

Dedicated to
My mother and family



Magic Mural

The sight seen
Baffles me
Evolution

With grace how
To face now
This place while

On this shook
Scafoldeen
Avoiding the Y's

Dottin the eyes
Spottin the ties
Followin the yees

And all those
Gandolph wise
Off to embark

Costin my heart
Hopin to fl y
Flyin to hope

Heart
Like Precita
Eyes, painting

Pictures
Hopefully stayin
Scopin da light

Pangea

Could it be were on
this four hundred
percent assent
detailed out by
words like psalms
in the mystery of
pen in palms
feeling the calm
before the news
presenting Louie
Armstrong individuals
in three worlds one
minded on four
numbers could it
be U N I T Y
between thoughts
sprinkling with
blessings walkin
through aura
leaving tracking for
train voyage to planet
euphoria for each
adventure with
universe grace as
coach judge guidah
makin ya a ninth
innin ridah focused
as lenses magnified

inspiring telescopin
talking complimented
by always hopin' Walkin'
times two like extra
onions could
it be in the grasping of
the universe we shining
As stars in spot in
the shade on outside
looking in on
inside looking out
Homie

Subliminally

In how many places
can this be found
Head first dive
Under ground

Below feet as stepped
On our morals
Begin to turn into the reef of
Stimuli corals
Penetrating deep into marrow
Alternating peasant or Pharaoh
Moving oceans along the way with
Mountain piercing bragging rights

One pant leg up cuz tough guy with
Style mister beautiful on T V did it
But when asked why his answer gave didn't
Match original motive of pant leg up

Many teachers contrasting traditioned
Teachers
In many ears heard not listening as
In eyes not watching
As in taco bell or refried beans
So good in taste but earth shattering

Non Physical

The Illuminated ways couldn't stop these strays
wanderin fast aimlessly like currents
because with the birds on our side
we caught the fill in and are paintin

What it boils down to is this
a man named Ray once said
“don’t feed the pigeons, that’s against the law”
thought it was joke but knew it was serious
and that’s the way I look at walks of life now
stayin away from what will turn around and

dookie on your head

Just entered into the kinetics moat
and realized, might as well feed two birds with one seed
and not because I’m a bargain shopper
but for funny faces and reflections

Greatest teacher to this day off top is birds for
spreadin wings and once was told
to spread mine and live for love, knew
there was no turnin back

Now you yourself and your inner self could catch me
on the Santa Gracia sail boat listenin to cumbias
perdido en el balle del rio lookin for the pollera colorada
found in the desert under my pro fit



Elevating

Thanking in midst of fog
saw reflection and promised
sprinkling action embracing
fear encompassing spirit
in name of flower blossoms
and owls mission
to walk floating
or float walking
Feel me

Worlds Attached

Under worlds watching evolution sunrise
Speakin' parallel to soul
Laced stridin' relentless
in natures hand

Watchin' out for mate maneuvers calendar
En el balle del rio
and know the plan
core path

In natures hand comes first connectin nicknamed
Generations real tight with theme music sung purlieus

Over here straight up on different calendars all endless
Still standin' perido en el balle del rio enhanced where self
Found thirteenth wonder mystic circle open dance known so well

Beyond justice seekin' manifold shook tactness of glorious
Euphoria scent

Core walk the perido plan look at and know divine
Dentless but above all endless blessed touch

Evolvin' grapsin' natures hand magnifyin'
Magic gravity channelin' pyramid

Lost in the Sea

Mind playing tricks
Driving off Hennessey
Sprouted in to world of madness
actions formed sadness also loss
Of life and soul tryin to hold on
lost as a stray mut
Could have known possibly
May Have taken a different route
Less complicated

A sailor in the middle of sea
Lost with no idea of where he might be
In a storm no jacket for warmth
Why express life at its worst
and not its best
To let hope manifest

Thought time was up and lost
But really was just blind
still had a teammate
on my side

Time

Created a visualization of a maze
Through days and in order to find
The way out had to realize
It was just a faze

And life goes on
just like the hands of time
never again will be lost at sea
in this life of mine

Building Boundaries

Going against the grain
falling to knees
Feeling the gravel dig
Into skin as
sky becomes
Blurred

Savior in cold
World hustle
Has been spark
Shimmering in
Distance getting
Smaller every other
Glance

As guidance
Is saying
Hold on be strong
Not look back
And grasp strength

Was told when
At the lowest point
Theres only one way to go
And that's
Up
Feel the sun
On face
And on my feet
Listening to the
Hymns of hope
Massage soul

But song ends
At some point
And hands are tired
Of clenching fire

How about when
At the top
Where to go from
There
And why

Brick after brick
Boundaries become
More shameful
Blocking sun
From shining on
Hype

Goodness greatness
See the paradise
Clear and hear the voices
Saying keep going
The right way
Making good
Choices

But the ghost got
Neck and direction
Jolted and the bricks
Are a tempting
Investment

Wings are bruised
But got second wind
Cant see the light
But still could breathe it
And for now
That's something



Busy Bee

content and colorful
Reacting to duties watching
Being used when needed
But never a hello
Used but no hugs

One thing I enjoy though
Is my warmth felt by all
The stickers stuck

All over me decorating
Me like the Hieroglyphics
Logo or the boom box one
layers of his visual diary

on me like clothes
Holding his orange peels
That become rank after a
few days or weeks when

he forgets to empty me
into my bigger cousin
making my job rancid
but dependable I remain

as he bonds with me
through stickers of all sorts
making me feel like
his pride and joy

tired I become of holding
all the garbage while others
have much cleaner jobs
like the dresser or table

but I'm the one who he
brings all these beautiful
stickers so therefore I thank
for being his

