

Spread Positivity
Encourage Awareness
Know Something

That's just what I thought
A collection of Poems and Stories

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Chapter 1: All About My Life



Focus: Letter to Myself

Dear me,
You've come a long way from lying to yourself and smiling the pain away
Remember you are not a psychopath on a cycled path
But a kind soul on an intellectual journey to success
Stay Focused
I'm writing you to warn you of the new year.
Don't let your ego scare away your true friends.
Do unspeakably nice things, just because you can.
Be Ready Every Amazing Thing Happens Eventually.
In other words, BREATHE.
Doubt kills
Success is not perfection, its progress.
Carry on with GOD first.
Keep your family and goals in mind.
Don't forget to keep your smile.
Be cautious of indirect routes by directly being in charge of your decisions.
Stay driven.
When people start to tell you that all you do is a façade for trying to fit in, and trust me they will
Be kind, because even the unkind deserve to feel what benevolence is.
Most importantly
Love yourself and God will see you through.
Sincerely,
The Future You.

Who Am I

I am where intelligence meets neglect, but too intelligent to be neglected

The Ph.D. to Dr. King

Malcolm X out the last name

Spitting liberty bell hook lines

Behind bars of systematic oppression

Sharing a bottom bunk in the same skin cells as Angela Davis

Wondering if W.E.B. Du-Boys really turn into men when faced with conflict

Learned to see the strength of non-violence

While looking through Gandhi's racist glasses

But don't call me a pacifist

I would gladly pass a fist

I am screaming opinions of fuck you

Tight roping on your thoughts

So you question your beliefs

I am dangerously clever

I am SPEAKS

Introduction to Me

I looked in the mirror the other day and I was amazed at what I
seen

There stood a 5 ft. 10, skinny black man who seemed to be
happy

I knew he was this, because his smile looked as if it finally
broke free

From the chains of sadness that depression placed on thee
Outlining of his mouth

So he could not speak

As it brought nothing but warmth to those who believed

That having a reason to live

Was better than just being

I was shocked that he who was seen was finally me

They tried bringing me down, back to my knees

But I will not fall

For I am still standing, still speaking

My Explanation

My personality that is often described as cocky is just
misrepresented nonsense

I would say

I'm more confident than narcissistic

And my confidence is a result of me making up all the missed
times I spent avoiding my self-esteem

I talk so much because my tongue couldn't handle all the weight
from me holding back the things I wanted to say

I smile every day

Because I wake up with a heartbeat in my chest and my own
thoughts in my head

I am happy that I have my own voice even though it took me so
long to find it

NOTHING makes me special

I am just living life lavishly

Just wait and see

What I become

Self-Awareness

Become completely self-aware with a little bit of balance
Realize that all you must do is believe, which will take some
motivation

Although this cruel world forces us to have trust issues

Just stay focused

Because success is a bus stop right around the corner

And you don't want to miss it.

A Really Weird Story

I used to be a weird kid
Like, I used to sniff cotton
I'd rip open comforters, pillows, even teddy bears just to salvage
the cloudlike goodness
As if I were some kind of King of Softness
Waging a war on all things fluffy

When things are out of control
When all seems lost in the world
My weirdness makes everything clear
Even on the dark days, it's there when I need it
Reminding me
That a smile
Can be the difference between pain and tragedy

I Need a Dollar

I was eating inside Arcata Pizza and Deli, when I was distracted by a soulful voice coming from outside.

My curiosity peaked so I went to see who was the hero of putting this soothing harmony in my mind.

It happened to be an older African American gentleman making the streets his stage.

Screaming his heart out singing every note perfectly.

This was like routine to him as if he did this every day.

He did this every day. Singing.

"I need a dollar, dollar, dollar is what I need, I need a dollar, dollar, dollar is what I need, said I need a dollar, dollar, dollar is what I need and if I share with you my story, would you share your dollar with me."

So, I gave him a dollar, and he shared with me his story.

Telling me

"I had a job but the boss man let me go. He said, I'm sorry but I won't be needing your help no more. I said please Mr. Boss Man I need this job I'm letting you know. Then he gave me my last pay check and he sent me on out the door."

That day I met John, retired military vet who was homeless in the streets of Arcata.

He's received exactly 10 medals

5 medal of honors yet, his honor is continuously questioned.

5 purple hearts, not counting the one in his chest from the bruising of false love from a nation he swore to protect.

He wakes up every night from the screams of fallen soldiers.

He was sent back home with no destination

And injected with neglect with no vaccination.
The family he had vanished
Like the care, he had for a country worth loving.
America, land of the free and home of the brave
Where the Brave have no freedom when they come back.
Instead of given respect for laying their lives on the line
They are pointed to unemployment to wait in a line.
After being welcomed with open arms, they aren't welcomed
with open arms.
Instead returning home loved as they desire
America continues with their onslaught of friendly fire.
Dear John. We may not show you how much we appreciate our
vets.
But here's a salute
And all of my respect.

Ignorance Isn't Always So Blissful

To the guy, I overheard in film class.

Sean Bell's body was used as target practice to 50 police bullets.
Rodney King's face was engraved into the fists of four police officers and teeth kicked out as if they were evicted from his mouth.

