

## “Will Da Real One Dedication”

My phone rang. And though I can't explain the pain behind the words, all I heard was... “They killed Will...” And this, submarine-sized pill was just too big to even attempt to swallow, so in the midst of “Tracie”... “Speakin”... It's like I still tried to borrow... hope. See her tearful words said that Will was dead, but somewhere inside my head... I still waited for her to say... “He's gonna be okay... He's gonna pull through, and hospital location they had taken him to.” But when THAT didn't come... My body finally reacted, shut down, and I was numb... Sat in the back of a friend's car and I cried so hard I couldn't breathe... This was some sh\*t I just couldn't believe like “What? Who? HOW?” Why, you, NOW? I still NEEDED YOU! Emotions just, flooded through me like, shock, anger, hurt! ...and, reality REALLY set in the following weekend we covered your coffin with dirt...

Can't EVEN take a drive down 1-2-5, cause I, don't think straight, and my stomach turns, see I'm still a baby at this and got so much to learn, I still yearn for your teachings needing our talks... There was, never a price on your words of advice it was just so nice to be schooled by you, and now it's like I'm waiting on God to supply another tool like you, to, pick up where you left off, make jokes about my car, and act a damn fool like you. We were, chicken king and queen, I miss getting wings with you, and your uncut solutions to the problems I'd bring to you... But I'm left with nothing but these sad ass memorials on “Youtube” and all they seem to do is make me cry... Don't ask me why, but I, STILL log on and press “play”... Never seen “So I Run” remixed in so many ways... Some of the photos in these videos hit hard, it's, odd to my mom that I sit there and sit through it... Well I wish I could tell her “there's nothing to it” but there is... See we lost a poetic father and I'm one of his kids... And by the time I accept his death, we'd been done already met again. I, can't stop crying, and I'm bout to shed again, my, pen ran dry, but my pencil led again... This is more than a poem, more than a rhyme, friends question my sanity 'cause I still clutch the “Times”, “The Herald”, “Popular Poet Gunned Down!”. Tell folk how I'm feelin about this and they say “Red, calm down.” But see'n your car taken by tow truck, left me tore up... If I could cry right now, I would be... But the “Literary Café don't raise no pussies...” So I won't... And some would wanna hug me after this poem, but don't, cause it makes me weak, I'm, scrapin' up strength as we speak to get through this piece..

But to ME? ...them niggas STILL ain't win, and to ME? ...you STILL all over these streets like the wind. And there's just somethin', somethin' about the clout I got with God when I pray, I talk to him about the affects this has had on me since you went away, He tells me the killer will have his day in HIS WAY in HIS time. And I still see you, in my dreams, full of life and joy or so it seems, I wake up to mentally decode the things you say and what they mean. Like staging the scene for me when I wasn't even there, as if you know someone saw something' and won't speak up cause they just don't care, or maybe they're scared... Cause snitches are bitches, they get stitches or DIE! Well F\*CK the street code! Man this sh\*t done transformed me into beast mode, and you restin in peace ain't what the sheet showed as it draped you... And we'd love to think it was these fools who came to take you, but the spirit makes you see differently... See, we were all on borrowed

time... And we can never tell tomorrow's time, but I thank you for allowin' me to stand on your shoulders. Since you've been gone, the scene seems a little colder, but I'm still creating poems with heavy words like boulders. I promise walk through flames of the same lanes you trail blazed, and some mothaf\*ckas don't seem fazed but that's okay. I'm just proud to say I was born and stage-raised at the "Literary Café" where it was more than poetry readings, it held workshops, BEAST-BREEDINGS, I'm forever deeply rooted, grounded in training obtaining knowledge of this game from Will who gave me my name, and in order to examine this pain, you'd have to look under the "Hood" from which I "Write" to see the "Red" that led me to this mic... I wasn't geared up for this, I don't even feel up to this... But I knew, I had, to get it out...