

Poetry Series

**Grey Metta**  
**- poems -**

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# Grey Metta()

# Beauty Sleeps

if i were to write on a piece of paper for a few to read... i would shout 'wake the hell up, and begin to breath'... 'we are not yet free, but victims of slavery from our own sleep'.

my words would climb the highest peaks, to reach minds in the clouds and on the lands beneath. where the great have stood to speak, of the laws to oppress and enslave the mind's belief.

my breath shall not be wasted on skills and the mastery of fate. for destiny is ours if we love that we were taught to hate. the self, skin dark and the soil with its black soulful shade. the skills that slavery thought was his to conquer, africa and every fortune making trade.

beautiful a dream is freedom of mine. beautiful is the blood spilled in a struggle to take what is mine. beautiful is the war to free my own kind.

even better is the battle to wake my own beautiful mind.

Grey Metta