

The Dollmaker's Ghost

But do stones breathe
Or think
Of lovers
Or dream
Like water-worn pebbles

Smoothed over time
Yung nigga
Still hurting
feeling lost
Nearly found

SALVATION
In heartbreak

Called his ex
They both wept

under stars
moons spit
pig blood
back at
axes
at pigs
fuck cops corpses

dreams of blood now

dreams of salvation then

dreams of saving graces and spitting
unrhymed couplets thru hazy phlegm

a dry cough
a Dilla beat

a Yung nigga

ever diligently

due diligence

what his uncle said

hot Mogadishu sun

Humid, the air sticks
to your skin, shirt to your air,
sweat to your fears

And under it all, a
cloud of smoke, acrid,
exhaled, thru gritted teeth

Yung nigga, if
you want to make it,
hear me now:

You must walk through the chapa'ai

Fight back the goa'uld

Do not let your symbiote gain maturity

For it will travel from
your stomach pouch, yung
jaffa, and wrap itself

Around your
brain stem, thereby
suppressing your
conscious,

Flooding you
with thousands of
years of genetic
memories

And now you have no life

Well, alive, but...

Better off dead

Look man wezy told me

life ain't cheap, ya better off
dead

And the caffeine in my
system, all these uppers and
downers, melatonin helps me
sleep

But robs me of dreams

And when I'm awake....

I sometimes wish I was asleep

For
ever

Rich

Forever

But it wouldn't solve
any of my problems in this
life, or the next

Especially the next life

Sometimes the dreams
come to me in the
form of people

Who walk into my life,
my next life

Like they don't matter

Like I don't matter

Yung Nigga

Anti Matter

Look all I know is that Hanif
taught me how to write an essay even
though I already knew how to write an
essay like a poem

He re-taught me. And
he never had to talk to me
for that to happen.

I just read
his work. I'm
autistic. This is
how we learn, by
absorbing.

Like
osmosis.

Like Borg assimilation.

We don't need to
interact with you, we
just take that which is
due.

To us.

This world.

So cold.

For us.

But you wouldn't
know anything
about that,
would you?

No, you just stare
me down.

On cold streets.

You ask me.

Meaningless things.

Thru gritted teeth.

Thru pleading eyes.

Thru missed prayers.

I ask for forgiveness,
even when I feel
unworthy.

Especially
when I feel
worthless.

I pray for hope, for
salvation, in this life, in
the next.

I write how
Cam used
to spit.

In like '96.

With Big L.

Just
yesterday I
caught a
Big L.

Check it, to be seen clean is every
teen's dream, with more Green
than Springsteen.