

HATE FROM THE DEEP

Oh how I hate when the memories flood my mind;
repeating my life as if I'm stuck in time. All the
good-times that I had floats to the surface and makes
me mad. Wave upon wave I should be glad, but who cares
about the fish even though he sad.

Where did I swim when I was free? I hate to re-
member all the places in my sea; because all so bad-
ly it is where I want to be, with this dreadful net
far away from me.

Following the currents in perpetual motion; spla-
shing and diving to the depths of the ocean.

Exploring the reefs and the wrecks: hovering a-
bove their forbidden decks, like a ranking officer as
he inspects; with very keen eyes without twisting a
neck.

Seeing the wonders from coast to coast; not stuck
in a pan battered to be roasted; or fried crispy as
a piece of toast, but sailing freely on waters to host.

HATE--COUNT THE WAYS

Oh how I hate thee, let me count the ways;
Every night 365 days

24/7 I sit and contemplate;
Plan and scheme more ways to hate

Hate the Red, White, the Yellow and Black;
All colors of the rainbow, even crayons in a pack

Hate the oppression and his twin segregation;
Political domination and economic exploitation

Hate the lynching and progress by inching

Hate the reality of police brutality

Hate discrimination in our opulent nation

Hate the wars and poverty;
Hate the hate threatening to consume me

Hate the racism and being so mean;
Cutting people off from the American Dream

Hate the murder of our leaders;
And preventing our children from becoming good readers

Martin & Malcolm, Medger and John;
Huey, Robert and George, the list goes on

Hate how you lie, cheat and steal;
How you rape, rob and pillage, and never give a fair deal

Hate how you contrive that you are superior;
While 9/10 of the world you deem inferior

Oh how I hate how you have darkened the days;
Even in my hate I hope you change your evil ways!

HATE THE DISEASE

Lord, I hate the disease that's infecting my life;
Everything I do I have to think twice;
Or wind up paying the ultimate price;
Like crapping-out with casino dice.

I hate the meds I have to take everyday;
To keep this monster held firmly at bay;
A cure is found soon, often I pray;
Whatever it takes quid pro qua.

Sickle cell anemia, Hepatitis C;
Heart, Lung, Liver disease, HIV;
High Blood Pressure, Cancer, AIDS, Sugar Diabetes;
Thoughts of my mortality.

I hate how these demons are causing a panic;
Eating at my mind like a schizophrenic;
Making me less attractive;
Because I so hyper-active.

Tearing me down, so methodic;
Not giving a damn that I'm psychotic;
I'm just void; sick and paranoid;
Made into a folder, because I'm bipolar

I hate what has become of my mind;
dementia and alzheimer's, I'm in a state of decline;
Fading away all the time;
A sun going dark losing its shine.

HATE THE HATE

I hate the hate that has become the cornerstone of our younger generation; the hate that is leading to our annihilation.

£ The hate so difficult to reverse; the deadliest hate in the universe.

The hate for our mothers the ones we call—the bç*%h; that hate for our brothers we send to a ditch.

The hate for our fathers, who we take after; the hate for our sisters so obvious because we dog her.

The self-hate that we just don't see; and refuse to admit that it's consuming me.

I hang my pants off my a\$\$; and cuss like a sailor without any class.

Bang my gun, just for fun; and gang up 20 to 1.

Fly my colors, damn my brothers; let us rob, steal, cheat and kill one another

I hate the hate that we rap about; heading for self-destruction and we just can't stop.

I hate the hate that we abound; the hate that we are passing down; a vicious cycle going around and around; the next generation we condemn and confound.

I HATE R. I. P.

The words we say to the dearly departed;
That continues to reverberate long after we thought it.

So permanent and so sad;
Damn it makes me mad;
No reason to rejoice, no reason to be glad;
All that is left are the memories that we shared.

What if I could change to R to a T
Traveling souls, then they would be.

Never ceasing to exist;
On a journey to eternal bliss;
And as they pass, you blow a kiss;
That don't just dissipate like a mist.

I hate those words rest in peace;
As if life could die and just plain cease.

I hate the mystery;
Passed down through history;
Like taking a God-given victory;
Using a wicked trickery.

More than a body, and more than a soul;
A spirit, a part of God, eternity to behold.

No time to rest, with a universe to explore;
With much more to see, experience and adore

THE NATURE OF HATE & LOVE

Is it my nature to hate to love, or love to hate;
Or love the love, or hate the hate of the appetite I cannot
sate?

Can I go through life just feeling one way, all other
emotions held firmly at bay; a world without night forever day,
always yes never nay?

Answer me Love, let me hear your voice; or Hate will
speak and make the choice.

Which of you will guide my actions and be the dominant
faction; presenting me with the greater attraction, growing
and growing without retraction?

Talk to me Hate and make your case; not behind my back,
but face to face; not in a whisper put it in a bass, don't
take my time just to waste.

I don't want to hear some other man talk, if Love and
Hate must walk the walk; one into the light, leaving the oth-
er in the dark, upon my life come and make your mark.

Tell me my nature or I shall tell you yours, and unlock
the mystery behind both of your doors; then I shall be a mas-
ter of your lores, recite them to the world like a great lion
roars...

MY NATURE IS TO LOVE TO LOVE AND HATE TO HATE!