

Poetry Series

Olufunmbi Aransiola

- poems -

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9/11

America the Beautiful
America the Great
If this is all so true,
Why was this our fate?
The echoed screams,
The billowing smoke,
The everlasting tears,
The words that will never lie.
Why did our loved ones have to die?
Why, why, why?

We miss you
And even though you're gone,
We love you.
You didn't deserve to die,
But maybe someday this pointless war
Will come to an end.
And you can rest in peace.
Maybe some other countries claim
'They deserved it'
But for you, this is hell.

Until this is over-
Wish you luck,
And watch over your family and friends
As these bombings and shootings
Bring American closer together
In heart:
The USA
Won't be split apart.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

A Bug's Prayer

O Lord, it is I, your lowest servant.
It is I, only a bug.
If it were for me to be more
I would have been created so.
But here I am, only a bug.

I'm stepped on, and walked all over,
And never acknowledged.
My enemies are the entire world,
And my friends are few.
All around this planet, I am not desired.
I'm beaten, mistreated, and eaten by all others.
But as long as I know that you're near,
I have nothing to fear.

Lord, I ask not much of you,
For by my being here, you've answered my prayers.
But I must take this request to the only one who cares.
I simply pray for dignity of others.
Lord, let them treat me as they'd wish to be treated.
Don't let them shoe me off as if I'm only a...bug.
Let them see me for who I am,
And not what they want to see me as.
For one that is low no matter what I do,
I still wish to be remembered by one as high as you.

So I pray now,
That as you sit so high and so far off,
Look low, to see one as small as me,
The disregarded, the lowly, the meek, the unworthy.
A Bug.

Amen.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

A contender

Everybody wants to be a champion
That's not enough
You have to start by wanting to be a contender
The man coming up
The man who knows there is a good chance he'll never get to the top
The man who's willing to sweat and bleed to get up as high as his legs and brains and
his heart will take him
The man who is willing to taste his own sweat and blood and will love it.
There I learn it's the effort, not the win that makes a man
That last desperate struggle to get back on your feet
When you thought you were down for the count

Olufunmbi Aransiola

A Different Love

I remember when you were LOST
and your soul was in the wind
It was at this awkward moment
that you and I become friends
But then your soul was found
and you discovered celibacy
But with this you forgot about me
and our bond was a memory
And now I see you felt it
that bond we made before
I pray to God it stands
and severs never more

By Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

A Love Unspoken

What of a love unspoken? Is it weaker without a name?
Does this love deserve 2 exist without a title
because I dare not share its name
Does that make me cruel and cold
2 deny the world of my salvation
because I chose 2 let it grow
People tend 2 choke
that which they do not understand
Why shouldn't I be weary
and withhold this love from MAN
What of a love unspoken
no one ever knows
But this is a love that lasts
and in secrecy it grows.

By Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

A picture

The deepness of the dark
The chirp of a bird somewhere in the weary night
The silence of an empty blue sky
The saddest song of a mocking bird
The helpless night sipping in on a dieing star
All painted for me the picture of a dead dream
...Of a broken heart

Olufunmbi Aransiola

A River That Flows Forever

As long as some suffer
The River Flows Forever
As long as there is pain
The River Flows Forever
As strong as a smile can be
The River Flows Forever
And as long as u R with me
we'll ride the River Together

By Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

A World Left Behind

Left behind was a world I knew
In all its glamour it flew by
In all his absence I realized
how good it felt with songs of angels in the past
When the world was a playground
and it's rythm flows from east to south
Enriching the soul was the good times of the past
Shattering it was the sad thoughts of now
When true love we share at night
But no one seems to care tonight
When sorrow was nowhere to be found
And the eyes was a desert land
When the color we saw was black
Prophecy of the hell afar
When the color we lived in was white
Testimony of the heartfelt love at last
A world so long gone, it brought tears to my eyes
A world so long gone, lost somewhere in the dark

Olufunmbi Aransiola

A young heart with an old soul

A young heart with an old soul
How can there be peace
How can i be in the depths of solitude
When there are two inside of me
This duo within me causes
the perfect oppurtunity
to learn and live twice as fast
As those who accept simplicity

By: Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Ambition over adversity

Take one's adversity
Learn from their misfortune
Learn from their pain
Believe in something
Believe in yourself
Turn adversity into ambition
Now blossom into wealth

Olufunmbi Aransiola

And I still love you

I don't have everything
as a matter of fact I don't have anything
except dream of a better day
and you 2 help me find my way
Being a man I am sure 2 make mistakes
but 2 keep u I would do all it takes
and if it meant my love was really true
I'd gladly die and watch over u
I wish u knew how much I cared
u'd see my love is true by the life we'd share
Even if u changed your mind and said our love was thru
I'd want 2 die continuously cry and still I'd love u

By Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Bad odor from a brother

You gave
Yet you took away
You stretched your arms
Yet they are in your pockets
You cried for me
Yet you laughed
You told me you're sorry
Yet you feel no pain
You put your coat around me
Yet you watch my nakedness
You wish me life
And yet you hid your hands
The stench of bad odor from a brother
was what I felt when you turn your back

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Beauty

The call of the mountains
The howl of a wolf
The caw of a bird
The sounds of a storm.

The waves in the ocean
The change in the leaves
The drip of a raindrop
The songs of the seas.

The flight of an eagle
The flow of a crick
The sand on a beach
The sting of a bee.

The smell of a flower
The roar of a bear
The darkness of night
The fog in the air.

The weep of a willow
The flash of light
The whisper of wind
The stars in the sky.

All paint a picture of beauty for me.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Being me

Being me is hard
Being me is hard for my being
No one share the pain I'm going through
Being me is my pain
My fame
My shame
My struggle
Being me is tired of me
Being me never leaves the struggle that craves it
It never leaves the pain it eats
Being me don't even know what happiness is.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Black Woman

The day I met u I saw strength
and I knew from that point on
that u were pure woman 2 me
possessing a spirit that was strong
I want smiles 2 replace the sorrow
that u have encountered in the past
and since it was strength that attracted me 2 u
it will take strength 2 make it last
My negative side will attempt 2 change u
but please fight that with your all
it will be your strength that keep us both standing
while others around us fall

By Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Can'ts

Words are all I have
And sometimes not even those
There are no words to describe how I'm feeling right now
Some say a picture is worth a thousand words
but only if someone knows what to portray
I'm lost within myself
I've fallen under my own shadow
I created the world I inhabit
And forgotten the escape route
I'm locked within my mind
I'm tortured by my mistakes
And though I feel so far away
I know what's really going on
But I cannot paint and I don't know a thousand words
So I can't show you my pain, my anguish
My tears don't shine with hate
Nor do my eyes glisten in agony
My heart don't bleed though it is broken
I can't move you with my voice
I can't warm your heart with love
I can't make you feel what you won't understand
I can't teach what was never taught to me
And if I could do all those things,
A burden I'd never be
For the weight I carry on my back
Was meant for none to see

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Chris Benoit

From grace to grass
And so he fell
From hero's palace
to never ending hell
Rest your soul now
Because you're there to tell
Heaven is now blessed
Because now they have the best
Hell is now damned
because they can feel your wrath
Rest your soul now beautiful one
because the bell has rang
Rest your soul now beautiful one
because it's time to fight
Rest your soul now beautiful one
because it's time for angel's smile
Rest your soul now beautiful one
because it's time for hell to cry
It's a testimony of what you can do
at the ringing of the bell
It's the testimony of what you can do
because you were the best.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Courage

It takes a little courage
and a little self-control.
And a grim determination
If you want to reach the goal
It takes a deal of striving,
and a firm and stern-set chin.
No matter what the battle,
if you really want to win.
There's no easy path to glory,
There's no road to fame.
Life, however we may view it,
is no simple palor games;
But it's prizes call for fighting,
for endurance and for grit;
for a rugged disposition and
don't know when to quit.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Cupid's Smile

I ran outside 2 feel the rain
and I stayed outside awhile
when the rain was done along came the sun
and this was Cupid's Smile!

By Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Death

Go rest now precious one,
Your life in eternity has just begun.
Now you can walk, your legs are brand new.
All of heaven is now in your view.

Look all around, it's all in your sight,
There will never be another dark night.
Flowers and jewels, the street of pure gold,
and all of the things that have been told.

I can just imagine the smile on your face
as you walk all around in that beautiful place.
Greeting our loved ones as you walk along,
while singing heaven's most beautiful song.

