

MISSING/FOUND

by Alan "Awohali Egbe" Smith

Missing, missing, missing, missss ssssiing
Miss America sings of liberty
But all I see is strange fruit hanging from a tree.

Missing are the quality connections between us and nature
Replaced by machines and wifi, what a horrible wager.

Missing is the pungent smell of fresh veggies and tomatoes
Replaced by the sterile junk found in groceries....ingredients, who knows?

Missing is health and well being,
Replaced by Big Pharma and chaching, charching, churching

CHURCHING! Now THAT'S missing true connection to source,
Replacing with lies, hate, division....keeping us off course.

We were meant to live for so much more, have we lost ourselves?

We have lost many, many, many selves....thrown overboard on the Middle PASSAGE,
Or buried underneath schools... Do we get the message?

The message is we live in a world that sees everything as a COMMODITY
A thing to use up, throw away..... how is this LIBERTY?

Enslaved to a handheld machine or computer station,
We are so close, but so far because of profitization

Profitization of our attention...our attention is worth LOTS,
Keep us distracted, so we act like robots.

Attention please. Code blue in aisle 4.
Nothing to see here. Just keep shopping.
Consuming more, and more, and more.

Missing is closure in conversation, no acknowledgement,
Just left unread or left unsent.

Missing are the brilliant and creative minds of future generations....
Replaced by gadgets and massive alienation.

Annie May Aquash
Sandra Bland
Or Breonna TayLERRR
Or milk carton people, and the millions trafficked for PLEASURE.

Missing is the sense that should be COMMON....
that each of us is 75 trillion cells of stardust...not just a poor soul eating RAMEN.

Have we found it yet, the missing puzzle piece, the key to making all wars cease?
Found is what we need to bring about peace.
Found is being present
located, situated comfortable
At home, at peace, very much HERE in your heart, you SEE.

Found is where we all wear a crown!

Not invisible, not unseen, we must notice each other.
Celebrate as a sister, as a brother, and a mother.

Are we missing in our everyday interactions?
What are we missing with all these distractions?
How can we be more and more pre....sent?
How can we make it so that missing is non exis...tent?



"Found" by Alan "Awohali Egbe" Smith

MURDERED/ALIVE

by Alan "Awohali Egbe" Smith

Murdered, murdered murrndered

Myrrh used in ancient times to embalm mummies,
Murder, a tool used to erase mommies,
Stealing our future, robbing our present.
Murder's a tool for secrecy and concealment.

Under this exploitative and destructive system it is death for which we prepare
We wrap ourselves with fancy clothes, put on the accessories and do our hair
As the idea that we are throw away dolls, the system makes even more clear.

A murdered people was the goal as they raised their steeple,
cut their hair, stopped their mouths, and called them evil.

Murdered, murdered, murrndered
Myrrh was a gift by wise men, they tell us
Wise men "experts" demand that we hush
They censor us with a fact check or a fat check
Not wanting their house of cards to fall or anyone to suspect
Their killer of an agenda that seeks to snuff out,
any that would disagree, and opt out.

Snuff out
Cast out
Cross out
Black out
Strike out
Rub out
Put out
Root out
Take out
Wipe out
Cut out
Blot out
Weed out
Leave out
Stamp out.

Stomp out.
Out, out, out.

“To make sure they’re dead
we would bury the natives up to their head
then stomp, stomp, stomp for fun,” he said.
Femicide, genocide means we all take a different sides.
But on a round planet is where we all abide.

It’s a culture, a way of life that keeps us distant, keeps us competing,
But our hearts need others to keep on beating.
Mitakuye Oyasin or Aye Jele, we are related.
That's what the universe has unequivocally stated.
Beating like a drum in Africa or America,
It’s the rhythm boom boom boom boom that keeps us together.
Dancing and celebrating.
To the culture of materialism we will not tether.
I'm not a consumer or some social statistic,
I am that I am, don't get it twisted.
I refuse the fear, hate and death that you so ominously bring,
When you put that knife to my throat when I was just 16.

I will instead, be a beacon of love and light, in all things.
Because I am alive,
And THAT is why a caged bird sings.
I will not grovel, I will not bow down,
I will act as if I have wings.
I'll fly about the sky from where they drop their bomb
And with that bird’s eye view transform this planet,
So we will do no harm.

Murdered is what the system wants.
Stuck in a toxic mire.
Alive is what we will be
As we fly higher and higher.
Like Onyesonwu, we will not fear death,
Like vultures we will transform IT, into our best.
Using the hopes and dreams of those that have come before.
ALIVE! We WILL be.
Murdered no more.



"Transformation" By Alan "Awohali Egbe" Smith

The Voice of an Afro Indigenous Woman/Ode to Audre

by Alan "Awohali Egbe" Smith

The white fathers told us that I think therefore I am me.
The Afro Indigenous woman in each of us says,
"I feel therefore I can be free."

The system tells us that high tech is where we need to be.
The Afro Indigenous woman in each of us exclaims,
"Poetry is NOT a luxury!"

The experts say that art and literature is just conjecture.
The Afro Indigenous voice says
"It's our life's skeleton architecture."

The system compels us to worship conformity,
But she whispers to us,
"There's power in diversity."

The masters demand that we must follow the rules.
But the Afro Indigenous voice, quietly says,
"We need new tools."

The system teaches us that your difference is cause for condemnation.
But she says,
"Your youth is a holy consecration."

She said, we must see that there's power and joy in diversity
Not a cause for competition and war, but for camaraderie.

Oh Audre, Oh Audre, Oh Audre.
Oh Audreeeee!
How much.
How very much.
You have taught me.



“Natural Beauty” by Alan “Awohali Egbe” Smith