
SIXFOLD

POETRY CONTEST

JANUARY 17, 2019

1. THOUGHTS OF MLK

When I think of MLK
and how, if I had lived in that day
I fear I could not have turned
the other cheek
O' how I'd abandon the truth and justice
I was called upon to seek
When I think of MLK
and how, if I had lived in that day
I dare not simply stand idly by
And watch my brothers
And sisters
On vines of injustice, wither and die
Yet not seek the fruit of revenge
Upon the extremists,
the racists unhinged
And not converge
Upon the unwavering supremacists
Hell-bent on our extinction
from this place
Ensuring we're absent
and murdered without a trace
When I think of MLK
and how, if I had lived in that day
The thought of Batons
and Billy clubs
Cracking my skull
And the prickly waters
of fire hoses at my skin
eating away
When to sleep, I'm lulled
Amidst nightmares of
Rabid and vicious beasts
All the treacheries having been
Served upon the least
That being, the poor and
subjugated
That being, the righteous African man

When I think of MLK, I surmise,
he must 'of devised a plan
More than just a dream
Tempering heat of injustices
Rolling down like waters
and unrighteousness
like mighty streams
When I think of MLK
and how, if I had lived in that day
I could not see the best in the worst
Lips dripping with the words of
interposition and nullification
smoldering rage undispersed
When I think of MLK
and how, if I had lived in that day
I could not see past my quandaries
Nor pardoning their orchestration,
of my plight
The countless indiscretions,
Our offenders yet refuse to right
When I think of MLK, in that day
Fathoming how
he was much nobler than me
Counterattacking the
bitter cup of un-earnt hatred
Converging physical force
with soul force, his supreme destiny
A lofty burden alas
Not for the faint at heart
But, a forward thinker in contrast
When I think of MLK, in that day
Mine eyes didst lastly see
There could be no worthier pedestrian,
For this cause
than a man of his pedigree

2. MY HOME

When memory fades
And I require crib notes

Written boldly on, a crumple page
Aides-mémoires, of what
I came here to do
When my sight grows weary and dims
And my visions are blurred and skewed
And grow weaker, my limbs
As unhinged, as the wobbly knees
Of an old, stubborn mule
Or, the staggering hind legs
of a lethargic, newborn colt
And a rare, raw pain
Through this earthly vessel, jolts
And the strands of my hair
turns stringy and grey
Alike the withering moss
on hometown trees, that prey
When over there,
That place called, Paradise
Seems better, than over here
This place of suffering misery,
And ultimate demise
My earthly home
This place where,
The pursuit of happiness
Takes me to the west end of nowhere
With street signs reading,
"Nobody Knows, and Nobody Cares"
There's a happiness, in which I rejoice
A sanctity,
In which, I find peace
In a cacophony of sounds,
My soul cries out!
In a sweet release!
About a peace,
surpassing all understanding
Causing me to smile
Without any reason to doubt
That the darkest days of my life
Will last only, for a little while
And a trumpet sounds

Within my soul,
As pain wraps my body
Gripping and cold
I rejoice, for this I know,
I ain't got long, to stay here
My Maker soon, will be comin' for me
To ascend me to that place
Where I out to be

3. MY ALL-IN-ONE WOMAN

By the rusted waters of a shoreline
Beach, she sang a verse
so eloquently sweet
That night in bed,
she made me reach a crescendo
More like a soprano
My resounding response
to her lovemaking treat

The consummate educator,
I can picture her addressing a class
As she professes with grace, and fluidity, and yes, with class

Open minded and at sheer ease
She can walk among queens
Yet counsel with commoners and thieves
Yeah, she can even walk among kings
She has innocence, like the first tender touch
That takes away little, and leaves us with much

Keenly in touch with spirituality,
and motherhood, and friendship
And, a rare compassion for wretched
ones in her past
Remembering the good
and forgiving, the crass
She is melodic, no doubt

