

RANT TO RAVE

[CONSCIOUS REFLECTION]

What was so pathetically amusing is how the other police officer stood by and secure the area and watch the, - Mrs partner, RAPE the judge. "I don't THINK I could have done that. I would have pull my service revolver and blow out my partner brains while his stick was still in that judge butt... HIS LAST AND FINAL OUT..."

The prosecutor attorney was willing and dealing for silence. And when it came to me I got a strike... "my first STRIKE" what could I have done? Where could I have gone? If I would have said no I would be dead. I learned a lot that day.

And THAT'S why I exceed... I don't wish to throw away any of the lesson that I've learn about my life and the black race. I exceed because I be damn if I be "enslave" by the blacks.

I exceed because I choose to not entrap, RAPE, Molest, enslave, set-up anyone of the black - negro race. so many have tried what I'm doing and have died. I exceed because in order for me to find a better path in life I must not be of the CRIPS ORGANIZATION... I don't want to go hard at someone over colors and the philosophy behind those colors.

I want it to be always a self-defense issue. I'm not going to go hunt down the people who sent someone after me. I'm just going to protect myself against the assassin however many that they send...

I hope I can have associates of bloods and CRIPS... This is the only way for me to take a conscious, righteous, revolutionary step forward. I exceed...

[MY SOULFUL CRIES]

[YOU WERE A
HIDEOUS CARETAKER]

YET HERE IS KWANA GRIEVING OVER THIS VILE WOMEN WHO LITERALLY LEFT HER WITH SCARS.

"Why do we love the mothers of our lives even if they were lousy CARETAKER?"

Are we born with blank hearts waiting to be imprinted with any imitation of love?

An excerpt from Amy Tan THE IDD SECRET SENSE.

Amy, I don't know! Maybe it's that God created us to first trust in those individual who engages in the process of procreation or conception for us to return back to this world in a physical form. By that we look to them for the first of everything. Love, guidance, acceptance, compassion and so on... And so on... And so on... And more times than not we receive a hideous monster like my mother "Phyllis" as a CARETAKER. I ~~don't even believe~~ ^{don't even believe} that, that's the right word to describe her. "mother"! Maybe the anti-christ is a better phrase, or some evil immoral creature. I sent back and ask myself. Hows how could a mother molest her own male child... I mean severe Molestation. She --- she force her oldest male child to stick a knife into her gut and manipulated her mind into compelling him to engage in intercourse with her while she was holding the telephone receive with one hand telling the all operator that she was faking him as she was bleeding from her gut, as she press a white cloth

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made of Egyptian cotton with her other hand to her gut to prevent the excess blood and her insides from spilling through the white panty hose she wore on to the kitchen floor. He was hysterical.

Me and my younger sibling was hysterical.

I can hear the all operator female voice still to day. "Is it an emergency ma'am?" "What? She could've fucking hear the little black kids screaming out of their mind in the back ground."

I knew from that day, that I would be one of so many ethnic people that will have a justified reason to hate the white race... But I hate, distrust and dislike equally... Hello Mother! Here is how I will fight you! As you knew... But here is something you did not know and will never be a part of... Here is; The Leftist stance, My Leftist stance...

I know that there is hundreds of thousands, millions that are like you around the world... Patricidal... But you guys are not feminist. Don't kid yourself... You're an attack against feminism. You wonder why you do the things you do...

The answer is simple... your immoral... it doesn't mean you don't have standards, that you don't look towards god. Satan is the only evil being that is allow into heaven. Immoral as they come... Lucifer, or no other evil immoral creature is or has been allow into heaven... Satan is a ~~fraker~~ tester of man. A TRICKER... He has no heaven. Him and his followers are the true wandering souls. Their only resting time is when they take soul into hell or allow into heaven to test those who say they're believers. They never escape punishment not even in hell or heaven. Their just given the opportunity to rest. That's why your stomach cramps - you could have been one of those who produce good offspring, many good offsprings. But you are like so many who reject the process of human evolution. Gods plan! For the life of this world. I'm black poet... But I'm not a disbeliever... I see it beneficial to accept and teach those sexy ass pink toes that God has seen fit for me to love.

My Leftist stance... The concept of giving birth to children of the human race. The first race... God race... the one you will never be a part of... For human beings don't intentionally terrorize their offspring and teach them the concept of immortality. You throw wies to the streets in pampers... to monsters...

