

Things I Am Not Supposed to Say

Poetic Form: Spoken Word/Lyrical

Note: This poetry is meant to be read out loud. The punctuation is meant as pauses.
Reading it a few times will help you understand the flow.

(And yes, it is supposed to rhyme)

The Social Distraction

The social distraction
A movement gaining traction
Believing everything you read
Common sense, is now a dying breed

Aspiring social media stars
Leaving babies to die in hot cars
Getting high off ignorance
We the people, a nation of idiots

The new famous fashion
Saying "Hey, look at my reaction!"
Making videos of disrespect
As ignorance, continues to go unchecked

Falling for every lie
Of some social media guy
A nation forgetting how to think or write
We have become illiterate, overnight

Building a life of fantasy
Desperate to be loved socially
The fast track to being lame
Is only desiring, money and fame

Getting high off the likes
Forgetting we are leading the tikes
A generation fallen for the hype
With the only concern, I must to be liked

The social distraction
Has become the main attraction
For lack of parental action
A generation now dying, for social satisfaction

Today's Poetry

The uneducated masses
Ignoring proper form, taught in classes
Today's poetry, does not require any skill
Only some words, scattered on a page at will

Blindly ignoring my skill
My pen, can seep words that kill
Thoughtlessly slamming my poetry
The very reason, for this lyrical murdering spree

How can I know your thoughts
When your form, resembles connect the dots
Please explain your poetry education
And the channel, of the social media station

As each line gets worse
You numbered, every verse
Then deciding to make fun of mine
Saying "Poetry is not supposed to rhyme"

My content is saturated?
Children locked in closets, is overrated?
Undeniable proof this generation
Has mistaken skill, for participation

Often expecting a trophy
For this garbage they call poetry
You thought you were an expert
But you are leaving with your feeling hurt

Living life so dangerously
This is what happens, when make fun of me
Please educate yourself on the artform
Before the ghost of Poe, rags you with chloroform

For the Boys

Being told to take it like a man
From a world refusing to understand
I was damaged beyond repair
When my parents, were not there

Left in the care of trusted family
Not knowing, what they did to me
My uncle's sin, kept so secretly
Of all the evil things, he did to me

Trapping the pain within
I traveled a long road of sin
Refusing to believe it was him
And now, I am on drugs again

Memories come back so vividly
I cannot forget, him inside of me
Or every awful anxiety attack
Every time I hear, "faggot"

Understand, I am talking about Me Too
And the hell, little boys go through
I could paint this picture differently
About how a penis was forced inside me

But you still refuse to understand
And continue to say, "Take it like a man!"
Remember sweetheart, I did at ten
But I was forced to take it like gay men

Racism

I know Black Lives Matter too
But you cannot repeat the sins, done to you
I understand the storm of aggression
But you cannot change the world, with the same oppression

The term “white privilege” is racist
Especially when it is screamed, in people’s faces
White people cannot rap
That is another load, of racist crap

Teaching children “Nigga” in a song
Just to tell them, it is wrong to sing along?
I adore the black culture
But the truth is, your music is torture

Sex, money, drugs and killn’
You forget, your biggest fans are the children?
Can you not see the defeat
From fighting the police, in the street?

“I refuse to listen and take a seat”
And you are shocked, that you getting beat?
You ever heard that song?
“I fought the law, and the law won”

“F**k the police”
Was only meant, as free speech
This generation has taken it literal
And now we attend baby girl’s funeral

People do not care about color of skin
They only care about, how you treat them
And they will do exactly, as leaders say
Understand, your music, has led them astray

If you want to end racism
Be sure, not to repeat the same sins
Everybody wants a revolution
But a bloody one, is not the only solution