Trayvon Martin was patrolled for being in the very skin that god gave him.

Aiyana Jones was just sleeping.

Alton Sterling was selling CD's.

Eric Garner loosies.

Tamir Rice was killed in a matter of seconds without any questions.

Millions of mothers and father's tears fail to drown out the sounds of their young and innocent.

My grandma watched your protectors use water hoses like they were sniper rifles and her friends be used like K9 chew toys and you still have the audacity to say

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS DISCRIMINATION.

You should be so fortunate

That I didn't channel in the strength of Mike Tyson and knock the ignorance straight off your face.

When you said those words, I could feel the voice of the oppressed climbing their way out of my mouth begging to be heard

Who taught you this!

I get it

You probably learned it from the people who create laws for Arizona.

Your thought process doubtlessly falls from the same tree that hang the nooses of slave-owners.

I bet the only way you fall asleep at night is by washing down sleeping pills in your privilege.

Nighttime must be heaven sent when you get to wake up believing you have no worries.

Parents read you racist jokes like they were bed time stories.

Tuck you in with a confederate flag, so you can hold on to your glory.

And on nights when you seem to be losing your faith

You hide your beliefs under a KKK themed pillow case and wonder why white sheets always felt so comfortable.

You wear white supremacy like a blindfold and the very thought of that makes me want to hurt you.

And I'm not one to wish harm on any other human

BUT

I hope you choke on your words so you can taste the bitterness of your stupidity.

I hoped you get mugged in alley for your pride, so all you're left with is your self-pity.

As no one hears

While you get jumped by a gang of your deepest fears, I hear

You've been playing a never-ending game of hide and seek with your intelligence and you believe this is a game that you should be trying to win.

I believe this isn't your belief, so I please find your own voice.

Because if discrimination isn't alive, then I guess becoming a slave was a personal choice.

That women get paid less than men because we just work so much harder.

Or the fact that Muslims are the only ones lucky enough to win

those free pat downs at American airports.

Your privilege may have blinded you from all the realities of life.

But your ignorance will fail to open your eyes to the hate that this nation was built on.

Ignorance isn't always so blissful.

Mental Escape

I'm figuring out how to live in this world, where we are so
susceptible to the negativity of the privileged and maniacal
Broke through the psychological bars of systematic
imprisonment, yet can't seem to get a handle on life
Because I'm constantly trapped in my own thoughts
How's that for overthinking

Logically Overdosed

Living my dream
Watch as I close my eyes
People think they know my life
But how the fuck
Do they think they can walk in my shoes
When they don't even know my size
Cuz' see
I was born with a waiting mind
Grew into a boy
Changed into a man
Where rational thoughts became my decoy
And at times
Practical concepts came out my brain
Masterfully
Like Plato or that Thoreau guy

And I know
I'm dumb and confusing
Silly and amusing
Don't mind me it's just your brain I'm abusing
Fucked up
Witty and unique
Sexy, Smart
Thoughts that are deep
With a burned soul
And a shredded heart
Let me think
Where do I start
I want to be as lyrical as Martin Luther King

With the presence of Malcolm X
The anger of the repressed
And the voice of Angela Davis
The persuasion of Johnny Cochran
With the face of baby Jesus
And the sex appeal of Denzel
I want to be hated like Kanye
Praised like the based God Lil' B
I want to be loved like a president
Feared like a dictator
I don't want to be famous like Morgan
Because then I won't be a free man
I want to be ignored
Like the rest of the players
On MJ's bulls team
Because they
Still got those rings
I want to be injected into your brain
So you question your beliefs
Then actually make you think
You want to watch me cry in pain
And pled once again
Speak a prayer for me
Amen

If I could give some advice
For you from me
It would simply be
With no voice
You cannot sing
Without sleep

You cannot dream
With no free will of mind
You cannot be free
Let all pretense go
Just let yourself be
Too many emotions
Rolled in little oh me
This is logically overdosed
Jakeel SPEAKS

Kind of a Poet

I like to think I'm kind of a poet.
I love skittles and I'm quite the talker.
And I love to answer questions, honestly ask me.
What I want to be in life and I'd probably tell you happy.
Ask me my race and I'd proudly tell you BLACK or maybe I'd
tell you I don't run anymore unless it's from my deepest regrets.
Ask me to describe myself I'd probably tell you
I'm completely insane with a splash of knowledge covered in
the fears of my own insecurities.
And I'd probably tell you I'm hilarious too.
Because funny doesn't do me justice when describing my
humor.
But if you asked me, what type of poet I am, I probably couldn't
answer.
Sometimes I feel like a love poet
I often find myself writing
How my heart has PTSD from all the countless battles it's been
in trying to protect the thought of finding my dream girl.
And that love must be painful because every day I wake up with
migraines from the thumping sounds of my dream girl
screaming I love you.
Or maybe, I'm a social reformist and I use poetry as a way to
express my opinions like why do we follow stereotypes like they
are the ten commandments
Why do we use them as guidelines to live our lives when all
they do is create barriers between people who aren't so different
from each other?
We aren't so different from each other.
But we are so different from each other.

