

# *The Sun on the Corner of the Page*

Children are supposed to be free-thinkers

They are destructors and plastic tinkers

Adulthood has not yet squeezed the last drop of their creativity

But when they do a drawing activity

they draw suns on the corner of the page

Why are they conformed at such a young age?

Why on the corner of the page?

We don't live in a box where the sun rests at the corner in the sky

Life is not contained in a cubic cage so why?

Earth isn't a page that God drew

They are allowed to draw the sun in the center

They can draw whatever their imagination tells them to do

Without the Sun providing energy we wouldn't be alive

Allow them to draw the Sun at the bottom of the page and let their minds thrive

Creativity is what many non-artistic adults lack.

Let children be children just give them that!

All the drawings with a yellow-orange speckled sun

The little ones can draw it purple-blue they can make it fun

The sun on the corner of the page

They are allowed to draw a smile

To let them slightly feel their age

Oh what distaste!

They can draw a sun

On the left

On the right

Let their dreams take flight

Bottom of the page

Or the Top

The Sun is merely a dot

So for every sun that is on the corner of the page

That is every child that will conform to a non-artistic education everyday

These young minds

Have time to find

That their sun was a way for them to be controlled in a non-creative educational assembly line

The Sun isn't stuck on the corner of the page

Humanity as a whole is stuck in the corner of our man-made cage

Let's allow children's eyes to sparkle once more

Sunshine and happiness for the little ones is instore

Allow children to color their sun in any colors of

ROYGBIV

Art class is where children are allowed to breath and live

My art teacher had a no erase rule

They should teach that in young grades in every school

In art you can take your mistake and add scribbles to make it better

Any other class you make a mistake and you subtract your letter

This isn't hard math.

Just let children be children in every class.

The Sun doesn't have to be on the corner of the page.

Let their magical imagination flow and stay

Let them learn and possess abilities like a young mystical mage  
All the suns on the corner of a blue lined, red framed page  
were drawn by students who grow in their bellies sage  
They crave wisdom and academic success  
Many young ones believe they lack artistic prowess  
But it is the people that dismiss their imaginations when translated on paper  
The future artists persist and prove the adults wrong later  
Hand over a pen to a child  
Watch the ink slither  
Don't denounce their work  
Their passion can quickly quiver  
They will hither to non-creative hobbies  
That is not wrong but sad  
Art is comparable to a scab  
Peel the skin too quickly and it will slowly start over after that delay  
Allow it to heal your arm and it will grow faster day by day  
The young ones can draw the Sun wherever they want  
Their developing minds can dream and be systematically taught  
I can just hear the cadence of the children's disapproving parents  
The rejection and heartbreak young artists go through is apparent  
The smiley sun on the corner of the page proves the conformity  
The vile done adults filled with rage for art prove the normality  
Of not considering art as a viable career and future  
Art is not just expression and having meaning  
Art can be boredom and just someone messing around day-dreaming  
God did not create a world just black and white

There is color for a reason and we must let that be in light

This is not a 2 dimensional world from the Father

But a multidimensional gift we live in to be sons and daughters

If a child wants a green sun and dreams to become a famous painter

He can because he can draw the sun anywhere on his paper

# Orchestrion

She is making a wrong choice

Bouncing around her head is her voice

It is trapped inside

She cannot listen to her voice

She only listens to her self construed lies

Lies thick as foam

Choking her and not letting her breath

The voice wants the truth set free

Reality to her is transparent

Though making a right choice for her is unapparent

She has full visibility of consequence

It holds out the ember of lucidity's radiance

She is a horseless equestrian

Ignorant to her voice

This girl is loud but one like an orchestrion

She is tone deaf but has a symphony in her mind

She is a precious music box that needs to be winded

She is a a web of lies that needs to be reminded

Many strings cause the orchestral sound

She feels unseen like a thestral, like a starving hound

The voice is held hostage inside

She is burning the voice with her fiery lies

It becomes glass

It shatters and reveals the clarity of her past

This time the wrong choice will be her last

## Singer Girl

Humming down the streets of the king was little Singer Girl.

She went on the MARTA and gave her braided locks a curl.

She sang as a dirty man slept on the floor curled all alone.

She sang as a suited man was on the phone with boredom  
in his tone.

Singer Girl loved the city. The land of the great Dr. King Jr. is  
where anyone can call home.

She looks up and absorbs the historic  
even the remnants of the Georgia Dome.

Her hums match with the distant music heard in the new  
stadium.

She imagines being a famous singer.

“Oh how I want to be one of THEM.”

The city where ugly collides with pretty is where Singer Girl  
loves to be.

Some may say she is strange but she calls  
herself unique.

Singer Girl sings gleefully. Singer girl riffs and runs.

Lowers her tone and raises octaves for fun.

Falsetto and crescendo is what she knows.

She sings and sings and sings until the day

Singer Girl will have her own show.



# Black and Blue

Delusions in a twisted junction

Vandals to Construction

Ignore Instructions

Not to mention

The lack of function

In society

Tweet quietly

Protest silently

Riot Violently

March peacefully

Fight the police

Not the men in blue

But the men that aren't men

The ones that use their badge with abuse

Not the women in blue

But the ones that look at color and assume

That color is the reason to shoot

Not the men and women in blue

They have husbands and wives

They know the importance of Black lives

2020 Know the time

Asian lives

2020 know the time

White lives

2020 know the time

Hispanic and Latino lives

2020 know the time

Native American lives

2020 know the time

They know the importance of everyone's lives

Don't fight the blue

Fight the abuse