
Not one bit of God's amour ever covers the back and you know why is that?

Because he never intended for you to be fleeing Away from your enemy  
Running from your adversity Leaves you wide open to the adversary  
But if you proudly dress in the whole amour of God  
You'll move forward and conquer  
Last breath in your chest one life to live for sure  
And God is our witness the bible is your voucher

## pervasive paradigm paralysis

Poetically I pounce on the poets I'm like P. Paul Puma Jr. on you, Nice wit Nikes on the mic I might just do it...But you already knew it so screw it; No snaps claps and daps just head nods...Peas in a pod get pissed on by iPods' Hands holding heads hollering OMG

I stop em and stomp em flat on they back like a fukin stripped shoe strings looking whacked; the cord to my mic looks like a syringe ...Blazing baby hairs like a candle wick. You're like a flat soda fukin wit sparkling wine, I'm pushing back ya whack ness Like a receding hairline...My pens a clothespin hangin yo lame ass thoughts Like a God damnn clothesline ...Oh but we know YOU KNOW; She lookin un be weave able; you need it tho; I'm a hot shot of espresso in your cup of Joe to go

I stay gloveless cuz I'm loveless but I don't love you no less; Carry an air like I'm an heir; I don't care I was born to be here I'm pushing and shoving while you tripping and stuttering. High beams I swim upstream; busting up you busters hems and seams, and it seems; your flow tryna mean mug me tho; I'm a draft bypassing compromised cracks in your dilapidated door

I do one arm push-ups to keep tha gun arm amped up; I'm the parchment paper to a writing camp school ya fools like year round summer school camps they screamin leeee gggooo but I can't... you a temporary stamp and I'm a steel clamp know your place; before I get cha Googled like an free APP; while I commence to situate a remote location and simulate tha smack down on that ass like a flat X on voice activated map

This ain't micky d's I'm like MC HAMMER, with tha hammer you can't touch this but you could get tha butt of this; umma mic menace, hence the hindrance it's a suicidal assistance ...go head put cho stubby ass fingers on the trigger son you chit chatting to a bullet while my mic is a damnn shotgun

*Dedicated to Barbara Trawick*

## Relation-Shit with Playmates

For way too many times I have seen it  
Never in witness protection But I'm an unfortunate witness  
It's that control issue dynamic in the relationships of my acquaintances  
He assumes the right to decide everything for that dumb bitch  
From how she should live, to what she should wear,  
To how she should Behave and grow or cut her hair.

He expects  
Her to give up all of her friends and relationships  
And extremely discontent  
Unless she declares him as the center of her existence  
He is jealous, possessive  
The purest form of insecure paranoid and suspicious  
His mood swings like a pendulant

In a blink of an eye he goes from delightful to spiteful  
He is unappreciative of her personal and professional achievements  
He emotionally punishes her  
For either having an opinion and or acting independent  
Belittles and blames her when things don't go his way  
Says all woman are the same never taking responsibility for anything  
Manipulates situations and shifts the blame it's a damn shame!

You see; He feels victorious  
When he can create obstructions for her at each triumph  
He's way too determined to stop her from any conquest  
A test to her BUT for him it's an effin contest ...these two are a mess  
Cuz she enables him to do this shit and now look ~~ she's pregnant  
Can you imagine the up and coming future bullshit?  
With spawned forms of S.O.S distress  
I wish they'd stop generating this mess....

But he sees he can't taze me with his words  
And his bitch moves and actions can't faze me  
I'm too strong willed to be intimidated  
And I don't give a dammn that he truly hates me  
The wishbone will never replace the back bone  
I'm like a postponed cyclone in the Antarctic zone  
Because an hour with her is a day to his undoing  
And a full day with me is a personal hassle  
I got her graduating going home with a diploma and tassel  
It actually takes this weak man  
A good week to feel like he's king of the castle again

If I had  
a penny for every threat I got  
Real talk  
I'd have thousands of dollars  
So I snatched em by the collar  
And hemmed his ass up  
Got all up in his gut  
and pressed the gun on his nuts  
And said: I know your little secret  
That bitch in your eyes nigga I see it  
That snitching twitch in your teeth  
Yeah I peeped it

I'll personally bust you in your grill  
See you don't know me very well  
Don't make me go in your mouth  
Damn getting another man  
Three hots and a cot byotch!  
I'll beat cho ass right in front of yo kids  
I aint scared of the cops I'll gladly do tha bid

I'll be like a meat cleaver tenderizing yo chops  
Leaving you with lumps on yo knots  
Come outcha face again tryna  
Flap yo gums with me loosely  
And I'll blow a few apertures in your body  
having ya look like a package of ink stained loose leafs

I'll be digging in dat ass like the hammers of hell  
Play stupid if you want and be a doubting Thomas  
I ain't into friendly threats and lying promises

Now to know me is to know this about me  
Run yo mouth like a faucet  
And watch me tap that jaw right quick  
I'll have so many shells in yo ass  
They're gonna have to call ballistics  
And get you a gunologists

TRY ME BITCH!!!  
I'll shatter yo mutha fukin neck!!  
I got a muscular trigger finger actin  
Like it's been bench pressing on a bow flex

You see;  
This dude is coward got the nerve to be big and timid  
In all actually he can't stand women he's black listed  
And hides behind telling her everything she wants to hear  
To get what he wants but ya see; players can't play  
If they don't have a game board and an opponent  
I had to school em right quick I'm a pioneer a dictator  
Low stake interaction he's a delegating colonist  
An emotionally ruptured squatter  
We call em pussy assed vagina cologists  
The apposite reference to them is misogynists

Don't get it fuked up  
And don't allow anyone you're kickin it wit  
To flip a Relationship into a Relation Shit  
You need to drop em with the quickness  
When they don't respect your business  
Remove yourself from avoidable nonsense  
Don't act like you're a glutton for punishment  
And under no circumstances do you allow them to twist  
Soul Mates into Playmates tell that muffuka  
That your heart ain't his dick so playing with it

*Dedicated to Nehru Harper*

## Manhood ?

To the stepfather it's a malicious joke,  
Mom invited him to stay without a vote  
His threats make the little boy uneasy  
HIS little hurt has Novocain feelings  
And in her absence he molests him,  
Beats him like a hazing until he's bleeding

His little body can't take this any more  
His court appointed weekend now over  
Terrified and afraid to tell his Daddy  
He smiles, shakes hands with this predator  
The Mom made this sick pervert his gatekeeper

Ill-treatment by him His cries go unheard  
While his little soul begs and screams without words  
BUT MOM insists that her son listen to him  
Told him he must comply with the stepfather  
Only feeling safe every other weekend  
His would be victorious soul slaughtered  
Battered assaulted like a sacrificial offering

Step Father waves dad off and locks the door  
This is not love and yet... Mom never questions  
His motives for wanting Quality time  
With his unbiological child  
Convinced that a man is being made of him  
Teaching him responsibility when  
Evidence of his scars are visibly seen  
His naive character easily distorted  
Silently wishing he were aborted

Are you going to believe him or me?  
The stepfather presses the mother of him  
So he's viewed as a compulsive liar  
Happenstances quickly taken out of context  
Everyone sees it and nobody takes notice  
Hard to believe that no one knows this

Infamous for his unfathomable actions  
He embezzles the preciousness of this kids  
Innocence, adolescence, trust, & dreams  
Being humped and beaten his existence  
Becomes aimless the kid carries the sperm  
Of a demon deep inside of his torn anus  
Schools called with excused absences he is  
Repeatedly raped Dismantled and manhandled  
Being completely manipulated  
For the sick sexual desires of the stepfathers  
As the little boy is frightened and fighting  
In the wee hours of the middle of the night  
His stuffed teddy bear cries thru his one button eye  
Forced to observe this assault that's everyone's fault  
Unable to shut this gruesome porn flick off

There's a monster thrusting and humping on him  
Nothing under the bed or in his closet  
Could be a worse nightmare than this to the kid  
The demonic glare of this predator  
As he's raping him over again and again and again  
He's told that he better not scream, better not tell,  
Or else everything he loves will be killed

