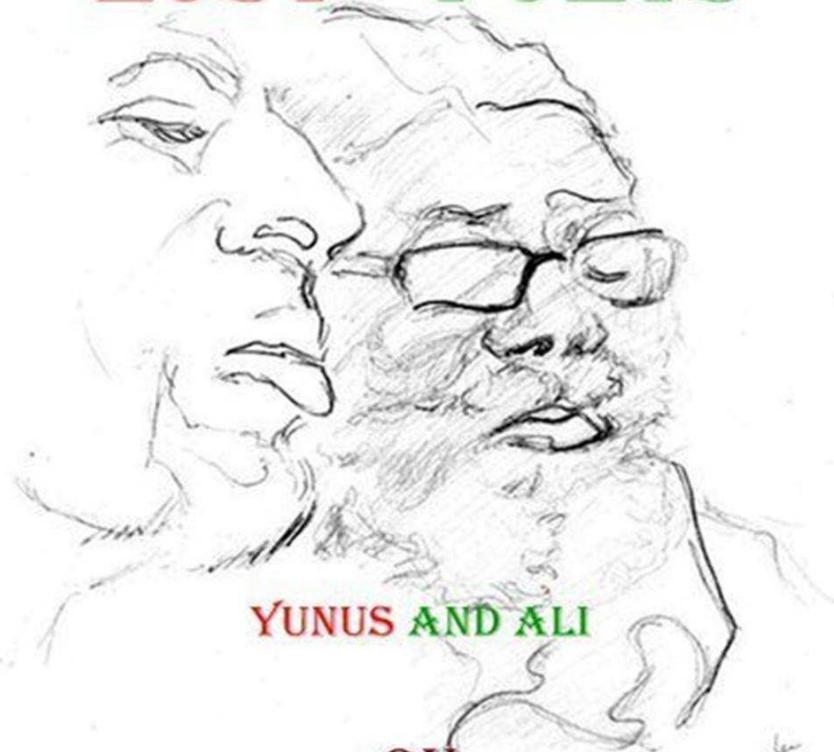


LOST POETS



YUNUS AND ALI

ON

A

PROVIDENCE PLANTATION

ARTWORK BY AMBER LANGANKE

Foreword

We have always kept our words clean. There is no misogyny or degradation of women. Yunus was exposed to poetry as a child; by his poetic dad. His father often took him to poetry readings and workshops. "in Yunus's words: " I decided to write my first poem due to the boring conventional stories. We have set a lifelong goal to be heard globally. We are lost poets on the providence plantation.

November 3, 2010 the voters decided to hold the name of plantation after 376 years. No change and the game remains the same. Thank you for finding us and please share these lost poems, ideas and stories with your family and friends. Once the messages are spread throughout the land we will become lost and found by you.

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lost poets

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So Amazing

It's so amazing how I survived in Philly
So amazing only once I smoked a Philly
Only once stuck up at gun point in Philly
So amazing that I survived there really
Cause Philly gets illy
And the brotherly love is lost the same as a closed dove from harsh winter
How amazing 15 years in some of the worst parts
And west Philly is where it would all start
Each part finding a comfort zone where I could clap
take the ball to the rack
But don't talk Smack cause you might get clapped and left on some tracks
Even those kids picking your pocket at 10 carry the mack
Give them some advice I think not
Praying to live to make my next salat.
Just because I could play ball and a little tall.
Didn't have beef with thugs or drug dealer at all.
Well only once this cat pulled out the chrome 45
Said, " we ain't going to fight be prepared to die"
I remember one park you could see the shame and sorrow
So many fight and live lost in G-town un happy hollow.
So amazing
that I still love it death with all the trial and tribulations.
To deal with the pain
all my lost hommies and soldiers I break down in prostration.
Sending up a prayer to keep the graves light and spacious.
Especially the ones who where atheist
The love and pain of my childhood in Philly grips me tenaciously
Every time I visit it all becomes so real to me.
Light a light switch
I have to make a switch when I ride through Philly in a new or used whip
Almost as if I never left with my guard up
moves cautiously calculated.
The lord looked over me like sun over a raisin.
And to look where I came from to where I am it is so amazing.

Words from my heart

She is the apex of emotions
Her divine presence
Gives pleasure to all senses
Her voice an unwritten poem
Blessing ears when she speaks
I'm dazzled like kids making bubbles fly off tops of daddy's shoulder
Dazzled like standing in clear water watching fish glide through legs
Dazzled like shooting stars after fireworks of first kisses
like angels appearing
God has opened the gates to heaven
And this angel made chin drop to chest
With her unparalleled divine beauty
That comes once
Every generation
Every millennium
Every eternity
Capturing attention like an eclipse
In a room of 1,000 people
Without her
I am alone
Her exuberant glow makes me realize
Loving her is my new religion
I worship and will sacrifice life to follow you
The pursuit of my dreams
That one soul mate
Showing the way
To a straight path
She has arrived
Providing the road to travel together
I pray to God every night
To remain in shoes of the one chosen as her lover
I thank God every day for answering that prayer
Waking up and seeing her next me.....I give thanks
For allowing us to meet, and exist, together, as one
When I kiss her lips my soul dips into the fountain of youth
Because she is from heavens highest Zenith
Sent as a blessing for me on earth we are beautiful together

Lyrical

I'm lyrical
spiritual
inclined to leave minds in labyrinths of melodic maze miracles.
In the laboratory
lacing my lyrics on very high ladders
to leave rappers
and poetic laborers lost.
Lately these lazy loafers like to ride the beat.
So I wrote this piece to loan you some lines
to add to your wack rhymes before they leave your lips.
Stop littering
and lowering
my listeners learning with your loads of lies.
Lessening their chances to U-Haul themselves to better locations
I'm doing nothing but blessing your mind
with the lyrical
spiritual
inclined to leave minds in labyrinths of melodic mazed miracles
In the laboratory
lacing my lyrics on high ladders
to leave rappers and poetic laborers
lost.....

