

Locked in a cage for decades  
The desire to love converted to rage  
Outpacing those who are afraid--  
Afraid of my ability to convey the inner-workings of a mind designed by the trials of the streets  
Those who raise hell in the streets overstand  
Siblings of the same whore  
Souls converging on the same shore  
Bodies decayed  
Pecked at by ivory vultures  
Loathing our culture  
Relishing in the tears of our pain.  
Still sane,  
I cope with the ideas that flow through my veins  
Yet, I feel they are in vain  
No audience in sight  
The posterity of my progeny does not exist  
Mami named me Christopher my youth earned me Chris  
Prison's cages robbed me of the sun  
Robbed me of a daughter or a son  
Manifesting my thoughts...bare...naked and bold:  
I found my ability to love within  
Words--though, at times bleek  
I sought with Hope the ability to speak  
Of the life that I lived while searching for a way out  
Now love shines and is displayed out  
To the day that remains unknown:  
A crown lives in my heart where the pressure of the world affects not my soul  
I am free  
Liberated by fate  
Courageously facing the next phase...  
My existence is now a gift  
Not a single day or night is a curse  
In reverse I mirror the introspective course of my star dusted genesis  
Recycled clay on display  
The cage is no more.

Does everything need evidence of its existence? We know love when we see it, and we know hate, too, but do we know that pain is an instrument of existence we can not do without I suppose not. I came from pain. I lived by its side intimately connected in the darkest of places. Pain moved my heart towards life. It gave me purpose, pain is more instructive than pleasure. And by that measure, I learned to do without.