

My sister, now desolate, barren and black

I too have been betrayed by that man, Barack

To my face he feigned a smile

Followed by the wiping away

Of imaginary tears

As if I wouldn't, as if I couldn't

See the only cross about him

Were his fingers crossed

Behind his back.

My sister, the tears you have held back

Don't let them corrode you from the inside

Don't let "The Man" wield that axe

That can pollute you deep inside

And poison on the outside,

The opposite of the Midas touch,

He can make

What you touch turn awry.

Forgive me my sister if I seem vulgar

But there is no other way to describe

The hurt "The Man" will try to unleash  
On your remaining, now famous, family

Wicked, unholy contortions they will plot  
And in sins they will attempt to entrap  
With things as simple as the jingle  
Of a song advertising ice cream  
That may as well be selling crack.

My sister, don't be fooled  
For the world is now dark  
The TV is riddled with PSYOPS  
While supposed great Mayors  
Hide atrocities behind arguments  
For soda pop.

My sister don't be blinded  
Tribulation is upon us;  
Upon you and upon me.

There is no rhyme or reason  
For our President's treason

Of his own family.

For that is how he sold it to us

“We are family,” lest we forget

But there’s no more Sister Sledge

In this new era, there’s a new jingle

One you and I have not yet heard.

It is full of drum beats and crescendos

While a melodic chorus pulls at your heart strings

Yes sister, there is a new song

For your hurt they’ll try to cover up.

They make you naked and send you into battle

With remote cameras they watch on saddles

Snacking as they feast their eyes,

Feigning shock and making faces at their friends

While they watch the beasts tear apart your flesh.

O sister, do not be fooled

The days when all it took

Was a jester to entertain

Are long past overdue.

The times are now wicked, unholy; perverse

And few are left who haven't transgressed

Do yourself a favor and accept

The one true light that still remains

Like CeCe Wyans said,

His name is Jesus.

Now I know that doesn't rhyme.

Perhaps discordance it will symbolize

For once you accept Him, your world will change.

Yeah, your entire existence will cease to be the same.

Yes sister, it is true,

Life more abundantly you will see and have

Even treasures of darkness you may yet have

Dominion over serpents and scorpions, His gift to you

But in these times, be prepared, for you may discern

The scorpions, the serpents,

And rodents too close to you.

So do not make the decision lightly.

We all know some of us are lively  
And the senseless, fickle caprices  
Of our flesh we'll need to shed.

And yet sister, I can tell you  
The walk is worth it,  
For eternity you will gain.

And not just eternity,  
But a faithful friend.  
Someone who will listen  
And talk back to you gently  
Someone who won't judge you  
Without a gentle correction  
Someone who will care  
To polish your very heart  
Someone who will love it,  
Even if it's black.

Cast your cares on Him, not on Barack  
We all know who really has the power  
To mend ills and give us justice and grace

both in the Heavens

And on the Earth.

Although a pilgrim I am not,

You need not have sailed on the Mayflower

For your blood to boil so hot

Upon the crumbling of our towers.

“But you lived in Florida at the time”

You protest; yet a “cracker” I am not.

Oh don’t get all bent out of shape.

It’s an expression I once heard.

To be truthful you could not find

A Rican more Republican than I.

Though I must not hesitate

To tell the truth about my trance;

For Obama I did vote once

And a witness I do have,

In case they try my truth to trash.

Browsing the net I did peruse

A beautiful picture of the GW Bridge

It was arraigned red, white and blue

A large, majestic flag hung from a beam

Oh what a shame that it would be

If it were not made in the USA.

Won't someone please investigate

To whom give credit for that create.

Yes, things have changed horrendously

Since I watched the strike on the TV

In my Palm Bay home I was

On the phone with family.

For my brother he still lived

In the Bronx, oh at Auntie's

Not too far from where an old friend

Sheena's mom once gave me "greens."

Forgive me please if I digress

Full disclosure is not my intent.

The problem is I've come to learn

No longer is there privacy.

We acted swiftly when in shock

When that great terror our Towers struck.

Oh, not just in our families

Throughout the land angst in our souls.

We all felt that "Monster Truck."

And now that "Monster" is a front

For things we dare not even speak.

Coded PSYOPS you do drink

It's on the billboards and TV's.

Perhaps you heard the CDC

Mention something about Zombies.

But as if that were not enough,

Abused has been even the glove

That once fit so perfectly

On Jesse Owens in '36.

Oh friends don't let the colors blind you

For the terror is right beside you

It hides behind a teleprompter

And a great, big family.

Some of whom have tried to turn us

Into Transhumans and Zombies

Now I did not always know.

Don't forget for him I've prayed

And yes, also for his family.

Though he would not want you to know it

No, "The Man" has hid my name

"Audrey Andujar or Audrey Wright"

In that "Secret Bill" he kept.

"Redrum, Murder!" I decry

For the cover up is so sublime

It may just blow away your mind.

They were counting on my mimes

Didn't think I had a mind

Capable of recovery.

From the fury leashed upon me

NSA cars still do stalk me

By a beast and other friends

He attended college with

And sometimes refers to as "family."

