

Love Hurts

Man love hurts, like the sun washing over raindrops, drying the pavements to a scorch

Like being shot with a flaming arrow burned to ashes, singing the blues at 2 am lying in the tub
with a drink in your hand, and pain in your heart

Like a fish taking a walk across the burning sand, trying to find a home in a foreign land

Dreaming of kissing the one you love and floating in a pool of love, pain, and tears wanting to
lose yourself from the past betrayal of love lost

Love Hurts

Reminisce

August 3, 2020

3:30 PM

I thought of the time when my innocence's was taking away from me, I was probably 4 or 5, I remembered a white t-shirt, a sleepover and playing house.

I even remembered the second time, I don't remember how old I was but I do know she took my hand and made me touch her parts.

Now the funny thing at 24, I was raped and then again four years later someone else did that too, now come to think about it, I didn't know what they were doing until the deed was done and I was left in the dawn.

Today I mourn memories misplaced in my mind that left me blind to my misfortune not knowing I was robbed of my purity and youth all thanks to them

I don't even know if there were others who committed this offense that killed my suspense of my 1st time on my own time

Not being able to know the difference between love and sex but wanting to flex my heart

Suicidal Thoughts

I've reached my limits on bullshit and excuses

Oh Jerrick you have so much to live for, when I keep seeing more slammed doors

My family has never been of any help to me the way I have for them and I'm over it

Yet I see everyone lining up with their hands, hats, and pockets expecting something from me
when they've invested nothing in me

My business is barely a float and I refuse to work for the man, so I'm thinking about ending my
life again

People keep saying you should talk to a therapist about my thoughts and that's fine but it doesn't
cure my doubts of this life

I can spill my guts ten times over and still I feel cold, still pushed into the streets like old trash
left to rot, thinking about taking that shot or cutting my wrists again and just drowning myself
deep into the blue tears I've cried until I turn purple black

I'm fighting my demons and they seem to keep finding their same way back from their grave
I've contemplated sharing with them

Someone stole the little light I had shining and I've been singing my grief to the moons glow
about wanting to let it all go

Labels

From the price tags to the wash rags in American culture labels have been worn like feathers in a bird's wings

Its starts in the womb, it's a boy or a girl, then we play the name game, buying books to select the perfect title or keeping grand papa's family heirloom pass down from generations, letting his legacy live on

Let's take it back a bit further in time, when our ancestors were stolen from their homes tribes in the great lands of our Mother, stripped of our tribal names, to be beaten and branded by our thieves

Now fast forward to present day and time where we're blinded with labels from the classroom to the boardroom, from the country roads to the city streets

Black, white, nigger, cracker, gay, straight, slow, intelligent, smart, stupid, dumb, A1, and L7 are just a few labels we give each other or use to destroy our minds as we write our rhymes on these lines

On to the countless names of diseases, measles, mumps, fevers and flus from West Nile to Covid -19, to ALS to HIV-AIDS, Autism to Alzheimer's to Zika all labels in the field where were trying not to be killed

From the hoopty to the Hummer, the Jag and the Benz rolling down the highways and byways

Please Don't Shoot

Please don't shoot I'm just heading home from the store with snacks for a movie

Please don't shoot I'm a student, working on my criminal justice paper for class

Please don't shoot I'm just an innocent black man, woman, boy or girl just minding my business without a care in this world

Please don't shoot my hands are up and I'm scared that any of my actions could prove fatal even a sneeze while you're saying freeze

Please don't shoot I'm a hostage along with my kids in the backseat fast asleep

Please don't shoot I'm not the person you're looking for, how do I fit that description of 7'0 feet when I'm barely 5'4

Please don't shoot I called you about someone breaking in my place, my weapons are for my protection to keep my family safe

Please don't shoot I'm just here playing video games with my son and someone claimed they heard gun shots coming from my home

Please don't shoot I live here, I came home and there's a stranger in my house claiming they had the wrong apartment number

They Taught Me to Hate Me

Why is he reading a book, what makes him thinks he's better than me, who does that nigga think he is

I'll tell you who I am, I'm a brother who was told you'll be nothing no more than a thief, lair, crook, a ditch digger was the worst I've heard besides a sad nigger singing gospel and the blues

To be hung from a tree strange fruit, not ripe enough for the picking, blood dripping watering the grass below our swinging feet, blowing in the wind like sweet Magnolias and flames over the land and sands

We see it all the time now being attacked by our brothers, cousins, fathers and friends being killed by one another in our communities because we simply can't agree to disagree

