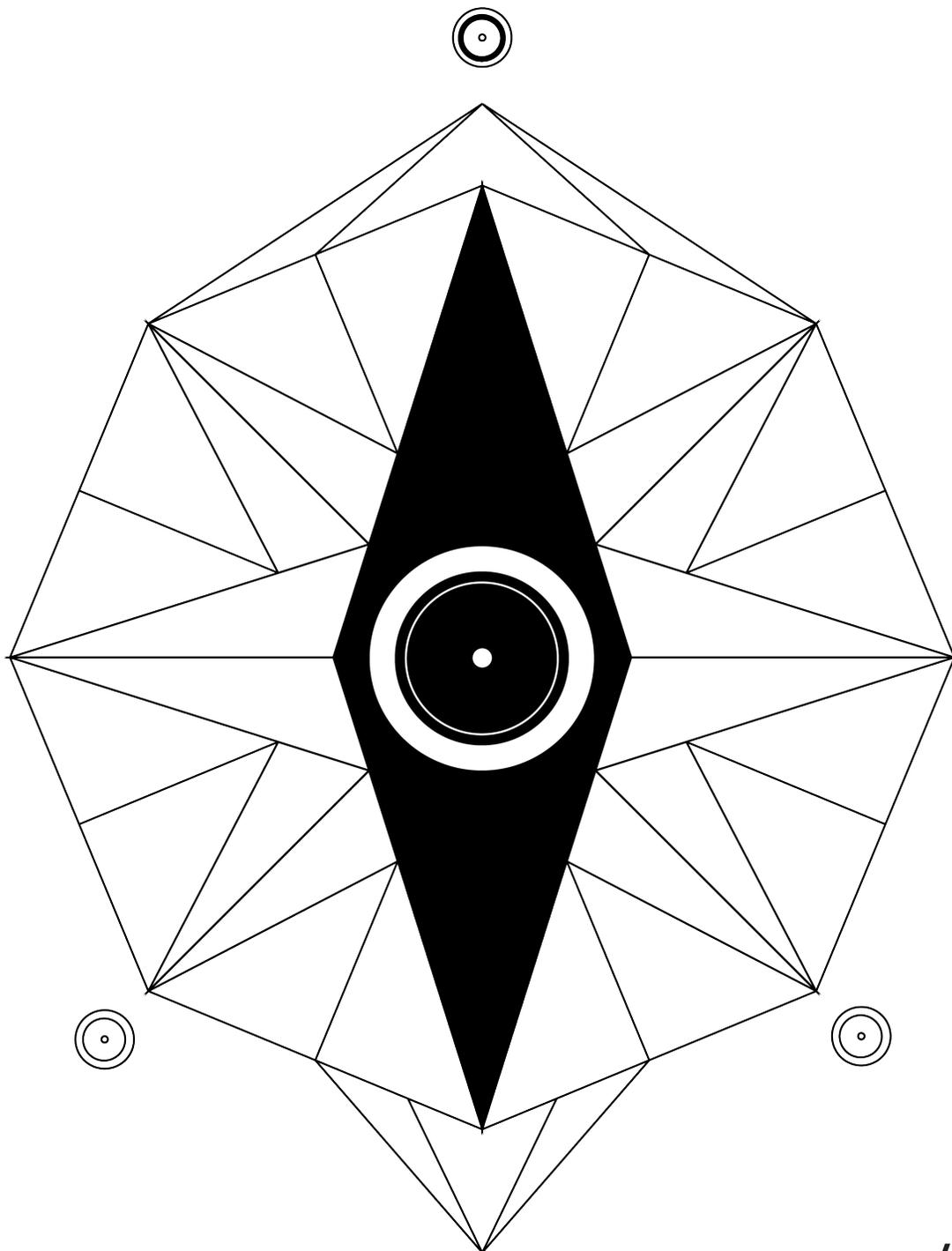


# PROVOKE



*vol.1*

# THOUGHTS ABOUT RECENT HAPPENINGS



Dear America,

Your vote for Obama never fooled me. Hell, I didn't even flinch. I will admit the increased frequency of smiles and white people calling me "boss" all of a sudden was a bit...jarring. However, words don't persuade me easily; only one's actions. Your actions continue to tell the truth; that you, dear devils, will never give up the tactics of fear and hate.

