

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.