

Above & Beyond

My baby asked me, "What you thinking 'bout?"
As I sat with her in my arms.
I said "Nothing".
As my thoughts soared above eternity,
Beyond stress filled days of stray bullets
and where they went.
Beyond worries of next months rent,
A place where my wings spread above the misery,
40 to 60 hours of hard labor.
Where I fly,
Their lies die.
The void of the universe becomes one,
With the origins of my soul.
Beyond the cries of slavery and the land they stole.
Above the stories of greatness that go untold.
The Bible's rendition won't pay Nikeya's tuition.
Who am I kidding,
I ain't thinking 'bout nothin'.