

Recently.
I've been going to therapy.
I've been talking about it.
How Depression and Anxiety kicked Joy out of my head space years ago.
How my mind is all, inside out.
How nobody really knows me but everyone judges based on their small perception of my reality.
You know, the world says beauty is in the eye of the beholder.
What they don't tell you is that when an image hits the cornea, it refracts through the iris.
Literally bends the light upside down.
We chase the opinions of others but don't recognize that everything they see is backwards.
Bent out of proportion.
Hide ourselves for people who don't even care to see what's on the inside.
That's why I talk about it.
Tell her how my coach always wants me to write a happy poem.
I keep trying.
Unfinished stanzas gathering dust at the bottom of my notes.
Sometimes, I go looking for them.
Dig around the bottom of the barrel, fish them out, open them up, and admire them like old photo albums.
Words look back at me and laugh.
Like they know I aint black boy joy enough to mold them into something worth smiling about.
My sister told me to write from my happy place.
I told her that's probably not a good idea.
My happy place is in the driver's seat of my 2006 Suzuki.
Hurtling 80 miles an hour down highway 70. Some days.
I wanna guide my car across double yellow lines into incoming traffic.
I don't.
I'm not tryna fuck up my parents insurance.
Plus, killing myself would be ironic.
Writing a poem about my funeral, and then making it come true.
My existence, nothing more than a punchline to a joke only I find funny.
Call it gallows humor
How my suicide jokes come off the head.
And usually I'm the only one laughing.
But occasionally, My little brother gets the punchline.
Honestly, He carries most of my qualities like second hand clothes.
My smart mouth.
bad attitude,
sense of humor.
And he's a funny kid, one of the few people that can make me laugh so hard I cry.
But I still don't know what to do when he jokes about killing himself.
I can't tell if he's kidding, or if he's trying to talk about it.
So I tell him to write down his jokes.
Hope it'll help him like it helps me.
Though it might be slight unhealthy that I find my self worth in paper.
How I draw out my issues.
Its funny, people don't seem to understand maybe this is just another coping mechanism.
That I'm just really good at coping.
Hoping that one day, I'll find some happiness to write about instead.
These words are inner truth, screaming out my head.

Talk About It

Moses parting the red sea with pencil lead.
I'm just tryna make it to the promised Land.
I promise man.
Y'all will hear my happy poems when I can write them with a honest hand.
Everyone talks about self-improvement but they don't tell you about the dirty work.
The soul searching.
I'm a whole person with half the earth in my veins, my pain,
Is far more than skin deep my pen keeps my sins on my skin so I can write these bars in blood
so every time I spit a gem,
just know I got it out the mud,
cause its it's hard work being a minor poet with major dreams.
Especially when it's far easier to focus on my downfalls.
But recently, I been focused on the ups and not the downs
Y'all, I haven't even gotten to the good part yet. Right now, I'm going through a depression. But
the only way out, is through. There's no easy way out for you, but it definitely helps if you talk
about it.

Yeah, I've got secrets.
Details about my life I keep real quiet.
Y'all know the private parts.
Some of yall got secrets.
Stories about that one time at daycare, or that weekend you spent witho cousin and em.
In fact, I've heard my fair share of secrets, heard my fair share of nightmares, where the boogey man pays the bills and says good morning at the breakfast table,
Done heard my fair share of court cases, where girls must become plaintiffs when they should be defended.
Where judge hears the evidence and still sleeps next to the guilty.
And think that's why we all got secrets,
because we put the witnesses on trial,
downplay the evidence, bail out the suspect.
Make sure due process gets trapped in the closet.
We like to keep these things quiet like,
a mouse,
or the pedophile in the house.
How we ignore the molestation.
Blame the girls,
like she shouldn't have been acting grown in the first place.
Then show her what acting grown looks like as soon as bump and grind comes on the Radio.
Tell her she was made his music.
Introduce her to the remix of ignition,
But, refuse to think about what turns the singer on.
R. Kelly, at 28, wrote an album for Aaliyah, who was 14, entitled,
Age Aint Nothing But a Number,
and some people,
will truly fail to feel the metaphor in that.
Will still cry for evidence like he ain't written about his wrongs.
Claim that he was never convicted of a crime.
Like the rich can't build a force field out of blood money,
like he aint been boogeyman to more girls than we can count.
And then turned their trauma into secrets with the same royalties he makes victimizing them.
And I hate, how yall will save him,
but nobody will save her.
Shield her from abuse
Or believe her when she speaks out.
How her cries for help,
will fall on deaf ears cause we all act like their aren't monsters who carry the cycles of trauma in their DNA,
who hurt people,
just like they were hurt.
Boogeyman,
we'll all pretend are secrets until the truth is broadcast like yesterdays news.
And I just hope one day,
we won't need lifetime to document a lifetime of abuse before we're willing to accept the proof
And I tell my sister that she wasn't raised in that type of household.
That I would kill somebody.
That If she can't talk to anyone,
she can talk to me.

