

EIGHT BOOKS, A EDUCATION

A Written Creative Work submitted to the faculty of
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Master of Fine Arts

In

Creative Writing

by

Branden E. Balenzuela

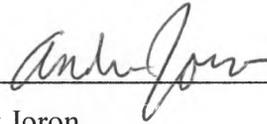
San Francisco, California

January 2017

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CERTIFICATION OF APPROVAL

I certify that I have read *Eight Books, a Education* by Branden E. Balenzuela, and that in my opinion this work meets the criteria for approving a thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirement for the degree Master of Fine Arts In Creative Writing (Poetry) at San Francisco State University.



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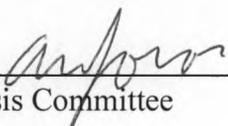
EIGHT BOOKS, A EDUCATION

Branden E. Balenzuela
San Francisco, California
2017

Eight Books, a Education, a collection of complicated dissections of thought progressions, is the combination of multiple experiences, projects, human progress-ings, master-ings, and memorizations of self... This here is a book bound with beat, rhythm, rhyme, heat, heart, earth, heaven, hell, birth, death, well; the rest rests inside. These are poems that started as thoughts, therapeutic breathers, feelings, observations. They talked their way into existence, were written out, remembered, mastered, and spoken: That breeze of breath is written on these pages, etched like grooves on vinyl, singing inward and outward. Singing about topics such as love, subjects like native seeds uprooted. These observations are embedded with an ancient wisdom B.E.B stays intact with. As Hip Hop is a culture of resistance and revolution, as is my work. In its introspectiveness, we gain a lens on everything outside and around. Enjoy. Much Love & Peace

- B.E.B

I certify that the Abstract is a correct representation of the content of this written creative work.



Chair, Thesis Committee

5/15/17

Date

GRATTITUDE

Peace. Every thank I can give to every individual who's gotten me to this point would require too many pages. For those of you who are aware that you've had a role in getting me here, thank you, I have the highest gratitude for you all. My family is always a foundation of support, even if they see my dreams as farfetched schemes. Peace and love to all my chosen kin, the brothers and sisters I've made through artistic expression connection. Peace and love to everyone who hears these words. Peace and love to all the professors, mentors, teachers who helped me see the path that was always there. I thank the universe for picking me to be a poet, MC, speaker of words and observer of truths. Everything I do comes from the universe, every success accredited there. Every mistake is my own, and I thank the universe for letting me learn by failing, or rather, falling forward.

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A LOVE-STORY.

Love Letter 2 Love

Love,

You don't know who you are anymore
You've endured countless nights
fighting yourself, & I
apologize, I lied
played & betrayed you Love...
ruined your warm embrace

You Love
are peace
& piece of mind
when my common sense needs change
You Love
are change. All the dime I need
only shine for me...

but your smile
is elsewhere

You Love
are a fiery chain slicing air
Whipping sounds
& crackling flame

Love
your name comes in peace
you are peace
Love

You rule shit
with an iron fist & a heart
pumping with cannon ferocity, your velocity strikes
like light piercing space
you Love
are space, infinite & mysterious
you Love, are you

with wonderland flare
you light me on fire
with lashes on my back & constriction on my neck
whip me into shape Love

Stillness

I see you in smoke dreams, smoking
 Smoke scenes, green, smoked
 trees & logs too, smoked barbeque
 Smoked strings, drawbridge
 up in smoke...

*I forget not to smoke
 before I sleep...
 It makes your memory
 more vivid...*

My words are the wind, if I whined
 whispered to your mind, in the wee small hours of night
 would you be mine
 again?

My Sunday blues
 no longer beautiful songs
 only sad psalms, palms dry
 eyes dry, cracking, leaking

My damn burst
 your rivers, repaid
 I can't focus

I observed you too much
 Every twitch in your sleep, every eye of infinite looks
 Expressions, signs & styles, stripes
 Burgundies, greens, purples, nudes, blacks
 polka dot pinks
 Colors & shades you loved to paint
 yourself with, you didn't need any tones but your own
 base, your voice
 deeply rooted in my spine, bass strum
 chilled me, froze me, no longer
 do you sooth me

Whose scenes do you freeze frame?
Who dwells in your dreams?
What a sheep I am, following
not counted
before you sleep

You are every angel in my iPod
Every Jhene song, every key Alicia sings
Every Supreme & Ronette, the queen, Etta
Every bit Roberta & Badu, Selena too
I dream of you through every note, you are
every Hruby singing, brighter than the sol above

You are the carrot jalapeño combo
burning my tongue, hell
here in heaven, your heat
the sweet mango jam, with a hint of chili
Animal style burgers, spiced just right
I put Tapatío on everything
2 try duplicating your flavor
I can't get your taste out of my head
& on2 my tongue

Every finger running through my hair, your lost touch
Every body bagged, your lost lust
Every heart abandoned, your lost trust
Every lonely night, you're the breath rushed
held in, suffocating, choking, crippling
gathering your memory into clouds
to torment my mind

You are every overstuffed blunt
 every packed pipe
 every blacked out night
& I still might never forget you
I might never want to
I might forever want you in my routine

You, Queen, sentenced me to silence
My rage growing violent
How much longer will I live inside it?

You are every blue sky
Every Oldsmobile rolling by
Every ocean tide I watch rise
recede
repeat

You became a part of my perspective
I see you everywhere I go
In every cloud of smoke
your elegance flows

I can't let go
of what I can't touch

Love Writes Back

Loved,

you've bruised me
Used and abused me, & truthfully
I want to believe when they say you're unworthy...
but you still can be
You're just stuck in a curve
straighten up

Being abrupt, you couldn't handle
if I erupt & attempted to construct with the clusterfuck
you call character
My cosmic dust would beat you blue
you'd long for lust to get you through
But those hollow caves will only daze
your memory of me, I'll be lingering in your mind
when she leaves with the breeze.

Loved, I know myself still
Don't flatter yourself, you haven't killed me
I am eternal, all encompassing
fuck trumping, heart pumping
peace,
but your ass treated me like the least...
I hope our last encounter has altered your mind
you can't find what you've lost
Your peace tossed in my abyss
you miss my bliss...but trust me when I say
your tranquility can exist without my kiss
Shift your perspective, Loved

Allow your emptiness to fill
with your personal thrills, you'll feel me
in your dreams
Re-capture your laughter
& rapture in the aftermaths of fun, & though
at night you'll long for my touch
tomorrow always brings sun

Loved,
I can't paint your picture
until you're sure what you want
to look like... take flight with your own wings
& make music in the wind that sings to your heart & soul
& I promise I'll hear it

Until then, Loved
sadly, my capacity for tragedy
is in recovery.
Too daunting it'd be for we
to sail the endless seas of me
You must navigate and create
in your own waters
& when your winds of change hover
in my space, I'll show you my grace again

Loved,
don't lose faith in me
though my face, waist, taste & place will change
my heart remains the same
Loved please stop with your games
& one day we'll cross plains & exchange

Then
& only then
can we all each other
friends.

LOW LIFE

Emotions Anonymous

Hello everybody
my name is _____
and I'm a creature of emotion

Honestly, I use to be ashamed
I use to be upset when I'd let my anger drive me
to the point of tears, where I'd tear apart
the idea that boys don't cry
Shit, we cry just as much as girls do
and I disappointed myself for letting that happen

I use to be afraid that I was a disappointment
Afraid that I wasn't being 'a man'
that my sensitivity was my biggest flaw
and that being sad cause Stitch was sitting in a forest
all alone, without even an ugly duckling friend
was something to be afraid of

I use to be sad that I'd let my sadness trap me
and angry more when I'd leave myself to wallow
in the shadows of dim lit rooms
writing monsoons of emotional garbage on pages
thinking this is my savior, my sage burning
my therapy

I was upset that I thought I needed therapy
to suppress these feelings that would arise
The sadness that would cause my communicative demise
The fear that would make me mask myself
The anger to the point of leaking eyes

But one day, and I can't tell you when
cause I don't remember
But one day, I embraced it
I embraced the fear of uncertainty
I embraced the power of my tears of sorrow
the power in my tears of anger, of joy
the tears that come after the laughter, the ultimate rapture

We laugh to keep from crying
But laugh long enough, and it'll rain
and the pain you've bottled will pop the top
shatter the glass and shoot out

I embraced the water
I looked towards the sky, staring at the blue
seeing clouds inch in their movement
and had a revelation
The rain never stays in one place for too long
It'll pass, but not before it does its job

That's why now, I've realize I need these emotions
Without them, I'd have no inspiration
no understanding or way to learn
because how will anyone ever learn the meaning of pain
unless they sit with it, hand and hand
Or learn the benefits of fear
if they don't work through that pause
Or learn the outcome of anger under control
if they never tackle it head on
Or learn the symphony after the storm of sadness
when things become a little less cloudy
and a little more clear

I let my emotions run wild when I watch movies
or hear poetry
or listen to music
or watch plays
Because how will I understand their stories
their messages, their struggles
if I don't synchronize my emotions with the ones embedded inside
What good is hiding gonna do
if there's something I'm trying to find?