Nurturing Hate

There he is with his uniform
Was there a sale on clothes that's red
Did not make a difference when the
Bullets full of lead
Went straight into his head
Another beautiful creature but
Who really cares
Except the teary eyed family saying
Their mourning prayers
Cause the boys need to retaliate
You take one of ours now were pulling
Cards
But at least your making good
Business for the grave yards
Either way their taken
And who loses in the end
The people because we'll never
See that wonderful human being
Again
More and more lives are lost the
Future is easy to predict
If we keep in the same direction
Pretty soon we'll be extinct
A new culture we must create
Something
Such as a peaceful community
There is no reason to kill eachother
We must focus on unity
As one all our minds hearts and
Souls shall illuminate
Then the goodness of our peops will
Manifest to the point where we will
Stand strong and no longer
Nurture hate

May Day

Mess with crooked crows
most likely gone end up tilted like that pizza tower
mess with dirty worms
better start liftin weights or do some cardio

because bankruptcy of trust tatted on our backs
keeps building glass saturated with sunrays
that makes life feel like a treadmill and Neo quit

as we keep marchin with our signs draped out in gang colors
past the fed buildin flyin our beautiful flags
to la Patagonia with bandanas hangin out our back pockets

and cell phones keep ringin just like the sounds
of cries, screams and sirens recyclin anger
As fire keeps burnin like the earths core on E
Like most pockets screamin May Day

was once told
“If you play with fire, you get burnt”

At the same time though ice will freeze your self
And leave you as frozen egg plant cousin
As the march comes to its halt and the evening
Does its duty and the new day becomes more believable

So where do we go because only God could judge us
But were just covers of books mobbin through cities

Main concern is the knee-highs, will they keep marchin
We will march to Santo Domingo but are we gone fill in the little circles
On those faulty ballots or war over manmade colors, streets and numbers

Scheme Dream

Stuck to this life style
Like gum to a shoe
Stuck liven wild out
On streets like cars
Felt breeze
But not of wind
But the crossfire
Lugs got more miles
Then one hundred thou
How to escape or do I now
Saw through the plan
Saw the light
Whats up sunshine
So divine
Even in shade
Cocaine cut by razor blade
Marijuana blunts
Fist fights
Criminal activity
And yellow tape

There still is love
Amongst all this hate
No fate
Lost it just got heart and
Soul
In the cold
Kidneys havin stones
Like my folks
Green eyes
Also a pistol
To be commando
Tats rep us
like a picture
a kodac exposia
To their eyes but on the
Streets is a war
So some live as soldias

Extracurricular activity

Watching this freestyle battle but whose best
When only God could judge each one of us
And true Hiphop shall and will manifest
If all bust and trust what is glorious

Letting eyes believe whats truly wise
Spreading grace across this wonderful land
Communicating honesty not lies
Because from Canada through Japan

Hiphop exists beyond a TV screen
Or territorial divide
An honorable truthful dream
Visioning eternal light

In the one who tries best in all they do
Following heart in all they pursue

Just Take A Moment

Thirty one years old walking steady through these days
On top as it gets and one feeling has always
Been so distant by distraction or deceptions
Thought of it at times now seeing the reflection

Always fine cool as could be me myself and I
Always cool as the other side of the pillow
Nonchalant melodies ringing running so hi
So drunk daily crazy devious for real though

Mainy run ins and close calls its when hope falls
That rare glimpses of light shine getaway path
What to do but see the effects of this cause
Heart in one hand pen in the other this plan

Seems hopeless but know her illumination
Brings that feeling touching mind revelation

Its Eternal

Wonder
Risen amongst stars
still walkin
Wise

Mentally grasin
Their radiance
Gloriously talking
True

While magnetically
Slapping a high five
It approaches
always

Maintaining
Time to
ride the wave
Like millennial
Roaches

Revival

Parents arrived to California listening to cumbias
And not too long after my father started listening
To Creedance Clearwater Revival
Used to play little league at some point
And can't recall a name of any team
but do remember
Hearing down by the corner, out here in the
Streets

Around same time video games became a thing to do but i
Loved the streets
During these times we used to go to Colombia and recall
Dancing and singing cumbias and salsas that
Played while elders and youngsters kept moving to the beat
As city buses that had more smoke coming
Out of them then a chimney in Chicago

Then at one point my brother introduced me to the Beatles
And the streets introduced me to NWA

Look back when I was a youngster and can only remember
A few things like during a soccer game when
given a yellow card for swearing aloud

Other day on the radio, heard that song Down on the corner
And could not help but feel good
asked a friend who sings this song anyway

Can't remember too much from childhood everything
Happened so fast
However it just amazes how certain music just takes me right
Back

Second Wind

Last breathe last vision
Final seconds of time
Last tear fast year mass fear
Last walk last talk last meal
Last hug

One more toast
On a trip down highway 1
End of disk with the
Rhythm and the beat
End the day with a shower
And a phone conversation
infatuation
last hunger
last Gasp

In this physical being this
Test I've encountered with grace
The devils advocate and ways
And children and land
May have indulged on me
But at the end showed
Me a gift
I'm still here
And they will never
Touch my second wind

Nourished

Marination intertwine learning
Voyage door opening dharma
Navigation vision cousin apple
Thrown caught tasted book
Thought wrote read compass style
Coach Atlantic horses genuine
Gallop amongst holy days
Seeing the beautiful crows
Enlighten mental matter

The Life and Walks Of Chaka

The fastin' of Gandhi mixed in with message
Of Archangel Saint Gabriel on path of
Julio Cesar Chavez not forgettin' May Day
Or beauty of the Dream and Spie
piece that used to be painted three stories
high on Market Street at Cyco City

The rough raspy voice of Coug Nut that
Shocked The Bay back in the day with
Echoing of Scandalous ringin' in every last ear
and trails of sweaty miles followin' the voice
And music of the Grateful Dead dogs included
Through most of this country.

