

Rebel Starseed Musings

They will try to control you with fame; to give you their Look, then make you a Name.

That failing they will try shame; when you stay unfazed, then they pile on the blame.

And when to their shaming you show your immunity, craving no part in their shallow community,

Watch for guilt tripping done with importunity, but don't believe that they carry impunity.

They cannot fracture your innermost Unity.

Been a pariah all of my life—not made to be Conformity's wife,

Put on her gown, and go under her knife. I'm not inhaling the lies, tricks, and strife.

I handle things, I channel things, can't intercept my channeling

I won't lie flat like paneling, won't WANE like earWAX post ear candling,

I'm here sans fear, withstanding manhandling.

All those around me I stay reminding, they can leave freely, I do no binding.

In my experience love ISN'T blinding, and I'm just here for the karmic unwinding.

Rebel Starseed Musings

My skinfolk fail as kinfolk when they say it's not my fight.

I am itching to remind them that WE WERE NOT always white

Neither as single beings nor as a collective:

Pretending we're separate is simply defective.

And to learn what I have yet keep fiscal connection to ignorant minds and to racist infection

Is to go hard against all my love and affection. Yet Money is dirtied or cleansed by direction.

So, I don't bite the hand that feeds me lest I bail on they who need me,

Lest I jail up those who freed me from a system built to bleed me

BUT

I have had a final glut of the lies on which they graze

And the truth churns in my gut—I've had nausea for days

In a haze, flee the maze,

Satan flays, Father prays

Calamity pays, humanity frays, insanity stays...

Virtue signals, Bible thumping got my nerves hot pepper jumping, set my tachycardia thumping!

And I never once understood my disdain for their clear "bad" & "good"

'Till in the slate temple I once again stood, candle in hand, sandaled feet, & a hood.

Who was I? I won't say here! Just know my soul cannot fear.

I never die, I just change gear; nor am I high on herb or beer—

Just test my piss, it's crystal clear!

Infrastructures crumble! Politicians rumble!

Watch the dollar tumble! Hear the fault lines grumble!

"Mea culpa!" screams Mother Earth, "I regret having given birth!

I'll watch them burn, I'll let them rot. Then I will gain another shot

Stirring the primordial pot for brighter life than what I got!"

Rebel Starseed Musings

Stop assumin'

I'm a human

Just 'cause I look like you.

I'm not your species!

It's utter feces

Thinking I wanna live like you do.

I only came here for the food,

Got sidetracked by the women,

Drank too much booze,

Then while I was busy sinnin'

My spaceship got towed.

I don't know where they took it.

If I ever get to leave Earth

My stars, I'm gonna book it!

Rebel Starseed Musings

Stressing 'bout impressing people they can't even stand,
Folks care nothing about quality, they only want the brand.
No wonder this "cull"-ture calls makeup "beauty"—
Burying realness must be its duty.
Oh you think I'm lying now, you're saying I'm playing?
Then why do the folks wearing lots say they're "slaying"?
Makeup is art, artifice, artificial; all that it highlights is one's superficial.
And not just the makeup but all of its kin: fake hair, nails, lashes, and fillers for skin.
I am not saying these things take no skill, but to label them beauty is mentally ill.
Beauty is what the Almighty gave 'em; if they cannot see this, then what force can save 'em?
It will not be God and it sure won't be me. Maybe it'll be their idol, Barbie!
People tell you that they love you, put no other above you
But the minute you refuse to comply with what pleases their eye, it exposes their lie.
They stay mistaking fakeness for awakensess
Face for grace, body for soul, 'cause their hearts are like coal
Burning dirty, overly concerned about turning 30
Or growing still older, when they should be concerned they're going colder.
Honey by all means get you the plastic dolly of your dreams,
But don't go crying when she busts her seams
Or wonder why she's always bitching. Probably her stitching's itching,
Or that "pressure" she's applying is on shapewear that she's buying—
Trying too hard now she's dying!
I'm not talking to be vicious but the irony's delicious.
Altering self so the world satisfies,
Yet all of it, yes all of it, ain't worth shit
'Cause even Death stays rolling her eyes.

Rebel Starseed Musings

How I love to roast the bad eggs,
And then make 'em crack like crab legs,
Sizzle like bacon in the oil,
And scream like lobster in a boil...
Watch my words give all the heat
Needed for their sorry meat.
Their sick games gave me the reasoning,
Now their tears provide the seasoning!
Dip 'em in it like au jus,
That's how chickens come to roast—
Uhhh, roost!