

Restrained

(Written for a friend to his girl)
(* Line from: Some Call It God by Jabari Asim)

To sit here stifled
in segregation's shackle
in the shadow
of your stapled to
on assaunting sadness,
wishing I was super-healer-
or-ultra doctor able
to defy the laws of mortals
and pull off the phenomenal
and restore to good health & bliss,
detest being detained
and restrained by prison
longer than necessary
to be there w/ and for you,
like hunger is supposed to be fed,
beauty is supposed to smile,
the closer I get - these days
ebb longer and I try
to coerce myself
a diswarring to unite
our union, I would take on
your pain and combine
it w/ my pain so you'd not
be in any discomfort
or displeasure, how I look forward
to the materialization of the worth
of words and pleasing you, *begetting
light as bright as music's promises,
we'll make a way - 6/9/24 ~~Wm. Murphy~~