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# JOURNEY THROUGH PERCEPTION

KHALIQ SIM

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## Dedication

This book is dedicated to those who are awakening--to those who are tuning into the universal message of harmony. This book is dedicated to those of you who are undergoing the collective evolutionary shift. This book is dedicated to my creative allies shaping a world of alternative possibilities, as well as to those of you who are shaped by yesterday's mistakes. They are the ones who will refine tomorrow's understanding. To my son Arian (and any probable future progeny), the seed of change, the seed of possibility, I challenge myself, because it is my goal to set the bar for you to extend. Finally, this book is dedicated to my wife for helping create this channel of expression. She sparked the activation of a talent that needed ignition.

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## Acknowledgement

Journey Through Perception is the narration of my life. So, to attribute acknowledgement is to reflect on those who contributed to the creation of these entries. To begin, this book wouldn't be a reality without the encouragement and motivation of my wife, Ivette and my mother, Juliet. Seeing the passion and potential in my writings, they brought up the unforeseen and unimaginable idea of putting a book together. It was never an aspiration of mine to write as a profession, so this book is energized by the encouragement of the most influential women in my life. Not only have these two-woman impacted the creation of this book, they sparked the awakening of a creative writer. My mother cranked the creative engine by incubating the seed of a poet. She exposed me to her poetry and that left a lasting impression. My wife started the engine of my creative writing through the presentation of a new emotion, love. This created a new language for me, and it transformed into an outlet of expression. On our wedding day, I published a book of poetry dedicated to her, called "Letters to The Earth." Some of the writings are found in this book. That project was a compilation of poetry and writings that were written in the span of half a decade. The inspiration for the title of that project came from Mark Twain's book, "Letters from The Earth." I decided to pay homage to the man who helped shape my cognitive dissonance. Mark Twain is an influential figure in my life, he inspired my decision to write under a pseudonym, hence Khaliq Sim. I am a product of the relationships shared with each and every individual from my nurturing village, especially the relationships with my siblings. Much of my personality is molded by my interactions with them. I would like to thank them and my family for their influence and support. I would like to acknowledge my friends that helped provoke conversations that are embedded into the fibers of this book. Throughout my life I've met, connected and networked with amazing individuals. Two individuals tower amongst the members of my community, my day ones, Hassan and Suleman, they stood by me since adolescence and have not departed, and I am greatly impacted by their companionship. Their analysis and motivation contributed to the development of my creative writing. When I decided to publish this book, I had no idea of how to approach this task. I decided to self-publish and personally fund my project. I started a GoFundMe account and crossed my fingers in hopes I would receive some assistance from some generous individuals to help supplement the cost of this project and I am tremendously humbled by the support I've garnered.

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## Collect Call

Collective thoughts  
Toll free to your ears  
Like a collect call  
I recall every moment  
Every moment  
Collective memory  
All recorded  
In a machine  
A dream machine  
Called destiny  
That continually  
Records our history  
Hoarder mentality  
In which memory  
Builds beyond  
Literal machinery  
The thought of you  
Capacitates  
My real estate  
You Harbor  
My mind,  
My mind  
Is programmed  
For our show time  
No commercials  
No Breaks  
Toll free



## Complement

We complement each other like, shades on a sunny day  
We complement each other like, shorts on a summer day  
We complement each other like, cold pizza and hot sex  
We complement each other like, rum, and Red Bull  
We complement each other like, complete opposites  
We complement each other like, rice and beans  
We complement each other like, natural law  
We complement each other  
Like, your face does with your smile  
We complement each other  
Like, chocolate covered strawberries  
We complement each other like, a pen and paper  
We complement each other like, slow jams, and lovemaking  
We complement each other like, milk, and Oreos  
No mistakes when I say  
We complement each other like, hand woven fabric  
We complement each other like, geometric patterns  
We complement each other like, DNA, unique  
We complement each other like, passion and wealth  
We complement each other like, a smoke and a pancake

## Falls

Water falls  
Niagara Falls  
Autumn leaves fall  
Rain falls  
Snow falls  
Empires fall  
Tears fall  
September's fall  
But above all,  
I fell...  
In love, with you

## Hypnosis

*A stroll through my subconscious mind  
Envisioning things with my eyes closed blind  
To the world, blocking out the hurls  
And obstacles life presents  
I am content in this state of mind  
Claiming it to be mine  
Because of the tranquil ambience  
The chance to meditate and get consumed in peace  
Is the only reason death is attractive  
I am elated  
Letting the flow of my thoughts determine my destination  
I float pass trance symptoms  
I am hypnotized, paralyzed, and motionless  
As I submerge in another dimension,  
My attention becomes fixated on one word, destiny  
My eyelids shutter, and I come back to reality  
As if that was the cue to snap out of my trance  
I realize the reason of my hypnosis  
Was my fiancé's image  
This is a dream come true  
Finding the perfect words to say to you  
Destiny is a tangible word*

## Ivette 31:10-31

10 Who can find a virtuous woman?

11 She is more valuable than any monetary value.

12 She has the character of a Queen. Soft elegance with a combination of independence.

13 Like all great women she seeks a family to raise.

14 She keepeth her partner satisfied and pleased.

15 Her perfume is good vibes, a scent worth exalting.

16 She considereth her partner at all times. Her beauty is known amongst the nations.

17 She is the synonym for every good word. Her presence is a present from the Universe.

18 She perceiveth only the way of nature.

19 She is more faithful than the religious is to the place of worship.

20 She is not afraid to be honest and truthful. Honesty and truth is her speech.

21 She does not follow blindly. She befriends the loners.

22 She is more mature than a fossil, yet shares the youth of a toddler.

23 Her partner is well respected in her community. Her community notices the equivalence between them.

24 She enjoys the fruits of good labor. She respects her partner and motivates the household.

25 Loyalty and wisdom are her clothing; and she rejoices in witnessing harmony.

26 She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue, is the law of kindness.

27 She looketh beyond her wisdom for counsel.

28 All who encounter her knowth her beautiful character.

29 Empathy is her sixth sense, and she contains psychic like intuition.

30 Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that showeth uncompromising love, she shall be praised.