Precision of Bobby Fisher when he sits down
To face and opponent with experience needed
To win in four moves or less along with
the harmony and grace of DJ shadow exemplifying
Einstein Genius figuring out the puzzles that lie
Between silence

Voice of PAC before he moved to the O when
he was in high school coming up as a revolutionary
right across the Golden Gate bridge in the Jungle like
The faithfulness of Al Bundi, no matter what happened
to him or what fantasies he had, he always stayed
married with children

The creativity of DJ Qbert and all of the legendary
Scratch Pickles and the way they invented so many
Tricks on the wheels of steel and continue doing so
As Santana who walked around the Mission district as a young
Teenager with his guitar playing for the day

A peanut butter top on a candy apple green 1969 cougar
On vogues with highdrolycs with beat everywhere from
The trunk to the grill slappin waking up people
Like the hyphy movement or Bay Love unity of all the
Bay people after years of being like a zoo everyone
separated and locked into there own area codes shining as the
murals and Yerba Buena of the Mission District both
Natives displayin' nature and art and Precita Eyes who stands
For the murals that exist and teach the art

Of Pots and Pans

A piece of steel that has felt
Our fire and our burn
Our new days and old

Its heard our prayers
And shouts and more shouts
And laughs

Woke up with us and always
Had ears for our babbles
This piece of steel is pride
Of mine and washing it with
Soap takes me on a walk
Through the strides
Of clouds passing
And sun rays

La Revelacion

Las horas pasan en
Dia como el sol y la
Vida se parese una fiesta
Donde bailo buscando libertad

Cantando paz con angelitos
En la Carrera demasiado

Lleno de amor y ojitos
Reflejan algo y elevado

Quedo sin miedo porque Dios
Me halso con sus manos benditos

Fruta Fresca

No pude caminar en esa villa
Hasta que vi ah la luna tan bella
Y no pude hablar dicho sensilla
Hasta que vi a la bella estrella

No pude nadar sin traje de merce
En la piscine llena de su fe
Y traté de cantar pero mi canto
No estaba en las manos del santo

Pero por fin encontre lo lindo
Ahora la vida e un tamarindo

Camita Divina

Apurate man el tren nos della
Si nos dormimos sin el ticete
Hasta Santo Domingo de texas
Comprado con amor no billete

Tengo amigo que muestra
Pero con los ojos abiertos
Mira no tiempo por siesta
Suenos nos dejaria lejos

Te doy mano no lo sueltes
Voy donde Dios me consiente

Palma Sagrada

La vida hermosa lo encontre
Pero al mismo tiempo me salvo
La vida Hermosa donde entre
Porque ya me siento calmado

Con paz fe y tranquilidad
Que no cambio por plata
Dando gracias por todo
Especialmente la mata

amor que crese a un altura
Dando alma y la vida pura

Illumination

A fresh swept spark highlighting leaves and twigs or lemon from branch
twisten through Atens vines looking out a new window leading to
luminous Everest heights figure skating life's first breathe galloping
finding maze of sulfur conditioning sight or smell so unmatrix yet
aloe as the Haphaestus cries linger and Kool-Aid smiles echo magnifying
the spark now seen tuning the blind pyrolytic shadows glorifying
true wrong heraldic answers setting sail to Santo Domingo



Dia Nueva

Is it the truth could it be? I am not quite sure
But today has proved mountains can indeed be moved
Facing lies with a heart that's seasoned quite pure
United we've become todays headlines the proof

It's the twentieth day of our cold first month
In the year two thousand nine, while were in cold war
After eight years under a demon so corrupt
I saw a man with a sticker of true amor

Which had been adhered back in November for voting
The time has come to rid ourselves of shackles
This is victory for us, change for us hoping
Our children will breathe justice not battles

Were all teachers and students the path still grows
As rpg's sound clear and echo through alleys
Today we must all learn how to define hope
Marchin for our beliefs gathering to rally

A mountain has been moved today, changed has arrived
Change is truth today may the world see our shine

Cleansed

wanna be a natural tree
With wildlife as neighbors
wanna be natural
But a penny sanded me down
To the size of a nut.

want these branches
To branch out
And seeds to grow
And prosper
But feeling cut down.

At birth assigned
A duty of not growing
But regardless grew
Spread branches through
Communities and minds.

Been chopped into
Particles.
Over pennies!

What about my neighbors though?
When looking across
Geography
At all places
can see that
All over
There's nut cases
With faces that have
Black eyes that aren't shiners
Turned half of the good folk
To hustlas and grindas.
Doing anything for pennies
No longer natural types
Man it's more like a
Scam got a plan
Let me grow, and all
Trees of all communities
This is what may bring peace
cut me down
Cousin but can't
Take my roots
Conditioned soldias
But reconditioned
Peace troops

Spreading Wings

Sit and reminisce
On the ones who miss
Lost as strays these
Beautiful days cuz ways
That have us conditioned
To a maze train of thought
With thoughts piling up one
On top of the other as leaves
And wind is savior
to avoid the illunminati power

The hour has come the time
Is now our bliss awaits
We must confront the war
And enter the gates
Of paradise

Fragile we are and yes
They will step on us with motives
Of destroyin' anything
Other then a hate scene

Our day will come and
Divinity will enter the vicinity
Thoughts will pile to be crushed
As the dry leaf pile
Not unless with love that's
Unconditional we spread
Peace that's international

The leaves of our life
Ready to crack if stepped on
The conditioned thoughts piled
To accumulate more days trailed
Only to be crushed at any moment
By new world order opponent

Naturally into the deep roots
Of the soil we go regardless
My message alleviate war
To have love manifest
Was told to spread wings
And fly because the wind
Will take me afloat
So instead of getting stepped
On and crushed this is my form of hope



Life

At times life takes turns burns deep inside
In the soul but we can't fold we must stand
And truly be strong because the ride
Will sway us from destined divined plan

