



T3 VOLUME 4

[WWW.NOVASANKOFA.COM](http://WWW.NOVASANKOFA.COM)

13 Volume 4

Alone  
Dysfunction  
One Person's Party  
Sade  
Black Cats  
No Labels  
Experiments  
Minor Depression  
UFOs  
Encounters  
A Dream Disturbed  
Suicidal Sunday  
Mandatory  
We Are All Addicts

I hope you feel while reading this at least half of what I felt while...

-nova

## Alone

I want to love you  
Like my time alone  
Addicted to  
self deprecation  
And overly  
critical of my  
Surroundings  
Let me save you from  
My own skepticism  
All of my friends  
Are dead or  
Live on the fringes  
Of society  
In a sick world  
Where violence  
And exploitation  
Is celebrated  
Is it really  
A bad thing  
To be an outsider?

## Dysfunction

Reading books  
About love  
Hoping it  
Teaches us  
Better than  
What we saw  
Growing up  
In dysfunction  
Two lacking people  
Living up to  
Half their potential  
Don't equal a whole

One Person's Party

One person's party  
Is another's  
Can you please  
keep it down  
I'm trying to sleep  
Everyone claims woke  
In each irrespective  
Subconscious community  
Until we start  
Talking unity  
Which isn't  
If EVERYONE ain't  
Invited  
Now you ain't so...  
Excited

Sade

Late nights  
With Sade  
She's asking  
Me how her  
Tears taste  
Listening to  
Smooth operator  
High as  
Black clouds  
Ketu on speed dial  
Sewing with the  
Silver lining  
Thoughts  
slowed down  
At a pace that'd  
Make DJ Screw  
Proud  
We are all  
Family in  
The grand scheme  
No words  
Communicate through  
Gestures and energy  
Her eyes  
Filled with intrigue  
Wanting  
To know more  
I'm reclining in  
The passenger seat  
She sped through  
DC red lights  
In a rush  
To see how I die  
And come  
Back alive  
Every night  
Resurrection  
Through introspection  
Don't wait  
Three days  
Just to put  
Your hand  
Inside my rib

And tell me  
I'm back  
At least rip  
My heart out  
And eat it  
In front of me  
Showmanship  
Is everything  
In and on  
This stage  
If you want to  
We can  
Perform every night  
If you want to  
Walk away  
You have every right  
And maybe  
We'll meet  
Each other  
Again through  
Subliminal poems  
That everyone  
Can feel  
Will we  
Ever heal?

## Black Cats

White candles  
And black cats  
For the bad energy  
Red bulls and naps  
For zapped energy  
More secret adventures  
and esoteric tats  
For invisible imagery  
We all be repressed  
No wonder why  
We all  
Be depressed  
After a while  
Got to stop  
Considering what  
Others think  
Life coming fast  
While not conforming  
Exit routes light up  
Premature evacuation  
The lady with  
Me just took a blast  
Eyes lit up  
She can't blink  
I'm having a blast  
Can't speak  
Just think  
We're all a slave  
To something  
I'm just in the field



## No Labels

Not conscious or woke  
Labels are for boxes  
Mirrors and smoke  
Strangers from where  
We departed  
Wrongly accused  
Everywhere we arrive  
I know I am divine  
Even when people  
Akin to me are denied  
History and a homeland  
Now we are doing  
Home invasions  
Foots on our neck  
So long  
We fell in love  
With shoes  
And other objects  
Without souls  
Living down  
to expectations  
I'm minding this  
resource that is mine  
Mining my own mind  
The greatest excavation

## Experiments

Long conversations  
About how we  
Became who we are  
Or is it whom we are  
I dropped out of college  
Please correct me if  
I'm wrong  
But we all have  
Our own insecurities  
We can trace back  
To a past event  
Maybe we can revisit  
It in our minds  
Rewrite how we look  
At these times completely  
Rewiring neurons  
You know we  
Try curing ourselves  
Because everything  
Else costs too much  
Even these folk  
Online with no credentials  
Have a price tag  
And here I was  
Thinking you were  
Doing it out of love  
Without keeping tabs  
But I express myself  
And have to pay a tab  
my friends with brown skin  
Living in the projects  
Feeling like an experiment  
Outside of a lab  
I just bought a brown lab  
and here I go  
Distracting myself from  
The truth again  
Sitting on the roof again...

