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Volume 3



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Write Your Thoughts Here

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For everyone not quite where they want to be
In a better place than where they could have been
Determined to go where nobody else has ever been

More sanity,
less vanity
Less selfies,
more self-reflection
Those likes ain't love
"Nigga, shut up & pass the blunt"
The truth is too blunt
Too up front,
may collapse
The front that
attracts attention
Front and center,
Truth hurts,
but consequences kill
What's so bad
about reality
That we can't face it
Ten toes down,
Rather be high,
rather be drunk,
Rather be punks,
Deaf, dumb, and numb...
Dead inside until our
Bodies die with it.
Too many zombies
The Walking Dead
Is just an allegory
Of the hood. ...
& I ain't no better.

And she said...
her previous loves
Gifted her with
Vague memories
Clear insecurities
I'm trying to give
a new ideology
we both create
Curing neurology
you follow me?
you picking up
What I'm putting down
Healthy relationships
Pick you up
And don't put you down
If they dog you out
Do them like a dog
And put them out
Or put them down
Love isn't a racket
No market trade off
No room to barter
Not worth giving
Your whole life to
Don't let it
Turn you into a martyr
Whoever said
Love is a battlefield
Never saw war

It began as us
Building over books
You know
The kind with
Generic alliteration
About babbling brooks
And other bullshit

Ta-Nehisi says
We had 8 years in power
But I must
Disrespectfully disagree
If anything,
We have become
Desensitized to
Violence and death

Television rewiring
Your brain
Much like reading does
Or what we eat
I watch neither
These days
Pick up the remote
To see another black
— body
——— drop

The first time,
I cried.
Second time,
My chest burned.
Now, I share the
Posts, emotionless...
and the cycle continues

she walks into my home...
takes all clothing off,
folds it up neatly,
shutting them in the coat closet,
and crawls to me...
Her head down,
She reaches my knee,
I lift her chin,
We make eye contact,
I give her permission...
Her head rests on my thigh,
I stroke her neck...
She rises, we kiss..
Her lips to my chest, neck,
Her tongue touches mine...
This is the closest we have
Ever felt, to each other...
The rest of our bodies
Fall in line...
Love is patient, in due time...
I grip her thighs,
We both rise to the occasion
exhaling together
Both surprised,
What do we know anyway?

And feelings can't be faked,
You feel me? Of course
In more ways than one...
Our heartbeats synchronized
Anytime is our time.

Walking a path less traveled
Or never walked
Do we want it safe
Or not want it enough?
Only one or the other.
What is compromise?
Just a nicer way to
Let yourself down after
Settling for less...
I could never, ever.
If we settle today,
Sleep won't even
Meet us peacefully
Tonight...
Goodnight.

She crushed a
percocet pill
With the bottom
of a wine bottle
Cabernet Sauvignon,
to be exact
Inhaling it
through nostrils,
Looking up at me, like...
Would you like to
partake?

No thanks,
That ain't my type of hype
Pain pills don't heal
We lost Prince...
and the King of Pop.
Her locs, peanut brown.
Her skin, Jesus brown.
As described in Revelations...
1:15, we are only 15%
Of the US population,
What a coincidence,
I don't believe in those.
Cut scars running up her
Forearm like a 5K marathon
On a weekend
Evidence of days
No hugs were available
And the pain was too
Much to bear
She tried crucifying herself
We all have our
Own cross to carry.

5 billion year old planet,
could have been
born at any time...
Or like most,
not born at all.
Most potential humans
die before birth,
for many reasons...
You being here
Is a miracle within itself.
And here we are,
Looking at and listening
To each other.
Not just alive,
But in this same
Space and time.
We didn't
make it this far
to be mediocre.
We didn't make it
This far to serve someone
Else's purpose.
Find your purpose
And live it

It may not bring us riches
It may not bring us fame
It may not even bring us stability...
But it will bring us peace.
One shot, what will
We do with it?

It was the breakdown
You thought would
Break you
Feeling like your last
Your last love
Your last connection
Your last attempt

However
Time is the
Best of healers
Now, look at you
Stronger than before
Better than ever

The ache of heartbreak
Is just growing pains
Alcohol, smoke, pills
Treat it momentarily
Only introspection cures
Alone. Alone. Alone.
Who am I?
My sober self
When by myself.

Instant connection
Because we
Do the same drugs
Both felt pain
In the same ways
Coping with
The same things
Self medicating
Tell me your story
Cry a river and
I might buy us
A boat
With no sails
Or clear direction
Stepping off edge
Walking on water
Reclining backward
Until we drown
Both dying
At the same time
Now that's a
Soul tie.

I want to love you
Like my time alone
I miss you
Like my
First Mercedes
But the cost
Of maintenance
Isn't worth the ride

Truth is
I haven't been
Felt love beyond
Just saying it to reciprocate
Sentiments since
Brittany passed
And I've been
Married since
So what does
That say about me?

Disproving doubts
In my head
Saying I don't deserve
What I have and
Can attain
Some things
You just can't
Explain, especially
When it pertains
To self-inflicted pain

I only want you
If you don't need me
Dependency isn't love
It is attachment
Plus convenience
If you want convenience
Put your shoes on
And go get some
Fucking chips
Chip on my shoulder
So big that
Only I can lean on it
For support

You couldn't hear
My cries for help
That's how I know
We aren't on the
Same frequency
Can't blame you
We must all
Save ourselves