This is so very hard, but it will all be okay,
it isn't goodbye, we'll see you one day.
We love you and we'll miss you and at times it will be tough,
but as with everything, God's grace will be enough.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Deceiving Friends

When you find a friend you say wow
'cause you think this friendship will never end.
You go places with them, talk on the phone.
You think you got your own little zone.
Until the day comes those friends can be deceiving.
They find friends that to them are most pleasing.
They leave you alone thrown like a dirty bone.
That's why you should pick your friends carefully
or you'll be thrown carelessly.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Don't quit

When things go wrong as they sometimes will
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill.
When funds are low and the debts are high.
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh.
When care is pressing you down a bit.
Rest, if you must, but don't you quit.
Life is queer with its twists and turns.
As everyone of us sometimes learns.
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out

Don't give up though the pace seems slow
You may succeed with another blow.
Success is failure turned inside out
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.
And you never can tell how close you are.
It may be near when it seems so far:
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit
It's when things seem worst that you must not QUIT

Anonymous

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Dreams

What are dreams but a journey through the night?
Travels through black velvet and the light,
of starry staircases reaching the moon.
What are dreams but a journey I'll be taking soon?
And as I close my eyes and drift to sleep,
I slip away from all of my tensions and my sorrows,
and travel on a magic carpet ride of delight,
that bridge that links my today with my tomorrow.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Dried Waters

I cried and cried and can't cry
All those water's been drained off
I've already use all the waters in my eyes
So I looked for some in dry dayz
Dayz that my eyes is thirsty for water
Dayz that my eyes looks for water to console it's pupils
But it never find none
Because it didn't preserve the little it had to pour
The pain in my eyes is just too much
that it had to shed it's waters day and night
Now it's looking for some but can't find none
Will it ever find water?
Because the water itself is painful

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Fallen Star

They could never understand
what u set out 2 do
instead they chose 2
ridicule u
when u got weak
they loved the sight
of your dimming
and flickering starlight
How could they understand what was so intricate
2 be loved by so many, so intimate
they wanted 2 c your lifeless corpse
this way u could not alter the course
of ignorance that they have set
2 make my people forget
what they have done for much 2 long
2 just forget and carry on
I had loved u forever because of who u r
and now I mourn our fallen star

By: 2Pac Shakur

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Familiar World

This world look so familiar
The air, I think I breath before
The music, I think I heard before
The journey, I've journeyed before
but all in 'once a life time'
It's my second journey into this unknown world
The journey I've taken before
It look so familiar
Once in a life time, it seemed I was somebody
May be even the wealthiest man in the world
i don't know
Maybe a wretched, lonely man
I'll never know
But one thing I do know
that I've lived once
And right now, It's my second journey
Into this very familiar but unknown world

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Family

As we rumble through the smoke
Togetherness, as a family we stroke
And so we stand up tall like a tree of oak
Sharing the unique blood of oat

Though, we fight and cry sometimes
Togetherness, we does it when it's hard at times
Through the pain and the rain
We stuck together even in the time of terrain

In the morning, together we pray
Darkness night, we pray and lay
Burdens of life we carry through the day
Burdens of life we share and take

When we have nothing eat
Only the joy of togetherness we feel
Though we have our differences to heal
We fight for each other no matter the heat

I once packed my bags, ready to go
On my shoulder I felt the gentle hand of old
Water stroll down the cheek I withhold
It's the love of my mother I behold

We went though it all
Carry and tarry the lantern love
It burns and burns through the darker hall
Pain, Rain, Agony, Calamity, together we love

When all deserted me
It was my family that carry the cares for me
When sunny days turns to cloud for me
It was my family that was there to love me.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Family Tree

Because we all spring
from different trees
we are not created equally

Is the true beauty in the tree
or in the vast forest in which it breathes
the tree must fight 2 breed
among the evils of the weeds

I find greatness in the tree
that grows against all odds
it blossoms in darkness
and gives birth 2 promising pods.

I was the tree who grew from weeds
and wasn't meant 2 be
ashamed I'm not in fact I am proud
of my thriving family tree

By Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Fiesty Wind

In my my direction, it blows
And just as cubism around me, it blows
A fresh breeze, it hallows
Whispering in my gentle ear
Telling me of the coming of it's legion
Ignorantly, I walk through the perfect breeze
Fresh air blows with more chills
Asking me if I noticed the cool breeze
A loud whisper 'More is coming from the east.'
With chills in the air, I folded my arms
Then taking a step of faith through the chilly air
A big tornado rolling in my direction
It screams 'Goodluck! '
As soon as the manly tornado left
The earthquake wind came raging all about me
From the west, it brings pain
From the North, it brings agony
From the East, it brings unfulfilment
From the South, it brings failure
But from within, she brought emptiness
It was the emptiness in the fiesty wind I experienced

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Game of Life

This world is a field
Where we play games
Different kind of games
Which all combine to become a game
One game
The game of life
And everybody on that field is involve in the game
One way or the other
Whether you like it or not
You are playing
And everything you do on that field is part of the game
It's now left to you
If you want to win
Or if you want to loose
I'll play on.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Genesis

First there was nothing
Not even the faint echo of a song
Loneliness was daily 4 me
until u came along
There was a gleam of stars in your eyes
I thought I'd never feel this way again
But u were the one 2 reach into my heart
And find in me a Friend
I could not ignore the magnetism
that I felt when u were near
And any problems plaguing my mind
would suddenly disappear
It was the rebirth of my heart
The day u became my friend
Because I knew from the moment
I held u that I would find love again

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Gleaming Sight

Pen ink stopped blue in ' the snowlike sheet
Silent struck like moonlight beam
How art thou blue ink stopped at the brainstroke hour
Why is the silent so loud that thou killed the eardrum bowl?
Tipping my head when I heard the voice of God's soldiers
Then I knew the heavens are at hand to help my hidden adoration
The adoration of the one in the angels' sight
The one beaming in the angels' light
My brows gave way for my pupil to witness
To witness the only angel five feet head of me
Flashing like a moon dance light, my eyes glare
One after the other, they walk like a premier star
Glaring at the angel's site
She's like no other I ever seen
My eyes whispered to my throat
Throat communicated it to the tongue
Saying 'Oh thou! Speak!
Let your scream touch her bosom! '
There, my heart fought back
Saying 'From the abundance of mine, thou speaketh.
But I'm commanding at this hour, keep shut.'
As she arose, her image accompanied me
Even in place the most hostile to romance
Her figure curves came between me and the
page I strove to lay my eyes on.
She's the most beautiful sight I've ever seen
The only angel gleaming and beaming from my heart

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Go on without me

It's your cry I heard
That made my breath tangle in my ribs
It's your sorrow I felt
That knife through the joy in my heart
It's your loneliness I saw
That rattled deep through my love
It's life through your eyes
That left me cold and lonely

Olufunmbi Aransiola

God

when I was alone and had nothing
I asked 4 a friend 2 help me bear the
pain no one came except...GOD

when I needed a breathe 2 rise
from my sleep no one could
help me except...GOD

when all I saw was sadness
and I needed answers no one
heard me except...GOD

so when I am asked who I
give my unconditional love 2
look for no other name
except...GOD

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

God's time

I knelt to pray but not for long,
I had too much to do.
I had to hurry and get to work
For bills would soon be due.
So I knelt and said a hurried prayer,
And jumped up off my knees.
My Christian duty was now done
My soul could rest at ease.....
All day long I had no time
To spread a word of cheer
No time to speak of Christ to friends,
They'd laugh at me I'd fear.
No time, no time, too much to do,
That was my constant cry,
No time to give to souls in need
But at last the time, the time to die.
I went before the Lord,
I came, I stood with downcast eyes.
For in his hands God! held a book;
It was the book of life.
God looked into his book and said
'Your name I cannot find
I once was going to write it down...
But never found the time'

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Government Assistance Or My Soul

It would be like a panther
asking a panther hunter
4 some meat, all
High school dropouts R not DUMB
All unemployed aren't lazy
and there R many days I hunger
But I would go hungry and homeless
Before the American Government gets my soul

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Growing up

A journey lies ahead, for all teenagers today.
A journey to adulthood, our youth to kiss away.
But as we go we find ourselves at a truly awkward stage.
We're partially unripe, sketchy and crude at this tender age.
We're old enough to make a choice, yet still young in many ways.
Too young to pack our bags and go, too old to want to stay.
Young enough for fun and games, too old for care free lives.
Young enough for hopes and dreams, yet for reality we strive.
Old enough for heartfelt pain, too young to find the cure.
Too old for childish ways of past, too young to be mature.
Old enough to fall in love and give our hearts away.
But still too young to understand just why we feel this way.
We're trusted, loyal, proud and true.
Yet, scolded, sneered and scorned.
Between the role of adult and child, we are somewhere torn.
Like an uncompleted work of art, we're awkward, unsure, half-baked.
But be patient please, for we're on our way to becoming something great.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Hear me out

Now I'm watching over you,
because I cut it way too deep,
don't worry I'm still watching you,
I watch when your asleep,
I know you miss me so much,
and you loved me with all your heart,
but I'm in a better place now,
and you cant tear it apart,
you don't have to worry now,
I'm with some of our relatives,
just don't do what I did,
and you shall live,
I'm always around you,
and always on the inside,
I'm in the wind,
in your dreams,
anywhere you seek me,
just have the time of your life,
and don't cut it too short,
take in every second, minute, hour,
because you'll never know when you'll
end up where I am

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Heart of a Fighter

They said God places the heaviest burden
on those who can carry its weight

I believe he places it on Fighters
with heart in triumphant haste

To carry the load to the farthest endless journey
...to its promise land that's filled with milk and honey

without stopping or sobbing on the longest road
Neither resting or mending in the chilling cold

It's the heart of a fighter that walks the hardest lumps
when all others stops for a tempting lust

A heart of a fighter is a rusting Gold
That keeps thumping through the rugged road

It's the heart of a fighter that carries the biggest load
When all others wait for king's biggest coat

