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For the fam.

2017 Untitled Collective, NovaSankofa.com, Brother Nova

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Addiction  
Reality TV  
Polaroid Bookmarks  
Build The Wall  
Proboscis  
Fu-Schnickens  
Appropriation  
Jeffrey Dahmer  
F\*\*\* Al Sharpton  
1992

## Addiction

Opiate epidemic in suburbia  
Reveals newfound sympathy  
For citizens struggling with addiction  
No heart before  
This must be a new prescription  
Whites aren't called fiends on air  
They are now victims  
Attached to soft descriptions  
In a zip code that affords them rehab  
While my peoples get prison  
Man, listen-  
I know shit when I smell it.  
If you don't hear the truth, tell it  
Your message ain't grade A  
It's diluted, stepped on  
Lies pollute & reek from you like  
Shit stepped in  
Leaving a trail  
Wherever you travel  
I won't be your step n fetch it  
Take a step back  
and check your muthafucking self

## Build The Wall

Forbidden encounters  
Crossing borders  
Even liberals  
Would build walls  
To stop us  
And just maybe  
It would serve us right  
Can't take it back  
Now all that can  
Be done is  
We be done with it all

Proboscis

Alt-right publication  
Cites hotep negroes  
Being entertaining  
Coloreds with  
Yam sized  
Proboscis, giving  
Credence to  
Racial IQ gap  
All quack science  
Of course  
Duck, duck,  
Dodge it all

## Fu-Schnickens

Eyes like almonds  
Soft like cotton  
Not easily forgotten  
Forgotten,  
Forgetting...  
Older folk would call it smitten  
Catching love in my palm  
No glove, just a mitten  
Fu-Schnickens,  
Sounds like silly talk  
Until you backtrack  
Walk backward along the chalk  
Outlines  
And do backflips on each spot  
There were some thought crimes

## Appropriation

Now, would you feel safe  
To think what you think  
Like what you like,  
Rank what you rank  
How you rank it..  
The odor of zombie dreams  
Are so motherfucking rancid  
Until we burst into fits of tantric  
Low expectations and one sided negotiations  
We are dying and cultural appropriation is the least of my worries  
We out here dying in the same country people are over surviving,  
So I feel like when we were born  
We were buried



## Polaroid Bookmarks

Using our polaroids  
As bookmarks  
how could I forget you?  
Words mean nothing  
In a world of inaction  
We speak directly  
Interrogation before  
Information isn't genuine  
Leather scales fall  
From my eyes  
As intuition exposes  
Everything we hide...  
In other words,  
Say what you feel  
Because we'll only  
Show it eventually

## No Reality TV

I don't want  
To tell our grandchildren  
We spent chunks  
Of our existence  
Refreshing these things  
Called timelines,  
Wasting our lives  
Witnessing others  
Live theirs...

Jeffrey Dahmer

Dahmer in  
Oxford Apartments,  
First test  
Of gentrification  
A little too harsh  
Let's try Starbucks  
And Whole Foods

Fuck Al Sharpton

I couldn't imagine  
MLK or Malcolm  
derailing and letting white folk  
blame black people  
for white nonsense.  
Soul sold for bad selfies  
an MSNBC spot licking boots  
and a young girlfriend.  
Ought to be ashamed.  
Damn.

What's a reverend  
without reverence?  
Malevolent and decadent.

1992

Growing up wishing

To be adults  
Only to want to  
Be kids

No time to pause +  
Appreciate day to day  
Life until routine  
Suffocates excitement

Grandma's number  
804 492 92..  
1992, i was seven  
Summer hot as hell  
Ignorance is heaven