

# Free Me Now

(A street corner sermon)

by Raheem Rhem

perfection. as the new year unfolds, marching with a fearless stroll  
supreme with intelligence, clear and bold  
but never cheered the role  
condemned for eternity as a peerless soul  
viewed as a reigning giant, although staying silent  
no actions ever came in a way of violence  
depicted and portrayed an ageless tyrant  
blamed to decay the silence, til one day playin the violin  
he was stormed with a wave of sirens  
officers approach the man, snipers with scopes immobilized the scene  
he'd close his eyes and scream, and the almighty ghost inside would leave  
but he didn't mope to the eye of greed  
he was fascinated by the cause, he said, "there's hope, i've been freed  
you've emancipated my only flaw"  
as for the story fabricated by the law, he's being agitated by the thought  
of what's anticipated from the plot  
twined and laminated by the cops  
his freedom had just begun, but the celebration will be held behind bars  
fortified by guards, his everlasting freedom deprived from the night stars  
though comparable to the scars in his right arm  
asking hypothetical questions. now that the potent abilities vanished  
his flexes and rants were aggressive  
saying to himself, "how can i surpass the defenses without being mad in depression?"  
his last of expressions  
were not to ask further questions but to mask his obsessions  
he'd gotten the precious outcome he desired  
being helpless beneath the fire, decadently weak and tired  
mentality bleak, physically antiqued and mired.  
standing in the corner of his cell, thinking about the previous events  
remembering his talk to his father tryin to figure out and see what he had meant

the peak has a scent, it's crafty, and where there's plus there's minus  
eventually the disadvantages intersect, which then creates your highness?

I AM.