There is something so scary about knowing I am 21 times more likely to die in the hands of law enforcement.
But they say there is no such thing as police brutality.
They say there is no such thing as police brutality.
When racial profiling has been passed for centuries.
Or maybe
I'm a poet that talks about horrible experiences like the memories of an uncle's knuckles crashing on a child's face like 30 cars on a one-way intersection.
Or the poet that talks about himself in the negative
Like how I think everyone sees my flaws as if they are tattooed on my body.
Or the moments I felt so lonely where my confidence and my self-esteem committed suicide in my mind.
And I can't forget the times, where I used a knife as a paintbrush
Creating a masterpiece on my skin canvas.
See
I don't know what type of poet I am.
But as soon as I figure that out, I'll answer that question too.

Dear Parents

Dear parents,

I am writing you this letter to tell you a few things.

Let me start by saying I know I wasn't the easiest kid to teach.

And that I must have been born with a metal cranium because I was so hard-headed.

Or that I must have been partially deaf because I had a difficult time listening.

I know I did things that you probably weren't so proud of.

I said some things that may have made you question where I came from.

But I want to thank you both individually for sticking it through.

Mom. You carried me inside you for 9 months, which seems more like 24 years because to this day you give me life and protect me.

Growing up you became my shield to block the arrows of life's bad experiences.

You planted a keep off sign on my chest so no one would ever walk all over me.

If they did that, they messed with the wrong kid.

You superglued my knees together so I could stand up for myself.

And gave me armor so I never got stabbed in the back by unexpectancies of broken trust.

You're the reason why I have such high expectations for my future wife.

Because whoever she is will be a spinning image of perfection because I'll want her to be just like you.

For all the love you didn't have to give and all the care you
didn't have to show
I thank you for giving me all that you know.

Dad. You could have been one of those father's my friends
talked so frequently about. Dead beat.
You could've folded your cards and given up on me.
I used to think you weren't cool because you weren't rich and
noticed.
Then I saw the cape under your work clothes you were heroic.
Super-Dad was your costume and raising your kids was your
power. My mom was your weakness and shame was your
enemy.
You taught me that being myself is the only way I'll succeed and
that no matter what I did you'd be proud of me.
I am ever so grateful that you disciplined me.
Somehow you whooped the anger out my body and knocked the
stupid out my mind, you left bruises of intelligence and scars of
respect was instilled in my heart.

My parents are the only two people who constantly never let me
down.
The love they show is always found.
To end this letter, I say for I am your child who grew.
P.S. I love you

I Loved Alcohol

There aren't many days
Where my words don't slur sounds of nothingness
Where my liver
Doesn't drown in a pool of my bad decisions
I guess
Today is one of my better days
Courts says my relationship with her is the problem
Society says it is the answer
Depression
Is a result of all of this confusion

I met Alcohol
Back in the 10th grade
Her beautiful bottle shaped body
Had me stuck in a stupor
Often times she would leave to Tennessee
With that stupid mother fucka Jimmy Bean
And I always waited for her to return
Because I just wanted to spend time with my honey
She made my hands shake
And my knees quake
When consuming
Just a little taste
I'm always drunk in love
Beyond what they say
They say
I drink too much
But why should I care
Life never gave me a shot

So, you wonder why I stay taking them
Attempting to numb the pain
Of memories lost
Hearts broken
And nights forgotten

But I've been sober for years
Year one
I had to sleep with an empty bottle
Because loneliness was scarier
Than the nightmares I had
Leaving alcohol abandoned
Pregnant with my dreams at seventeen
Too bad she always seemed to lose the baby

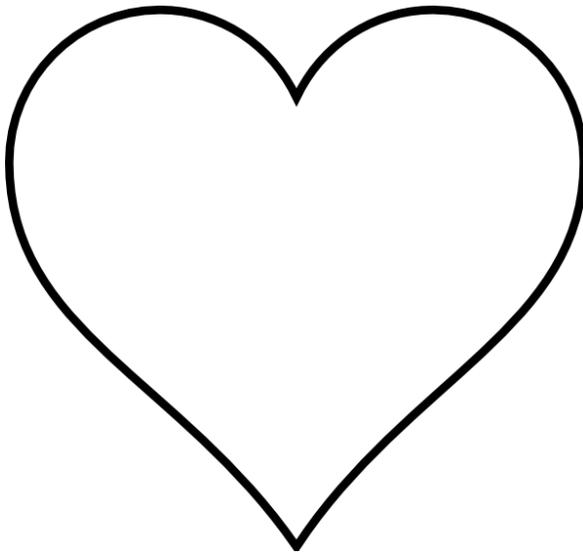
Year two
I couldn't look in a mirror
Out of fear that I wouldn't recognize myself
Antidepressants didn't help
So, I slept more than I breathed

Year three
Temptations, wasn't just a vocal group with a soothing harmony
It was the devil
Strip teasing its way back into my memories
Slow dancing with my guilt
Trying to have one moment with my desires
Until my conscious, finally stepped in like an overprotective
father

Year four
I found my smile
It was hidden in the shattered remains of my self-esteem
I finally have dreams

Who knew my confidence
Would make the perfect mother
Year five
I cried and realized
That life likes to watch you play Russian
roulette
With good and bad experiences
And will even hand you the gun loaded with your fears and
insecurities
But you have to remember
That you can put the safety on
Or gain the courage to say
I'll shoot first
I shot first
And I realized
That
I am still ALIVE
Hi my name is Jakeel, I'm an alcoholic
I'm 5 years, 4 months, 3 weeks, 2 days sober
And not a minute goes by
That I don't smile
Because of
How happy I am without her

Chapter 2: What is Love?



