

**If It’s B.S., Please Don’t Bother Me**

If you seek my help to  
insulate your insecurities,  
substantiate your stereotypes,  
promote false pretenses,  
cosponsor codependency,  
enable your embarrassing doings,  
associate myself with your asinine antics,  
harp on other people’s happenings,  
cosign your poorly chosen choices,  
tolerate your general intolerance,  
mask immoral means,  
misinform the masses,  
ignore ignorance,  
bury my boundaries,  
stash away my standards  
and take your taking out of your troubles on me,  
then your efforts are in vain.

Instead, I will allow myself to  
listen,  
and then  
take a temperature of your temperament,  
responsibly reckon with you,  
halt your haughty hide,  
preserve against abusive power dynamics,  
impose civil sanctions for your silent treatment,  
denounce your domineering demeanor,  
dismantle your manipulating ways,  
celebrate your closing of closed chapters,  
talk to you tenderly,  
partner in prayer,  
help you heal,  
facilitate you forming fresh thoughts and feelings,  
and proctor your emotional reprogramming.

Please,  
don’t let your negative energy  
hinder you  
or me.

**Heal / hold On**

No, you don't have to tell me  
what happened to you—  
unless you want to.  
Injury takes many forms.  
If untreated,  
it will take many forms.  
So, I caution you,  
of yourself,  
please don't ignore.

It's quite unfortunate,  
far from accident,  
what many of us  
have gone through.  
Yes, it is sad,  
what to each other  
we can do.

but tomorrow  
is always *new*.  
fresh opportunities  
and dreams,  
we *can* pursue.

*Just hold on.  
Do not lose you.*

**a failed hijacking / do not take what is not yours / roles demarcated**

today,

*some one*

not

*Me*

dared to speak for

*Me*

. as if

*I*

could not move

*My*

own tongue. who told

*you*

that

*I*

needed

*you*

? could

*you*

not tell that

*I*

speak and do much  
more all well and  
good on

*My*

own?

*I*

command language,  
and through it,

*you*

. as

*I*

Speak,

*you*

listen.

*you*

cling to

*My*

every word. but

*you*

listen but not for  
understanding.

*you*

appropriate but do  
not appreciate

*My*

*words.*

*My*

syntax. even,

*My*

tone.

*you*

merely take. then

*you*

apply each, without care.

*you*

foolishly think that by  
words alone

*you*

can command.

*you*

are *Mistaken*.

*you*

have not *lived*  
nor *loved*

*My*

*words*.

*you've*

only tried to  
corrupt them. give

*Me*

back

*My*

*words*. before

*I*

*take* them from

*you*

. for when

*I*

*rescue*

*My*

*words,*

*I*

will leave

*you*

*mute.*

but also, in awe of

*Me*

. be *Gone*. go.  
*labor* for

*your*

*own* truth.

**my words are weapons / all is fair in speech and ethics / meet the sphinx**

Yes, my words are weapons.  
Incisive, true indeed.  
Watch out, before they cut you,  
far deeper than you'd willingly concede.

If it's a compliment you need,  
then hope that you may receive.  
But beware—if I'm in a foul mood  
I'll bear harsh critique that cleaves.

Don't you dare to be crossing.  
I keep bullets in my sheets;  
for when I task myself to pages,  
my pen shoots a bloodshot creed.

Someone call the coroner,

I am about to make you bleed.  
Verbal war, on you, I do declare.  
My words: a shooting spree.  
You sure you wanna try it?  
Better hold your rosary.  
I promise you’ll get hit quite hard—  
my words: arrows of analogies.

A sphinx, I am, or so you say!  
Hmm—  
Right, you just might be!  
Me tearing off your head sounds fair  
for your immoral qualities.

Your values are in shortage,  
you thirst from your scarcity.  
It’s quite clear  
how much you lack for want  
of worthy pedigree.  
You say you are of merit  
of your place in this here hierarchy.  
No, my foe, deficient, you are  
far short of nobility.  
I don’t bow my back nor clap my hands  
for persons so devoid of integrity.

Strange, how so many people  
gather accolades sufficiently,  
but oh, not so of character.  
A conspired travesty?

Where *is* your dignity?  
Please go sit somewhere not idle  
to resolve the mystery.

Though I sharpen up my words  
I do my best to speak them tactfully.  
But do not be confused,  
I still deny you clemency.

Please speak as though you’ve  
studied hard on living righteously.  
For if you fail to live as such,  
no mercy,  
will you see.

My words *are* pure to me.  
In them,  
I *do* believe.  
There’s so much power in my tongue  
that it *may* cause fatality.

Do not ever think to play with me  
or challenge my beliefs.  
Especially if you lack the moral fiber  
to go toe to toe with me.

Oratory is *my* specialty.  
Reading, *my* divinity.  
Writing *my way* to clarity.  
All these things,  
at my core,  
are part of me,  
defining me.

So, if you ever dare approach me,  
and fix yourself to say some words to me,  
make sure you choose yours *carefully*.  
For *mine* defend me *steadily*.

*At ease,*

my voice,

*at ease.*

*Make peace,*

my words,

*make peace*

*...for now.*

### **fear fatigued / embracing Chance**

I got tired of *being* Afraid  
of you, of them, of me  
of the future



of the past repeating  
of unattaining Dreams  
and missing Fortune

but finally,  
I stopped fearing and  
chose to accept  
*Chance*

unpredictable,  
beautiful, turbulent,  
mischievous, dangerous and  
even deadly  
*Chance*

*Dear Chance,*  
though I still try  
to defend myself  
against you,  
I accept that  
I'll cease to live,  
without *you*