

Rosetta's Stone

Our greatest fear is that we never reach the highest of peaks
Fighting against the fading of our existence forgetting to live
It is the thing we forget to do
The action that follows the words in which define our time spent dying
A heart beats roughly two billion times if we're lucky
So I dance to the percussion of this ocean of blue running through me
We are miracles
Death is the greatest burden we bare yet I am more afraid of forgetting to unleash hurricanes back into
the universe
Fearful of becoming so dormant that I forget that I am a descendant of giants
A continuation of a story seldom spoken
Our history is cozied under a blanket full of small pox
Stifled beneath broken treaties
Waiting to be heard by deaf ears
Reflection is a song best sung in the light
Atop the crimson stained battlefields where life once existed in harmony with mid-summer breezes
inspired by the flutter of a butterfly's wings
Illuminated by 50 stars
We are the reverberation of 1492
Redskins once existed
They were newborns littered amongst the plains like the petals of daisies torn from their roots
Discarded in the name of destiny
Their story rests in the clouds
Clouds painted across the sky's canvas with tears that evaporated into memorials that we rain dance to in
triumph
Hearts pounding like war drums
This a war forged in colonial scars that shape shifted into alcoholic blissfulness
The rez is drowning in whiskey tears and for some reason they think change is best served from the belly
of a slot machine
As if any amount of currency can cure the systemic plague of assimilation injected into a lineage of
tattered nations
A forgotten people
Force fed Christianity while Jesus wept to symphonies of their slaughter
I bare the facial features of my people yet they refuse to acknowledge me
Fast forward to now
Watch as they cheer to the buffoonery of mascots masquerading like misrepresentation
A sea of head dresses pressed against hooded linens that sting our souls like hooded sheets
Or statistics that read like the definition of poverty stricken
We were PTSD before it ever became a diagnosis
Listen to our song with a heart so full of love that it is one beat from bursting with empathy
I am a prototype
A savage no longer
Foggy eyed while lip-syncing songs that celebrate the atrocities of my ancestors demise
Hyphenated
Disconnected
Searching for my roots in a forest of neo-democracy
Swimming against the current
Reaching for the sun
Dancing across the midnight sky
Flowing in the mountains
A wind song echoing eternally

Guided by a mothers love
A father's sacrifice
Dreaming of infinity

Opus of the Abused

Loving you is hard
You'll never understand
Nor can you ever know that my night-time winks are disturbed by flash backs
The reverberating angst of a little girl crying in pain shakes the ground beneath my feet
Blaring shrieks wreak havoc on my eardrums
I can hear her screaming, but there is nothing I can do
Nothing I can say to dissuade her from haunting my dreams at night
I can see tsunamis violently crashing against the harbor of her fragile adolescents
Words like bitch, slut, fucking whore
The roar of the tide is stifling
I can see a little boys hands protruding from the rubble of a thousand motherfuckers cast from the
hollows of a single fathers frustration
I recant to the point that I can't sleep
Spare the rod spoil the child is a credo not intended for idle hands
Father by no means were you a musician, but you played the drums well
Your hands were magnificent
Your hands were like drum sticks
Nina and I your drum set
Many moons we stood paralyzed by your blood shot gaze as you played your ballad with pictures before
the pictures on the mantle
I swear to God one night I witnessed a tear roll down the cheek of my grandmother's portrait as you
viciously kissed my face with open hands
How can't you remember something so disturbingly beautiful?
If these walls could tell tales
They'd narrate stories of belts clashing against adolescents
Our skin would retort in the form of bruise and welts
As if it were an ocean disturbed by furious winds
Nefarious hymns released from your lips acted as whips intended to restore obedience
Instead your words carved scars onto the psyches of two fertile minds
If only I could rewind the hands of time
I'd give my sister her childhood back
Take back the time when you beat the innocence from her soul
For wearing make-up?
To think you had the nerve to act as if you were the victim
As I get older I'm beginning to think that maybe you were because it is you that has to sleep with these
demons at night
If only I could reverse the hands of a clock
I'd give myself my childhood back
Erase the time you beat me through a sliding glass window from memory
If only I could maraud happenings from the past
I'd tell a seventeen-year-old mother to be
A few years from now you are going to be running from this mans fist
You are going to burst into your sons room who is only six and weep yourself to sleep as your baby boy
tries to convince you
Mommy everything is going to be alright
You don't want to hear that right?
Just the other day you asked when I was going to give you grandchildren

I grimaced and told you someday
What I really wanted to say is that I am hesitant to plant seeds because I am afraid of the garden I may harvest
I am your son, right?
I could never be you
I could never pass down this heirloom of abuse, but father these thoughts rattle my mind
Binding me to fears that never seem to fade
Loving you is hard
I forgive you, but I can never forget