Devil Child

I was overwhelmed with the thought of you
Worshipped you in my mind
Spoiled you as if you were last hope of love in my fantasy
But you were allergic to the sensation of being called my queen
I guess being treated like a princess made you nauseous
I used to believe that God crafted your essence inside of one
heaven's workshops
Come to find out, you were just one of Satan's unfinished
projects

Dumb

Having the inability to speak.

We met in the library of our local community college I think
Through a mutual friend, we became closer than cold and hot.

Who knew she would be the person that makes my tongue
pretend it's a bow changing into a knot.

I fell for her the day I heard her interact.

She has a laugh that even the deaf can hear its beauty.

A smile that made me feel as if 5000 lbs. of weight was crushing
my chest taking my breath away.

And when I looked into her eyes, lumberjacks crawled into my
leg and started chopping at my knees making them weak.

And I know it's crazy to have this much love for a girl that I
barely just met but my experiences with love has buried my
heart a long time ago.

It seemed like she had the treasure map to my soul and found
my heart in a spot that I didn't even know was lost.

She doesn't even know what she has done

She covered my love wounds with bandages of care and
implanted her love there.

She jumped into my thoughts and read the personality traits of
my dream girl.

Then act like her just to tease me.

If I could, I would steal her brain

Just to see if I was anywhere in her thoughts.

I would sneak into her heart

To see if there was enough room for me to stay.

It's funny how someone who was just a stranger last year, can
mean so much to me.

I just pray that my words can express the feelings of happiness,
joy, excitement and love that she brings.
I only have one thing left to say to her.
Just always care and kindly love yourself infinitely.

Confiance

You don't know it
But girls should envy everything about you
It's crazy, how perfect you do the things you do
Your love
Outweighs the hate of millions of murders
And let's not talk about your intelligence
Actually let's
It's like your brain works at a faster rate than the speed of light
Like you pump out the intellectual answers to the mysteries of
life
You were born with the genetic coding of a superficial genius
Makes me wonder, if women are actually from Venus
I remember we had a conversation about how we hate
mathematics
But doesn't $1+1$ equal too many times where I have seen your
brilliance
Your physical appearance
Your beauty isn't even matched by Aphrodite herself
You have eyes that shine brighter than the sun
With a smile that was built in the workshops found between
heaven's gate
You're like a good experiment, gone great
And if you had a television show
It would be titled *My Beautiful Face*
Filming the lives of the guys who did you wrong
You will get to see how miserable they are
Because they treated a diamond
As if it were just a lump of coal
I hate that cupid used you to get better at his job

But he needed you there so he didn't get laid off
He used the excuse that he was new to the scene
That doesn't give him the right to use love like morphine
You became numb to the pain and hesitant with love
You're so peaceful, like watching flying white doves
I never understood how someone like you could ever be single
Then I realized what single meant
Slowly but Intelligently Navigating through shitty Guys until
real Love shows its Everlasting face
Believe me when I say it pays to be patient
I may not understand how you could care for me so much
But thank you for everything
Especially all the trust

*Confiance (n) – A trustful relationship



My Sunshine

A year ago
And some change
Was around the time that I met you
The moment
My heart jumped out of my chest
And ran around the track of love
It never seemed to get tired
But always seemed to get faster
As if the thought of you was like a self-induced steroid
I've never been a stranger to chasing after fantasies
In my dreams
That's where I met you
And tripped over my ego onto a pile of butterflies
I fell for you
You
The one with a voice so soothing
Like the lullabies
Angels fall asleep to
Lips soft as pillows mine just want to spend all of their days
laying onto
Your eyes, your body, your being are all reasons why I crave
Your smile reminds me
That God just doesn't make mistakes

You are the combination of perfection and amazement
This isn't some plea, some desperate attempt
To get you to fall in love with me
This is me explaining my love story
When I was little
Girls called me ugly so many times
I thought it was my name
I believed I was destined to be lonely
I then spiraled into a deep dark place
Much like depression
Depression had a chokehold on my voice box
No wonder why I never had the strength
To speak up for myself
This continued into my teens
Where jealousy
Bullied every ounce of my self-esteem
I became angry, more of a narcissist
Stepping on the hearts of many women
Thinking it would somehow raise my self-confidence
I've never felt more insignificant
This bled into my college years
Until I met a homeless guy
Who taught me
That love
Can make earthquakes seem like neglected sidewalks
Tsunamis look like waves of current beauty
Tornadoes feel like Chicago winds
When do you ever take the chance to see the beauty in some
things
I was always blind to it
Until I met you

You make every day so much brighter
You're my sunshine
I would rip the moon out of the sky
Cover the sun
Steal the stars
And spend the rest of eternity behind bars
Just so nothing
Will ever shine as bright as you
Again
This isn't some plea, some desperate attempt
To get you to fall in love with me
This is me explaining my love story
An expression of my emotions
And my experience
With true beauty