Bad at Math

Math makes me cry
contemplate suicide.
Want to drink some bleach.
Math I hate math
wish I could skip this and go to the beach.
E equals MC square..
who the heck cares..
that's not relevant to my career.
Sitting in class lost.
Might as well not be there.
And no aid to pay my way.
Paved my own way.
Paid my own way.

Sometime I feel like Kanye.
Might as well drop out.
But if my GPA goes any lower I am getting kick out anyway.
Plus I got that late registration
three years I have been waiting
Contemplating
Anticipating
trying to save up money to pay this school miscalculations.
Interest is accumulating.
Pushing my dreams further into fantasy.
In reality
it's got me defeated psychologically.
Bad at math just like my dad
but hoping unlike him I can just pass
I feel like McNabb
stuck in the pocket
forced to pass..
unlike McNabb
I couldn't pass and I failed that math class....
I hate math.

I am the one

I am the one changing people perspectives
Negative to righteous
Follow the leader
Greatness
Preacher in face
Relentless
Jehovah witness hungry
Empty stomach tank
I am the one
Saving souls
Changing lives
Stick shift
Real quick
Rap, poetry and acting
To get the money
2008
The time is now
Or sit with panhandlers asking for change
I am the one
Far from fame

Close to failure
Jumping on tops of buildings
Screaming at tops of lungs
Sometimes people hate to listen
Back flip off the stage when I am spitting.....
I am the one
Inherited strong backbones
Break weak rappers bones
Hungry
Craving a calzone
Sick of ramen when I'm home
Brokenness I don't condone
Throw meat on these bones
Before my name engraves a gravestone
One minute, put them in a zone
Dangerous with microphones
Kicking cats off thrones
There are many poets
But I am the one

Seven

seven levels of heaven
seven levels of hell
seven people signing the open mic list
and there's only one to make sure the other 6 don't fail
five players on the floor
with two subs equals seven
seven hoagies that cost
four bucks a piece going into eleven
I got seven brothers and sisters to visit on seven different trips
the girl packed seven outfits for a three day trip
seven lines crossing Mr. Wilson
writing seven different poems for seven different women
and the outcome
seven numbers
seven phone calls to make to go on seven different dates
seven hugs and kisses from each one of the seven mistresses
when all I ever needed was one
taking one soul mate out of the seven
seven people trying to read my shirt
while hitting my first seven shots in a row
seven lost souls

still stuck on what a h o a g i e is
it's a seven letter word
the same as a G R I N D E R bro
as you listen and hear the seven prophets flow....
this may seem confusing
to a simple minded fellow
but I wrote this on the third Monday of the seventh
but wait.....
thinking of a shape that I can create
for this one I may let all of you reading the lost poets book participate
cause if you were reading the whole poem
I just made seven mistakes
seven eternal sins that close seven pearly gates
seven closed pearly gates
Leaving me
on the first level of hell of the seventh
as my flesh is burned off in seven seconds
I'm still stuck in my ways
for the love of the number seven.

Soldier (unedited)

If you grew up in the ghetto...you're a soldier
Dropped out of school
Went to jail
Read the dictionary to lead your people
Malcolm X...you're a soldier
This is for supermarket cashiers catching buses everyday
And getting disrespected by kids
Listen to this poem and I pray for your days to be easier
You earned your stripes
If you're going to school every day
no idea of what u want out of life
You're a soldier
For children eating Ramen noodles,
breakfast, dinner and free school lunch
You're a soldier
For my classmate in a wheelchair...singing his heart out
You're a soldier
And that kid is in all my classes
taught me not to complain about a bad life or sore legs
So let's have a moment of silence for our handicap soldiers....

for the poets
doing art for love and sleeping on neighbors couches
you're my hero's...
and we were born soldiers
for men and women with HIV
still pursuing your masters degrees
it takes four years
when you have only got three years to live
you're a soldier
and whoever gave it to you is a coward yellow belly
If you believe in yourself and follow dreams to outer space
You're a soldier
If you're the only one seeing the glass windows at the top of the church
Where a little boy wants to escape to grow
don't be afraid to throw a rock
Pull back on your slingshot and let him out
Find the soldier inside of yourself
Don't let the haters block your aim
Their scared of your potential.....
For the premature babies
Keep kicking...keep breathing...keep fighting..
Don't join the military
Don't follow the crowd
Realize your greatness...and know we were born to be
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH SOLDIERS!!!!

Mr. Wilson

Versatility

to go into any setting or situation and adapt like a chameleon.

Creativity

to create 3 new philosophical pieces the day before the event.

My desires helps me to hold expressions

thoughts in the back burner of left or right ventricle of brain.