Hell is not a ~~BEFITTING~~ BEFITTING PUNISHMENT FOR YOU.

[MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE]

Will you abuse the ear that God gave me to hear you?

What's wrong with us ??? why do we hate the things that is good for us... I bet that, we are so caught up in our own demands for things that we lack the ability to acknowledge that the things we asked, prayed, hope or wish for, have been provided to us... I often sit back, babe girls and ponder over our conundrums. I guess in the scheme of things, in today's ~~reality~~ reality! It don't really matter because you, her, them, we are not sharing our lives together now... But, on the other hand it matters. Because maturity will compel me to a higher state of self expression of love, intimacy, romance, let me paint yours, her and hers and hers bodies a luxurious shaded gray color, chemistry in a higher, pure level of expression. Can you handle it?

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see. If you know what chemistry is, you would not wish to give it up. It can be seen, felt, shared with that one you're destined to be with. Patience... Love is to express out in the open that you care for someone... with that expression, you display true healthy honest feeling to the individuals who is in your life. To that someone... Love become madly when such expression is reckless... At times in the past, I could tell you could not handle the way I'd admire you. The way I would look at you. You see it and become resentful, withdraw yourself from that intimate atmosphere. Forbidding ~~you~~ preventing yourself to receive the love that God was destined for you... 'It hurts a man who's mature to such level to know he can't express his admiration, love to his babe girls'. If you forbid yourself from receiving the love a person have to offer you because you don't understand true expression of love, intimacy, chemistry, romance. ~~that~~ than how do you know that your being loved? Is not that what you want? Love! You need it. She must have it. Or she will crumble... But she's not you... She can handle compliments, my admiration... My love. She's ^{the} my, she who waits. And I'm her beloved, her sacred seed... Even though we are not as we should, must, be... You need my guidance, my chastisement, my love. Me. I never went back for Joule because I know that in the scheme of things she will need her sisters and you will need her as well, for ~~so~~ growth... In what we had and what we may never have again... But your unhealthy spiritually, which make you unhealthy emotionally, mentally to receive the love that was destined for you. That is destined for you. A body needs exercise to function as it should healthy. I tell you and pretty brown eyes to exercise, and you both exercise your legs to the nearest butcher to have him cut a pound of fat off you... You often wonder what I look at when I look at the two of you. Well! I see skin that's use as clothes to cover a frail, spiritually unhealthy frame. You're super-bad. And she is bad. But your selfish immature, your, me attitude prevents you from raising to the level of a goddess and being super bad... what are you in a relationship for. To just let life pass you by. To not be alone... It hurted ~~so~~ so much for me to think that you believed that this was the type of relationship I offer you... that this is the type of relationship you seek and search for from me and probably in today... True happiness, love, companionship is more than having a body with a nice long fat stick laying next to you when you sleep. Look around you! Those relationship die like flies... "And ours died like flies because that's what you made it into." I was fighting you for you to close a chapter of your life so you can read and enjoy the one that was being written right before you. I got so sick and tired of fighting with you and her that I let the needed attention be draw away from snow white and Joule... with you 4, my house, our house was not justly balance and I was to immature to see that then. False or immature love compel one to let one go but true love compel one to grow together... I was my duty to make sure our house was justly balance... I lie back on my bunk and think about the past and wonder why my harsh words was not enough. I know the answer now... As I sit here in this cell I know that the warmth of your sister body lying next to you would have killed the physical loneliness that

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MY SOULFUL CRIES

That you felt BY me NOT BEING PHYSICALLY THERE ...
I Remember when pretty Brown eyes would SAY TO me.
How ARE we doing today. And I would ALWAYS REPLY.
How ARE YOU DOING TODAY. we can NEVER be doing
fine (or anything of that matter.) IF YOU ARE NOT
doing fine.

I WAS AND STILL AM COMMITTED TO OUR, MY HOUSEHOLD.

I THROW DOWN ALL I HAD. MY PENNY!

I'M STILL ALL THE WAY IN. Did you, Her, Them ~~THROW~~
TRUELY throw down your POUND???

ARE YOU Her, Them ALL IN ...??

I'M STRIP DOWN BARE! 'PLEASE! 'I BEG OF YOU' ...
DON'T RIDICULE ME BECAUSE OF MY NUDITY ..

WRITTEN BY



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SAME ADDRESS