I'm trying to find myself
in these stories
so I can understand where they come from
where they want to take me
and where I ultimately need to be
when *The End* comes

Who knows?
Maybe I am too sensitive
and maybe I do rest too much on the chest of love
letting her heartbeat sooth me
when things are too chaotic

Maybe I'm too afraid of the world
and it's perception of my sensitivity
and too afraid of my place in it
or afraid of these emotions themselves
that they keep me from being whoever I really am

Maybe I'm too angry that I'm still afraid at times
and sad that this fear will never leave

But ultimately
I'm a creature of emotion
and I'm misunderstood
because emotions are hard to understand

But at the end of the day
aren't we all?

Insert name when you've processed this poem. Recite again.

Tired, Busy, Days

my constant tired state
is a little more than just fatigue
see, I've been parading around a zombie
a busy zombie, who's workings give little
time to sleep, but the true essence of my tiredness
isn't lack of dreaming days
the reality is, I'm just sad

sadness dissipates
but sometimes the seconds of sorrow
seem to overstay their welcome

and that's the thing
I haven't really been busy
when I've buried myself behind the excuse
the loose translation: *yo! I've been gripped by life
and honestly, being antisocial
and isolating myself
might just keep my sanity
from cracking any more than it already has*

but in both cases, fatigue and sadness
you get the droopy eyes
low energy
lack of interest
and lack of excitement
you'll yawn a lot
cause you want to cry

this sadness, it's been riding me
burdening my back for a while now
do you know how heavy a half assed smile is?
or how difficult it is to hold your head high
trying to keep your eyes up, off the concrete
cause looking low is looking sad
but avoiding all eye contact
because you don't want to lie again
in the face of a friend asking: "How've you been!?"

*oh, you know
just busy most days
and really tired*

it's tiring!

and you know what? Maybe I am tired
maybe this façade takes too much
time, work, and effort to keep up
covering up the sadness
it's working me to the grave!

I've been scared of my potential long enough
afraid of the changes I know I need
changes into a me I know I can be
a me unafraid of attaining beauty
unafraid of the pursuit of passion in pain
instead of hiding behind pages and pages of poetry

it's not that I wanna silence myself
slit my tongue out, cause my voice matters
and I tell myself this daily

I mean, I know it matters to me
but to them? to him? to you?
to her?
can anyone feel the burden and burn
in the written words I speak?
am I too weak to breathe
the spells my ink leaked on paper?

sadness dissipates
but sometimes the seconds of sorrow
seem to overstay their welcome
so I swallow shots to suppress still time
sit and sip, recline and rhyme away
the dying days

sit with the still time
tell it your stories of sorrow
until tomorrow's sunrise refills hollow eyes
listen to yourself, listen to the silence
listen to the tears, listen to the fear
conquer the current, control your change
cause sadness dissipates
when you've finally had enough of the tired
the busy
the days

Caged Skull

Stressed beyond belief
Can't imagine the feet
Every step I press into the concrete
My hunger obsolete
Cause now I'm just survivin
Maybe I'm depressed?
Maybe they aint lyin when they say havin a supply will get you high and lose your mind
But fuck it cause I'm still rhymin

Constantly checkin behind me
Paranoia got me blind, see
It's only been 5 minutes
So why you checking the time B? damn
I guess I'm outta my lane
Kinda surprised that I remember my name
When I wake up from dreams where I'm about to get slain
Like I'm playin a game
But I'm just layin in pain, dang

What am I out to gain?
Hard to tell
Cause everything around feels the same
Stuck down in hell
lookin up for some change, but it's slippin out
hard to shout these things I'm feelin now
so I write it out
a different route from Russian roulette
if I hadda bet, I'd blast 5 blanks to the chest
n rest the pistol on the table with the rest I wasn't able to pull
tale of a fool, I never picked it up

and I'm stuck with a ruptured skull
caged in a brain that's far from whole
stuck at a hold up, what's the hold?
what's the hold?

Self Examination

I coin the word change, but I pocket the profit
 Keep it tossed in the darkness & make sure that the lock fits
 Cause I rock hearts, rip 'em apart & stone 'em to death
 Kanye had the right idea, she came when she shoulda left
 Now I'm, def& dumb trying to open my ears
 Hear all the problems I got, try to resolve 'em through tears
 Try to rip off the skin of the boy I use to be
 Shit... I use to keep my girls by the 3
 1 that I really wanted, 1 as a backup
 1 as a fuck around, I thought I was macked up
 2 broken hearts later this habit hasn't gone away
 It's here to stay, or so it seems if I say word is bond
 I try to move on from it, but I'm a procrastinating individual
 though my work is always critical, It takes a little time
 When I grind the results are close to pure perfection
 But I rest way too much on questions
 other perspectives create my reflection
 But I know what I see when I stare at space, I see my face, I see my place
 Though the trackwork down on earth hurts da feet
 gotta keep it moving, gotta keep examining me
 gotta figure my flaws, and construct, wit they fibers
 Create a web that's stronger than steel and spiders
 Use it as a shield to the bull this world tosses
 Run with the light, lost in the darkness, that eternal glow
 Know the path my mind shows, follow it with the toes, and stay high not low
 Grow through the examination of self, visualize my creation
 My Olympus on earth, empress moon, I run with the nwn
 Supernova burst when my birth was too soon, or right on time
 I can't make up my mind, I recline, write these lines
 Remember the rhymes, recite 3 times, signs I read through the 9's I see
 Ciphers complete, when I speak.

Peace

LOST IN A NEW TOWN

Walkin Down Heaven's Streets

Born devils, 5 fiends
 stuck in dreams, nightmares
 where seams unweave
 where is their G?
 I see 2 queens choke
 on dope, their Goddess cards
 revoked...

*I stand next to shit smeared seats, & on the streets
 the scent obsolete, I've grown use to it*

Crooked kings, mean muggin swine
 storing lost time in confines, bars
 like stripes steeling stars, 50
 unjust sols, 7 false rays shining
 fools' badge of gold
 Red & blue lights silent
 for now,
 as they exit the drive-thru...

Old McDonald had a farm

The concrete inhales...

*Buildings spit history & prophecy
 Mathematics & astronomy, my red eyed mind
 Jet lagged, trying to keep up
 Stuck between memory & drunken scenes
 Woven into windows, 40 oz of flame
 Weaponry, in honor of the slain
 Tear gas stains the still air
 Zombie spirits still lingering here
 Stories projected there and anywhere
 Heaven is near*

...the concrete exhales...

repeat...

*Soles burdened & burned, bones ache
Each step I take I conquer space
& I deny time's sly advance
To the East, peace, amongst faces of G's
Lost kings & queens, fiends trapped in devilish schemes
How far from reality is there present?*

Gifts from goonies, transfers
Tricky thieves, value lost
beneath a beastly
bus' feet

...time prevails...

White chalk outline
9 lives a myth
cause 8 shots don't miss
6 does
not exist, tripled
never dismissed

...bliss on these shit stain streets

Home is Hell, Hell is Gone

Holy hell has made home here, hearing our cries
 God ignores us & plays ping pong on Pluto
 with his frozen sperm sons, stardust

Satan oversees our lives, house-sitting
 for the time being, his world
 Streets occupied by sleeping sols
 not realizing their light purpose
 Scratched necks, fix finders
 7 starred sheriffs, golden standard of yellow roots
all colors welcomed to slay the youth
 False kings roaming heaven's streets, here we are
 in the cosmos

Who is the god? Why has he ignored our prayers
 for peace, in pain we need pain to power through
 & push us out, usher in a new place
 where these false kings realize they're beings
 like the rest of us
 no time soon

I continue to howl at the moon with watery eyes, fingers, toes, legs, nose, dick, ass, hair, ears, & skin. The sea in me controlled by she, I stare at her ocean sub, wondering if the pale, comet kissed goddess will be the one to free us. Or will mother earth shake us off her rotation? Save us from this still solitude we're stuck in, San Francisco. Our gold standard up to date. Our native sons & daughters out of shape, not up to par. Diet steady of liquor from bars and corner store crops, plastic filled halfway with air, we open packs of cigarettes and never regret the slow exhale. Our cars aren't as fast or American as the snobs in the finest cash coups & sport-cars, our sights & lives too low to look into the high-rise hells sprouting around us. This is heaven after all, it's all about the view, & we're not shiny enough to sleep amongst the kings & queens of royalty, falsity, the reality haunting we...

I sit on the bus
 Across from a man with sandals
 Shorts, a tank top, dark framed glasses
 An iPhone ____, talking tech
 & a wretched smell radiating off him

He's golden in this heaven
 & I deserve the pits below

Illumination

I swim through rivers
 red & white lights
 I run from blue, night or day
 this intersection is where I stay

With a shirt on my head
 beard fully mangled
 hair tangled, I represent the star spangled
 the backdrop & bars, not the stars
 I traded mine for chemical earth

Every time the sun's birth burns
 my blood chills, I yearn
 for thrills to heal me, a fix
 to the tricks I play on myself
Blasphemy! Bury me!
But never will I kill
in the name of the lord!
Cut my cord mama earth!