Talk About It

And we have talked to her,
details about life,
her life,
personal spaces,
private parts,
and a cruel world that seeks to end the childhood of black girls as early as possible.
I tell her I am not deaf ears or blind eyes,
but duty bound to remove any boogie man that wants to turn her smile into a secret.
And even so, it hurts to know that one day,
All I might be able to do is hold her as she cries. And cry too.
And nothing is scarier.
Then realizing that I can't big brother hard enough to protect her from this world.
And I just pray, that she doesn't have to carry around a secret she doesn't to tell me, because
she's afraid that I'll kill somebody.
Cause It just breaks my heart,
to imagine how she will save them,
But nobody will save her.

I never thought of myself as a performer.
But all my best friends were actors.
I saw the different masks they wear throughout their day.
For me. Every moment is a play.
I guess have a lot of practice on stage.
Changing characters.
I rehearse my roles more than I rehearse my life.
I'm better at monologues than conversations.
Talking to people has never been my strong suit.
In fact.
Most days, I go to work in a costume.
Can't tell the difference between the real me and the mask.
Sometimes I think this show is getting of control but then.
I remember I didn't even get a chance to audition.
This is just my part to play.
My time to shine.
Me juggling what I've been given.
I gotta keep in character till nobody is watching.
I hang out with actors because they don't mind when I take the costume off.
Don't mind seeing the real me.
I can show them my imperfections without feeling guilty.
Won't be judged for my flaws.
Procrastination incarnate.
I've been letting life slip away recently.
It seems like things not going my way is the wave these days and I've been passive as it
crashes down around me.
Spend most of my time tryna keep up with the pace my of life.
I keep getting tossed around by the waves of my strife.
My mind resides in the space between wherever I am, and wherever I gotta be next.
Catching up with myself means spending a lot of time alone.
One on Ones with my least favorite person.
My worst enemy just happens to be my best friend.
Most would say I seem a little stretched thin but y'all only know the half of it.
My demons eat away at my head from the inside.
They haven't quite figured out how to consume my dreams yet so I hide in the covers of my bed.
In the smoke of a blunt.
I light Ls to get over the loss of lovers.
Medicate myself to deal with my addictions.
Everyone in this earth has afflictions.
This world wages war on the minds of youth and then pretends we don't spend the rest of our
lives with battle scars.
But ain't we all veterans of our childhood?
Days spent navigating the tightrope of adolescence.
Balancing everything on your back.
Only being able to put one foot in front of the other.
I spend my life trying not to fall off.
Living in a circus that forced us to climb to the top with no net if we drop.
And yall wonder why I stay high.
I have to.
Need something to deal with the stress of having to keep up appearances.

Talk About It

Most people don't know I live two different lives.
Ones the truth and ones a lie and my life is a balancing act.
Call me trapped.
Between the person everyone needs me to be, and the person I am when nobody sees.
I stay juggling my characters.
Angel, Demon, Hero, Villain
Sometimes I'm heated, sometimes I'm chilling
Can't decide whether I wanna love people or hate them,
Can't decide whether I wanna fuck women or date them
Too busy tryna save the world to save myself.
If you call me savior I'll sacrifice my health.
Got all this shit to say till a cat grabs my tongue
I can only speak after I baptize my lungs
Please chastise me for my transgressions
Just make sure you learn my lessons
Watch me spit this fire till I earn my goals.
Set this stage ablaze till it burns my soul.
The truth is, I've spent my entire life performing.
This is the only act I know.
So
Kickback
Relax
And please,
Enjoy the show.

