

The Trickster

I dodge moonlight as I
tip-toe through the fields
so soft, so soft, so soft.

I see the cocoa bean and I
pluck it from the garden.
The yam looks good, so I
take that too.

Then I hear the wind come real close
while I pick (bean here, yam there),
and He say to me,

Anansi, my brother, why do you steal?

But is it stealing if I take
what is not rightfully theirs?

Hear me, I say, the Earth mother
bears fruit for all her children;
We eat and do not starve.

Ah, He say, I see, I see.

And He leaves quick as he come,
so fast, so fast, so fast.

To play the wind is no small feat.

I find comfort in that as I gather food
for the children, of course.

But I suppose it would be fine if I
took some for myself.

PULSE

You were never welcomed here.

You came through and
ruined my life
when you laid my father and he
cast me out.

I was perfect.

I was
Daddy's Little Bitch.

But you stood in the way.

You would not
leave
me
ALONE.

You were everywhere

I hated you most.

You burned yourself into my eyes and
ate me in my nightmares.

You never catch it because I
play the puppet so well, but
I can only smile for so long

before I get tired and
cut the bullshit.

Lately I've noticed there are
little tribal people dancing in my head.
I join them sometimes, but I don't think
they like me very much.

Yesterday they ran away and huddled in a corner
as if *I* was the savage.
Well, screw them, and
screw you, too.

Don't forget that I hold the knife.
You're all in my head, and if I go
you go with me.

STOP. Move the blade away.

Why turn the knife on me when
I could just cut you instead?
There's no need for me to
bleed in your place.

I'll be leaving soon. I think
maybe I'll take the little people with me.
They'll keep me company while you
fuck my Daddy.

The knife can stay since
I have no need for it now,
But really because I hope you'll be nice and
off yourself.

2018

This is the Year of the Badass Smartphone
all fresh and clean and
just hopped out of a spaceship

Now legal weed can take us to new highs
that aborted babies won't ever get to taste
and religion will be next on
the list of things to go extinct

We live in a generation where
dudes would trade in their girls for
a hundred grand because
her mouth game won't pay off those student loans

And we added new words to our vocabulary like
Trump and Putin and Kim Jong-Un
synonyms under the category of
"What the hell went wrong?"

Last night I drank cleaner water
than Flint, Michigan has seen in years
Progress is slow when the tap is
almost as black as you are

All this happens and
you've been sleeping this whole time
head nodding dumb to the media
that enslaves you

So I'mma need you to slow down and
take a step back
It's about time for you to

Wake up.

Snazzy

We watch him walk pass
buttoned down in his button-up
smilin' as he stroll through.

Guy on my left start shakin' his head.
"That brotha lookin' fancy today!"
I turn to him and say, "Not fancy, my brotha. Snazzy."

He look confused. "Now whatchu mean?"

I say, "Fancy's when you look regal,
All posh and full of hot air that deflate
When yo' suit come off.

But snazzy is when you

pop

when you

glide

when you

jive.

It's when you mix in cool vibes
with a hint o' Jazz.

Snazzy's somethin' you born with
that can't nobody take away
and you best believe it's gon' show when you move.

Snazzy is that man who dances in the hallway
'foe he leave the house,
or that lady 'cross the room
who holds her head just high enough
to let the world know she fine.

And ain't no amount of clothin' and nice things
'gon fix you.
No special walk or clean speech
'cuz it got to come from yo' *soul*.

He say to me, "Sho'nuff?"
I say, "Fa'sho."

Then he grin all wide, shake my hand,
and make his way 'cross the street.

Walkin' like he got a smooth tune playin'
in his head.

Walkin' like he snazzy.