

① Virika, xzyzst here.

Piankhi gave me your reply, and the one about the font looks like it was for me. My bad for the delayed response, Piankhi is very ~~Reclusive~~ Reclusive, and doesn't read his mail right away, and I spend a lot of time alone preparing for my Mom to pass over into forever any day now.

The combination of lack of communication and alone time leaves me to do my own thing and focus on our forthcoming issue titled The Vent. Had it not been for this project WODZP, I'd be more destructive than constructive right now, and the plus side is each issue of the Zine continues to get better.

Issues #2, #4 #5, #6, Poetry, Prose & Condz Volumes 2, & 3, Sun 2 Suns, California On Blast, and now The VENT was all developed in very trying times, however, a better product came out of it each time :).

To answer your font question,

~~My~~ Piankhi is featuring different size fonts in his NGR vol, issue, so, he wants to put your Queen, & My King in facing pages next to each other. I did the K & Q like that because Piankhi came up with that idea and I thought it was very unique, he does that a lot. I'm not asking you to do it, I was just sharing your Big Bro's creative energy. Anyway, it's your call on the font and size, just as long as each poem fits ON its own zine page. So just fold one piece of paper put Queen on one side, and next to it on the other side of the fold, put King so Piankhi can glue them onto the page without needing to send out for copy reductions.

②

Hope you send them to Pankhi soon, as he is ready set to release NGR vol. 1.

That issue is super powerful, and hope it ruffles some feathers, so for it's my favorite WODP issue, but I can't wait to see what Pankhi does with The Verses for NGR vol 2. That thing is a whole other animal, energy and spirit, and may end up being my favorite.

Yes, you did transcribe the 1st chapter of the Verses, Pankhi is putting Chapter 2 in NGR vol 1. But he's putting all 6 chapters and The Encomium in NGR vol 2, so from cover to cover NGR vol 2 will look like a small prayer zine with a piece I wrote titled "To Young Pankhi" at the end, it's a cold eulogy. Please print them all.

Also, enclosed is Chapter Six. I was moved to only put 2 stanzas in Chapter 6, and title it "The Motorcade". Just imagining what a fallen police officer's funeral would look like if innercity youth respectfully took over the grave yard escort motorcade, and how that would spark the conversation that nobody is having, and the impact it would have going viral online, OR, maybe I'm the only one that thinks like this? Peace is an action word, we march down the street, and take over the freeways for everything else, some will ask why? I say, Why Not? They get paid to escort us to our grave. We war against war by serving up peace for free. Viriko, nobody has done this yet.

Take care, ~~Leyst~~ Forever.

③ (P.S) Attention Transcribers

Oh Snap, almost forgot.

I've been reading the @Golgotha Interviews and noticed transcribers read my chicken scratch handwriting that misspell the word Golgotha.

It's 2 00 and da.

The misspelled Golgotha does not exist, and we could get called out for this misspelling that is culturally misrepresented.

Although our transcribers spell the title right on the blog, the body of content displays the misspelled Golgotha several times, especially in

@Golgotha w/ Waymon.

The @Golgotha Interviews are filed under Interviews at BTB

@Golgotha w/ Joe

@Golgotha w/ Lil Detroit

@Golgotha w/ Young Joker

@Golgotha w/ Wyld

@Golgotha w/ Waymon

@Golgotha w/ PiankHI

My bad for that second vowel being an "a" in my horrible handwriting, the correct spelling is

@Golgotha

Thank You for your attention

Xyzost

THE NGR VERSES :

Chapter SIX - THE Motorcades

A black boy
born on the streets
of these united States
hunted by police
privacy, they do invade
stopped and frisked
is now he is raised
framed for the portrait
and made a captured slave
death penalty on the scene
while attempting to escape
from being escorted
to the grave,
by a police motorcade

-xyzst

Falling tears from
the eyes of the proud
dripping down the cheeks
narrowly creeping into
the lip creases of
a fallen police officer's
mother's puckered mouth
she just found out
that her tears taste
just as salty as
a black boy's mother's doubt
that her son will ever see
police, escorted to their grave
by an innercity youth motorcade

-xyzst