Clumsy

I never realized how clumsy I was
Until I saw the scars on my body
From falling in love with you
Over and over again

True Love

When I turned 3, I had a thumping in my head that felt like
Thor's mighty hammer smashing the walls of my cranium
When I was 3, my heart beat at a faster pace as if it was trying to
escape from my chest
When I was 3, I realized that if I didn't die from this, that it was
love that I was feeling and the culprit was skittles
She tasted like heaven, looked like sunshine, smelled like
greatness but she was little
She made me run away from soda, reject chocolate, and leave
chewing gum
She gave me the best life experiences, damn it she was fun
What made her so special
The reason why I needed her in my life
Probably because she was 50% flavor, 50% sweet, 100% mine
and deliciously tasty
I think she must have been made up of drugs because every taste
made me high
She keep my day going like Pharcyde's passin' me by
It was like a blast of rainbow inside every circular treat
She made my black face blush and my bitter tongue sweet
Skittles I love you, marry me

Only For You

For you
I'd lock away
All my insecurities
Open the windows to my heart
So, you can see
Exactly
How much love
I have for you

Or at the very least
Take a risk
And show you
That I am willing to be vulnerable
Just to experience
What it would be like
To be the one you want to come home to

When You Said

When you said "hello"
Could you see my heart waving awkwardly
As If
It were trying to get your smiles attention

When you said "I miss you"
Did you wish that I was by your side playing that little game
called trust
To be honest
I've never really been good at it
And I'm tired of losing every time

When you said "goodbye"
It felt as if someone dragged my happiness out from the comfort
of my fears and insecurities
Into a room filled with broken promises
Of I will never leave you

When you said "I love you"
I could hear the regret in your voice
The uneasiness in the delivery
Deceit lives on the tip of your tongue
No wonder why
You had so much to say to me

When you said "It's Over"
I felt my soul being snatched out of my chest
My emotions
Drowned out by the sound of disappointment

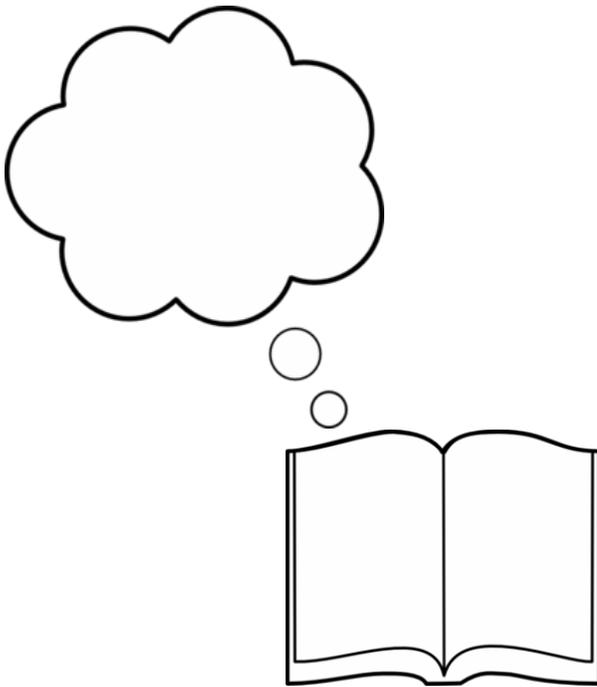
When you said "I'm sorry"
It's not me, it's you
It sounded like a broken record to a song, I was tired of listening
to
Sorry doesn't heal these wounds from ripping out vital parts of
me
Just so you can have a piece of me to carry with you

Sorry is an abandoned building on never forget Avenue
Where pain comes to bloom
Sorry was the last thing I heard from you
And I'm still wondering
If those words
Were even
True

Love Is

Love is
Giving up the ability to speak
For the ability to listen

Chapter 3: Stories and Opinions



Consent

Consent is

Open communication in a room with an enthusiastic yes

Trust wrapped in arms of

Respecting boundaries

Even if their body is screaming for attention

Their quietness is not permission

No matter what you may believe

They can always say no

To sexual activity

It's their body

Their choice

Stop acting like it's ours

Consent is key

Consent is mutual

Consent is everything

Consent is mandatory

But consent is not silence

My Name is Trauma

I'll ruin your life
Like tragedy
I fall from a family tree
of stupidity
My mother is insanity
Depression and I
Are second cousins

I have a bad habit
of auctioning off my love
to anyone who can afford it
I often break promises
I've never been fond of commitment

I share intimate
nights with horrible experiences
After having one night stands
With anyone easy enough to
manipulate
I'm a bit of a problem starter
I'll force you to cheat on your
dreams I hate confrontation
Let's hope your conscious
can keep a secret

If you're with me
Prepare to be
on an emotional rollercoaster
I am not consistent

Especially
with my appearances
But I'll take up so much of your time

I'll never fail to wake you up
in the middle of the night to argue
Reminding you
of shit from the past
having nothing new to say
Avoiding me
Will be your biggest mistake

I fear
that if anyone ever gains the courage
to overcome
what I have done to them
They would realize
I am just a flesh wound
that turns into a battle scar
and I go away
with support
trust
and healing

Trauma may be my name
But you can call me
Your biggest enemy

Ten Things I Hate About Make-Up

10. Some girls cake that shit on.

And it's not because they can't find the balance between too little and just right it's that they're constantly putting it on to hide the scars of broken promises like I will never hurt you and I will never hit you.