It never quits nor sleep
Beating hard in its own waking thoughts

It never give up but keep up
Keeping up with its own weakening ups

It never let down nor let go
sending his message through the leaping hawk

...to the beaming future that he's on the slipping road
Knowing the promise land is his own

God bless and kept the heart of gold
that keeps stomping and thumping the hardest road

A heart too hot for the winter cold
Stomping through its highest snow

A heart too cold for summer heat
Stomping through it's paining teeths

Too cold to quit
Too hot in grit

It's the heart of a fighter
that stood the test of weeds

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Home

Home, Home, Home
There lays my throne
There also lays the pain that crows
There is no place like home

No matter how far you are away from home
No matter how thirsty you are for the strange throne
No matter how rich you are to buy the strange throne
You will always come back home

You will always remember there is a place of non-rejection
A place of peace
Rest of mind fills it
It's my home

I will always come back home
No matter how rich I am in a strange throne
I will always come back home
Cuz there lays my throne

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Humorous Cry and pain

In life, there are going
to be some things that's going to make
it hard to smile.
But whatever you do,
Through all the rain and the pain,
You've gotta keep your sense of humor
You gotta keep your smile

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

I cry

Sometimes when I'm alone
I Cry,
Cause I am on my own.
The tears I cry are bitter and warm.
They flow with life but take no form
I Cry because my heart is torn.
I find it difficult to carry on.
If I had an ear to confiding,
I would cry among my treasured friend,
but who do you know that stops that long,
to help another carry on.
The world moves fast and it would rather pass by.
Than to stop and see what makes one cry,
so painful and sad.
And sometimes...
I Cry
and no one cares about why

By: 2pac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

I know my heart has lied before

I know my heart has lied before
but now it speaks with honesty
of an invisible bond of friendship
that as formed in secrecy
Coming from me this may seem hard
but 2 GOD I swear it's the truth
We R friends for eternity
and Forever I will always love u
With All My Heart
&
'Spirit'

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

If I fall

If there be pain,
all u need 2 do
is call on me 2 be with you
And before u hang up the phone
u will no longer be alone
Together we can never fall
because our love will conquer all

If there be pain,
reach out 4 a helping hand
and I shall hold u wherever I am
Every breath I breathe will be into u
4 without u here my joy is through
my life was lived through falling rain
so call on me if there be pain

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

I'll laugh out loud

What will I do?
What will I do when I fall?
What will I do when I hurt?
What will I do when I slip?
What will I do when I'm helpless?
What will I do when I get there?
I know what to do
I will laugh out loud

Olufunmbi Aransiola

In darkness

I was a blind man
Still a blind man
Always will be blind
Born into darkness
Never see the sun
Never know how it feels
Never know how it shines
Never know on whom it shines on
My own darkness hinders me
It kept me away from darkneses
It shield my eyes from the stream
of light that dims my day
I searched and searched
Just to find the darkness that have a little light
I never dream or hope or wish for a bright sunny day
Just wanting to set my eye on that
darkness that have a stream of light
A very light that have his own deep darkness
But I never found it
It's just too dark
Too dark, that I can't see the other side
Too dark, that it can't even see its own darkness
But I won't give up on the darkness
that have his own stream of light
Cuz I know It will surely shine on my own thick darkness.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

In the depth of solitude

i exist in the depths of solitude
pondering my true goal
trying 2 find peace of mind
and still preserve my soul
constantly yearning 2 be accepted
and from all receive respect
never comprising but sometimes risky
and that is my only regret

By: 2pac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

In the event of my demise

In the event of my Demise
when my heart can beat no more
I Hope I Die For A Principle
or A Belief that I had Lived 4
I will die Before My Time
Because I feel the shadow's Depth
so much I wanted 2 accomplish
before I reached my Death
I have come 2 grips with the possibility
and wiped the last tear from My eyes
I Loved All who were Positive
In the event of my Demise

By: 2pac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

In The Midst Of Passion

In the midst of passion 2 figures stand
emerged in ecstasy joined hand and hand
words R unnecessary feelings R heard
the body takes control deaf 2 words
It is at this stage that I think of u
in gratitude 4 this joy u have exposed me 2
Each Day is Bright with you as the Dawn
with the collapse of each night a strong bond is born
In the midst of passion I remember your kiss
I reminisce about your touch and suddenly miss
the scent u wear and the tone of your voice
Only u can be my choice
In the midst of passion
I c u & me
Lost in constant ecstasy! !

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Insanity

Thou tormented mind is torn asunder
Twisted and disfigured beyond repair
Toiling in madness, striving to live
Lost in your own parallel world
Your schizophrenia opposites to the other
You live one by day, another by night
But alas the torment is your own device
You created them both from your shattered life
The insanity will slowly decay
What's left of your mind today
The walls are closing all about you
Your life has lost its meaning
You pity your self when no one else does
Your shattered life has become my perfect insanity

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Is it enough?

Everything in my past
Has weighed me down in the present
Everything that is not quite right
Makes everything I've done right so wrong

Everything I want makes
everything I have, not enough
Everything I have makes
everything I don't more valuable

But I try and try
To make everyday like my last
But my heart
doesn't seem to manage

As a child I was always
in the shadows of those before me
And if it wasn't better than theirs
It was simply never sufficient

But my tears have dried
They are desert storms
And one day, just one day
Everything will be enough

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Jada

u r the omega of my heart
the foundation of my conception of love
when i think of what a black woman should be
its u that i first think of

u will never fully understand
how deeply my heart feels 4 u
i worry that we'll grow apart
and i'll end up losing u

u bring me 2 climax without sex
and u do it all with regal grace
u r my heart in human form
a friend i could never replace

By: 2pac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Journey of a dream

The tears of the cloud
The sorrow of a sunshine
They bit their lips and let down the sacred water
The bitter rain that spurts from heaven above
hitting the bottom of my heart with it's rage
Letting me know they felt the pain of a dead dream
A dream that left my heart without saying hello or goodbye
It slowly sip out through the window of my heart
Into the scream of the dead sunshine
and the silence of a blue sky
And then creeping in through the window
of my heart is the emense emptiness and loneliness
Sneaking in and making a place of their own.
Sweet old dream
now take flight
Take flight and let the heavens know
you once heal a broken heart

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Just A Breath Of Freedom

held captive 4 your politics
They wanted 2 break your soul
They ordered the extermination
of all minds they couldn't control
4 u the fate was far worse
than just a brutal homicide
They caged u like an animal
and watched u slowly die inside
As u Breathe your first air of freedom
on the day u become a free man
Raise your Regal Brow in Pride
4 now you R in God's Hands
The life of many were given
so that the day would one day come
That the devils in Power at Pretoria
would pay for the evil crimes they've done

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Just the way I am

I wish people would take me as I am.
To me personality is stronger than beauty.
For most others they don't care about personality, they look for beauty.
If I could decide for the world, everyone would be beautiful.
If I could, people wouldn't need to worry about how they look.
There would be fewer tears.
I wish people would take me as I am,
For human life is precious.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Last breath

As he gave everything he got
just to breath his last breath
He knew the end was near
His dreams strayed away
His hope got lost in the thick smoke
With a big hole in a perfect mind
He knew he couldn't go on
But he breath his last breath
He breath it louder
with hope and determination
With a wide big smile on his face
Knowing that whatever happens
His loud breath is now louder
Louder than his burdens' screams
His breath is now heard all over the world
And most especially
It's heard within him

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Let me show you something

Let me show you what you did to me
The way you stripped me bare of sorrow and hate
The love in your eyes as blue as the sky
The way we float in the air just beneath the sunshine
Way beyond the grey heaven, high as a kite
The way you touch and heal this broken heart
Putting the pieces together, making me whole again
The way you lay your eyes on me and sing my praise
The way you touch me and chase my blues away
Come here and let me show you what you did to me
It's an amazing sight, it's all in your eyes

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Letter to the future

Dear beaming light
It's time to shine your light
because the journey's dark
It's time to shine your light
because I want to see the future sky
This is the letter to the future
Telling her to shine its light on my ride
And race me to the beaming sky

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Liberty needs glasses

excuse me but lady liberty needs glasses
and so does mrs justice by her side
both the broads r blind as bats
stumbling thru the system
justice bumbed into mutulu and
trippin on geronimo pratt
but stepped right over oliver
and his crooked partner ronnie
justice stubbed her big toe on mandela
and liberty was misquoted by the indians
slavery was a learning phase
forgotten with out a verdict
while justice is on a rampage
4 endangered surviving black males
i mean really if anyone really valued life
and cared about the masses
theyd take em both 2 pen optical
and get 2 pair of glasses

By: 2pac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Life as a hitter

Life ain't all sunshines and rainbows
It's a tough, mean place
And no matter how tough you think you are
It'll always keep you down on your knee
and keep you there, if you let it
Ain't no one gonna hit as hard as life
But it doesn't matter how hard you hit
It's how hard you can get hit and still move foward
If you know what you are worth
Go out there and get what you are worth
But you gotta be willing to take the hit

Rocky Balboa

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Life Through My Eyes

Life through my bloodshot eyes
would scare a square 2 death
poverty, murder, violence
and never a moment 2 rest
Fun and games R few
but treasured like gold 2 me
cuz I realize that I must return
2 my spot in poverty
But mock my words when I say
my heart will not exist
unless my destiny comes through
and puts an end 2 all of this