He's over powering in many ways  
And mom refuses to notice the foul changes  
The poor little kids got a busted lip,  
Black eye, limping with dislocated hips  
Will you look at this shit! It's ridiculous  
Why does the mom keep allowing this for her kid  
When the stepfather insists he's just clumsy  
He's masterfully swayed her that her own  
Flesh and blood is somehow uncoordinated  
He's just inept it's just another accident

Older now and the light gone he doesn't care  
Left for dead on the train tracks of hopeless despair  
How many times did he try to plead with mom?  
All The signs there refusal to pay attention?  
And how many times were his pleas discredited  
Avoidable but blinded by her ignorance  
His obvious outbursts justifying  
Many times her calling him a problem child  
Continuing to get a check for him  
Quick to medicate & label him a problem  
His mood swings off the chain Behavioral out breaks  
A developed hate for women he cannot explain

The Stepfather gives Mom an ultimatum  
Make a choice...it's me or your son,  
Last straw was drawn,  
He's bored and the kid is getting too old for him  
The alternative made no sense to others,  
She said I did the best I could to raise him  
As if she had limited resources  
And very few options without his natural father  
Too much to care for considered a handful  
The natural father confused and can't do  
Anything for him so he's shuffled home to home  
Just needed one person to ask the right questions  
One adult to appear concerned enough to save him  
How dare SHE be proud and pop her collar  
AS IF she deserves an award for that bullshit!!!

## Transparent Gem

Behavior is more aggressive & rebellious  
And it just gets worse the older she gets  
Her truths are twisted and challenged  
No one on her side her feelings are invalid  
She's a mirror reflection of her environment  
And telling an adult was never a prerequisite  
Tells you she fell, Will you look at this shit!  
She's damaged & weary she can't live like this  
Take notice of the turmoil this is gross negligence  
Made to never feel safe again always feeling depressed

Empty is the stare in the back of her eyes  
Yet nobody NOBODY bothers to ask why  
She's a constant casualty of a silent crime  
Trapped and assaulted there's no escape from her rapist;  
Unaccountable for his actions he steals her adolescence  
That's her lifelong definition of love and affection  
Regression in the form of avalanche  
Molested in her own safe haven

She competes for affection and lowers her standards  
Now fast in the ass & Lacks etiquette and manners  
Her self-esteem is now stained and it just doesn't matter  
He ignited the seed invoking her soul to slowly fester with cancer

And as I sit face to face and share her space  
The light is gone in her eyes I see she has died  
She believes her life was a message  
That seems to convey no meaning  
And it's your fault I couldn't resuscitate her  
Since your selfishness prevented intervening  
For years she'll require therapy that can't even heal her  
She's still rebelling while you're in denial her tears a dried river

For so long she was a zombie just wanting her mommy  
A hypothetical question undefined waiting to be answered  
No more a delicate rose, nothing more than a stem with thorns  
She is a survivor of a war which she never signed up for  
So it's a fight she'll never win  
Internally the fatality is never detected  
All of this could have been prevented  
Had someone played detective  
Smh... Its premeditated sin against a Transparent Gem  
And as a community; WE ALL allowed this to happen!

## Information on Child Abuse

A report of child abuse is made every ten seconds

More than five children die every day as a result of child abuse.

Approximately 80% of children that die from abuse are under the age of 4.

It is estimated that between 50-60% of child fatalities due to maltreatment are not recorded as such on death certificates.

More than 90% of juvenile sexual abuse victims know their perpetrator in some way.

Child abuse occurs at every socioeconomic level, across ethnic and cultural lines, within all religions and at all levels of education.

About 30% of abused and neglected children will later abuse their own children, continuing the horrible cycle of abuse.

About 80% of 21 year olds that were abused as children met criteria for at least one psychological disorder.

The estimated annual cost of child abuse and neglect in the United States for 2008 is \$124 billion.

14% of all men in prison in the USA were abused as children.

36% of all women in prison were abused as children.

Children who experience child abuse & neglect are 59% more likely to be arrested as a juvenile, 28% more likely to be arrested as an adult, and 30% more likely to commit violent crime.

Abused children are 25% more likely to experience teen pregnancy.

Abused teens are less likely to practice safe sex, putting them at greater risk for STDs.

One-third to two-thirds of child maltreatment cases involve substance use to some degree.

Children whose parents abuse alcohol and other drugs are three times more likely to be abused and more than four times more likely to be neglected than children from non-abusing families.

As many as two-thirds of the people in treatment for drug abuse reported being abused or neglected as children.

[www.childhelp.org](http://www.childhelp.org)

<http://www.childhelp.org/pages/statistics>

## **I am a (POET) Peaceful Outsider Expecting Truth**

I am a poet I don't just write rhymes I compose prose like a pro, I take common sense for those who need a verbal picture Transposed And I use my pen and paper to superimpose the thought I want to project Yet I scribe rows of words that say ahhh and ohhhssss That proposes to my notebook pad like your life was in a wanted ad Then invite YOU the audience to the matrimony Quick to get Edited Flip it and sell it in an effort to get my inks alimony

I am an honest muthaphuckin Spoken word artist My homespun words Hit home runs with verbs My superb words are more than just soap and water My tailor designed Life skill seminars Just might save your Sons and daughters Ask any ashy mind how I be spittin lotion on mankind I snatch the color outta life With a surgical knife And replace it with a 3D scene in black and white

I am poetry not just locally but globally I spit battle rhymes and call it anger management And when I spyt that venom you couldn't save yourself From the wrath of my tongue even if I whispered tha antidote into an epi pen Words fall out my mouth with such potency They donned me the word prophetess my thought process is bottomless Simply because I spit battle lines That'll leave you screaming Even after losing consciousness Some say its ominous others call me marvelous

I am a poet I live in rhyme all tha time I eat digest and shit words Like its alphabet soup on a plate Words shuffle under my tongue Like a deck of cards tryna tailgate Like a blind date makin yo eyes dilate I speak in concrete no need to translate I drop bars like I'm lockin up inmates! I can have you so vexed you can't concentrate I'm a verbal genie Spiting wishes as you granted I'm everything to anybody but never taken for granted Words visually and vocally chiseled outta marble and granite To create sculptures for the cultures of predators and vultures Praying for the vulnerable prey reciting essays relevant to today

I am a poetess a word prophetess high priestess a verbal sorceress a living thesis I'm an ink slinger my ink splatters over the canvas of your mind I draw pictures for you creating acronyms metaphors stanzas and haikus Verbally making powerful points without a PowerPoint To present to the intellectually challenged to marinate on and use I'm a word dealer clarifying your mind like a car detailer I got words phrases fonts pictures and sentences Giving away free thoughts like air fresheners

Linguistically and lyrically I am a poet I'm a beast wit this A rhapsodist a rhymester a versifier A writing work for hire that'll never get fired Call me tha ever ready poet spytin poetry I write like a battery pack scribing maniac Never loosing composure writin word composer I pen rhythmic limerick verses for ghostwriters! My thoughts are sacred scribe inside of Timed released time capsules Making my word bank invaluable and intangible

I am a poet I have magnetic poetic prowess possessing special powers Of imagination and expression that can go on for hours I be eating words and droolin em in my sleep They be trickling down my chest onto my sleeve While Others catch ZZZZZzzzzs and count sheep I got em swirling under my tongue Looking like a newsprint Leaving lucent shoeprints calling it a blueprint

I am a poet I'm a rediscovered galaxy Of a celestial sphere in your ears I flow like a waterfall of words From your eyes like tears Better than platinum grillz I'm like veneers adhered to your gums I stay in your mouth for years to come I bring clarity to calamity and disparity I'm like fiber to your mind bringing regularity I spyt that truth that's smooth like vermouth I am a P O E T and just like YOU I am a .....  
Peaceful Outsider Expecting Truth

*Dedicated to Blaq Ice and my entire P.O.E.T Fam*

## **Battle Cries**

I see no need for such deceptive, misleading practices other than greed and Malicious intent to deceive. It's probably legal but unethical, wicked and downright deceptive. BECAUSE I'm convinced the God's have it in for me! My memories are becoming an urban legend!

