

ID: tqm8

In response to ID: tqm8
Sun. 7-29-18
Time: 8:25 a.m.

Ms. Lynn Espinoza,

I'm not sure if my responses to comments are posted, but if they are, I'm sure you were able to see that I've only ever responded to one comment. The fact that you're reading these words is evidence that your energy moved me. I can't say with any certainty how lyrical I A.M., but I can say all that I write is my truth. Thank you for taking the time to read my work. Although your reply was brief, and may not seem like much to you, it meant a lot to me. It lets me know that although I'm currently unable to physically interact with people because of where I'm presently assigned to exist, I can still reach beyond these walls and touch a heart with my truth. I'm going to share this piece with you that I've never allowed anyone else to see. I'd appreciate you letting me know what you think of it. Please feel free to contact me directly by snail mail at W.C.I. P.O. Box 351 Waupun, WI. 53963-0351.

Focusing on beating odds distorts my vision, of the life I wish to bring into existence. I A.M. the statistic; the truth; the other side of the tracks where nightmares are realistic. I A.M. the percentage of the world that struggles, falls, stands up & stubbles again, refusing to stay down. I'm that beast so they say, the one that they're trying to keep locked away, aging inside of a cage; suppressing rage, yet burning with a flame ablaze in a maze of a life I can't seem to escape. I'm the kind they don't want to win often. I'm what they use to populate prisons & coffins. I'm what they call the hopeless kind; But due to a focused mind, I can be placed in any situation, adjust, and be just fine. I A.M. the threat. I A.M. what they hate, but have to respect. I A.M. what they labeled Generation X, like Malcolm, the truth with no disguise. I A.M. the true heart that brings uncut real, never lies. I A.M. the sign that sits high and shines on all that's dark, chosen to teach people with what comes from my heart. From their start we were forced apart, starved, and fed to sharks on the high seas; But we pledged on our souls that we'd one day be freed. These greedy thieves have stolen everything from man to land. I A.M. the plot, the plan, the blue print, the remedy to finally stop the Klan. I A.M. the madness, that hate that came from slaves. I A.M. the spirits King & Garvey risen from the grave. With their visions in hand I A.M. unafraid of the men from the caves. Yes, I represent afros, bald heads, dreads, fades, and braids. They say I'm the con, hustler, dopefiend & alcoholic. A.M. I any of those foul things, like the nigger, rapist, coon or any of the other filthy things they call us? I A.M. what they fear. I A.M. the tears that flowed for hundreds of years. I A.M. the truth, the proof that God really does exist. I A.M. the manifestation of prayer spoken aloud. I A.M. the Beautiful Black Man that's finally focused now. If you truly look, the tangible expression of God's beauty is what you'll see. Don't be confused by what you're feeling, because it's just Me being Me.

Unfiltered
A.M.

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*From Truth
Until The Day After
Forever
Sincerely A.M.*