Poem: Living

The Roots To My Family Tree Date's
Back 107 Years.
Since 1917, Secreted Deep, Like Lost
Souls On Pier's.
Slept On, Like Memory-Foam Mattresses.
Females Are Emotional, So We Know
Who's The Leading Actresses.

I'm Thinking Movies, And Usually I'm
Be Reposed, But I'm Up Late,
Avoiding Demons In My Locker.

It's No Closets At The Bottom, And
No Batman In Gotham.
In Prison, The Captions Are
Popping.

When You're Young, And Don't Have
Felonies, You Have More Options.
Imagine, County Morges, Not Filled
With Black And Brown.
These Aren't Rigmonds, Their Tombstones in My Crown.

Crown Heights Is More Than A Good, Took the Bag Out Any

Grandma Said, 'The Only Friends You Have, Is The

Crown, In Your Pockets.'

I took that, and took off

like rockets.

Sat back pondering, but I

had us to the foundation,

they can't stop it.

In motto and Southern maxim

Became my fuel, understand the

logic.

That Pearl, Became my best jewel, making the next move

My best move.
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I'm making it all count.
Shaking this train of thought isn't easy, and I don't mean to be green.

But I can't help not feeding myself, I've starved all day.
I've been hankering to say,

Things most wouldn't dare, start with yer, whom it may concern.

Our ancestors were burned, hung, and diseases infected.
For 5 centuries, blatantly disrespected.
Then add prison into the mix, and you get a bad batch.

Years spent in every bad max.
Ghetto so polluted, you'll need hazmats.
Sad. That it’s normal to us, diluted water and air. No matter how clean you are, it’s dirty in here.

I came in 17 leaving out after doing 26 something years.

The time went by like WiFi signals in thin air.

I couldn’t barely see 50, like the time print in advertisements.

Sleep on the roof, in cars, behind stairs, and in basements.

Fighting to survive, even if I had to effectuate my squatter rights.

If I can’t write it down, I’ll type.

It was a short day, but I
Poem: Living

Long Night.
It's Not Enough To Sit Down All The
Family And Friends That Gave Their
Lives, For Me To Be Able To Stand
Here, And Share Some Inspiration.
I'm Not Doing This To Become
Famous.

Just Showing You That Going The
Hard Way Is Dangerous.
Angels Looking Over Cages Filled With
Lost Souls, Where It's Always Cold.
My Sin, Self-Defense Turned Robber,
Like A Forenoon, So I'm Bair To Move
Faint.

FAME US Isn't Just A Name, Like
Light Isn't My Only Aim, Like
When I Think Drive, I Have
Flashbacks of us in that jeep and it flipping.

I'm not supposed to be sitting here typing this, but being blessed... it was written.

With the blood of innocent strangers, the playing field shifting.

They are not forgotten, nor those in prison.

You have to let go of the edge, see the vision, fall in love with the mission.

One big project, like Queensbridge Housing.

I represent for thousands.

Trapped at the bottom of the totem pole, healthy as an ox, but growing old.
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Still feeling youthful, but with age
comes wisdom.
Enjoying every second of freedom, is
the real meaning of living.

Poem: Living
By: D. Best