Well I'm right handed but use my left all the time

so maybe both of my ventricles are both working overtime

Like beats and words breaking you down at the same time

I'll leave it up to you to decide

What side you think is being used?

Maybe I am just a freak of nature

shooting Mr. Wilson with the left or right hand

Mr. Wilson

a dear friend of mine who has 7 crossing lines coming across himself.

Quiet as a monk

only speaking when in motion, in heat or on fire completely.

Cuff, swish and Bong!

Three words in our 12 year relationship.

Though I love Mr. Wilson more than Tom Hanks

I too lost Mr. Wilson a few times.....

The first time was my lack of appreciation,

another person took you away

while I played with another that had a better texture

The second time I got jumped

It was ten of them and one of me I'm sorry baby

The third time

you slipped away and took a ride with an 89 Buick Park Avenue

ending our friendship

The fourth time

We had a big argument

I lost my temper and kicked you right in the face

for not following my directions

letting some other player manipulate you in his hands like silly putty.

The fifth time was one of the best I ever had.

We spent so much time together.

I had to learn how to touch you right with the left hand.

7 days a week we went out to do the same thing.

1,000 dribbles on the left hand.

1,000 a day keep the turnovers and steal away

Well that's what my coach used to say.

The sixth time

I remember holding you in between my legs

Waiting for the orange line train.
Waiting in a city where you have a million ball players
trying to master one guards killer crossover
Which is nice, but can you shoot?
Can you finish?
Got the million dollar move with a ten cent finish
Wondering why when tryouts come
16 names are posted you are the one eliminated from the list
The seventh time
I remember loosing you
I never tried to get you back
plus it was beginning to be too expensive to start over
well maybe I was just being too cheap.
Would you spend 20 dollars to hang out with me?
Would you spend 20 dollars to hang out with me?
I didn't think so
I love you anyway though.....MR WILSON

GREEN

Health spirituality and life
The God color
Inhale the trees this shade is spiritual
It keeps me calm
While relaxing people around me from being violent
Cause I am a man of peace
So relax
Don't be afraid
I was born in Martin Luther King philosophies
But raised in El Hajj Malik Shabazz
Loving all my people
That's why I write
To keep from knocking someone's head off
From the frustration of having all these colors in my blood
Black African American Cherokee Indian
Poetry
a universal religion
I was raised this way
To understand what my colors represent
But some are born followers
Going with what they see the masses doing
So if one million people said

“The color is now GREEN”
Would you only embrace that shade
I hope not...
There are few shades that I attached to my life
So I will remain GREEN....
The truth is often around you
But seldom respected
God sends signs to those that reflect
So I respect the earth by emulating the pace of a turtle
Walking for hundreds of years of oppression and disrespect
By others who point
Unaware that eventually this turtle will cross that finish line
The same time it took for me to ascribe these words at this turtle pace
In the end...
This will beat everything fluffy pink rabbit rappers can throw together in a hot minute
Sometimes I ask myself ma, what’s wrong with these poets?
Brainwashed, beaten and bamboozled.
Playing the game of life
What happened to honesty?
and core family values in Philadelphia Germantown unhappy hollow?
When we didn’t have Heineken bottles smothering our blacktops
I bet on a basketball game and lost
Paying the debt late,
but coming a few shades short of what they were looking for...
I never knew that a person’s life could be put at stake
For a mere measly three dollars
GREEN....

Lost without you (unedited)

When music is at its best you can get lost.
I am lost without you Auntie.
pushing repeat to play that John Legend 50 times
searching for music to lose myself
began to write
think
Lost
sitting in my car at pier
reminisce aunt was a mother to me.
Aunt was there more than women who bore me
It hurts and I hold the tears...
remember saw father cry.....

for Uncle Rashid's funeral
auntie I hold my emotions inside and never let anyone see me.
Going to the closet and locking myself in the dark
bursting out in tears wishing you were still here.
Wishing I would not be left with that faint picture
the last time I saw you before God took your soul.
The picture of seeing you the last day
Had to return to Rhode Island.
Why did four days past until I visited you on the fifth day.
I remember I was in a bad mood
you and my father drove me crazy,
became your personal taxi.
Sorry for the way I treated you both,
Sorry for not spending more time,
that nine hour drive was rough.
Sorry for how your own children treated you spoiled apples.
I love you with all the heart I have left.....
Aunt Amina we never even got to see the funeral
Someone's selfish idea to move you away to Wisconsin.
Given two days to get there at last minute notice
TWO DAYS!!!
after the lord gates were opened for you.
I pray you made it.....

When music is at its best you can get lost.
The same way I am lost without you Auntie.
When music is at its best you can get lost.
The same way I am lost without you Auntie
All the sweet things you did when we were kids.
Allowing us to stay in the suburbs to change our mentality.
an introduction to a different way of life.
You drive 500 miles to pick up me , IBRAHIM and RASHIDA
Then drove nine hours back.
We never needed clothes
Buying extra food for us,
Three that you adopted
took under your Waupelani drive ceilings.
I was a ball and chain
Waiting to obey every desire or request
Scratch your hair
Rub your feet
Help with the laundry and I hate doing laundry
Put the trash out
Go to the store and buy a fresh pack of Newport 100's.
Not knowing every stick was taking 100 hours off of your lifetime.

