



The Poetry Lounge 2 and 3

Poetry Booklet



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Courage

By Crystal Irby

I've been in the valley
Wishing I was on the mountain top
I've been on the sand
Wishing I was in the ocean
I've been in the darkness
Praying for the light
I've been in the morning
Praying the night
So I could cry
Just a little bit longer for you
And I've been on earth
Praying for heaven
I've been where broken hearts go
And I don't wanna see the end of the world anymore

So I finally got the courage
To swallow my cries
And I finally got the courage
To stop believin' your lies
And I finally got the courage
To stop waiting on your phone call
And I finally got the courage
To take those dead roses off the wall
And I finally got the courage
To say no
And the world didn't end
Like I thought it would
And I finally got the courage
To let you go
And I kept on breathin'
Like I...Like I never thought I could

So I finally got the courage
To pray to God to get over you
I mean to really get over you
And I finally got the courage
To take your photographs outta plain view
And I finally got the courage
To wash your T-shirts
So they don't feel like you
And I finally got the courage
To delete your numbers
From my phone
So I won't call
And I finally got the courage to realize
You don't miss me at all
When I check my messages
And I don't hear your voice
When I check my caller ID
And I don't see your name
On my birthday...the holiday...or just Wednesday

So I finally got the courage

To stop thinkin' I was born into this world just to love you
And I finally got the courage
To stop thinkin' being by your side is all I could ever do
And I finally got the courage
To stop fantasizing and rehearsing our reunion
Because I finally got the courage
To realize our time had reached its conclusion
So I finally got the courage
To be mad at you for leavin' me
And I finally got the courage
To stop going to the places I knew you'd be
Dressed in my best outfit
For you to see
To make you realize
Just how much you really/really missed me

So I finally got the courage to realize
Maybe you and I weren't written in the stars
And I finally got the courage
To put peroxide on all my scars
To cleanse my wounds
So my heart would have no bars
And I finally got the courage
To stop missing the smell of you on my pillow
And I finally got the courage
To stop missing you lying beside me
And I finally got the courage
To stop missing you looking into my eyes
To stop missing you touching me
Stop missing you holding me
Stop missing you kissing me
Stop...missing...you

So give me the gold medal
And the heavy weight belt
I ran the longest distance
And I took the hardest blow
Give me the trophy and the crown
That reads
Broken heart healed/Lost self found
Engrave my name on a plaque
Write the date in the history books
Today I did the hardest thing I ever had to do
Today I woke up and realized
I finally got the courage
To get over you

God Doesn't Make Mistakes

By In-Q

God doesn't make mistakes
He makes trees, and leaves, and skies, and lakes
Birds, and bees, seas, and snakes

The sun moon and the stars
Ally bars
Cars passing in the dark echo like my breaking heart

You hear them in the distance
You feel it in your soul
You've gotta break yourself apart if you wanna be whole
I'm in this whole but I'm crawling towards the light by free falling into my hindsight

The thing about a lesson is you can't apply it to your past
Life isn't as simple as it seems in my photographs
Love isn't something that you feel its something that you do
Every single moment is a miracle that can redefine you
Every obstacle is an opportunity in disguise
You can tell I've gone threw it by this look in my eyes

This is not just an Idea that I read in a book
I'm opening my chest up and daring you to look
Are you scared of the mirror that you see in my face?
Switch a couple details you could be in my place
Drowning in tears of joy from the rush of a battle
I killed off my ego but regret has a shadow
And I'm proud of my progress

The process is magic
Some of us are still slaves to our old habits
Responding automatically cause that's what were used to
If there wasn't a choice your actions have used you

What if you're the puppet, and the puppeteer?
This is your life, and this is your wife, and this is your career
This is your pain, and this is your shame, and these are your tears,
And this is your brain that's had to maintain threw the years

This is reality
But you define what you see
So your reality may not seem the same to me
You think you have control?
Baby this is make believe
Your powers in your response so don't forget to breath

I have tattooed forgive on the insides of my eyelids
So when I blink I can be reminded
That

God Doesn't Make Mistakes

He makes waves that break, shores, and shapes of clouds, faceless crowds
I'm walking threw em like a hologram

Just another kace of me filling up the space in this hollow man

I've been asleep for my whole life
Now I'm wide awake and I can spot a nightmare threw the daylight

Rage is alive and well
We are inside of hell when we rely on the lies we provide ourselves

I see it in the streets everyday
Folks are unhappy with themselves in almost every way
Yet they walk around like theve got it all figured out
This is not what you're about
You just think you're supposed to take a certain rout
And I understand it cause I've been there in the past
But does everybody have to walk around with a fucking mask

I wanna see you in the light of god
You see I'm tired of making love to the same mirage
And my heart is big enough to fit the whole world in it
But I had to loose to learn my loves infinite

See God doesn't make mistakes

He makes truth
And he put it in a body and he bottled it in youth
And it's still inside of you
Whether you know it or not

You are perfect right now, you should own what you've got...

