

KWANZAA

Shall I dare,  
Now that I am aware,  
To don the robes of glory and fix up my hair.  
For this cross and crown of thorns have become wings  
and a halo,  
Liberating my soul,  
No longer shall I fold under the pressures of life,  
For my inner paradox has become I,  
Self sustaining like the sun,  
Collectively Cooperating from when my tribulations  
begun.  
No longer shall I run into the mouth of the beast,  
But use my sword from the East to open it's Belly,  
Freeing the souls of those that came before me.  
No longer shall I purr & pose like a kitten,  
But roar like the lion of the sphinx.  
That old way of thinking,  
Seeing my skin tone as a jinx,  
But shining like burnt brass.  
Although I still bare the marks of the beast, I'm un-  
plugged from the Matrix,  
Those mind tricks,  
Illusions of selling drugs & doing sticks.  
My sword has become my words,  
That I use to pierce the minds of the herds,  
My sheep,  
And I shall be their shepard,  
Allowing them to graze from the Tree Of Life,  
The Lambs Book,  
No longer called a crook,  
But Sun Of Man,  
Son Of Mind,  
Son Of God.

by Leonard Jackson