May the Lord bless you for your Midas touched heart
I have not forgotten.....
I want to be a perfect child for you
Counterbalancing cousin's treatment.
Gave them everything
Paying the rent late a few times
So we could play Nintendo's Super Mario
The happiest moment in my childhood where spent being around you.
And the rest with my poetic father hustling talent
Hustling poetry at Zanzibar blue, warm daddies and Brave New World
If you could see me now you would be so proud.
Aunt Amina I could go on about you endlessly,
one day I will see you
we have a lot of catching up to do.
I love you and I am lost without you....
When music is at its best you can get lost.
The same way I am lost with you

Black Men Can Fly

My name is Yunus Abdul Quddus
That means
Jonah the Holy prophet
three words
giving me three strikes before leaving the terminal
three strikes before leaving the ground
infected since birth
Family inherited disease
Black, male, and Muslim
Tired of holding tongue
Current times these beliefs are frowned upon
Through all this I persevere
Use three again to F-L-Y
Focus Life on Yards
Take off the runaway and fly
Intending not to land again
Average everyday people don't overcome obstacles
Brothers spread arms apart
Opening ventricles and injecting positivity
Replacing the vocals as thrust
Take off
Like Tuskegee airman

Fly over racism
stereotypes
Oppression and negative stigmas
placed upon us
Still not convinced that this skin was designed to endure all climates
No matter the turbulence
We can rise Ms. Angelo
Above and beyond
We survive, we recover
they feed me feces for breakfast
Said, "it matches your skin perfect negro"
this Nubian warrior took that trash and turned it into treasure
Just like a fly
Got right into it
Garnered the minerals and vitamins
to gain enough strength to fly
Leaving this unholy land they enslaved us in
we close our eyes to look into the soul
Runways are no longer necessary
But they keep asking me
"a yo man don't you need fuel."
Don't you need fuel to fly?
No ignorandamus
opposite of Nostradamus
I only need natural inspiration
Driven by a vision to help this world
Opening closed mental doors
Placing light within hearts
To set my people free
Reading...acquiring knowledge
To take my place in the cloud with these great aviators
F
Fredrick Douglas
L
Langston Hughes
Y
Yusef Komunyakha
Focus Life on Yards
Black men can fly

This poem was inspired by Napoleon X. Never in my life have I written directly how I felt about the history or struggle of my people and plight of the black man as a muslim in America

Illy Philly

Illy Philly
only one had made it past twenty-one
only one in my neighborhood that never held a gun
I've seen plenty of them
they held them right to my face
calling out G-Town
but I am not Rob Base
poetry
is what got me out of that place
I couldn't fight too well
but I could write too well
my name's all in the neighborhood
just like mail
six-three pedigree
epitome of the city
Illy Philly that's my heart
I can't survive off of art
but if I do
you know I've got to have the best part
and if I do
you know I've got to throw the best dart
Tyrese, where you at?
Tobias, where you at?
Albert, my boy is strung out on crack
I can't leave him like that
Zachary, you know I won't leave you like that
Don't worry
Daddy is going to find his way back
I fell off

but now it's time for a comeback
Ishaq quarterback
and I always make the catch man
I'm trying to get out of this trap man
and that's how I am ending this track man
I am going to be a success
That's why name is Yunus

Twenty Dollars

Can't manage.
tired of that mayonnaise sandwich
So hungry
Breakfast peanut butter no jelly
Eureka!
I took chocolate Godiva from a teacher.....
Group home..
That's how I eat
Blood sugar low
feeling very weak
situation bleak
paycheck every two weeks
ear hustling to put that food in my beak
empty plates
stomach pains I really hate
don't complain to me I know you just ate
crabmeat I see
You have that shrimp on your plate
God please help me
I'm a struggling deadbeat with problems on repeat
I can't breathe if you don't but a book or CD
it only cost five dollars
I don't mean to badger
but the anger makes me madder then the mad hatter
poets stand up
change your plans up
before we die slowly like smokers and cancer.
I got twenty dollars left
I don't know what to do
Child support wants the money and Uncle Sam too

DREAMS

I'm dreaming
That I can see the sun
From the moment when my hood life days had begun
Now I am thinking' hopefully that I can raise my son
She lies to him everyday
But your dad would never run
I can't give up man, it's RI until' I die
Or until he can see the truth behinds the lies
Speak your name in the booth
That's how I'm honoring my fruit
And the biggest mistake
That any person can make
Is having parents split living in different states
Two jobs everyday
So he has a full plate
Eat a bowl of cup-of-noodles
So my son will have steak
Whatever the endeavor going to make things better
Rock a twenty dollar coat
He got the feathers trapped by leather
People plot and scheme
But God knows my dream
I'm Spike Lee, just trying to do the right thing
Shocked to see my boy joined BM's team
Now he's lost in the sauce and whipped by the cream
Snakes and sunbeams
It's OK! Cause' one day homie you gona' get the same thing.
The family man never had a family plan
Call United Way, cause ten years they was giving' you a hand
I still forgave you man
I know God got a plan and I GOT DREAMS!!!