31 Her fiancé giveth her the commendation, for she is what Proverbs 31, attempted to plagiarize.

## Ivette

Somehow a blessing fell from heaven, and landed on my lap  
One perhaps I didn't deserve  
The clouds rolled away, and opened up a clear way  
A clear pathway for this blessing to descend upon me  
To descend slowly to my atmosphere, with guidance from the sun's rays  
It was hard to gaze at this amazing sight  
My body was filled with hype  
Somehow the universe saw it fit  
To fit this gift within the same drift my life was going  
And now my aura is glowing with vibrancy  
This blessing was sent in the form of what was formed from man  
A woman so angelic. The ideal woman.  
The gods revealed to me  
What would have been veiled to me, on my holy matrimony  
Uncover the blessing I discovered  
And there stood, Ivette

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## Last Night

We surrender to the extraction of satisfaction. Like a manufacturing machine we lubricate with each rotation. Not one dull moment, while we are enchanted by this sensual incantation. Could it be, we are a match made, a twin flame? Like two buoys we float after the discharge of fluid. Fluent expression done in tandem, with exhilarating intercourse. The devotion she puts in orality is a splitting reality of our fidelity. I have no shame in the passion I put in the depths of her organs. I play the g cord in accordance to 8 years of coordinates. The pinnacle of pleasure is in our possession. Moaning in melodic harmony, we create the most euphoric experience. Eyes roll while we exercise our stimuli. This is the type of production that leaves one speechless, stunned, stupefied, paralyzed, hypnotized. After moments of acrobatic stunts, came the climax. A jolt of energy erupts as neuromuscular tension is relinquished. This is every dimension packaged in an orgasm. We both share the power of a supernova. A big bang in reenactment.

## Microcosm

My love for you is infinite,  
like the vastness of space  
Picture an endless supply of love,  
Affection, and loyalty,  
And there you have a scope  
Of a micro-verse inside the cosmic mirror  
I call my body  
You are my planet,  
I am your star and I will only orbit around you  
Can you see this display of matter?  
You are a mold of scattered and fermented star dust,  
Formulated precisely,  
Like the equation of gravity  
Your words are the intergalactic frequencies of love,  
And to that tune I will calibrate

## My prayer

I pray the Gods bless our holy unity with prosperity  
    May our vows have the same strength  
    As the sincerest words spoken in history  
    May our love be the most exaggerated movie in reality  
I pray when we are old and weak our love is young and strong  
    I beg to remain a witness of her beauty  
    For the remaining years of my life  
May the cloak of consistency cover our existence  
    I pray that the circular silverware we wear  
    Will remind us of the clutch love has on us  
    I pray the odds are forever in our favor



## Never Withdraw

A primitive brain  
Overly selfish  
Looking for a subject to manipulate  
I find myself battling to hesitate, before I act  
Never withdraw your love  
Constant repetition  
Disciplinary attempts have been advantageous  
But goddamn this child is outrageous  
Never withdraw your love  
Parental preparation  
Starts from infancy, and  
I lack experience  
My patience is as old as this pupil  
So, I am learning at a crucial pace  
Face to face with responsibility  
This obligation is intimidating  
I wish these tantrums came with instructions  
Because I am at the brink of destruction  
Never withdraw your love  
It takes a village to grow a child  
And who the fuck are y'all?  
A bunch of strangers trying to condition  
Without my permission  
I am having enough trouble  
In this rubble of strong egos  
My face is stenciled in the palm of my hands  
Due to my desperation  
If only he knew, I am keeping count of my reparations  
Never withdraw your love  
His age keeps me motivated  
And these parental books keep me sharp  
Like his high pitch wails of aggravation  
These whispers of crude utterances  
Are done in adoration  
Because, usually the next sentence I utter is,  
Never withdraw your love

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## Overwhelming Joyful Happiness

*I am so relieved, what a pleasant feeling to know you have something revealed to you, that is more heartwarming than warm blood. God was on my side when he handpicked you. It's like he preserved you for me, like fine wine. I'm just so ecstatic with the way we pull each other like static. You got me addicted to your body being next to mine, damn you're like good fabric. My heart is overwhelmed with happiness. The thought of being with you forever brings excitement to my mere existence. I am in love, with being in love, with the woman that is deeply in love, with me. It makes me so joyful that God spared me from an evil bitch. I relate back to the date that we became mates, it feels like a phone call ago, what a glorious day.*

## Poetic Justice

Just us, justice, served in this sentence  
Nervous, anxious, impatient  
Breath in, exhale  
Time will tell, with details our tales that made us, just us, justice  
Every word, action, event will come together like a puzzle  
Till then, I swear with an oath, I'm silent like a muzzle  
Poetic justice, just us, justice  
Blessing is a metaphor  
Of the meteor, of blessings showered over me  
Because of being introduced to you  
You, me, us, just us, justice, poetic justice  
Our love is my church  
My poems are our scriptures  
After each meeting, I alter my prayers at the altar  
Because I want more to offer, poetic justice  
Your gravitational pull, is my safety harness  
Thus, defining the laws of gravity  
Love that pulls from the core like a cavity  
Poetic justice

## Religion or love

Of Religious background,  
Never thought to check her background  
Experienced religious scholar  
Amateur to love  
Not very open for change  
But eager to change conditional love  
Love with a cost of change  
What I realized was my religion  
Was opposition to what I genuinely loved  
so, they say opposites attract  
But I wasn't attracted  
To letting go of my first attraction  
At first a choice wasn't an option  
But love choose me  
Giving me the option to forfeit  
My religion was extreme  
Demanding ultimatums  
Religion or love?  
So, I testify of my choice  
Reliving that moment  
When the decision was made,  
Made in love

## Rest

It's a pleasant feeling when entwined like a braided rope  
The hope that's snuggled in the recreation of cuddling  
My thigh, over her hip  
Her arm, under my arm  
Our ankles, locked together  
Our hands, joined in unity  
Recycling the heat of our bodies  
Makes us thermally sustainable  
With the balance of air conditioning  
We maintain suitable temperatures for comfort  
Laid as a pretzel we stencil our imprints in the mattress  
As she sinks in unconsciousness  
I find it most pleasing to catch a glimpse of her  
While she slips into a still relaxed state  
It's so mesmerizing, I join her in slumber

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## Sacred

A new era with fewer errors  
With more trips, we fall into webs of memories  
You alter the indefinite nature of human nature  
Who would I be if it weren't for your presence  
The man you molded, wouldn't be without your scolding  
Now I'm more round than a Spaulding  
Men are physical creatures  
With weak interior  
Even Jesus faced temptation  
And like the many similarities  
I share with the chosen one  
I too conquered that ol' serpent  
With the venom of purpose  
For purpose is bitter until it's taken in context  
And you are the broader picture  
Your name deserves more reverence than that of a deity  
To spend the rest of my life with you  
Is time well spent  
For time is the currency of love  
And I am wealthy

## Seed

You're the seed of a King  
You are royalty  
You're the seed of a creator  
The seed of a sinner  
The seed of a saint  
The seed of an artist  
The seed of a new generation  
The seed of the future  
Seed of investment  
The seed of love  
The seed of a Zambrano  
The seed of possibility

## That feeling

I am so relieved to know you are my future It's  
that walking through sand feeling

It's that power nap feeling

It's that, hit my craving feeling

It's that, black eye peas "I gotta feeling," feeling  
It's that, there goes my baby feeling

It's that, thank god it's Friday feeling

It's that, nigga we made it feeling

It's air conditioning on a summer day feeling

Yea it's all those feelings



## The Letter

There is this woman I love so dear like a sincere letter  
I write to her without being assigned to  
She is the line throughout my paper  
She keeps my words straight  
She is the concordance to my writings  
According to my writings, I referred to her as my scripture  
To which I meditate on  
With many words, I paint a picture  
Of a woman that hangs in the center of my mind  
This is a letter to a woman dear to my heart  
So dear, she can play the exact beat to my heart,  
Without skipping a beat  
I rely on these letters to express to her how I feel  
Without these letters, all my emotions would be a mental note  
When I jot them down  
It becomes a reference, like a famous quote  
My love for her is quotable, like an insurance plan  
Introduction, body, and conclusion  
Sounds so similar to what we do before her cycle  
In fact, I'll end this letter with a period.