That's certainly true

She knows Tupac, and Nelly,
Biggie, and Snoop Dawg too
And on the dance floor,
she even stuns me
With a few of her "sistergirl-like" moves
She can style
And dress to the nines
Lipstick, nails, shadow and blush
She cleans up well
With a beauty and radiance,
That blows my mind
And down there,
Where my manhood dwell
Makes me bulge, and grow,
and even swell

A stunning queen and
a sure 'nough goddess
At peace with all
And yet, so modest

She is my every woman
My all in one love
Yeah, she must have been sent
From heaven above

4. NOTHING MORE!

What will be different in 2019?
Nothing more!
Merely, the turn of one year, into the next.
Another tumultuous era, leading into treachery.
Nothing more!
Then, the passing of another wounding, perilous decade.
One, which leaves us bruised and battered by the wayside.
Along crooked roads never made straight.
Then, it's on to another desolate century, nothing more!
Resolutions and changes, we promise ourselves,
As if, the dawning of a new year, comes with such stealth,
And breathes into us, a spirit fresh and anew.

Or, sets it all into motion, the tides of change.
Or, even make the things we affirm, come true.
As if, we are really that in control, of our destinies.
As if, around the corner, no external influences prowl.
Until we find, nothing more!
Than more government shutdowns, more mass murders,
And more hungry mouths to feed.
And self-righteous politicians either falling prey,
To their perversions or, succumbing to their greed.
Nothing more!
Another innocent, unarmed black man, shot dead in the streets.
Though there was no gun, not even, a facsimile.
Just, another policeman fabricating a lie.
Acquitted by yet another biased jury.
Unjustly NOT, sending him to the cold, dark, dank jail cell, HE deserves.
Rather, releasing him back home to his lovely wife.
Meanwhile, admonishing a destitute mother,
To teach her sons, how better to avoid such strife.
Nothing more!
Behind every corner where we try to hide,
Government shut down put people at risk.
And new tax brackets low or high, only favor the rich.
Ask me about my anticipations for the new year when,
There are no longer footprints on my neck.
When my broken skin, from all the stripes of yesteryear,
has been healed.
Ask me for resolutions for the new year when,
shattered hopes and dreams are a thing of the past.
When all the things promised by those
who turned the other cheek,
would come to pass.
Ask me about aspirations for the new year when,
The rough paths are made smooth, and crooked roads,
are made straight.
When, I can become the author and finisher of my own fate.
When there are no longer glass palaces and corporate veils,
to which my wings would never set sail.
Ask me about my ambitions for the coming year,
When there are no longer those ancient misdeeds,
which immobilizes me unto this very day.

Ask me when, the playing fields are leveled,
And, I become the only one, standing in my way.

5. MANKIND

Our world is made of
miniscule little fragments
They coalesce into totality
Our minute and petty encounters
Explodes ferociously into reality
From mountains on high
We see the artless splendor within
an enormous eagle's, rounded eye
Yet in the valleys way below
We see a horrid world
Wrought with misery and woe
A domain contentious and cold
not fiercely protecting its young
and scarcely shielding its old
We see there the rawness of
humanity's pain
O' we may dodge bullets
But cannot walk between the rain
In fires we see smoldering embers
Burning exquisitely bright
There's much heartache to its sting
And not a drop of delight
We see awe inspiring rivers that flow
But also consumes its provincials
Upon drifting too far below
We see ourselves
Following the footsteps
of many mentors that led us astray
Only to find, that the straight
and narrow path
may not always be the way
Realizing, we then
In Humanity
There's the uncertainty of life
Peppered with good

Tarnished by strife
Like a sweet song with a melody,
it starts out slow, reaching its high
and then a crescendo
Before striking its mighty blow
But ere I saw a phenomenon
walking in the rain
About his countenance, nothing was vain
He was not drenched or touched
By waters in puddles that plopped
Upon this human vessel
there was not, a single drop
He knew the question
So, I did not have to ask
When his answers came
In its sanctity, he seemed to bask
I heard him proclaim
That he walked
Between the drops of rain
Shielding himself
From the storms of life
Such phenom
Had liberated him from the rawness
Of humanity's pain
While seizing the sting
from its venomous bite