

The Ballad of a Broken Heart

by

RAGE

RJP7 (2)

bka

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Scars Publicarions 2007 online chapbook

DEDICATIONS

FOR MY PASSIONS

FOR LOVERS (WHO HAVE LOST NOTHING BUT ME)

FOR MY FATHER WHO LIED TO ME ONE TIME (I LOVE YOU
DADDY, AND I AM SORRY THAT I HATE YOU TOO)

MY FRIENDS (YOU NEVER NEEDED ME, BUT I STILL FEEL
USED.)

MY ASSOCIATES AND INSPIRATIONS (YOU KEEP BANGING
AND I WILL.)

MY ENEMIES (I HAD TO CHANGE MY DEFINITION OF friend
FOR THIS. MUCH APPRECIATIVE OF THE REAL ENGLISH
LESSON YALL HAD TO ACT OUT. ONE.)

FOR ANNE

FOR NADINE

FOR SAUL WILLIAMS

FOR TALAAM ACEY

FOR JO BARR

FOR MS. MUHAMMED (A REAL MOTHER TO THE END)

FOR MY ONLY REASON FOR STAYING SO LONG

THANK YOU SALLY ANN HARRIS

(MY REAL MOTHER AND MY ONLY FATHER. AND WHY I HAD
TO CHANGE.)

HIP HOP

Hip Hop is not dead
Death in lyrical terms
is only sweet short and wistful. (Like sleep)

I dream of words spoken over and words over spoken
tones, speaking in unison with undeniable rhythms.

Both ring like crystal clear Bells.

True.

Hip hop is not dead, if,

Death is only sleep.

DITTO (Bullshit)

“Ditto” in comfortable tones denotes an understanding
between opposites in an uncomfortable situation.

Bullshit is still Bullshit, no matter what the smell.
But, you are right, it is what it is and it smells as bad.

We can ignore it together, okay? Ditto.

A MESSAGE TO BONO, WITH LOVE, FROM A PYSCH WARD, "HUMAN BEING IN TRAINING" i.e., PATIENT

I man sang in the name of love while his bestmates played the notes behind him.

BONO you were never bashful and always know when to swear even on Live Television. BUT IF I had to thank anyone 4 that Last Album, well, Damn it, I will thank myself because I bought it.

The Next Person to thank for U2's sake(s) would (4 me) be the bassist, ADAM!

Bono U have so much overflowing understanding, knowledge, hope, kindness, but dude—SHUT UP! Silence is golden.

Obviously, if, Adam got together with the lead guitarist from THE POLICE (not Sting, the bassist), hell, they could right a book couldn't they?

All the mysteries of life answered finally:

THE QUESTION: Can't we All just get along?

THE ANSWER: Hell NO! But, we can try.

MY (THE) PHILOSOPHY: "getting along" is just a theory, at best.

MY (THE) REASON: I don't have 2 find the relevance of ANYTHING that is already FUNDAMENTALLY, bullshit 4 me. I can just choose to live with or without it. Can't you?

Adam might have had to drink alot to anesthetize himself and VH1 that was HIS business!

But, Bono could you do something for me in public? Thank Adam. Hug him, please. Who else can tolerate your mouth, on top of the noise the

EDGE has to make to create a sound “HE” could do something with, and not have to start over again because one of you dicks has a finger cramp, or needs a throat lozenge?

I don't know how you got there Adam. I just know you've tolerate enough to be strong enough to stay Bassist of the World's Greatest Band!
Thank you, in the name of love, thank you.

Wipe your ass with this paper dude!

Adam, you deserve it.

Hell, I wrote this by myself and 4 myself.

But, first, if I got all the facts twisted, I am sorry.
Wipe away if you must, but leave enough paper for the behind of that
Dead Sexy Drummer.

He could have been the host of America's Next Top Model, if he could have been. Naomi still could have offed Tyra, if she really ever had the chance too.

But you and he, Drummer & Bassist, are still there in the name of love, you are that incredible.

So . . .

Sit on the EDGE, so he can't get up.

Allow Bono to walk over to the EDGE, in the name of love, and ask,
“Why are you sitting on him?”.

Please answer him however you choose.

Remember: Silence is Golden.

