

America is Me, America is NOT Me

America is Me
The Hope, The Promise
that withered on the backbones
of relatives that stitched
the red blood and blues
spewed from black dreams
on the stripes of the American flag.

America is Not Me
Our founding fathers
built a country on morals
That once deferred dreams through
Slavery and Assassinations.
Gunning down black thoughts
Like runaways.

Yet still...

America is Me
The (new) hope, the promise
that lingers on the transgressions
of a new generations belief
In politics and not the politics of color
Or (the) color of an American citizen
Change? Yes we can

Because...

America is Not me
As it currently stands, until
we no longer minimize the values
of our fellow American citizens.
Whose burdens are entangled
In the same star spangled banner
that we all pledge allegiance too.

For...

America is Me, America is NOT Me
Her thorns, ever so prickly, as I peel off the,
She love me, she loves me not petals
from *Americas* rose. The same rose
that once grew Tupac from concrete
yet gunned him down w/o justice

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Perform My Blackness:

Open Letter to Africana Studies and Black Studies Majors

The Negro must climb the racial
mountain but don't look down
cuz' negroes are falling off the raft.
Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay in the water
wade in the water, dead.
But where are all the Negro spirituals?
So soulful uplifting the nation
black citizens, my people.

Where is that voice of reason?
Contemplating the true dilemma,
as that Strange Fruit in America.
The Poet, The Writer, The Lyricist
who turns black pain into black art
by squeezing the rhythm and blues
out of neo-slave narratives.

The Preacher, The Singer
lifting every voice to sang a
harmonious oral history of
the black experience,
The unconventional black artist
The Comedian, The Actor
who like those tall tales passed
down from African Griots,
paints a vivid history rooted
in the melody of black struggle.

The pain echoed though
the wonders of performance arts
the continuity as fluid
as our black identity
as we break the verbal
barriers of the written language
and turn generations of silence
into a inter-disciplinary approach
of black subjectivity, one
fused with the cadence of rhymes
and a multitude of expressions

Mind Fucker

Over the horizon,
remote dreams fade away
like the New York City skyline amid blackout.

Yet my thoughts remain (as) dim lit candles,
faint mental pictures, dried up sentiments
barricaded in. My minds closed,
thought stream road-blocked.

Imagination express line lies underground,
three stops down the subway.
Concepts are boroughs away from concreteness.
Can I Brooklyn Bridge them?

Screw me over-words,
take my minds' cherry.

Opinions excite and stimulate my mind.
Penetrate through fresh virgin visions,
fluid ideas that mind fuck the best of us.

I keep these thoughts to myself,
stroke them into reality
and ejaculate immaculate wet dreams.

It's Me or The Dog

You said I was barking up a storm
taking things out of perspective
with that carpet muncher..
Lets be honest. There's no more
cushion on our love seat.
These Canine scraped floorboards,
marks up MY territory. Slip'n'fall
puppy chow accidents occur
to the higher end pedigree.

The muzzle is off.

I can no longer be mute on your mutt.
It's not you, it's me.
it's not *this* mans' best friend.
Destructive too....
Rough roufff ruff?

It's me or the dog

November Dreams of a Drunken ~~20~~21 Year Old

I stare at the six layer cake
with miniature people forced to stand guard
and smile while a knife hammers away the single life
to serve up a huge piece of commitment.

I look off into November's heavy breeze,
which settles in a seesaw manner
golden-brown hand- like leaflets,
that once stood still against the destructive kiss
of a late spring downpour.
It now swings and rocks against
the curve of the wind to a peaceful death.
My life is now over.

"You may now kiss the bride."
I slowly pull back the veil, to reveal
the woman of my dreams....
I awake.

I lie surrounded by darkness.

The only Natural Light,
is printed on the empty beer cans
left abandoned on the coffee table.
The scent of stale beer and orange juice,
covers my nose like Autumns lost golden
treasures as they rotate amidst light breezes
from tree to pavement. But my apartment reeks
of unfinished beverages and of a reality to hardcore
for my two freshly opened crusted brown eyes.

A best man? No, only a best friend.
who sits uncomfortably asleep in the same
position as I last saw him:
A beer in one hand, his phone in the other.
I take three Motrin's in an attempt
to silence the construction team
that didn't seem to get the, "I'm sleep memo."

My dream, the girl of my dreams,
I try to remember, but I could barely
remember anything from last night.
Those thoughts blown away.
Fall. Maybe it's because of the season
Before dozing off, I catch sight

of what is barricaded in between
the walls of the man-made empty beer can fort.
The last slice of birthday cake
lies half bitten with no frosting.

I wish I could turn 21 every year.