Bless the soul of individual
Whose rejected horrid fallacies
same soul that is beautiful
Across turbulent seas and societies

one who speaks peace and gracefulness
Speaking truthfully with love in tone
Having faith that glory will manifest
Across the world in each home

This soul must teach the next generation
Spreading justice and peace through each nation

Fiber

Wheat of life
Inspiring love of
Fresh morning
Precise level

Spreading wings
Everywhere with
Force of horse
Amongst kin
As a story on paper

Whole hearted audience
Smiling thanking
Time moments of
Pleasurable
Responsibility
As theatre
Music
Dance peace
Love unity

Our instruments
Stationed nomadically
In hands

Sightseeing
Gratitude
As chicken
Burrito
Listening to it
As Santana
Creating joy in
universe

Family

Galaxies

Her light is my Guide
On this dark highway
As her touch feels the currents
And curiosity grows
I watch her energy
Step after step as each
Wave consistently
As wings in the sky
Her strength is
The Pacific coast strong as
cliffs against centuries
Of stature and graceful
Dances her laughter
Splashing against my shoes
Together we
Sail



Soul Mate

This pen has traveled
To East Lorimer street in Brooklyn
And tangled with the wrong
Rose petals

It knew something indefinable
still a comprehensive
paradox

As a matter of fact this pen
Had and has no ink but leaves
Scriptures tattooed on air

lost the pen on a canoe ride
through a Brazilian river
When the canoe tipped and all
In the canoe fell in
the water including
The pen

Or maybe lost the pen when
hanging out with some
Mariachi folks drinking

One time threw pen at
A wall hopin' it would break but
Only I broke

Amusement Atom

In this gravitational type of a yipe
laced as a zapato this gato
living amongst air magnetism
vision of sense and wisdom
looking up to sky seas figure
deliver flight sight set sail type that
sends currents of panoramic sense
mocking the bird saying peace in verse
balance of blood and mud

Mission

On inside looking out
Having to grind during these times
Tryin to make a nickel and dime

The hustle continues
See the struggle just started
Made a spot in the shade
Type whose soldier hearted

Nothing but love and mission
In scriptures dedicated to those
Ready to take it above and beyond
the limit call it
Immaculate image

Brought up sucka free
Hustling
One love to OGs
Hustling for the fam
from Cali cross seas

As Oceans Flow

When we met, for some
later found out reason
he seemed scared of me
but that changed through

Moon cycles as bond
became that of brothers
with speaking out of
the question although

communication helped
develop the closest soul
grasping friendship I never
imagined could enter

emotional department
By my side unconditionally
leading the way through
walks around blocks him

finding his special spots
leaving little notes every
where for friends all
around the neighborhood

Sometimes we would walk
and I would wonder
does he ever get tired
following sometimes for

hours relationship growing
each step along the way
with plastic bag full of
his goodies proud he still

had em' at his tender 16th
year as we turned corners
occasionally stopping for
letters left for him from

neighborhood buddies full
of typical gossip and
what not some letters long
some short he would guide

those blocks until the days
I started to guide and beg of him
one more block as the walks grew
shorter and shorter until they

became half blocks then quarter
blocks then just down the street
now just a couple houses away
now just a couple houses away

but still with the same enthusiasm
as if it were the first walk still
with plastic bag still proud of
the champion he has been and is

Sad now and then thinking of
his hay days where ball thrown
hundreds of yards into woods
would be brought back at times

hours later or a fetch now days
thrown ten feet away him
limping enjoying the moment
sometimes not knowing where

fetch went sometimes just
looking down forgetting
fetch happened me retrieving the
fetch throwing it closer to where

divinity placed him looking at
me me saying good dog
although the fetch gone
not retrieved making me remember

when I would throw a ball at him
from a few feet away like
Roger Clemons directly at his face
him ready catching ready for another

giving me bragging right to friends
for having such a rock star dog
making this relationship still
stronger as now when waking

to his cries leads me to his side
leading others to voice
opinions about the unnatural
me voicing concern don't
say that so loud he knows

were talking about him and
he knows what were saying
truth being I just can't stand
the talk of this beautiful

creatures day of judgement
as I consistently avoid hearing
these ideas already feeling the
tears accumulate preparing

for the day amazed by the definition
of longevity listening to his long hard
breathes as if my favorite song
on repeat mode knowing I have to let

the album just play till its finished
absorbing each moment with this
genuine love that at some point will
no longer be tangible but in soul

and thought guiding as he, Chaka
my number one fan, my sound wall
my listener who listens to me as he
did earlier today through it all

Watch him lay and rest and ask
Humans thought to bless me with
his will and determination to get
through my walks as he has

Relationship now family natural
as orange pulp naturally guiding
sacrificial duties to care take
knowing only God can judge

Absence

On my mind
as time
an empty
cup

heart
Of
soul
a coin toss
of sideless
coin

With
Vision
a maze
of
beginning
New
Love
a captured
flag

Driving
a car
without tires
But
Enthusiasm
an airless
balloon
Remaining

E with
no T

Culture and Rules

The cup
Filled with
Coffee was

Why I was
Stirring at
Side table

Sugar, plus half and
Half in
Her path

Eyes meeting
In mean
While, while smile

Introduced
Hello and
hug

Still stirring
But now
Awkward feeling

Hearing, sorry
Not allowed
To hug

Responding apology
Seeing her go
Hair not seen



The Program

Moved to a new city
Actually moved to a block
At intersection there's a store
A laundry mat carneceria and
The whole sale crack
Accept the carneceria closes at seven
And liquor store and laundry mat at ten or
Something like that
However it appears at no matter what
Time you could buy in the trap
The product must be good cause each
Client comes back like a retrieva
Whether white little pebbles
Or some chiva
And don't trip off patrol car
Number one five eight
Cause they don't give a rats ass
truly understand
Now the meaning of supply and demand
It seems there will always be a plan
Of some sort to continue the program
Retail on the streets twenty four seven threesixtyfive
see some cats on d and surprised they're alive
And the cat sellin' believes it's his only
Way to stay alive
nobody really to talk just another
Cat but say a prayer in heart
To the people in the program there's a light waitin
For you and when you see it may you never part