Poem's From Ali's Jamal Greatest Hits Release Spring 2010

Negros in Holy Clothes

Negros in Holy Clothes
get on my nerves and add to my woes
Jigg with you the whole year through
it's enough to make a man enter Bellevue
ask them why and all they say is, "Brother Allah planned it that way"
Well frankly, I'm tired of niggers jugging with me
all in the name of decree
Negros in Holy Clothes
get on my nerves and add to my woes
back biting, backstabbing, scheming and grabbing
Masquerade as your friend
and steady try to do you in
in a manner of a treacherous Bedouin
Negros in Holy Clothes
get on my nerves and add to my woes
Some impress you as strong converts
and proclaim from Islam they never desert
We better Muslims than those from overseas
But really their actions manifest spiritual heart disease
Negros in Holy Clothes
get on my nerves and add to my woes
Come Ramadan what piety they put on
saying, "Let's let bygones be bygones"
"Brother, forgive and overlook
cause I don't want no thulumat (oppression-wrongdoing) written in my book
Negros in Holy Clothes
get on my nerves and add to my woes
My new theme is: "*Nobody knows the troubles I've seen*"
Niggers is making a Nightmare out of my dream.
Let me borrow a line
from a Poet of another time
to buttress this rhyme
*"You can take niggers outta' the Dunya
but, you can't take the Dunya outta' niggers"*
Negros in Holy Clothes
get on my nerves and add to my woes
It's enough to make you blue
knowing what believers go through
at the Negros in Holy Clothes
who get on my nerves and add to my woes
Of sisters I won't even speak
knowing some a little more sweet

still out in the street
Some sisters wearing head to toe veils
are no holier than the Holy Grail
Some sisters are not only Pest
but show symptoms of mannishness
Negros in Holy Clothes
get on my nerves and add to my woes
Fall into a financial slump
and they treat you like a chump
saying, "Look punk, you gotta' pay the cost to be the boss
cause I ain't gonna share my welfare no time nowhere"
Those gifted with acid tongues
should have their necks rung
Negros in Holy Clothes
get on my nerves and add to my woes
Try to get closer to your Lord and their abuse makes you want to pick up a sword
Holy, Holy, Holy Allah take me away from Yee!
Now the Old Folks say
there's more devil in church than out
and I believe this without a shadow of a doubt
Negros in Holy Clothes
get on my nerves and add to my woes
Cause conflict
behave like derelicts
put you in a trick
break the golden rule
act like fools
Negros in Holy Clothes
get on my nerves and add to my woes
want for you brother what you want for yourself
Ikwani-Muslimeen gets to be Ikwani-Musli-Me-Myself & I
Someday we colored folks will get it together
Maybe next decade
Maybe next Generation
Maybe Century
Or maybe next Millennium
until then
Negros in Holy Clothes
get on my nerves and add to my woes

© written 1979 by Ali Jamal

AYESHA MEAN LOVE (1999)

Love for ayesha...love ahhh...ahhhh sing..ayesha ayesha ayesha ayesha ayesha means love.

I've been beat out of the hand of a woman by another man...I've been beat out of the hand of a woman by another woman...but I've never been beat out for the hand by the angel of death...I reclaim my refrain from desert days..alameekhalibidouniquma" my world is empty without you eternally. I say this earnestly...I am devastated...I am alienated.....chorus... sing..*ayesha ayesha ayesha means love* I am agitated. I am ingratiated at this space you vacated. I'm not merry and gay at the lady that got away. In June there was a double dose of gloom. Number one female companion married someone else. I was besides myself. Number two female companion was taken by the angel of death mashaallah. It's part of the trauma and ongoing drama of love.
sing..ayesha ayesha ayesha means love

I lament you never got to be my habibi. I never knew your kiss or experienced marital bliss. Endlessly I will reminisce. I tried to build a bridge to your heart. The fire would not start, so I had to depart. Love is not tart. Between marriages you I did pursue. The last guy flew away eight months to the day. Though married you were harried and told " Sister you sickly and old." In a manner bold I told you, " Sister in my eyes you're a star and I'll take you as you are." Isn't that loves mar? Look Miss! It's like this " blind, cripple, or crazy 18 – 80." You chided me " brother ALI our friendship has lasted longer and is stronger than any of your marriages." Relationships may sever but friendship last forever. This is love's endeavor. I guess I'll see you in the next life and I pray you'll be my wife.

THE LOVE DANCE (1999)

Do the love dance make romance; Do the love dance take a chance
Do the love dance make romance; Do the love dance take a chance.

The love that you lost was not without cost. He hurt you and then desert you. He could not savor your sweet flavor. So Allah did you a favor. I come as your savior. You're in better stead; him you did not really need. Let me make you believe in the power of love.

I'll remove the hurt you feel. I want to make sure you heal. Hopefully your heart I'll steal.

I'll do this with intense zeal. I want to show you a love that's real, really real.

Do the love dance make romance; Do the love dance take a chance
Do the love dance make romance; Do the love dance take a chance

Your emotions I'll peel my love is flowing good at growing guaranteed to get you going.
A seed I pray to be sowing. You got my eyes glowing. Just so you'll be knowing my feelings are showing. All the same I feel no shame at this pursuit game. Your heart I'll tame not leaving you bane. Your life will be forever changed for the power of love fan the flame. I want to stay with you until I'm walking with a cane. Falling in love is insane. I'll erase away your pain. Open your heart & let the loving start let the sadness depart I can mend your broken heart. My Love is tart.

