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POETIC

JUSTICE

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TO INSTILL
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YOU MUST **FIRST**
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TO DISAPPOINT
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OF **MEDIOCRITY**
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To instill pride in someone, you must first say you are proud of them. Knowing the difference between disappointment and disappointing is the catalyst of one more chance to achieve, or coming up short of expectation.

Terrified of ones expertise at burning bridges,
The water that passes under fails to hold the weight of your own words.

Disappointment is finding love letters of past high-school girlfriends, that articulates their love, accompanied by hopes of marriage. Refuse to drown in your masochism, departure. Not understanding the concept that misery loves company. Believe sanity slips silently. People will always take time to point out, what you used to be.

Disappointing is achievement going unrecognized. "Mother, why must you focus on the negative?" Tenth grade ignorance leaves sour taste in mouth. I am not my mistakes. I just tend to offspring a lot of them. Dunce hat is chiral to a crown of thorns. Scar stained hands plead the fifth.

Lucifer is the relative that never calls ahead of time that their coming for a visit. He will always overstay his welcome. To disappoint is to let dreams dwindle in a pendulum of mediocrity.

The high note never hit,
failure to recover from one fiascos.
According to most the fullness of my glass is
halfway empty, oblivious to the depth of the well.
If anything don't let slight malfunction lay eggs in
your stomach.
It will birth doubt, and grow old in your voice.
Bask in the smallest of feats.

DISENCHANTMENT
ANDRE CARBONELL



Melodic fragrances run my mind.
Especially those found on my man;
His cologne does to me what weed
does to a fiend;
His intoxicating scent is stronger than
any aphrodisiac.

Enamored, I bury my face in his shirt.
And inhale.
I am connected with him. I am at his
mercy.
And inhale.
He tickles my waist
and laughs at my obsessiveness.

I miss him more when I smell his
scent
and he is not there...
Instantly, I am more alert
when I smell the sweet sweat of him.

In adoration, I snuggle my nose to his
neck.
And inhale.
My attraction to him intensifies.
And inhale.
He lifts my body
and chuckles at my eagerness.

SCENT
SCENT MORGAN GRAIN
-MORGRAINGRAIN



When I look in the mirror I see three.
The blackness, the womanist and the
black woman.
Triple threat and a triple conscious.
Black women aren't feminists you say?
Black men don't acknowledge them-
they laugh at our bluntness.

Feminism is powerful.
Understand you descend from royalty.
You are more than breasts and ass.
Believe you are-
shift your thoughts to queendom, you are
regal.
Elevate your mental process and become
wholly conscious.
After all, you stand on the backs of phe-
nomenal women.
Prove their struggle and tears weren't in
vain.
Push for equality for women of all
colors.

Your vagina is powerful.
Realize your bodies and minds are equal
in honing your strength.
Understand you do not have to submit to
anyone.
No thoughts of oppression should wreak
havoc on your brain.

Your actions should speak soundly of the
progress you yearn for.
Women have been powerful beings for
centuries, and will continue to flourish.
Yell, write, protest, riot, and organize.

F*CK PATRIARCHY
(THE BOP FORM)
-ROBYN MOWATT

