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(HOSP) Susanville, California.

-ESSAY-

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(~~A~~ ~~Journal~~ ~~Journal~~ ~~Entry~~)

DIARY IN MY EYES

"A Black Man Trapped"

The life some of us live, is the cause for our paranoia, pain and stress. Our parents think that we're insane and that we're not capable of learning life. Life is the key to success, but with success there's a serious price, which perhaps many men don't want.

I represent for the life that made me a problem child and the soldiers on the streets who are trying to survive the jungle that goes on in the ghettos/or jungle. They don't believe that I care about their fates but how can I not, when I came from the same struggle that created them....

I was made in the ghetto, when momma gave birth to me February 23rd 1981, after my father decided not to use a condom. He felt that I was a product, which the world needed, to cure the minds of the lost warriors... The warriors that have been chasing their souls, trying to avoid the jail cell in the process. Many men tried to escape the misery in the slums but lost their step and fell victim to the struggle. I believe that I will be murdered by my own caliber of individual, and when that time lands on my lap I'll calmly accept my fate.

When I'm talking as a Gangster, I reflect on the lost lives that died for breaking the code and the lives that died mysteriously. I think about my friends whose in the past and the men /soldiers that live hopelessly in the 'hood. I wonder will they ever change the killing cycle that we're caught up in. Men like to crash cars and chance going into the casket before giving you their property. Because we refuse to let another man in the exact struggle take from us. When you allow someone to take your possessions you're allowing that individual to steal your soul....

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The woman touches my soul when she's a pure heart. But if she's contaminated then her heart corrupts mine and then ~~when~~ we both suffer the misery. I cry for her to love me unconditionally but it's hard for her to trust me due to her past relationships. So although my kisses are pure and with debt she cannot love me the way I wish she could.

My brother lost his little boy to a stray bullet and lost his mind. There was nothing the child's killers could do to return my nephew to his living state. Even after one of them were murdered less than a week, the pain we suffer from the tragedy is damn near unbearable....

I entered the streets for love of the streets and the men residing there and I felt like I had my wishes all granted. Then one late summer night I witnessed, my should have been killers murder my best friend. His last thought was, Prince I don't want to die now...

I had an identical thought as I retreated behind a blue 1965 Chevy Impala, before I retreated over the nearest fence. We were only thirteen years old and up until that moment, heartless. Not thinking about money and girls, just gang related shootings and the death of our arch-enemies....

There is nothing but death between me and this earth I walk on. The day I leave, I pray that my people celebrate my demise. I don't want any tears on my casket or any flowers down in my grave. I want 24-slugs sent into the air and prayers for the man or woman that gave me peace. I'm living life knowing no man can hurt me but the woman can. I was created by a woman and taking the life of God's most precious sin will not allow me to enter Heaven....

My soul doesn't need an alibi because only I can vouch for my true soul. What you perceive might be deception in order for me to achieve my next breath. I'll never choose to lose but perhaps I may one day choose to die...

The world has two faces and we're one of them faces and it's by design. We all fear each other due to the evil we put each other through and we're all soldiers until we rise. You dream of death but you've never walked a single ghetto street. Yes, I'm talking to the American-Europeans who are born with special considerations in this world. You know nothing about true struggle due to your being sheltered. But we Blacks in America are strong because we carve out a living from underneath the ghettos where we struggle from people day to day in order to eat our next meal. So when I hear another race calling us Blacks lazy that infuriates me because it's a bogus claim...

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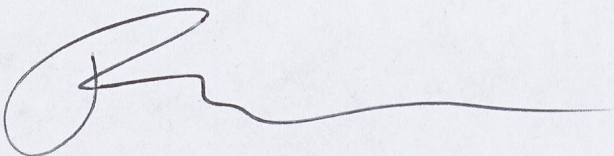
The Black race has endured and still endures more pain than any other race on earth. Now I'll be the first to admit that we Blacks in America these days have it much better than our people back in the Motherland today....

You know America, I wonder what the verdict will be when a black neighborhood watchman, eventually, picks a fight with a 17 year old white kid and ends up killing the kid. And he uses the stand your ground law as his defense, after being told by law enforcement to remain in his vehicle until police arrival? "Trevon Martin" is lying in a grave because he was walking while being Black in an American city. I don't recommend any violence against the youth but I would honestly like to see that scenario play out and watch the initial reaction of America. You know it seems for every two blacks that are murdered racially, only one person will be convicted. One of the devilish acts will go unpunished with every racially motivated crime against, not only the black man but against man himself. I also wonder why we blacks have to organize so many different tribes, clicks, gangs Etc... Cuz we're much stronger when we're side by side. All you have to do is rewind back history and look at the riots that have taken place here in America and abroad once the black race was fed up with the injustices taking place....

Those injustices are tolerated because we blacks understand the powers that be and how those people play. Yes, we have a black President but what does that mean? Cuz Trevon Martin, Oscar Grant, Sean Bell and countless others are still being murdered due to their skin complexion...

I pray that our so called black leaders wake up and fight politically about the realism taking place here in this so-called Promised Land and kill that fighting for the past issues. We need to cease with the have peace for the devil while he's apparently trying to exterminate you by the minute of each day. If the playing field isn't equal our cries will continue to go unheard and therefore unanswered.... Respectfully submitted on behalf of the blacks and the minority here in America!!

May peace be with you all....

A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of a large, stylized initial 'P' followed by a long, horizontal, wavy line that tapers off to the right.

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