

#1

Poem: Living

The Roots of My Family Tree Date's  
Back 107 years.

Since 1917, Secreted Deep, Like Lost  
Souls On Tiers.

Slept On, Like Memory-Foam Mattresses.

Females Are Emotional, So We Know  
Who's the Leading Addresses.

I'm thinking movies, and usually I'd  
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 rapscallions are  
popping.

When you're young, and don't have  
felonies, you have more options.

Imagine, County Morgues, Not Filled  
With Black and Brown.

These Aren't Diamonds, Their  
Tombstones In My Crown.

Crown Heights Is More Than A  
Goon, Took The Bag Out And  
Made It All Goon.

Grandma Said, The Only  
Friends You Have, Is The  
Currency In Your Pockets.

I Took That, And Took-Off  
Like Rockets.

Sat Back Pondering, But I  
Got It.

FAMEYS Is The Foundation,  
They Can't Stop It.

Old Motto, And Southern Maxim  
Became My Fuel, Overstann The  
Logic.

That Pearl, Became My Best  
Jewel, Making The Next Move  
My Best Move.

#2

Poet: Living

I'm Making It All Count.

Shaking This Train Of Thought Isn't  
Easy, And I Don't Mean To Be  
Greedy.

But I Can't Help Not Feeding  
Myself, I Starve All Day.

I've Been Hankering To Say.

Things Most Wouldn't Dare, Start  
It Off With Me, 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 Bag Max.

Ghetto So Polluted, You'll Need Hasmatts.

SAY 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 206 SOMETHING  
YEARS.

THE TIME WENT BY, LIKE  
WIFI SIGNALS IN THIN AIR.

I COULD BARELY SEE 50, LIKE  
THE FINE-PRINT IN ADVERTISEMENTS.

I SLEPT 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 A

#3

Poem: LIVING

Long Night.

It's Not Enough, To Let 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 Botch  
Robbery.

Like A Foreman, I'm Paid To Move  
Every Body, So No Body Dies In  
Vain.

FAME ISN'T JUST A NAME, LIKE  
LIGHT ISN'T MY ONLY AIM.

When I Think Drive, I Have

Flash-Backs Of Us In That  
Jeep And It Flipping.

I'm Not Suppose To Be Sitting  
Here Typing This, But Being  
Blessed It Was Written.

With The Blood Of Innocent  
Bystanders, 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 Queens-  
Bridge Housing.

I Represent For Thousands.

Trapped At The Bottom Of The  
Totem Pole, Healthy As An Ox,  
But Growing Old.

#4

Poem: LIVING

Still Feeling Youthful, But With Age  
Comes Wisdom.

Enjoying Every Second Of Freedom, Is  
The Real Meaning Of Living.

Poem: LIVING

By: D. Best