

## TheMirror

Real isn't real when the truth doesn't exist...the pain doesn't exit and the lies don't leave

When the facades become reality and the mirrors don't reflect they just project

Messengers are sent to brighten your path you only see them and their path, so if they are right

You make theirs yours and the shit don't work

You end up holding out for the "you" that the projection exudes but that mofo can kick rocks cuz the truth aint in 'em

So real eludes

I can't stand the person these two decades created: bull-shitter full of estrogen wanting to be taken serious; getting blessed but can't even accept that, can't cry becuz of the lies I have told myself, I treasure the fallacies becuz they seem comforting

But I have drowned the man I was suppose to be, can't even claim man just a being...slack, lacks, and certifiably vexed with oneself is all I can be...to this point

Falsified my manhood and brainpower just for attention because I was a failure at executing God's me from the very beginning

Pity party for 20 f'n years, how the heck do I change that? One day at a time they say...

Well this mirror reframed so many times that the reflection won't even stay

The only clear projection is of a conglomerate: slummy, slimy, degenerative, gift of gab spitting, jolly poppin' wind jammer with no solutions

Have proven the point over and over that talk is cheap, and I'm more flight than fight...I wanna fight and win

I think I have lied to myself and the world so much that God doesn't even listen as much. Yea he talks to me but my dumb ass seems to partially listen

Can't go one whole day with good & true being the notion of the day

Plans always fail becuz NONE get worked; they are just spewed in hopes that no one digs deep enough to call it out for the lack of work

Faith without works is dead! So how does one learn to work his/her faith if they've never really worked?

Just bullshitted life & now it damn near too late

Can feel the spirits closing around me, feels I'm being watched constantly

How many times can one soul be helped? How many paths can one soul trample?

I have never been a man, just a cog in the devils' gift of bullshitting the world that this being is the being to be

Defy all odds and make it thru, that's what I tell me...and lay back waiting

Fire should be lit from all this pain, anguish and self-doubt, an f'n inferno should be raging engulfing the current

But I'm still struggling with which ember to spark, it always lights but it feels like I blow the shit out myself

Scared of the work it will take to keep the SOB lit

I have seeds that need my path as their fertilizer but I'm barren in my current eyes

Slit right down the middle letting my guts protrude, dangling freely...this is the inner me

My mind is filled with oxymorons synonymous amongst antonyms of a glorified moron...

## MyPassion

My passion is Words

My love is the melding of syllables, like hepatitis mixed with HIV, I'll forever be linguistically sick

Can't get rid of this shit, I was birth with it...Now I claim it

Blame it on Mother nature & the Universal father; it's far beyond fodder and chitter-chatter

More deathly serious than forensics determining blood spatter, more frightening & attention getting than a 12gauges slide cock

Blocked myself for light years, oh well I was just ahead of my time; Grind now to put these thoughts together so the masses can feel me forever

I'm talking eminence, dominance, omnipresent like eternal prism spectrums the shit is beautiful nigga...decadence

Shine so bright I can light the depths of space & make Pluto warmer than Earth at light speed; you pussy mua'fukas better take heed I'm coming

Cloak burned and no armor, just a loin cloth gallivanting to my throne; Megaplexes & Superdomes I gotta wreck em all...cuz that's just what I was born to do

See if you hustle right and you hustle hard, all you get is your gifts from God

Laying in the bed of Earth with the heavens for cover, I was birth to discover...so walk to the plan but run thru the scars

I juxtapose vivid verbs on the canvas of your cerebral thru conjunctions, never conforming to your conjecture; Posture now upright & stout like Redwoods and Oaks

King of the Forrest dwellers but focused on those trees, elevate your mind cuz this shit comes with ease

It takes catastrophic flames to spawn these seeds, landscape no longer scenic; but they say from the ashes rose a Phoenix & from the concrete grew a rose

Fuck “they” I’M telling you from the Earth was a Silverbacks’ birth- chest pounding, tree of life limb bounding and rose...

I’m just a Pro @ Prose

## PuppetMaster

I am the puppet master to my own puppet...a string pulla

No longer petrified of phenomenal failure...a passion pusha

Distinguished gentleman reconciling my layers unveiling a narcissistic engineer engaging my inner dares

Linguistically blessed to spit psalms, prose & parables from that thump in my chest

A shepherd by any other name is still that but I Am THE Shepard- principle breath receiver from on high

Verbiage & tongue forever moist with truth and reality...Saint Anthony- wanna test come battle me

Ravenous hunger prowling, stalking thru your perception...cuz they are not the same #Shame

Rabidly salivating @ your senses cuz we are entities intertwined but not common #NewDimensions

Breathe these verbs like fog, condensing in your face, condensation for your cerebral

A spark to your synapse releasing your fluids, stand up straight & stop flapping in your treason...when you saw me you knew it

I am your relief, your beginning, your truth & designated puppeteer

I deny your slaughter & renew your faith, you treacherous heathen

Even if I have to stand alone I'll stand #Gleamin'

I was prone to rip shit from the start; the gun is empty finite, no more starts

I am the Alpha & Omega, beginning and your ending...Rev.1:8

You don't skate in this realm that's sicker than Verde hued flulike phlegm

With my hands out palms down, flick of the wrist and twiddle of the fingers

You will remain in the mist amidst the sheep; I deplete your ranks with string yanks

Melded thru Trials & welded w/ Truth, no pranks

Galvanized thru Tribulations & hardened w/ Faith, the cloak is removed to welcome the awakening for the world's sake

Singed from the flames of mistrust, tattered remains stamped out as not to feed the flames  
#FortifiedGame

I am, shall & always have been...The Puppeteer of my own puppets

## TruthBeTold

It's uncertain of the venues and avenues that we have come to wander.

