



Black & Mild

At what cost do we survive
when self-respect, children,
relations, morals, principles
and integrity no longer applies –

to further question the evolution of an embrace
it's like if we man up and thug it out
on some thoroughly grown man shit
the acts of hiding betrayal are always hate –

so I ponder the sacrifices of the nights
where we breathe bipolar tendencies
although we pray for understanding the self-hate exhibited
is what we reciprocate in this hazardous life –

the karma of juggling various woman
in an infidelity world advantage those
who mastered the arts of swallowing
babies and recreational pimping –

we know the illusion of success may vary
be it cars, collection agencies, lashes, spots or berries
the thoughts of prayers blessing demons
are like funerals what's dead gets buried –

in the process babies are born
the ambiance of our hearts being scorned
leaving to question the child conception
was it an act of love or was it an act of porn –

regardless I love my child
although his mother may feel disrespected
but this is the same chick who disrespected our child
f**king my alleged brother for the equivalent
of a black & mild –

Written (03/19/17) by Clifton A. Jackson
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