

"You Are."

They killed him yesterday.

But today he is alive.

I hear his voice

all through the rooms

and hallways.

I hear his footsteps

on the second floor.

I eye the ceiling fan

searching for the answers

I lack.

Answers he failed to give

before they killed him.

They

unknown assailants

who came at night while he rested.

For they knew he would fight.

They knew his people would rise

beside him.

They knew....

Still his voice lives on.

But without him present

the children won't hear it.

Only a few

Only those who will one day

become leaders.

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"Against it all"
The planets did not align
on my birthday.

They were all in disarray.
A side ways N,
or W,

Whichever one you prefer.

The point is

I was not suppose to
have been born.

6 to 7 months old.

Brain not developed enough.

However the sun had been shining.

As my mother pushed
the sun shined on.

And the planets,

they had been invisible
to the naked eye.

as when naked I
entered the world.

Too frail to be spanked

I cried on my own.

And in Nov 21st

this poet was born.