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VOLUME 2



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**Never Settle.**

13, Vol. 2

Encounters  
Gambling  
School to Prison  
Because  
Love Yourself  
Green Lights  
Take What You Need  
Blunts and Sage  
Heathens

Encounters

New city  
New experience  
Before you judge  
Know that we all  
Have a connection  
We get  
nowhere else  
From  
nobody else  
Why would we  
Even want to  
Recreate these  
moments  
That only taste well  
The first time  
We try  
To step out  
On a limb  
Expectations  
Not quite low  
Enough to limbo  
Under  
but  
Not high enough  
To be disappointed

Let's go and  
Let go and  
enjoy  
Each moment  
Like it's  
The first  
And last time  
Because this is  
The only time  
We will ever be in  
This mind  
And space  
And although  
Cliche

It's true  
 It really is  
 it really is  
 Both at the  
 Same time  
 Neither at once  
 Coexistence  
 complements  
 Itself even when  
 At odds

What are the odds?  
 You know  
 The chance that on  
 This planet  
 And at this time  
 That things would  
 Refine and the  
 Way our words  
 On paper align  
 Allows us both to  
 Climb  
 up these steps  
 This ladder of words  
 We sometimes overstep  
 And skip steps  
 While running upstairs  
 You make me  
 Want to  
 Ascend slowly  
 holding  
 Your hand  
 Holding  
 The rail  
 Trust can come  
 With safety nets  
 Lest we free fall  
 Backwards while  
 Smiling.

Gambling

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Smiling.

School to Prison Pipelines

School to prison  
 pipelines have lead in'em...  
 Turning us into zombies  
 Looking for a leader  
 Hypnotized by preachers  
 Indoctrinated by teachers  
 I see now, to reach ya  
 I've gotta go a little deeper  
 Look...  
 Lie when they report it  
 Can't get justice  
 even when recorded  
 It's just us  
 No back-up dispatched  
 No equal starting place  
 In this race  
 All races mismatched.  
 Played against each other  
 Big match  
 They laugh to the bank  
 While we fight over scraps

Ahhh ahh ahh  
 3 shots in my back  
 I bet they bring up  
 Black on black crime  
 After my death  
 As if their argument  
 Justifies the loss  
 Of life  
 I could have been  
 A doctor, lawyer,  
 Fuck that  
 I was a brother  
 Son, cousin,  
 Someone endeared  
 By someone endearing  
 But I'm endangered  
 People don't see my



Value unless  
I'm holding a ball  
Or dropping the ball  
I matter to us all  
And most just don't  
Know it yet

Because

Because we are we.  
 It is supposed to hurt,  
     so we remember.  
 And to be honest,  
 you are the only person  
 I have these convos with  
 and I appreciate you.  
 You aren't a stranger.  
 Just an extension of myself  
     to reconnect with.  
     That's why  
 we feel so familiar.

Although I don't show it  
     Because my shoulder  
 Is the one being leaned upon  
     At this moment  
     Truth is,  
     Our conversations  
     Are my kickstand  
     An even exchange of  
 Intellect, emotion, ideas  
     I write about you  
     So you may live forever  
     What a gift

This life is like  
     A flash in a pan  
     80 years maximum on  
 A 5 billion year old planet  
     Holding onto it  
     Is like trying to hold  
     Water with open fingers  
 I'd rather enjoy the sensation  
     While it sifts through  
     My knuckles  
     Let's look alive  
     And love it  
     ...Preferably,  
     Together.

Love Yourself

She said  
She tatted  
Two lines of  
Her favorite  
Poem on her  
Skin...  
Then  
Showed me.  
I saw my own  
Words covering  
Cuts on  
Her forearm  
My eyes said  
Please explain  
Her face said  
Ease the pain  
I obliged

That's when  
I explained  
I once hated  
My life too  
Thought of  
Taking my own  
Life too  
Expectations  
Too high  
I was getting  
Too high  
Still couldn't  
Reach them  
Until I was like  
Why try?

Went from  
Filthy paid  
To dead broke  
Tried hanging  
Myself  
And the belt broke

Brother held  
Me while I slept  
Nowadays  
I stay woke  
Meds had me  
Feeling like somebody  
Else or not  
Feeling at all  
Numbness  
Isn't healing at all

We have more  
In common than  
You thought  
Happiness can't  
Be bought  
Love is war  
We fought  
For something  
We never saw  
But somehow  
Got taught  
We should  
Strive for  
Stay alive for  
Or die trying for

So fuck it  
stop trying  
And just  
try living

Green Lights

Green lights illuminate  
Your bedroom  
How could we stop  
Wait,  
Can I write about you?  
Okay, go.  
Kissing you feels  
Like singing my  
Favorite song while getting  
Off work on a Friday  
Speeding home  
With the sunroof open  
And no plans  
Just enjoying the freedom  
Holding you feels  
Like beating Bowser  
As a young child  
And freeing the princess.  
I'd jump through  
Hoops of fire  
To reach you.

Take What You Need

Passed relatives visiting  
Me in my dreams  
With omens and advice,  
More than imagination  
Forcing me to think twice  
Enough to ponder, wander  
And take heed  
Extending arms of love  
Saying, "take what you need"  
Some take from us til we bleed  
From wrists, feet, and crowns  
Walking barefoot,  
Stories exist beneath grounds  
Afrikan graveyards become  
Parking lots,  
Is anything sacred?  
Police strip us of our freedoms,  
Wanting us dead and naked-  
Tell me how we take it,  
It's amazing,  
We make love, children, and art,  
While simply trying to make it...  
Just trying to make it.

Blunts and Sage

first  
 Stepped into your  
 Home  
 Blunts and sage burning  
 Spraying rose water  
 Perhaps cleansing  
 From something  
 Before  
 or preparing  
 For something to come  
 Foreshadowing  
 spread light  
 Gucci robe on the floor  
 A clue into your  
 earthly ways  
 Can't always have our  
 Heads in the  
 clouds  
 Nowadays we compare  
 Gods and religions like  
 Sneakers  
 Walk in it before  
 You form an opinion  
 Some of the greatest  
 Achievements,  
 accidental  
 Us meeting,  
 merely by accident  
 But let's not  
 take it for granted  
 What are the chances  
 We'll accidentally  
 encounter  
 Each other by  
 happenstance  
 You know, that stars align  
 Type of mumbo jumbo  
 Crossing  
 space and time

While we meet in DC over  
Chicken with mumbo sauce  
wings,  
Hold the MSG  
You make me feel like  
Ewing on the MSG hardwood  
Oakley was better than  
Pippen on the lowest of keys.



Heathens

rolled two dutches  
While conversing  
About god consciousness.  
Not necessarily non-believers  
we just invest more in ourselves  
Have faith in ourselves  
Until we tap into and awaken  
Ourselves  
Both of us dressed  
Like we just woke in 1999  
Tongues partying  
Our conversation  
In dance  
Would look like  
The best tango  
And it takes two  
To successfully two step  
Or maybe it just feels better  
Either way  
Let's move on  
Get past  
Past moments  
Mistakes, things we wish  
We could take back  
But forgiveness is given

Fin.