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Just Me

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If I could write a poem

I would write a poem so deep, that it’s simple.  
A poem that details the world with  
A revolutionary harmony  
If I could only write a poem  
I would speak the words of Etheridge, Gordon, and Gil  
On a train ride back to Billie Holiday Street  
I would write until words became more than words,  
Educating the viewpoint of a mental vocabulary while  
Reciting Nouns with an obtuse twist, so I could track  
The trail of where the great poem was written  

If I could only sit and write a poem,  
I would write a poem to express the anguish  
Of the mothers left alone in the slums, the children  
Crying in foreign lands, and the bruised ego of  
A political structure vying for power.  

If I could write a poem, I would write on the good times,  
Soul train lines  
And hustle contests, where everybody got down  
If I could write a poem I would write on  
The separation of one color  
Into legal surnames  
I would write on where we went wrong and what  
It would take to get us back  

If I could only write a poem,  
I would cross the borders of understanding  
Until I found sanity within abstraction  
If I could write a poem, I would spill  
Over the cup bearing the pain of the disabled, disadvantaged,  
And disgusted, wiping the floor with adjectives  
Until my verbs get jealous
If I could write a poem, I would make it very deep
So deep that it drowns in pools of simplicity

But I need to stop and think
If I was to write a poem,
One of those great poems.
I would only need to use my metaphors
To unlock my similes’ prison
And let my thoughts take flight on the page.