Know your truth? Good.
Act on it. Bye.

DEAD EMCEES (NEED NOT ENTER) ARE ALREADY THERE

{for Saul Williams, Talaam Acey, and Ms. Muhammad, a mother to the end}

Inspired by J. O. Barr's words.

I had to lose my mind
to get back at myself,
and find my own relevance.

I had to leave the protection that no windows could immediately provide
while drawn & shut. For my inner eye was already clouded, mal-
formed and cataract by "OTHER THAN SELF" words and percep-
tions. I hate because of my own inner blindness.

I hated.

My color, your color, all colors need the reason why I am already ugly by
the SIGHT of my own INNER EYE.

Define Truth: Something that is true.

I hated myself when I hated you.

I need to try to love myself. That means, I need to love you.

Hate is addictive habit.

Love for me will need to be practiced.

I am still learning, while I say THANK YOU.

CAN YOU?

CAN YOU CALL ME A LIAR IF I CAN NEVER LIE TO ANYONE AGAIN?
INCLUDING MYSELF.

SAY NOTHING UNLESS IT MATTERS AND ONLY SAY SOMETHING
WHEN IT COUNTS OR NOT AT ALL.

THAT IS THE ONLY THING NEEDED TO UNDERSTAND.

THE TRUTH IS WHAT IT IS:

true

Et Tu, Cesear

NO ONE can say you are lying when they don't even know themselves
what the fuck you are talking about!

My words

my reasons

My need 2 be heard, need not be as real as anyone else's UNDERSTAND-
ING. I understand enough to know the relevance of my circumstances
need not be done for pleasure.

Not for anyone.

not for myself

But the "need" is very real 4 me to acknowledge that even my lowest self or
(life) position always preceded a name or a rank.

The RANK is givren by power of AUTHORITY; power given is knowl-
edge earned.

I know NOTHING of your authority. I see nothing walking with you, in
you, or beside you that I want. But, you do TALK a good game. So,
you obviously know enough to fool even yourself.

Wow!

Bravo!

Bravisemo!

Kudos!

Gracias!

Bella!

Man, that shit was dope!

But, it is no longer getting me high enough. So, I could give a damn!
Higher Power is all I need to see through you without the tricks and treats
of my own eyes.

I need to believe I know nothing about it so I can believe in “IT”! I need
that real understanding that comes from having nothing left!

Higher Power isn’t given. It’s knowledge. So, it is EARNED.

But, now I have no reason or right to believe I can say it’s name, So, I have
to try to “Act like it”.

If Harriet Tubman’s life is in anyway an imitation of Moses’s 40 year walk,
than it can be done.

Anything is possible just read the Books.

Why did ODIN lose an EYE to gain WISDOM?

Why did he have too?

Why is PROMETHEUS so adored for HIS suffering, while PANDORA is
still a “beautiful evil”?

What were we able to see about ourselves with PROMETHEUS’ Fire, and
why are we even allowed to heal now? (Were we burning ourselves too
much?)

I can’t really say I know what I am saying now. But-

I believe I have to act like “IT”.

One day it will be irrelevant what or who I say “IT” is.

Hell, “HE” could have Robert E. Lee’s face and speaking with a tongue,
close to the shape of Harriet’s Rifle!

So be “IT”, Amen, Blessed Be, and All of That.

I don't have to give it a name, it knows what I am doing.

I want it to know I know, that "IT" has always been above me. I just want
"IT" to give ME a new NAME. I have to Act Out to Earn my way
IN. That's all. END

THE BALLAD OF A BROKEN HEART

A ballad sung by a broken heart need not stop being sung because the song is all wrong.

The audience only demands that encore because the audience really can't be sure they got that whole story right the first time.

So, just sing on Broken Heart. Through hisses, boos, and dodging UFO's launched at the stage like flaming cannonballs from human catapults.

Clean up. Come Back.

Play it again. Play it differently, or Play it wrong, again. Play it off center; out of tune, or Play it straight down the middle.

That is your song, and you always played it right.

So, play it again. Always. One more time again.

Sing your song, and heal your broken wounds.

You are the reason for your ballad, you broken heart.

