

## MAN KNOW THYSELF

by Leonard Jackson

First let's look at the problem for the answer.

We suffer from no form of psychiatric problem. In fact we are perfectly sane. And what we suffer is evolutionary development.

I don't want to get into any scientific jargon to explain this, I'll keep it plain and simple.

We know that as human beings we possess three main parts, which are mind, body, and soul. Or me, myself, and I.

Mind, or me, is what we are collectively on a higher plane of awareness, We are connected through the mind; that is why when we bond with someone you can almost tell what they are thinking, because in dealing with that person you have opened up to that connection. People with E.S.P. are very sensitive in this area, and most of us who are developing have E.S.P. or have had revelations at some point of future events.

Then we have the body, myself, which is the perfect vehicle for physical interaction, whether for procreation or the pleasure thereof.

B.U.T. the body plays another part and here lies the remedy of our situation.

The body is a way for the soul to express itself. You see the soul is our individual self, the I in our trinity make up. The soul uses the power of emotion, (the strongest force on this plane) to do so.

The soul can take the most simple of tasks and turn it into art through emotion. Emotion is the difference between skill, and talent. Our souls are forever looking for ways to express itself, through the way we walk, talk, and our content of character.

Our souls are not governed by the limitations of this plane of density. Its only bondage is the physical body, and more so the undisciplined body.

The soul will try to free itself from this body, just like a baby in the womb. When that baby develops and it's time to come up out of that uterus, that baby is going to let it be known.

Same with the soul. If we continue to suppress our creative nature, by living a mundane life we start to wish we were dead.

That is our soul talking saying either use me or let me go home. Thus this anxiousness of the soul becomes despair.

## Sparatic Truths

I'm not a poet.  
I'm just a mind in pain,  
Soul weary.  
I like to write though,  
So I use the pen as a razor across my wrist.  
I don't want to kill myself,  
I'm just tired of living.  
Although I would like to shed this prison,  
Tomb of flesh,  
I'm not always blue,  
Sometimes red is my hue  
Vibrant yellows,  
Subtle earth tones of light brown.  
I smiled once,  
It was a Thursday,  
9-9-99.

## Getting By

Gray skies make me smile,  
Morning dew on my rose petals.  
Looks like rain,  
Although I don't need an umbrella,  
I let the heavens tears cleanse my soul.  
Sometimes I rely on a good cry, makes me feel  
like yesterday.  
Dank scent of concrete propels my feet to get  
something to smoke.  
Chocolate daisies to soothe my throat,  
Giving me rainbow dreams of tuff gong,  
As I sing along,  
I don't want to wait in vain,  
I must be insane.  
Because I love these streets but her feelings  
are not mutual.  
Although I'm like a deranged stalker,  
Calling her phone at 3:00 A.M..  
As I go home the sun starts to rise,  
Good morning sunshine...  
Blue skies make me smile...

## My Shell

I don't think of her all the time.  
But when she does cross my mind,  
It's like december 31, 1999.  
Caught up in your subtitles I lip sync  
Prince.  
While she sits on the washer waiting for  
the spin rinse.  
Lower inclinations help to raise inflation,  
Cause while sex sells  
We are all in hell.  
That deeper dream,  
Gods of Atlantis fishing in the Milky Way,  
Casting their nets to Mars.  
And we still wish on shooting stars.  
She's my Venus,  
The home of my dome.  
But I don't think of her all the time.  
Although when she does cross my mind,  
I fade back to '89.  
Native tongues spoke sign language to the blind,  
Because if you weren't a nigga with attitude,  
You might get ate like food.  
I didn't know her then,  
My 1,2 was nice and smooth,  
Endulging in the nectar of DJinn.  
Having no beginning or end,  
Calling my enemies friend.  
Who is the original man?  
Does he enjoy the kiss of the sun?  
Embracing the moon,  
I'll be home soon.  
I don't think about her all the time,  
But right now she is on my mind.

"HEY MOMMA"

Hey momma

What people call you

Although mere words can't explain what I see

Are you a diamond girl that's sugar coated,

A precious jewel in the night, reflecting the rays  
of the sun which is me?

The symbol of perfection alluring when you smile,

From a distance can be mistaken for a star

When never seen on that silver screen, or captured in

H.D. but forever being admired from afar

I don't mean no disrespect

By these words that I direct

Making your feminine aspect become erect

This verbal intercourse stimulates all creation,

From your inner thigh up to your neck

Nibbling on the lobe of your cerebral cortex

I lose myself in your scent

Like Cherry Now&Later's

The juices I taste leaves me more than content

B.U.T. for now sweet momma,

I just want to know your name

In the hopes that one day we can connect