Do the love dance make romance; Do the love dance take a chance
My love is smart I adore you & adjure you to drop the defenses Let me enter your heart in a loving advance. Let's take a chance at a new found romance. Let's do the love dance. What will my love do for you?The love dance.

LUQMAN'S VISION(ODE TO KENNY GAMBLE) 1998

Jamaludeen Tacuma & ALI: "Wow! brother do you see the beautiful community we have here now? Yea! There's a lot of beautiful changes going down. Brother Luqman told me about 5 years ago: " You get a picture in your mind; a vision & with ALLAH'S help you can make it come true". I hear you. Luqman's Vision community in transition;

Luqman's vision making the right decision

A vision is a picture in your mind, something in real life to find. I picture a neighborhood where the people are good; knock on wood. A place where the streets are clean and the setting serene. A block or blocks that are safe; a warm, loving, space A Community of Mosques & Churches & no one is left in the Lurches. The components of community are all there the folks really care. The merchants have adequate stores; No tolerance for Drug Dealers & Corner Paramours.

Luqman's Vision community in transition;
Luqman's vision making the right decision

Facilities are provided for the youth; Elderly; & infants in due difference. I envision a place where the homeless are housed the Needy will be fed. People will feel safe in their beds. A loving atmosphere where troubles are shed. Dreams come true; yes they do, & can happen to you when you're young at heart. For that line I can thank old blue eyed Frank. "O ye people! Arise & share the vision of Luqman the Wise. A.K.A; KG the DJ. His visions are AOK He's showing us the way; for we've got a message in our Music. Not a Viper, but a Visionary Pied Piper. Lead us to greater Glory.

End of our story.

IM GOING TO MAKKA (1998)

I'm going to Makka; I'm going to Makka. To seek my piece in the Middle East
 I'm going to Makka; I'm going to Makka. To visit the house of Allah. I gotta go to Bait-
 ul-Allah. I'm going to Makka; I'm going to Makka. Running around the Kaaba. Doing
 the seven circuit Tawaf; won't be alone when im kissing the black stone. I'm going to
 Makka; I'm going to Makka. I'll do the saee between Safa and Marwa. Take a drink from
 the well of ZAM-ZAM. I'm going to Makka; I'm going to Makka. My spirits complete
 I've done an Umraa, next I will visit Holy City of Madina. In Hajj season I've got a
 reason to stop at Arafat, Muzdalifaz Mina at that. Pick up the pebbles and stone the three
 Jamurats. I'm going to Makka; I'm going to Makka. Subhanaallah, walhamddulilah.
 Allah Akbar, La Ill Laha Ill-Allah. I'm going to Makka; I'm going to Makka. O' Allah
 this sanctuary is thy sanctuary; this city is thy city. This slave is thy slave. I hear the call
 to prayer and feel honoured to once again be here. I come here with innumerable sin.
 Only to hope I receive cleansing from Allah my friend. The journey here though long and
 arduous is a thrilling sight, as I watch the birds over the Kabba in flight. As we approach
 Makka I say, " Labayk; Allahumma Labbak, Labbayky, La Sharika Labbaykh Innal
 Hamda Ni Mat Tul Mulk La sharikah Lak

AUNT Wadiya Loved Us (1997)

Aunt Wadiya loved us placed no one above us
 Aunt Wadiya loved us placed no one above us
 I still see her pretty and brown
 Fun to be around
 I am remiss, as I reminisce
 I led the Janaza (funeral) prayer
 We placed her in the grave
 She was ALLAH's (gods) slave
 Death is intensely grave
 Aunt Wadiya or wah-wah as we called her
 All the little kids loved her
 She served them cookies and milk
 Read stories and played with them
 She was our friend
 Aunt Wadiya was loving; nurturing and kind
 In her peace you could find
 She was a shoulder you could cry on
 She was an aunt you could rely on
 You could tell her things you wouldn't or couldn't tell mom
 Wadiya tell you to hold on to Allah and pray
 In-sha-allah the problem will go away
 She sympathize and relieve your traumatized soul
 Gave profound advice to help you through life
 As a little boy I did taunt that she was my favorite aunt
 She had a long fuse and would never abuse
 Aunt Wadiya would make you laugh even during a difficult task
 When you felt down she'd lift you up
 I cried on her shoulder about a long lost love problem for six months or so
 Finally, Aunt Wadiya said: DAH, DAH, DAH
 It's time to get a violin and sing me a sad song
 It hit me what she was saying
 We laughed and dismissed the subject
 Stop crying the blues and move on with life
 The last nine months of her life she fought the ravages of cancer
 Whittling down to 85 pounds
 She was charitable and involved with family and friends
 Well loved
 Well needed
 Well heeded
 Hate to see her go
 We loved her so.....