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Like a lily

Girl, you are like a lily
A lily so perfect, makes me scream 'really? '
You called yourself luscious
But there's no word in the world
that can describe your beauty wrath
You are a perfect work of art
A perfect work of art that intensify my pleasure
A seductive beauty that lures in treasure
A lily with harmony form
Your gratifying lusciousness
assures me that there's a golden future
I just hope you will wait for a mind in torture
I hope you will open your mind
and accept someone as low as me
So we can have a blissful eternal ride

-Dedicated to Afsaneh

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Living reject this body

This body is tired
This body is weary
Tired and weary from every untold smoke around it
Living rejected it's own body
Pushing it away from itself
Nature look so empty to this body
Life is meaningless to this body
Who's going to calm this tense mind?
Who's going to calm this body from retaliating?
The only person it can rely on to do this is the life in it.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Lonely dayz and nothing dayz

I look up high above me
Hung up there was my tears
My pain
My stress
My struggle
My loneliness I only deal with
The pressure I feel
Absence of hope fills my heart
Just before I could hear my heart calling
Calling for hope for the hopeless heart
I hear papa yelling,
Mama cursing
Brothers hating
Girlfriend breaking
My mouth biting
My cup tipping
My lonely dayz is jus my nothing dayz

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Lonely Nature

Did you hear about the lonely nature?
About the hate that grew from her mystery
The mystery created by human kind
Once so adorable and lovely
was the God's green earth around
but later carrying itself along in a hurry
Is the discomfort humanity brought it
Tagging along is the never ending chase of hedonism
Walking side by side is the pain it delivers
Did you hear about the lonely nature?
The one who once slow down the speed life brought on us
Did you hear about the lonely nature?
The one who once heal a man kind

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Love

There was a man who saw a scorpion floundering around the water
He decided to save it by stretching out his finger
But the Scorpion Stung him
The man still tries to get the scorpion out of the water
But the Scorpion Stung him again
Another man nearby told him to stop saving the scorpion that kept stinging him
But the man said 'it's the nature of the scorpion to sting. It's my nature to love. Why
should I gave up my nature to love just because it is the nature of the scorpion to
sting? '

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Love Within A Storm

We mad love within a storm
in the midst of passion and chaos
somewhere, somehow our true bond
of friendship was lost
In the eye of the storm
The rain always falls harder
Those who prevail this trauma
will learn 2 bring their love farther
But now the storm has passed
and the seas of our friendship R calm
But as long as I live I will remember
the love within the storm

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Man Made

A man in his infinite virtue, wasn't made overnight
Each step of a crawled adversity, defeat and perseverance,
while the world watches to see if he'll fall flat on his face
and even worse laugh hysterically if he never gets up,
Is in it's true self what makes a man

Olufunmbi Aransiola

March 1st - The Day After April

Today I wake and feel even lonelier
But I c positive potential
My heart shook much like the quake
Then the pain was gone
The arctic breeze formed the fortress
Barricading my fragile heart from Pain

It is not that I don't love u
and it was because I did love u
that I must move on
as long as I breathe
I will remember
'WE AS 2'

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Mask

Wake up in the morning
Just looking creepy
What do I wear?
Where will I go?
How will I walk today?
I gotta put on my make up
I gotta put on my mask
I gotta put on my other face
The face that express another side of me
The face that's not real
Well, why do I have to care if I'm real or not
Everybody is putting on masks these dayz

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Melancholy in shutting up

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end,
Yet the days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it, a year is gone.
And I never see my old friends face,
For life is a swift and terrible race,
He knows I like him just as well,
As in the days when I rang his bell.
And he rang mine but we were younger then,
And now we are busy, tired men.
Tired of playing a foolish game,
Tired of trying to make a name.
'Tomorrow' I say! 'I will call on Ty
Just to show that I'm thinking of him.'
But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes,
And distance between us grows and grows.
Around the corner, yet miles away,
'Here's a telegram sir, ' 'Ty died today.'
And that's what we get and deserve in the end.
A round the corner, a vanished friend.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Muzik

Everything I ever had
Everything I ever lost
It's all there in the trumpet
My hate, My pain, and My trouble
Also lay in there is my Peace, quietness, and Love.
For heights and depths no words can reach
Muzik is the soul's own speech
I think I should have no other wants,
If I could always have plenty of muzik.
It seems to infuse strength into my limbs
And ideas into my brain.
Life seems to go on without effort,
When I'm filled with muzik
In the world of peace and love,
Muzik would be the universal language
Muzik describes to me what cannot be studied mathematically
Or Scientifically
It makes the intangible sensible.
Muzik is well said to be the speech of angels;
In fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine.
It brings me near to the infinite
Muzik washes away from my soul the dust of everyday life
There are three things I was born with
There are three things I will die with
Hope, determination and my song.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

My passion

Wrestling...my love, my passion,
my obsession, my mistress, my everything
It took over my life, my thoughts, and changed my being
It's the only life I knew how to live well
The only life that have it's own life and hell
but gave me light and life to live to tell
it gave me hope and determination so high
And most of all, helped me cope
in dark and hard times of life
When the world reject my soul
It's Wrestling that accepts
my violent mind without judging my holds
When I emerge my soul in the world of pro wrestling
I realize it's the perfect world that blesses me
When I hear a sound of a suplex
When I witness the boom of a pyro
My problems flies by without hanging on
Wrestling gave me joy that can never be overmatched
It gave me hope that'll never die
It gave me Determination that never quits
And the Encouragement to keep keeping on
Wrestling is my world, my love, my life, and my passion
And may be one day, I will live to realize my dreams also
Just like the great breeds in this business did
May be one day, I will end up stepping
in between those ropes myself
to fulfil my destiny, to prove everyone wrong
And when I do, it will be the
greatest thing that'll ever happen to me
Cuz it's the only reality I want to live

Olufunmbi Aransiola

My strength

All people have abilities with weaknesses and strengths,
They build them up and over time increase them by great lengths.
But there is a power from within, more troublesome than any mess,
With power and strength great enough to shut out happiness.
A veil of discomfort, a wave of rejection, a voice that drags you down,
A sleepless malice in disguise, like a terrorist dressed as a clown.
When released from within its owner it affects his friends and neighbors,
It wears them out and wears them down, like painful endless labors.
Yet still inside there is hope for all to withstand this treacherous power,
A vast energy, a radiant spell, an evil banishing shower.
It brings love and peace, the warmth of fleece, with joy to fill our hearts,
A never-ending happiness that spreads throughout our parts.
It's confidence that empowers us to achieve our lifetime goals,
Our hopes and dreams, or so it seems, to fill the gaps within our souls.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

My two idols

They are two, but they thought they are one
They both split my being into two, it makes me want to tear
They thought they are doing the right thing
But it hurts when their rights turns to wrong
They put me in the point of coma with the words of their mouth
Can't pass my idea across because they craves it and shut it down
They bring out the nothingness in me
Their encouragement turns to discouragement in my heart
Their love turns to hate when they really pour it out
As much as I wanted to be a man, they shut me back to my childhood
Looking at my reflection in them,
It seems there is no future.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Nature tell lies

The stars are falling on my head
And the moon laughs at my pain
Thunder rumbles at me in anger
And I'm stomped on by rain
My fingertips become raw
And all emotions have dissolved
Tears and tears, then some more
All the problems, nothing's resolved
The things I do for you
You don't seem to notice or care
I miss all those times with you
And now I'm just scared
Scared fate might be a mix up
Please don't ever let me go
The thought of you with someone else
It's a feeling I never want to know
Everything can change in just one moment
Nothing ever stays the same
The world's one continuous motion
Life's nothing more but a game

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Nigeria

Nigeria, Nigeria, Nigeria
The best country in the area
The country where cultures reign
Just to bring pride to the heart that preys

Nigeria, Nigeria, Nigeria
The home where my pride lays
Nigeria, Nigeria, Nigeria
The country only to pay

Through all pain and suffering
It's still a country that's loving
Through the hard time journeys
It's still the country with hidden moneys

The 'Buba' we put on
Is always the prize of the father zone
The 'Shokoto' we wear
Is always the pride that the village owns

How could I forget my country
The country that pays my dowry
How could I forget my country
The country that's filled with honey

Though, there is not much overwhelming riches
We have happiness that the body wishes
Though, we battle days with a lot of wishes
It's always the best place of wisdom riches

Have you ever being to our parties?
Where it's filled with happys
Have you ever being to our gatherings?
Where it's filled with money sharing.