Nobody listens to the meaning
 in a madman's mind, am I
 even angry?
Yes! Yes! This is death
in life! I live life dead!
Free me! Free me!

I run in front of cars, preying
 their cold kiss
 My feet not as fast as my wrists
 flicking stop signs in their direction
 My mind's not fast enough to plan
 against my malfunctioning body
AAAH! What are you
looking at me
for-ever! This is my home!
My home. My home.
Police!
Police!

Maybe they'll help me?
 Maybe they'll kill me?
 Maybe they'll just beat me senseless?
 Regardless, my senses say
RUN!!!
 So I do...

... I wish I still had memory
 of the day I traded life for death
 What beat was in my chest
 pressing me to dive into the depths
*If we go to war again
 or more, how many more
 me's will there be? 3?
 30? 330? 330,000?
 Spare some change mam?*

Her eyes remind me
 of what heaven was like
 So I stare
*You look like heaven miss
 Ooh, how beautiful you look
 Its like a paradise breeze
 I'm sorry I'm scaring you
 You look like god's queen, if he was a king
 If god existed, he exists
 he'd save us all from this
 those suits & paper
 I wouldn't have to beg
 for change, or paper
 I'd just get my fix for free
 Heee ha, ha, ha ha!*

He doesn't exist
He wouldn't have let all this happen
Corporations killing
Rainforests!
Cops killing
Civilians!
Government killing
Me! You! Them! We!
Everybody sing!
Sittin on the dock of the bay!
Wastintiiiiiiime!

A madman's philosophy
is only recorded if they're rich
or Roman

I'm an open book
nobody wants to read

Beautiful Seconds in da City

Soy un Poeta
 de SF
 Mi inglés? perfectly broken
 The words I write? Meant to be spoken
 & you can, get mentally mugged walkin down Mission passed midnight
 U c da madmen coming down with a big strike
 Beatin down the lo-coals, minds gone
 off the big pipe...
 ...hipsters stroll by on their bitch bikes

They love to see the drama, cause no harm come to them
 I'll be waitin on their karma, sometimes she a friend
 The bitter end needa stop playin n come quick
 Dead sick n tired of layin down for these fed pricks

Fuck federalies, I don't play puhlitics
 Poisonous gut, lo-coal epidemic
 Fuck the critics of the urban class getting pressed passed the margins
 they can kiss my ass, actin like we Martians
 from anothazone
 losin the only home we've known

These the beautiful seconds I roam...



I'm from a beautiful city, but my view aint pretty
Life is gritty when young kids be actin far from witty
Where I grew up kids pulled bats, some pulled straps
Some pulled shanks to peel off caps
You gotta stride over dem cracks, don't let em trip you
Utilize your time, don't let it trick you
Plan with your mind, build your castles design
You can only recline when your cipher rewinds, 9
Lives, we wish we had em, we're all sacred seeds, we the spawns of atoms
8 is infinity when you tip it on its side
Don't let your eternity hide
Realize you're a god or a goddess in your own right
Use the sun's 7 rays as your own guiding light
Cause 6 6 6 be tryna to fix your flaws
Your flaws are your strengths, your governing laws
Like a 5 cannon tank is how you need to charge
With more than 4 by 4s you can build at large
3 is understanding when you're running with your wisdom
And 2 get 2 this point you gotta know where 2 begin from
So we're back at 1, knowledge of me
Knowledge of you, knowledge of we
See as kings & queens our dreams aren't hard to reach
We just gotta practice what we preach
Project your future with every step you take
Realize perceptions are what you make
Intake the world around, move mean & leave your imprint on the ground
Make a sound more violent and vibrant than the thunder
Keep your mind right so you're never living under
Protect your jewels, create the rules
You got the tools, no way you can lose

4 da <3 of Music

place of darkness
where i'm illuminated, educated
on the world's brutality

there's no contest
when contents of conversations are cutthroat
i still write these tragedies

casualties & fallacies
stall talk, buildings bombed with words
city block conversations on walls

traffic stalled by clash of cause
pause from our program, who's in charge?
chained ourselves to say fuck the law

is it an issue i wasn't chained? does anything change?
if time could rearrange, would i stay safe or throw change?
mixed cocktails, freedom & fire, silence is a liar, deranged

insane to hold back a tongue
inspire the young to speak & not just plug
into the matrix, out of reality, face it

reality sucks when wars are called protection
or justice defended by dystopia
we can't cross the yellow tape unless we're late

there's a party in heaven, with streetlights & speakers, drumbeats & dancing, happy
forgotten faces welcoming all with open arms, all that made weight, wrestled with their
spirits & avoided the jaws of the crying gator, tummy ache from too much hate ingested,
heavy hearts bore brutal souls, he dislikes the sour, & with every hour that continues to
pass, i ask myself, will i be late to the dance? or right on time?

Wind Warns Me

There's a breeze in my knees, making me shiver. Quiver equipped with inked air, breath stained with words written in turn with the winding wind, sending chills to my spine within the mind of sin. Wishing to rock that same suit and tie and wrist watch, buying a girl a bag to clutch by her side til death loads his glock and comes up in his plot. We fell in love with a tree's tear, its worst fear, painted on with faces of people who'd live here if they lived now, they warned us how it could turn wild. This place is like heaven with Satan's throne replacing the one you could've known, where you'd run the world in your image like God coulda done if he hadn't signed his name above the dotted ONE. In them we trust with our lives, their two eyes focused, on getting theirs in order, so maybe they can replace God's signature; uprising.

When the clock's tick tocks Death will load glocks and light those Molotovs, it'll be like the stars fell from the sky and flew right into the eyes of the beholders, holding up in their mansions, tossing money to fight back these insurrections. My question:

when will the stars really fall and save us all from ourselves?

Until they do, I let the inked air stain my skin, with the universe's prophecy unfolding in the wind, I'll be here, keeping count on those counting on keeping everything accounted for, filling up their pockets more. I'll wait until a falling star falls far from the tree of life, and daydream of the day we become the winds stained with change written in it, a thought in a city minute.

The wind said that guy with those nice shoes and funky fancy smell said to his lady friend, that I had a nice sign... so why he didn't gimme no money!

Modern Warfare

Weary minds and dreary lives excited by fear, anger more so
 we're shot down, they're let go
 their accounts rise
 our cash flow slows
 We still have shows to go to
 clothes to try on, n phones to answer to
 Dough can be sweet, but how much need you?
 What consume us that we consume too
 food that's faster so they can feed you at any hour you choose to be food
 not food for thought, but another pea on the plate of profit
 where are the prophets?
 where are their sockets? Plug em in

Catch em in the coffee dens
 tappin away on Macs while police ride horsepower back
 n forth in routine, keeping the streets clean with dirty politics
 We're shot down, they're let go
 What of modern war?

I would love to avoid turning home to a war zone
 but is it not one already?
 How heavy are the rags soaked with blood of brothers
 black & brown?
 How ready are the boys in blue
 pursue n make sure we underground?
 How steady are their hands *afraid for their safety*
 when they empty clips and return home to their ladies?
 Do their children hate them, or see them as heroes?
 What of modern war?

Beyond bloodshed, this war's waged in classrooms, where our youth are doomed to suffer
 the miseducation that Lauryn skipped out on, praise her, and the streets that raised her.

What of modern war?

Where minimum wage can't save enough money to buy plates, so we buy caged cow cut
 down into burger patties laced with shit, and overpriced potatoes that won't decompose.
 Muhfucka, the flies won't even eat it!

What of modern war?

We teach the walls to talk
but if we get caught educating the inanimate we're slammed into the slammer
or brought down by the hammer that sees us
another nail in our own coffin; inventory

What's the story on the kid running from the fare? The kid on a train?
The man stumbling away?
The man shot well on Shotwell? Or in the park?
What of modern war?

Middle class didn't last
couldn't afford a bus pass
live under the overpass
Tent town didn't last, I drove by
tents are replaced with barricades; *let's block the last remaining space they got*
Wonder if they got shot?

What of modern war?