## Your Highness

I am proud to hail my Queen  
Gently raise her hand  
To my lips, so I can nail a warm kiss  
Proud, to say you're the one to heir the throne  
You're crowned with divine character  
Of which I must admire  
I am happy to escort my Highness as her King  
Together we watch the throne  
I am pleased to say the crown is tailor fit  
I am blessed  
You bring honor and respect to the kingdom

## Accountability

I am not here to retrieve the baton of savior.  
The time has come  
for society to shoulder the burden of accountability.  
It is spelled out as,  
individual responsibility.  
Retain your hands of praise,  
for in the time of appraisal,  
our idols fall short in the eyes of momentum.  
Place not the mantle of security on  
Bernie Sanders  
The POTUS  
Colin kaepernick  
Hillary Clinton  
Barack Obama  
Or anyone you believe is going to save the human race  
by titles of stature, or acts of nobility  
They've been compromised,  
one by one, from the moment we sought deliverance.  
Forge refuge in the sight of salvation,  
for therein comes familiar damnation.  
From the beginning,  
it was about the movement of the organism  
as a collective and not the acceleration of a selection.  
Once the host is energized,  
the quest for change is activated.  
My pleas are alms of directive.  
My pleas are songs of direction.  
My plea, is a prayer in hopes  
that I brush off dependence for the sake of the species.  
Pick up your arms of accountability,  
there lies the potential for possibilities.

## Amateur Uncle

Khaliq: "This unhealthy cycle is invisible before my very eyes,  
It engulfs me like a conscious thought."

My parent's siblings were absent in their visits  
How did something so meaningful feel so meaningless?  
My parents have several siblings, but their relevance is unknown  
They come unannounced with a brief salute  
And ignore me, because I haven't reached their experience  
I notice families on TV seem pleasant, and they present attention  
But what does that matter? Because in reality  
A young mind is a mute vocation  
Oh well, I've grown to their stature  
And bred their family name without a brief chat

My nieces and nephews may seem distant, but it's a busy world  
I talk to their parents and brush their existence  
They must know I love them  
Because I whisper that thought  
Through the airwaves of a conversation  
With their ancestors  
The guilt of a possessive cycle haunts me  
How much do I know about my nieces and nephews?  
Very little, the feeling seems so familiar  
To my relationship with my aunts and uncles  
The guilt of falling into familiarity  
Moves me to write to you  
Nieces and nephews,  
In hope, my efforts aren't too late  
To receive your forgiveness for my absence  
And my inattentiveness

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## Burdens

Death confronts without notice. The death of my father came and went, and I spent no time in remorse. How could I, for the trauma he crafted, drafted his demise years before his expiration. It's been almost 4 years since my father passed, and his casket remained open, because I didn't know how to live with his end. His death made me realize I can forgive him, because he is pure now. Without blemish, he joins the universe to create the next cycle. The love I learned to recognize, was never accessible to him. Philosophy salvaged what little quality I saw in a product of ignorance. He miserably failed me, but how can I continue to blame him, for he is as innocent as my son, and for him I will cultivate. For him, I will master this difficult thing called life. His environment was polluted, thus being unsuitable for evolution. It is my retribution to him, to break the cycle where he terminates. His downfalls constructed a bridge of ethics. In conclusion, this burden is the only thing that truly dies, for life is matter and matter continues. So long, daddy.

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## Complacency

My biggest fear no longer comes in the silhouette of death. For death seems peaceful when considering the evil in this world. The more I interact with empathy the stronger my convictions grow, and with that harvest comes unbearable burden. I struggle shutting out the pain of the world, for its pain I suddenly inherited. I finally comprehend the phrase “ignorance is bliss.” For I have not known bliss without forcefully submitting to it. A lack of knowledge and awareness keeps bliss afloat and without it, comes the gravitational pull of responsibility. My joy through liberation illuminated my purpose. My fears through liberation keep me imprisoned. Hope feels distant, and salvation seems extinct, but somehow, I clutch hope and rebel against the inevitable. I desperately need hope to keep me sane, for without her I perish into my greatest fear, complacency.

“To live without hope is to cease to live.”

—Fyodor Dostoevsky

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## Controversy

I am Lucifer before the fall

I am Trump before the election

I am Judas before the betrayal

I am Martin before the dream

I am Adam before the knowledge

I am Lennon before the  
assassination

I am Jesus before the cross

I am Pac before the deal

I am Hitler before the Holocaust

I am James before the throne

I am Columbus before America

I am Jordan before the Bulls

I am Escobar before the drugs

I am negative potential

I am Fidel before the revolution

I am positive potential

I am Darwin before evolution

I am purpose

I Clinton before the blow job

I am human

I am Bin Laden before the CIA  
training

I am controversy

I am Sanders before the concession

## Diagnosis

Sometimes I feel inconsistent and unstable. At times, I am afraid to be under the influence of enhancers, because those are the times when I face the reality of what truly goes on internally. Accompanying these moments are emotions of discomfort, discomfort in my complacency. What complacency you ask? The one where the world deteriorates while I “Netflix’s and chill.” I never had sleep paralysis, but if I can hijack its definition, it would be fitting to define the picture I fervently try to depict. I have constant waves of antisocial episodes. I guess the older I become the more I gravitate towards introverted tendency’s, or are these the repercussions of insanity? I realize I bounce around my relationships. One moment I’m present, the next I’m ghost. I have continual moments of low self-esteem. It is a crippling feeling when you want to break out of conditional enslavement, but have no clue of how to survive when liberated. I have trouble executing tasks, for fear that my craft, my hobbies are no match to my financial responsibilities. I have trouble remembering. I have trouble with my recollection. These feelings, these emotions, these reflections, have cloaked me long enough for me to recall something. What troubles me the most about my recollection, is not knowing how long this has been my diagnosis.



