

Poetry Series

Ique martin
- poems -

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Ique martin(12/04/52)

I am a 56year old American Balck male
born in Norfolk Va., moved to Cleveland at 6 or 7years old. I have lived in New
York and Omaha Neb.

I love movies, fishing and reading, sports and writing poetry.

How Deep Is Shallow

Like tryin to fit a square peg into a round hole
The whole Universe held within ya Soul
Knowin ya role in stability yet ya still patrol
The fluctuatin stroll lookin for a moment to hold
Like wisdom comin from a bottle
So ya swallow wit intoxication to follow
As ya wallow in deception, livin misdirected
Connected to insurrection, wearin ya heart on ya sleeve
Waitin to receive Life Love n Happiness
Wit no concept of how, to get n keep it
Ya self contained, grounded, well rounded
Like a renaissance Man, as sharp as an ice pick
A wish list, always steppin in the ick
As dull as a silent flick, life will bleed ya dry
Like the parchedness of unteared eyes
The stare of a world that ya deny, that doesn't care
Blinded by desire, pacified by the objects of want
Sex ignites the fire, so ya become a lecher, a catcher
A fetcher like a satyr, bein a martyr
A denier schemin, believin that ya inner bein is hidden
Til ya ridden out of existence by a consciousness
That's stuck in the moment, this instance
Wit no future, just creature comforts, doin dumb somethins
Tryin to contain the contents of ya stomach in a mindset
Clouded wit nonsense, violence, livin the present, in a past tense
Like sittin on the fence watchin life go by
Commentin on why things went awry, terribly wrong
Singin ya woeful song, wearin a thong
Wit little else on, wonderin why ya can't go to the prom
What's the roll of a pawn, searchin for Kingdom Come
Goin home, findin ya self alone
When in Rome, self applied dome, bad to the bone
As solid as hollow can be, in a society that likes to be P.C.
Lackin reality, a fantasy of what could be
Like smoke n mirrors bein a psychic instant
Followin animal instinct, everythin becomin forensic
Bein a, the trick, the twist is turnin back to 1's self
Findin there's nothin left, but dust
Lookin for answers, not knowin the questions

Tryin to be multi-directional, ya end up
Bein a urinal, ya not off anymore
Unsure seekin a cure, wit everything becomin manure
Endurin the eventual comin, but ya runnin backwards
Neva on time, but ya arrive, bein eaten alive
Yet ya survive cause ya contrive a way to be alive
In a shallow grave called Life, wit a limited shelf life
Sage is just a way of askin, how deep is shallow
The circuitous routes is not always easy to follow
The maze is altered by haze, amazed by the lint in ya pocket
The substance, the content of ya liminal tract
Bein a clown act, which is the fact, deep or shallow
Reality is, can be strange n hollow, in a fair exchange, Life borrows.

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Livin Today

A saint or sinner, a halo or horns
Not the way you were born
The way ya goin, don't get caught alone
In a foreign land wit no help at hand
Ya an enemy in a society that don't live on sobriety
Lovin variety, inflictin agony, smilin sagely
The price n wage of infamy
Today its sentry duty, the lookout kid
Ya way of gettin in wit the Bigs
Wallowin in, wit the dregs, followin the regs
Ya a mutton head, lookin to be crowned
Not be clowned, lookin to hang around, down for whatever
Pullin a trigger, ya aint too clever
Now a brothas got a lever, holdin you in place
Put ya in a space where ya a Pavlova, conditioned
To be a robot, settin ya up for 3 meals n a cot
In a tight spot, what a tough lot, ya couldn't, wouldn't
Do 9-5, now how are ya gonna survive 5-9
Losin ya mind, drownin in grime, no time but to deal wit slime
Ya got no rhythm, bad decisions, got no rhyme
Will ya do that dime, bad behavior, no favor
Hard labor, the life of a gangsta, pranked n punked
Got jumped in, dyin is the only way out
Ya fam gives ya clout, not bein too bright, ya can't figure it out
This life aint for you, but what else are ya gonna do
That opportunity an education escaped you
Cause ya didn't believe what they was tellin you was true
The method of madness in operation is supposed
To guide ya to, thru inspiration, wit a concentration in common sense
Ya could be minced, a mense or a genius
Nobody'll ever know cause ya blew it
Caught up in gun play, chasin, catchin babes
Gettin slayed cause neither knows how to behave
Bein a slave to a vertical smile, suicidal if they push you away
This is everyday like a favorite movie
Just press play, let it unfold, this is ya goal ya know ya role
Like them pole dancers, everybody's in love wit the action
Pseudo satisfaction til ya get a reaction
Ya allergic to penicillin, whose the villain

The situation, you or ignorance, or all rolled into 1
Whether or not ya havin fun, it's daily like carryin a gun
Wit that aint no real conversations or confrontations
It's a great persuader, sometimes a life savor
Ya already know it's a life taker, you aint no creator
You can paint a picture, give it texture
Ya can't measure bein a monster or taste the flavor
Of the Supreme, ya just a beast in baggy jeans
Wit some waves, a child playin in a Man's Game
Tryin to stake a claim on some fame
That depends on ya aim, if ya sane
Whose the blame for the way ya be
You, ya parents or society
Are ya just lazy or a little crazy
The ins n outs become hazy blazin
Raisin hell locked in a mental cell
No way to jell, livin today, everyday in a fishbowl
I wish ya well.

