

## BRUISED

PHY SOUL PIECED UNPEACED  
MY HOPE UNCOPE UNCEASED.  
THE DREAD OF WINTER TO FREEZE  
THE SCORCH OF SUMMER WITHOUT BREEZE.  
THE HEARTS FOLDS THAT HAVE CREASED  
BURDENS TALK TOLLS TO HAVE PIECED.  
THEY DON'T WON'T ME SMILIN', FUNIN' - WITHOUT REAS.  
THEY'D BATTER SO I'D BE LESS, DISENSTYLED TO DEPLEASE.  
CRUEL AND PLURAL MY SCARS  
PLACED IN POVERTY'S RUBBLE RURAL STAINED BY WAR!  
HOW'D I WALK A SMILE  
THEY'VE TRIED TO TAKE THE "SUM" FROM THE "HOW" TO DISDAIN MY MILE.  
SEVERELY WEATHERED THE YEARS BY FAR  
IN HOPES I'D WITHER, SHED A TEAR AND NOT STAR.  
I'VE BETTERED FROM THE CRAWLS I'VE FILED  
BETTER BECAUSE I'D NOT LET THEM STEAL THE POSITIVE FROM THE PROFIL-  
E! — *Wm. J. J. J. 2001*

## STRUGGLE

VAULTS OF BLOOD AND SORROW THAT SOUR TOMORROW  
SOULS DISMINTED TO HOLLOW SO WE WITHER AND WALLOW  
SAFE MINDS OF SLAVERY AND POORS' POVERTY  
BODIES WASHED UPON SEA SHORES, HENDEROUS CRIMES TO DEMERRY WHEN YO-  
U FLIP BACK PAGES OF CENTURIES  
TEARS FILLED EYES AND HEARTS OF AFRICAN ROYAL SORTS  
CAN'T REPARATION THE TORT- FOR WE WERE, ARE- AS WILL BE REGAL WITH  
OUT ABORT  
TAKEN FROM THRONES AND HOME  
FORCED TO BUILD AMERICA - YET LIMITED TO WHERE WE CAN ROAM AND NOT  
ALLOWED TO OWN  
TOLD MANY TALES LACED WITH THEIR LIES TO AIL AND DEHIGH  
HEAVILY POLUTED THE REAL TRUTH THAT LIES IN HOPES ESCALATION  
- WE'D NOT TRY! -,  
WE'LL CRAWL TO WALK TO RUN! — *Wm. J. J. J. 2001*