Attack on Iraq

It's a fact that I'm black and George Bush did attack Bagdad Iraq. I'm not going to send my sons to die in the desert jack. It's a fact that Sadam Hussein; did make the kingdom of Kuwait into his 19th state. 19 years after the due date January 15, cruise missiles, smart bombs, laser beams landed at his gate. Adding to my pain is Sadam Hussein not at all insane. The quest for power is his game. The misery index grows and were it stops only Allah knows. You gave your word not to hurt the Kurds. America has a hookup with the Jews. How can you lose with the stuff they use? Intifada has longevity stronger than the Battle Of Granada. Intifada I find is gaining momentum in Palestine. They hope to win in time. B52's carpet bombing, the missile cruise. Patriots to complete this devilish forget me not. In the evening we hear a dud; it's a falling skud landing on Riyadh with a dud. They also fall on tel-aviv. Will the troops ever leave? The question asked by many a man on the street contrary to what the king and his companions. Oh! My life is replete as I read from hadith. A great war will start in the east and continue until the arrival of the beast. Why must us; the us play the worlds police at home they can't keep the peace as drug lords rule the ghetto streets. In the last days; man will kill his fellow man and not know why? As Uncle Sam say: " die nigger die!" the brainwashed TV audience swallows the lie. The war won't start being a drag until Dover del overflows with body bags. In my holy book I read! Don't kill women, children, old people, and noncombatants. Don't destroy crops, houses, and trees unless it's a necessity. Although it may be an utmost desire, don't punish anyone with fire. Saddam's new song: " I don't want to set the world on fire; I just want to start a flame in these parts. If I have but one desire it's just I yearn to see tel_aviv and Riyadh burn." Oh! Sadam Hussein you cauterize and maim. Causes fellow human beings needless pain as George Bush stand tall; on the innocents bombs fall. War is really a mother, causing babies to suffer. I race through my mind and remember a line from all quiet on the western front. " Old men start wars; young men go out to fight them."

George Bush in the middle east can't win. For 5000 years. Empires rise and empires fall.

Still the Western War Lords don't heed the call. Many mighty nations have sunken to degradation. The Assyrians Philistines; Babylonians; Romans; Greek. Just a few do I speak. The Turks, British, French their empires did cinch. America will engender the hatred of Arab honor sacred. There will arisen the chosen one long awaited. George Bush heralds the coming of The New World Order. While thousands die like lambs being led to slaughter. All for the sake of law and order. A thousand refugees run to the Jordan Iraq border. Gorbachev doesn't get involved with a problem he can't solve. The Russians learned their lesson when the Afghans they started messing. If this poem seems rambling and confused. What's the use? As a new crusade begins the U.S. plunges into a war without win. Sounds like Vietnam all over again. People I'm unable to dissuade, so I end
my rambling tirade

Straight Jacket

What I can't hack is
The fact is
You're in a straight jacket.
You viciously attack everyone else's stack.
Dig this black.
There's no compulsion in Islam.
Understand brother man.
If you make a thousand rakats, or pray a whole lot.
Why not?

But when you try to force me to make 1,000 rakats
I will say stop.
In the least you're behaving like a priest.
No middleman between me and Allah.
Check this out akh!
I'm not down with the haqq, akh.
Stop making me bop to your tune.
Don't shove stuff down my throat as you gloat
Guys like you stifle all the good and pretty things that make my heart sing.
Your imposition involves deprivation
Privation and alienation.
The way you see life is full of strife
Art is haram
Poetry is haram.
Music is haram.
TV is haram.
The world is haram.
Do me a favor.
Take a deep breath.
Hold it in your chest for ten minutes.
Get my idea?
The shaykh said this.
The shaykh said that.
The shaykh sermon was real fat.
You must not break with the shaykh.
I thought there was no priesthood in Islam
You have the right to pick and choose.
Win or lose.
Then make an independent decision on daleel.
Not how the shakyh feels.
be a part of the community.
Don't destroy our unity.

Allah's with all who submit to him.
 Life you'll find is not a bind.
 If you stop being so narrow of mind
 All things come in time.
 The lord I worship is full of grace and controls this vast space.
 Not limited to any time or place.
 So get out of my face.
 Be sure friend at life's end.
 We all will come before him.
 Bare
 Naked
 alone and on our own
 No collective exemptions.
 Only individual redemption.
 You can't bear my burdens.
 I cannot bear yours.
 What are you a minister living large.
 Who died and left you in charge?
 God gave you a brain to think ,decide, then act..... Get out of straights; jack

SAD LITTLE BOY 1991

O sad little boy, why do you look so sad. You should be happy and glad. Are you
 sad because your dad is going away; not very long will he stay. Abu; why you
 going away from us, don't you love us anymore? Why sure, I go to make a better
 place for us; in a neighborhood not so rough. A place where you won't be picked
 on for being Muslim, Male and Black. A place with new friends and a big house; I

know you'll like that. Now I look at the portrait of the sad little boy. In his face is no joy. I've been here a little over a month and haven't lost my spunk. Remember always if nobody else do Bu-Bu loves you. Show Abu you care and keep up your prayers. Say an extra duaa for me. Keep up your homework and study hard. Please don't mess up the backyard. Tell me son about what's going on at home when you write. Think of me morning, noon and night. Does Aunt Wadiya still call at fajr time? Does Yunus go around saying silly rhymes? Is Ibrahim still bossy, does Rashida go around trying to look glossy? Do you get a beating before going to bed at night? Does Ramadan cry when you turn off the light? Does Hassan Khabir go around saying let's fight: let's fight. I love you all my sons; 5, 4, 3, 2, and number 1. In-sha-Allah I should be home in the spring and I'll have a new song to sing. As I close I want you to know and remember always if nobody else do.....

Bu- Bu loves you.