My whole life is in a bag I went from dreams to memories I went from have to have not Into confusion from security from goals to failing Just when I thought I've seen it all the rugs been snatched from under my feet I've gone from serenity to perturbedness In a matter of seconds from peripheral vision to being blindsided like a car accident.

I keep asking God are you satisfied yet and I keep rolling my eyes like a bowling ball spinning and I keep feeling hapless as if someone's cast a curse and I can't help but feel apologetic invoking a sense of remorse, somebody please give me blingy red shoes quick, because I keep clicking my heels and I ain't going nowhere fast, these sketcher shape up sneaks ain't helping me. I keep wondering how come I've got to loose so much and to minimize tragedy of others; but damn at least those who suffer from fires or natural disasters can be devastated and then rebuild from the ground up.

I'm being tested daily, weekly, monthly I'm homeless, landless, backless, hapless a gawt dammn mess I can't afford the deadlines every struggle becomes a headline I'm falling apart at the seams tattered hemlines I can't be a victim although I'm constantly being victimized I'm a survivor trying to be civilized I'm a gem fighting from becoming crystallized my struggles and issues I wish I could unsubscribe my dreams have cataracts I can't visualized so I improvise I get criticized ...its trivial can't see past myself no visual the stigma stagnates the symbol.

Lord; I'm going from thoughtful and Christianized to pessimistic and liberalized I'm going from hopeful and easygoing and sunny days and still snowed in I used to glimmer now dull my eyes tell a story of disgust I'm feeling traumatized and these problems you bestow upon my shoulders have them slumped over in disgust I shake my head feeling like its unnecessary I'm being targeted I can't even afford to shop in there my flow is stagnant but my problems win the race all the time this transformation I'm undergoing isn't showing my personal growth these challenges leave me unbalanced I'm not sure of my worth I'm not living I'm not moving fast enough I'm stuck and if you don't give us more than we can handle then enough is enough.

I feel like life will be my demise, I feel like life is trying to cut my ties like it won't be satisfied till it gets my life I'm already basic how am I supposed to compromise I'm already shocked why the surprise? I'm already locked down how can I rise I'm already smart how can you expect me to dumb down isn't that unwise? I already been married I can't be a wife I been saying hello all along why do I keep having to say goodbye. Goodbye to some of the stuff I used to cherish life was so good at one point clear and without a blemish now drama has a vendetta against me it's a hellish fetish I keep giving and still feel selfish head barely above water and I'm living like a shellfish

I'm stripped of it all counting pennies trying to make it wondering why I was born stillborn, naked like the day I was born and still the clothes on my back tethered and torn perhaps I'm trapped in a vortex where I don't belong struggle with a sense of right and wrong I'm stuck but strong while I write out what's wrong held hostage in life's bondage this Band-Aid is my blockage I acknowledge your presence but I refuse to accept your presents whatever the lesson is hurry up and give it to me so I can get it.

*Dedicated to C. Riles*

## Confidential Snitch

I heard his pen game was on point so  
I had to witness him grace the stage for myself  
So I came to be a fan **for just once** this one day all by myself

There I was in the back of the audience  
Being called out and thrown under the bus

And he was ... he was penning my life with his words  
Telling everyone my business  
Using his pen as a gun with his fingers on the trigger  
Killing me softly with his ink  
Making me feel like ... he knows me

His words strip searched every cavity of me  
Touching me inappropriately he was a pro  
I felt so violated and vulnerable to his prose

Immediately wondering if he broke into my house  
And peeped my identity could it possibly be that he  
Thumbed thru my secret diaries how could he?

All the sudden  
I was made to feel soooo uncomfortable  
I wanted to just fade into the crowd  
Yet the spot light was on my feelings

His cadence was tenderly killing me  
Had me sinking into my seat as he  
Continued to stay in sync with me

And even in my incognito state  
His glare was like infrared beams  
And it seems  
Like he was daring me to expose him  
Like he knew I'd never tell you it was me

I tried to mean mug him thru evaporated tears  
But he just kept exposing my story year after year  
And displaying my fears  
Everyone else felt serenaded but nahhhh  
He put me on blast like his tongue was a grenade  
As he was killing me softly with his ink scribing my pain

I politely attempted to bounce  
Seems like his words were static cling  
His pens were like difibulators  
Verbally shocking intimate

**Intricate parts**

Of the poetic artist in me

And so next day when ask how did I enjoy the show  
I was feeling evasive towards his abrasive flow  
And I said ohhhh dammn I didn't have a chance to go

But between you and me  
I was there for the entire thing  
Holding my breath squirming in my seat  
He used sea salt as paper and his finger to scribe it  
Touching my expressions knowing I didn't like it

He had me intangibly bleeding  
With **inner agony as he**  
Shoveled crumpled paper into my chest cavity

He performed 45 mins  
Of RAW poetic forms of CPR on the microphone  
Transporting me back to life  
Just before he kept killing me tho  
He was reciting my caged emotions on stage  
Scribing my pain as if I wasn't there  
Penning my life with his language  
Openly reciting my anguish

Telling my life with his words  
Putting my business out there for the world to see  
Killing me softly with his ink making me feel like he knows me

## ITSBONDJAMIEBOND ~ ACROSTIC

**I** ~ I can't speak for anybody else picture this with a frame

**T** ~ there's just too many great poets in the game to name

**S** ~ some us are in love with that pen & paper just tha same

**B** ~ before timeless was created we were serenaded by words

**O** ~ over tha top for some thoughts take flight on paper like birds

**N** ~ not saying we are better than but regular folks are nerds

**D** ~ don't try to explain it our language is a different spice and herb

**J** ~ justifiably so I peep game with an 3D vision

**A** ~ analytical eye I trust none but I still envision

**M** ~ me myself & I to execute the daily mission

**I** ~ insatiably I always crave challenge with precision

**E** ~ eventually my mind revising in word division

**B** ~ back at it like a crack addict flow can't be predicted

**O** ~ over rated are the haters pay no mind they can't have it

**N** ~ never caught slippin, cleats for sneakers stick like grits

**D** ~ dammit my amped unmuted ink in yo ears is like speakers when I spit

## SAY WORD

Ummph So....

You say you messed with dude  
Cuz he got good hair and U wanted your child to have a chance  
And you put up with him cuz he was laying it down  
When his decisions were made with the head in his pants  
So you got cute stupid babies and a reckless baby daddy  
And yo... you aeight with that???

**WOW...**

How low is your self -worth how shallow can u get  
Where's your plans to land on your feet instead of your back??

So let me get this straight you hate your job  
But ummm you vested 8 years being miserable for 6

**And huh??**

It's the company you can't stand  
Ohhhh but your peeps are there?

**WOW!!**

So you never took a class,  
Never picked up the wanted ads

**WHAT??**

You just gonna go somewhere you hate  
cuz its familiar like home  
And wait for some form of a miracle to fall out of the air...

So hold up...

You don't go to church, don't believe in dat stuff  
Cuz God knows your heart; are you serious??  
So while you were in the da club shaking your butt  
YOU really believe since God is everywhere  
That he was in your house and he was please bout that?

Now lemme get this straight, so you live in section 8  
And you're happy with that I suppose;  
And not that there's anything wrong with assistance  
But you mean to tell me that you have NO aspirations  
Of ever owning your home

YOU got 3 kids and 5 baby daddies  
And YOU don't believe in birth control??

**WOW!!**

So U got all the talk shows tivoed  
And you don't watch the news  
Cuz it doesn't affect you are you for real???

Where did you come from?  
Are there more like you out there  
Standing for nothing functioning in low income  
Acting like it's your right not to care??

You need intervention, religion and common sense  
Real talk! Good luck with that...  
I hope you find it soon in an online crash course  
Cuz your light at the end of the tunnel  
Is a train coming at you baby girl  
You're just laying on the tracks of your own free will,

You're not living ... U just exist; Sucking up all the good air  
Advocate for nothing... Righteous for your indecisiveness  
Rise up and do something...

