

Narnia

There is no Narnia for niggas.
There are no wardrobes that whisk us away into a fantasy,
all magical doors allude us.
Portals refuse to reveal themselves to us.
Is it the copper in our skin that disturbs the magical currents?
Perhaps it is the scarred heritage that the door can not register.
The mother's and father's of the mystical world can't recognize us,
so now we look at fancy closets like bastards!

Wishing the closet door will open to something more than hand-me downs and church clothes work clothes.

Every door that we have gone through has either been constructed by our hands or has merely been broken enough for a few of us to slide through.

Even then, the places these doors have led us has never been magical.
On the contrary, the doors did nothing but plunge us further into reality.

After all of the time spent knocking down walls, creating just enough space to liberate our imagination. Just to be settled back into agony.

Where is our refuge... our sanctuary?

Maybe in the night there is solace
Escape found in a dream
The only Narnia niggas ever had
The only doors we ever had
We share the location to these entrances with each other
The gates are limited, but we make do.

And sometimes I dream awake!

My mind can't help it, there is a longing for escape that wells up inside me.
We keep relying on our few maps that have been passed down for centuries.
They are worn down by calloused hands and smeared by lost tears.
We need escape and a dream won't cut it no mo!
We have become too impatient to wait for the witching hour.
Beds and blankets can't provide the comfort they once had,
all they do now is agitate our skin.
We want something more than a dream, more than a fantasy.

Something that can't be woken up from
and at the same time something that's not our harsh reality.

Lightning and No Thunder

I saw lightning but heard no thunder

I reached deep within myself in search for something valuable enough to give to the world

I pulled out unrefined and imperfect things

Hunger ain't care,
Neither did Love

Things fell out on the way
Cuz' I was rushin'
Nothin' was worth keepin' anyway

I got to the world and they looked disappointed
My biggest fear was realized... actualized all in one moment

Hunger ain't care,
Love started to,
but when she saw Hunger's face
she stopped

On the ride home I felt empty

I looked up at the night sky and saw light stretch across the heavens, followed by a deafening
silence

I thought to myself, "lightning and no thunder?"

So I just sat and I waited for thunder

But it never came.

A Poet's Commandments

Don't force a flow.

Poetry is the attempt to control the overwhelming emotions of the mind.

-You will rupture your passion if forced

Dress appropriately.

Come naked,

Naked like at birth, withhold nothing.

-You will fall ill to the eyes of the judges otherwise

Let them speak.

Your ancestors need to vent, those who can't speak need a mouth. Do not waiver.

-Their voices will haunt you otherwise

Let your words be your own.

They know their master, they will only obey them.

-The words will betray you if you didn't raise them

These are the commandments of the heart.

They have no race...

Ethnicity.

Gender.

Sexuality.

Only flow

Adam's Cumming Again

Just bust yo nut and die boy

I know, I'm tryin, I'm tryin...

I know a man is worthless. I know all we good for is leaving someone pregnant and unsatisfied. I know that we yearn for freedom from responsibilities. And that our mother passed on our duties of "being just like yo daddy, good fuh nuthin".

Just bust yo nut and die boy

I know, I'm tryin, I'm tryin...

I know that a man can't do nuthin on his own. I know from my daddy. Where was yo wife, where were yo kids, huh? No, there was only that crackhead you slept with and yo bastard sons taking care of you when you died. Shame a man is so pathetic he can't even die on his own.

Just bust yo nut and die boy

I know, I'm tryin, I'm tryin...

"Men can't do nuthin for a women but help her make a baby and soon we won't need him for that!"... Then what am I alive for? What am I good at? What is my purpose?

Oh right, pain. All I do is leave pain. Pain when I rise up, pain when I lay down. All men do is cause trouble. We hurt the most beautiful creatures on earth and our punishment is uselessness. We were useless in Genesis. And my greatest Revelation is that we are useless now.

Just bust yo nut and die boy!

I'm tryin... I'm... I'm.. Ughhhh...

"Nigga did you just cum? I swear niggas ain't good fuh nuthin!"