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Love's Nature

A nebulous continuum, the continuity
Of emotion, floatin like a space time conundrum
The motion of the ocean, like the 4th dimension
Aversion, conversion, immersion in affection
What's the connection like confection sugar
Ya mind's the trigger, no matter what ya figure
Lackin definite form or limits
There for a minute, an eternity or gone neva returnin
The veracity, audacity, which is vague in concept
Bein adept, Love is what ya givin up in hopes of gettin
Fittin in, inundated by this feelin
Profoundly tender like surrender or mad wit thunder
Makin ya wonder bout passion n affection
N the direction it can take ya
Upfront n personal, warm n fuzzy or
A cold dish relished, replenished or diminished
Attached or detached, desire, passion
Sexual fire, intercourse, face to face, a conversation copulatin
Physical integration, mental n spiritual relations
Just sensations, love me up, kissin n huggin
Cuddlin, fumblin, muddlin thru stumblin
Into tenderness instead of a briar bush like
The thorns of a single rose of love, the fondness, the predilection n warmth
Like the milk of human kindness
Helpin a stranger, feedin the hungry
A victim to all of us, who knows what grows in us
Goes thru us, is it love n trust or a hatred n disgust
What will it cost us, devotion breed commotion
In love's potion, a passion for fashion
Holdin hands askin, takin if ya playin
A roadside disaster if ya waitin for confirmation
The nature of love is anybody's guest
Has so many faces, phases, like the wages of sin
Foe or friend, for a moment til the end
Will ya bend or be rend, torn apart in a din
On a mission for satisfaction, lookin for action
Under the caption, this is what love is about
The blind leadin the fine, those inclined to define love as selfish
Bein devilish, like gettin a welfare check

Renegin on emotion, bein greedy n floatin emotin
Flowin wit deception, lookin for a connection
A confession after a loose liaison
Lead by a hard on, conversation
What ya got on, misdirected, conceited, entrapped
By a feelin or perception, the nature of love
Is what ya feelin n how ya dealin
After peelin away ya reservations, naked
Mentally, physically, spiritually, metaphorically
Here I am, are we fam connected, integrated
Or am I to be percolated, segregated, separated
From love, stuck in the push n shove
Tryin to entertain, frame, name, participate in the Game
Played, called Love, the result of emotion
Like a universal promotion more or less
How are ya dressin, progressin in, reachin for the nature of Love
It can be none or all of the above, that's Love's nomenclature.

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Revelance

Like a 4/4 beat, silence when I speak
Life in the streets, I can't relate to the creep
A different life style, another profile
Neither 1 of us can reconcile
9-5 or the reptile style, a thug mentality
Versus my reality
My relevance is equated to the evidence
Like speakin a foreign language
Doin damage in communications, we don't connect
We separate, resurrect barriers, interference as warriors
Wit a different meanin of conscience
As a source of regret, it's a place ya forget
The spectrum is a specter, like a lecture
Somethin ya don't wanna hear
Goin in circles, creatin wrinkles, samplin situations
Ya get a taste of, but don't know the flavor
Ya savor rancor, anger, emotional like a child
All the while exclaimin adulthood
Demonstratin a fools attitude, neva learnin at
Home, neva listened at school
Life's pullin the wool over ya eyes
Ya recognize the gauze, the lies, think ya a prize
The surprise is the mediocrity of ya existence
Wit ya insistence, that you can save the day, the world
Ya can't save ya self n nobody else
Ya respect excess, but not the process
Ya swear ya get it, bein indebted to drama
Smearin ya karma, followin the barometer
The vicissitudes of phases n changes
Life n fortune, tuned in to the grime n crime channel
In ya battle to stake a claim, highjack some fame
When the end came, ya wasn't even in the Game
Plain truth escapes you, confusin the issue
As ya undo all the effort that went into protectin, coverin you
While ya was vulnerable, weak n unreliable
Like a cub, in luv wit life, ya sub the game
Bein tamed, aint what ya do, like a wild beast
Either ya become domesticated or put to sleep
The relevance is, ya your own master

Though neva taught, ya ought to look in the mirror
Get a clearer picture, ya bought this on you
Fraught wit pressure, not lookin for hard work
You shirk, optin for leisure, the pleasure
Of bein a playa or you'll be a destroyer
Employin lawyers to save ya from the fire
Like a humidifier, ya incubatin the criminal element
Content to be a felon, to hustle
Cause ya tussle for self worth comes is Benz dreams
Makin cream, dealin in a dangerous game
Schemin on relievin society of its inhibitions
Clearin the way for ya mission
The preconceptions, hard lessons, in time
Ya get over the hump, take ya lumps n assumptions
Recognize ya position, become a part of the main stream
If ya aint dead or in prison, sooner or later
Ya gonna switch situations before it's too late
Or ya become the lost, lonely n homeless
Before it's too late, ya better change ya focus
Or it'll be like hocus pocus, ya neva was
Now ya neva will, ya too old n over the hill
All ya can do now, is talk, think, drink swill
Cause when ya could, ya wouldn't read the mail
Now the price is hell, no 1 comes to bail ya out
It's down to relevance, like a slap in the mouth
It all becomes circumstance n consequence.

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