Aren't too connected with mordern medicine
But we have a secret weapon of true legacy
Though, there is no core science
We have the best herb technology that ever hence

Nigeria, Nigeria, Nigeria
The dearest home in the area
Nigeria, Nigeria, Nigeria
How could I forget the place of my interior.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Nightmares

I pour my heart in2 this poem
and look 4 the meaning of Life
the rich and powerful always prevail
and the less fortunate strive through stife
MISTAKES R MADE be 4given
we R 2 young 2 stress and suffer
The path of purity and positivity
has always ridden rougher
Your insatiable desire 2 find perfection
Has made your faults magnify
curiosity can take Blame
For the evil that makes u cry
It isn't a good feeling when u disobey your Heart
The nightmares haunt your Soul and your nerves R
ripped apart

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Nothing Can Come Between Us

let's not talk of money
let us forget the world
4 a moment let's just revel
in our eternal comradery
in my Heart I know
there will never be a day
that I don't remember
the times we shared
u were a friend
when I was at my lowest
and being a friend 2 me
was not easy or fashionable
regardless of how popular
I become u remain
my unconditional friend
unconditional in its truest sense
did u think I would forget
did u 4 one moment dream
that I would ignore u
if so remember this from here 2 forever
nothing can come between us

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

No-Win

Backed into a corner
alone and very confused
Tired of running away
My manhood has been abused
Not my choice 2 be so blunt
But u must fight fire with flame
I allowed myself 2 run once
and was haunted by the shame
if I must kill I will and if I must do it again
I would but the situation is a no-win

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Other side of the poverty line

Death is a hope, the only hope
for the wretched and the poor
Souls that strive and strive in awe
But never get to tie their knot
Death reaches out and console
the poverty that surrounds them about
Seems like it's the only thing that makes
a destined wretched life worth it
It's the only thing on the other side of
the poverty line that blurrer the line and cured it
Imagine a world where we live forever and ever
Imagine a world without death
It's a world I don't want to witness
It's a world the poor never wants to see
because there won't be an end
to this endless poverty and hatred
There won't be an end to
this day and night of hunger and thirst
There won't be an end to this
helpless and hopless future
But in the world where death stands
on the other side of the poverty line
grinning and smiling at the poor
There's hope for this hoplessness and homeless
That one day there will be an end to this stress
The beauty of death on the other side
of the poverty line
It stands and brought smile to this dry and empty face

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Pages of life

Life's a page
It's a book with all different kind of covers
Some are so tattered
Some are teared down
Some are blurs
Some are lost
Some are still more than beautiful
Some are in order
My youth is a chapter filled with a lot of pages and lots of headings
My adulthood is a chapater filled with a lot of pages and lots of headings
My old age is a chapter filled with a lot of pages and lots of headings
Who's going to read yours?
Who's going to read mine?
Will yours be written?
Will mine even be remembered?

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Path of thorns

Walking through the future branches
I know not about the sharp excrescence on its plants
Not knowing about the various thorny shrubs
Makes me wonder how painful the thorny future buzz
But lying ahead is a shining morning on a thorny curb
Legs on the spiny protuberances blemishes
Just to get to the shining morning of my future premises
Where thorn of mercy, happiness, and joy lays
Thorny future filled with opportunity and grace
But the thorn on the future path
causes sharp pain, irritation, discomfort bath
Causing irritation, annoyance, and burns
Letting out its anger, hatred and love
On the future path filled with thorns
Who knows if the shining morning ahead
have his own beaming thorns?
May be even sharper than the ones on its path and curb.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Pro-Wrestling, their own world. How we percieve it

When you think of Pro-wrestling from a non-fan point of view, you'd think it was a ridiculous circus that was watched by idiots and acted by steroid heads that couldn't cut it in the real world. Hasn't there been a time in your life (to huge wrestling fans like me) when someone was constantly ripping into the business, and you were thinking they didn't know a thing about the beautiful thing called Pro-Wrestling.

But, how is it beautiful, they'd easily come back looking for an answer and argument, no matter how intelligent it comes out. They'll stay close-minded, not thinking of the pride and passion the men and woman of the Pro-wrestling business possess and utilize to bring an artform to life and captivate millions.

When the countdown is on for Wrestlemania, a favorite Wrestler of your's is giving it their all, risking themselves in what may seem like a safe environment, but one thing goes wrong. One mistake. One time the brain isn't functioning in the what-I-have to do next process and a career can be over.

The carny, yet thrilling and competitive environment Pro-wrestling offers is simply unmatched for you. The resilience. But, the critics have the need to suddenly destroy what we cherish most. They have to put us down, we just close our eyes, take a breath, and move on. We get glued into a match and we are just anticipating the next move, the blade-job, the next move that'll just further the conflict of two great actors, but actually they seem like gladiators fighting for their life, for their pride, for their fans, and for the chance to get noticed by a higher-up to get that further push to enhance his character.

To become immortal. To bask in your own glory. To dig down deep and overcome every obstacle. Achieving greatness. Glory succeeding it. Going full throttle night in, night out just to appease the fans, hoping they will remember their name. Their blood and sweat spilled on the canvas, and did they truly give it their all, or will the expectations lower when they go to combat once again? Wrestling is a reflection, often satirical and definitely over exaggerated, of our current society, it's dreams, its goals and failures.

The World Champions are on a throne. Obviously the best. The belt says so. The fans agree with the champions with great appeal. They disagree with the arrogant, self-centered, and willing to sabotage someone's career just to ameliorate their's. The way fans connect with these larger than life athletes. For two hours, we're attached to these athletes. People call it ridiculous. I consider it being faithful to a product that has pleased, amused, and enthralled us for the course of the past few decades.

Oh, how the years pass by? In a blink of an eye, a new star is born. Raised from the start by us, we watch their every move closely. We see if they have what it takes. If the tenacity, fire, passion, believability is all there. We see a familiar star in a precarious position? Can they persevere or will they break down? Crack under pressure. Fold. Give up. Be a nobody in a business that's filled with somebodies in their own little world. A microscopic world to the outsiders, and a very familiar world to us. Us, the fans. The supporters. The ones that judge a person, without truly knowing them. Just knowing what their stimulated character has and what features they have and how they utilize their ability to prosper? It's fascinating. Since the first time we watched, we were interested in at least a few aspects. Those few aspects lead to everything. Everything led to continuing to follow it, but talking about it more. Ranting meaningless thoughts, feeling so passionate about something we don't have control

over and actually is irrelevant and impertinent in the real world.

Which is what actually holds purpose and meaning. That actually defines who a person is and can actually show who you are as a person. Something that can develop you into a whole person. But, instead we're focused on a business that holds no merit in a true sense, but means everything in our hearts? How did that happen? Look up the word passion and it should explain why.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Rain

I heard the sound of e_a_s_y
Raindrops as they fell
In liquid kisses... gentle
This tender nature's bell
There's something so extravagant
In simple drops of rain
Erasing stressful tightness
In a world half gone insane
It sets our pace to e-a-s-y
Then comforts TIME just when
the news screams out with ugly
Dismembered frames of pain
Rain is nature's way of a massage
For the times when life gets bold
When some are scared and hungry
Some orphaned and sleep cold
Rain is nature's kind cares
Her kiss to let us know
No matter what's uncomfortable
For the moment let it go!

Olufunmbi Aransiola

School bullies and school victims

Go to school for reading and writing
But what I have seen is become very frightening
For there are bullies who think they are cool
Roaming the halls throughout my school
They push, they shove, they call me a bad name
And sometimes am told I am to blame
The feelings inside, at me they keep gnawing
I've learned how to cope through some of my drawings
When they are found I am told this is mean
But what they are doing is always unseen
When they are confronted on the things that they do
I know they are thinking I'm going to get you
To tell an adult it does me no good
Nobody can stop them when in this mood
They are sneaky and people they use
Someone please help me stop the abuse
They send me to counseling to cope with this feeling
My school experience the bullies are stealing
I try to be good and it makes me so mad
That the bullies get away with being this bad
Going to school I drag my feet
Because this bully again I will meet
I am so young with my whole life ahead
Please help me to get through it before I am dead

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Serenity

Serenity

Serenity, come take me away
Take me to a far place within.
Take me where the angel sings
Where the ocean cries
Where the birds feel the pain.
Where the eagles fly
And no one feels the shame.
Erase and shatter my memories
Save for me the green in its blackness
Save for me the pure
and the righteous in its bitter tears.
Save for me the sweet song
of its hidden lullaby.
Serenity, take me away
Walk me through an uncharted path
of the immense silence of the sea.
A silence only penetrated
by the sweet chirps of birds a far of
Take me away now serenity,
and lay on your bosom
the head of a troubled soul.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

So I say Goodbye

I'm going in 2 this not knowing what I'll find
but I've decided 2 follow my heart and abandon my mind
and if there be pain I know that at least I gave my all
and it is better 2 have loved and lost than 2 not love at all
In the morning I may wake 2 smile or maybe 2 cry
but first 2 those of my past I must say goodbye

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Starry Night

A creative heart, obsessed with satisfying
This dormant and uncaring society
u have given then the stars at night
and u have given then Bountiful Bouquets of Sunflowers
But 4 u there is only contempt
and though u pour yourself into that frame
and present it so proudly
this world could not accept your masterpieces
from the heart
So on that starry night
u gave 2 us and
u took away from us
The one thing we never acknowledged
your life

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Taking Flight

I reach out. As far as my arms will let me. There is nothing here. Just me. Here I find serenity.

The wind whips through my hair... Between my fingers... Ruffles my feathers... It blows against my face. So fast, so hard... Almost brings a tear to my eye... Almost

The warmth of the sun dances across the bridge of my nose onto my cheeks. They become rosy with delight. Bringing back sweet memories of my childhood.

Life was so easy then. So innocent & new. I had not a care in the world. No reservations... No worries... More importantly... No Fear!

Alas... Those days are far too gone. And once again, I find myself back in this place. I've been here before.

Much too young when I first took flight. Yet still I soar. All my life... As far back as I can remember. I have been flying.. A constant search for something true. Something real.