It doesn't know the enemy
so it assumes everyone is.

da Moon's Black Star

The new moon rode high in the crown of the metropolis
Shinin', like who on top of this? – *Yasiin Bey fka Mos Def*

There lies the black star hidden from our optics
Palm trees by the sea, foggy city tropics
Trolley stampede, wind laced with weed
Narc cars preying that you cop this

Black day, white night, light polluted
Humans always moving for the sake of movement
Horns like bird cries and lion roars
Vultures flyin inland from the shore

Ready to feast on the painted walls
Wings black out the sun, who can we call?
We still dance for rain, but the reign's still at fault
We dance again for another draw

But our hand remains, do bone math, we're slain, 1 house down
4 more to go til a castle crown, it's just a game

Chemistry mocks alchemy, neon lights & jumbo screens
I watch the hummingbird observe from a windowsill

Silly humans

she says

*where are the days when flowers danced for hours in sun rays?
Where are the days when the park was a shell to call the sea?
Where are the days when I wasn't the only me?
Your system mythical, banshee siren screams
Waking spirits on city streets
Rabid humans scarred like a tweaking king, lion far from a throne
Laughing hyenas, minds long stoned
The dye of their dead brains paint the city's essence
Hidden beneath the lights of the present*

I learn from the moon's black star & a hummingbird
Talking shit about my mother earth
I sit back & observe like she
Realize it's nothin but the truth she speaks

**REVOLUTION IS
EVOLUTION**

[[Workin; Wit da Scraps]]

[DJs]

Without instruments

recording studios

clubs

or power,

music was born in the streetlights
in the form of break beat rhythms
looped and repeating
spinning vinyl, scratched
re-wound, and blasted
through speakers

[Bombers]

Without galleries

canvases

acrylics

or colors

art was born on buildings & trains
spray cans like venom
corroding concrete walls
letting our words be SEEN
uneathing our art, and like the colors of the wind
we're gone before the sirens

[Breakers]

Without dance halls

instructors

mirrors

or audiences

break beats fueled b-boys
and b-girls, swirling, popping
locking and robot-ing
on cardboard boxes
in alleys with roaches and fiends
peace, brought through battles on streets

[MCs]

Without a podium

or poetic license

broken language became spells	clap
incantations with persuasion of rhyme	clap
poetry barred in time	clap
rapping ancestral lines	clap
handling wars with words	clap
our revolution will be heard	break

[Knowledge]

Without books

teachers

classrooms

or principals

the disconnected were enlightened
history was rediscovered and reimagined
our path became clearer
each one teaches one
we'll learn the stars again
and navigate back home

[[Criticize Me]]

Critics
 credit their campaigns
 with costly accusations, can you
 by-pass their blasphemy?

My library of knowledge
 buried beneath lines after lies after lines after lines
 dividing my experience
 in 2 pieces

Like a puzzle
 I pen these pieces with purpose
 a grander picture in sight
 signature, bottom right
 my only spotlight
 on a page's blank expression
 I tattoo lessons from a lost prophet, poetically philosophizing political antics
 with miniscule weapons of mass destruction
 Their weight gravitates around
 its own laws, respect their
 POWER

Metric metronome beats me
 sound mimics break beats
 mi mic
 mixes into speakers bumpin
 through street lights, city sky ignites with
 post
 lights powering
 our voices

It's illegal to imagine

beautiful cosmic clouds, & colors
 in space without sound, the vacuum is silent
 when vacuuming

You can't copy the cosmos

My magic logic feeds spirits
spitting sick rhymes
in synced time
to heartbeats
beating down
ear drums, you hearin me?

Content spans continents
& eons, far gone beyond Earth rock
Water evaporates to Mars in light-years
playing out, we're hardly a blink on this
timeline& I'm finely defining it
But I'm just rhyming?
Is this not poetry, critics?!

I'm not a rapper, I go by MC
But the way is not the way if it is I who define me
Reread my rehearsal, see why I recite
to shoot targets in quiet minds
who's third eyes are blinded by material things

Get lost in a world
outside the barriers, my harrier sound carries
spirit seeds & bombs, planting destruction
to the system, my matrix is quest-
ions, life is an answer to nothing
so why add something to my
message

Pac said
Only God can judge me
I say
A god's eternity is inside me
not in a critic's cruel eye

critics, don't fuck with me
my pen bites back

[[February]]

A Poem 4 Gil Scott, 2Pac, Dr. King, & Malcolm

Their revolution lives on
 Through song & psalms
 By the strength of our palms
 Our *AmbitionzAzRidahs* will bring *Changes* to the world dream
 The only way out of these devious schemes: stop schemin'
 Realize the true demons you see on the 'live' screens
 Live hidden inside revolution, you just gotta find it
 Cause It will not be televised

A moment of silence for all those who've died...

Pride aside, ship proud bravery off to Ferguson for those who still fight
 Black hoody bandits riding around in the night
 Remember King said 'I have a dream', but he also explained man as chemicals
 Equivalent to some loose change if sold, but we're bolder than that
 Fists up that's the code

2Pac never got to see Obama take office, RIP to lost prophets
 Poets, leaders & visionaries
 Vigilantes against justice
 who stood up when times were scary
 by any means necessary to cross the roadblocks

Their revolution never died, it's just waiting on the clock to strike the right time
 With a new guiding shine, a sol
 Like Gil Scott, 2Pac, Dr. King or Malcolm
 If they were still rockin', imagine the outcome

Their souls still shine, now they're stars in the sky
In order to keep their legacies alive, we gotta ride like outlawz
Making moves like the king & the soldier
Be bolder and wise enough to pursue our dreams
Not get caught up in false tomorrows borrowed in the bottles of sorrow
Don't drink em hollow
Put a rag in it, light it, & give the elite something sweet to swallow; their fear
Cause when we serve these drinks
We continue marching towards that dream of true peace
We'll never get there unless we rise together to better our days

Through their sunrays
they rhyme, rise, revolt, & rest
in peace

[[Art is T(ea)]]

Art is tea, think Boston
 Free from reign, stain the day
 Free to pray, & prey for slaves
 Words & joy are treason
 so speech & teach are stored away, dead

Dead: having hunger, but not reaching
 Dead: having a voice, but not speaking
 Dead: deciding before done
 Death: not the same for each son
 unjust more to some
 when the sun shimmers on steel, stunned
 aim, clock, shock...

Guns, God, Oil
 that's all they got...

False strength
 False faith
 Fool's gold

these upset me...

I'm upset about the mundane, the gunplay
 The 5 0 & lack of social security
 The security of our society
 Man, I'm upset about sobriety!
 I've been too gone & too numb for too long
 But I still feel!

I'm upset about the 43 in Mexico
 The 5 starved in Frisco
 The first 48s around this globe, unresolved
 Still upset about Pac & Biggie's fall

I'm upset about the homeless
 The hunted & the horrified
 I'm upset about the lies
 & schemes that leave us stitched

I'm upset Obama didn't pull a FDR
& say "Fuck y'all! I'm runnin' this bitch!"

Art is tea, think Boston

Am I a coward more when I sit indoors
while the war's on the street,
or when I silence my speech
to the crowds on concrete
or an audience by way of stage
Whether it's bumping out a speaker
or coming to life from the page

Silence is dead, silence is stagnant
Silence is dead, opposite of action

Action: Molotov a marketplace
Toss tea to sea
Paint a picture of time
with ink you can't see
Stand straight & face police, stare-down start
Master my stillness by staring at heart

The more I practice, the more I breathe
Inhale deep, trees shake in the breeze
Exhale strong, send spirit to be
1 with the sun, stars, moon & the free

In other words, I'm the wind
casting a spell
Wind of change, blow through hell
into the cosmos
A still stare in convo
with the G of wombo, reverse back
Art is T, time travel

Rewind: 4th grade, 9-11
Rewind: 2 years old, learn to call 911
Rewind: college freshman, humanity heartbreak
I learned that U.S.A the true snake

Art is T

T stands for time
 or checking out
 T is time's portrait
 or reflection

Art-ist; I be time, I be missed
 Art-is-t; I be change & stillness

Stillness: emersion in the moment, 1 with all
 So in tune the NWN calls for you
 Breath, manifest
 as spirit & G
 Iceberg within
 breeze so cold that you freeze

Stillness: a beach in 1492
 Stillness: Boston, 1773
 Stillness: El Salvador, 1932
 Stillness: 93 'til Infinity
 All Eyez on Me
 Ready to Die
 Stillness: 2016, Screens that read;
 THIS IS YOUR PRESIDENT
 BE AFRAID

Art is T, terrifying & true

I'm telling you
 Time never stops
 The wind never ceases to speak
 Reflections are always true
 when you're looking with 3
 & acting with 2
 Wise dome that knows
 what an artist must do

I was speechless
 but only for a second
 Art-is-t
 & it's a powerful weapon

[[Murderous Elite]]

I have yet to witness the purest of men
 though I think myself pure
 as the paper I stain
 To witness the best men turn into thieves
 stealing the dreams of those who only live to sleep
 that's all I've seen
 Turning commonplace crooks into mass murderers
 terrorizing every home
 city block of every hood
 minus the ones where these celebrities live
 taking and taking, but never giving
 Only promising false dreams in the form of lotto slips
 filled with whose dollars?
 Every person commits to these scheming slips of green
 We dream of mirroring the TV, elite killers
 Wearing name brands of murderers prior
 not as elite as we think
 The ones ruling the world
 who only sit and wonder why those below start fights with their own
 Killing their brothers theirs cousins their friends
 who were raised on the same dirty streets
 chasing after the greed
 chasing the murderous lifestyle
 with full knowledge of the world's problems
 but not giving a damn which way to fix them

' what? ' is the response of an elite assassin
 trained to kill his own mother
 So what makes you think they'll give a damn about backstabbing the youth of the nation
 The fathers and mothers who couldn't be home
 out breaking their backs to put food on their kids' plates
 kids who are running on the street training
 become killers in their own rights
 Who either make it or spend it behind bars that cost more than the books
 for those who wanna be white collar criminals
 world ruling tyrants

Who cares about the youth of a nation when everyone strives for success
and the best is marked by the most scalps on their chest
a badge of valor for every scalp,
and a red or blue tie saying by the honor of a scout
with a hand on the bible, there's no doubt this murderous lifestyle is worthwhile
white collar massacre blue collar trial
dumping all body bags within city Niles and Great Snakes too
dug 7 below cause 6 was 2 few

Though I say I'm as pure as the lack of all colors
I'm colored filled with my red blood bleeding
sisters, brothers, nieces & nephews needing
there's clearly only one path to choose
a path where you force others to lose
I'll take on the life of a killing machine
feeding on green and the wine of my victims
Their sweat tears and dreams all sustain me
and I feed their dreams to their starving bellies
and they name me the all holy, all white, king of this land.

