

Unperfect Storm

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A quiet calm in this here unperfect storm, which is my life.

Never known true blue love outside a mother's warming embrace. Whose essence escapes and alludes the most crafty and celebrated poets.

My pen among that unknown lot. Fade, the ink before it dries. Fading because ignorance can't read, won't read or reads wrong.

Ghetto dust compacted in stately tombs of a modern era of correctional slavery.

Harlots trick ... trick with facades of love. But a mack should know better.

Jump downs are not to be wifed or loved.

Protect your seed. Otherwise drama is foretold.

Twenty one years stolen! Exclusion! Self-delusion! Murderess - of a father's and son's bond!

Yet, in few words, and only a few,

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

By those choice words, the whole human language became meaningless.

Never sleep with a harlot.

Still more, never love one.