Mumm-Ra vs Panthro

By Paul Maboon

Thunder! Thunder!!! Thunder!!!! Thundercats Hooooooooo!!!!!!!
5th grade I was Panthro! Hands go Wappa! Wappa! Wappa!
with my nun chucks to much for any domestic abusing foe!
Shoulder straps! Spiked tips! Muscles ripped! The Coolest Thundercat!
And even though he was blue, you knew he was black!
Back when Mom's only son wasn't afraid to act when
we were on our own then
He came home
"Wonder if he gonna live with us?"
Didn't trust him, like most boys do grown men moving in
"He spending the night again?
How come he got three pieces of fish?
I did clean up! He used that dish! Wish he just gone somewhere!
That's not fair! He cain't tell me what to do, he ain't my Daddy!
I ain't even do nothing! Why you mad at me?"
Because she loved him. She was happy.
Next few years instincts wouldn't let it go, let it flow
"Paul, Charles said you wanna go fishin?" No!
"I'm watchin Thundercats, all-day-long!
Playing with action figures singin that song
Dun Da Dun da Dun Da Da, Thundercats are loose!"
In Today's Episode
The evil Mumm-Ra The Ever-Living aka Charles,
is living with Panthro's mom
But Panthro uses his nun-chuks to beat up Mumm-Ra till he's gone!
Oh no! Panthro! We're under attack! Calm down! What's wrong WilyKat?
I was cruising in the Thundertank when Jacklman jacked me,
for The Eye of Thundera! And then he went and slapped me! Thhhh! AHHHH!
Mumm-Ra's using the The Eye to hypnotize your mom!
Lion-O gave me the Sword of Omens, should we tell him what's wrong?
Lion-O's a punk! I should have been the leader!
Then I could date Cheetara and have some baby pather-cheetas!
Alright Mumm-Ra I'm bringing out my nun-chucks! Wappa! It's time to die!
Stop hypnotizing my mom! Wappa! And give back the Thundera's eye!
Wake up Mom! Mumm-Ra's evil! Remember when it was just us?
"Panthro! Watch out Mumm-Ra's power is about to bust!" Boom!
Quick! Everybody run to your room! Cover your ears. Get under the cover!
Get under the cover! Boom!
Get under the cover!
Get under the cover!
Get under the cover!
Stop hittin my Mother!
Stop hittin my Mother!
Stop hittin my Mother!
stop hittin my mother

PURPLE FILES

By Thea Monyee

As we lay in green pastures
And rest beside still waters we fail to see the cup running over
Fail to see the water rising past ankles to knees
Or hear the desperate screams of the drowning
It is easier to assume they are hydrophobic
Society's response to their cry
Is to create systems
Be it foster, educational, or prison
Cleverly disguised as hands reaching out
To muddy water populations
Offering salvation
But refusing to get dirty
Flirting with the illusion of unity
While systematically avoiding issues plaguing low income communities
I see the disparity
Watch purple files grow from infancy to teens
Change to manila and trade lives for orange jumpsuits or army green
It seems the people have been misled to believe
These institutions are to our benefit
The general public does not question it
See most believe the youth to be voiceless
Some choose to suffer in silence
Others act out in violence
And still some will choose to use the pen
To forge their rebellion
Battalions of ballerinas and Musicians
Who live by a creed that crescendos off the walls of should be empty group homes and bounces
off of tear stained windows
We know they are a force to be reckoned with
A power to be recognized
As raw as an undisturbed diamond
And as valuable as undiscovered oil beneath the earth's surface
All three have monumental purpose when placed in the right hands
But far too often they do not
Forced on to city blocks to be educated in the school of hard knocks
But not all of our children fall victim to the system
Picasso still paints pictures through fourteen-year-old fingertips and spray cans
Using block letters and languages only some can understand
They can still feel colors in their veins
It's a shame some of us are too grown to participate
Too stoned to see the poetry in the average fifteen-year-old emcees hip hop lyrics
Too afraid to crack open his metaphors see the pain in his pores and deal with it
Mistake Jesse Owens for a hoodlum hopping ghetto fences
As though the next step is the only thing that matters
Evidence that the illusion can be shattered
Living artifacts of the art in fact they memorialize our ancestors in their passion
Turn dreams into actions with few stars to wish upon