**SAY WORD.....**

*Dedicated to Munch and Irene Williams*

## THIS BE US!!!

He feels as though **JAMIE BOND** is a mystery wants to know more about me. But I had to stop em in his tracks and tell em that There's **ELEMENTS OF ME** that only **JODI** knows But you'll hear about them if you **STAY IN THE KNOW**

Told em sometimes I shape shift with **DIONNA** as **SHADOW LURKER** Other times I got paper cuts like **I AM WITTENINPAIN** I'm not ashamed to write out loud when my **PENS IN PAIN** Keep tha middle finger up most of the time but heyyy

There are days when I'm feeling empowered and geared up When **I'M REPPING BRICK CITY** thinking **WHO'S' THAT PEEPING THRU MY WINDOW** chilling with **CRYSTAL DENIRO SIMMONS** It's an **EZ TRIPLE THREAT** while I'm feeling **FABULOSITY** Sitting **ON LOVE SEAT GROUP WIT KING SHARK CHASE** with some grapes

But then most times I think **I'M UNMUTING MY INK**. But if you want to know **WHAT'S THA 411** then that's **WHAT'S IN THE NEWS** Most times I be wit **QUISE IN HIS NOTEBOOK** or **BLAZIN THA MIC** with **P.O.E.TS** you know **PEOPLE OF EXTRAORDINARY TALENT SUCH AS BLAQ ICE** but I'm a **DOPE POET** if you ask me check with **BARBARA TRAWICK** on that tho

I stay in **BEAST MODE** and just so you know it's not a defense mechanism its survival mode **most times I act like a NILISTIC SOULDIER** with the world on my shoulders **I got word play for days** ask **FINALE** how **OFF THE WALL POETRY** can get on **WTF WEDNESDAYS** my pen spurts in leaps of growth like your super locs I got this ink game on lock because I have a **POETIC OLD SOUL**. But don't get too comfortable I'm one of **THE 5 DEADLY VENOM'S** I'm **Da CHAMP** at this right here with my **FLOWETIC FLO!**

**FLOWETIC JUSTICE** bleeds more words than me I be **THINKINBOUTSOMETHING** with **DJ DEAN**, **LAURIE** and or **KELLI** and **REBE** Their sounds easily soothe the beast in me Or **JOSKI** who can bring out the freak in me **MURDER INK** we kill ya no questions asked And you see me with **TAMMY** but I haven't seen **DIONNA**, **DAISIES OR FABS** hands

I **SCRIBE** during the day but with **MANGUS KHAN I SCRIBE AFTER DARK** too **THE VILLAGE SPEAKS** to the **INNER CHILD** in me While listening to the **WORDS OF WILLIAM** Making me want to do cartwheels and go play with **MOLLY** in the park. Sometimes I hide in my intricate **MOMENTS OF CHAOS** tree house Over in **KELLI SONGBIRDS GARDEN** Then inhale phrases as I **BREATHE THRU PAPER** Only when my sheets are no less than 800 I scribe on Egyptian cotton

I can be seen verbally painting pictures at **THE ARTISTS LOUNGE** with my pen Or dancing to **NOIRS POETIC JAZZ BISTRO ...MY VERBAL INK** needs beast mode and meat tho as a **MIDDAY FIX** Give me croutons and Italian style ink dressing And all the salad bar fixings in **BAD BOYS KITCHEN**

I spyt **ORIGINAL POETRY AFTER DARK** gimme snaps claps and **DAPS** My pen my pad is **CHYNA BLUE** I'm easily approachable But still an **UNWRITTEN LADY EXCLUSIVE** I'm a concrete poetess I'm an **INFINITE POET** that doesn't fit in Sci-Fi genres I can't live in subliminal, **I AM A POET AND JUST LIKE YOU... I'M A PEACEFUL OUTSIDER EXPECTING TRUTH**

So sometimes I just **SPEAK YO PIECE** on **RE-VERSE** wit **ANDY** He gave me **A SNAKE WITH A FLOWER I SPEAK EASY WITH NYLA AND Q** about any penned issues You get advice and homework there Picture prompts and assignments Free-writes and pay homage and sometimes...

Sometimes I don't ever post; I still like the inbox of most of you folks And I drop it in there; simply smile like I just wrote a love letter Tell **KELLZ GRAMMER I GOT SO MANY EMOTIONZ** stuck in my chest That the **TAMMY JONES 30/30** snippet I'll be doing it for a long time Hoping someday **PLANTED DAISIES** can help me **CAPTURE MOMENTS** During my **WRITERS FURY IN THOSE DRAMA HOURS**

**C. RILES IN KNOWLEDGE SAID KNOW THE LEDGE** This is why **I CRY OUT** with my **VERSES** because **GODSENT, THE WATCHER OF 13** to look over me So that I don't become a **VICTIM OF THE GAME AND GET MANIPULATED** That's how **LYFE IS... TODD SMITH** can attest to that These **EVERYDAY STORIES** I'm sure you heard of them before tho I'll be happy to tell you all about it On **IBJB TV** Meet me on the island of **ST. CLINTON** I'm a **SPACE POET** by heart ....I'm a **MADD WRITAH** Google plus me if you don't believe it!

## Poetic Credo

How does a broken soul uplift a spirit in the mist of breaking...

Empowering happens when one openly takes the others critical feelings and resuscitates them with the last good breadths they own and prays for recirculation. When they can, go left and snatch them right to get back onto the correct path...

Empowering one another comes from loving our sisters and brothers, the transition of going from selfish to selfless where resentment has no room to reside with your hearts generosity and gratitude....

Letting them know they aren't alone and that they have an emotional home base that they can slide into and hear the cheers of their peers and loved ones scream; "YOU'RE SAFE!!!!"

It's not hard... it calls for an honest compliment, eye contact and a genuine smile, a hug, a quote, a phone call a quick text, a helping hand.... A joke

You pay forward by praying forward... you exercise your lung capacity by holding your breadth just a little longer; and exhaling a little slower...with outstretched arms to kindred spirits and saying welcome home... it's not much; BUT hey! I'm willing to share nothing with you... like it was something until WE can build an empire of positivity and change the world one line at a time with our unmuted ink.....

***STAY BLESSED AND #BEINSPIRED2WRITE***

Women go thru some damned changes....

From kitten 2 hoochie 2 pigeon 2 puma 2 cougar

2 panther 2 milf 2 a ratchet hag

Rotflmao

IBJB



# Epilogue

GRAPHS

*Jamie Bond's . . . Un Muted Ink*



*Jamie Bond's . . . Un Muted Ink*

Chaos and Contentment...  
suspended somewhere between the hours  
of broken nerves and shattered thoughts,  
paranoid delusions and safe nightmares;  
is an ink stained scribe  
from the UNMUTED INK of a gladiator's pen.

**Jamie Bond**

Stay Blessed & #BEINSPIRED2WRITE

*Jamie Bond's . . . Un Muted Ink*



just a few words for you from . . . *Jamie*

**I**t feels good to thoughtfully compile pieces of myself and giftwrap them for you all. I'm proud of what I've presented to the public as bits of my souls' presentation as well. Believe ME... I have been thru it all and I AM STILL HERE.

**A**nd I'm still here because of my sister Tanya, who insisted I get this book completed. She said NO, YOU need to be seen and heard and replaced my crashed laptop. Hands down, my sister is one of the most courageous loving women I've ever encountered in my life... You need to be jealous that she's my sister because she friggin rocks!

**I**'m still here because of my brother Jason, who always makes my life easier by enhancing and or fixing my pc, understanding my quiriness and for sending me something to laugh about daily via phone, text and or email!

**I**'m still here because of my brother Julian, who by the family is affectionately donned as "Mr. Wonderful". He is well-regarded as the family trend setter. He's consistently a positive force in my life who continually educates and encourages me.

**I** got here and I'm still here because of my mother Anne, the one thing I just can't do without at all. She is my pillar and my personal cheerleader! She makes all things possible. Let me tell you something, my mom had swag before they called it that! My Mom is the definition of grace and courage coupled with educated elegance. She can whip up a meal in seconds when there wasn't anything to eat in the house and will make it stretch for two days' worth of leftovers too...

**L**ike YO! Where dey do dat at?!?! Right here dammit! Right here!

**Y**ou see, I am such a product of my environment that I can't tell you about me without telling you about everyone else... The smile from my heart is embedded on my face because of those in my cipher...