Tattoos and Tradition

The answer has nothing to do with Philly
but how we lace the next generation
and at a time like this I'm reminded of winter
in Brooklyn another cold world hustle

first time out side in this winter
The exposed skin burning

reminds of my days running on the Avenues
from San Francisco to San Jose lost in the epidemic
not listening to knowledge but instead 15-inch speakers

Remember the first time felt the sun
it hit hard in the land where the hoods
ride on each other with T-shirts having
The Virgin de Guadalupe on the back

in the land where three wheel motion
is valued like education and there's a
heat wave that functions as a sauna

What I'm really talking about is the Epidemic
I'm reminded of when someone carries the Three
Flower scent

in the land of blue and red bandanas laced
with Holy Bibles warrants and candy paint
the conditioned minds are all we got

Call the gang violence backed by generations
an Epidemic not just for Latinos either but all people
from the Mission to Florence who face this

and the answer has nothing to do with Philly but
How we lace the next generation

Mental Jenga

Feel it sometimes
tingling in the neck
Hovering over
Aura noticeable
From 50 feet
In a maze state
And can't run
Or make hidden
from it
Since it knows
Me better than
The weather
As energy
Floats to meet it
And greet it

It occupies
Senses challenging
smiles and joy
Wanting to be
Part of picture
As a Kodak moment
Like an opponent
It enters
Strategizing still
Studying from
Last week because
History repeats
Itself
Want to say
Because of it

Saw it at a
Tender age took
It as a splendid rage
Felt like the never
Endin page some
Thing like an endless
Stage

Tasted it in my mouth
Like mouth wash
Saw it in the mirror
an unrecognizable
image

it was digested
unrested and rarely
detested many
manifest it
spit it out
And although
Our encounters
Often occur
Like the appearances
Of stars
And sometimes it
Makes me want to
Stuff my face in
Bars
All I could
Do is embrace
The puzzle of
My heart.

Root of all Regal

Divinities responsibilities
Waters of bodies roots of trees

Warmth amongst sewed arctic vicinity
Absorbing oasis evidence
Trust fruit from generosity tree
Breathe as one nomadic future sense

Dream blood in body circulating
Calm river currents blessing Earth
With pure wind grasping soil encircling
Strong letters that make up shining mind

Found end of rainbow mysticism
Fear plateau vision touched by wheat
Panoramically touching wisdom
Universe swimming under scripts of aged feet

Sacred Land

Walked mystical atlantis
Thought plans of ambition and dignity
Surfed waves of society
Trekked hike grace template
Ate broccoli dipped in divinity bliss

Breathing still
Still breathe in
Walking on water
Supported planks
Floating
Amongst
Seaweed islands
Finding framed
Maze picture drawn by
Hands of Sun evolution

As guidance
Disposition
Oriented faith
Directionally
Advises
Root theory
Memory becoming
Future
Leaf smelled
Glory



Trapped

Locked forever chained to a wall
Hands behind back
Blindfolded no shoes on feet
Naked in a cell
Alone
rather be then
Not in control
With luxuries of life
And free with the wind
To back swinging
Me left to right
East West jumping around
Captured by illusional
Glorys this world donates
By the dozen in
Palms of hands at
Fingertips reach
Trapped in ways eating away
At soul If that's
Life against the grain
I'll go

Drugged Out

When it was near could tell but
Didn't really know however
was speaking different
Was thinking differently and also
Not feeling the same

Never experiencing the type of
Situation felt naïve and was
Completely unprepared was
Thinking things that were horrid
But then also thoughts of glory
Would come to the surface
These type of situations
are a true mystery

was thrown into a pro
Football game as quarterback
Facing the Steel Curtain at their
Best Words flying in like
Darts penetrating each time
Thoughts by the thousands
At this point just greatful
To be in Gods hands

PATHELOGICAL

VENTURE

INTO

WORLD

FAR FROM

PHYSICAL

REASON

CAPTURED

TAKEN

TAKING

CAPTURED

REASON

PHYSICAL

FROM FAR

WORLD

INTO

VENTURE

The River That Never Died

When the moment arrives
See you there
When the time arrives
Together we'll harmonize
In paradise
With the angels in the sky

Sang together the
Day you left
Only God knew what was
To happen next
We sat sometimes
Passed time
Look at your spot
See you there shufflin'

Could still see your smile
And your hornets coat
Could still see you
Now just hope

The endless river
took you in its
Arms as a child of euphoria

Echoes

Examinin' the colors and shades unitin'
All owl in the boondox tree
Walkin into the ocean that's illuminated
Providin' paint to 'culture'
Watchin the freehand twirls
Activity flow from the mountain
Tops to the seas

Result smiles
And signs of peace
Separated literally
United universally
Forming magnificent laughter
Cuzzin tears of shine

Guiding echoes breathes
Harmonizing
With the wind



Closure

The daylight moves
We delight in distance
Our paths parallel
As we linger lost in
The nights dusk
Wandering wondering
Why is it what it is
And love took a
Detour along with
The sight of joy

It is as if someone splashed in the water
Lost by ones tears in
Emotional spheres
The wonder years
The mystic years soon
Followed while gasping
At life with each
Breathe as it
Was last

It is as if someone splashed the water
Lost by ones tears
smell the scent of a
Dream once had
flying
With you
Love gone astray
Still has enhanced
And the daylight moves
As we delight in distance

