

*Us (An Ode To Love)*

His stars aligned at my Giza  
The Sahara spoke our silence  
His earth was my body, his waters my blood  
His air was my breath, his fire my spirit  
He is the root of me  
He has planted his planets inside of my soil  
His soul is gold, clothing me in gems  
My gemstone—son of the sun  
Nubian and Nobel  
Astral traveling his anatomy  
Imagining this magician, I was his image  
Constructing concoctions on his canopy  
A twisted tonic, a fantasy  
I sipped his serum  
His Holy Ghost filled me with the most magic  
I pulled him from my guts and gave birth to euphorias  
Our sacred secrets are not Victoria's  
I studied him  
Calculating his equations  
He is my celebrity—a celebration  
I celebrate his cerebral  
His dome is my home  
My erogenous zone—I am what he owns  
An emperor on his throne—  
Grown from goodness  
He is gumbo  
I swallow him whole and become him  
His milk is magic—the secret ingredient

Expedient expeditions expanding expectations  
Channeling his chakras and synergy  
He is a frequency and we freak frequently  
Frequently freak we and frequency is he  
The energy for my inner “G”  
The words “Marry Me” carries me  
His powers rests under my tongue  
He picks my thoughts one by one  
They are his flowers and his love showers me  
Towers me  
The canvas in his museum  
I am on display  
Today I become tantalized and entangled in his totality  
Reveling in this renaissance reality  
The fat of my bones  
And even though I’m vegan I am seeing—  
Seeing the invisible-invincible  
This is mystical meat so I feast, I feast  
My meal on fast days  
My mood on Mondays  
My sun on Sunday’s  
I sun gaze at his sun rays  
He orbits my moon and keeps me in-tuned with self  
We have us...if nothing else

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## *My Vows To The Game*

Asking me to choose between my love for the game and my  
women—

Is like asking me to choose between life and death

I didn't choose this, it's the debt I was given

You see, the game is the depths of me

And whether you call it a fatal fatality, this is my vitality

Repetitive and repeatedly I earn my degree in the *School of Hard  
Knocks*

I have entered this inter-dimensional ceremony

Signed my name in blood, sealed and delivered deliberately

My mirror now, my reflection—11:11

My ankh and ritual that is the root of me

My wisdom, the wiz of my dome—the streets is my kingdom

The versions of her diversions deplete and complete me

Just to think, this is the ink she writes me with

I can't lie, this defeat eats me alive

My black widow spider and I abide by her

I am solidified in this sinful sanctuary, and I will only be healed once  
I'm buried

And although detrimental and tragic—she has my mental and it's  
magic

This cognitive defect may effect my best—

But I cannot wrestle with the vessel that revives my flesh

It has become the cyclone eroding in my bones

This implantation of pain reigns supreme

A doomed destination, and even in reincarnation I will know her

The streets is my life and it birthed me, so to her, I am indebted to  
loyalty

And to my women, I give them the finer things, drench them with  
royalty

They couldn't possibly understand the psychologically of her  
philosophy

To them, I commit my apology for the game that has entrapped me  
Consumed by the glitz and glamor of the streets

I have made a promise to her that I must keep

True to the avenue and bamboozled by the boulevard

Swayed by this systematic slavery—the game, my number one lady

My aesthetic—no atheist, I believe in her

The poison I prefer with a poise that paints my passion

The thugologist and her thievery is mastery

This way of life is a craft to me, an atlas and roadmap—a destiny

The soliciting synopsis for my story—and she, the publisher of my  
problems

Hanging, slanging and banging, but my first love is never changing

My hemisphere, she whispers in my ear, “You'll always be mines”

I realize with my real eye that this is divine—and maybe I am  
walking a thin line

Blind and inclined—smothered by this materialistic reality that has  
captured me

The streets, she has summoned me—this is what it has come to be

Thug life, street life—me and my wife

And to my woman, you harass me and nag me

Saying the side chick is always on my mind

And yes, she's with me and I'm with her—we're together on the  
grind

We have a connection that's divine

Louis Vuitton, Fendi, Chanel—I buy it all for my women but they  
still give me hell

