

S.O.S (Sparrow of Silhouettes)

Serenade so serrated
Soliloquies slice Synonymous
Shaded shadow speech
Sounds of spatial
Syndication over samples
Sharpen wild stencils
Sparrow of silhouettes
Symbol arrow silence
Spindle staring silos
Scandal hyphenates sorrow,
So, retribution signals
Special song spears
Syllables oblige senses
Squabble of sentiment
Sonder sent Seminole
Sparring in scars
Spooling evenings spawn
Sentences itching, scratching
Surface of sky
Slurs capitulate sonnets
Similes surrender sonic
Side notes, scouring savages
Scoff at standards
Salacious stabs sprawl
Sieving the stonewalled

Space arrows silent
Spindle staring silos
Scandal hyphenated sorrow,
So, retribution signals
Special song spears

(UFU) Untitled for Unborn

Barren wasteland of
deserted towns.
Here, murder surges.
Silhouette of brown
vessel torn down.
No water sources
but leaking blood is torrid
Inside of empty rooms
torture reciprocates
torment.
Babies are forced,
drowned in the torque of
fear and retort...
This is abortion,
poking out
It's dirty horns...

As a man, I will never
know an allure of
carrying something
so pure, so i have no
right to tell a woman
How to plan her life.
But from love
we made child
Pregnancy is real
now and even though
I can't say I smiled when
I initially found out,
my delight was surreal,
for I had hoped
we could still figure out
a route to child delivery.

I had no idea that conception
would cause so much misery.
Yes, I know the future
Is a mystery
and as college students
we weren't ready mentally
or financially.
Afraid and unpaid,
panic seeped in.
You highlighted
all of the reasons

preventing us to proceed.

All I could think about,
The many
Sleepless nights,
Or our baby teething,
or family dinners,
praying before eating.
I thought about meeting
teachers and
cheering from
uncomfortable
bleachers.

You didn't seem affected,
Telling me i could never
Understand the females'
perspective...
She had to carry,
reminding me
we weren't even married.

You said I was glorifying
being a parent
and it wasn't realistic,
"we can't
take care of an infant."

The effort was to
convince me
the journey
was too intense for me,
to intense for us.

She said, plus,
"What about my career?"
Telling me I was weird
For wanting to cradle
An unborn baby head,
for anticipating sound
of coddle and
soothing cooing
Before putting
Child to bed...

I pleaded and begged
for her not to

knock us off this edge of
no return.
My tears fell
Not a second look
to my concern,
I was hurt.
I didn't agree. I couldn't.
I took one final look down
at your stomach,
I knew a baby was cooking,
A life that wouldn't be
coming.
You became a crook
taking away my fate.

I asked, "how can you
Disregard how I feel?"
She walked away
and I fell ill.
She said we were over.
She called the next day
and said her mother
drove her to the clinic so
I didn't have to.

Still in pain.

I am pro-choice
but imprints of disdain
leave a stain on my face.
I wish I would have had
a chance
to be that kid's dad.

Measure of Mt. Zion

Into the pits of hell...
I never repented
instead, I yelled at angels
in front of the gates of
heaven.
And for it
I was repelled
due to "sin"

Transported through tubes...
On my way down,
I was unusually grim...
No more shouting
I muted as lights turned
dim.
This is the power
of facing the end.

Falling from mountain
I was escorted
I was exported
at light speed.
On the way to valley
the gory screams coursed
through my veins.
Arriving at the port of demons
my voice aborted
I had no more reason
for speaking

While alive,
I inflicted suffering
and for my deeds...
When I died, Mourning every
morning. except here, no more
falling asleep... No more counting
sheep or being aroused. No bending
of beautiful forms, or soft sounds can
sweep me into my dreams.

Again, only screams!
Infinite loneliness with no
possible connections to
console me. Shriek of
screams are devoted to

finding every vulnerability
and proceeding to exploit
it. Oh the groans are
excruciating and are tied
in endless ohms.
This is an eternity of
demented souls hearing
piercing screams.
A sonic of forever,
demonic and alone,
I am sure heaven is better.
I was too ungrateful to be
quiet and absorb the
measure of Mt. Zion...
I am sure it is better.
Hello darkness,
Goodbye dawn!

The Lord-
Beg your pardon?

Me-
Please, I'd like to leave?

The Lord-
Sure!

Me-
What? Could you repeat?

The Lord-
I imagine it to be hard to hear
me above the screams?

Me-
What.....?

I Sing Songs Alongside Screams

I sing songs of freedom.
I sing songs
of the hurt,
Liberation is worth singing.
I sing songs
of psalms
with deep meaning.
I sing songs
alongside the screams
of genocide.
Troubling scenes
of mistreatment
unto melanin beings.
I sing songs
to wake brains of dreaming.

Stagnant of fluid thinking
Status is static
revolutions are needed.
I sing songs
understand my reasoning.

I sing songs
to take a stance.
I sing songs of equality.
I sing songs
for every black man.
I sing songs
instead of grieving.
I sing songs
for a confused land.
I sing songs
so everyone knows...
I sing songs to highlight
the highs that collide
into boroughs of lows...
I sing songs
to take back control.
I sing songs
for my brother's soul.
I sing songs
down these troubled roads.
I sing songs
for ideas of hope.

I sing songs
so you can know.

I sing a song a capella
No need for notes.
I sing a song
of old ways
that we never atoned.
I sing a song
because most don't know.
I sing a song
so we can grow.
Can i sing this song to you?
I cannot sing
but what else
is a caged bird to do?