## Diplomacy/Hidden message

Politically correct  
Award winning performer  
Prolific speaker  
Diplomatic delegator  
Warmongering instigator  
Malleable minion  
Diplomacy is his camouflage  
Compromise is his shackles  
Fuck a diplomat  
A Sharp dresser  
A Legalized criminal  
A presidential candidate  
An educated ignorant  
I see beyond the sheer fabric of formality  
Fuck diplomacy  
A word crafted for obscured lenses  
I am passed the theatrics  
I have uncovered all the hat tricks  
Fuck politics  
Alternative fact exporter  
Double standard bearer  
Charlatan in the face ass  
Big brother relative  
Fuck a delegate  
The order of the creed has been exposed  
The strings attached all lead to the same traditions  
Tailor fit conniver  
Vessel of distraction  
Fuck Diplomacy  
Power attracted  
Double speaker  
Institutional lauding instrument  
Universal misalignment is caused by your status  
This is dedicated, to the “diplomatist”

## Divine complex

More convictions than Jesus	Inextinguishable passion
More tangible than Allah	Unfathomable potential
Fiercer than Satan	Immortal spirit
More electric than Zeus	Divine complex
More conscious than Buddha	Nothing more than Atoms
Divine complex	Nothing supernatural
Humble, yet blasphemous	Born a mortal
Uncomfortable, yet comfortable	Die immortal
Prideful, yet selfless	A God is remembered
Passive, yet ruthless	A critical thinker, is a complex mind
Divine complex	Special breeds are those of divine complexity
Triune character	

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## Father's Day

Today I reflect on the mentorships I've had. Nothing comes to mind. God damnit I'm empty. Not a single shred of impact worth acknowledging. No one to identify. No one to project gratification to. Today is Father's Day and I am left with the taste of sorrow, because I was unworthy of guidance, mentorship, challenges, from the man that should have had the most influence in my life. I was left with nothing but scraps from his interactions. On days like these I realize how important this responsibility of being a father is. I am building a human while rebuilding myself. I often ask myself how far does feeling of emptiness go in my ancestry? How many of us males were left without the attention of our alpha? Why am I so vulnerable to its venom? Why do many come out victorious, and many like myself get consumed in its notorious shackles of low self-esteem? Although fatherhood is a language etched into my genetics, I missed many of the prerequisites. I am frequently reminded to be patient, to be strong, to be attentive, to be interactive, to make an impact, to challenge, to set reasonable expectations, to never withdraw my love, because, otherwise I continue the seeds of instability. These are my thoughts of accountability. These are my thoughts on Father's Day.

## Freedom is knowing

Like a hologram it's transparent, it's apparent my consent is fabricated for obedience. Every decision made, is written as a script. Every day is a repetitive simulation of superior's wealth imposed on the majority. More and more the evidence of enslavement overwhelms me. The word freedom to me is repulsive, for its meaning has been manipulated beyond recollection, yet freedom is my greatest interest. These words of mine are my most liberated actions. My actions aside from passion are drenched in the worlds endless archive of exploitative submission. It's my mission to break the chains that I impose on myself. Predetermined enemies laid out like a script. Elaborate deities packaged for distraction. Imaginary lines to divide potential cooperation. There is no hesitation when I proclaim rebellion from this system of oppression. I am free knowing I've been a slave, up until this point.

“Freedom is like a muscle, it only gets stronger when its used.”

—Unknown

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## I am the system

I am the border that separates the nations. I am the stereotype embedded in your psyche. I am the categorized religion. I am the many ethnic backgrounds. I am the political party that divides you. I am the tax bracket that classifies you. I am the law that compromises. I am the propaganda that distracts you. I am the organized distraction. I am the rank that degrades you. I am the sports team for whom you become uncivilized for. I am the divisive chant. I am the status quo. I am your 9-5. I am the new Jim Crow. I am legalized slavery. I am the invisible hand. I am capitalism. I am the origin of all the isms and schisms. I am the Democratic Party. I am the Republican Party. I am the only reputable news provider. I am the illusion of democracy. I am the illusion of control. I am the illusion of freedom. I am the bias that latches beside you. I am the comfortable life that blinds you. I am the money that binds you. I am the fiction you fantasize about. You are the pie in the sky. You are the dreamer. You will be dismantled. I am the reality. I am the system made to divide and conquer. I am the systematic disparity. I am the wolf in sheep's clothing. I am every analogy that embodies your every loathing. I am the con in confidence. I am the machine that works against society. I am here to stay. You are my slave. You will submit to me. I am the invisible system.

“If you can't escape the system, you've got to escape from yourself.”

—Russel Brand

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## Influence of addiction

Mentored by the product of replicated behavior. Behavior believed to be the stencil for male nature. Unaware of the neural connections associated with excessive desire. These acts of display were a misrepresentation of masculinity. How I wish this array of behavior left no imprint. I was left alone to sort out my sins of dominion by the man who created me and shaped my addiction. Perhaps he thought this was the transfer of male knowledge. Who knew one event can catalyze the demise of myself trust. My brain was rewired to appease the chemical of seize, Dopamine. And so, I became the hostage of my own biology. Years of subjection neutralized attempts of objection. A prisoner to graphic material, control was nothing but a fable. Fortunately, life is a time table of opportunities, and the moment for redemption came in the shape of conscious reflection. In order to gain control, I had to create immunity, and to reinforce my commitment, I write to my community. These articles, are documents of security.

“The chains of habit are too weak to be felt until  
they are too strong to be broken.”

—Unknown

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## Khaliq's Quest

The questions that disturb me so, are the same ones that fuel my soul. Is the passion I have for impact a fantasy? Do these feelings of contribution come to me as a fallacy? These questions latch to me like an umbilical cord. In one accord, I aboard the path of danger. Am I good enough, to rise above the weight of uncertainty? The route of fervency leads me down the path of limited options. My aspirations quiver in the sight of responsibility. Oh, how daunting is reality. Is my passion but a hobby? Is my legacy nothing but a tombstone? Or do these questions uncover a loophole? Can I help push the thread of solution through the eye of society's needle? Or is that too much of a conquest? At the behest of nature's dominance, I have no choice, but to subject to destiny. On a quest for the remedy to my inquiries. I am assured, by these questions that never cease to wavier. My answers lay beneath these articles of labor.

## Letter to my unborn child

Locked within the chambers of my ammunition. Released with permission by intercourse. The chance of you reading this is survival of the fittest. From the moment you're ejected your journey is directed by destiny. Pasted the Fallopian tubes you are accompanied by chance, to penetrate the impenetrable cervical mucus. A task only the strongest swimmers can accomplish, and you being the strongest, the fittest. The odds of your existence is where you break even. The day of your birth has more girth than my existence, for without you I have no trace, no legacy. I await the day I meet you and greet a whole new emotion. Although I have never met you I find the act of saying I love you before your arrival so significant. You're a miracle, you're a blessing, and you're every peaceful thought. I see the ocean splash against the rocks. I see the horizon dance with the clouds. I see the calm wave move along the pond. I see the innocent smile on a playful infant. I see the birds fly in sync. I hear nature's instrumental. I hear the wonderful melodies of a choir. Thinking of the day when you arrive to us.



