

“I’m On Call”

Most poems I wrote, God spoke it to me. It’s like He sparks my mind with it and it travels to my heart as confirmation. These, MONSTA ideas come to me periodically so I take my assignment from Him and methodically configure a masterpiece. Acting as the Master’s beast I spit. Miraculously every audience I’ve gone in front of I fit. Every stage I hit is a blessing for me. Confessing life lessons no longer scares me. But sometimes I think the devil dares me to speak on God’s behalf. Cause I’ve been known to go in on a few evil witches with my craft. So most times I perform, I crack a gentle smile when I really wanna laugh, cause I done forced him to take a bath in my audacity. See I’m an aftermath of a disaster and I know God uses me, but it’s my heart He’s really after.

Cause I done been crossed too many times not to be behind bars. Done fought one man too many times not to be wearing scars. Done worked too hard not to have at least 2 cars and a house with a yard. Done been so far outta my mind you’d swear I’d been to Mars cause I done survived some crazy sh*t in my time. That’s why you’re able to hear the pain in my rhyme. Wish one of my best friends had some gain in his time. Wish I could trade in some of this rain for sunshine. Feels like like I’m being punished for unknown crimes. Most mornings I wake up, I don’t even open up my BLINDS. Cause THAT does nothing but remind me of why some days I’m heartless. I’m hurting depressed and car-less, I done became an in-house artist. And the farthest thing from my mind is what you think of all this. Never mind your judgment. I’ve taken harder hits than simple words being heard about me. But why listen to the birds when you can hear the horse speak. Can’t wait to lay this poem over a hard beat, cause even I wanna ride to some change in a changer that I hope to see progress in me, in she, like unexpectedly spittin poetry when it was never in my plans. Hear me when I say, that GOD is the Man, took a damaged broken me and molded me with his hands. Now I may not be on T.V. but I’m, doin shows on demand cause it’s never about my ratings, but the gaining of his fans they, say they be in a trance, they, say that I’m so advanced but I’ve come to understand this thang is BIGGER than me. I’m constantly being changed, my path’s been rearranged, I don’t react the same, it can’t be explained God’s DOIN some thangs, it’s beyond my control and, how do I spit so bold? I’m anointed, been appointed to be a voice, God called my name so I didn’t have a choice, some think it ain’t fair, but I’m too focused to care there’s an inscription on my heart that reads “Poet”, I think he marked me and I didn’t even know it, and my job, is to keep my ear to this ground and listen out for the sound of the woman that’s goin where I’ve been, for survivors of domestic violence, and for those with bad choices of men, so my flow might be sick, but I’m tryin to HEAL, myself and all the women who feel they’re left to deal with past pains and hurts, not ever knowing their worth, struggling to keep on simple sh*t like cell phones, the stereotypical, I am the reciprocal of them, and that’s why I got this assignment from HIM, I’m on call, words locked and I’m fully stocked on pens and pads just so I can continue to make the devil mad that I’ve been EMPOWERED!

Cause for a long time I've danced around my destiny... Been giving folk my all, and if they could they'd take the rest of me. Encouraging my fellow man on shit I can't even get through...