9. Putting it on is time consuming.

And it's not because girls take that long in the bathroom, it's that they're doubting their beauty, so they stare into the mirror hoping that makeup will somehow change the way they feel about themselves.

8. Makeup does not do its job.

Instead of enhancing the beauty of the girl that uses it, makeup creates this false perception of what beauty is.

7. Make up is so (damn) expensive.

6. Make-up separates.

It makes it seem as if you don't have the newest eyeliner or the newest blush, you are somehow less of a woman but in reality, it's separating the weak from the strong.

5. Make up smears.

And it's not because its hot outside, it's because girls are crying their eyes out trying to be someone else's perception of perfect

4. Make up is messy.

Have you ever looked inside a girl's make up bag? I mean really look inside a girl's makeup bag it's a mess. But every time a girl pulls a piece of makeup out of that bag she is literally unpacking the memories of a hurt soul and unraveling the self-esteem of a dead body.

3. Makeup seems to make some girls ugly.

And I'm not talking physically, I'm talking about mentally.

Some girls feel like just because they have on makeup, they are somehow entitled to treat people anyway that they want to. Like makeup gives them the superpower to be stuck up, but little do they know their biggest weakness is their own insecurities.

2. Makeup has turned into a necessity.

Some girls treat makeup like it is like food. Like if they didn't have it they would die but I guess some girls would rather starve and look pretty, then to be beautiful and satisfied.

1. It confuses me. I mean It really confuses me.

It makes me wonder why a girl want to touch a face that god already put his paintbrush over.

Ladies you were made in Gods image, so picture this

You don't **need** any materialistic items on your face, skin, or lips.

But if you think you do listen to this

From the book of beauty, essence 6:36

Apply in moderation, I know it sounds weird.

But I'd rather you live with your pain showing on your face then covering it in fear.

Doubt

You seem to have this doubt lodged deep in your mind.
That you're not specially gifted one of a kind so listen.
Your ability to BLOW away people with the words you speak is
amazing.
Your smile is so EXPLOSIVE that those who witness it describe
it a blazing.
It's so crazy that you don't even realize you are T-N-T.
To N' Touch with yourself to be caught up with this disease of
uncertainty.
Realize that you are freaking DYNAMITE.
You are freaking Dynamite.
And I don't know why you keep underestimating your impact.
You're just a flow of emotions trying to stay current.
Pieces of a puzzle, just looking for the right place to fit in.
Believe in yourself and doubt will cease to exist.

J.A.K.E.E.L

Just joking about race yet I hear nothing funny
Angry about laugh sessions because something about white
privilege fills me with envy
Kill them with kindness, so I don't turn to violence
Everyone is human, #alllivesmatter, see that's the color
blindness
Everyone's melanin is the reason they treat us so different
Leave the joking to the comedians and FUCK your ignorance

To the Justice System

Seems like you passed down racism as if it weren't a social construction

Racial profiling as the catalyst

So that police brutality can become the norm in this society

How can I sleep at night

When the ones you chose to "protect and serve" are killing my people as if we are lifeless dummies on their training grounds

Can you discipline your so called employees before we take matters into our own hands

Even with ours up we are still being shot down

Random Thoughts

Why don't I trust cops?

Because they answer "I don't know"

When asked why they shot an unarmed, hands raised, society contributing licensed therapist helping a patient more than three times.

Fear over protection.

A Woman Named Marie

By age 5

A girl learns

How to be sexy before she can spell it

By age 10

She learns

How to apply “something”, rather than apply something

By age 15

She learns

That beauty is a test graded on a curve

But if she had them

She would fail

And she is taught to pass every test with flying colors

Because grades “measure success”

Marie

Stays up all night studying

Purging away all the fatness of her regrets

Stands in front of a mirror

Believing that her reflection

Is a D, D+ grade at best

Uses self-induced vomiting like a study guide

With the answers on the back

Hoping it would prepare her

For an exam

That no woman can safely pass

It started
At the age of she doesn't remember when
The first time she saw a reflection of the woman she wanted to
be
Right there
On the T.V. screen
There stood a model
No taller than 5'9
Strutting the walkway
For like the 80th time
Thin
Not a pound over 95
Yet, this beauty was idolized
Then she hit puberty
Where she went
From a size five
To a size eight
So, she barely ate
Telling herself
That skinny feels better than food taste
Not eating wasn't enough
So, she started taking pills
Medicating her thickness
Throwing up her self-confidence
First, it was one finger
Than two
Three when she feels worse
Violent shaking erupting
Through her body like earthquakes

Shattering
Her self-esteem
Into tiny pieces of fear, doubt and depression
She questions
How light she feels
Because self-doubt weighs heavy on her conscious
She judges her self-worth in pounds
She questions
Is she becoming anorexic
How does she gain the courage
To look in the mirror
And say
That she is just perfect
SHE is just perfect
Who taught her how to hate herself

The media
Has a history of telling HISTory
With beauty being defined as skinny
Teaching girls how to count calories
But never telling them
They can be good at math
As if subtracting food out of their diet
Is the only way to add on to their self-esteem
Woman are already divided
By how to look and how to seem
And then we tell them
That the only way they'll get to multiply
Is if they look good physically
That is just one problem
That a pencil can't erase