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## Love

Love isn't simple; love is one of the toughest equations. If love was simple why is it so coveted? Love can't be defined for all to agree. Love is undefined to society, defined individually. Some people are afraid of love because of the commitment it yearns for. Love comes natural without cultured fingerprints. Love is like a spear so sharp, when it hits you, it leaves you in despair. Love is an uncontrollable emotion, like the feeling you get when you're given a promotion. Love is addicting, it has you coming back for it like a prescription. People mistake lust for love as if it comes in the same form. For your information, you should love no one more than the person you see in the mirror. Love is patience like the time a doctor puts in his patients. Love is a rose with a petal driven for passion. Love is heaven sent with a hell fire scent. Sometimes love can hurt more than war, or could that be a misconception? If you go by Webster's definition of love, think again you're better off looking the meaning through a song, a relationship or even a religion. Hate is an emotion created from love like evil is derived from good. Love can bring out the inner creator. It's amazing what love can do. I believe love is the most powerful source given to mankind. Love is a natural resource that has no expiration. Its powers are unexplainable yet very attainable. If God had an inspiration for creation I strongly believe it would be because of love. I hope I didn't define what love is, because that would terminate your mission to define what love is, to you.

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## Melting Pot

They say life is what you make it. So, I went to the laboratory and ripped a few pages from my favorite literatures. Gathered some brown sugar (I don't do white powder). Recited a prayer. Grabbed a few leaves of lavender. Collected some nursery items. Reached in my wallet for change. Obtained some good melodies. Sprinkled some spices, oh, and some herbs. Whispered three wishes. Retrieved some childhood photos. Tossed in a wedding ring. Complied some good morals, characteristics and fantasies. Squeezed some Heinz ketchup, because that's essential. Took all these items and stirred them in a pot. Poured them out on the concrete and out molded, a beautiful female named Mrs. Zambrano. A dream home, offspring and the keys to the universe.

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## Memoir to my Little sister

I vividly remember your purple room. I see it every day. You know the one we painted. As the days pass I forget it was you that dwelled in it. It was like yesterday since we last argued. Remember the time I washed your mouth out with soap because of your foul mouth cursing and shit. You know it's a sibling thing to argue over petty stuff. I smile thinking about the outrageously crazy things we used to do on the trains, on the streets, and at home. We were little rascals. Damn we had some good times, fun times. Shit it felt like a moment ago. So fucking close I wish I had more time to overdose on what I didn't know would be cut too short. I blame myself, I fucking blame myself although people say, "it was her decision", it was after all, but I know if my father was here she wouldn't dare. I wish I had my little sister to testify the outrageous stories I replay. I know if you were still here we would have chilled like the best of friends. I would have been the father you were looking for. Shit, I was so fucking young I didn't know my position. I didn't know a big brother was supposed to have such grave responsibility. You're so close yet so far, so alive yet so dead, who are you? I have to remind myself that I have a younger sister. I wish religion didn't have to separate us. I guess I'm a victim of religion's endless list of atrocities. One day I hope you realize I miss you, and hope you would place religion aside and tell me, I deeply miss you too. The rest is just a memory that I am waiting to relive. Perhaps this memoir will break the spell of segregation.

## Nature's Breath

Pungent aroma, coma inducing  
Odor infusion to enhance  
Your senses  
Perfume that needs  
No permission  
To trigger your neurons  
Into flaring  
Like neon lights  
Incense to be in coordination  
With daily meditation  
Yet some scents are associated  
With insubordination  
Far ranging fragrances  
As far as the nostrils  
Can distinguish  
Herbs with superb  
Aroma  
Smells that extinguish  
The distance between  
Perception  
Yet, the savory strain  
Fuels misconception  
Flowers with odors  
Of dominion

Need no license  
To carry a trace  
Yet, a scent so innocent  
Can administer detention  
The botanist finds leisure  
In aromatherapy  
While the criminal  
Rots in a cell for a  
Scent that has been nurtured  
By nature's ever mutable breath  
What authority has jurisdiction  
To quench what society label a stench?  
Open your eyes  
For your snout is clenched  
Embrace nature's fragrance  
For her pheromones  
Activate your hormones  
No matter the strain,  
The herb, the grain  
Is ingrained in natural stimulation  
Organic incubation  
Is not to be equated with pollution  
For there is nothing artificial  
About nature's breath

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## Ode to Mary

I apologize for misrepresenting you. A fool is a man who speaks on that which he isn't aware of. Now that my past ignorance has been addressed, pass me that experience enhancer. Ever since my life-changing encounter with her, synchronicity has aligned my compass to the left, the same direction in which she has been presented to me. It has become clearer that the facts have been clouded, distorted with manipulation. I've accustomed myself with the smoke and mirrors because I use her flame to guide me through the propaganda. I thrive in the circular motion, each session with you enhances my devotions. I owe much of my breakthroughs to you. Every time I am elevated I become a conscious statistic. I own much of my thoughts because of you. Enlightenment is a result of inhaling years of your ever-changing cultivation. Every session is like an airport runway, I am passed lift off, I am orbit, on my infinite voyage. In sync consciousness, harnessing telepathic communication, hold on, receiving a message from my left. Inhale, breath, pass. It was once common knowledge that she is a gateway to addiction, they were so right; I am addicted to peace, love and raw hemp paper. Ashes to ashes, I have offered more burnt offerings than all Abrahamic cultures. Every categorical interaction is empowered by your impact. Those around me know I hold your body intact, for the fear of watching you canoe into gravity. The universe is no longer a figment of subject, the universe is my reality, and in my universe roaches become annihilated.

## O-D-E to PO-ET-RY

So smooth it moves like a cool breeze  
You have to let it out like a sneeze  
It's like gazing in the sky, so peaceful  
Yet so aggressive, like a short temper  
I am thankful that I have words to relieve me  
Like a ninth inning pitcher  
So vivid, like an artistic picture, Poetry  
So underrated  
It beats talking to a psychologist  
If you get my jest  
It's like being in the midst of a grass field  
So soothing, like a cold shower on a hot day, Poetry  
It's like my soul mate  
If I had a date with poetry  
It would be sitting against a tree  
Watching the loose leaves fall  
While I recite to her what I wrote  
On loose leaf paper, Poetry  
Like a white tee shirt, it never gets old  
If you ever get inspired to write  
Put everything on hold and write, Poetry  
It rolls so smooth off the tongue  
Like Spanish R's  
It's happy, it's sad  
It's all emotions like a woman's period.  
Poetry, its food for thought  
At times, you would have thought  
You ran out of thoughts  
But poetry is an everlasting thought  
Poetry brings us all together  
Because we can relate through it  
I guess we are all poetic relatives  
What alleviation there is in poetic illustration

---

## Ode to Music

I hear the music play through my eardrums. I feel the music through my veins, so cold like that tingly feeling when your foot is numbed. Music aids my soul, like inspiration helps my motivation. I swear, at times music is like an autobiography that is recited audibly about me. Music, is like my conscience dancing to a melody. Music is the voice for the speechless; music is the voice of the people. Music is harmony even without instruments. Only a great artist can compose music that puts his creativity in alignment with the listeners thoughts. I wonder how difficult it was for God to find a better musician than Lucifer. Music dates before speech, maybe that's why it speaks so loud. The sound of music plays throughout nature; maybe this is why it's our nature to explore through nature. If music and the right atmosphere can help a plant grow up right, I wonder what the same can do for our nation. If a musician didn't create us, why do our hearts beat? Why do our ears drum? Why do we move to rhythm? Why do we have vocal cords? Only a musician can understand that note.