Only the faith that some exist beyond the smog and gun smoke
Provoked often
Learning your craft in the most distracting of environments
Staying focused on hard work and your mom's early retirement
We forget to remind you of your value
Lose your compliments amidst the disdain and frustration of your peers
Yet and still you raise yourself throughout those pivotal years
God bless the child that wipes away his own tears
Who taps to soundtracks that only his ears can hear
Practices plies, leaps, and back flips without fear
Who strive for the gold even when no one comes to cheer
Here is to you:
The youth whose truth is hidden beneath media stereotypes
Manufactured by institutions and paid for by federal dollars
Raised by blue collars that you will never have to wear
I swear the youth are not lost
Our future is right here.

Verbally Disturbed

By Sekou (tha misfit)

When I write a rhyme,
it's like I lose all sense of time
Space becomes irrelevant, there's only state of mind
So I climb and elevate, create and celebrate
"Poetical" entrees that make you salivate
Till your palate aches and craves to taste the rave
I bake soufflés of words my medulla marinades
Then I serenade cerebellums leaving hypothalamuses busted
Numbing motor skills, cause I flow to thrill
Ill be the rhythms of the night so I'm giving up delight
And insight that puts me in flight
Then write ten hype lines that bend light
And send fright to foes, and send might to those
Who relate to this altered state lyrics cultivate
Can't concentrate when I wants to make rhymes
And even if I never get a monetary payoff
My poetry brings order to my chaos--
...it's hard to explain.

When I write a rhyme,
I make the most incomprehensibly understandable
Contradictory lyrics of the time
Spherically designed for a continuum of lines
I'm gon' send you one of mine, and watch it bend you by the spine
I'm inclined to spend my time caught up in a beat
Forget to shave, to eat, forget to bathe, to sleep
I'm a slave of freaked verses that disperse with my ills
Leaving my hunger fulfilled by the thrill of the words that spill
From the larynx when I share a mix, but beware of tricks
That bleed from the sleeves of diseased emcees
Who please the masses, but fail hip-hop classes
Cause they see the world through commercial glasses
So he passes the mic back to the real
I blast with a hype track, and I kill the pain
When I feel the rain of verbal precipitation on my brain
You know I find this all
rather difficult to explain.

When I write a rhyme
It's like I enter a world of words
Adjectives and adverbs surge in my nerves
Until herds of absurd concepts emerge
Leaving me on the verge of being Verbally Disturbed
So I splurge on a record, which provokes the track
Which provokes the rap, which provokes the stacks

But even with no contract it hurts not to disperse a verse
It's kind of like a blessing and a curse

When I write a rhyme, the whole world is mine
Ain't no space and time, only state of mind
When I write a rhyme, everything is fine
Ain't no ghetto crimes, ain't no chalk lines
When I write a rhyme, the whole world is mine
Ain't no space and time, only state of mind
When I write a rhyme, everything is fine
Nobody's totin' nines, nobody's doing lines. . . .
When I write a rhyme.

And I could write rhymes till I'm weak and I ache in my bones
And still write till I get carpal tunnel syndrome
And keep writing till my record contract is blown
And still write till my home gets foreclosed on
And write rhymes till I'm broke, car repossessed
And still write till my wife took the kids and left
And keep writing till I see the first signs of death
And take it all with no stress, cause I'm so dang fresh

AND ONE DAY! I'm gonna be up in the game
AND ONE DAY! Everyone will know my name
AND ONE DAY! I'm gonna have the cash and fame
And maybe then it won't be so hard to explain
AND ONE DAY! I'm gonna be up in the game
AND ONE DAY! Everyone will know my name
AND ONE DAY! I'm gonna have the cash and fame
And maybe then I can explain how it is

When I write a rhyme.

