

"Time on my hands"

Time on my hands and the hands keep ticken. Time keep slippen and denies all repentance. I can't stand this penitentiary liven; it's too akin to social, emotional, and spiritual genocide its killen "me AND time" simultaneously from the inside. Got family, friends, and loved ones whose either too slow, can't or simply refuse to reach out, but like a Phoenix outta the fire, I must, I shall, I just gotta rise outta, the belly of this beast which feast on my inner peace. At night I cry, I'm alone, I moan with sparks in my eyes I realize that, although I'm a man I still got.... "Time on my hands"



I am: Nasir Wali Muhsin