

Poetry Series

**chris solomon**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## chris solomon(4-20-95)

Well I don't know exactly where I came in the sense of family history and origins and what not. I do know that I was born on April 20<sup>th</sup> 1995 inside of my Grandmother's fifth floor apartment on the floor near the door. I know that since I was really small, I've been a bit of a trouble maker, fighting with the other children and gaining their respect with each win as if I had entered a tournament of some sorts.

I was also the official class clown with a small clique of knucklehead friends who would laugh at every joke and follow my every move. I remember my mom always saying things like "you're going to end up just like your father." She would say lots of things like that but would never tell me a thing about him. I never actually met the man because at the time he was busy doing a nine year bid from drug possession and trafficking and other things which began a few months before I was born.

His name is Shateek Bilal and he is my father even though I tried to convince myself that he was dead and that it was my mom was sending me fraudulent letters like the way that she would put my presents beneath the tree on Christmas. He would often send letters attached with the Veggie-Tales VHS tapes and other nick-knacks that he would send me and I enjoyed them.

As I write and type my Autobiography, I can feel my hand ache due to an altercation that resulted in me throwing a punch and pushing back and snapping the bone connecting my pinky finger within my right hand. It broke because I threw the punch with a half-balled fist trying not to seriously injure the guy and instead hurting myself in the process. Because of my injury, I do suffer from Arthritis and I'm not currently taking medication for it and never have. I'm just living through the pain.

# I Don'T Wanna Be Another Bad Statistic

I don't wanna be another bad statistic, the one who's pessimistic, very vicious and also sadistic.

I don't wanna be another bad statistic, who constantly lies, who would willingly die all to keep one's pride.

I don't wanna be another bad statistic, who spends his day at a bar, who dropped out and is now sleeping in his car, and lets everyone pick at his mental scars.

I don't wanna be another bad statistic, who's choices are always bad, who's lived his life way to fast, all because he grew up without his dad.

I don't wanna be another bad statistic and yet, I'm already one step closer....

chris solomon

# I' Wannabe

I want to be the one that you think that you feel is one of a kind, spiritually entwined, designed for your love, sent from above. if you want to talk? I'll never ignore you. Truly and from the deep depths of my heart, I adore you, I don't want to bore you. I'm open and all for you. i'm a gentleman so i'll take your coat at the door too. I ain't that type of dude to use and abuse you. I'd probably give you the world if you choose if you choose to be with me and live a life of peace and harmony and create love and unity and hopefully, we'll live happily for all of eternity

chris solomon

# Just Me

I may not be built socially, but i'm here m slowly flows through way that i feel is supposed to be a complex wonder or mystery. And so it goes, the untold history of my father is shown through me.

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# Music

What keeps me alive.

Sweet sounds. Oh those sweet sounds.

120 beats per. Pure adrenaline and rush  
of emotion. There's the stuff that makes  
me look at the ceiling or sky and just think.

There's that electric feel to which I'm a conduit.

Like a current running through my veins, urging me to  
Shake, Shiver, Sweat, Pop, Lock, Kick, Spin, Jump, wail,  
Flip, Flex, Groove, Tap, Stomp, Break, Sing-along, Repeat.

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# Sleepless

Another sleepless night...  
Rushing thoughts scrambled.  
Mind-numbing pains known as migraines.  
Recently recovered memories, some suppressed,  
some just there. Fears of darkness creeping  
inside and taking me away. Like death had  
paid a visit.

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# The Draft

This life business is harder than i expected; always facing rejection and being disrespected. i keep myself in check, try to keep my head erected and yet i find myself sad, alone and unprotected. It's my life but this ain't the way i would've spent it. Always so alone, always looking for acceptance.

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## The Draft #2

What hath this world come to? the end is nigh and i know that you know too. I just want you to know that before we go, i only wish that i could've found you. I could've astounded you with nothing but love. Our world was tarnish until it went to carnage. from pollution and garbage, came an elegant, talented, eloquent and a little arrogant artist to save you and show you that love is where the heart is.

chris solomon

## The Draft #3

Sometimes i become afraid of myself because my anger brings danger. Its like this almost infinite power that's just rushing through my forearms just as popeye; my anger being the fuel like the can of spinach. Suddenly i become blind to the world as i'm faced with the images of the past. Now, i'm reliving it and feeling all the pain and then suddenly, i find myself drained of all energy, thoughts, and common sence. I'm finding my lack of self quite mordant although i'm morbid

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