

## Gratitude

So I've been using this metaphor lately,  
about how I was never able to perceive what was good for me and what is best for me, and it's that,  
My mother is a stonebuilder, a modern day herculean Michelangelo.  
Every morning and night, she crafts these gorgeous marble stairs,  
1 by 1 individually  
12 ft long and 4 ft wide,  
Enough for me take my time on each and every one.  
Every crack predicted with her third eye,  
Traced with lines of gold and platinum,  
The designs on the top, swirl like a galaxy of stars, baby smiles and the smell of music and the sound of color.  
She, some being of otherworldly presence,  
Came into existence through sheer force of will,  
And wove the threads of time used to intertwine my existence.  
Every radiant step she took, illuminated my path to the top,  
Beacons shining, telling me it's safe to land on this helipad,  
Already marked the LZ of my future next next next next next next next next next next destination,  
I'm just waiting on the battlefield to taken away, to a land after time and before negligence,  
Where the grass is greener on both sides, where water is clear enough to look into the past,  
Where sweetness is synonymous with living,  
And dead is no longer a word, or an uncontrollable happening  
Where my mother could see her mother again,  
And they relax and talk about everything that my grandma has missed physically.  
But of course there was a couple steps to take to get to this point.  
See, the first time I arrived at these set of stairs, I marveled at the architecture. Flabbergasted by the artistry, I couldn't  
believe someone crafted these with their hands,  
I mean,  
How do you flatten negative thoughts and anxiety?  
You can compress hatred?  
You can rip apart everything unnaturally evil,  
And make compassionate people who make natural steeples  
Out of wavelengths?  
So then she pushed me forward.  
Told me it was my time to climb this unimaginable set of stairs.  
That at that top, I'd meet someone who can change me. Someone or something that could make me into nothing.  
Enlighten me on the teachings if how to feel, how to dream and how to achieve.  
So I'm having a hard time climbing these stairs.  
Mom didn't make a railing, but I met enough helping hands that I can hold on to as I climb.  
Not too prideful to be without a pride,  
No herd big enough to keep off this journey.  
So I climb. And after every step achieved, I look back to see,  
If every helping hand is still watching me.

## MY GRANNY

My granny had to watch her mother and grandmother recover from back wounds.

Lashes reminiscent of the Nile River where the bodies came from,

like wandering miracles of the world,

she said the way her mother spoke killed her.

Every strain of her hair, strained to stay on her head.

Morning, telling my grandmother to come eat breakfast sounded like a cry for help,  
a plead to continue to exist.

Shackled to her bed, she forgot what it felt like to be happy to wake up,

so she always waited to be woken up,

by screams of happy children and the clatter of items moving,

in a joyous fashion.

My granny told me, the world was different back then.

You couldn't think of walking to a place you shouldn't be,

cause then someone who shouldn't be that you shouldn't be.

You ask them shouldn't be what,

they tell you shouldn't be living.

They were too ignorant to recognize you came from a land of

kings, gods, hope, milk and honey.

All they seen was a patch of dry land,

and said "you people need help,

we'll take you with us.

To a land where we manufacture

kings, gods, hope, milk, and honey."

You couldn't be speaking such blasphemy. My ancestors must of thought, "this man is playing a game, funny he is" but then they had to stop laughing when they realized how faraway from their homes they were.

So scared, from a land where there mother's landed and aged like fine wine on the top shelf of 5 star hotel in the back where the room is covered in diamonds, money and Afros.

To a land where their worth became the stone the builder refused to put in that hotel,

My granny.

Told me that as she got older, she watched a new world order. A King and an X-King, moved the masses to show you why their parents and grandparents took those lashings. W.E.B woven webs to capture flies on the wall,

Ruby got tired of following yellow brick roads,

Ms.Park ain't want no walks in the park, she just wanted to sit and watch the world move,

Ms. Jordan showed you that she came from where everything is bigger, including her mouth, cause you will hear her.

My granny.

Looked at me with loving eyes and her \$200 smile,

She said "baby, I've walked over 1,000 miles, bled on concrete and doorsteps, calloused feet runs in the family."

I had to laugh, she kept going

"Baby boy, I suffered repercussions for just living-

"Granny, you'll be living further with me alive. I'll scrawl your teachings in hieroglyphics and Ebonics, so everyone can read it. Cause you told me yourself, Power is a couple shades darker than Grey".