

## My Twin

Isolation from time and present existence,  
The air dabs a little splash of peace,  
Sometimes as a massage, sometimes as a scratch,  
Both share a bit of pain,  
But as a virgin to pleasure it feels all the same,  
It's easy to breathe, at least,  
Though the mighty sun roars, it's rather dark,  
Is this what a blind man sees?  
Besides me, sits down, is my closest friend,  
We trade stories,  
I told him how my neck suffered,  
Carrying pounds of emotion is no joke,  
And all the rain it creates doesn't make it any easier.  
"It's sad,  
A young man lost his life drowning in his own tears,  
I've been broken for a long time even now my smile mocks me,  
I only have two friends,  
Pain and Failure,  
How they love to play tug-a-war,  
Even though we had our differences, I love them,  
Because they remind me of how far I've come,  
Pitiful..."

I also told him how I felt sick knowing I've destroyed God's kingdom,  
How I spat on his floor,

How I created mutiny of his name,  
How I stepped all over him and then demand respect,  
My friend replied “what kind of Cristian are you?  
One who swallows darkness?  
Who rules sin?  
Who feeds off power instead of peace?  
Sounds more of a devil...”  
I didn't look at him or even ponder on a response,  
I was shut down by my own faults and blame others for my petty mistakes,  
Sympathy was shown, and then he wrapped me with his heavenly, brown blanket,  
With a soothing voice almost like a saxophone relieving itself from tune of blues,  
“Your smile is the center of your inner peace,  
The key to the doors of happiness,  
The answer to all misery,  
The relief to all pain,  
The foundation of the pure man,  
Anyone can pull off a false smile,  
But God's children smiles are real,  
They are sprayed with a scent of hope and cleaned with the soap of triumph.”  
Then I broke free from the isolation and once again thank my conscience.

## He Took Her Innocence

Innocent till proven guilty,  
Look how filthy,  
Buried deep,  
Unpleasant and ugly,  
Commonly seen,  
But uncommonly solved,  
Posted on our daily agenda,  
Locked and boast,  
Flipping countless bodies,  
Squeezed and it oozed,  
Like syrup on French toast,  
But what am I claiming here?  
Count the seconds here,  
Clinch on the privacy,  
She screams,  
“God help me,”  
Ebony woman,  
But her eyes turn white.  
This is what she told me,  
The gun was loaded,  
Trigger pulled back,  
Then began blasting, in my insides,  
He cheers laughing,  
Guess he felt a power,

Control,  
The power he felt,  
Guess he felt a power,  
Dominant for a minute,  
That's my delicate flower,  
Now my delicate flower holds a weight,  
A weight ever so heavy,  
Heavy weight,  
But I choose to carry,  
That man quick to scurry,  
And now his seed will see blurry,  
Blurry of what happen,  
Of what and of he,  
Demons will corrupt his youth,  
He will not be there for his growth or his first tooth,  
Tears you've seen from me,  
Are damned and salted,  
My son will not see a daddy.

My God...  
That trembling in her voice,  
Too young to understand,  
But I felt a hurt,  
A hurt for her,  
She's no longer innocent.

## **Boy Can Dream**

It's funny how a man can close his eyes for just a brief and gaze at treasures,  
Then open those same closed eyes and slug on all the garbage in front of them.  
It's funny how I can see forward,  
But the road signs of life are displaying "dead end."  
It's funny how I can feel the grass in wallet,  
But my wallet is more of a sink hole than a garden.  
It's funny how I can hear the melodies of victory,  
But the echoes of silence are playing their favorite song,  
It's funny how I can sniff out the fragrance of success,  
But success lives billions of miles away,  
It's funny how can taste the refreshing lemonade waiting for me when I get home,  
But I live in my car and own zero lemons.

A boy can dream,

A boy can really dream.

## Tease

I can remember waking up in the morning,  
My phone will buzz and an instant smile will form on my face,  
It's you again,  
Blue, yellow, green, and red hearts in my phone's text canvas,  
I don't ever remember her ever having a bad day,  
She would always smirk when I called her mine,  
Baby you was always fine,  
She bites her lips,  
Run her fingers through her hips,  
If I'm yours, come on and show it,  
I was already succumbed to the beauty, why would you provoke me?  
Taking lust to whole new level,  
A new feeling, a new grip,  
She was truly perfect,  
I remember that red dress she put on,  
Complemented her shape in complete,  
An hourglass with silky brown legs,  
Clean christen,  
Baby knew how to work it,  
Goddess of this world,  
A world called "Mind",  
No doubt that's my girl, look at all love she painted in my brain,  
I can no longer say it because she no longer exists,  
Thought I had it,

But what I had was more of a sweaty dream and played heart,  
She held the first controller,  
She devoured all she could till her satisfaction can't hold no more,  
It was just a tease,  
Bittersweet...

## **The Blessed Underdog**

Watch how the underdog stands above all odds,  
God gave him light,  
Trust me he'll shine,  
Watch how he blows poetry, like a melody,  
Beautiful rhymes.

He's a calm man, moves careful,  
Full of heart, taking pride in his endeavors,  
Solved his deepest conundrum by effort,  
Did I mention he's smart?

If we're supposed to fear God, and fear is an illusion,  
What is God? This can't be life  
Jesus lives in my heart, because of this I rise above the oppressor,  
Well at least that's what the bible tells me,  
But am I really rising above or falling deeper?  
Who's the real oppressor?  
This can't be life.

The ear isn't a tool it's a sense,  
And sometimes people can't buy anything with it,  
Depict this,  
It's the same flavor but it taste good sweet to him and disgustingly sour to her,  
That because we're different and this planet is waiting for that leader to explain the truth,



And there you have it, The Underdog!

The Underdog must be strong because no one cares,

The Underdog must put in 10 times as much work as the next man just to make his fraction,

Because no one dares,

The challenge perceives impossible.

The Underdog has one advantage over the next man,

The Underdog believes...

Believes it's that last breath,

It's that last step,

It's that last drop of sweat,

It's that last word,

It's that penny,

It's that chance,

It's that last fire!

Let that fire built within burn, let it overwhelm you,

That fire is all the strength you need to say no,

The strength you need to say "I won't quit!"

The strength you need to say "this is me!"

The Underdog is a real man,

A real man cannot be created nor destroyed,

It's a blessed wisdom God planned in each one of us,

True peace is created by happiness,

And happiness starts with you,

Be The Underdog!