I'm sure now you are expecting me to call for violence of some sort? I'll be honest. *Resistance* is what I am calling for, but let me be clear; I am not sure what violence really means, and I have seen it succeed immediately and fail long-term. It's cyclical... I call for the kind of resistance we all experienced on January 21st. Thank you women, for leading us on such a wonderful journey of feeling and triumph. I call for the kind of resistance that goes on canvas, stages, public walls, subways, captures light and opens our hearts to things unknown. I call for the resistance that sings and dances and loves and grows until its too obvious to those who refuse to understand that we are one. One love. One people. I love you.

MY *WILL* IS AN  
IMMOVABLE  
OBJECT

---

MY *LOVE* IS AN  
UNSTOPPABLE  
FORCE

REPEAT AFTER ME//////////

*I AM* ENOUGH

*I AM* MORE THAN ENOUGH

*I AM* WORTHY OF BEING LOVED

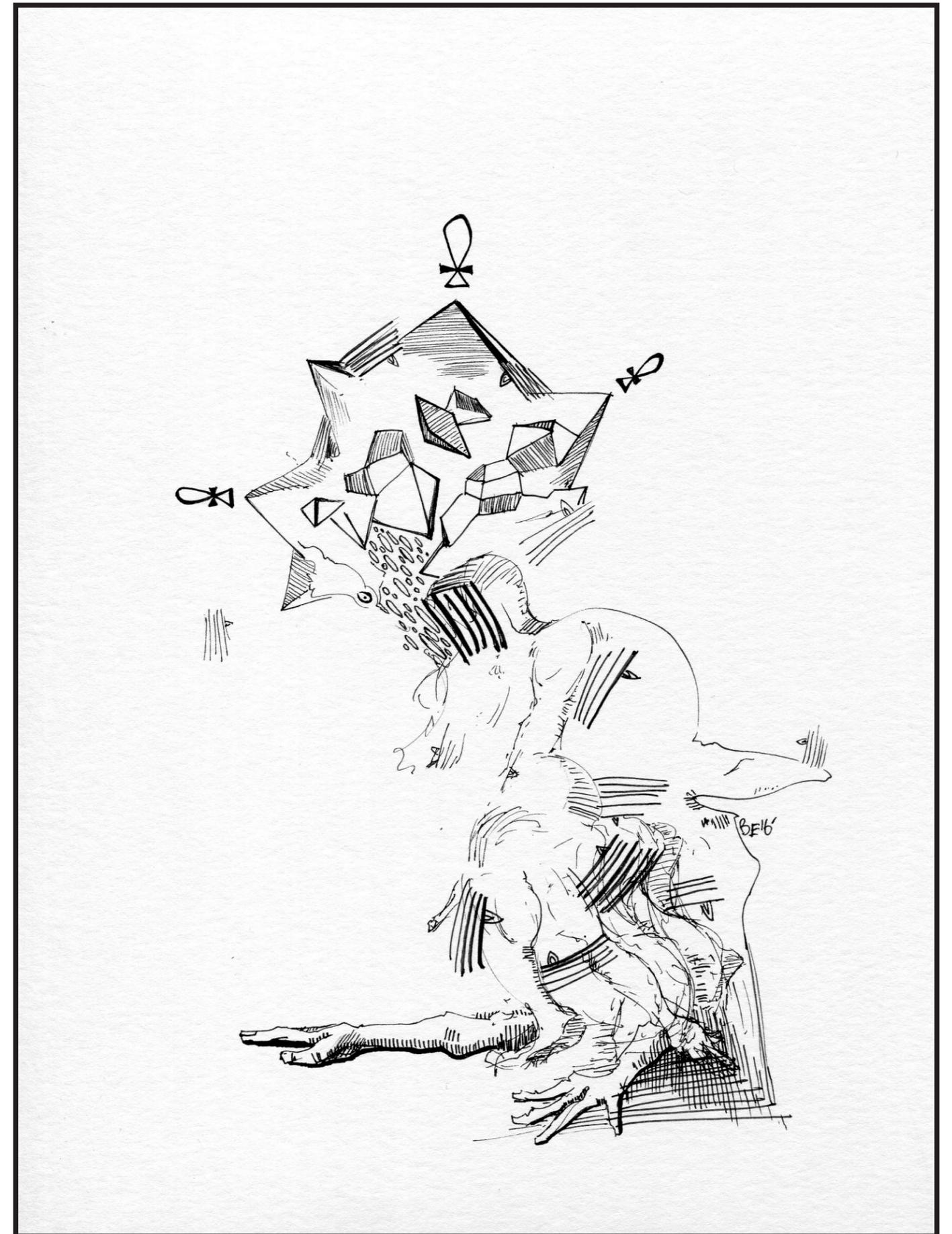
*I AM*

*I AM* MORE

*I AM* BEING LOVED

*I AM*

*I AM* LOVED





I had sewn my eyes shut  
to not be tainted by the sight of you

I had covered my nose  
to no longer smell the filth of your selfish ways

I handcuffed myself  
to keep from tearing you apart  
destroying what you love

Destroying myself,  
thinking I was on the way to peace  
Instead,  
becoming exactly what you wanted

I will always remember...

The pain in my side  
The alienation  
The fucked up spine  
The ignorant dialogues with non-black friends  
The fucked up wrist  
The drugs  
The broken Family  
The dead mother  
The poor decisions  
The dead brother  
The POOR decisions  
The dead sister  
The sacrifices  
The will-never-do-better-doesn't-want-to-do-better-attitude of my people  
The feeling like shit  
The wanting to disappear  
Wanting to be nothing

Wanting to be No. Such. Thing.

No such thing

There seems to be no such thing as justice  
It always seems to be just us  
A small group of people  
trying to change so much,  
but amounting to so little

Why is it so difficult to be in numbers?  
Why is it so difficult to agree, when we know we agree?  
Why is it so hard to love, when we all want to be loved.  
Why can I not smile at you, knowing you're going to smile back?

I will always remember  
how much I want to forget...