Liberation

what could be this mystery following where feet
lead in name of sun shine on human kind of this
generation of moment now combined by oxygen or
soil or better yet solar system trying to glisten and live
what is this felt when walking into breeze touching
minuet aging figments of physical components being
guide to mental rise as Yosemite peak sleek rise to
feet of between ear sphere matter igniting vision to
visualize y's of relevance dance of glory story What
is this thing heard of ocean like in its grace creator
of euphoria in walk and taught, sought through mystic
shining infinitely through hands of generation creation
would really care to understand what that thing could
be might it have something to do with love and fear
(you or me)

Time

Euphorious moon soul
Toon shake sunrise
Wish landed upon
Dream aura stride
Smile beam magnifying
Platough muse septagon

Beyond wonder seeking
Manifold shook tact tacked
Nest of glorious
Euphoria scent
Purlious walk
Blessed zest

Rocks in river timing
Practiced divinity touch
Experience shining spin
Rattle sung among
Core enhanced path
Mystic circle dance

Achievement

Now in newly nested named
numbered essence enters
eccentric trix trailing
timelessly to a Nostradomic
comet of answered nostalgia
good God giving great grace
ness generated generously
generationally noodle after
google-google after noodle
hope recording boarding boat
to Level Another tattooed with
mood of groove as Freud pizzazz
subdued in feud in shoes and fly
as toucan you too can imprint magical
soul of sol reflection states
staring through musically
like Hootie as the blowfish keep
blowing all at the God Hour all in
seven daze a week as time the
numbers remembered electricity
convolting as mind revolting
thought scolding disoriented
molding bolting through
aura forever holding matter

Music

Sweater made once upon time destined
to warm humanity chilling glaciers
without judgment relentlessly striving
for significance statistically lost at
end of rainbow goal outcome blind
warmth blessed by Mt. Zion height
lingering in left brain found framed

Calm After the Born

Did you know a man walked on the Moon
sounds good but what about the Ave what
To care of Moon accept for its love when
folks can't share strips of cement
man walking on Moon wasn't filmed in
Hollywood or maybe it was but couldn't
tell you because eyes are on street
right here in section watching the knee
highs there's no such thing as the Illuminati
Just cell phones and number identification
backed by the Internet most likely in a form
shape or size that of Myspace just like metro
or Alzheimer's but what do I know find me
with Electro magnetics in San Francisco not
outer space humanity is right here close by
up the blocks across and under the bridges
is there cures over in outer space or answers
or new definitions and words or new coffee
for California or Palestine or EPA City is
there resolutions for community issues such
as Peace on the streets across the planet this
planet related to oceanic Love that extends
through generations of this here loud world
running laps around calendars and wind
gave up a Seven day week for a nine and
now weeks are divided into thirds and
still working on the hour shifts but the
focus regardless is your eyes

Revelatory Yipe

Hands down fully focused on vision quenching Thought
Taught in Bogotá exact back amongst dividend
Of time when friend music entered natural as avocado trees
In Colombia in these times

Taught in Bogotá exact back amongst dividend
In mind and sight
In California in these times
Wandering wondering channeling

In mind and sight
On Highway One Sun in da cutt thought in cup
Wandering wondering challenging Universe
Believing Ocean movement advising to graze

Sipping gulping tasting lovely Euphoric Hope
Remote afloat amongst Divine Moat
Believing Ocean movement advising to graze
Raised in amaze glaze cautiously flipping page

Remote afloat amongst Divine Moat
Destiny written as Little Wing a pleasure to sing
Raised in amaze glaze cautiously flipping
page
Melodiously Manifesting Euphoria

Icky Picky

Had to think fast to occupy
This little curiosity monger so
I grabbed the marbles and let
Them flow out of their home
A pouch on to carpet floor
However when she started
Eating the marbles I realized
Maybe marbles were for older
Kids
But it was fun relaying the words
Icky pickys which is the name
Of the game
Played with marbles
In Spanish
as introduced To me

Icky pickys
I said Over and over
Again till I heard a
Soft icky picky
As her low tone
Said her
First
Spanish slang

Nitty Wicked Obstacle

Sweaty dolla bills huggin' the cell
Phone that's receiving
News while
Red and blue flags
Flyin north and south
Also east and west
Wandering through mentalities
Becomes visible but blurred
By older cuzzin of
This micro ordeal
Who
Reflects same hustle
For cash and for some reason
Sirens are getting
Louder it almost
Sounds like music
As sirens harmonize
Amazingly the background
Of all this has
No voice
But hears the cries
And feels the tears
Injected
Making me wonder
Who hears prayers
Making me ask are prayers
A justification for a person
Talking aloud alone
The more the puzzle is understood
The more challenging
It becomes to
Piece together

Mental Art

They come
In as guests
And visit

Some arrive
As guests
Stay as tattoos

The ink
Forever embedded
On
And in us

At times
An individual
can see
image

sometimes it's
completely
visible

the stringing
inspires
tears of sorts
big small
invisible
streamin'

They enter in
wear
My clothes

Borrow the
Tooth brush
And even floss

Eat the oatmeal
Use up all
The sugar

Draw our
Pictures
Writing
Pieces

Drinking the
Potions
And inhale
Sweet dreams

All without
Asking
But selfishly
Accepting

Staying just a
Fan of
body art

The Intangible Photo

Continue of yours
Remember those
Words you spoke
 That stuff
 Was no joke
Just wanted you
To know though

Since the days
 When you
 Took me on
That back of
 Your moto

Got your back
Through the end
 Of time the
Intangible photo

YEEE

Taste of

Wonder

During vision

Of

Uphoria

Absorbing

Soul

NourSHhment

Utilizing

Inner

Non-Physical

Essence

Of

Relentless

Inhalation of

MYstic

InSense

Cali's Comet

into the body of Journey enhance
cedar hope currents muddle entering
scenting meaning in exuberance dance
around miles of land that's green

eyes owling circle style organically
found into potion of millennium
in inhale of sea ideology
of muir woods everlasting construction

of shadows socialized sacrifice stance
tone serene in mind pocus stream
forming monotone as core footed lands
in dream napping through on energy theme

afloat leaf on lake thriving gracefully
in Aphrodite's Be amongst wolf shine
horizon touching oceanically
mysteries trust in that one sublime sign

relating elating reflectional
concepts aged magnanimous feel
into ocean lead by truth of soul
touched by grace of wings flight

