

**Poetry**

Rodneyc//05

Does it have a place  
Or must it be replaced  
Should it be displaced  
By the critical pursuit  
Of the trivial?

Could it be  
That we see  
No nobility  
In those couplets  
Or jarring words  
Left dangling  
In our minds.

Long before,  
The ego and the id  
The serpent and the cross  
The critical and the progressive  
There stood the poet  
Against the pillars of deceit.

First to shout out  
First to write out  
First to condemn  
First to bless  
First to see wonder  
Then visions of what  
Is to be.

Poetry, the first  
Of the progressive,  
Critical, and reality  
Based expressions  
Of what could be,  
What should be  
And what must be.

On Freedom  
Rodneyc//05

Slavery, either to passions or to  
another's will,  
Produces naught but frustration,

anger then rebellion.  
Love, absent devotion and truth,  
Encourages deceit and abuse.  
Work, in excess or of necessity,  
void of passion and satisfaction  
Confounds life and reality  
and empties the soul of its joy.

Religion, fostered upon the plains of  
pain,  
crucified on the alter of denial and guilt,  
slinks down corridors of destruction and  
damnation.

Reconciliation without forgiveness,  
desolation heaped upon the brows  
life tends only toward life, and freedom  
will not be caged within the feeble  
confines  
of another's unwillingness to accept  
those whose only crime is to be  
different,  
must be set free  
once having tasted freedom  
one can never go back,  
one can never again settle  
freedom requires relinquishing a past  
that would hold the present hostage,  
and the future unredeemable.

***It only took 5 times***

rodneyc//05

but he looked like one of them,  
why did he run,  
not listen to our commands  
just ran,  
and we did what we had to do  
to protect the nation,  
to secure the blessings  
of peace and tranquility  
for God, Country,  
and the Queen,  
we blew his head off

damn..  
it only took 5 bullets.

Five, not 3 or 4,  
but five - right into the temple,  
left nothing to mourn about  
you would think one  
quick one to the brain  
would have done it.  
but  
it took five  
bam, bam, bam,bam, bam  
and  
he was dead  
dead  
with the first one  
but you know  
those terrorists  
the cells keep on living  
so for  
God, Country,  
and the Queen  
we blew his head off  
but damn  
why you so upset  
it only took 5 times.

***The little things***  
Rodneyc//05

Micro-aggressive arrogance  
dressed in the garbs of sincerity.  
Minimalist policies  
masquerading as grand visions,  
schemes aimed to debunk the truth,  
destabilize the reality of another's pain.  
Whimsical diatribes  
confined to the recesses  
of forgetfulness while  
wanton distraction rules the day.

Blissful folly trapped  
in the half-filled glass  
where the dimwitted drink  
their fill

drunk with self-glorification  
and denial of all others.  
Sordid tales played against  
the backdrop of insanity  
where all reality is clouded  
with the  
Frantic passion of deceit  
and profit at any cost.

Little slights, fragments of gossip,  
A twist of the truth, a little deception  
A bit of anger masked as sincerity, and  
The stage is set for the little things  
That gradually erodes, minimally  
destroys,  
Silently detracts from the essential  
dignity  
We all need \* it truly is the little things.

***Yes, i am black***  
Rodneyc//05

Yes, i am black,  
by design, and on purpose.  
anabashedly, unashamedly, and  
decidedly  
black, without a doubt, i shall die that  
way.

Yes, i am black,  
chosen, blessed to be, can't help but be  
black, you know the one, that is  
creatively,  
wonderfully, spiritually, and  
enthusiastically black.

Yes, again, i must declare  
i know, its been quite a dare,  
to sit, and wonder where this particular  
black came into being, but hey, its ok,  
i am resolved, i am comfortable, in that  
blackness.

so, I am black,  
because I choose to be, I am free to be,

and I  
enjoying this being black, for no other  
reason then  
the fact that it suits me right now, and in  
my future,  
I shall continue to be black.

Kristallnacht \* Night of Broken Glass  
Rodneyc//05

Shattered dreams,  
thugs in the streets,  
silent screams as  
no one seems to care.  
Religious hatred,  
racial edicts,  
ethnic cleansing  
in the name of god.  
Dogs drinking  
the blood of martyrs,  
cancers on the  
soul of humanity,  
Distant thunder and  
no one seems to hear.  
Broken bodies mingled  
with concrete and metal  
Broken lives mingled  
with deceit and despair  
Broken promises mingled  
with ignorance and complacency  
Remember \* Kristallnacht  
the night of broken glass.

*A moment of Silence*  
Rodneyc//05

For she sat down  
so that we could stand up  
She endured the indignation  
of a prison cell  
So that we could cross  
over into a different space  
She pointed the way of  
struggle through self-sacrifice  
So that we could  
wither the storm of the ongoing fight.

She taught us that simple humility  
could withstand the onslaught of hate  
So that we could march through the  
doors, climb the mountains of despair  
and frustration.  
She passed over to the other side,  
with grace and dignity  
So now, dear Mother \*Ms. Rosa Parks \*  
we declare a moment of silence, respect,  
and gratitude.

*Silence*  
Rodneyc//05

but how can there be  
over 20,000 dead  
have we no tears  
1.2 mil homeless  
have we no tears  
silence, the ground quakes  
and we go without a care  
but they're not black,  
or white, or even ours  
why should we, but  
the ground quakes  
and we remain  
comfortable in our  
collective  
silence

*So Let Go!*  
Rodneyc/06

It's  
not nice  
to loose one's  
mind  
damn hard  
to find  
it again  
within  
mazes  
of what  
have become  
another's  
sordid dreams

of yesterday.

No  
it's not cool  
to loose  
one's self  
damnably position  
as you dislocate  
psyche  
within  
cataracts  
of another's  
shortsightedness.

Stranded  
on the edge  
of another's pain  
caught up  
in the madness  
of another's angst  
wondering why  
the insanity keeps' on  
flowing.

Strange thing  
being wrapped up in  
another's whirlwind,  
tangled up in  
another's storms  
searching for meaning  
in another's  
refusal to accept  
reality.

So let go!

***Slave mentalities***

Rodney//06

Dope rhymes replacing hope  
Ignorance chosen above enlightenment  
Distractions the main attraction  
Slavery accomplished.

Folly replacing holy

Fear, insecurity justifying failure,  
mediocrity  
Egocentric monologues substituted for  
fact  
Slavery reborn.

Phantom heroes as reality  
Celebrity chosen above humility  
Hypocrisy deemed essential  
Slavery adopted.

Excuses replacing striving  
Accomplishment scorned  
Achievement disdained  
Slave mentalities the norm.

Slave mentalities distorting survival  
Victimization becoming accepted  
Cycles of Damnation now real  
Slavery perpetuated.

***Searching for the Water***

rodneyc//06

refresh my soul  
linger, let me taste  
the wonder that is

you walk paths of my soul  
causing flowers to grow  
within you

gaze into my eyes  
as the wonder of  
this

moment passes into  
days, wrapped up  
in this

daze, crazy it seems  
that only yesterday  
i was searching for

the water.....