

## The Sip of Death

I drink

I puke

cough up blood

my body

exposing my bones

through my clothes

I smell

Rancid

Dead like a corpse

another round

whiskey, brandy, rum

no chasers please

I need to feel the burn

My throat screams

As my heart sings

My vision blurs

My words slurs

My mind forgets

It's killing me

hopefully

This liquid devil

My private angel

One more shot

One more drink

**All Flowers Have To Die**

As gorgeous as a rose

As hurtful as its thorns

Your aroma is intoxicating

But you're dirty as a whore

The American dream

Too good to be true

"He loves me not?"

I pick your petals

To destroy all of you

You survived off my care

My hands are filthy

Dirt on my heart

Your beauty can't save you

Just die already

**The Hooded Boy**

He left his house

Get something to eat

Candy and tea

A teenage dream

Cold outside

Where he stood

Not too far from home

“I’ll put up my hood”

Got to get home

Momma is waiting

“Hold it right there!

Where are you going?”

“Leave me alone!”

“You’re all the same!”

“Who are you?”

BANG

I got shot, right where I stood

Because of the color of my skin?

Because of my hood?

Now I am dead

No justice, no peace

My killer is free

What about me?

### Thee Unselfish Act

Beaten until unrecognizable

Is this the same man?

Flesh hanging off his body

But he still stands

Blood covered the ground

Puddles like water

This wasn't just punishment

But slaughter

Nails in his feet

Nails in his hands

Pinned to the cross

The Son of Man

They laughed at Him

Spit in His face

"Crucify Him!"

He took our place

Had the emotions of a man

Wasn't numb to this

Forgotten, betrayed

By Judas and the kiss

Some people forget  
Some don't believe  
But I know what happen  
He'd do it again  
Just for me.

### **Freedom**

What does freedom mean?  
The aftermath of Dr. King's dream?  
Rosa Parks not moving?  
Harriet Tubman's railroads underground?  
Or could it simply be  
Dancing when no one will  
Saying what you want without fear  
Running through the streets screaming  
Not caring who hears  
Freedom is when you can let go of "what if"  
Letting go of the fear of the unknown  
"What if" MLK was afraid to state his dream?  
And never gave that famous speech?  
"What if" Ms. Parks moved back a seat?  
To see the sinister satisfied smirk on that white man's face

“What if” Harriet found her idea too risky?

And turned away all the slave men, slave women, and slave children

“What if” was silenced by them

Their freedom was founded then,

For them and others

Martin said “No” to fear, adjust his tie and walked on stage

Rosa said “No” to them and sat with her purse along her side

Harriet said “No” to doubt and showed the tried and beaten down slaves the way

What does freedom really mean?

When your faith outweighs your uncertainty