Deferred Race

By Brotha Gimel

So I'm hanging on the block with my crew, right?
And Uncle Sam approaches in the form of Popo.
My boys disperse, straight get ghost.
But since I decide to stay, Jake.
I mean, Uncle Sam told me had this task you wanna throw my way
as his partner's beginning to pat me down
he's like, don't bother turning around
the challenge is this
if you can run 100 + 1 yards non stop on
a straight away beaten path
you'll be granted total and complete liberation.
In other words, we'll stop sweatin' you
Can you do it, boy?
Aren't you gonna clock or me or nothin'?
Shooff. I take off with all the intensity and vigor my little body can Muster.
I'm gonna win. With my eyes on the prize of my imagination's favorite muse.
Freedom.
Conquering my life's insecurities and inhibitions
while increasing intuition
one yard at a time.
Diminish your self hate with a high stepped sense of pride
and astride of [sovereign awareness]
That's my encouragement.
Capable of making calculated[snap decisions]like putting them
up and putting them down in a flash.
This is the dash of a lifetime.
A generation. A a race. Run!
60 yards in I begin to contemplate the responsibilities
of my future emancipation as possible.
Run! For all the black activists, artists, dreamers and freedom fighters
who have never left for the promised land.
Run! I own up to your ideals,
each one,
teach one,
leading by example and not letting you down.
The weight on my shoulder I don't mind if it's how I'll be defined.
By the 90 yard line
I'm starting to feel like the weight is over.
Nothing can stop me now, social progress is mine.
I attack 95 with tears in my eyes and a feeling I've never
been deprived [by the eyes in the glasses at my 9 to 5]
Fatigued and winded I oppose 96
willing to commit to a strategy to rehabilitate convicts
Defy gravity 'cause it is not a coincidence that I'm saying goodbye half hazardly as 97th and 98th
yards are overcast by ambition and fate.
I grind out 99
with upraised spine
and my chin just got no more obstacles to now bump my chest than glory, bam!
I'm stopped in my tracks, unable to make the final yard mark.

I'm reaching for the door to freedom but I
can't quite reach the knob, there's something
stopping me, and it's--
There's an anklet.
It's nice, it's like platinum and gold and with some diamonds on it.
Oh, and the diamonds--
Look at that chain!
Oh, that's a really nice chain, man. That chain's long enough it's like four, five
hundred years long
I can put some joints around my wrist
I can trade it in and put some joints around my neck and have a whole
matching set on me to flash on the block.
I could take the rest of it and trade it in for a new whip.
Brand new mansion. I'll be the flyest dude on this block!
In my new 500 Benz.
Thinking of the Benz.
I was going somewhere.
I was gonna get--
But before that I had to--
We were gonna--
It was--
Damn. Guess my
race got deferred.

MONSTERS

By Poetri

I have demons. They lie and wait for the perfect time
when I'm feeling weak and vulnerable
When I don't have my guard up
when I'm thinking hard about something, they make me eat
when I don't wanna eat.
I have something worse than demons.
I have monsters, in my stomach.
Oh, you don't believe me?
You think I'm fat 'cause I wanna be fat?
You don't think I wanna have a six pack?
Take off my shirt at any given time?
Like all those pretty working out types brothers do for no reason at all?
Why is your shirt off, man?
It's zero degrees outside. Why is your shirt off?
I remember when the monsters were just babies.
They were trying to make me eat something and I would just laugh.
Oh, be quiet little monster. We just ate.
Then I would run outside and go play basketball
and work out all the calories I ate that day.
Man those were the good old days. But now, my
monsters are full grown adults
conniving my taste buds like humans manipulate other humans
and it just don't seem right when I go dragging to go get 99
cent chicken nuggets on Tuesday when I already had El Pollo Loco talking about I can't pass up
this deal.
Come on, monsters!
We just ate!
They keep me from the gym.
You don't believe me. You think I wanna wear a size 4X
'cause all the kids do. Well, this may be a
shocker to you, but I'm not skinny and I'm not that hip.
I wear a size 4X because that's the only size that fits me and my monsters and how mad do I get
when I go to the store trying
to find the biggest size only to find that the biggest sizes
are all sold out.
Some skinny cool kid bought them all.
Get your own size!
Every time, every time I even think about going to work out
the monsters devise a plan to thwart my mission and I end up working
out a way to get to KFC.
Hey, you should see me when I eat. How many people sweat when they eat?
Just me?
It's because the monsters are hard at work devouring all the food that they force me to put on my
plate.
I hate the false feeling of getting a work out while I'm eating.
But if you ever catch me after grubbin on a hot plate at aunt Mae's house you might think that I
just ran a marathon,
sweating like an athlete fat as a couch potato, these monsters
got jokes man, man.
You don't believe me.
You don't believe in monsters.

