

## **Intruder Wants the Writer**

To write as a child to be a man  
No boxes of childhood voice  
my present, writing details.  
No hidden child backward growing up  
gains my learned on the road sky.  
Future's song dance lit pen friends for me in evenings  
Not one sort of personal fireworks voice,  
gave rise to the now existence dared.  
Reluctance response by these ages,  
Spare me not remorseful teenage pandemonium.  
Pare her tempest defiant with red yellow brown ochre.  
Breathe well inside the walls of rooms helplessly undecided.  
No baby's cries touch my raiment saddest crutch lost of mum's death.  
Those life survivals by childhood happenings are snapped  
by swine trample readership.  
Embellishing more than needed.

## **Hands Bleeding**

After life, after future lives.

The poetry massacred my tears of sad brim into happiness.

The poet knew tightened hearts kill the innocence.

The writer's law fell as the protest poet listens to nobody

    No voice No fights

But for all the politics of parents.

We became past assembled now truth

before tomorrow tender sharp all those selves as payrolled moments.

Sway recognised fires lay for glorified walkabout

as if it's time to mind

write natural write

while the wind bakes the delicate floods.

For every post in the grounds of a Black man's, Woman's lands,

Costly costs must pay.

Massacre the thought of murderers

Be a Poet: Fucken Hard Work.