

The Birds & The B's

Dear Friends; I've never modeled myself as a rapper nor a poet. Please accept this next piece as an automatic writing theme or surrealism.

How will they mourn me? To live or to die. One contemplates, no reason to ask why. The seed of manifestation, conjoined with existential egg of my nuclei was clinging to the womb of my Goddess. When low and behold the very yolk of reality cracked the shell of delusion and this embryonic illusionary concept met the frying pan.

Sunny side up!

Homage must also be made paternally, to my Father, from a frozen heart or thawed out neurotic memory. As the bumble bee buzzes and the hummingbird pollinates. Fertilization is in fact my test tube baby, in vitro fertilization story.

To grant the gift of life thru artificial insemination or deny by degradation, based on scientific eugenics, alarmed most. While soothing souls of families, that are in need of assisted child bearing, desired to rock the cradle with open arms.

Oh! The stigmata associated with baby Jessica was baffling to a few, yet receptive to many. Time, Life and Ebony Magazine, just to name a few, were mass media print conglomerates confused on "How to run the story?"

Subscribers were the moving force that generated wealth based on marathons of cover stories that evolved over the years to eventually burying the articles page 6 for the poor . For how could we get thru the 320 degrees of evolution and come out successfully to 720 degrees of a species adept at revolutions?

Incubation periods are a struggle!

The resistance band isometric, esoteric gymnastics of our mental aerobics were destined to pacify our needs or rattle our brains . Fledgling, I make this vow, betrothed to you in matrimonial testament, until death do we part.

"As we navigate the changing tables of life, an Evenflo bottleneck of Simulac, the dirty Pampers of conflict and Talcum powder of unforeseen crisis. I promise to bare down, in full force, on the teething rings of destiny that triumphantly carry us to a day of Depends!"

My first, second & third trimester in utero, this constitution was fetal imprinted on varying synapses that are the roadmaps to our Rand McNally success.

THE HIGHWAY AND BIWAYS!

Happy homes of heterosexuals , bisexual and homosexuals have been legalized to provide guidance, nurturing and comforting newborns. Be it adoption, IVF or otherwise, these newborn Modern Families are a salute to scientific advances and the appropriate definition that defines the word, "Family!"

For we're not created cloth based on the color of the skin were born in. Both genuinely, "by our character and the contents of our hearts." As an elderly black man oppressed by racism , imprisoned in Wisconsin Department of Corrections and actually innocent, " Hear my plea from the confines of my mother's wombs until the tombs!" My declaration still rings true as The Liberty Bell, prior to my conception.

After 9 months , The Honorable James Terry was born 7/14/64 and choose to live in this world.

With humility , resilience and unconditional love, I embraced men of all colors and nationalities, as well as they have embraced me. Please! Do not let a minion of institutionalized racism in America be the death of me.

2020 The Global community became AWAKENED!

WELL, its 2021 now. There's no time to go into a deep sleep.

If you are AWOKE! Stay awake.

I choose to live and not die.

My fight carries on.

A voice from the voiceless.

To fly away and BE Free! Spread these wings.

To join the battle for justice.

Support Action. Individuals and non-governmental organizations are encouraged to write:

James Terry I I 373986

Wisconsin Secure Program Facility

P.O. Box 1000

Boscobel , WI 53805 USA