Oxymoronic

I'd give you the shirt off my back
Love you like tomorrow isn't promised
Move mountains in your honor
Traverse landscapes littered with shattered glass barefooted
Give you my sight
My arms ache
Stretched across the universe waiting for your embrace
I'll lie in wait
Guiding you towards the light with a love so strong words couldn't even begin to explain
I've never been the religious type but if God brings you closer to serenity than I'll pray for an angel to mend your wings so that one day you can finally escape the darkness
You are oxymoronic
Painful pleasure
Standing before your reflection neglecting to see the beauty
Sullied by skeletons
Trapped in a closet with a belly full of keys
Schemes tattooed to your canvas naked eyes will never see
A cacophony of contradiction released from devilish lips
Amicably divorcing yourself from reality
Slowly dissipating from memory
Yet I keep holding on
You are oxymoronic
Partially destroyed
Addicted to lanes where limits never existed
Searching for scattered puzzle pieces
Lost in the murkiness of your confusion
I've spent a lifetime adjacent to your bleeding heart
Imparting affection
Caressing scars
You are oxymoronic
More perfect than you'll ever know
A midnight sun illuminating the horizon
Gentle turbulence in the flesh
Running idle in a race against time
Like a quiet storm you never existed
You are noiseless sound
Obedient defiance
A quiet revolution marching before a sea of serpent eyes
Pretending to be free

What are you afraid of?

It is the swan song you'll want to sing
What are you afraid of?
You are a king
An echo of your forefather's footsteps
There is thunder resting on your larynx
Converse lightning
Strike doubt at its core
Let your heart roar as if it were a blaze set by Apollo
You are a beacon of light
Powerful beyond measure
A treasure glistening beneath the gritted teeth of a country weeping
You are a sun who has risen from a field of dreams
Sun kissed souls bartering body beneath malicious mists have sacrificed in your honor
Generations have been lost in pursuit of granting you a chance to reach a greater destiny
There is an earthquake trapped beneath your chest
You have been granted a finite opportunity and you mustn't squander it by remaining silent
Shake the universe to the core with the aftershocks of your consciousness
Dare not asphyxiate yourself with the fire that rests in unison with your breath
Release it
Dance from the suffocating silence
Unleash the storm from your belly
You must fight in the name of existence
Celebrate death by living
Don't you ever forget to struggle beautifully
Let instinct be your guide
Absorb the beauty before your eyes
Share it with those who remain blinded by the fallacies of life
Fear nothing!
Stagnation pollutes the soul
Idle dreams are die beneath clenched winks
On your path you are going to feel the wrath of those who fear their own potential
But you are stronger than that
March past every peddler of doubt
Dream crushers attempting to sell you their idea of normalcy are not to be welcomed
They are going to try an persuade you to relinquish your aspirations in the name of security
But security can serve as a prison
Your vision is not that of a fool
Lead the knowledge famine towards the light
Nourish their minds with the fruits of your journey
Encourage them to reach beyond the limits of interpretation
No barrier can detain your rebellion
You are the universes breath
Seek everything your heart desires
Because it's all over (SNAP) like that

Burnt Bridges

I know what you're going through brotha
Trust me it's going to get better
Man, there was a time when I looked into the mirror and saw nothing
I used to relinquish love to others yet refused to love myself
Restless strangled tranquility from my being
Disturbed by faded dreams reality rendered impotent

I declared war on my soul
Bombarded self worth with missile strikes of self-hatred
I even threw Molotov cocktails at my psyche
Self-destruction was my addiction
I was a rampart riddled battleship plummeting deep into an abyss of nothingness until I hit rock bottom
I reached for the surface but light kept getting dimmer
For years I lingered below the depths loitering spaces of dissolution
Constantly sleeping
Shackled to indecision
Silence rendered me paraplegic
Confined behind invisible bars
Dead yet breathing
Conscious yet sleeping
The silence was deafening
I just kept repeating this mantra
Breathe
Breathe
I was fading, but I was fighting
Fighting to reclaim my soul
Battling demons that refused to let me go
Refused to let me breathe
But I kept fighting
You know what the crazy thing was brotha?
Behind clenched eyelids, I began to see
The radiance of my minds awakened light birthed an ember within
Frustration transformed that ember into a flame
Retribution transformed that flame into a fire
The ice in my veins began melting
My heart began pounding
Finally, I gathered enough strength to rise to my feet
Pried my eyes open
Allegories of past transgressions painted the sky above eclipsing the suns presence
But you what?
It didn't matter because for the first time in a very long while
I was alive
I stood there for hours choking on ashes
Crying before burnt bridges I set ablaze