That's how they get you.
I used to be that way, too.
Monsters can find a home anywhere in your body.
They may not be in your stomach, but you
checked your heart lately?
Monsters lurk like babies just waiting to get adult, and if you don't watch it, they grow up fast,
helping you hate everyone who tries to help you
you didn't get a reputation for being cold hearted but I know that truth.
You just got monsters in your heart.
I can't tell you how to get help because they're not my own monsters.
Your best bet is to pray. The sooner we realize there are monsters inside of all of us The better
this world will be.
I have monsters in my stomach.
Where are yours?

UNTITLED

By Nikki Blak

There are occupations well suited to young girls who learn to get undressed too soon.
Why study for SATs, when HIV tests are so much easier to take?
Teenagers lose their virginity in the afternoon after school and learn that it's more fun to make babies than necessary changes.
Tribal markings of tradition paint the faces of familiar strangers and are branded on the hands of men and women.
Reality is more ridiculous than fiction.
Consider a scenario in which the ratio of mothers to fathers is so disproportionate we figure we're fortunate we can get abortions in clinic close to home.
I live next door to addiction.
Eviction notices decorate doors.
Dollar stores have the nerve to sell [shit] that costs more than 99 cents.
Rents is as high as the ever thickening smog that hovers above the city.
Somewhat like the police helicopters we've become too accustomed to seeing.
Middle of the week street sweeping doesn't ever seem to clean these curbs sufficiently.
Liquor stores and bus stops become crime scenes.
The line between innocence and guilt is blurred by poverty.
Capitalism and institutionalize racism keep us here permanently.
Religion is a sedative, materialism a suppressant.
Girls oversexualize the promiscuous boys dangerous and aggressive,
evicted from the womb with criminal records and bad credit
only some of us are brave enough to be born.
There are occupations well suited to young boys who teach themselves
how to be men.
Why apply to college when it's so much easier to got to prison?
A child will lose a little bit of his innocence every time he exits his apartment.
Converse to pavement, face to face with the reality of a hostile environment.
Here, you either grow up real fast or never mature by age 16 now insecurities are tattooed on both arms worn like sleeves, prominently displayed for all the watching world to see.
TV always on same five songs on the radio programed brain waves to read these frequencies.
Must be the reason we're so ill when it comes to literacy.
Mostly deaf, so we connect to stereotypes.
Hands carefully craft [gang] signs.
Third eyes read lips, fingertips absorb the braile of broken beer bottles and promises leave like light imprints on surface streets.
New sneaks keeps momma knee deep in debt.
Fresh outfit ain't paid the light bill yet.
Boy still claim sex.
Bros need children sit on front steps and spit some flower seeds.
Grown folks sit on front steps talk and smoke weed.
There are too many apartments, too little parking and too few trees.
It's rare to find open space in this place so there's no reason to wonder why we don't feel free.
We fall asleep to screaming sirens and barking dogs and wake up confined to tiny rooms, crowded into low cost housing.
Bound to these mazes of alleys and streets tires screech on boulevard black tops.
Pigeons perched on telephone wires against the backdrop of a wounded sky full of airplanes and kaleidoscope sunsets so picturesque it seems fictitious.
A faded shade of regret so stunningly surreal it's hard to believe it even exists.