[[Polishing Our Perceptions]]

If we utilize the power in our souls
 give up dividing each other into meaningless roles
 we'd see fortune untold.
 But to retell the story we know so well; we judge
 based on color and class
 on how much cash you got stashed in the cracks
 how many times you went to class and passed, they'll ask: **What did you learn?**

Did the regurgitation get burned in your brain?
 Raised your hand in fear to avoid feeling insane?
 or did you sit in the back of the class, head down and titled
 eyes wandering the world outside the window? What did you learn?

Did you see the birds fly and think "What's freedom really mean?"
 or did your eyes roam the skies, visualizing your dreams.

*"I learn more walkin home than I do in class
 Conversatin wit da people, most grew through dark pasts
 I learn from their stories of walking through the fire
 I see truth in their eyes, I see through the liars"*

What else?

*"Help isn't quick to come when you dial 911
 Crooked kings on streets & TV, corruptin the young
 Were they sprung from a system that told them they were dumb?
 A lot of my friends been funneled through that one..."*

You reach for your pen, start writin these ideas
 In this cage called class, this is how you get free-er
 Your pen's movin fast, you think to tell the teacher
 who preaches speakin with a precautious tongue
 leaves you unwillin to speak up, cause you don't wanna be judged
 your opinions unheard, your words unspoken.

No more

Rise & rhyme with reason

*“Every person’s opinion is their way of livin! Why deny any minds’ position?
Each voice never had a choice to their struggle, we just live it!
We gotta remember this concept and live without the nonsense
of thinking we’re better than the next man cause our pockets are flexed
or cause we don’t come from a class gettin pressed passed the margins!
We aren’t Martians or minions from separate divisions,
we’re all humans, in a blind world!
Who do you aim to impress!?”*

The students stare, at a loss for words

Your teacher glares, with a look absurd
Sends you to the office to be preached principled words

What did you learn?

LOVE PIECES

Grand Romantic Gestures

In a world of nudes, sexting
 Skype, facetime
 fuck buddies, dating apps
 which let's be honest
 aren't really for 'dating'

automatically unlocking car doors
 all types of food & other delivery services
 and a shit load of other chivalry murdering things
 where the fuck are all the grand romantic gestures?

**grand romantic gestures
 are all the little things
 you think ain't shit
 til you add em all together**

Where are all the hand-picked bouquets
 with a hand written card, sealed in an envelope
 stuck together with a heart sticker, or saliva
 waiting on the desks at work
 or at the front door at home?

Where are all the fucking bomb ass
 home cooked meals, gift wrapped for a surprise lunch
 or ready and waiting for date night
 on a fucking Monday?
 Why does date night always have to be Friday?
 And why does it always have to be dinner somewhere
 neither person in the party will really enjoy?

Where the fuck are all the opened car doors?
 the opened front doors?
 the *'go ahead of me girl, cause it's kings after queens'*
 where the fuck are the compliments!?

And I don't mean the *'damn girl, you fine as hell'*
 or *'fuck, you're ass is hella fat'*
 or, this is my favorite *'you bad'*

Nah, where's the nature?
the *'mother nature breathin a breeze aint as cool as you'*
or *'the sea is shallow in complexity compared to the depths of your mind'*
or *'moonshine is like watered down wine compared to your vibe'*

Breakfast in bed replaced with one night stands
Holding hands replaced by mindlessly scrolling through apps
Making love replaced by fucking
But yo, don't get me wrong
you can fuck the one you love, cause every now and then
we just get animal wild
but you can never make love
to someone you're just fucking

I still believe in grand romantic gestures
Even all these miniscule things
can amount to a massive smile

The grandest gesture I ever performed
was binding a book together, by hand
filling it with poems, written in my script
painting the dividing sections, and I'm no type of Picasso
and the smile from that? shit,
more captivating than the cosmos

and I'm not saying *'everybody, go build books!*
go paint the next Mona Lisa for your boricua chica'
but shit guys, open the fucking door
buy her a fucking flower
compliment her brain before her body
and try making love more than y'all fuck

they'll love you for it
and you'll love the love you're creating

Bunched Maybes

why is it so hard for me
to look at you
and say that I want you?
to say that I've wanted you
to tell you that you've inspired me
and that I want to inspire you

why is it so difficult
to vocalize this inside storm
stomach in flashes and knots
churning at the thought
of letting these words leak out my mouth

but fuck the abstract
I wanna look passed metaphors
passed the maybes and ifs
but if this ignition inside me really exists
which I believe it is
then maybe some maybes can stay

maybe I wanna cuddle n watch City of God
maybe I wanna be a lil more odd, n your weirdness is the lightning to my rod
maybe I wanna watch the moon from the roof, go from red to maroon
then orange to yellow, then pearl
maybe I wanna run my hands through your curls, waves
maybe I wanna say cute things to you, but am too afraid
maybe I'm too tired of being too afraid
maybe I wanna be paid in your laughter and smiley smiles
and rapture in the miniscule minutes that turn into whiles
and maybe my miniscule midnight moments
are spent in an open mind plane
like a matrix
where I imagine us opposite of rushing
slowly breaking down herb while we watch the combustion of earth from a distant star...

maybe that metaphor was too far...
but maybe it's not even a metaphor?

maybe I just wanna c u more
maybe I just wanna smoke with you more
and buy you food, maybe even attempt that cooking thing
maybe I wanna watch you create worlds with your words
seeing your rehearsed focus
and notice the little quirks to your work

maybe I wanna see you work
like work work, but like work work
kinda like twerk twerk
but less twerk, less hurt, more pleasure, more worth
more ecstasy, more burst
more moments unrehearsed

I wanna be spontaneous with you
I wanna listen to no doubt with you
lady, I want the Mexican in me to be brought out by you

maybe this poems too long
maybe it's too short
maybe I just wanna put the ball in your court
but that wouldn't be smart, because I want to turn we into something other than a fantasy

maybe that's not what needs to happen
maybe it's not what you want to happen
all I'm askin is that maybe this makes sense n gets through
maybe we become something outside of school
maybe we stay in the lanes that we're in, regardless it's a win

maybe it's just time opening up as homies
or pushing that boundary further
these are the maybes of a madman's murmur

I still don't know why
it's so damn hard
to just look at you and say
I want you

May 6th

I didn't sleep much
busy daydreamin bout life
witoutmeanin
& what meanin I c in u

tired of scheming, cause really
I'm just fiendin for feelin
but in-tim-a-cy
ain't reelin me in

sin or sin
I'm waiting
but am I blind
debating bout what it is
I'm tryna find

a way into your mind
or into your heart
I listen for the feint beat
scales off the chart
I throw darts in dark rooms
spelling disaster to bloom
around noon I c the moon, she's gorgeous

watching her waves, enticing
exciting the inspiration,
like lightning choruses

I'm tryna keep control
da burden burning a hole
through skull or chest, will I ever rest? n do I wanna?

tapped-in to a reality that may not exist
regardless I still resist
deny my desires, but what are hers?
will the moon get what she deserves
and if I called you the moon
is that too absurd?

maybe

but less so then layin
in contemplation, listenin for words
whisperin confirmations
incantations charmin me to act
move forward, no turnin back

rather be at your back when you wake
smack me in the face
when you stretch
in the a.m
this is the scene I'm preyin on

but I'm layin on my ass
debatin what to do
stay here or make the move
from couch to room
instead of lettin the thoughts consume, as they do
I focus my view on the dream-catcher
lost in thought about the rapture
when will I be freed? n has it captured my dreams?
so why bother to sleep...