And I am tired of it
It's like we have all the wrong answers
And never asking the right questions
Like
Why do we force women to chase these unhealthy dreams
Chasing these dreams
Are like sleep walking night terrors And
I'm scared
Because I have two sisters
They are important to me
I just want them to be themselves
And not have to worry
How society
Wants them to be seen

Future

Women

Do whatever the FUCK makes you happy

Men

Stop trying to prevent them

Society

No-one cares about your standards anymore

It's time to shut the hell up

And move towards a future

Where everyone

Fits in

Easy Way Out

Taking the easy way out
Is often the hardest decision to make

Black and Proud

Black Men

It is our time to shine

We come from the bloodlines of Kings and Queens yet we are
being treated like jesters

Looked at as a problem with no direct ancestor, so they think
they can erase us

Black Men

They are trying to dictate our steps by watching every last one of
them

As if we came with instructions

Be aware

They are afraid of us

They are envious of the power of our voices

They tremble at the sight of our success

They can smell the determination from the sweat of centuries
worth of hard work

Stay resilient

Black Women

Thank You

You gave us the ability to be free

We started off as just offspring

With no purpose to be

Until you showered us with tears of joy

Brought us sunlight during the darkest of times

So, we can grow into Kings

Yes, the apple doesn't fall far from our father's leaves

But remember that you are the roots

The branches

That made it possible to grow the tree
Believe
There's more to you than the eye can see
You've created purpose throughout history
Bettered our destiny
You have taught us that experiences are merely lessons that
bring us closer to self-knowledge
Your beauty, your intelligence, your being
Are the reasons why you are all Queens

My people
We are feared for our capacity to enlighten and educate
We are targeted for our ability to overcome
We are being challenged
We must take every opportunity to succeed
As if it were the very thing causing us to breathe
We must live life purposefully
Learn our history
That doesn't begin or end with slavery
Buy locally
Help our community
Eliminate negativity by pushing positivity
To the front of our minds
Remember that our veins bleed perseverance
And I'll say it loud
I'm
BLACK and PROUD

Chapter 4: Words of Wisdom



As An Activist

It's not about seeing the light at the end of the tunnel

Sometimes

You just need to get the train moving

And other times

You got to help other people get on board

Even if they are afraid of public transportation

Remember

Some of them

Have been on planes their entire life

Floating above their common sense

On airline ignorance

Karma's Story

When she was born both parents left her homeless without a cardboard box
Leaving her nothing but her thoughts
She was then shipped to a family who never paid her any attention and did I mention this family had two children worse than the gremlins
Love and Hate, see these
Were the emotions
And Love
Always knew the right things to say to make Karma show that beautiful upside down happy face
And Hate
He gave her emotional scars so deep she'll need a treasure map to find her self-worth
Karma ended up running away back to the streets
A place that felt more like home than a four bedroom house with a kitchen and a stove
She cried herself to sleep so much that her tears started to drown her beliefs
She used to cut herself now her scars tend look like tattoos
They say Time heals all wounds
Well Time better be patient because Karma's wounds are endless
Karma was a wreck until she met Life
Life was a bit bipolar
Constantly changing who she was depending on the people around her
She took shit from no one and gave out more pain than the

major himself

Life brought her in, making her apart of her family

She taught her that the world is full of chaos

You just have to find the serenity within it

Karma couldn't take it

And ended her existence

So, life dishes out disappointment

To those who have dinner dates with destiny, lunch with

happiness, and breakfast with heartache

Life embodies Karma's fate

And is Karma's little way of saying

Let's see how the fuck you like it

Struggles of the Homeless

What is it like to be homeless?

I have no memory of a life of care or happiness.

My life is filled with shame, regret, and sadness.

I feel like nobody wants me and everybody hates me.

It's like I have a target on my back and words are the ammo.

I've fought for food that never would satisfy a baby.

Doing things in these streets that drive a sane man crazy.

I've been diagnosed with helplessness and been treated with disrespect.

Overdosing on the sight of people fears.

And get revived with the sorrow of lonely tears.

It feels as if life has used its powerful hands

Choking the hope out of my lungs and the dedication out of my heart.

I feel like I've been casted in life's movie without a role or a part.

My odor wreaks of pain and my breath smells like shame.

15 years on the street called everything but my name.

I look like I was sent to hell on a fed ex package, then sent back with damaged goods written on it.

My nights are cold and the wind feels like glass shards in my back.

I sleep on a hard-frozen surface I call my bed.

With a torn 20 year old beanie as a pillow for my head

My family left me on the road like an abandoned car.

Then disappeared out my life as I did in their hearts.

I turned to drugs because it was the only thing that didn't shoe me away.

When you have nothing, you hate living each day.