## Minor Depression

if this is major depression  
What is minor depression  
All labels made to convince me  
My anger isn't legitimate  
Like happiness is a default feeling  
When that is not the case  
And I have a few cases pending  
A price to pay when not depending  
On the opinion of someone else  
A hero ain't nothing but a sandwich  
I'd rather be the proper villain  
Hit a new city and make a killing  
What does it matter if  
They lived for others, anyway?

## UFOs

if we lock eyes  
We're gone  
Lost in one  
Another  
conversations  
About how  
we know  
each other  
Through what  
I write  
And you know  
Me from  
What you read  
We are using  
Different skills  
To connect  
So what makes  
Us think  
Anybody's  
Cookie cutter  
Rules applies  
to this  
all constraints  
Few restraints  
Slithering serpent  
Whether well intended  
Or half baked  
Need not apply  
All we have to do  
Is apply ourselves  
Not trying to  
Step on toes  
We astral project  
Onto what  
They call UFOs  
Arise and spend  
Our waking hours  
Living in code  
And this is code  
If you know  
You know  
This ain't  
For everybody

## Encounters

what if  
i told you  
everyone  
We encounter  
is a piece of us  
as one  
whole organism  
Struggling with itself  
Weak points  
And strong edges  
In the grand scheme  
Of scams  
what if  
We are nothing  
More than gum  
On the bottom of  
The barrel  
at my face  
Impulsive decisions  
Like I'm at gunpoint  
What's the point  
In being positive  
all the time  
When life is  
Particularly poignant  
No two experiences  
Mirroring one  
Another  
How special is that?

## A Dream Disturbed

what happens to  
A dream disturbed?  
Does it shrivel  
Into a 9 to 5  
Or does it enter the  
School to prison pipeline?

Maybe it just sags  
Like my pants in the 90s

A silent protest  
Is still a protest  
Lives become experiments  
I guess that's why they  
Call our homes, projects  
And the only people  
That make it amongst us  
Are professional athletes  
Or professional rappers  
While professors  
Intellectualize the struggle  
To the privileged among us  
So they can one day  
Argue online for retweets  
And shares  
Oh, how i wish resources  
Were shared like fight videos

## Suicidal Sunday

Sunday mornings are  
For pillow talking  
And overpriced brunch  
In a city unfamiliar  
To us both  
I like new connections  
& she wants to  
Escape a mundane life  
Of being someone's wife  
People aren't possessions  
What am I saying?  
There are three sides  
To a story  
On the rooftop  
Of a three story building  
This is as high as  
We can get together  
Not high enough for me  
she is impressed  
By the view  
Sitting on the ledge  
Living on the edge  
I need something pure  
I need something new  
Exhaled smoke and said  
"I can't see that happening  
With me and you"  
Tears filled her eyes  
her hand rubbed my thigh  
parted her lips to whisper  
"I've never been this high  
I want you  
If we can't be,  
I want to die"  
She stood up  
spread her arms  
Stepped off the building  
and didn't fly ...

## Mandatory

I love you too  
Not really  
But speaking it  
Into existence  
Don't put me  
In these awkward  
Positions  
Where my only  
Two propositions  
Are to either  
Lie or hurt  
Your feelings  
Like being  
Between a rock and  
mandatory sentencing  
For my first offense  
Nonviolent,  
What's the  
Proper punishment  
For victimless crimes?  
Is this justice  
Or vengeance?



We Are All Addicts

We are all addicts  
What's your drug  
Of choice?  
Attention  
Affection  
Pills  
People  
Progress  
Likes  
Love  
Weed  
Wickedness  
Acceptance  
Excuses  
Consumerism  
Alcohol  
Pain?  
The floor is yours  
Please explain  
You want more?  
Please complain