I didn't sleep much
busy daydreamin bout life
witoutmeanin
and what meanin I c in u

I c an aura that's bulletproof
but even the toughest metal gets dents
even the hottest hells need vents
and even the angels in heaven needa repent

but right now, it makes no sense that I'm laying here alone
when 50 feet away is a place to call home

The Most Beautiful Boogiemán

beneath my sheets
a boogiemán schemes, peeking
& sneaking into my privacy
my dream

she enters
my subconscious sanctuary
repaints the landscape
redesigns the confines

what I previously saw
dissolved like an acid trip
and there she stood, hands on hips
pursing her lips
wearing my jersey, & that's it

she says

*see me, want me
give me, touch me
feed me, fuck me
love & trust me*

rush me, I think
rush me, & a breeze
brushed me

I wake up
sirens in the distance
silence in the instant
a cold wind
burrows from beneath me

I say
to her

*this whole world
is cold & ugly
what you are is low & lovely*

I think
"that was just a nightmare"

I see
streetlights cast her silhouette
on my wall
I want
her shadow to pop, manifest
into flesh
I give
breath, heat, faith
I touch
nothing, she's not real
I feed
myself a lie, she's real
I fuck
my mind up, believing
this nightmare is reality
and reality is a nightmare
don't wake up
I love
the confusion
I trust
the chaos
her silhouette, eyes nonexistent
I feel their glare

it's saying

*see me, want me
give me, touch me
feed me, fuck me
love & trust me*

she steps closer, manifesting
crossing over, inching
towards my beds edge
skin coming into focus
light from the window, left
distracts me, I look right back
gone

*this whole world
is cold & ugly
what you are is low & lovely*

she is
the most beautiful boogieman

Cupid's Gat

Cupid's gat, man
she keeps 'em strapped
from the holsters on her ankles
to the ones on her back
Ammo, she never lacks
reloads hella fast, she
quickdraws with no flaws
Don't duel her
cause you'll get blast-ed

See, death
by her hands
is resurrection
Your eyes
see reflections
ripples in an aquatic world
has your heart feeling restless

You're breathless
& blackout,
feel your soul seep
through the hole
in your skull
Her bullet lodged, pressure blows

Your thick stubborn mind
won't let light shine
Only dazed, she's confused
reloads her 9
but someone's fading out of view

yet they still see you

Two bullets
lodged
You didn't even hear
her second shot

They keep stepping
 she's sweating, I'm betting
 she's about to finish you off &
 she reaches

you blink

You think of the cosmos & clouds
 stardust brushed
 by the sun's breathe
 Hawk gust is
 cosmic wind, spawned
 from the dark abyss, endless unknwn
 you've grown through
 bullet holes

became a third eye
 connected to
 an infinite space

A portal
 to the mind
 hidden behind your face

You've fallen
 eons beyond
 spiraled galaxies

Cupid's fallacy:

3 shots
 2 the dome 4
 a chance at love

Nickel plated
 chrome, left you lost
 & alone, but

Love found the light
 without Mrs. Right
 & you open your eyes

content
 and in love
 with the world

Perspective

You see black hole
destroying tranquil space

I see portals to the mind
hidden behind your face

You see jagged mountains
& sharp horrid caves

I see mother nature's smooth hills
carved perfectly like waves

You see disaster with the winds
blowing terror left & right

I see a fluent flow
blowing elegant day & night

You see dark

I see bright

You see wrong

I see right

You see bitter twisted
pain, & ugliness in
veins

but I see everything
beautiful in you, starting
with your name, and
ending with your thoughts

You see nothing
Worth looking for

I see a treasure worth
any cost

**THERAPY:
MEDITATE &
QUESTION**

Empire?

da ruins lay awake in my mind, da manifestation iz barred in time
 i got insufficient funds to support my grind
 butchu can find me at the top, cold chillin
 n i'm still feelin like the Quest is here 2 guide my vision
 So i Bust Like bazookas, high off roaches so they can't nuke me
 Truth is i do this cause fuck doin a 9-5
 Fuck cash C.R.E.A.M, cause i rather stay alive wit life
 Support a wife, and raise some kids
 But if cash rules da brain, bra that ain't the biz
 So I act like da wiz kid, the god I reflect
 Inspect the deepest crevices of my soul til my depths been checked, then i wreck it
 Wreak havoc on the world i established
 Multiply my dreams like some fuckin bunny rabbits

C, i'm thee abbot of my crew
 i'm the king of my castle
 Once my empire's complete life will lose the hassle
 & i'll hustle for my tassel, so when my graduation day comes
 da mad prophet in me will return to the sun, but until;

i practice patience and action in the stillness of a stare
 In the middle of the ocean i'll hover without a care
 i control the air, i create the breeze
 But that lunatic queen, she controls the seas
 So yeah, until i find her only half this world is mine
 i'm a king full of suffering always on my grind
 No time for bullshit, no time for time
 It won't bar me, i see the signs
 In the sky, The earth, The seas, & The stars
 My empire ain't here yet
 But the dreams aren't far

w/ Love on my Mind

Love is always cursive in a common context
 text that erects my mind, good conversation
 Love is throwbacks & hot new tracks, a perfect station
 Love is a gentle kiss or a sweet proclamation
 Love is giving birth to a nation, an idea

Love is freer than wind
 and as contained as a can of soda
 it's wise like Yoda & hot like sunrise

Love is twisted knots, body ties
 eyes cruising curves & crescent moons
 monsoons inside, tides ridden
 hidden within, followed by weighty breath
 caress comes next
 but love ain't just sex or lust
 it's just a feeling, and it's not constant

When you're in love, maybe
 days laced with baby baby baby
 babe & sweet sayings
 shapely proportions & constant endorsement

Love is shower singin
 spray can slingin
 beat completin
 wordsmith weavin & being
 third eye seeing mind intertwining
 reclining with a good T.V. show
 or angels in snow
 a dope ounce of dro
 & life inexplicable

Love is holding your nieces & watching em grow
 knowing they'll experience moments of love too
 Love is hoping there's no pain when they do
 but you know they will, cause love aint bulletproof

Love is hands held in public
or holdin the bucket, cause someone said fuck it
and had too much tequila
Love is sweeter than the limes after
& it's a cheetah cause time moves faster

It's laughter & the pain it hides
It's Cupid's gat pressed to your side
then your back & then the back of your head
it's 1, 2, 3 shots & you're dead

Love is battle scars & war stories
rise & glory, & deep down defeat
Love is unique, no two instances ever the same
& forget what you heard, love is not a game
it's a massacre to the mundane
a way to fly without planes
be ready to fall, its chess, what's left?
a queen & king against it all
a tricky thing, scary situation
Love is winning & losing with patience

Love is shower singin
spray can slingin
beat completin
wordsmith weavin & being
third eye seeing mind intertwining
reclining with a good T.V. show
or angels in snow
a dope ounce of dro
& life inexplicable

There's no coherency in this piece
no consistency in the least, cause love is random like that
It's familiar like the back of your hand
& new like something from a distant land

But at the end of the day, love is just a word
used to describe a feeling inside, it's so many things
Love is Winter & Spring
Fall & Summer
Love is your lover, brother & mother, family & others
It's the warmth of covers & electricity connecting you & me
Love is upside down
Love is we

Direction

i have a profound Epiphany of where i should be, unwritten is the Sound of its Symphony
 i hear the Wind say follow, the Earth's spin swallowed my Soles
 covered by Borrowed Kicks, extra bit of Strength i need to get through this, Fog rollin in,
 haze thick, Silly Tortoise got tricked
 my Turtle Shell given, n i'm holding up still in my Shell Toes
 i keep my Spell Scrolls in my Book Bag
 i keep my Back strapped with this Black Mag, i Pen Sorcery
 treading the Lives of Jedi & Sith, just North of me, Heaven does exist

i'm stuck in it, in this Cold World
 even with a weatherproof, it's a War World
 Sold Fur couldn't keep me Warm
 Magic Breeze running like a Storm when my Fins Flap
 stuck with the Mean Staff, Centerpiece of Force Wrath, i know Paths...
 unlaid is their Foundation, but the Tracks i run on are stationed in the Skull
 when i feel i don't know which Way to go, i remember:

being lost taught me new things:

Rule 1:

tighten up your shoe strings
 put your soles on the track & keep shit moving
 stay fluid with the motion of movement
 universe will carry you when you're losin

Rule 2:

sing out loud to the clouds
 let em soak in the words you spit aloud
 pray to the prophet sun, still shinin
 realize your soul is a diamond

Rule 3:

your soul is a diamond
 use its strength to take the world & redesign it
 build your own path so you're never stuck findin

& as long as you're still able to breathe
 let the breeze be your guide
 Take pride that your insides will keep you alive
 Take a stride in any direction
 Cause being lost is just a false conception

Why Do i Exist?

Why do i exist?