For those who help they are in my thoughts.
For I have battled and I have fought.
A winless war with the streets
And a medal of stupidity given to me.
Love has no value and help has lost its meaning
I just wish I could start life over and live from the beginning.
So, to answer your question about being homeless.
Just think of a time where you felt worthless.
Times it by infinity
Then stab yourself repeatedly
In the ribs and make sure the knife slices your entire side.
Because when your alone and worthless your confidence sinks
to the bottom of your stomach and you bleed out your pride.
So, you'll need a wound to remind you that you are still human
inside
Then you'll cry, you'll literally cry.
Wishing it was over, wanting to die but you can't because you
think of your family.
Then leave them, yes even if you have kids.
Destroy all personal belongings, that means all your things
Then sit outside just wondering
When it's gonna end, and when will you die
Your homeless, your life is outside.
This was said to a child from a so-called bum.
But the homeless still deserve to have lives like us.

Nature's Fear

If a lumberjack tumbles in the woods
Do the trees make a sound
Or do they stand in silence
Hoping not to be chopped down

Time Limit

The more time you spend thinking about how you "failed", the less time you have improving yourself

Attention

Sticks and stones may break my bones
But words will never hurt me
Words do not hurt
But they can leave psychological wounds
That can't seem to heal
As if society uses the wrong tools
These wounds get infected
Turning victims
Into walking diseases of insecurity
Certainly
It's the fault of the victims
Or maybe
They are using the wrong tools
Attention
They are using the wrong tools

Goals

Be Drama free.

Smile.

Give High fives.

Give Hugs.

Laugh ALOT.

Be Positive.

Enjoy life.

Create Happiness And Navigate Goodness Everyday

Don't

Don't get so caught up in attempting to be something you're not
That you forget
Who you are trying to become

Fruits of Life

Life is filled with various fruits of labor that taste extremely satisfying

So, when life gives you lemons don't attempt to turn it into lemonade

Because the taste will leave your tongue bitter.

Squeeze them in life's selfish face and take the strawberries

Patience

Patience isn't something that comes with instructions
It must be mastered
If we want to be experts
In being open and honest
With ourselves

Generation whY: A Date with Destiny

We like long walks in the streets
Protesting our beliefs
Our interests include
Following are dreams...without a road map

We are bi-lingual speakers
Fluent in sarcasm and broken English
We are from the graduating
Class of no longer taking this shit

We are fond of the taste of freedom
And the smell of success
We love to try food
Just as diverse as we are

We enjoy listening to the sounds of justice
While reading up on corrupt policy
At night
We crash political parties
But always leave early
Because the room is filled with so much privilege

So instead
We spend a lot of our time
Screaming opinions through computer screens
Because we just want to be heard
I guess you can say
We are a bit needy

We are inspired to be more than
Heirs to a family tombstone
We are millennials
And it's a pleasure to finally meet you

Fear

Teach fear to grow into courage
And call it resilience
Then you will stop at nothing
To make reaching your goals
Your true purpose

Comfort Over Friendship

Don't sacrifice your comfort
For the safety of someone's acceptance
Friendship
Shouldn't come at the expense
of your contentment
Be yourself
For yourself
And never for anyone else's convenience

Wartime Stories/From a Marine

If we think our soldiers are heroes for killing our
enemies
And our enemies think they are heroes for killing us
How do we know who is good and who's evil
It's hard to see right or wrong through a rifle scope
I have learned that guns are less about protection
And more about safety
Because my fears about the unknown
Outweigh my faith in human decency
I have taken more shots of this AR
Than I have at chances at life
These medals of honors don't make me feel any better
They are just reminders
That some of my fellow soldiers didn't make it like I did
I fear
My only memory of them
Comes in the form of night terrors
PTSD isn't an illness
It's a symptom from this disease
Called war
Sometimes I wonder
What are we fighting for
Marines are not puppets
Although we are treated like them
But it's war time
So, I must suit up
Oorah!

Motivation: Just Do It

What is motivation?

Motivation is dedication with a mask.

It's waking up with a fever of "I feel like crap" and still getting up to walk with purpose.

Motivation is that push to start vehicle in your mind, that is waiting for you to drive to your dreams.

Motivation is the stepping stone to success.

And creating it, is like finding that missing puzzle piece that doesn't quite seem to have a place.

We always have people in this world who try to understand success.

For instance,

Mother Teresa thought that if you are successful you will win some false friends and true enemies.

Nelson Mandela taught us that money will not create success, the freedom to make it will.

Winston Churchill stated that success is going from failure to failure without the loss of enthusiasm.

Pablo Picasso believed that action is the foundational key to success.

What do all these words of wisdom have in common besides the word success

These words, teach us that we will not become successful unless we have inspired someone else to do so.

So go out there

Make someone smile so big, that you could see the happiness engraved in their face.

Make someone feel like the world is their stomping grounds and is just waiting for them to lace up their boots.

Go, pick up the pieces of the broken hearted and shape them
realize they are something worth loving.

Crawl through the cracks of doubt and you'll see the light of
your pride.

Chase your dreams and run nonstop even if it hurts because
you're bound to get cramps sprinting to every perfect
opportunity.

Impossible shouldn't even be in your vocabulary.

And when life has nothing better to do but put weight on your
shoulders find a way to work it out to become a stronger person

Your confidence is always the perfect squatter.

It's definitely in you, so just do it.

Doubt is afraid of your determination.

Fear is incompetent.

It seems like life gives us two choices.

To play it like it is the greatest melody ever heard.

Or let someone else pull those strings for you.

Which will you choose.