Most say it's that man above' path & he led us to it and keeps us upon it.

I often wonder if I am that man and have been leading myself astray.

Destined for greatness but to whom or how is greatness measured?

See I gain strength in the recesses of destitute thoughts, brought forth from isolated paths and journeys seen and not.

It can't be a miracle all the time because hour glasses only know one path.

Truth be told I'm scary as fuck! Amidst the constant chatter with neither side prevailing from the darkness as the victor so the battle rages on in my core as if there will never be an end to the fight.

Scared to admit, scared to submit, and scared to tackle that which has built itself a wall blocking my path, yes that path for which that man has laid for me.

Scared to speak loudly amidst the quiet wrongs in and out of my mind; never fully knowing if time will fully tell of my presence.

So scared to fail that it paralyzes my being, trances my soul; and forces facades for welcoming places and turns against the traces of love wanting to surface

Scared to be, scared to enjoy, scared to ingest, digest hell even scared to progress, elevate and reach past the last planet to find a new realm where my star can shine unhindered.

Scared that laughter, giggles, and sheer excitement all come at my expense not of my wanting

Scared that the king within is merely a leper of grandiose imagination.

With a list so extensive how could there be anything left to fear?

Most of all, scared that reality is perception and I have diluted myself into a comatose state of being, altering that ladder from which I was to climb into a wall of which to be feared

Scared that the prisms' rainbow from which my light was spawned is merely frosted glass held at the right angle to ensure a fragmented spectrum

Truth be told this is my reality, my bond, my word of that bond, my desire to rid the man above and the man within of fallacies

I have no fears other than fear

I no longer perceive cheers as jeers and react in kind, for I have found truth in dealing.

Dealing with conceptual decisions which have formed my manhood and sustained my breath throughout the spectrum of light called my life

Truth be told I still fear what is beyond that last cold star, the difference now is that I want to chase it, grasp it, devour the residue of lost times so that it fuels the journey beyond.

Truth be told awakening to a vast beyond that sits within the place you felt you left is magnificent motivation, lustful lore, dependable determination, the epitome of the highest attainable echelon to which I aspire.

Truth be told I was the former of these that I have written and becoming the latter, for my prism is cut with precision, my path is less littered with debris now that the wall is crumbling. The vast beyond is available and I'm running towards it gasping for oxygen but not stopping,

**IT IS MINE & SHALL FOREVER BE THE TRUTH OF ME TO BEHOLD**



## TheMirrorPt2

Well I let it all out; the truth of me, all the BS is on the table so to speak

Cant do anything now but clear the f'n table get new linens and start over

Day1 repent and give thanks, Day2 repent and give thanks, Day3 give honor and glory for still being around, Day4 cry and wash the spirit

It is time my child, it is time...to begin anew and pray for constant help

Knelt to belief and hold firm to trust; Faith will make the past blow away at dusk

Dusty remnants polished to start gleaming again; That child that dreamt is now dreaming again, although the dreams seem to be similar

They must be urgently sought because so much time was lost

Like an anchor leg getting the baton in 8<sup>th</sup> place, 100m to make up the staggers, so little time to waste

No daggers, deceit, tricks or facades just dig in and drive hard...I will catch them all

Them not being anything external, all the inner workings are being refurbished: new mind, new spirit, and new work ethic

Shit will be hard but nothing worth attaining comes as easy as laying new sod. Cuz even that shit is hard & not as easy as we think

No longer just a thinker must now think with actions. Actionable thoughts equate to work

Doable work, attainable goals, sustainable diligence gains strategic abundance thru regimented deliverance of the necessary works

I can no longer live like this

I can no longer grieve like this

I can no longer pretend like this

I must chop off my Medusa reflection; no longer casting myself into stone...I'm done

What's really sick is I wanna cry but I can't, I can't fathom allowing tears to fall for a situation I put myself in

Faint whispers of "Let it go"...I keep hearing the echoes like yelling in a tunnel, sullen and obscure; the vision of the other end holds destiny I'm sure

Propelled by why, paralyzed by now

Pull the plug, its over He said. Pull it now dammit! Pull the f'n plug on that BS swirling

The winds of change have set out a humbling breeze...

Inhale deep, relax, release then repeat

Inhale deep, relax, release then get on yo' damn feet

One step dude, that's all it'll take, one whole-hearted, completely true step...that's all it'll take

Make up your mind...Do It!