To be heard & be missed, to bring bliss back
 from the dark past we presently wish was gift-wrapped
 waiting for us to tear open
 We're left hopin

i exist to remind myself why i wake & to awaken the minds
 of those drowning in dates lost, as the ticks in the clock talk on
 sand slips til we're empty like a vase
 Where's your potential?

i exist to remember the feeling of reminiscing
 & to revel in a life where each day i'm progressing
 i exist to help everyone stop second guessing
 this blessing disguised as a death sentence, while time's pressing by
 i exist to aid stressing
 Cause stress itself keeps me in line
 but too much stress breaks the chest, the heart cries
 It's never felt the burn of a breeze
 so to help i puff trees
 & sit by the sea
 grab a pen full of ink & start singing with G
 the G in we you can't teach
 i exist to preach this
 'til you believe it

i exist so others can too
 With bulletproof poems i exist as truth, knowledge is the key
 not the textbooks or shaky paths unknown
 but the true knowledge of knowing
 what your life's about: Existence; reality present
 in experiencing life, vibrant skies
 beautiful colors we see each day & night
 stars & suns give light, guiding us so one day we'll replace
 then we can stare back
 in time from space

So then the stars in the sky are our future selves, already guiding
Which means we all exist for tomorrow, we'll be lighting the path
for our eyes to follow, i exist to fill the hollow with love
hope, peace, insight & purpose
i exist to make my existence worth it, far from perfect
but i push on, so i can be a sun & a song
light
flash & i'm gone
my existence won't be long, but it won't be brief
i exist as a new belief
one to sweep the world off its rotation
& speed up the minds being suppressed in our nation

i exist as dedication to an art
that's 3/5ths of my being
i exist to be seen, i'm in the future looking back at us now
i exist as a king with no crown
 as graduation with no gown
 as a thunderous sound
to be heard & be missed
to bring bliss back from the dark past
i'm gift-wrapped, ready to be open
i exist for those who keep hope-in

What is Human Interaction?

The place inside where space resides
 your hearts wormhole artery, invisible archery
 Cupid snipes with a life scope
 straight at the heart in me, portal open
 left hopin my eyes can see straight, gotta run
 cause i'm running a little late, my soul hadda find a date
 So 4 years after 88, the kid was spawned & life moved on
 now i'm far gone from being a pawn, king me
 as i meet my fellow gods, we're all pieces in a puzzlebox tryna beat the odds
 So we respond to life's call, listen to it all, let our feet fall in place
 We're all headed to the top, pack a bowl to get us there, chiefin in the air, life without a
 care...

But we all got empires to feed, without greed
 So we fade up on a blunt with no seeds, not countin the ones in our hearts
 the piece of space connected to the stars thoughts
 Outer area between, just a link of the minds
 we all learn to love & live with life

Brighter than supernovas, we always sorta
 knew each other, a hood of brothers, our community is unity it makes us hover

We meet through soles of feet, greet with mounds to leap, communication aint cheap
 it's richer than our planet
 Shake a hand & understand it

DECLARATION

Enlightened

I knew the language of the trees
 the language the breeze breathed in me
 the language of moon & sea
 I knew all these before I knew thieves

I knew these before soliloquies
 Vendettas remembered in tempered time
 I knew beat
 before rhyme
 rhyme
 pre-poetry
 Thought they were one in the same
 now I C, 3

but more than 4 names, less than 1 game, cause life ain't play, nor pleasure

tricky...

the 2 come together when written words & letters turn into the weather, storm
 Tormented torrent born on Olympus, Origin foreign
 Underground connector, the Nile's smile is wetter
 & stretches further than we know

lots of unlearning to go...

Cause when I learned hell-0, g00d-bye N peace
 I forgot the peace of chatting trees, laughing with the wind, & flirting with the sea
 More knowledge acquired, the less I could be

1

Long after learning 1, 2, & 3
 I relearned 3, 2, & 1
 Remembered soul as sun and the web she spun
 How it connected every-thing and every-one

Newly defined numbers, harder to count
 Easier to lose in mass amounts
 Definitions embedded in my newfound speech
 Aiming to rewind everything we teach

Dropout Poetics

I'm in school, all I wanna do is rhyme
 this poetry leaking from my mind, is divine, wanna dip
 dropout like Kanye, what God say?
 follow the worm-hole in ya heart out to space, my pace:
 kick push no skateboard, I rock it
 Donatello flow like gold in my pocket, red in my veins, 49er til the grave
 fuck the Santa Clara Imposters, ya heard what I said

Rewind & relay the message from before
 all I wanna do is rhyme, the fuck I'm in school for?
 Studying poetics, perspective, electively learning
 all that's on my mind a blessin and a burden, who's hurtin'?

Who needs the healin I can pen? zen po-ems, rhymes sent from the den
 da Cave in my skull got grafitti on the walls, that's HIP HOP
 rock to my rhythm and don't stop, I won't flop
 flip flop rap, wit rap, I'm real raw, catch me wit da 27 gods, we never fall
 shout out my heroes and demons, they guided to me to the falls
 now watch me soar down the cliffs of Niagara
 hawk vision, Heru's eye, I'll never stab ya, I got the vision
 I c a brighter day but today's a dark time
 gimme some food n I'll survive
 will spit poems for shelter n substance
 don't care about da dimes
 the Queens will find me
 whenever I rhyme
 my gravitational god-speech, it comes from within
 slow it down, listen what I'm sayin:

the name is BEB, call me la poeta
 from SF, out west, I don't run wit berettas
 got my Shaolin staff, know math, don't dare divide me
 multiply my syllables and add up fire lively

bend it, and burn thirsty tongues, they gotta learn
 fuckin wit me, yo, you're gonna get served

to the fortune 500s, CEOs, & poison puhlitarian puhlitics
I'm your worst critic, remember n don't forget it

calaveras de azúcar, I'm sweeter than death
take a toke of my breath and ride with the quest, you find it?
never lose sight, the vision got your back
I'll give u the strength if you lack, so cover tracks

don't let em try n trace your every move
give yourself position to never lose
take head of my words, absurd don't do me justice
like Method Man, out for justice wit a musket
I must git-goin before my goodness gets got
they'll never take my sol the way they took Pac
or Biggie, I ain't jiggy wit it, no Fresh Prince
I get Iggy cock-slapped for thinkin' she sick

Nicki girl I'm wit u
Drake bra, forget u
Mac Dre ain't dead foo
we Thizz Dance to rep dude

death? girl, I slept through your serum
bouta wake the world up just so they can hear em

(hear who!?)

(heard wha!?)

(wha who?!?!?)

(hear who!?)

(who?!?!?)

(hear wha!?)

(heard who?)

(who!)

(hear wha?!?!?)

told y'all once already...

soy un poeta de SF, comin for crowns and castles
won't take anything less

got cousins on a quest & my bras in the tombs
spiritual nwn, I'll be coming home soon, but before I do

I'm gonna finish school, and get in deep to the academy
Turn it on its head, I know dey gun be mad at me
Before I'm dead, I'm gonna kill da blasphemy

Start a new wave of thought
a new school, a new plan
just me, my people
my words and my hands

Books in my hands, da teachings of da 27 wise
Revolution will live on after the day that I die

a Poet Samurai's Epitaph

Don't dare diminish my dynamics
 dimensions, or daily deaths
 I do deeds til the last breath
 the last word
 With each word what's da worth?
 World's worth of soulburst, sweet
 like a starburst, who's hurt?
 What's the wound?
 Death before dishonor
 I'll write you out around noon

Cuts & slits from wit
 wise word swords
 split force, tick torque, light speed
 light work, write worth
 slight of hand, mind twerk
 twist perspectives with my work
 How I work? I work through pain

Never slain, layin in graves, comfy space
 cuddle face, subtle waist, waste no time
 love confined in land mine life
 clouds, no strife, sing me sadness in sunsets
 war enters stage left, tomorrow
 who's wit do I borrow?
 who's will do I follow?

Hollow shell, my spirit steps in sync
 cosmic beat, soles don't sleep, dancin in the moonlight
 wind distorting my dream, sleepwalkin the seams
 scenes rehearsed, verses cursed in the curves of a breeze
 someone heard, they were pleased, more energy I feed
 when I say I write when I sleep?
 Ya, I mean it, & I'm the meanest

I come in peace, believe it
 the stars guide me away from conflict
 but if needed: I inflict indecision
 with sharp precision
 hard steps & hard lefts

minds abandoned in mine
right handed, commanded your time
left you breathless
you can keep it

protect ya neck better
those negative letters?
Launch their slits at your throat

I'm a po-it
sword-smith
roll-wit
mad-beings
Wu-Tang
some of the baddest poets I've seen
where you think
I got the 12 jewel crown bling?

I write my history while I dream
so when I wake and walk the days
I know my rays got me guided
sword pocketed at my side kid
you feelin a little darkness?
feel my slice & get ignited

Peace

4N4=BIULD

SFF, EYE GOT SOL

*What do I imagine, I hear
When I feel like I'm being watched...*

What do I hear, when I feel like I'm being peered, from da back
N I'm writing these tracks, no I don't write no whack
I only come wit da quickness, da swiftness, the precision
When u c my incision in my vision I'm dissectin the wall...
I c ma future inside, n so I go get like a baby n crawl, I neva cry
Das how I came in, won't be how I die, I swear to god I wont
Run when it's time to fly
But maybe I will? Maybe I'll fall ta hell, when I'm on da pill
Or when it's too late, n I'm too far gone 4 fate to pick me up n carry on
But I, know I'm not late like 92 to 88

Listen 2 la poeta, la profé, my name is BEB. Donatello on da mic n I'm
Profet, I'm pro faith, I'm pro anything ya do, when ya not bein fake, SO GLISTEN
Took da time 2 rewind my lines, n write em down like a book
Ya read ma album yet? OH, I made ya look
I aint got nothing concrete in my hand 2 hand out, BUT
Ya need a hand I'll pull ya out da sand so we can plan now
N then we do everythin that we do, wise building
TWO EIGHT I'm not there, wise god wit da shoestrings
Still trippin on 25, da false 7 I c, when I look wit ma eyes, but I don't feel inside,
not yet
24, wise freedom, what will I regret? Nothing more
still trickin round n I'm doin stupid things
I know I'm losin cash, but money is just a being

Go back, wit a backwood, I roll it backwards, I MEAN!