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## Oppression

Oppression is complacency

Oppression is silence

Oppression is inactivity

Oppression is being unaware

Oppression is distraction

Oppression is apathy

Oppression is selfishness

Oppression is not strategizing

Oppression is supporting  
gradualism

Oppression has no convictions

Oppression is not taking  
responsibility

Oppression is feeding into  
propaganda

Oppression is censoring

Oppression is subtle

Oppression is blatant

Oppression needs support

Oppression is disguised

Oppression is amnesia

Oppression is accepted

Oppression thrives

Oppression is thinking you know  
who the oppressor is, unaware it's  
been staring at you through your  
own reflection



## Picture frame

Pick a frame  
Golden frame  
Antique frame  
Wooden frame  
For a Blank canvas  
Large for a mural  
A collage  
Worth 1,000 words  
A picture frame  
Big enough  
To hold  
The bigger frame  
The bigger picture  
To remind you  
Time stands still  
In a frame that  
Brings you back  
Like a time machine  
Go ahead  
Snap the picture  
And place it  
In your favorite  
Picture frame  
Where time  
Has no motion

## Pray for me

Lord knows I never pray  
Sitting in the darkness wondering how to meditate  
Close my eyes and slip into un-consciousness  
Maybe it's not meant for me  
Force fields blocking my words from leaving my atmosphere  
So, I am stuck with "pray for me"  
Hopefully you can intervene,  
But I am not convinced your prayers can comfort me  
Have I gone astray? Like a black sheep I am un-flockable  
So I constantly stare up to the stars  
And wonder without prayers how far am I from the Gods?  
Could it be I have a phobia of praying and not being heard?  
Despite the fact, I always whisper a lord please  
Hoping he heard my pleas. Amen.

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## Reducing Hypocrisy

Reducing hate, increasing love  
Reducing greed, increasing charity  
Reducing waste, increasing sustainability  
Reducing pride, increasing humbleness  
Reducing distractions, increasing pro-action  
Reducing dependence, increasing sovereignty  
Reducing fear, increasing hope  
Reducing imbalance, increasing harmony  
Reducing separation, increasing unity  
Reducing ignorance, increasing knowledge  
Reducing work, increasing contribution  
Reducing negativity, increasing positivity  
Reducing acquaintances, increasing kinship  
Reducing distractions, calibrating my focus  
Reducing my hypocrisies, heightening my sincere philosophies

## Social Media

Social media, the epicenter of prude adventures  
Like an indentured servant  
I am a slave to unyielding scrolling  
Echo chamber of frigid trolling  
A sucker for the bloodsucking Zuckerberg's of social herding  
Petrified of the compulsive effects,  
I am reluctant to digitally socialize  
Seized, by an ambush of notifications  
Where has my time been taken?  
Down the valley of social engineering  
Where privacy is nothing but a delicacy  
Of corporate intrusion  
Social media  
The breeding ground of political collusion  
The platform where propaganda is camouflaged  
With trendy illusions  
The platform where  
Freedom of speech is no more than a figure of speech  
A social network of empty self-worth  
A place where moments are captured  
While life escapes

Social media  
A digital drug without a schedule classification  
For some like me  
Immediate excommunication and rehabilitation is needed  
Before a valuable implication is assimilated  
Social media  
A digital weapon for evolution  
A platform of indoctrination in cooperation  
Network of collective consciousness  
A catastrophe worth the risk  
An alternative platform  
That inverts the hierarchical pyramid  
A course of action moving with rapid traction  
Social media  
A double edge sword  
Being used by both the centralized and the decentralized  
Social media,  
Where the allied forces will collide with the forces  
Of the empire  
Choose not, the platform of the proprietor

---

## Struggle

Trying to cover your emotions with a canopy. Asking yourself how can it be. Nights seem longer than ever. In bed staring at what may be a dark ceiling, when in fact you're just dreaming. Staring at the darkness that cloaks your conscious. You wake up every morning confused because your nightmares are more amiable than reality. Faced by the most feared faces known to the face of the earth. Faced by a struggle people struggle to overcome. The furies of tragedy have no preference. Vulnerability is the acquaintance of struggle, making you insecure. No matter what happens don't break. No matter what happens, find true happiness while you face this struggle.

## *The day's pass*

The day's pass and the longest ones are those that associate with you. It is as if I wake up on those days with the mist and fog of a cold dewy day, with rain that washes all color away. I am left with unsatisfying memories, because our time was cut short. Two pennies short of a nickel, a nickel representing the five senses that are absent in your absence. I am left numb with no evidence of your existence. And the days pass like old age too fast, without a moment to last. Left with nothing more than pictures that only speak a few words, because I was left without a word, speechless. As the days pass I hope one day I pass through your mind.

---

## Worthless illusion

“The love of money is the root of all evil,” is what the ancient scripture says. Society has seen its share of evil and corruption at the behest of religion and illusory equity. Yet, evil and corruption has reached its pinnacle through the almighty dollar. Corruption is branched out from money. Greed is branched out from money. Chaos is branched out from money. Exploitation is branched out from money. Our ancestors had not the knowledge to be civilized and we, at a time of unlimited knowledge are more savage and uncivilized than ever. Money is an illusion. Money is debt. Money is slavery. Money is societal retardation. How can this disease stop without killing the source of it? How can we put a price tag on change for the betterment of humanity? Fuck the US Dollar. Fuck the Euro. Fuck the British pound. Fuck the Canadian Dollar. Fuck the Japanese Yen. Fuck the Parker Brothers Monopoly game money. You can't drink or eat money. You can't house or clothe the worlds homeless with money. Money is the villain to an advancing world. It is worthless. It's time to usher in a change worth more than a handful of deceased faces.

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## Awaken

When you see the world for what it is you become numb to the core. Every activity becomes reflective moments of complicity, hypocrisy and selfishness. Every day I pray for sanity, because how the fuck can you remain sane when you've partaken of the "red pill" that unveiled humanities blatant atrocities. I am repulsed by my image, for I am a coward. I finally see myself for the scum that I've exposed others for. How do I go back? How do I reverse these revelations? How do I look at myself again without seeing the problem with our civilization? How do I continue acting as though my actions are honorable, when they are in fact no more honorable than Obama's noble peace prizes. All my actions are not enough, because this world is past its expiration. So, where do I find consolation? Nothing brings me more comfort than knowing this planet isn't my home and the universe teaches the most aspiring lesson of love and harmony. And with that, I can rest assured, love and harmony are my consolations. Love and harmony are my purest connections with the solution for this civilization.



