

Sleeping Tight

The mythologies got him in a bind. He was told there is a better place than Earth. The afterlife is forever. The Constitution he cares not for. He lives in a dream. His authority figures chastized him. Belief in one book and one book only, he was told, and don't question it.

You are not of this world. Education he cares less for; work hard that is all he knows, to be intelligence, that is for the other race. Antisocial he was called because of intrusion.

To be careful not to offend others. Every goodwill is blessing from someone higher and the opposite from one below. Take no credit, because you are at the mercy of someone higher that can take your life at anytime.

His shoulders dropped, he dropped his feet, he kept a cold expression and his eyes are misery. Society wrote him off as insane. He walked the streets as a loner. Secondhands, he thankful for. In his eyes, he is blessed for the handouts.

"Wake up from your dreamlike state. You are mighty!" he was told by a stranger. "But how can I when I was told, all my life that I am nobody." Said he. "Mythology holds no truth.

You are more than your circumstances, but enlightenment, you create. You are the Creator and the Destroyer, you have the key to set yourself free, belief in you. The Constitution holds your rights. Put that book away and read it not again. It has turned you into a Sleeping Giant. Pick your shoulders, feet up; abandon that cold expression and "be best!"

"Have you heard of Marcus Garvey. Where does your history start. Have you met a sane genius. Wake up Giant and take possess of what the world has to offer. People get buried when they die, period." The stranger said.

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