

A True Poetry Story (Ode to Sonia Sanchez)

A real Red Baroness
and literary ace
Firing down the bogies
with verbal ammo, no haste

Pioneering the black
at SFSU
Rearing "Broadside Quartet"
while perceiving Malcolm as true

To an adversary's chagrin
she was overcomin' and tryin'
While shakin' loose her skin
to elude that house with lions

Homegirl's contralto grenades explode
into a soprano sky
Magical blue and black women
that even bad people can't deny

Sorceress of words
mahogany for three-sixty-five
Young brothas and sistas
catch Benita talkin' no jive

...you are...

Lyrical combo throwin', battlin' like Frazier clashes
Haymaker verbiage goin', remnants a Clay named Cassius
Proficiency when flow is announced, in the likes of one Cosell
Sweet words swingin', ringin' like Sugar Ray's bells

...and if I may continue...

Smooth vernacular, thick and boney like James
Words of trumpeted bliss muted, drive Miles insane
Spoken grace like Ella, elaborate taste like Della
Parable princess, plus an alliterated Cinderella

Aromatic coffee grounds, describe the strong sound
Charismatic days of word play, travel all year round
Mastering idioms, anecdotes, clichés and allegories
Benita, Benita...you are a true poetry story!

Only Maya (Ode to Maya Angelou)

Young Marguerite was an explorer
who discovered tunes of caged birds
Eight was the magic number
which helped her develop the words...

Frisco was the haven
for many, many firsts
Georgia, sweet Georgia!
quenched the screenplay thirst...

Her residence in Kemet
yielded a mastermind of the gazette
Motherland's in good hands
as the classrooms turned blessed...

Presidential describes her ability
just ask Gerald, Jimmy, and Bill
Shattering the glass standards
from neighborhoods to Capitol Hill...

72 inches of putting adversity into trenches
Multi-linguistic turning stones like wrenches
A chief for peace and a true prophet of prose
Simile engages metaphor like cotton does clothes...

Verse like Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Galatians
Sonnets that can move boroughs, towns, and nations
Rhyme which grants nightfall, day-like rhythms
Couplets form golden duets out of perfect Angelou isms...

Valiant fusing of serious matter into riddles
Tragedy and obstacles get played like fiddles
Oratorical virtuoso highlighting features in concerto
Literary orchestration directing syllables like a maestro...

Souls infinite in number
yearn to duplicate Maya
Questing for the alluring voice
in an attempt to bring the fire:

They say my thoughts are backwards
as I attempt to stand
In the midst of my dyslexia

Rise...I...still...and!

They say my decisions are emotional
as I aspire to reason
When I regulate my temperament
I uncover their reverse treason

...No matter how hard we try to imitate; only Maya can be Maya!

Seeds of Wisdom (An Ode to The Poet)

When The Poet speaks....

Seeds of wisdom become planted...
Dormant freedom forests become enchanted...
...enchanted with the bliss that blew in through
the hiss of the wind....as The Poet utters words
of uplift, mediocre thinking gets set adrift...

For spiritual elevation is the destination The Poet
endeavors for all to achieve...
When your heart's door is open, look in...now believe...

Amazing is the taste of grace as it flanks "Wretched" Sound,
Sweet is the feat of release as eternal freedom will never cease.....or keep
one bound....

As The Poet speaks peace...
Fields of communion are irrigated, nurtured, and leased...
Leased out to those who want to protract with the angle of
interaction.....which is a distraction to fallen angels as they aspire to
disguise what is righteous....

Finally...

The Poet is a virtuoso of taking colloquialisms and transforming them into
rejoicing rhythms...
Rhythms that the rhythm less can dance to
as they romance their way through this thing called life..
He influences everyone to have the divine behavior...just like The Blessed
Savior, as we were developed in His likeness, God is so good that your chest
should have a tightness, a tightness indicating that your spirit is lighting
this candle called agape...and if you don't have The Bible.....get a copy...

Poet, you have spirit stronger than nuclear fission, as your heavy influence is cast....you are handling your mission...

From a poet to The Poet.....Much Love....

My Main Man

Dad, you're my man, my main man

You raised me with a strong-hand,
Even though sometimes I sank in quicksand,
You reached in and grabbed me and pulled me up to solid ground,
Taught me character, nurtured me, showed me a life that's sound,

At the peak of my hardheadedness,
My posterior met your leadfootedness,
But this is all out of love,
For between us, we have peace like doves,

You're my man, my main man

Dad, I love you so much and it's no illusion,
If you need to change blood, I'd be the transfusion,
For whatever reason, if you're unable to speak,
You could have my vocal chords, so your voice, you could keep,

You were there when I scored my first touchdown,
On the sidelines keeping up racket as the performance was sound,

You cheered me when I hit my first basket,
Scolded me when I lollygagged and my loafing you blasted,

You're my man, my main man

>From boy scouts to little league, and the PTA,
You clocked me from day one about neatness and GPA,
>From other fish in the seas plus the birds in the bees,
You taught me to respect a lady and treat her like a queen,

Most importantly you demonstrate how mom makes you complete,
One union under God, as matrimonial drums bring the beat,
You truly live the passion for servitude is your testimony,
Ringin' the bells of Emmanuelle and it is He, whom you serve only,

That's why I love you so...

When lecturing didn't work, the switch made the pitch
I then was alert, and the lesson made me rich
Flyin' my kite, then ridin' the mini-bike
Flippin' the tassel made you feel outta site....

Dad, I can never repay you for all you've done for me. Just know that
this God fearing apple didn't fall too far from the tree.

You're my man, my main man...

Vision (Ode to Ray Charles)

My mind is on Georgia..
My soul needs a father..
Blind is a teenager..
But one orphan it didn't bother..

Ray Charlie Robinson in Florida needed a gig,
Music was water and all he needed was a squig,
The Great Northwest was the next destination,
Quincy J wanted a mentor, RC had no hesitation..

Then..

McSon was a Trio in 1948..
TV exposed the show..
Carnegie Hall was indeed great..
As it followed-up The Apollo..

Jazz, gospel, country-western, and the blues,
The fusion is no illusion; but trying to categorize will confuse,
Handicap? What handicap? For character made the decision,
Having faith that God will guide equates to possessing vision..

For..

The Father of Soul just loved to sing,
Each note civilly was right, as praised by ML King,
>From "Hard Times" to "Rockhouse" to jiggin' "Blues Waltz",
The Baby Grande took a stand as gold fingers made it talk..

The corners of his mind were laden with humble melodies,
Beats from a heart kind, produced rhythmic ecstasy,
Bars from the sweet music are now stars in the sky,
The twinkling gives the inkling that the legend will never die..

...Now, follow the vision that a pure heart made clear...

"You got the right one baby!"

Rest in Peace, Ray...Rest in Peace...