LOOK THIS WAY

By Gina Loring

It was a Saturday afternoon in June.
And the sun shone down on our naked skin as we passionately embraced
and met soft lips and gazed into each other's eyes as we began to make love.
It doesn't really happen that way.
The real story goes, we had this deep connection
we knew each other in another life,
powerful, magical thing going on, But between me getting tired of you
being high all the time, and you getting tired
of my mouth when you show up two hours late every time we get together
and then that little issue about you and a girl in a backroom at a house party.
Well, it just didn't work out.
But I have faith in love. I do.
And I've learned and I've grown and I know what I want.
I wanna debate political issues like, who owns Israel, and how the Chinese government operates,
and what's happened to this country since
the civil rights movement.
I wanna wrap my legs around your conscience and your innermost self,
that vulnerable side we all have where we hide away things that
never should've happened and pretend that your dad didn't leave you, leave us.
Why do so many black men abandon their children?
I wanna discuss with you about how that's not always true and that some black men hold nothing
in higher regard than their families and how when you and I have children you'll fit that
description.
I wanna whisper with Donny Hathaway and Stevie Wonder in the background and lead a
sparkling conversation and I could break out my Native American tribal music and you would like
it.
And acquire more knowledge about whatever it is that I know that you don't know and whatever it
is that you know that I don't know.
And I wanna relate to you how much Billie Holiday means to me
how she sings and cleans to me and I feel my soul is rocked lovingly and I cry sometimes.
'Cause Miles Davis hits that note so beautifully on Kind of Blue.
And I can't believe Clarence Thomas is actually allowed to decide that there should be no
punishment for a prison guard who beat a young prisoner for stepping out of line, Momea Abdul
Jamar and Lenord Paltemar but are locked up in cell blocks?
I wanna explain to you how happy I am Lenny Kravitz exists.
And how much I look up to Lonette McKee and then I'll have to remind you who she is but that's
okay 'cause most guys haven't seen Sparkle,
but they've seen the Mack which will then seigway blaxploitation and Blacula and why that's
significant to me and only me and you will listen and be intrigued.
You gotta feel for me, but not sorry, 'cause you have your own sad stories to share.
And you will and we'll look into each other's eyes, not corny like but for real 'cause you're the one
that fits and I'm the one that matches and we are vibing.
We're walking with grown up eyes into love.

But what is love?

I wanna talk with you about this over herbal tea or martinis or coffee
or Coronas or whatever meets your fancy 'cause this is about you and this is about me.
I wanna talk about Greek mythology and African history and why plastic surgery doesn't become
illegal when you make yourself look like an alien and why people of color all over the world judge
themselves
according to a European standard of beauty and I wanna a tell you all

about Saphronia and why she is not tragic, and how the story really goes and you'll care and I wanna decide with you who really made Earth and if we can remember our births and do flowers mind when you pick them for me on my birthday 'cause you would and I wouldn't mind 'cause really, all I want is somebody to admire the sky with and I think you might really like it, too.
If you would just look this way.

MY GRANDMOTHER

By Javon Johnson

My grandmother speaks to me about race relations in South Central
at a time when black folk didn't have a right to vote
claiming how we have it so much better now.
Two languages that have been broken at least five times over.
And after multiple strokes she sits there in her wheelchair
strong like tree trunks, top half cut off so that poet grandchildren
could use her past stories.
Still I've never heard more powerful words than the bible.
See, my grandmother's slowly dying today.
And it's like I'm mostly upset for selfish reasons 'cause she has
this unconfidently infectious smile and she wears wrinkles on her face
like tattooed laughter.
Yet still my grandmother's slowly dying today.
See there is very little difference between desperation and strength, between waving and
drowning.
Between slow dancing to no music in empty apartments and walking around
in confused circles in big cities streets while big city railroad tracks beat into my grandmothers
back so her grandchildren could travel
places never dreamed.
It seems now that my grandmother picks a family up but Atlas never
really held the world in his shoulders.
He was just one man hanging on the edges trying his dear best not
to fall off.
And we nicknamed Desperation Strength.
We nicknamed my grandmother once her wings got clipped and she lost
her halo in the watts riots 1965.
Who else do you know that had eight kids and adopted another?
Raised grandkids as if they were her own.
Had a hand in raising me.
Ironic I'm somewhere in Iowa at 2:30 in the morning listening
to racist talk on radio thinking, I hope to God this truck don't break down.
I'm about to break now I can't handle this shit I'm not as
strong as she is, At best I can hold myself though most of the time I
can't even do that well.
I'm constantly being mistaken for standing tall when I stood on the
shoulders of those who put step ladders.
My grandmother happily accepts the fact that I'm starting a new life in Chicago while hers is
slowly coming to an end.
I'm writing suicide notes behind convenience store receipts hoping to
return a few minutes of my life so that she can stock more for hers.
I wrote her a letter the moment I got to Chicago.
I told her she can't go yet, that I'm still working out this deal with time.
I'm still working on trying to be a man and I need her there from time to time to tell me that I'm
doing all right.
I told her she don't have to be so strong all the time.
But I do need her to hang on to those edges not like a dam about to fall off and I wouldn't
nickname her Desperation Strength.
It's like my grandmother's slowly dying today and I'm mostly upset
because I don't think I'm strong enough to hold her world on my shoulders.