—RJP7(2)

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A Prayer for Maliha (and for Myself)

Sometimes life can be a perpetual Hell
for a Muslim girl from India
and an American Black girl no one knows that well.

We both are burning pages in books of time,
smoldering in blood lost with tears during hours of loss
and moments of fear.

I ask God to keep us in this time of pain,
to let her that struggle is never in vain.

I know you as Jesus, this is true.
Allah is not what I would call you.

But my God you are Love always until the end of time.
You Love us both even as I struggle to write these lines.

This poem I write is not just for me.
Keep this prayer for Maliha, while in her struggles she yet prays for me.

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**Haiku Poetry by an unaffiliated with Africa
but like the sound of word with BLACK AMERICAN.**

Growing up in Chains of Gold

**The Princess could not
believe how hard she was when
the softest link broke.**

The Dead Don't Sleep Comfortably

Comfort is a gift
to the living while the dead
have only darkness.

Why Am I Here, Now?

As it is with those
in turmoil the answer is
in one who asks it.

Childish Reasoning

Why should rain go now?
It will return. The sunshine
is always first, right?

Define Ugly: Irrelevant

**“What it is,” is not
as important as where you
are when you see it.**

Define Beauty: Inner Strength

**What you see is not
as important as who you
are when you know it**

Define Love: Obvious

**Nothing is as clear
or important to you as
this. It is that real.**

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AFTERWORD

THIS IS MY FIRST BOOK OF POETRY. AND IN NO WAY IS IT INTENDED TO BE MY LAST.

I MUST FINALLY BE HONEST ABOUT ONE THING. I AM AN INDISCRIMINATE BIGOT. I AM NOT PREJUDICE TOWARD OTHERS IN ANY WAY YOU CAN NAME. IF SOMEONE OR SOMETHING LOOKS STRANGE, UGLY OR WRONG TO ME IN ANYWAY, IT IS JUST BECAUSE I AM IGNORANT. I NEED NOT FEAR ANYTHING I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, I JUST NEED TO HAVE FAITH IN MY OWN PURPOSE ALWAYS TO KNOW THAT THING OR PERSON HAS A PURPOSE RELEVANT ENOUGH TO ALLOW ME TO CROSS IT'S PATH. (AND IT TO CROSS MINE.)

I HAD TO CALL THE POLICE ON MYSELF TO BEGIN THIS REVELATION OR PATH I AM ON RIGHT NOW. I WANT TO THANK THE PERSON, THE OFFICER, THE MAN, THE CAUCASIAN AMERICAN, THE FATHER, THE BROTHER, THE UNCLE, AND THE SON FOR HEARING ME AND SIMPLY DOING WHAT HE WAS THERE TO DO. WITH ENOUGH STRENGTH, PURPOSE, HUMANITY, COURAGE, AND RAW UNBRIDLE SPIRIT, HE CARRIED ME OUT OF MY CIRCUMSTANCES IN HIS ARMS AND ALLOWED ME TO LEAVE THE CIRCUMSTANCES I HAD FELT HAD ALWAYS LIMITED ME. HE SAVED MY LIFE, BY ALLOWING ME THE TIME TO MAKE ONE OF MY OWN, WITH EVERYTHING I HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO TAKE WITH ME: MY KNOWLEDGE, MY CHOICES, and MY REAL NAME.

THANK YOU OFFICER FROM THE North Chicago POLICE DEPARTMENT. YOU HAVE RESTORED MY FAITH IN LAW AND ORDER. AS WELL AS MY FAITH IN THOSE WHO SERVE AND PROTECT THEIR COMMUNITIES FOR KNOW OTHER REASON THAN THEY CAN AND THAT IS WHAT THEY WANT TO DO.

GOD BLESS YOU AND YOUR FAMILY.

IN MY PRAYERS ALWAYS.

JACQUELINE NICOLE HARRIS

**(THERE IS NO RACIAL QUOTA ON THE HUMAN SPIRIT. ALL
IT TAKES IS THE ABILITY TO MAKE A CHOICE AND THE
COURAGE TO SEE IT THROUGH TO THE END.)**

(YOU WERE RIGHT STEPHEN. THANK YOU, TOO.)

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Freedom & Strength Press



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