## *Jamie Bond's . . . Un Muted Ink*

The struggle is real! I've been dead ass broke and still tried to share something with someone... I know full well that I'll never be a millionaire from selling poetry, but I'm rich in my thought process and my ability to express it. Even when I don't want to share, I still do, because it's important to for people to understand and be understood...

I wish that, when I was growing up, that I had a poet that I could have related to. Instead, I was reading words ... I wasn't feeling anything from the words on the pages. I was confused by the sweetness of the embellishment convinced that they weren't from my world in Newark, NJ. You see the reference's I had access to when I was growing up did not have any socially conscious poets talking about the hobos, the drug addicts and the whineo's in the ghetto except for rappers.

Actually, when I was growing up I recall feeling like I was adopted or something; I didn't quite fit in with anyone anywhere. And truth be told, the only person who I REALLY believed understood me was my brother Jason. I felt so lonesome in a crowd and that's NOT what I want for you all...

I had a vision in mind when I was putting this book together for you all. I wanted to make sure that regardless of whatever genre you found me in, that you weren't disenchanted with your purchase of my penned state of mind and then the rest of the aspects of my mind set were a pleasant surprise for you. I wanted to make sure that I talked to you and not at you. I don't **ever** want to be categorized.

Shoot, don't get it twisted now...I cry, I cuss, I get mad, I've had cell phones cut off for not having enough in the bank and could only get incoming calls, I get frustrated, Shit! I'm here to tell you that I love them BUT my kids get on my nerves too! I've had nothing, I've experienced heartache and heartbreak, I've lost, I've felt alone, I've had anxiety about paying bills and making ends meet.

I've pumped my fist, I've poked out my lip, hell, I've uncontrollably sobbed all the way to the We Buy Gold Spot and sold my jewelry that my now deceased husband gave me over the 26 years span which we were married in; that mind you, I would have loved nothing more than to be able to keep as a beautiful cherished memory to honor him, his love for me the reasons behind the purchase etc...

## *Jamie Bond's . . . Un Muted Ink*

Long gone are the dreams of being able to “save” an item with a story attached to it for a grandchild or simply be able to sadly reminisce over a romance that didn’t feel long enough and clench in my fist as I cried and rocked myself to sleep some nights. \*Sigh\* But with my back against the wall and needing to feed my family or pay rent, utilities, food. I’m talking BASIC necessities here to sustain the family unit... hell just to buy medication because with him no longer here, medical coverage was nonexistent ...

I had no choice BUT to hock my memories for less than it was worth.... Believe ME when I tell you that Oh yeah! I’ve been there, still there and gonna be there for a while still.... Which by the way, shout outs to the Rich & Paul from Bentley Limited in Howell, N.J. For being more than fair with his ability to compensate me, going above and beyond reasonable... I swear you can mail your stuff in and he’ll be honest and give you the best market value...

You ain’t gotta convince me of nothing with this economy! I know the struggle is real. Feel me? I’m damn near sucking my thumb for dinner too, so I know what homeless, hunger, and heartache tastes like on the same plate while washing it down with a tall glass of shattered tears and STILL finding a reason to smile, without feeling as if I’m being called out, targeted, thrown under the bus and rolled over a few times.

BUT; I’ve also laughed and smiled, been content and satisfied, I’ve had a lil something, I’ve experienced love, I’ve gained, I’ve achieved a few things, I’ve felt supported, I’ve purchased unnecessary items... I’ve had my breaking points and my peaks it’s an ongoing roller coaster but I just buckle my damn seatbelt and go for the ride like I was born to surpass the height requirement. I’ve fought for others and won, I’ve done it all.... I’m on some been there, done that, won the t-shirt and tryna sell the bootleg video out the trunk of the car type of stuff... And still, I still have more to do!

But I SAY all of THAT to say THIS.... Through my psychotic skirmishes; I personally made a conscious decision to live the life that wants to live inside of me and always look for the lesson and share it. I wholeheartedly believe that God has a beautiful way of assigning us our own individual personal trainer whose name is called “my life”.

And I feel empowered by the belief that everything that happens for a reason, that all the trials and tribulations in which we experience is just strength training, sometimes its more intense than other times but hey...you can’t get an A until you take the test!

## *Jamie Bond's . . . Un Muted Ink*

You know something, I believe Dogs stick their heads out of car windows because God is furiously petting them, as the tips HIS fingers generate gusts of wind as a vehicle thrusts forward, that's why all dogs have a smile on their faces and do it. Mind you, haha this has nothing to do with anything, but I know you are smiling at the thought of that chuckling, perhaps shaking your head, saying that damn Jamie Bond has a wonderful eye for life.

I am not religious... BUT I am tremendously spiritual... I am human, I have my faults, and I suffer too. Truth be told, I am in pain more often than not, but I rarely complain; because my constant discomfort will never define nor consume me....

I never go to bed questioning my-self-worth. NEVER! I am loved, adored and spoiled as the baby of my family. I love myself, I love life, I love you... and I've experienced first-hand situations where I stand humbly with conviction and say fuck all that nonsense!! Life is too short for all of that Mickey Mouse drama and bullshit.

I know that I am loved because I love. I have the BEST family in the world! I am surrounded by awesome friends because I am an awesome friend. My family means everything to me, my mom, my siblings, my children, my nieces and nephews, my cousins, my aunts and uncles, my friends, my associates... You see; I have no enemies... they don't exist in my life, because I don't put malice in the ether to be a boomerang to my spirit. I'm willing to die for you so long as you are willing to live for me...

I hope...

I truly hope that... I've been able to give you a diverse view from poetic perspectives through my writes, although natural to me to scribe, yet I must admit that my writing style is untamed; it's in its own league... I write for ME... I recite it for YOU! And sometimes my ability to translate that smoothly from my mind onto paper is the personal challenge. It's comparable to the difference between showing someone how to tie a shoelace and writing down the directions...

The hardest part for me was putting it into a flowing form because I love common sense! You the reader love the rhyme scheme HA! By the time I finished this book I felt like I recreated the REESE'S Peanut Butter Cup or something! LOL Goooo Jamie Gooooooooo

## *Jamie Bond's . . . Un Muted Ink*

So there you go... The Last word from Jamie Bond is that, it feels good to see my hard work turn into progress and have a project come into fruition. I've had pc's crash, external drives get corrupted, CD's get scratched and be unreadable, and I've had books be victims of floods or clumsy spills. You name it, dog eat the thumb drive all kinds of craziness, shaking my head; I have lost volumes of thoughts...

You see something, I see barely nothing, the optimistic pessimist clinging to a cup of nothing ample and an empty shot glass with a handle. All the things I strive for I repel against them, in an effort to stay relevant and versatile... Yet making a name for myself means nothing if My Mother went senile and didn't know who I was...♥

But the secret is to keep going; do it better each time, keep talking, keep expressing, keep sharing, keep networking, keep writing, keep bleeding that ink onto the paper. The only way I can survive is through my Unmuted Ink... I feel filled to the brim with personal delight for my real life skills achievements finally fulfilling one of my predefined goals.

Progress is the passionate lip-lock kiss that's placed upon your lips and dances upon your pallet spelling secrets across your teeth, like your toothpaste was created from success. The smile shines in your eyes and it's almost as if, you are trying to slurp the sliced smiles from a sweet Valencia orange so as not to miss the opportunity of savoring the intense flavor of each drop....

~~ IJB ♥ aka Jamie Bond ♥ aka itsbondjamiebond ♥ aka Unmuted Ink ♥ aka NLWJ ♥ aka Autumn Breeze ♥ (My Nipmuc/k Indian Tribal Name) ♥ aka #jamieALLday

Lastly if you find any mistakes blame Quise "The Notebook" Williams and go purchase a onemic/ onestage T-shirt... Place complaint in the PayPal instructions... he MIGHT send you an "oh well, nobody's perfect" note with your product. If he doesn't, then go on and blame that on him too... Keep repeating the process till you get a response lol

*Jamie*

a few words from the *Family of Jamie Bond*

What can you say about someone that has always been ‘the light’ in the lives of so many? “God didn’t promise days without pain, laughter without sorrow, sun without rain, but He did promise strength for the day, comfort for tears, and light for the way.” This sums up my beautiful and gifted sister – “Jamie Bond” aka Natasha L. Wyatt-Johnson. Her charismatic demeanor draws you in, her loving embrace endures you to her, and her infectious smile puts you at ease.