## Channels of option

The thought of dying before I live cringes my soul  
The reality of dying before I become acquainted with freedom weakens my spirit  
My experience on earth is artificial  
The idea that life is nothing more than mundane repetition is unappealing  
The notion that we are born into debt is enslavement  
My rights in democracy are hijacked by illusion  
My experience as a parent is apparently handicapped by a lame system  
I'm a mad motherfucker with a smile on my face  
I'm an optimist bastard with disgust on my taste buds  
I'm the most upbeat miserable person you know  
I am a determined sinner with more potential to change this world than the  
multitude of Gods  
When death is more peaceful than being alive I have everything to fight for

---

## Conscious Statistic

A conscious statistic is a measure of the enlightened vessel. A conscious statistic is one who aligns their compass with intuition, which is nature's spirit. A conscious statistic is the consensus of all six senses. Philosophical individual, what a stereotypical spiritualistic statistic. A fine tune instrument for the universe's symphony is a conscious statistic. The core of a conscious statistic rings with harmony. This creates the prerequisite for evolution. One who looks to tune into to the universes frequency is a conscious statistic. A host to creative expression is one in agreement of the conscious statistic. One who shields against societal dictation is a tallied statistic. A conscious statistic is an entity who creates its own reality.

## Control Alt Delete

Altercation between destinations  
Down an assembly line of categorization  
Dodging mob like battles of contrary ideas  
Ideas, that are prefabricated  
Liberal or conservative  
Democrat or Republican  
Like swine at the trove  
We are fed talking points  
We are sculpted to have our intelligence insulted  
Opposition breeds alternative positions  
A measure without permission  
Solutions served without a question  
From networks with ill intentions  
Chess played in duel dimension  
Leaves your opponent in full suspension  
Control Alt Delete  
Is the formula of negotiation  
Alternatives are the beginning  
Of the empirical demise  
No need for disguise  
Our decisions are made in reply  
Of the main stream collide  
With those who reside at the top tier  
Control Alt Delete  
This is the anthem of their defeat  
Alternative media  
Alternative social networks  
Alternative currency  
Alternative News  
Alternative views  
Alternative energy  
Control Alt Delete  
This is a receipt  
Vote with your actions  
Make no consents  
Like the Montgomery boycott  
Alternatives are the vehicles of accountability  
Verbal indication makes no invitation  
To social reform  
This is the shift  
Where the majority makes the commands  
Control Alt Delete

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## In Tune

I am alignment  
Nature defining  
Characteristic  
Conscious static  
Timeless refinement  
Received by an independent vessel  
With little resistance  
To harmonic frequencies  
In tune instrument  
Stringing together  
Cords of eminent ignition  
Polished definition  
Evolutionary allegiance  
To bring humanity  
Closer to cooperative  
Regularity

## Moment of Now

Live in the moment  
The only one that matters  
The only one that has potential to batter the past  
This moment is captured in a snapshot of digital translation  
This moment is magical, in relation to the unexplainable  
This moment is the only attainable space,  
Where the matrix glitches for a moment that can last for eternity  
Face to face with perception,  
This is the moment where inception meets in depth meaning  
This moment harnesses the streaming of a universal message  
This is the moment where life's directional fork meets food for thought  
This moment is boundless, for the future is modified by now  
This is the moment of now,  
So, how can you not give it your undivided attention  
Currently, we are accompanied by the past, the present and the future  
This monumental moment requires a producer  
Now, is a force that just disintegrated before us  
The moment of now is omnibus,  
It's obvious that this moment of now is what actually matters

---

## Open Letter

I trod with a heavy heart  
My convictions shred me to pieces  
My hypocrisies stare at me in the mirror  
My righteousness falls short because I aimlessly listen to the hurt of the universe  
A young spirit doesn't fear, because fear is experience  
How much gore can my cloud store before it crashes  
I quiver staring at my sons smile because this world isn't pure enough to maintain it  
I realize I haven't recognized my reflection  
Convictions this strong deserve multiple shoulders to lean on  
For I am too weak to project strength  
I am too comfortable to conclude my privileges  
Yet I erect in my transparency  
And I hope in my sorrow  
I strive for cognitive evolution  
Where my consciousness entwines with empathy  
And my spirit welcomes nirvana

## Reform Season

A value shift will amend the rifts that gap between us like cliffs. Together we can band aid the wounds of society, but you decide to aid your own painful sobriety. I can't hear your civil chants because it's not your time for chance. A dose of distraction is the attraction of gradualistic traction. We wait quadrennially to elect change, but the status quo reigns. The last time I checked, sorrow reigns on the exploited. Our tears reign amongst us while we are divided. We constantly try to unite each other by dividing each other. Wait, I can faintly make out the chants while they battle one another. FTP! Fuck the police! Fuck the one percent! The chants are united in division. The collision continues the fatal incision. Without a sound, videos violently narrate. The injustices drown each other out. Black lives matter! Prison reform now! End perpetual war! Each chant scattered from one another because of uncompromising pain. The chants shatter one another, becoming unrecognizable chatter. Each chant comes from different directions and different times detesting the spirit of unity. Why isn't change more successful! Beyond reach it's unattainable. To make change we must make sense of its failures. To choose between injustice is unjustly restraining change. Wait, the chants seem clearer? The numbers are beyond consensus. The system can sense us, because the distraction of difference became indifferent. Arms locked we chain change in a stronghold coining the phrase reform season. Our chants echo in unison. Our chants become a poetic symphony. As though together we make up one voice. Our bodies form a body of peace. Each individual retaining a piece of change. Men in uniform became citizens in uniform. The faces of change became the face of change. Cloaked in similarity, division was finally conquered. The chants grew louder. Inclusive to the one percent, we gave one hundred percent. With all present the chants became a mirror of possible reflection. Who can defeat us when the enemy became our ally. The compliance brought us to a new level of evolution. A peaceful revolution. Seasons come and seasons go but reform season is here to stay.

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## Slave Shift

When I equate my labor to slavery, I do so with pure agony. Every day, I subject myself to tasks I carelessly complete. Khaliq, you have responsibilities. This is mentioned, as if passion should ever come secondary to monotony. I am a prisoner to convenience. I circumvent fate to accommodate overpriced lifestyles. This slave shift I call a job, is nothing but a crutch to creation. I am fed up with your punch lists. I have my own agenda. This includes the referendum against unwanted vocations. Day after day I plot on a foundation that has minimal options. Why do I continually prey on myself esteem? They say my writings are exceptional, yet I continue to devote my precious time to my “true master,” conformity. This slave shift isn’t imposed, it’s conditioned. I have this strong urge to liberate myself from tradition. I yearn to create, I crave to collaborate, my desire is to activate every slave that feeds off of the same soul aching dilemma.



