REvolution

It’s been so long since I’ve poured my ink on a scroll. It’s been a minute since I’ve flown from my cage and succeeded. I feel as though I’ve been picked up, dusted off, and refurbished for the perfect buyer. I’ve never felt so alive. 10.10.15 This date saved my life. Thinking about what this day did for me… It makes my eyes overflow into dams that need to save water for their people. My heart was overjoyed, overwhelmed, and under-protected from the waves of emotions it experienced on this historic event. Seeing oceans of melanin, both light and dark, made the hairs on my skin stand at attention. Seeing the youth at the forefront, bearing their ALL, their SOULS, and their LIVES… Seeing the indigenous peoples battle cry for a battle still ongoing… Seeing the Nation of Islam serving, as soldiers do…as WE do by nature… If you weren’t here, you simply missed out. Enough credit isn’t given from just your picture repost. Enough credit isn’t given from just you using a hashtag. Credit isn’t given to you who have no legitimate reason for not being present. Where were YOU? But everyone isn’t a revolutionary. So-called pro-blacks just love to hear their own voices and live for social media notifications. So called “conscious” people want to claim they’re tired, but still want to be at massa’s every beck and call. Negropeans are still alive and thriving in the House. But that’s just fine. Step aside and let the 10,000 fearless go to work, because you’re just not that damn tired enough. You’re not that damn fed up with wearing airbrushed “Rest in Peace” t-shirts from the Slauson Swapmeet. You’re not bold enough to return to your nature. I feel out of place here. Take me back to D.C. where I was surrounded by those like-minded, those with the same goals, and those who suffer from the same enemy. Take me back to The Capitol to hear the echo of our cries united, driven by the pain of our ancestors. Take me back to Washington so I can ENSURE to disperse the energy of our courage, strength, and unity within my community. Take me back to myself, so that I inspire the rise of neo. This revolution will not be televised. I’ve never felt so alive… I’ve never felt so alive.