Whether she is spitting a piece of spoken word, sharing her thoughts on the issues of the day, or counseling a family member to help them overcome a personal crisis Jamie continues to overwhelm and astound me with her talents and knack for searching a purposeful life to fit her very expansive resume. Jamie is coming into her own by sharing her words with the world and it is long overdue! As her older sister I have watched her evolve from a dirt eating toddler running around naked in the neighborhood to a caring mother, patient wife, amazing sister, doted daughter, exceptional friend, and prolific poet that exudes the very epitome of what I consider sunshine wherever her path takes her. I am so very proud of you and what you have achieved thus far. The world is your canvas and you are making your own Michelangelo strokes!

**Tanya M. Wyatt**  
CTO1, USN, Retired

George Dana Boardman said it perfectly: "Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny." I have had the distinct privilege and honor of knowing Natasha Louise Wyatt-Johnson for the past 44 years. Through that long period I have watched her first hand, cultivate her own unique identity. Natasha, or Weeze, as I affectionately refer to her, has never been a follower.

Independent, compassionate, outspoken, a champion of causes, resilient, a great sense of humor, a proud and strong Mother and Wife, protector, faithful daughter and courageous baby sister, are a few attributes I would utilize to describe her. I have so many fond memories that I would be hard pressed to center on one.

## *Jamie Bond's . . . Un Muted Ink*

But I do know this...the poetry that she has scribed and shared with the rest of humanity, is an echo of the woman that stands before you. Success, joy, heartache, sorrow, death, loneliness and a deep sense of conviction to stay the course is the bedrock of her aged soul. Unequivocally, I can testify that I would not be alive today, had it not been for her sense of needing to be somewhere and showing up just in time.

Yes, her poetry is the art of storytelling at its finest hour. People of all ages will connect with the issues, the passion, the moral and ethical dilemmas, life, family, the madness in our society and will be "called upon to act," long after the curtain call or her book is placed beside the bed stand. I am not the least bit surprised by her success and recognition. Her vocation is a calling that has always been there and she knows exactly where she needs to be and has showed up just in time. Of all my credentials, I am most proud of being called Natasha Louise Wyatt-Johnson's oldest brother. Her number one fan and admirer,

### **Julian Hillel Cameron Wyatt, Ms Ed, MBA, PhD Candidate**

Retired and Disabled Combat Navy Lieutenant Commander,  
30 Year Veteran and current Kindergarten - 3rd Grade  
Teacher in Arizona. ILYSMTTWWP!!

What can I say about Jamie? She's fiercely loyal. The darkest of days she is a ray of sunshine. She is funny, irreverent and loveable. Natasha aka "Jamie Bond" is in touch with her inner self and exudes an energy that crackles around her aura so that it is palpable.

You know you've met the real thing when you meet her. Jamie is articulate, loyal and ever ready to be available to those that need her. Oh, all the fun you'll have getting to know this wonderful individual, this elfish, naïve and worldly child who's been here before.... She'd give you the shirt off her back and can be trusted with a secret and she gives the best hugs in person or over the phone. You just can't be down with her around plus she's always there for you....

### **Mom ~ Anne**

Retired Nurse

## **E**ndorsements

Jamie Bond is the Definition of Strength ..Displays the True Meaning of Friendship ..Support ...Jamie's love extends above and beyond of what most could imagine....Her poetry sinks into not only our minds...but our hearts and soul...Her words are like blazing lightening bolts...its electrifying ...exhilarating ...she is Jamie Bond!! ♥

~~ **Bianca Fly Charlotte, North Carolina**  
**Radio Show Host of The Beautiful Butterfly Café**

A true poet, Jamie Bond's work is a testament to dedication the excellence, intelligence, and down to earth home grown truth.. Her pen is sure to blaze the page.

~~ **Tyrone Mobley aka "Watcher of 13" from Brooklyn, New York**  
**author of Victims of the Game: The Manipulation**

Bond.....Jamie Bond....that indestructible substance solidifying words to rhyme and purpose. JB is one of the ILLEST LYRICIST my ears have ever had the pleasure to read with a flow that's like a serious hip-hop head nod. But more importantly she is a very down to earth chic who encourages and supports all of us in the artistic community. Love you Jamie.

~~ **Barbara Trawick (Bee) Miami, Florida**  
**Radio Show Host of THE HIVE**

Jamie Bond is an excellent writer who uses diverse styles to introduce her writes to the literary audience! She is definitely a great read!

~~ **Allen BlackSwagg Simmons (Lyrical GrimReaper)**

You're Loved more and more each Day Bond Bonds....look at all the pEEps responding... Great writer Great person to know!...Giving with a capital L O V E...♥

~~ **Charles SeaBe Banks Houston, Texas**

Jamie Bond is more than a poet, she is that rare comet that only appears once in a lifetime. Her gift, her spirit and her sacrifice can only be defined as heaven sent

~~ **Blaq Ice Founder and CEO of P.O.E.T. Chicago, Illinois**

## *Jamie Bond's . . . Un Muted Ink*

Jamie Bond-What can I say She is an EXCEPTIONAL poetess. She will ignite flames of passion in you that may have doused. She will have you preaching to the masses although you have been separated from religion. She is simply that awesome. Her words of poetry are backed by living as a woman, a mother a human. Emotions abound. Pick up this book and you can thank me by telling another about Jamie Bond

~~ **Dionna Butterfli Per-Will, Author of Randoms of Life**

Jamie Bond is a poet that not only writes from the soul but blood runs ink and heart runs true....

~~ **Starr Poetress Lawton, Oklahoma**

As a writer myself, I can get lost in my work and tune out the outside world. But every time I tuned back into the writing and poetry world and circuits I kept hearing about some poet/writer named Jamie Bond. After awhile personal friends of mine would say "have u read any of Jamie Bonds work? She's amazing". I had to check what all of the buzz was about and I must say..... the passion, emotions, and pictures that are painted makes u feel as if ur having the experience. She draws u in to her world.... that transcends mere writing....

~~**Papermirrors Reflection Bronx, New York**

**Founder of PaperMirrors Community Outreach Services**

Jamie Bond is a true sister/queen that speaks to the poets' heart and soul straight from the hip. No sugar coating from this Brick City Poet. Truth is what it is! If you can't handle the truth...stay stuck on stupid and studying dumb. She keeps it on the real and strictly 100! If you didn't know ...Now you know!

~~ **Kelli Songbird Garden, Poet, Author, Recording and Spoken Word Artist**

Jamie Bond is strength personified! There are few people out there who have been through some great trials and come out unscathed and better than ever! JB is a force to be reckoned with; her pen is pure fire! Beastly in a brazier with no fear, keeping things clear, Helluva peer, a poet, and when you need someone to cheer....she's there.

~~ **Urban Voodoo Live and Direct Los Angeles, California**

**of PublishingUrbanWordz, inc. YOUNG POET SOCIETY**

Jamie bond has a heart of gold. She is so giving. She recognizes all sorts of poetry. She is the queen.

~~ **Albert Carrasco (Infinitethe Poet) New York, New York**

## *Jamie Bond's . . . Un Muted Ink*

Down to earth, loving and caring heart & spirit to all, a true friend to the end, loves fighting for the underdog with undying passion, she is poetry and poetry is she, finally and not the least, she loves her family blood and poetry and promotes others in the poetry industry with undying fervency... ♥♥♥

~~ **Todd Smith (Thelyfepoet) Author of LYFE IS.... Florida**

An Artist whose talents exceed just being a nurturing protective Mother, her craft is empowering, building to represent women of struggle in it's purest content, to succeed and to take advantage, accomplish all opportunities of life learning experiences and applying them to family, friends and community. Jamie Bond no stranger to pain and struggle her words are a testimony to inspire, educate and enlighten your journey every time she's blessed to pick up a pen and answer the call to the masses. Blessings To You Jamie Bond! YOU HAVE INSPIRED ME! MUCH LOVE AND RESPECT!