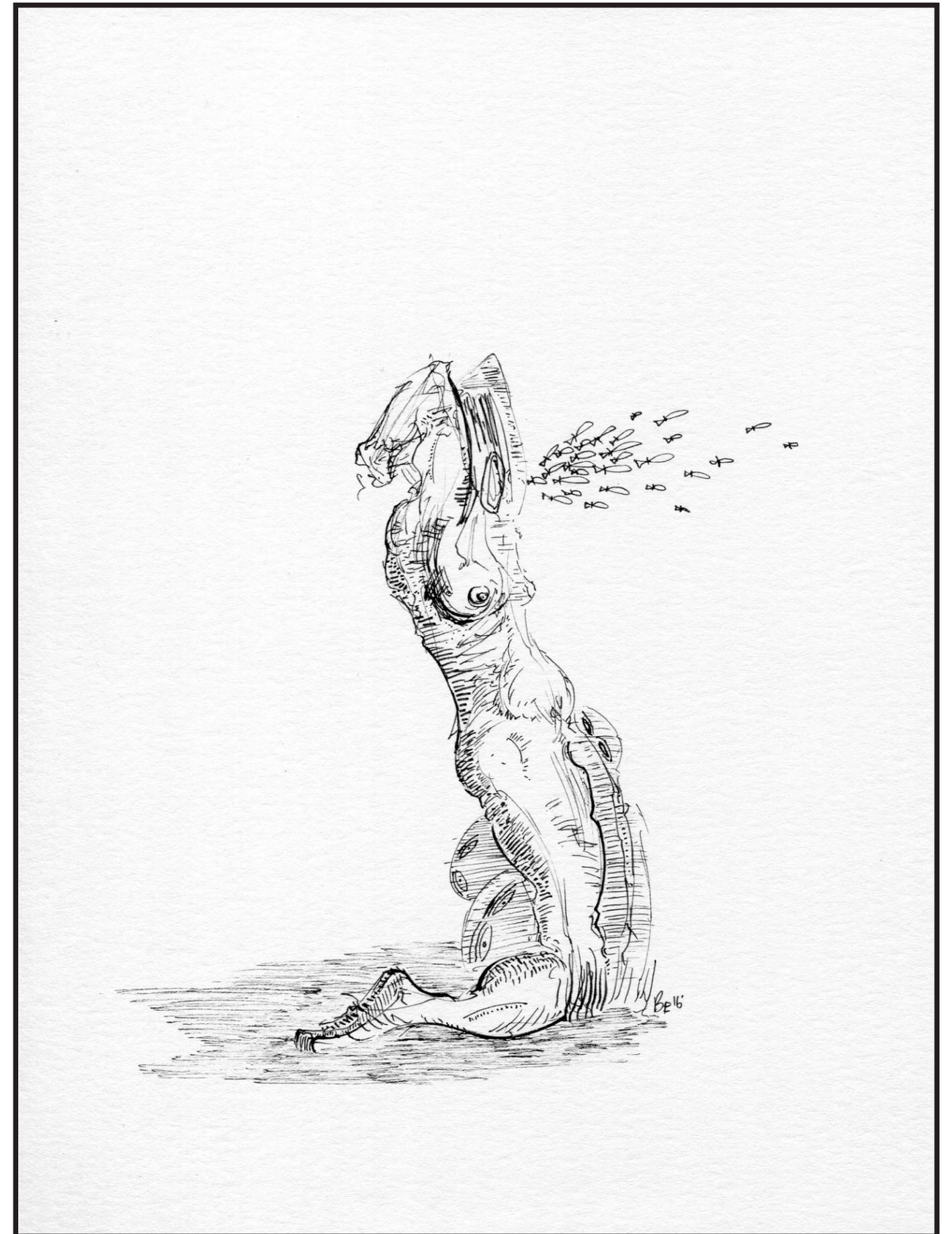


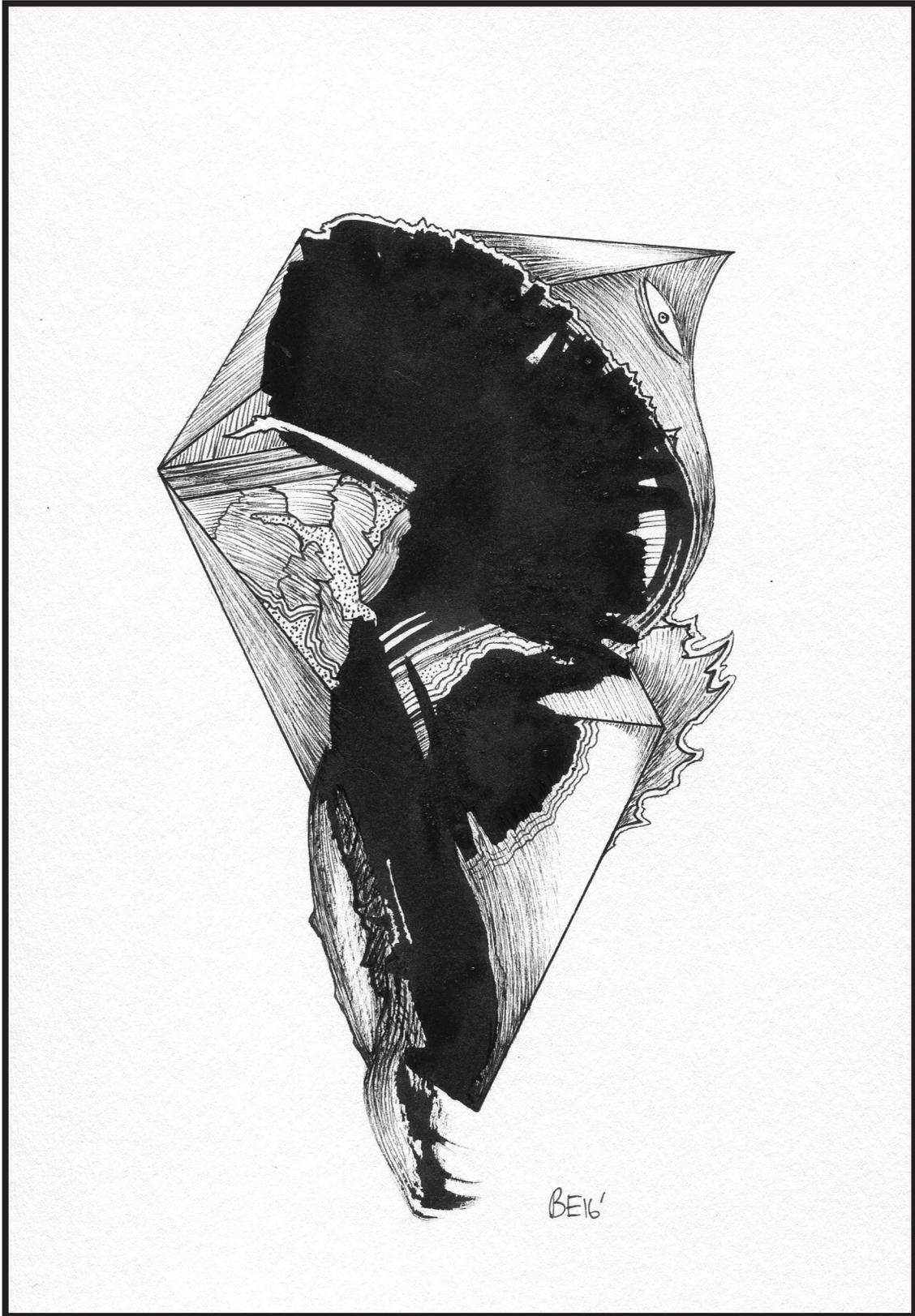
# INSECURITY MANIFESTO // // // // //

Stop staring at me!  
Stop walking away from me!  
Stop looking over your shoulder!  
Look over your shoulder!  
I hate pigs!  
Pigs frighten me!  
Law enforcement does not make me feel safe!  
My penis is not for your pleasure!  
My body is not for you to control!  
Stop putting the blood on my hands!  
I have done nothing!  
My people frighten me!  
I can't stand fighting for these ignorant people!  
I love fighting for these ignorant people!  
Who the hell am I!?  
I don't want to fuck everything that moves!  
I don't want to fuck at all!  
I would like to really trust that I'm more than my body  
I would like to live.  
I wish my dreams were attainable!  
I would love to burn your house down!  
I have a heart!  
I am vulnerable!  
I am an immovable object!  
I am the unstoppable force!  
I am weak!  
I'm more broken than I'd like to admit!  
I question whether or not I'll make it home every day!  
I do not want to ask how you are doing!  
The muscles in my face are exhausted from faking smiles!  
Why are you so important?  
I'm tired of being a rodent!  
I'm exhausted!  
I'm about to grab a gun!  
I'm bringing the fire!  
I feel forgotten!  
Who are you!?



Scattered brainwaves crashing into the shore of my very essence; cell structures duplicating and shifting; neurons firing and trying to navigate to new exits, new destinations; blindly feeling for clarity; the road within myself that is without traffic and obstacles; a forest without ticks; I am a fish out of the ocean; flailing in a shallow puddle just barely holding on. Scared of my own power; fearing what may be done with it. Who am I? Who am I trying to be? I am simply stardust longing to be free once again; traveling in and out of worlds. Through and inside of black holes; the wombs of our universe. I wish to return and embrace the idea of my self before I and I had form. The hum of transformation; OHM; the silent, flowing, three syllables that define my passing; from one phase to another. The ship has landed. I. AM.





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