



T3 VOLUME 4

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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