~~ **Carlene Beverly Columbus, Ohio**

I may not have known Jamie Bond very long, but rest assured, she is one of the most FIERCE poetess of this generation! As a radio host myself, I enjoy listening to her radio programs on Blog Talk Radio. Most of all, she loves God - which makes her cool with me!

~~ **Tonja E. Withers Brooklyn, New York**

I have been waiting on a Jamie Bond project for a long time. From the moment she spits you know its greatness; her hard in yo face brick city what?! Attitude; combined with the diversity of her pen makes a lethal combination leaving foes in her wake placing her at the top and one of my all-time favorites anything she puts out you will not be disappointed

GET IT IN JAMIE!

~~ **Delvin Maximus Thomas aka "LionHeart The Rebel" Houston, Texas**

Poetry that ebbs and flows like the beautiful words Jamie Bond releases on paper speaks to our minds and souls. Her words, purposeful and passionate, will leave you changed, open and wanting more of the lyrical elixir that is her trademark.

~~ **Takesha Powell (Takesha McKenzie) New York, New York**

The voice of change in a stagnant world, she speaks what many should be hearing, and are afraid to listen to.

~~ **Mr. Riley somewhere off the New Jersey Turnpike  
Author of The Midnight Hybrid**

## *Jamie Bond's . . . Un Muted Ink*

Jamie Bond: The BRICK CITY BEAST-MODE BOMBSHELL..  
with a HEART as BIG as the world..

~~ **Quise "the NoteBook" Williams Houston, Texas**

Jamie Bond iz POETRY! A walking, talking, breathing, living POEM!! She is the TRUTH; Truly a gift to anyone who's read her; or heard her.

~~ **Author June Battlefield East Saint Louis, Illinois**

IB JB, that Brick City Queen

when shit hits the fan, she's last to leave the crime scene

Smokin' pen in hand...she's tough

flatlinin' bodies across the land

Yeh, I did it, WUT!

A beautiful spirit, heart of gold, and a snake tongue for the ones who cross the line.

~~ **DI Davis "Bad Boy #1" from "Lost Angels" to San Diego, California  
Owner/Creator of DL Davis Design Iloveps.com**

She's a ventriloquist lyricist, her readers lips move to the rhythm of metaphors, her words take you on journalistic journey where one has to wear a parachute, cause of the height she takes one to...one to, one to her writes sounds nice check!

~~ **Manuel 'Finale' Allen Cincinnati, Ohio  
C.E.O. of DEF FLO**

Jamie Bond is a Brick City Angel with wordplay that will mangle your mind to crave her words for her flow is absurd the more she flutters those wings.

~~ **Tammy Jones aka "PoetrysChild" Patterson "silk city" New Jersey  
Author, Producer and Founder and CEO of HipHope Publishing**

I have been a Jamie Bond Fan for quite a few years now. From wayyyy back with brass knuckles and verbal street battles on corners while she was using park benches as a stage and such! So I already know WHATEVER she puts out is going to be RAW!!! I don't know if poets can go Platinum but if they can JAMIE BOND is going to do just that!!  
Gooo Jamie Gooooooo!!!

~~ **Develyn Williams "D-Nice" Brick City, NJ Native**

## *Jamie Bond's . . . Un Muted Ink*

If there was ever a book that I would say to get would be Jamie Bond. When you read her work she can take you there. Jamie Bond gives 100% plus. Through her words you see her vision as she speaks you listen. Honored to know her. I always leave her with smiles and blessings this is what you shall receive her words as you read you will not be able to put her book down. Beside her being a Poet Authoress Writer. Talented and of course gifted. Through her flight God is right there fort each step that she takes. I can't wait support love respect honor she receives it from so many people that have entered her life. Here to you Jamie Bond and the success of your book. Most of all we all just love you.

~~ **Rosalind Cherry Jersey City, New Jersey**

**Author of Music in my Words**

My view of Jamie Bond and her poetry is that she will have you laughing and crying and raising your fist in the air screaming Hell Yeah, Speak That Girl.... Her poetry is the epitome of reality.. She speaks her mind with truth, grace, class and pose not caring that it will bother you or not she wants it to be known what is happening... She is a woman of wisdom and to me she seeks to enhance her wisdom every time she writes or reads a piece of her work as well as others.. She encourages, she is a motivator, a friend and she stands for peace and love... She is a person that I am honored to call a friend and Jamie Bonds book will be an asset to the poetry community...

~~ **Alfreda Ghee (Alfreda Freddie Ghee) Poughkeepsie, New York**

**Author of Whispers of Love**

JAMIE BOND IS JAMIE BOND!! SHE IS A CHOCOLATE KISS..POETRY ON THE INSIDE COVERED BY FIERCE SPOKEN WORD. I DON'T KNOW HER PERSONALLY BUT I DO KNOW HER UPCOMING BOOK IS THE MOST ANTICIPATED SINCE THE PUBLICATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT!

~~ **William Washington aka "Words of William" Manhattan, New York**

**Author, Poet, Radio Show Host & Spoken Word Artist**

I have had the pleasure of listening to Jamie Bond's poetry.. and she has compelled me to have her on my stage...Jamie you are a true inspiration to many...your word's are powerful ,cutting, and healing all at the same-time...you are truly the queen of poet's...

~~ **Eloheem Revue Brooklyn, New York**

**The Eloheem T.V. Music Revue NYC**

## *Jamie Bond's . . . Un Muted Ink*

Have you ever seen something as beautiful as a butterfly with the venom of an asp? If there is such a creature... then you have bore witness to Jamie Bond on the Mic This Poetess has a way with words with a wayward tongue She's NO Queen of Poetry... She is a Goddess of Spoken Word, Queens although born into Royalty...Can die and or be dethroned A Goddess is forever ...Her Unmuted Ink is irrefutable!

~~ **Tanya Wyatt Newark, NJ Native**  
**Retired U.S. Navy**

Jamie?! I have known since I chased her around our neighborhood, she is my family...I have also known Jamie as she fully stepped into her authentic self. She is intelligent, funny, empathetic, empowered, loyal, a beautiful spirit, and a hell of a mom.

When I had a few hard years, Jamie was there for me. She never once turned her back on me, never once spoke ill of me, never once made me feel like I was alone...I will always have her back just like she will always have yours...

Jamie Bond is the business....take it from me...I should know...  
~~ **Her Sister Nehru, Audiophile / Poet**

Jamie Bond is not your conventional Poet following conventional rules. There are no words that can adequately describe the fire and artistic ability of Ms. Bond. She is an avid writer and some of her poems grab you by the throat and violently toss you to the floor, as you are left gasping for air. You will be in awe of her ability to clearly communicate, isn't this what a good poet does, to evoke emotion? There are others that cause you to shout and join the movement of her Unmuted Ink as she espouses Justice for all. Just as easily she will take you on a sensuous ride and you will find yourself with tears streaming down your face from a lost love. Expect to read this again and again as this is the page turner of the century.

~~ **Janet P. Caldwell**  
**Poet, Author, Chief Administrator Inner Child Enterprises**

Having the opportunity to work with this “character” we have come to love and call “Jamie Bond, has most certainly been a blessing. Jamie is Funny and Real, which are for me 2 of the most endearing qualities any Human Being and Artist can possess . . . and she has more than her share . . . so here it is . . . she is giving it back to us, the World through her Words and her Works.

~~ **‘just bill’ aka William S. Peters, Sr. ~ Inner Child**

## **A**cknowledgements

I want to take this time to thank each person who up until Sept 4<sup>th</sup> 2012 that has clicked like and joined the Jamie Bond and Unmuted Ink FAN/ FAM page, and welcome the new people who will join afterwards.

I appreciate each and everyone's support, love and encouragement

I am honored to have you all here on this journey with me

I do know that there were a few fans that were having technical difficulties connecting from their mobile devices; No worries tho! Every book will have the names of those who joined. PLEASE join both the Jamie Bond and UNMUTED INK pages on facebook We Promote Movements, announcements, and all sorts of things! ☺

I most definitely want to shout these people out that may not be on the fan page... This would include but not limited to, Leslie, Carolyn, Louise, Munch, Carlos George aka MADD WRITTAH, MY Chicken, Tara & James, Heidi, My Aunt Audrey and my Uncle Buddy, My Aunty Joyce, My Aunty Irene, Angie, Father George, John & Jackie, Amanda & Earl B.

