

Related to Nature

12 Bone Sinners' Paradise

when you step on a crack
created by weathering,
you break a woman's back,
the creation man is treasuring.

faulty modern construction
can never conceal the garden
where the deceiver slithered
and an act unforgotten
will never be pardoned.

keep the grass mowed
the antithesis of a paradise once bestowed
we contain life in pots with hand watered soils
boasting our fruitless control

concrete, steel, concrete, steel

fight against the roots
fight against the feel

concrete, steel, concrete, steel

can't constrain the vines
from the primitive reveal

Tupac knows what's going on
a rose arose from the great beyond
where woman was eccentrically spawned
using just a lonely mon

no remainders, this is even division
twenty-four divided by two
twelve bones for me
twelve bones for you
ssssshould we indulge in this fruit
our integrity is fluke
we do what we do
now paradise is through
we only earn fruit from the labor we execute
we can feel pain in all its forms
rash sinning is now the norm
in a secular world where most conform

look around to find the signs of a lost paradise.

Snowfall for a Congolese Boy

sight of any type is a gift!

during the season of gifts
Isaac's walking stick lifts,
and so does his hand,
for me to guide him across land.

before we take a step, we stand.
side by side
African man by African man.
we walk stride by stride
and remember the Motherland
we realize and understand
that this land
is different

before Isaac landed on this land
he was guided through Congolese Sand
I could relate to that - way back
when I rocked the the Jesus kicks with the straps
a kindergartner in Ondo Village looking to attach
to his extended family
to be plugged into a source called home
where he's glad to be.

on the walk between Gadbois and Poisson
mwuah!

kissed by an icy wind as we carried on
walking with Isaac slowed me down
and taught me to be patient and in sync
with someone who sees differently

New Hampshire isn't for us
sons of Africa need the sun of Africa
but two sons of Africa
zip their jackets up
and join hands for guidance
but also for warmth
becoming one sun
shining bright
through the harsh winter night

us... me .. he ...
a goose stepping solar troop
battling an enemy
as cold as polar bear poop
left, right, left...
left, right, left...
we don't miss a beat
we don't miss a step
we making musique
with this left,right,left
crunching of the salt
there so we won't slip
tapping of the stick
for obstacles that could make us trip
we don't fall

but I do recall
a complaint
that it's too cold and slippery
for Isaac to go hard in the paint
of the crosswalk
not the hardwood
so I paused talk
my mind stood
still...
but not long before I said

“yea, it's cold and slippery, but it's beautiful....”

wish my mind would have stood there longer
I realized that
what is beautiful to me
is something that Isaac cannot see
we have a tendency
to force our perspective on those who see
differently.

Isaac feels to see,
feelin fully ... 100
I feel and see ... 50/50
so half of what bothers me
is completely taken on by he
who can't experience half of the beauty I see

but there is beauty outside the dangers it brings
and what we can see
in the snow coated fields and snow coated trees
like the taste of marshmallows in smores
crispened on the head of the dancing flames
that I adore.
the bassline of the heart you can hear
along the crackle of the blazing wood
when cozily cuddled near your dear
as your nose is filled with the aroma of what's cookin in the kitchen
with the smell of smoke from club chimney all mixed in

there may have been a void
when other girls and boys
used the soft white twinkling nature as a toy
white balls thrown
white balls rolled
to make a man with a long orange nose
that would emulate Isaac's as it grows
like pinocchio's
every time he says
There is beauty in the look of snow.

sorry Isaac
because of my 50/50 ways,
I used the beauty of the snow
to distract me from how slippery and cold

it was
beautiful that we both had a hand to hold
two African sons becoming one to warm like the sun

I realize that most of we
be 50/50
but he 100
and he feel what we see, differently
so nah, the snow ain't that beautiful
but the peace, love, and joy it brings
the peace, love, and joy he feels
is what is truly satisfying.

Natural Mirror

why is the water blue?
why isn't the future clear?
what are the waves escaping from?
why does our image escape us?

the water isn't blue
it's clear
like the future in mind's view
held between our ears

what do we see when we peer
over the edge of the pier?
like the blue guy, Sky,
we are looking in the mirror

when that mirror is picked up
we escape
unlike water in a cup,
we can't seem to take shape
because our hands are a colander without a catching plate

we grow and let go everyday
like the plants and trees
we evolve and populate
like the birds and the bees
we ebb and flow
like the waves in the sea
we are hard and soft
like the foundation underneath
sometimes we're blue
like the sky we strive to reach
sometimes we're yellow
like the sun providing the heat

we are nature, and nature is we.

the waves are not escaping
they are on a journey
constantly flowing
without a worry

the image in the mirror flees
because that - we - that we see
won't forever be
the same
In this life of pain and gain

we evolve until we leave
but we don't ever really leave
because we are nature, and nature is we.

Fruit Amongst Embers

earth is smoldering
an orange and amber hell
head is hanging
there is pain that indwells
I let it burn, then usher in a storm of hail
the three locs swing for the One I hail
each morning providing the joy I inhale

I'll lift my head and un wrinkle my face
I'll move ahead and try to trace
the fruit hidden among the embers of this place

Easier Said Than Done

love is easier said than done.
love is better done than said.
love is better done then said.