I've desperately tried so hard to fly high. As high as I can. Up. Through the storm clouds. Higher. Out of sight of all my enemies. So many predators...

But then... after too long... I start to descend. Just enough to get a closer look. That's when I usually let my curiosity get the best of me. Not this time!

I have fallen hard from this place before. I've been shot down, captured, caged, & tortured. All for someone else's amusement.

Yet somehow... Each time... I have still been able to find my way back to freedom.

Freedom. We long for it. Freedom. We fight so hard for it. We die for this beauty we call freedom.

I have licked my wounds. I am strong now. Stronger than ever before. I am wise now. Wiser than ever before.

I only take with me that which I need. My heart, my soul, my knowledge, ... my pride.

I go where the wind blows. Makes no difference to me. However, this time it feels quite different than ever before.

The air is much thicker. Harder to breathe. I am safe, but oddly enough, it's not the same serenity as I had always found.

It makes me wonder... Why do I fly anyway? Is it truly for freedom? Or is it simply out of fear? And whilst I soar... Am I really

just missing out on it all?

In this constant battle within myself. Searching for a flicker of light in this vast darkness... An angel amongst the demons.

If nothing else. I've realized one real thing. Life is beautiful! Its meant to be embraced & truly lived! To the fullest!

I cant do that way up here. I must fight hard... Love harder... Live life through childlike eyes. No Fear! Never settling for anything less than what I deserve.

Its so hard though. In reality I am petrified! And... I'm safe here. The view is amazing. But does that even matter when I'm the only one to see it.

Besides... I am so tired of flying. My wings ache... No one truly knows how I long to land. I cant.. No! I won't let them... But its all I've ever really wanted.

This time I need to be smart. I will be smart! This time I won't just slip and fall. This time... I, and I alone, chose when I land. Where I land.

This time... I will not land in a trap. Only to be put on display as if I were a trophy piece.

I will not land in quicksand! Where I might sink into the pits of broken promises.

Not even on a rock! As they are far to cold, hard, and rigid.

This time when I land, it will be on solid ground. On the plush grass where I can feel it all.. One foot at a time. In my own personal heaven.

To feel the earth between my toes... To tuck these wings away... Once and for all... To be free... To be me...

That my friend would be true freedom... True happiness... Isn't that in fact, all any of us want.

By Mickie James

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Tale of a chicken, his mother, and an Eagle

As she cracked and hatched her eggs
Eleven small beautiful chickens were born
She was fiesty, she was in pain
Weeks of lying on her eggs finally paid off
Days of denying herself corn grain finally yield fruits
She now vowed to herself
to not be the bigger but the most caring mother-hen of all
She vowed to protect her eleven chickens
She took them out for a walk one beautiful morning
She guided took them to the Eagle zone
When the sun set
She flapped her wings opened for her children
telling them there lays the ultimate protection
They all ran in but one refused
Just as a big hungry eagle came like a whirl wind
Picked up the floundering chicken and flew
Thanking God it's time for food
But the caring mother-hen, in her own rage,
flew after the eagle
There she hung on to the fiesty eagle
Bitting and beaking at the beast
Finally, the beast let go of an injured chicken
Mother-hen put her little baby underneath her
when she got on earth
Then she shed tears
Just then, the chicken let go of his last breath
He whispered to her mother's warm belly
'Out of the bunch, you chose me. Thank you...'
And that's the pride of Mother hen

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Tale of Pot and a Leaking Basket

Pot and Basket, working on the farm
It was raining heavily
Pot was laughing
Laughing so hard at Basket
because Basket couldn't hold any water
Couldn't hold the rain pours
Basket stared at Pot and said
'My time is coming because
when the rain stop, I will be the one
carrying all the farm harvests.'

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The beautiful flower that blossom in darkness

She blossom everyday in herself
She blossom in hard times
Because everything is dark
But regardless of the thick darkness around her
She keeps blossoming inside
She keeps blossoming in her ugliness
Through every hinderances around her,
she keeps blossoming.
Though the vase and the soil rejects her,
She keeps blossoming
Though the water and the air despise her,
She keeps blossoming!
Craving her own beauty inside of her.
No one cares about the
beautiful flower that blossom in darkness.
Because her own ugliness hides her own beauty
The beauty she awaits
She awaits the the beauty of the hour,
when the world will turn itself against her.
The hour the darkness around her will reject her
All she wanted to do one more time
is blossom when no one is looking,
When no one is caring.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The beauty of sorrow

I drink from the cup of sorrow
I ate the delicious bread of hope
that sorrow placed in front of me
It craves my heart day and night
Not telling me how to climb the height
The height that is pulling my heart too tight
The height that tells me not to be frighten
But what helps me out is the beauty of sorrow
The drink it place in front of me makes me calm
Though, it's bitter and sour
But when it does, it feels cold like a plate of ham
Total humbleness pull me through
Total submission to what to come
Sorrow gives me hope
Those are the best dayz in my life
Sorrow dayz

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The dead soul

The darkness in your eyes
When it blinked against the white glare of the morning sun
The way you hide your spoons and needles
When they make your blood boil
The way your veins grew tired of your dead flesh
When they tell your brain you need more
The way your night easily turn to day
When the light is dead in your eyes
The way you look at me with those dead eyes
When somewhere far away, your lifeless corpses lay awake
The way your body sprawled out in the dark
When you're flying with the birds in the sky
The way you keep sipping out of this world
When your problems stays faithful
All did nothing but explained your casualty
Capture of legion prisoners

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The Eternal Lament

From my mind 2 the depths of my soul
I yearn 2 achieve all of my goals
And all of my free time will be spent
On the 1's I miss I will lament

I am not a perfectionist
But still I seek perfection
I am not a great romantic
But yet I yearn 4 affection

Eternally my mind will produce
ways 2 put my talents 2 use
and when I'm done no matter where I've been
I'll yearn 2 do it all again

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The falling warriors

Hmmm....It's so disappointing
It saddens heart
It makes the heart weary
Hearing the falling stars
Hearing about the falling angels
Hearing the heroes and how they come about being zeroes
They surely served as deity
The destined
The geniuses
The heroes
They are falling
I thought these are the people to look unto
But they are not even the soul to take a peek at
They fall like mortal bodies
They are blown away like chaffs
My heroes
But among them all,
I found my true hero
The only one I can hold on to
MYSELF.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The Fear In The Heart Of a Man

against an attacker I will boldly take my stand
because my heart will show fear 4 no man
but 4 a broken heart I run with fright
scared 2 be blinded in a vulnerable night
I believe this fear is in every man
some will acknowledge it others will fail 2 understand
there is no fear in a shallow heart
because shallow hearts don't fall apart
but feeling hearts that truly care
are fragile 2 the flow of air
and if I am 2 be true then I must give
my fragile heart
I may recieve great joy or u may return it
ripped apart

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The fearless mind

The soul in my body is strong
So strong that it can't be broken
No hammer could break my mind
No nail of any kind could make its way through it
A very strong and fearless mind
Filled with violence and hopelessness
Nothing in this world could crumble it
But the fearless mind had a secrete.....Fear!
The feareless mind cried and sob like a baby
It's own soul could feel its weariness
Fear never walked its premises
My mind often ask itsef 'Why are my afraid? '
The answer often rings through its body
The fearless body, the fearless mind
He feared the future
A voice calm him down and told him a secret
from the depth of its own fearless soul
Saying 'Everything is gonna be alright.'

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The Me hidden Within

This season is the time for happiness and cheer,
But look through my eyes and you will see a tear.

The words that I speak are never to be heard,
And all I want from you is your promising word.

No one ever listens to a word that I say,
All I need is for someone to point me into the traveling way.

Having no one to talk to makes the anger build within,
So I think hard and loud knowing I need to raise my chin.

I fight with myself all the time,
Wanting to do something but knowing it's a crime.

I just want all this anger within me to just come out,
I have this huge urge just to shout.

I just want to release the real me from being hidden within,
Sometimes I think all the things I do are a sin.

Please help release the me hidden within
Cuz I can't seem to cope with the hate in Me.

Micheal Saunders

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The meeting of birds

Early in the morning
Before light started sipping in on the day's darkness
Before the sun burned away the early mist and dried the dew
When the grass was spongy with dew
and the air was cool and sweet
The birds were chattering in the overhanging trees
Sitting on their stoops
like they always do telling all the bird gossip
A bird somewhere, lonely, and lost, called for her friends
Somewhere trapped in the farmer's net
Friends in springs and friends in drought
eventually that's what she thought
A lot of wings shared, a lot of food shared
A lot of song sanged
And a lot of lessons learned
Just yesterday they clustered around her
like tugboats escorting a blue cutton ocean liner
They combed her feathers with their beaks
and sang her a sweet song
Today they feast on without the sweet old her
As the sun slid out of sight
And melt into the grey sky
She burrowed in her thought
Knowing in the end, her love shared, was lost and gone
As the birds gossips away in the tree
They got along in the musty darkness that stank of betrayal

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The Missing Footstep

You bask in your selfish glory
I guess you never thought about the path we took
When I supported your walk over torns and shrubs
When I shiever in distress and you are cozy and warm
Did you forget when I bled for you in the artice full of snow
or when i took a stab for you in the burning road of gold
When you made your crooked mark while I toil
And my honest trace beneath was lost
It's sad they'll never know the pain I endured for you
When this path was made because of you

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The Mutual Heartache

Introduced with innocence
who would have ever guessed
that u were the one I had
been so desperately searching 4
u talk as I do but yet u don't
understand when I mumble
u c as I do but your vision is
blurred by naivete
This is the barrier that separates us
I cannot cross yet
There is 2 much of me that
would frighten u so I live in
heartache because we cannot
fully explore this love and
what of your heartache
Does it feel as sharp as mine
No matter where I go or how long it takes
I will never recover from this mutual heartache.