I've seen us in the streets beating each other down with our words, walking all over each other's thoughts, spilling our guts on the sidewalks like animals for their evening meal

My spirit weeps for those people because they taught me to hate me when they don't even know me, but want to use me for my all that I am because they truly want to be me what's the deal

Why did you teach me to hate me when we gave you the world that we built and you left us with the shame and guilt that he's better than me, or she's better than her because were still the same pedigree, no matter the shade of black you are

Dear Black People

Dear Black People,

I send you my people love, peace and blessings

I've walked this world for a short time and lived to see how far we've come and how far we have to go

I feel the hurt of my friends losing another loved one at the hands of policemen while the politicians who've failed to see our beauty lies deeper than the color of our skin

Our sin was not being born with the color of the infinite universe and the intellect of the great kings and queens of the motherland

We've lost our way, way back in the days when King dreamed and X's trip to the Holy Mecca

We've lost our sense of who we were and who we are in our community, love and unity trading it for damnation displaced from our family trees and legacies

I weep for my brothers and sisters lost in the sweeping of bullets that was meant for someone else while the bystanders are the victims of a misunderstanding

I've witnessed first-hand friends lost to more gun violence than the common cold, souls grown cold to the reality of the world we live in

Singing farewell to faces of my community who looked just like me, crying on the altar for God's mercy wanting to be free of my burdens of losing another person of color

But that's Your Friend

He told you, you was his bro then he broke in your house and stole your things, but that's your friend

She was kicking it with you and your man then slept with him behind your back, but that your friend

Y'all were ride or die, then he showed you his cards and you had to say goodbye, but that's your friend

Your home girl got knocked up by your baby daddy even though she knows y'all are not together but that's your friend

He's mad at you because, you've moved on without him to your destiny, wanting to be back on your side after he crossed twice, but that's your friend

She was jealous of you the whole time because you're a dime and she was 5 in a half on a good day, mad because he passed her up for you and your natural brown hue, but that's your friend

He saw your hustle was killing his shine and decided to drop that dime, you went down did the time and he forgot about you, leaving them sad, tired, blue, and untrue, but that's your friend

They clowned you, recorded you throwing up on their phones pointing laughing clapping their hands, but that's your friend

They denied your invitations to your parties then showed up later with long faces, empty handed, tragic but that's your friend

Bed Bugs and Roaches

Let me introduce you to my new friends or my pets rather

They greet me in the morning, when I brush my teeth, good morning Fred, Wilma, Betty and Barney how's it going

They spend the night running around racing for scraps from my dinner plate, sending their young in as the bate all gathering in the kitchen sink

Bam Bam, Pebbles, Sonny and Cher spending their time hiding in the closets, cabinets, and countertops under the microwave, creeping across the TV screen as a part of the movie unaware of guests sitting around for brunch

Now my other friends or pets are much different, Gomez, Martisha, Fester, and Wednesday stalks their pray under my pillows, covers and blankets

They sleep all day to hunt me in my dreams throughout the night, these tiny dancers creep around feasting on my blood until they're full

Feeding on me like Dracula, Maximillian, and Blade slowly, sipping, strings from my stream in my views, leaving bruises, scars and passion marks of their personal pleasures and tantalizing treat

Mad Genius

Singing Part: There's a method to my madness, beneath my smile, my tears and sadness

I've worked myself into frenzy, unable to pay my tuition and I'm drowning in despair

I've been singing the blues and writing more than the news reporting the same shoot 'em up
bang bang tells

I guess I'll go back to bed, my pillows and quilts stained with tears, fears, and shear
disappointments dreaming of the day I grace the stage in my Sunday's best, receive my degree,
breakout the door avoid the traffic jam and avoiding the faces of phonies

So my arts become the stars, sun, and moon of my show I can fuel my passion, pain, pleasure,
and disdain to the world without looking like the stereotypical prototype black man from the
hood, that's up to no good and should be cutting the grass or cooking the food and I say that not
going to due

I refuse to be rejected by you suits and ties, blue collared liars and sisters who've become plants
in a sewage dump system

I vent my rage to the heavens, that has burned flames down in my belly to the tamed beast in my
bones roaming around in this shelter of my flesh and made a place for my soul to call its home

I've grown past revenge and destruction with my devotion to weekly confessions, meditation and
reflections of how much the Creator God has kept me and brought me through, reciting my
affirmation like bible scriptures on the holiest pages of my lips,