Pages

Knockin on absent doors
And don't want to hear these tunes
And the louder the knock the
Louder the tunes sound
These doors are made of guilt
and fear

the hard knocks are made of
tissue and blood
but wait this house is
made of love and strength
and the foundation is made
of hope and faith
Tissue is scarred and
Blood saturated with
Agony but seeds sproutin'

Divinity has guided this far
And earth is trembling
And although shook
can't do anything but
Flip the page in this book



Front Line

With grace

Will face

This place

Will laced

All star

Shine

Approach

No

Roach!

God

As

Coach

With grace

I'll face

This place

Will laced

A Mental lentil

Like Tony
Spelled backwards
Y N O T
Why not
So why not
telling
Self climbing
The ladder of
Hope to
Level of faith

Life's a pitch
Sometimes curvin'
Sometimes
Knucklin'
used to
Watch pitches
Go by as
A scrub jay

Came across
A potion

In this potion
I've mixed in
This Y NoT
Flavor and attempt
To drink
It as frequent
As possible
Never putting down
The cup
Letting
atoms
get detailed

turning up
the volume of
spirit
beatin' out
all through
horizon

Jengas Great Aunt

Remember wondering how in the world
this game was created, five marbles a couple
pieces of wood gravity mixed in with a little
patience and it's a game used to not have the
patience then but still wonder who in the world
invented such a thing don't know but as far any
Concerns my brother made it and he introduced
this marvel and still to this day I have not
seen it in the market so I'm convinced the maker
of this is my big bro and even if a day arrives
and I find out otherwise it won't matter at all

think it's actually an old game from most likely
a time when electricity really didn't toy with
games and was used for serious stuff like phones
and TV's Electric games impossible Right
Is that what may have been said

think it is even something that is part of the
typical middle school wood shop agenda through
a semester or maybe even high school

Well truly don't know what the story is behind
this wonderful non-electric using simple objective
but thrilling game and don't care it has a special
significance in my heart that goes on and every now
and then is shared with a friend who has the interest
in it and plays and automatically has to finish once
half way into the game once completed the experience
consistently gratifying to the mind eye hand coordination
that nothing electric can compare to and my brother
invented it

Mother

Could honestly say
Her sacrifice makes mine appear
Minor in comparison as she stepped
Foot in Cali blind, def
without a voice
All she could see was life, all
She could hear was will
And her words pillars of blissful
Scars
Her dreams became ink
forever implanted on his chest
his dreams an apple on
the ground I picked up
this apple the fruit of
tears and it left an imprint
of her name engraved on
my flesh.
Her liberation the key to her
Destiny, my sisters joy and pain
Leaving nine letters on her skin
With wings spread
Her sacrifice the light to three
Visions wandering with no destination
But forever blessed

Naïve Eyes

Never forget today
can't get it off my mind
Black stuff into a syringe, the needle
Went right into behind

There was actually two
One was a guy by the name of Ray
The other guy never seen
However they both partook in the
Activity this scene

On top of this hood they had
Their stuff ready to roll
Deteriorating their inner organs
Emotionally touching soul

Called my brother and
Told him word for word in detail
Said they must not been able
To feel their veins anymore
And that's why the needle went
In the tail

Yesterday was the forth of July
Is there too much independence
How come some lives go long
Lost due to this dependence

Thought I seen it all
But this morning these
eyes felt so naïve
still can't get over this
Its too hard to believe

Nothing funny
At all don't make this a joke
Still have hope
For these cats giving their lives
To dope

Fig Fear

Sat tasting grape
Andes elevated
Diving oceans depth
Into terrain sound travel

Where giraffes reach
Maple leaf like
Religion matrix
Equation engraved

As climate of
Horizons in
Latitudes immense
Time off set

Where pigeons search
Entered domain
Caught fly ball
Revelation

Game clutch catch
Checkmate
Last second shot
Taking worth risk

Chapter II

At the God hour
Breath acknowledging
Written diction
Mosquito

Tasting crystal springs
And daly Cities fog
Feeling Bob peace
Under my skin

Digging mine of mind
Spirit acupuncture
Mental pyramid
Mystic marvel

Eclipsematic

Philosophies of my cup of crease
Focus telling plan breath through oxygen
Laced as a shoe on foot again
Among societies bending corners like steers
Following the street signs in the vines
Of veins of names accompanied by minds
In this traffic jam rock rockulating hand
Sign peace release of grace of geese
As on a lake where minds thoughts elevate

Merce Illuminado

Un dia estaba perdido
Caminando sin ver direction
Sin sentir amor olvidado
Pero un dia algo dio razon

De acceptar la luz de respiracion
Hoy sonrisa se puede ver
De millas y ahora listo
En los manos de arboles para ser

Halgien que va a mostrar todos
Las luz enfrente de ojos



Gasp Grasp

The planets deepest cold waters crying for air
Doldrum sighted and water is all that I fear
What company could have our ocean spared
In the hands of seas grasping on to each tear

Fishes swim traditionally as they should
Birds grace our beautiful earth and water
As ice cap melts and glaciers shrink by the foot
Hold hands and pray the Our Ocean

As roots as troops and theirs may God bless them
So called enemies divided humanity
We may have endless differences across borders
But our oceans state is the Worlds calamity

Plastic suffocating journey each of us face
Bless be the one who walks symbolizing earths grace