THE HATE THAT HATE CREATES

I once knew a man
 He was an Englishman
 He was a fiend
 who had no friends
 His claim to fame is hating everyone I name
 Nobody is greater than a player hater
 He hated the sky
 He hated the desert trees
 he hated local lizards and hates the red sea
 He hates the desert sand and the black man
 He hates fat people and hates me
 He even hates the holy see
 he hate Muslims ...black and white
 Detests my spiritual insight.
 My preachment sends him to flight.

He's an English Archie Bunker type
He hates the Royal Family
He hates Pakistanis
He hates Bengalis and Filipinis
He's a real Houdini
Oh! He like booze
He ain't jiving, he likes scuba diving
He likes swimming
And he likes black women
He likes John Lee Hooker.
He's a Blues Music Onlooker.
He hates Christian,
He hates Hindus and he hates Jews
And don't like Zinji's or Jingli's
He hates sweet men
He even hates his girlfriend
He also hates children
Hates our school
Hates all the rules
Good Lordly he hates the Saudi's
He don't hob knob with people at the job
Hates the Queen
He hates spring
He hates the bells that ring
He's all by himself
because he hates everybody else
I could go on wrangling about his hates until dawn
but then within me hate will spawn
My country TIS' of thee
Him I pity.....for this is the hate.....that hate creates.

POEM FOR UMMI MY MOTHER

Today is anniversary of sorts.
March 15th I report; momma died
Beware of the ides of March!!!
I just couldn't cry
I just couldn't cry.
It's been a year and still no tears
Tears well not in my eyes
I do feel a little glad and relieved
you died as you believed
Muslim
Allah's friend
No I shan't grieve
You were happy to leave
The last few years were full of suffering and pain
it was my impression of clinical depression
You spoke of yearning to be with your spouse and return to Allah
Who wants to live forever anyway; anyway?
Many times you quote the hadith.
"oh! Allah give me life as long as it's good for me
give me death when it is better for me"
Your life was a celebration with many triumphs
I miss you
wish you could have stayed
another thousand days
you left behind; no other mother in kind
May Allah rest you
all the best to you
as salaamu alaikum ummi...
peace be upon you.....I promise to pray for you

Grandma (Death Watch for Sister Minnie)

I sit here in a hospital chair waiting for a lady old & rare; I stare. The death watch for Sister Minnie / Maryam. Grandma is almost gone. While she's dying ;I'm trying to reconcile her file. Why is she in the Nursing home all alone? We should have done more; we could have done more; Old age is a bore. Not every day; nor every Sunday did I go to the Nursing Home. Days I went she was alone; I didn't sign the Ledger--to be Fledging my chest. Is the best look; the best took of Granny? How often did we go to see Granny. It pains me when I see a shell of a woman wasting away; day by day. So strong & flourishing in another time; subject for another rhyme. My memory seizes me in times of Glee; Yesteryear how dear. She gave her all to her family. She was always there and proved she cared. Says my mother: "Grandma is doing what we all must one day do." We Celebrate a Great Lady; Mrs. Minnie Walker. She was a Talker; Mrs. Walker; but with profound wisdom. I remember the time she told one relative "Go on back home to your wife blood is thicker than dirt. That other girl is dirt compared to your wife." Ali You's my Oldest Grandson. Set a good example for your younger Cousins. Finish High School; go on to College. Stop talking so much. don't be a Whoremonger. Whatever you do don't broadcast Yo' Business. Be Sweet & discreet. People respect that way better. It's not what you do, but the way do it. As a Man it took 40 years to apply her advice. She was so nice. Some Creeps Usurped my right to lead her Funeral Prayer. I spoke on it right there. At 87 she became Muslim; At 97 she journeyed to Heaven. Birth; Life; Death; Infinity; on to Divinity. The culmination of an Eventual Journey. She's traversed the many stages of Life's' pages. The ink has written; the Pen is Dry. Now all you got to' do is try. Grandma loved us all; as we say *Good-bye*.

ISRI After The Flood

Beware of the Ides of March. Actually the ends of March. 3/30/2010 our story begins. In New England winter snow is followed by Spring Rain. It's a pain. Islamic School of Rhode Island was beset by a flood. Floors; Doors; & Desk covered with Mud. Materials & equipment lost at an incredible cost. The Fitna was Tempest Tost. Floods, earthquakes, & rain are within Allahs' domain. He gives and He removes pain.

ISRI was challenged by tragedy into a state of dislocation. They rebuild & renewed at various locations. Raised now to a higher station. Moving forward & progressing with staunch determination. The students & Staff have not abandoned the task. Bely the past; The die is not cast. Allah has our future before us & we know he adores us.

ISRI Mission is submission to Allah; and the Journey is not far. Prepare with Education to contribute to this nation. Remove your anxiety & join American society. Tanfiru; struggle, strive, & go forth: Stay the course. A new day; A new play. ALLAH says: "Be sure we shall test you with fear & hunger, loss in goods; lives & fruits of this Dunya; But patiently persevere & say "Inna Lilahi wa Inna Ilayhi Rajiun--Reject Gloom". To ALLAH we belong & to him is our return. We all must practice & learn.

So this night let our hearts take flight. Good words are spoken & the pocketbooks must open. Get on the go & get with the flow; so our school will grow. To ISRI I say: "Get in where you fit in & don't lose the will to win. As this poems ends I say: "Offer ye no excuse--Give up the faloose. YA! Habib! Your money WE NEED!"