In the hood I dwell with my main chick, the one who raised me well  
My vows read honestly and earnestly without a wedding ring  
Scarface wishes and caviar dreams—the streets remains supreme  
Capturing my heart from the start—accumulating cash  
Watching it rule everything around me—this C.R.E.A.M is mean  
From corner to corner—from street to street  
This is my only love, and you cannot compete with her potency  
She fills my pocket, she's in love with me  
She is my demon that reasons well—I am trapped, engulfed by her  
spell  
Corner to corner and block to block  
She's on top, speaking fluently with my glock  
I am the key and she is my lock  
From dust till dawn, her hold on me is strong—I am on the right side  
of wrong  
And my strength is at a limited length  
My addiction and affliction, my Oya  
In bed with her illusions, I include these delusions  
This is my cell and conclusion  
Her portal has become the port hole of my disposal  
Bewitched by her perpetuating proposal  
Hopefully one day my sins will be forgiven  
But for now, this is the life that I am living  
Art and in my heart from the start  
Committed to my vows, till death do us part

## ***Battered (Maria's Story)***

My journey to hell and back—  
About twelve years ago it all began  
Upon first impression—  
You'd assume he was a magical man  
However, I had no idea that through him—  
I would learn a valuable lesson

He presented himself as a blessing  
Little did I know it was my strength Satan was testing  
We started off as friends  
He was there for me in my times of need  
Then we became lovers—  
And I bore his seed

The years progressed  
And we were in bliss for a while  
His demons seeped through—  
When I begot his second child  
It started with verbal insults and isolation  
The beginning of my death and desolation

Isolated from friends and family members  
His abuse began slowly but surely  
Happy was something I couldn't remember  
I was in hell—I just wanted to be well and set free  
A doctor by day and a devil by night  
Every second of every minute I was in fright

Blackened eyes and bruised lips  
Forced penetration and mental incarceration  
Yes, I was in hell  
In weariness I dwelled  
Broken ribs and chokeholds  
This motherfucker was powerful and bold

My self-esteem was diminished  
I was through, I was finished  
I kept hoping he would change  
This wasn't the guy I met  
He was demented and strange  
I reflected, I was living in regret

My pain was on repeat  
I was bound by Satan—  
Devastated by defeat  
I never knew I could become this weak  
I saw him, but this was something I didn't seek  
I never knew, this would lead to the death of me

In this last moment—  
With his hands around my neck  
I knew the time had come  
With eternity I would become one  
“You're choking me David!”  
I said faintly as life bled from my body  
“You're...choking...me”  
I wanted my babies to know I loved them

“Get...off...of...”

My sight diminished

I was leaving mortality

I was entering into a spiritual reality

The celestial realm—and there I was

I stepped outside of my own body

I saw myself drop to the ground

He stood over me, realizing what he had done

He stooped down and cried out

With death, I had become

“My God! Maria! What have I done!?”

With tears in his eyes, the kids heard his cry

My babies saw me there, lifeless

I was dead...I died

Domestic violence—

What a wild ride

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## *The Land of Pineal*

Fire ferociously furnished my field of energy My  
inner “G” was awakened  
My God—my father, the fat her whose womb of wonder  
birthed billions of blessings  
“Be less than nothing,” said BABA  
ABBA’s abracadabra was aligned and enchanting  
I sat soberly at His feet submissively  
Enlightening and in light . . . I was in love  
My kundalini was His King cobra . . . that vaporizing viper “As  
above, so below,” He said  
“As within, so without,” I reciprocated.  
His words were my worlds  
A fat belly momma morning, however, I mourned no thing My  
crystal ball bloomed brilliantly and told all  
Tall tales telling tantalizing truths  
My father, my fat her  
His wisdom—wise kingdom was home for my dome  
My chakras illuminated loudly like a trombone  
Come SUNday, come Monday—my Moonday, I’ll stay  
Genesis 32:30  
I am in the land of Peniel

For I have seen YAH face to face

Eye to eye

Soul to soil

I have grown graciously

Fruits to bear & to behold

Mental magic—

Spelling spells

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