## Sunshine in the shadows

What's the point of building a paradise when life is as much of a gamble as a pair of dice? Things seem like they're not getting better, but that's no excuse to get bitter. My appetite is still fed past satisfaction. I can still open the faucet without worrying that I have parasites waiting for a host. The ocean's level is rising, but that's more water to waste. The American dollar has as much value as the world's morals. It's no surprise that the most frightening motion picture is the one we see televised on the news every day. My complaints are as privileged as affording a losing lottery ticket. All this to say, as long as we have our necessities taken care of, be as thankful as a supermarket grocery bag. Hold those close to you tight like a belt, and don't melt when pressure comes, because that's when the future of the revolution will need you to be bolder than the font of a newspaper's HEADLINES. There is always a deadline, but I beg for the chance to reconcile. Let us humans' get things right first, before Mother Nature loses her thirst for good nature.

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## Taken

I can never forgive you  
For you've taken from me like no other  
Uncertain of who to cast my burdens on  
Uncertain of who to direct my fury to  
You've taken my liberty  
You've taken my precious joy  
You've taken my hope and substituted it with faith  
You've taken my time and replaced it with your schedule  
You've taken my influence and substituted it with false direction  
You've taken my curiosity and clouded it with distraction  
You've taken my sense of intuition and warped my connection with nature  
You've taken my reflection and hijacked my individuality  
You've taken my family and made them acquaintances  
You've taken my relationships and made them instant messages  
You've taken my passion and made it a hobby  
You've taken my convictions and transformed them into hypocrisies  
You've taken my life and promoted death  
You've taken my neighbor and made him my enemy  
You've striped me of everything physical, yet one thing I clutch with the power  
of the universe is the one thing you will never take from me, my spirit.

---

## Tribal Biases

I've been cursed to hell by people that have no idea I own a timeshare there. Hell being the only real estate owned and passed down by my elders. Before you decide to choose the side of my opponent, here is my disclaimer. I am the offspring of coincidence, mistakes, pain, instability, insecurities, domestic violence, addiction, inattention, malnutrition, miseducation, conditional love, perhaps my genetic makeup has had some pre-wiring, for it seems these characteristics have been modified through my genealogy. I apologize that my impulses aren't tailored for your approval. Choosing sides between stories is as familiar as choosing a selfie filter. Always conveys the best image. How familiar this hypocrisy is? We are all subjects to the fruits of disruption. My objective is not to reinforce hypocrisy, but to shine a light on our tribal biases. I once heard Eminem curse every Republican to hell during a BET cypher, and garner praises from the highest points of "Heaven." As if his remarks would sow the seeds of understanding. I once heard Kanye spread love to Trump, and garner hatred from the peace and love community, as if this wasn't the opportunity to cultivate a conversation of duality. We love to pick sides. We love to exclude background, it's a way to enhance our immunity. We divorce logic, when cradling biased judgements. We only commit to "fair" extensive judgement when assigned to jury duty. Yet, in the complexity of everyday life we lack introspection. "Divorce him," "deport them" "incarcerate that addict," "that child needs a spanking," "a suicidal person is pathetic." Preconceived notions, predates language. It's tribal in nature. It served a purpose in evolution, which brings us to the next phase. When we decide to truly address human behavior we will create new tools for a collective evolution.

Are we ready to heal?

Are we ready to move on?

Are we ready to write a new song?

Are we ready to shed layers of biology

That serve no more purpose?

Or, are we so conditioned that we are not ready

to let go of our tribal biases?

## Unhinged

Sagging my apartment  
Because I'm stuck in a department of inability  
Where's my stability?  
I'm hanging off the balcony gripping what's instilled in me  
I wear my convictions on my sleeve,  
But I've been deceived by the tease of addiction,  
Life is friction,  
It's a battle of what is idealistic and what is nonfiction  
I'm sick and tired of the concessions  
My time is important too, so what am I to do?  
Continue to wake up and slave for you?  
Time is a heartbeat and you're a cardiovascular disease  
Heaven is a mind state,  
And the statistics in this life shows extinction  
I am stuck in a booth of exponential potential  
My youth is being watered down by mediocrity  
I won't be caged in this rage of hypotheticals  
I've been stuck in the crusade for democracy  
Is this the excuse for self-examination?  
I am an ambassador for consciousness  
I speak for the inhibited creator  
These words are moon size craters embedded in my mind  
It's time to break loose from the noose of distraction  
My attraction moves on a train of thoughts  
My desire is to be a locomotive without restrictions  
I yearn to be free from social conditioning  
A process to sift out harmful biology  
Brings me closer to evolutionary qualities

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## Universal harmony

The simplicity of harmony drives my frustration. Things can be so simple; therefore, because they are not, my superior complex overwhelms me with curiosity of the hereafter. Many times, I have felt I evolved passed this chaotic system. This is not to say I am above the chain, I am the chain. This is to say I have acquired the ability to see through the artificiality of this inhibiting simulation. Selfishness became a trait I am repelled by. I am dispelled by this materialistic world. As time unfolds I shed layers upon layers of conditioning. No wonder my greatest interests are those of deconstructing ages of flawed heredities. This mentality is a transition that requires an abundance of self-reflection. Perhaps this world isn't my home; perhaps my mission is to channel synchronicity. For then, is when I've made contact with universal harmony, where the ultimate stage of evolution resides.

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## Vessel of Creativity

Fuck your institutions, I am from the conscious University. A vessel channeled through creativity. A raw talent, untouched by society, I never came for your help, yet you ask to teach me. I never asked for this talent, it was bestowed upon me. I am speaking a language with no origin, you can't define this anomaly. I am a vessel of creativity. I never asked for your approval. You poke at my frugality and flaunt money at my feet. I am left in defeat, for all I ask is time for creativity. Take your publishing, take your currency, take your advice, and shove it up the dark hole of artificiality. If you can explain my raw talent enlighten me, because this talent was never taught, it's been channeled. I am vessel of creativity. One poured from universal conscious recycling and when I'm finished good luck taking it, because this cycle follows the laws of nature. It follows the next vessel of creativity. Locked tight in fermentation every word in scripted is encrypted by the source of creation.

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## Woke

On this spiritual journey, I've abandoned my old identity. Scrapping the old, for the unknown is a decision I made unconsciously. The old me was never who I truly intended to be. Who I am, is beneath the layers of conditioning, and these layers are like the layers of pollution attached to our atmosphere. Beneath the surface I found compulsory activity. Activity I had no control over. Like an addict, I moved through impulse. The material, passion, lust, relationships, thoughts, were all artificial, were all out of my control. My existence was superficial. My existence was planned out meticulously, not by me, but by a far-removed society. Not by me, but from conditions that prefabricated my identity. At some point it clicked, things just made sense. This life I was living was a mere simulation of the elite's domination, and to truly live is to break the cycle and create my reality. A reality where harmony dictates and sustainability liberates. A reality where death is an opportunity to resurrect as life itself. A reality where my old identity is what truly dies and my rebirth ascends infinitely.

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Khaliq's journey through perception has no expiration.  
The motivation to his archive of creation hovers over  
His every destination. Therefore, as soon as this book  
Ends the following book...To Be Continued

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