

Superego

At the water park with a woman I need to impress
My ego begins to swell to the size of a submarine
She does not know she is a string coiled on my finger
At the start of the ride, I climb into a narrow, misty abyss,
let go and sink into the truth. Frantic like a caught fish
my ego bangs the walls of the giant pipe
Then like a great waterfall, I plunge into a tank of water
I go under, the way I was stringing this woman along
I go under, the way I was ready to take her to the deep end
And under, the way I was going to anchor her to the
ocean floor so she wouldn't come up long after I left
I sink into my death and sink, and I don't see heaven
I see a scalding hot tub in hell with my name on it
Whistles and yells siren me from afar, I am breath
My ego emerges but is shipwrecked
I remember I have a woman to impress
A woman to water down with fallacies
But when the life guard opens my eyes
My soul comes out coughing and pleading
And that day, through hell and high water,
I learned where swimming in lies could lead me.

/bars/

i imagine the sun peering through a barred window,
horizontally hitting your face,
imagine you're thinking about everything and nothing,
not counting the days in the calendar
when you will be able to walk out of confinement
like you are finally walking out of the block /the hood/

before they put you in those black and white strips
or the orange,
or grey uniform,
what i knew of you was so cool, no crisis, no crook,
but a compassion the whole family loved to circle around
and even though we lived poles apart,
you outside the city limit, and me in it,
when i saw you, your energy
permeated me long after i left.
guess that's what made you such a down ass nigga,
people feeling cuffed to your purity/you double edge sword/

sometimes i look out my vertical blinds,
imagine those are cell bars for me.
Lord knows more than just my house is filthy,
glow in the dark guilt on my body,
dirt prints tracked over my closet door,
skeletons i've been trying to strangle with barb wire
way before you were born.

suppose i know how to draw a better line in the sand?

brother to brother, i know felony ain't your lane,
love is, a love that will give me a run for my money.
bottom line is:
aint nobody on this earth clean enough,
we all belong behind some type of bar
for the scars we leave on people,
for the margins we put them in,
for the lines we cross.

so may these bars mean
we are more parallel than anything.

Hieroglyphics Below

If you look below
many black men
there's hieroglyphics
on their necks
that tell a
prosaic story
involving
a razor,
a ghost
& in between
those two, stands
a young man
whose skin made of
black ashes.

When strands of
manhood
bud around
his jawline,
he turns to
himself and the t.v.
on smoothing
the surface
back like a stone.
Plastic razors
& cheap cream,
he scraps into
history, each
stroke slicing
too deep
like peeling
far into
a potato.

He tears into tissue,
an invisible
massacre
develops
below the mouth.
Fresh bristles rise
pushing up &
against
his traumatized
pores leaving
mounds of pain
in red, white & brown
colors in an area

that's supposed to
manifest the makings
of a man, but instead
is a scarred entry
into adulthood.

Matters into
his own fingers,
he spears off
those raging dunes
into the unknown
to undo what's
been done,
to undo what
he never asked for,
only to mold
engravements
into the surface.

An irreversible
tale dwells.
When he is
faced with his
image,
he sees an
a ruin
and behind,
the ghost
of the father
that was never
there to help
him prevent it.