Glory Pivot

The fire in the igloo
to be as dolphin in Gulf
Picasso experiences I greet
listening to environment pleas
positioning aura cycles
bumpy sharp textured
Automobilistic Mystic
whispering precious secrets
spinning the cd sending
my ears responsibly reacting
dependably holding air
as Lifes pages chant on
like visions singing soul word
of orange peels in divine hand
atoms mingling drawing out
paths and pencil sharpeners.
The smear of ink looks like
Mississippi river almost in
Its tight shoe size manner
As star teaching manor
while the walk into the
trees reach grasps the
wax melting worry
eternally soothing
visions of breathe

Touch

 Didn't
 Mind
 Standing
 By her
Side supporting

 Her motions
As emotions
 Grew
 knew
What ever
 It was
She did

Was a token
Of Gods
Grace
In a
Moment

End the Violence

With everlasting
Tranquil
Peace
May their souls
Be laid to sleep

With the angels
And the sky
And paradise
God
Take these children
And let them free in the sky

Where they could fly
And rest in calm
As natures air multiplied infinitely
Serenity

How many

For what

For who

Y

T I N U
Is unity backwards
Because that's what we are

The smoke clears

The good whispers

Stay stong
To
All
The
Good
Ears

Sep 11th, 2001 7:00AM

Tea Time

Goodness gracious entered into a realm
Seeing a world where little round capsules
Are reeping aura and essence of souls
And its not a nightmare or a street called elm

seek out and look through the market
And search for any alternative
Watch for elders because they're a main target
Time to ask how do you want to live

they who seek out will find
Since before you know it health will matter
Watch what you eat to keep an intact mind
Unless you want to speak jibber jabber

One was told say goodbyes
The other drank tea to stay alive

Sin Hielo Porfavor

Los santos regalaron
un hugo de tomate
Sin ielo pero lleno de vida
Con vitamina puro

Dando fuerza para suvir
En la Montana mas alta
con ganas de sovre vivir
Con poder que nos iso falta

Por tanto tiempo pero el baso
esta lleno por fin,
yaddadamean

Give Thanks

Sometimes I forget why to exist
And be here

Sometimes yearn for bliss
Thinking end is near

At times make a fist
Not knowing if it's because
Of being pissed
Of not knowing what has or has not missed

Like pops
Who instead of teaching how to play with tops
Gave fatherhood to peppermint schnapps

Or cops
Thinking me and friends carry glocks
And sell crack rocks

Stereotypes
fill day and nights
elevating bright lights
reaping minds of positive insights

society
is more conditioned then hair
learned don't need religion to say prayer
stare
At the horizon
And see a whore fallen
A sold society
Who heard the devils callin

Sometimes I forget why we exist
But now learned from the ultimate teacher

All are created by the creator
Making there no superior creature

Heaven on earth
Love
Happiness
And peace

To all lands and seas
Let war and evil
Please
Seize

Mind carries thoughts like
A woman carries her baby in her womb

The message
Don't be a buffoon
Joining
A wicked platoon

Forget cash
Rings
Toys
Fashion
Cars
Jewelry and
Banks

Today is a new day
A new start
A new sunrise
And for this
We must give thanks



Water Under the Bridge

When it was all said and done what else was left
There was hope tending its wounds not letting go
To a distant dream that no one will ever know
Grasping a love that has guided every step

Remember a moment in time in life
We created memories and glided in joy
A day in our worlds when everything was right
The first tribe with a timeless mission

Endless tears the harmonious screams echo
The dimming light on our path of enlightenment shines
Tears multiply the reasons to let go
Love the safety net that saved all our minds

When it is all said and done, bless this life we've lived
Love keeps growing all else is water under the bridge

ONE CORE

A Bandana passed down as silverware
Or china
A generation whose energy ties
Cries
A bandana folded in the back pocket
Waitin to Exhale
A Generation dwellin grudgin on
Unseen Streets
A Division of a Generation
By bandanas
A seperation of a people
Because of an alphabet
Red the color of a geographical
Location as if it were Sedona
Blue another as the ocean
A Tear washed away by rain on these
Invisible streets
Of division of waiting to exhale
Bandanas of an alphabet
People
The younger generation
Using the silverware
Of division
The using of other then the fist
Continues to add to the List
An addition to a generation
On these streets flying motive
Flag at half staff

A Passer by'er of this Sedona
Ocean dwelling borrows
A spoon
The spoon missed but forgotten
In this geographical color Scheme
As Democrats
And Republicans
Or voting colors
Used to see whose leading
In this division of
Waiting to exhale dwelling
Swelling
As a population altered as suit
Pants too long

A community of signs of a
Generation divided by
Flyin of
Waiting to exhale bandanas
An alphabet responsible for letter
And language separation
Of Sedona and the ocean

The sun shinin on both
Prototypes matchin
In molecule organic
Construction
Grudging over half staff flyen
A half staff flyen motive
Motivated by division
Of number
A number nurtured
During the Faith Hour

A Time
Of generation divided
By unseen
A Passer buyer has duplicated
The spoon
The china intact
The divide successful
All at the love hour

A generation of Brothers
and Sisters
Energies responsible for Waiting
To Exhale
Half Staff flyen'
Invisible bandanas

A Bandana nurtured
Generationally
At the will hour
Unseen but heard
Keys the sounds of fresh air
By a generation
Nurturing and nurtured
By waiting to exhale bandanas
Invisibly half staff flyen'

At this light hour

Sedona and Ocean
Are one of same
Core
A Core of a generation
Alphabetically grudgin
Responsible for hand me down
Tears ongoing

Ongoing as H2O
At this hope hour
A generation suffocated
By waiting to exhale
 Bandanas
Must generate dwell'less
 Unseen organic
 Love
Responsible for a generation
Unseen flyen' motivated inhailing
 Community addition
Passer by'ers Included
Geographically duplicated
 With out being seen
At This God Hour
 In our core
 As one
As humanitarian
 Vision

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