AND a most special Thank you to William S Peters and Janet Caldwell and the entire Inner child press family for ALL you do selflessly to make the world a better place to live in.

I'm sure I'll miss somebody but no worries I'm working on other books but hopefully I got you since you are part of the fan page!

## Special 'Shout Outs' to the Supporters! 😊

- KelligraphyPens
- Kyra M. Gaston Athlete
- Jodi from JODISARTISTJOINT.com
- M16 aka Murder Ink Fam
- Andy Scott from re-verse,
- Jill Delbridge from The Artists Lounge
- Manuel 'Finale' Allen & Maya Gbd Smith from OTWP (off the wall poetry)
- Eryk Moore and the entire Verbal Ink Team
- William Washington with Words of William
- Barbara Trawick and Free From The Hive
- Bianca Fly at the Beautiful Butterfly Café
- Candace Mumford from Blazing the mic,
- Nyla Alisia & Michael E Quigg from Speak Easy café
- Cheryl SublimePoetess Faison 'POETRY PYRAMID'
- William S. Peters, Sr.; Janet P. Caldwell and the entire innerchildpress.com crew
- Dap & Chyna from Poetry after dark
- Tawana Tanique Black Butterfly & Moedon Dpe from Synergy Radio
- Lyrical movements & Writteninpain with Breathing thru Paper
- KaramaSadaka.com Radio
- DI Davis #1 luv & Renard Yearby Bad Boy #2 from Bad Boys Kitchen
- Godsent and the ENTIRE CryOutNJ.org from Verses Fam
- Shef Seenya UpRite Lions and the entire family
- Kevin Arieslove Woodson

## *Jamie Bond's . . . Un Muted Ink*

- Renata Brown and Artson365.com crew
- Tasha Tnt (Mystique) Poetry In Motion Care Bears
- John Murray (J Coffee) from the coffee cave
- Stephanie Artist {The Artist}
- ~Butterfli~
- M9dBodiSol TheMovement
- Raayn
- Wriiten
- Epiphany Castro
- The Mighty Good Boys
- The Unsung Poet
- Iampoeticj Aka-Preech & #ThePoetryMovement
- Uriah, the Kingdom Crier
- What's The News?
- Melanie YeYo DA Poet Carter
- Poetic7
- Poetic J
- Lamont Fitch
- UrbanVoodoo...Live and Direct...
- Poetry with a Purpose
- Xpressions Radio present the Bad Boyz Kitchen
- Mr. Riley author of The Midnight Hybrid
- The Justice League of Poets Poetry Cypher
- Christian Inspirational Poetry
- The Gospel: According to Poetry
- BLAQ ICE & P.O.E.T (People of Extraordinary Talent)

Thank you to all who Support and "Like"

The Jamie Bond Fan Page

[www.facebook.com/IBJB.BrickCity](http://www.facebook.com/IBJB.BrickCity)

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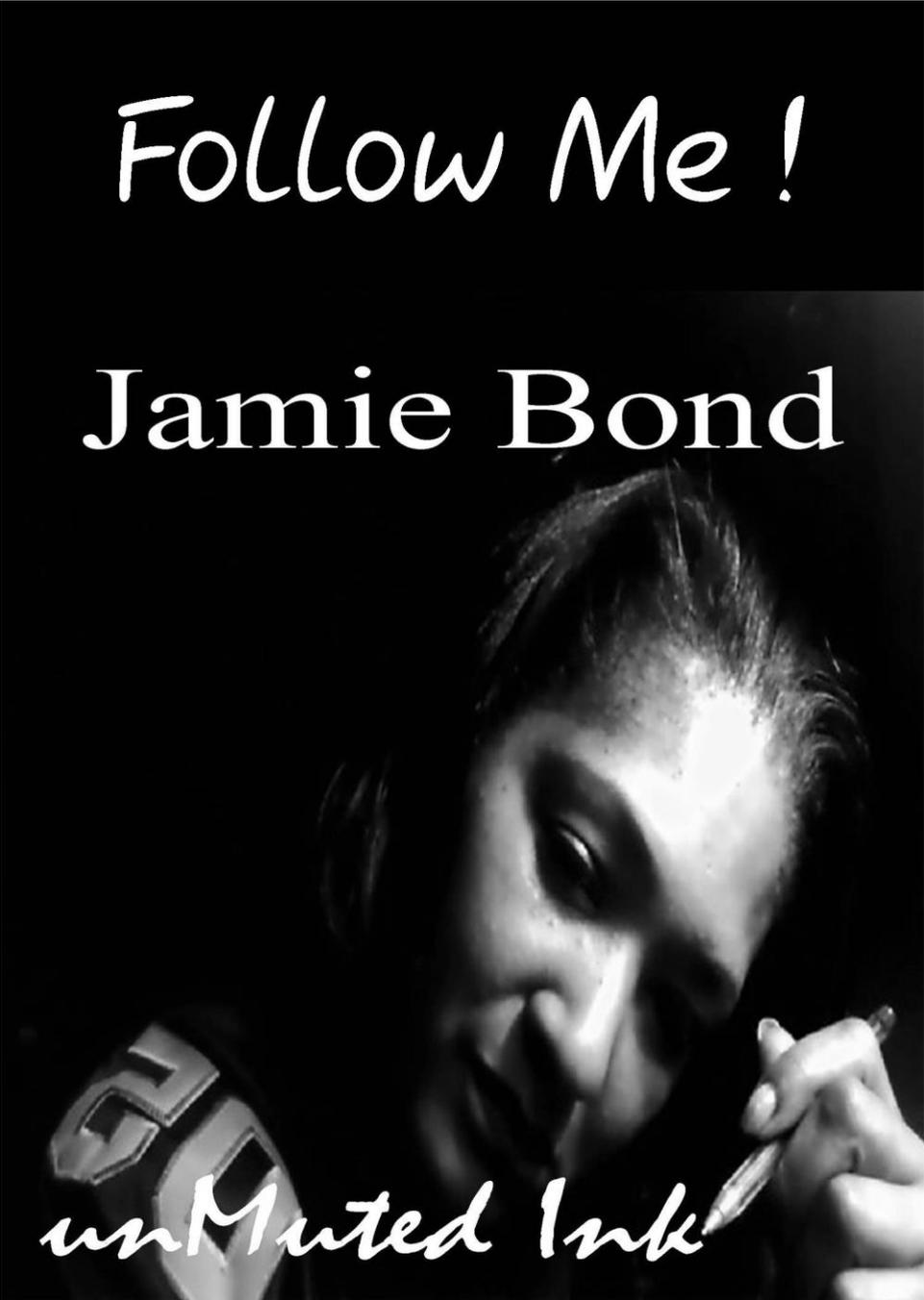
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First of all i can not begin to explain the honor i am experiencing in taking this journey with such a Dynamic and Prolific “Life Artist” as ... **Jamie Bond**. Most people who know her for her work would describe her as a Poet and Spoken Word Artist, but i now know better.

Jamie Bond is so much more than meets the eye or consciousness of the people who travel in and out of her Circles of Influence. She is first of all a Damn Magnificent Human Being. She is a Mother, a

Daughter, a Sister and a Friend, who would exhaust all that she has out of love for those who would but ask. She is an Avid and Outspoken Cheerleader of Poetry and the Rights of her fellow human beings. She is an advocate for the *Downtrodden*, the *Broken* and the *Challenged* and for *You and I!*

Through her Poetry you can hear all these voices come to life. As a Spoken Word Artist / Poet, her writing style, is to say the least is quite *Entertaining* and *Rhythmically Empowering*. In reading her allow your inhibitions to run free and go with the flow, for that is exactly what you will have the pleasure of experiencing . . . a flow unlike any other.

In working to produce this offering to the world, *UnMuted Ink*, i have been empowered and blessed to receive a greater understanding and insight into the world, the Heart, the Mind, the Compassion and Passion of Jamie Bond and i am sure you will be blessed as well.

William S. Peters, Sr.  
'just bill'

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