When my father told my Grandmother that he was having a child.
She told him to get, a puppy.
Something about unwavering loyalty
And mans need to be above everything.
Or
Domesticating a predator to combat loneliness
and as a kid.
I watched him trained them.
Domination manifested.
How he fed them lessons.
Taught new dogs, old tricks.
Simple shit.
Like pissing where you're supposed to
or, not biting the hand that feeds you.
And when they listened, He rewarded them.
He rewarded them often.
He disciplined them often.
He had, high expectations and tons of patience.
He would repeat the lesson until it was learned.
He used to tell me that you can't assume the dog understands.
You have to allow it time to absorb your training.
You have to remember the dog doesn't know until you teach it.
Ironically, At my mother's house.
They just a puppy.
Her name is Fannie Lou Hamer.
She's an English Bull Mastiff.
Which means, although she's only nine months old.
She already comes up to my thigh.
Whenever I go home.
She sees me and gets extremely excited.
However, she doesn't have a tail that she can wag to show that she's happy so,
instead, she just starts pissing.
No matter where she's standing.
No matter what she was doing.
Despite this, My brother, loves Fannie to death.
Something about unwavering loyalty
and a boys need to be above something.
Or
befriending a predator to combat loneliness.
On the flipside tho, I hate cleaning after her mess.
In fact, I remember the last time she pissed on the floor,
I yelled at her so loud she pissed again.
Then never pissed again.
But she doesn't get as excited to see me either.
I can only assume she understands.
I forgot that the dog doesn't know, until you teach it.
At this point.
I think I'm terrible at raising puppies.
My ex thinks I'm terrible at raising puppies too.
We have different reasons.

Talk About It

I think I lack the patience.
She thinks I lack the maturity.
My ex, once called me a puppy.
Said she spent half of the relationship loving me, and half of the relationship raising me, and I'm thinking maybe she's right.
On all counts.
I've had to, grow up a little.
Growing up means forming habits.
Means learning lessons.
Adulthood means having to raise your inner child on your own.
And some of us wear our childhood scars publicly.
Let everyone see our home training.
Or lack of home training.
See, dogs are better behaved than most niggas out here.
Far better behaved than I am sometimes.
I've had to retrain myself.
Teach a new dog, Old tricks
Simple shit, like,
not biting the hand that feeds you.
Or not pushing away the ones love to see you.
I reward myself often.
I discipline myself often,
I have high expectations and tons of patience.
But even then, the dog in me is arguably always in control.
And it's it's not even that I'm weak.
My dog gets bigger every week.
I got him on a leash, but he still pulls me down the street.
everytime a fine cat comes my way.
He's like "Bow Wow Wow, Yippe yo, Yippe ye."
I've definitely got some canine tendencies.
My loyalty, is pretty unwavering.
Until you throw me a bone.
The dog in me really loves to bone.
Something about.
Domination manifested
and a boys need to be above everything.
Or
Becoming a predator to combat loneliness.
Now, life is allowing time to absorb its training,
but I need to learn this lesson before I end up with a litter.
Cause If I call my father and tell him that I'm about to have a child,
he's probably gonna tell me to get a puppy.

Falling out of love with someone feels like
Telling a joke so terrible, you don't even want to laugh at it.
Feels like bad habits.
Like old habits.
Like rocking a dead bird.
Or a dying bird.
It still flaps occasionally.
Reminds you of a time when it could fly
and there is nothing sadder than a blue jay with a broken wing.
No greater sorrow than a free spirit trapped.
Falling out of love with someone feels like silence.
Empty space that used to be filled with effort.
The type of separation two people can only experience after they've been close enough to be
one.
Falling out of love with someone is introspection on the car ride home.
Noticing each time, you get farther away before the tears come.
It's not being able to call the only one you want to hear from.
And I'm tired of writing about it,
About you.
Tired of stitching together sad stanzas about my insecurities.
About our flaws.
About your expectations and how I never met them.
How they never introduced themselves.
I'm tired of telling people about my pain.
Our shame.
Tired of using our failed relationship to build my fame.
Yet, you are the only thing that I can write about these days.
The only thing that makes my fingers type with a mind of their own.
I guess that's why you keep leaving.
Cause I'm hardwired to thrive off of broken.
Cause sadness is the only way I know I'm alive
The only true thing I feel these days
And I hate how easy this is for me.
How comfortable this gets to be.
I hate how my misery's the only thing that kids can see.
These days consist of me consistently resisting the urge to rock a dead bird.
Or a dying bird.
It still flaps occasionally.