Poet in the future  
Surgeon with a suture  
No need for a tutor  
Because I write like a ruler  
Filming in the abstract  
Documenting my facts  
That are facets of my craft  
Creating a moment  
When the world starts to focus  
And creates its own motive  
To kill the bliss of its ignorance  
And grow up to become  
The adults that are numb  
To the cries of the dumb  
That are prolific as thumbs  
And there is nowhere to run  
So what to do  
Now that most dropped out  
And the rest copped out  
And I rode out  
And graduated with clout  
Because the university made me  
Powerful to a high degree  
And now I see that the streets are in need  
Of literacy.