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The only friend

I look from coast to coast in the world
The people I call friends are just peeping through
Hiding their love
Hiding their confidence
Hiding their faces
Throwing rocks and bricks at me
Casting the first stone at me
Soon enough, I felt a big, heavy hand on me
Patting me on the back
Telling me everything is going to be alright
No doubt in my mind that that's the
only friend I have and will always have
The man in me.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The only truth teller

The cold iron never lie
It always penetrate when it hikes
The cold iron never lie
Cuz it always do what is right
It penetrate through the gentle heart
When the violent heart never heard
When the little cold stone is released
The mind is always put at ease
That's the only truth teller
When there is nobody to holla.
The only truth teller is my gun
Cuz it always strike when the rage is on.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The only wings

A colorful rainbow in the sky
Soaring in the clouds the bird flies by
All these thoughts floating in my head
Drifting away slowly, as the images fled

The clouds drift together, the stars get bright
The moons beautiful color shines the night
A big, black, mysterious bird quickly swoops down
Grabs me, flying over the peaceful town

Now, flying fast, I'm holding on
Crashing down, wondering what's going on
Suddenly its all black, I can't remember
And I wake up curled up under my cover

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The power of addiction

Teachers talkes about it
Parent walks me through it
But my own heart kept silent
I tasted it. All of it
Minutes that change my whole life
I wish I could regain the moment
But I can't. I feel bad
But what can I do to stop?
Smoking, Drinking, Drugs, Violence, Sex
Now I'm attached!
Attached to all of them
What can I do to stop?
Who's going to help the helpless guy! ?
Cuz the helpless guy is hurt.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The Power Of Smile

The power of a gun can kill
and the power of Fire can Burn
The power of wind can chill
and the power of the mind can learn
The power of anger can rage
inside until it tears u apart
But the Power of a Smile
especially yours can heal a frozen Heart

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The Promise

'I will give u liberty, but first give me ure spirit,
This I must confiscate because the evil fear it.'
I too would be afraid of passion governed by reason
An open mind 2 trying times when corruption is in
season
The promise that they claim
2 be completely true
is hypocrisy at its finest
A trick 2 silence u
never will I believe a promise
from the masters of the Art
Trickery does not succeed
with those with Honest Hearts

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The promise land

Expecting things to come
I wonder what the future holds for me
The existence of today give no doubt about tomorrow
It is slippery, glamorous, and soon
When you never expect it
There it comes
It comes faster than you expect
with furry and fiest
A journey to where my destiny awaits
Every day, I search what it holds for me
The promise land which is my future
I later find out that I'm not even on the journey yet
but I know I'm getting closer.
May be it's the land full of honeys, milk, and gold
May be it's a land full of hoplessness, calamity, and sorrow
Because today reveals tomorrow
My future holds my destiny
It's up to me to jump as high as I can to get it
And when my hand grasp the robe
I will tie a knot and never let go

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The rose that grew from Concrete

Did you hear about the rose that
grew from a crack in the concrete?
Proving nature's law is wrong it
It learned to walk with out having feet.
Funny it seems, but by keeping it's dreams,
It learned to breathe fresh air.
Long live the rose that grew from the concrete
When no one else ever cared.

By 2Pac Shakur

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The Shinning Star Within

Secrets R hidden within the clouds
of Darkness
And in this place no one Dares 2 Breathe
in Fear of self-expression
It has been this way
forever and a day
until she came 2 shine
with a spark of innocence and questons
only 2 be answered with Darkness
Not just Darkness but the silent kind
that steals your soul and kills your mind
There was no compassion
for this thriving star
only exploitations
and confused jealousy
u saw no hope and brought the end
Never acknoledging the star within

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The Sun and The Moon

Your ways R similar 2 the rays of the sun
Warm 2 many but 2 strong 4 some
The more u R needed the brighter u shine
Watched 4 2 long and your brilliance will blind
The eyes of mortal men who threaten u with doom
They regret 2 c u set but it is time 4 the moon

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The Things That Make Hearts Break

pretty smiles
deceiving laughs
and people who dream with their eyes open
lonely children
unanswered cries
and souls who have given up hoping
The other thing that breaks hearts
R fairy tales that never come true
and selfish people who lie 2 me
selfish people just like u

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The true self

To run
when you could walk
To smile
when you could frown
To take responsibility
when you could make excuses
To believe
when others don't
To be there to help
when others stand by
To have hope
when for others all hope is lost
To do something
when you could sit in one place
To remember the past
pay attention to the present
and dream about the future
when you don't have to
To love
when you could hate
To sing
when you could stand in one place
To be yourself
when you could be fake
To be grateful
when you could take it for granted
To know things happen for a reason
it's meant to be that way
that God will always love us for who
we are
Not for who others want us to be

Olufunmbi Aransiola

The Violence that craves the beautiful heart

It roars
It pants
It's all in my intestines
Requesting for a fight
Requesting to kill and to destroy
To damage, and to ridicule
It jerks them around without cause
It's the only language I understand
And it's the only one that understands me
The only language I speak
It knocks itself over in me
Running away from me,
but still reaching out more than ever
It is the Violence in my heart

Olufunmbi Aransiola

They turn their backs

Stuck in a world you thought you once knew
Now everyone's turning their backs on you
Once quiet girls, like puppies on rugs
Have turned their backs and started doing drugs
The boy next door that you liked for years
Has turned his back and started drinking beers
All of these changes are going around
And you kick and scream but they don't hear a sound
What happened to the innocence so easy to find?
You wonder if you're the only one who still has their mind
They try to pull you in and you know you might fall
But nobody knows there's a solution to it all
Right over this wall you can have your life back
Of friends, and laughter, be back with your pack
There's no need to worry, no need to fear
All of the innocence you know is still here
There are just a few obstacles you know you must climb
Persuading and begging to get back your mind
You cannot give up the prize is far too great
Just hope your obstacles don't make you too late
Do all you can to help your chains break
This is all real, nothing is fake
You're stuck in a world you thought you once knew
Turn your back on your world they've turned theirs on you

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Tomorrow

Today is filled with anger, fueled with hidden hate.
Scared of being outkast, afraid of common fate.
Today is build on tragedies which no one want's to face.
Nightmares to humanity and morally disgraced.
Tonight is filled with Rage, violence in the air.
Children bred with ruthlessness cause no one at home cares.
Tonight I lay my head down but the pressure never stops,
knowing that my sanity content when I'm droped.
But tomorrow I see change, a chance to build a new,
build on spirit intent of heart and ideas based on truth.
Tomorrow I wake with second wind and strong because of pride.
I know I fought with all my heart to keep the dream alive.

By 2Pac Shakur.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Tribute to Owen Hart

You feel the burn when you cry
It starts to come when someone dies
The pain you feel as your eyes swell and the tears will up in the wells
The burn starts to choke you up the words come out slow and shaken
You close your eyes and wonder why
There is a burn when you cry
When Owen left it felt like hands around my throat
I couldn't talk I couldn't see
The Burn over whelmed me
My heart is heavy this is why
You get the burn when you cry
It digs down deep you can not sleep
You toss and turn in your sheets
Awaken with sobs and wet pillow cases
You wander aimlessly looking to the sky
You feel the burn when you cry

- Mark Henry, Monday May 24th,1999

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Two People With One Wish

There were 2 people with 1 wish
To live a Life filled with Love
2 GOD they would pray that together they'd stay
under the stars above
But someone else made a wish
at the same time on the same breath
And although the wish 4 love was granted
so was this evil wish 4 Death
now I make a wish
sealed with tears and laughter
It is my wish that these 2 loves
R reunited in the hereafter

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Under The Sky Above

My child is out there somewhere
under the skies above
waiting anxiously 4 u and me
2 bless it with our love
A part of me a part of u
and a part of this love we share
will protect my unborn child
who lives dormant out there somewhere
Sometimes in my dreams
I imagine what it would be like
How could I properly guide him
when even I don't know what's right
Whether he is born in wealth or poverty
there will be no deficiency in love
I welcome this gift of life
given from GOD under the skies above

Tupac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Water Source

When rivers flows
No matter how far it goes
It will always definately
come back to its source
Rivers never forget its origin
But when they do
They dry off totally

Olufunmbi Aransiola

What death owns

Death is a debt!
Everyone owes him
I thought to myself
'With all these gold and silver that I have,
I can't believe the only person to trust
will knock on my door someday.'
To take it all away
To request for what it's truly his
My life
When it knocks on my door
Will I have a place to run to?
It's going to knock one day
But I am determined not to fear.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

What grows with us

Life is so easy
when you are young.
When kisses heal boo-boos
and lullabies are sung.
It seemed that life could go on for years,
as long as the nightlight was there
to quiet our fears.
Why does growing up
have to be so hard?
When did the world become
bigger than our own back yard?
There is no more recess
to stop the stress of the school day.
There are no more falling stars
that can take our worries away.
Decisions are more complicated
now that we are grown,
why cant we go back
to when life was our own?

