

A Cycle  
2021

...

Moral I sing

3-17-21

Left, right and again -

One more time and it leads us back to the  
Beginning;

What is next?

I don't know but I am trying to be more  
Present.

How is that

Acceptable when we all claim superficial  
Progress?

One more time and it leads us back to the  
Beginning;

What is next?

We all know but how do we co-create the  
Process?

When is that?

Who knows but I promise to bring a compass next  
Time.

## Resignation

5-18-21

Not a machine,  
I'm a human being,  
Listen as I speak with intention please.

Authenticity is not something that can be taught.  
But to start,  
Will you promise to stay accountable when the chips eventually fall?  
Because you always have a shield -  
You must have noticed I don't -  
You say "I didn't know!"  
But I see your glance never fall below eye level.  
And as the shards rain down  
I tumble on the ground to pick up the pieces now.  
Just from your stance I know there will be repercussions but  
Compounding inside is my own moral compass -  
Or maybe it's my trauma of being made to feel responsible -  
Being violated again and again so you can defend the ground you stand on.

Told I'm good at herding cats, or egos;  
Also known as the lost person's purpose.  
But maybe that's because of behaviors  
I've internalized before I had time to process:  
You dust off your shield between the rounds and call that progress.  
Having the gall to admit you weren't grateful for my labor as I picked up your mess -  
Or the gaps in your inability to genuinely connect -  
Without even glancing you point to the heavens and say "Here it comes again!"

Acknowledgment means shit without introspection.  
But I prefer that over manipulation for some larger scheme:  
Will I ever know what it all means?  
I doubt it,  
Then the Sun loses its gleam.

No structure can be defined through a hierarchy;  
We cannot uphold what's always been in front of  
me me me.  
Because I can't say what's been different between the two of us;  
Whoever your God is  
Is the only one that knows  
What piece of clay was picked from the soil and molded into what became  
you you you.

But it's not just that moment;  
The dynamics leading to birth are more than a token,  
Holding trauma in my bones of personal and generational stories untold...

But before I go on, I must say,  
Please don't mistake authenticity for telling everyone your intimate business.  
I choose what I share  
And I would be valid without putting myself through the explanation for 'credibility'.  
But at this point I'm getting desperate because no one is listening.  
All I will say is I grew up gaslit,  
Having to justify my intentions of what I said or did.  
So when you abuse me as I have before,  
Do you have the emotional tools to stay accountable when the chips eventually fall?

Because the hypocrisy creates a chasm,  
Even though the bridge through now and time has always been  
us us us.  
I gave my respect but over time lost trust.  
How could I say I loved the world if I didn't respect my own position?  
It's selfish to not contribute because you fear falling on your face or feeling like an omission;  
When you don't even have the integrity to look me in the eyes in this collective space.  
Of course not to be ableist:  
Overall we need to create a culture of care where people feel fulfilled in the collective and their  
individual purpose.

Regardless what happens  
I will get back up and stand two feet unmoved.  
Listen:  
As the gila woodpecker swoops in  
peck peck peck  
On the agave stem.  
Sees me, flys off, even though I named him Jerry:  
Whatever I fabricated in my mind doesn't erase the fact my presence is scary.

And that's something all people that have the ability to stand on two feet have to sit with.  
How dare you waste the opportunity  
Because you point to structures that don't impact what you said or did.  
Growing up with steady meals and a bed to sleep in  
Can really fuck with your head  
Because subconsciously you know it's because you're a rich white person;  
But what does admitting that mean?  
Are you willing to shift power humbly with ease?  
Scoffs, I'm sure,  
Or a pang even maybe?

Knowing you have no experience beyond words written on paper.  
Bridging a disconnect between intention and behavior:  
Accepting you will never arrive as only time weathers the rock smooth.  
But not only that,  
It's surrendering to the current and groove.  
And that is a practice:  
Of getting comfortable with what is unsaid  
Because of institutional legacy.

If you have the intersectionality to have two feet and a mouth,  
You also have a responsibility to never shut it around fellow white men.  
Because when the chips eventually fall  
Will you have the integrity to walk the talk without approval?  
Doing unspoken acts with no 'plan' or performance:  
The thankless work is the most important.  
The fact it even has to be orientated that way is so disappointing.

Hold you to "a higher standard" because I feel parts of the unseen  
You excrete as you move about the space with no empathy.  
But only God knows you co-opted the language,  
Because from the look on your face as you listen,  
I can tell you don't really mean it.  
Parts of the unseen emerged -  
And will emerge with time -  
But when I hear those experiences  
I listen,  
am deeply moved,  
and drawn to action.  
I can tell your fear comes from being jaded and disconnected.

Life weathers the stone smooth, until it's a pebble,  
Break down into sand with a few more tumbles.  
We will all be there,  
Regardless of when the chips fall  
And if we have the courage to dismantle and transform beforehand.  
Privilege shields you from authenticity  
Because you draw only on what you knew  
And what's been told to you because of x, y, or zed;  
Which must be incomplete when you can't speak beyond concepts -  
of how the intangible structures have recreated tangible life experiences -  
Without perspective you can't see the disparity.

What does it mean to confront the machine that prevents human beings from connecting with ease?

## Centered Integration

10-16-21

False scarcity:

A learned habit of always looking for purpose outside of me.

Who knew all this time

Abundance was the current inside that underpinned this life?

I think I always did,

Even if it was subconscious.

Now, I've learned thoughts create action,

And with a reorientation I am

Examining what it means to feel worthy in place.

Actions then create habits,

So I am reevaluating

And challenging my lack of trust that bred self-destruction -

With a few pieces to go -

I contemplate sober behind my nightly blasz smoke.

Habits reap character,

And although fundamentally unchanged,

I have shedded much of the armored exterior.

Character then forms a destiny -

Not necessarily predetermined -

Created by the next step I put in front of me.

At this point, I do believe I deserve appreciation -

I stop on instinct -

But I am no longer hiding behind inhibition to let intuition lead.

Frankly, the distance can only be seen by me

With the nooks and crannies of the path I took here.

I will say, the fact I'm actively writing about myself is one hell of a step

Because I have filled my cup up

That was never truly bare:

It felt that way because I gave without comfortably receiving.

So now, I'm ready to look outside

And see emergent robustness rather than obligated completion.

Ruled by vitality, not an omission,

A balance of having enough self to feel centered and a lack of it to feel connected.

"When does the hardship end?"

"When you love yourself."

Then the pupil opened

And I could finally see

All that I ignored in, out, and beside me.