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In my Brain

By Jelva Egn

People think I'll cause havoc, think I'm still insane,
think the only way I'll get up in the world is in an airplane.
My heart is still overflowed with nothing but pain,
I'll succeed at something, but it's hard to maintain,
with a rap sheet, that definitely goes against the grain,
since I'm a criminal, nobody wants me to entertain,
I got a story to tell, but my urges they say I can't contain,
saying "check him for gasoline, or even some propane."
When I get set free, they'll still try to detain,
put cuffs back on my wrists, and I start to complain.
Say I can't be successful, they don't care if I explain,
they see my background, so it's a job I can't maintain.
Blood boil in my veins, like I'm addicted to cocaine,
but the hate that I get, gives me a damn migraine.
I'm gonna shake it off, my feelings are numb like napaine,
I'm something that's rare, like black people living in Maine.
This is not your traditional poetry, it's great like a Dane,
my rep is spotted like a period, prison left a stain,
on my character saying that my life is profane,
if you don't like me, then stay out of my lane.
Hate rate too high, haters in my eminent domain,
when I get out of prison, success is what I try to gain,
but it'll be hard to do, when you can't rely on memory lane,
to my character they slain, but they can't cure what's in my brain!