Olufunmbi Aransiola

When Heros falls

when ur hero falls
when ur hero falls from grace
all fairy tales are uncovered
myths exposed & pain magnified
the greatest pain discovered
you taught to be strong
but im confused to see u so weak
you said never give up
and it hurts to see u welcome defeat

when ur hero falls, so do the stars
and so does the perception of tomorrow
without my hero, there only
me alone to deal with my sorrow
ur heart ceases to work
and all ur soul isnt happy at all
what r u expected to do
when ur only hero falls?
- 2pac

Olufunmbi Aransiola

When we were kings

'ME, WE! '

-Mohammed Ali

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Where the future lays

Do you ever wake up every morning with same old lines?
Hoping it won't tell you same old lies?

Have you ever wonder what those lines are doing on your palm?
They are there to give you a future calm.

Do you often wonders why they aren't straight?
Because they are paving paths for the crooked ways.

Have you ever wonder what they are doing there?
They are their to reveal what's already there...the future.

Everything you've ever wonder about
concerning the future is right there in those lines.

Only the brave can see it.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Who am I?

Some say I love
Some tells me how great my hatred flourish
Some tells me how good looking and sexy I am
But some told me how awful I look
I've been searching for decades
I've searched to the end of the earth
But I can't even define me
I'm the only one who knows what's like to be me
Some dayz comes
Dayz that I laughed
Dayz that I cried in sadness
Just because I'm being determined
My joy is being determined
My sadness is being determined
My life is being determined
Determined by people who's defining
I ask the man in me
Who is me?
He told me I am me.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

'Why'

WHY!
You see things, and you say WHY?
But you dream about things that never were
And you say WHY NOT?
It rings through my mind
Day and night
WHY?
Why is the world the way it is?
Why is the eye seen things it's seeing?
Why is the ear hear things it hears?
Why is the universe come to an existence?
Why is there rich and poor?
Why is the world so unfulfilling?
Why is the world so unfair?
Why is the love?
Why is the hate?
Why are my created?
Why does things that happen happens?
Why is human being born just to die?
More Whys that I can't mention
More Whys that don't even exist
More Whys that ask itself WHY?
It live in the depth of my stomach
Day and night
WHY?
No one as ever find an answer to Why
And no one will ever will
It live in itself
And it surely live in me
WHY?

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Woozy Dayz

My woozy dayz
My rainy dayz
Sunshine never shines
The moon never comes
It has never rain on my rainy dayz
Will the sun ever shine?
Will it ever rain on my rainy dayz?
All I can do is hope
Hope for my shiny dayz
Cuz it's all woozy.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Wounds

Wounds in the heart never heals
It takes my life to another hills

To mountains I can't reach
To mountains that peach its each

Wounds never heals the gentle mind
It always put the hopes behind

Wounds that put my heart in shackles
The gentle mind locked in life-hackles

Wounds in the heart never heals
Cuz they alwayz climb the heart on hills.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

Wrestling

Wrestling is staged, a theatrical drama at its worst told through words and sophomoric comedy, at its best told through physical tests of mind, body, and soul—through back and forth trials of endurance, strength, and dedication. When a man shows despair, disbelief, exhaustion, rage, arrogance, respect, and passion through facial expressions and body language, it carries a message of the heaviest weight, which transcends the fallacy of language and reaches down into our most primal knowledge. When words can not describe it, when adjectives do it no justice, when verbs pale in comparison to the true action, that is when it becomes real. The physical and mental struggle are always present in wrestling, but it is at its purest form when all of the blinding fat is stripped away and we are left with the naked truth, the epic telling of a thousand true stories in every punch thrown, every tie-up made, every stare down engaged, every reversal countered. This is when wrestling is at its best, and when we feel it, are inspired by it, and want to live it. It is a return to our human infancy, when we were not philosophers or scientists or religious followers, but simply instinct driven animals. Before language fabricated our universe, before our Oedipal castration, before we arrogantly named the unnamable. Maybe now that we are thinkers, though still driven by animal instinct, we can add so much more to our experience to enjoy ourselves. The pleasure spiked with pain, the ability to relate to the drama, the desire for glory.

Wrestling is real in epic battles. There are times in the wrestling universe when the planets align and the cards are splayed as a Royal Flush. When everything comes together and things just click and flow flawlessly, even when the unexpected happens, that is when the staged aspects of wrestling are mere details. When amazing warriors put on indescribable matches such as AJ Styles vs. Christopher Daniels in an Iron Man match, Kurt Angle vs. Chris Benoit (any time, any where) , American Dragon vs. Low Ki vs. Chris Daniels in ROH, Bret Hart vs Shawn Micheals in an Iron Man Match, Stone Cold vs The Rock, Sabu vs Taz, Dynamite Kid vs Tiger Mask (anywhere, anytime) , and so many many many more surreal spectacles, and when they struggle to maintain stamina, block out pain, and remember and execute maneuvers with simultaneous intensity and finesse, what is fake doesn't matter and what is real shows itself in its truest form. Motivation, passion, and frustration & blood, sweat, and tears. These are the elements that defy any attempts at fraud by bookers and writers. While these performers may be trying with all of their being to assist their counter part in creating a great match, the true struggle lays within their own mind. Even physical limitations are no match for heart, fortitude, and passion. When sweat and blood mix together and flow down their faces, and their legs buckle under them and it gets increasingly harder to get back up, when for just a second they doubt their stability on the top rope. That is where the fight takes place. The balancing of plates in getting every move right, working with the other match participants, hitting every cue, connecting with the crowd, and making it all look genuine and mind blowing at the same time; that is reality.

Reality is perception. When you were a child Santa Claus was real and 1 year was an eternity. And when you grew up the world was suddenly much darker, and the world became bigger and then smaller again, and history grew to unfathomable proportions every time you discovered something new. Throw away all of the imagination killing lies that you were told, that the sky is just blue, that 2 and 2 always equals 4, that history is written factually. Bend your limit of acceptance of reality, and instead of suspending your belief, expand it. Break free from the burden of the ball and chain that is practicality and logic. Break down the walls of the insane asylum and step into the real world.

At those magical times when history is being made, my entire being is filled with the joy, suspense, and inspiration that I felt when my spirit cheered on Rocky through his legendary training sessions. When great wrestlers like Bryan Danielson and CM Punk lock up and when Kurt Angle and Chris Benoit begin their back and forth cycle of suplexes, submissions, and counters, my heart swells with enthusiasm and obsession and I find myself on the edge of my seat, ready to leap for the next counter, kick out, or seemingly physically impossible high spot. There is nothing like wrestling. Not boxing, not Mixed Martial Arts, not football, not basketball, not soccer. Neither of the aforementioned sports combine the back and forth moment to moment action, glorious entrances, personas, speeches, and legendary history that wrestling has. Nothing can compare to the best that wrestling has to offer.

Leave the pop culture behind, it is only an irrelevant sign of the times, nothing more. You can derive nothing of substance from the meaningless details of a storyline. The meat and potatoes in wrestling is always going to be the action. It is a throwback to our original selves, the territorial, club carrying cavemen that we once were. Our primal urges still exist and we are constantly in a power struggle, trying to pick sides with our super ego or our id, all the while maintaining a completely fabricated ego, which reflects nothing of our true selves, only holds a mirror to the current state of the world.

Simply put, wrestling is obviously staged, but using our imagination we can make it real. When the best wrestlers get together to put on the best matches, it is much easier to stay in that world of make believe. And when we recognize what is real about wrestling, the drama backstage, the political struggle to the top, the dreams unfulfilled, the physical and mental anguish, and the passion to overcome all obstacles and setbacks, we can enjoy it to the max. When your senses are completely saturated with it, there is no difference between fiction and reality. Sure, only sight and sound come through the television set, but we can use our imagination to feel the intensity of the slams and suplexes, and feel the struggle of getting out of a submission hold, and the glory of a victory or the tragedy of a loss. And we can use our imagination to smell the popcorn and beer. We can imagine the mixture of sweat and blood trickling down our faces, we can feel the sting of a chop, and we can feel the boom of the pyro and the soreness in our eyes from the brightness of the lights. We can feel the fans around us cheering and booing. We can immerse ourselves in that universe. And when the magic happens, I go to that distant place in the back of my mind. I don't have to break my back to live my dreams like Kurt Angle and too many others have, because when they do it for me the magic happens. I live vicariously through them. My dreams are fulfilled without the sacrifice. I lose myself, and that's when it's real.

Olufunmbi Aransiola

You can see the pride in the panther

Can You See the Pride In the Panther
As he grows in splendor and grace
Toppling obstacles placed in the way,
of the progression of his race.
Can You See the Pride In the Panther
as she nurtures her young all alone
The seed must grow regardless
of the fact that it is planted in stone.
Can You See the Pride In the Panthers
as they unify as one.
The flower blooms with brilliance,
and outshines the rays of the sun.

By: 2pac

Olufunmbi Aransiola