



Released to the Atmosphere

Silently I release my fears and struggles
internal bombings has me searching for survivors through the rubble
I'm sick and tired of the knives I have to constantly juggle –

knowing my destiny awaits I'm trying not to fumble
will a redefined resume allow acceptance into Heaven
who knows sometimes I feel like my soul is in trouble –

life is feeling hellish living through endless screams
before 9/11 so many towers were attacked in the hood
we're are our memorials and heroism themes –

is America stranded on Gilligan's Island
there are so many Tattoos screaming the plane the plane
however the global chaos confirms we're not living on Fantasy Island –

I'm seeing more hate even though we know love is the code
are we to ignore the signs of the time when watching our President
is like watching someone in live time corrode –

campaigns to champagnes we are all tired of political promises
if only our actions & equality could redefine our landscape so we
can easier transition from 40 mull mentalities to conglomerates –

however it is time for communion but I'm scared of the loaf
I'm lost at high seas bleeding and severely injured
the perfect storm and choppy waters just capsized my boat –

although I have faith and pray to conquer my fears
I'm in the water now and sharks just bit me
I'm thrashing and I can see my bones clear –

life is flashing before me
like the hood we will preserve
I released that to the atmosphere
I hear horns and see lights
a Coast Guard vessel is here -

Written (05/03/16) by Clifton A. Jackson

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