

“M &M”

M clenched his fist, used his other hand to adjust his glasses to see clearly,
Making a spectacle of all of the blood and guts for display;
Firehoses and disintegration.

“We do not deserve what is being doled out to us!”

It should not be a death sentence to be born of pigmented skin.
If a boot is to tread on you, use your venom like the snake that you are.
There is no place to be peace mongering and idle,
Law abiding. Start a fire.
Reflect their disregard for breath,
Strip them bare; ancestral back lacerations.
Anything we do is more acceptable than what they have done.
Is the metal we’re tasting from the blood or the bars?
Too close to freedom to cease engagement and retreat.

M shuffled his papers, sucked on the end of his pen,
Maybe it’s time to look back on history, what has helped past brethren?
“We are caged, and will not be liberated until a decision is made.”
Clenched, beating fists will only contact hard, immobile surfaces,
Blood drenched, full of sin. “Thou Shall Not Kill.”
Walking slowly to our destination where,
All is not well, not lost, but Hell,
For those who find themselves imprisoned in an unconstitutional cell.
Is the metal we’re tasting from the blood or the bars?
From the ashes of inhumane treatment and prejudiced masses,
Emerged a newly liberated populous, damaged, but clean.
It is not worth stooping to the level of those that have wronged you,
Non-violence is the key to the kingdom of the peacefully free,
Take off your blood-splattered spectacles and see.

“First Degree Burns”

Where are the blankets authorities use to cover corpses?

Averting eyes from the violence that permeates through the fabric,

Assume because it hasn't happened in your home, that it hasn't occurred.

True evil lies in complacent behavior: are you a non-believer?

Look: There is a young one, unable to function.

No incentive to have their story heard.

There are those that will prey on the needy, the confused, the newly free;

Savannah predators; members of an apathetic society.

WE HAVE NOT DONE ENOUGH TO PROTECT THE WEAK.

You can't cover violence with a Band-Aid,

Legislation will not permeate or reshape the misfortune that has been seen,

By eyes traumatized by intimate knowledge; the horrors of humanity.

The heinous truth avoider will often plead, beg, scream,

“It was the alcohol, their clothing, I was weak, it wasn't really me!”

Those that are too blinded by interpersonal loyalty and cognitive dissonance refrain,

From admitting their trusted loves have caused insurmountable pain.

First Degree,

Burns.

No way to erase the ignorance, the greed, the “You belong to me's.”

Believe what is told, teary eyes should be more believed,

Than the word of someone who maliciously brought those tears into being.

“Under the Blanket”

“What’s under the blanket” She asked, innocently.

Am I too ill-experienced to know, or is too heartbreaking to explain?

Take the pain with a shot of whisky, poured over the same flesh-ash that I once was.

“She died” I say, describing the process of cremation and what lies beneath the grave.

Is anyone too young to know our existential, horrifying fate?

It’s a process, learning how live each day like our life force is going to fade,

As the moon doesn’t choose to wax and wane, we do not consciously choose,

The blanket which beneath we lay.

But how much is moral to say to the purest of children, soft and of the right mind to,

Try not to abide to the strict ticking of time; a blond-haired time bomb at my side.

I would slit the throat of any dissenter, go to any length,

To give you another breath, after your time has passed, sweet child.

We cannot live in denial, that one day you will decompose, become rose,

Fertilizer.

If I had a choice you would either live forever or have never lived at all,

But your essence heard a call to come into being,

And I can’t help but keep seeing,

Your life-loop before my eager eyes,

Just like the unchosen tides, you don’t get to choose when you leave or where you reside,

But in some capacity, you are mine,

For the time.

And you are under the blanket of my love,

The only thing I know of.

“The Running”

Dreams of leaping over fence-posts and barbed wire,
Floating, falling, fleeing the scene,
Of a life veiled with mundane activities.

The running can occur even when the body stands still.
Any sort of physical stillness is a hallucination. Even the,
World is whirling out of control. Our quiet bodies,
Explode with new life, cells exist, breathe, and die,
Inside of the unaware.

Realize: There is no need to stay in the same place.
Unfold the cocoon you've so elegantly weaved with the notion of society, pride,
Monetary values, and enjoy scraping the sides.
The dirt and grime allow for more traction than a clean surface,
Cleanliness does not mean you have been cleansed.

True travel occurs in the spiritual center,
Let the body catch up to the wild, uninhabited plane of,
The running.
Don't rest until your work is done, until bodies and soil are one.

Remember the love,
The true reason to run.

“Red and Gold”

The clay, converted into a malleable, delectable substance of creation,
Sticking to the sides of river banks, tide swapping and nutritious.
Oh, how improbable it is to be a substance that can become anything!
A bowl, a cup, a place to shit, or sit, or talk.

Why has this clay been born into an incarnation soft hands can't touch?
Is this small creation in the searing oven all we've got to remember the dead?
The process of forging a pot, or a place, a seaside tide to hide behind, or
A small elephantine creature.
Never again has the elaborative, seeking nature of man taken such a gamble.

They come around in their time, sometimes they prefer glass accommodations to drink wine,
I can't get with the times. Ceramic remembrances are timeless designs.
Painting the pottery red and gold,
Waiting for the cocoon of illumination to unfold,
Not so much like a flower, but as a lightening-rod umbrella,
Striking whomever Clay formation doesn't care of the weather.

The elements, no matter how distorted and ill-trodden, are ever-present,
Iridescent, in their bloody, wealthy gleam.
Sometimes things aren't as they seem;
A religious icon; two triangles for a heart,
So long apart from its creator,
Doesn't leave a crater in its hollow chest.
This figure is a beginning, to all that can be considered art.
Overcoming any obstacle; becoming the red and gold definition of potential.

