

The Black Slave

A young woman began to taste the blood
Of a river, who escaped a dark path.
A warrior of hope, she became a black female
Who will rise from deprivation and strive onward.
Onward, until time listened to her cries. Cries of a
Gentle blow. Possessed in her female image,
A young woman demanded respect.
Out of the blackness of night, she would cry
As tears of blood vanished God's will.
The sun rose from the lonely years of slavery
To free her soul from disparity.
As the stars in heaven above alludes
Death, a promise of severity will
Succumb her destiny.

Life after Death

Heaven above is no different than
Life on earth, bitterness and cold.
Hell below is no different than
Life on earth, empty and hot.
Then death must be lonely and quiet.
Life buried in earth, without a soul.

In the Heart of the Ghetto

The west side is full of hope.

For some life is unfair.

The ghetto is made of many dreams

Embodied with people who care.

The ghetto is for those who strive

Over defeat and denial.

The ghetto is for those with dreams

Of hope for miles and miles.

The ghetto has many smiling faces

Where every man is free.

The ghetto opens its eyes wide

For whatever race you be.

End

What would man do without light?

Man would not be able to read.

Man would not be able to see the difference

Or understand his true creed.

What would man do without light?

Hope would be a bare stare.

No principle of change could make a difference

For those who are aware.

What would man do without light?
Neither light nor dark would matter,
If you die a dreary death
Nor good or bad would make it better.

Mississippi of the West

When the sun sets
And darkness swarms into night,
Tomorrow will call dawn until dust
Laughing at your perturbed soul.
I was left crying in the account of you.

Snail

Each step you take is progress.
Each time you strive is pride.
Each move you make is determination.
Each time you wonder for a dream,
Unashamed, with the elements you bring.
You pace your steps unselfishly.

Climate

Last night I had a night mare
I awoke a cold sweat,
With the reality
Of my burdens.