

The Creative Conundrum

I want to create galaxies
To be the one to press play
But I do not know how, you see?
When there is no single way
Should I start where it all began
Or with the words of a man?
Maybe it's an ethereal fantasy land
Or perhaps, the tale of a cereal brand
Options abound when one picks up a pen
There is so much to be found when you look within
But there is also so much ground and time to spend
You can go to the grave and not find a win

Public School

Ding ding ding, the day begins
Ding ding ding, the day ends
Repetitively over and over again
Consecutively eight hours of pretend
Eight hrs of pretending that we're there to learn
Eight hours of competing to win
Eight hours of sending creativity to burn
Were you sit all day and feel spent
The seeds of social connection
Overshadowed by a demand for perfection
It doesn't matter if you're tired
It's always crunch time
Get down to the wire
And when it's lunch time
Here, take some food that's expired
Oh my god, is that your body?
You must be whore
How could you be so naughty?
Wearing jeans that are torn
Is that a c in math?
You must just not care
What's that, you run track?
And work at Claire's?
Sounds like excuses
Because we all know the truth is
Only about 10 percent of you deserve a future
Maybe if you'd tried harder you wouldn't be a loser

Dear God

Dear God, I think it's time we had a conversation
I've been giving some mind to this world you created
Now, please bear with my naive humanity
But I just don't see how you've been managing
To sit on your hands while looking down on us ants
Casually spectating this desolate dance
They say you work in mysterious ways
But either something changed or it's a lie
Because it feels like you're stuck in a delirious haze
How else would you stand idly by?
Watching inequality lead people to die
Do you sit on the jury of the falsely accused
In too much of a hurry to save them from doom?
While you choose to give us leaders who
Infect our governments like the flu
How come the people meant to keep peace in the streets,
Let bullets fly without skipping a beat?
How could a person be allowed the seize,
The innocence of another and then walk free?
People around the globe riot for their rights
Yet it seems that they get nowhere night after night
Is everything okay up there?
Are you receiving our prayers?
Yes you are god, I am very aware
Yet despite everything, you just sit and stare

The Long Road

I wonder how I'll know to stop
What will mark the end?
Do I go until my body drops?
When my heart is fully spent
It seems that the strings refuse to die
So I'll dance all through the night
Wondering when the end will arrive
standing tall and unbroken in spite
Though the road is treacherous
I know that I can better it
I refuse to fail I've come too far
Soon the pain will just be scars

Rise Above

Where would we be without MLK?
What if Kobe never played?
Where would boxing be?
If not for Muhammad Ali
Would hip-hop have come so far?
Without Kendrick Lamar
On a road to recovery ridden with pain
We must remember we are all the same
From the courage of Rosa Parks
Through the beginning of the secret start
When society wanted to pull them apart
Many lights have stood up in the dark
A bright star against the night
A history of excellence in the midst of spite
Significant figures that rose above
Such as Mandela who called for love
Michael Jackson, Jackie Robinson to Tupac Shakur
Icons of culture that will forever endure
Now we celebrate all the black lives
That have risen above to shape our times