I meant ta say da blunt, cause I'm not that good
But I stay chokin on the potent, token n I'm token everyday like a chief
In my teepee I rise
Like a pyramid I'm always pointed up 2 da sky
Ma ears balanced, I got da malice, I got da chalice, now I'm comin 4 da palace

garbageindaknight, make me a king

What do I imagine I hear
 When I feel like I'm being watched?
 Do I feel da watch 24/7? Or is that only in heaven when I'm right under God's view?

Define God?

Growin old doing

Doing what?

Working

Working on what?

Play

Define?

My definition is simple;
 I hear echoes in the wind and it turns the page I just finished,
 sometimes I feel diminished sometimes I feel, thinnish,
 and thinning,
 and fading and waning, and
 wading in water, tryna get up to a...tower...

MAYBE THAT'S WHY I'M GROWING MY HAIR
 SO I CAN UTILIZE IT'S POWER, CAUSE IT'S LIKE
 THE ROOTS OF AVATAR BUT REALLY, I'M A BIT
 SOUR ABOUT THAT STORY, SO MY EGO RUNS
 AROUND IN GLORY...

la basura en la noche es lo que me hace un rey

lighten Up

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOY!!!!!!

I'm a poet, MC, cold like I'm Gretzki, runnin on some jetskis, but I'm on dat concrete

U c ma damaged petals, but I aint that mental
Cause I'm more metal than I am damaged, I aint no rose

I got rows n rows of trees
of green n blue leave too
n blueberries 4 u

but who knew it would be so soon?
Who knew you would c a moon so far tune
n in tune
wit cartoons, but

why you meltin your mind?
why you sleepin your day away?
why do you feel like you're death? why do you feel like you're...
nothin more than the thought of day?
Damn

Maybe we're the day dream the earth is being
Cause she wanna c her own destruction
Opposed to what she could be building

I thought I saw a skunk...
And I really hope not, cause that would be whack
N suck so bad

But I'm actually glad I'm aware now, so I can freestyle flow
So I can feel my heart, so I can know I row
Gently n merrily down through the sco

Sometimes I call it that, cause I call it that
N it's SF n u can holla back
Fuck outta ma face wit dat balla trap, shit

I don't need no koala or panda either
 I don't need no fuckin false ether
 I don't need no wifi in the trees, bra I need some breeze
 I need some place to be and some space to breathe
 And a space 2 move when I'm not a seed
 But I'm just foolin yo. I'm just me... da fuck does that mean?

Boy, I wish I knew, cause if I did then I wouldn't be through or at least I wouldn't feel if I didn't do, but I do, and I doo too often that I'm lost in caution signs, and I neglect to see the light tellin me, slow down. Green means go, Red means... No cop, no camera, GONE.

yellow means your uncertain
 and uncertain means you're curious about the fear
 you're curious about the fear cause you want something 2 be controlled by
 you want something 2 be controlled by cause u feel u can't fly
 but I fly when I can feel fear

Am I a poet or an mc? BITCH I'M 1 IN DA FUKIN SAME
 Gimme a beat bra, I'll kill da game, cause I got some shit 2 say, first n foremost 2day
 Peep da name, It's BEB, and I'm in ma lane
 Otha name Donatello, la poeta, o un poeta, de SF 2 b exact, y
 Mi alma distancia a los diablos, y, that's a fuckin fact, y
 When I come to combat I come back wit facts, so to you critics....

critics, who're everywhere
 critics, we're fuckin everywhere

WE ARE OUR WORST FUCKIN CRITICS

Cliché, lighten up, love yaself.

4 BUI13T POINTS 4 FR33D0M

BULLETS make a brain dull
 BULLET holes make da brain flow, rainbow that I c
 when the reign goes hard, in a sanctuary space tho?
 home base startin ta fade slow

(sike)

it was slow b4 da gold n red left
 gone from the stick, light a candle for that shit
 neighborhoods losin kids, gainin babies wit entitled attitudes, it's kinda crazy
 how these politicians brewed schemes 2 bring their dreams 2 reality
 then who's asked to leave?

that's a generous bar, lets flashback to drivin ma car down San Bruno
 tent town full of natives kicked from they homes, let's bring da super bowl
 n barricade the space, it's the winds of change that made the tents blow
 where they at now?
 why the pat down?
 Is it cause they scared cause I aint teched out? Has our bubble popped?
 All these killa cops, n yuppie bots, vacant lots undersold 4 construction plots

Who gets the view up top?

And what's left at the bottom?
 Rotten lives from 9 chambers
 Rotten health from 8 flavors
 How many poisons in da golden arches
 Or now and later, liquor store still da savior
 & that's why I'm here, tryna change the future that's getting near

youth startin 2 veer into the wrong lanes
 consumed by the same tech that stole their plane, it's all a game
 no reset but I'm here to be a fresh breath
 help the youth realize the truth that they're next

they got the power, the hour quick to come, some still tryna play wit guns
 n I know, sometimes it's not a choice
 but shoot ya voice n then the BULLET
 they fast n fierce like the hate straight consuming

shout it outloud, let the clouds soak it in
n say it again into the wind

victory will come from within first, once you right you write the pure verse
the heart hurts, I'm cursed to regurgitate the things I c
in the times I breathe, toxicity feelin we, hard 2 b decent human beings

never brand new, just a day older
heavy the crown, n weight on my shoulders
burden of enlightenment, knowledge heaven sent
but it's hellish times again

stay woke, a catch phrase to keep hope
BULLET point quote to stay dope

*Man that's that, 4 bullet points for freedom.
There's a lot of ways 2 read the numbers in here,
you either hear em shine n feel em deep or u deep in slumber.*

*I drew a number one time, and it was a fortune cookie
and I realized I hadda do what I hadda do.
Shoutout all the mentors who kept it true.*

*The process grows confidence and here I am, laying it on the table.
One day I'll cross continents, but for now,
I'm building the beginning of da legacy.*

4n4=build add it up

do the math

*what do u c
what do u think
what do u feel,
be real*

that's all from me for now

(BULLETS MAKE A BRAIN DULL

***BULLET POINTS MAKE DA BRAIN FLOW, BUT SHOOT YA VOICE, N THEN THE**

***BULLET**

***BULLET POINT QUOTE, TO STAY DOPE**

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REFERENCES

Numbers & Jewels

The references to numbers throughout the book can be traced and tracked with two philosophies: Divine Mathematics & the 12 Jewels.

1 – knowledge

2 – wisdom

3 – understanding

4 – freedom

5 – justice

6 – equality

7 – food / god

8 – clothing / building(to build)

9 – shelter / born & death

10 – love

11 – peace

12 – happiness

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Music:

p.31 “The new moon rode high in the crown of the metropolis, shinin, like who’s on top of this” from *Respiration* by Black Star

p.53 “see me, want me, give me, touch me, feed me, fuck me, love & trust me” ; “this whole world is cold & ugly, what you are is low & lovely” ; “the most beautiful boogie man” from *The Beggar* by Yasiin Bey fka Mos Def

GLOSSARY

Interchangeable Letters & Numbers:

0/O,o/a cipher... 1/L,l... 2/to/too... 3/E,e... 4/for... B/Be/Branden... C/See/Sea...
G/Gangsta/God

Interchangeable Words:

bouta/about to... da/the... dat/that... dey/they... dro/weed... 'em/them/dem...
federalies/federal agents/police/popo/5-0... gimme/give me... glocks/guns/pistol/...
gonna/going to... gotta/got to... hadda/had to... kinda/kind of... lemme/let me...
muhfucka/mothafucka/motherfucker... needa/need to... neva/never... outta/out of...
puhlitics/politics... puhliticalians/politicians... sayd/said... sco/Frisci/San Fran/SF/San
Francisco... shoulda/should've... sorta/sort of... ta/to... tryna/trying to... wanna/want
to... ya/your

Definitions:

cipher: a cipher is a sacred circle, a starting and ending point. In Hip Hop, the cipher is a circle of expression, where all elements of Hip Hop come together to express and share skills & gifts.

goonies: a specific kind of 'thug' or 'hoodlum', usually all about their community, though still perceived as 'bad guys'

macked: the state of being a 'mack', 'player', or 'pimp'. Ex: Feel me, I got all these women, I'm macked up!

narc: any of the following; undercover cop, a cop, a federalie, a narcotic agent, etc.

nwn/nun: pronounced like noon; the primeval waters that birthed the sun god Ra. Egyptian.