"Mr. President, you've crossed the line

You yourself said had been set

Against killing your own peeps."

Death panels do now exist

You must by now have noticed

If you get Medicaid, SSI or SSD.

And when they're not sufficient

To empower them to finish

Certain "Poet Pests" like me

They send some people out "To Fish."

And when the Lord, He intercedes

Protecting my whole family,

A little nation is quickly targeted

And in the Bill my name interred

As if I were a Terrorist.

Freedom of Speech no that is gone

Wake up to this reality.

Brother, sister the time has come

For this President to impeach,

For if you still like me believe

Time to heal there might still be!

Sometimes Evil itself

Will tempt you with a kingdom

When you're so close to achieving it

Simply by following your principles.

The Gospel of Peace is not

The "Go Spell of Pieces" or Pisces.

Every word is true and timeless

Unite efforts instead.

Pervail instead of behead

Or do you want to be perceived as ISIS

Do you want to win the Peace?

Or Rock the Jesus Pieces?

Listen to me now I say,

Sometimes life on Earth

Is more complicated

Than most would say.

Take heed, let the Word sink in.

Spread the Word, Spread the Peace

To church take a friend

And sometimes even a fiend.

Oh Sing Ye Heavens, Oh Sing!

For today his glory has been

Poured out upon our land as if

The cool caresses and embraces

Of the wind were not enough

He dazzles us with a light show

From His eternal torch!

There is joy and singing in the celestial court

Receive a great victory oh ye Saints!

The Rider gallops from Heaven's Throne

Start counting the hours till the moon wanes

For no matter who's in Washington

It's the Lord of Lord and King of Kings that reigns.

Tonight in the Cape

Your bolts of lightning rivaled,

NO, outdid

The Independence Day festivities.

Oh Lord, forgive my little mind

For even daring to compare

Something man made

To the Heavens on high

With a beautiful display of light

I'm blessed to hear Your thunder roar

Lord, nothing can compare

To Your faithfulness

Thank you for keeping me alive!

You are my Father, You are my Husband,

You are my Friend

And as I see and hear your rain descend

My heart swells and warms with gratitude

For this perverse woman's purification.

For as Barack's pride to Heaven stunk

So did my whoredoms the ground upon

Pollute, which I walked upon.

"Adulterous Hag" had been my tag

And even by Incubi I'd been had.

"Amazing Grace" does not describe

The sins the blood of Jesus have washed.

With inhuman mercy your Majesty

Permits me to wear white and not disgrace

The loving kindness of your face.

With patient love you do still sculpt

And my black heart you fill with love

You would not let that man Barack

Finish me off with his designs

Upon me, my privacy, nor my family!

Blessed art Thou Oh glorious King

Who reigns with mercy and majesty

To you no earthly King would dare compare

No, not even on a dare

Or so we all thought all would know

Never to fall into that snare.

“But did ‘The Man’ fall?”

I dare ask.

“Is in that kingdom

Now a tare?”

And later my Lord with me shares

No one wants to hear

That they’re in over their heads

Or that their land is filled with hate,

Or fear they'll be betrayed.

How can a man think of anything else

Than his own head in times of hate?

You blame him for negligence and dereliction

And yes perhaps he's ill advised

But somewhere along the line

You must admit it may have been devised

Hate engenders hate

No, let us not forget.

Perhaps he was so Bushy eyed

When he did first arrive

Taken in with all the glamour

The White House did provide.

Soon enough he made decisions

The establishment abhorred

"He is an ideologue," they whispered

And yes "He's even dangerous."

"What have we done?" They wondered,

"We thought he would go along,

That he'd be easy to control.

We gave him what he wanted"

Or so many would say,

But then he had to go so far

As to accept the gays."

The man's unbridled now

He knows he's been betrayed

Outsmart him though you will my friends

The man is filled with hate,

But even more, disdain.

Turn his heart aright my friends

Like you have done to me,

But not with ammunition

Of yeses or other pleas.

Fix his heart I beg you please.

Be kinder Oh Fox TV.

In ignorance he did divide,

Be above that won't you please?

If not for him I do beg this

It is for US I plead.

Can't you see his mind down in the mire?

He's on a raft, yes out at sea

He's struggling to survive my friend

Have some compassion please.

Everyone in his place gets a legacy

Is he to blame for all that's racy?

He's clawing and scratching to survive

And it's a wonder he's still alive.

That's not to say he's right my friends

But perhaps it is a test

To see if we can love him still

And help him pass the test

You cannot take away

What this man has achieved

Though from dust he came my friends

The lord breathed into him.

Alike to you and me he is

Don't you forget it please.

Yes our Lord did create him

Just like you and me.

Our Dear President:

A chance to shine you have

Keep quiet still do not

For mother's souls

And baby's souls

I beg you, please do not.

What I suggest

If I am earnest

A moral compass to be set

This is the time to shine

Oh burn hot not

At my suggestion

I only want to help.

You have a chance to show

Real leadership and prop

Your legacy if you confront

This issue while you can.

It's time for a moral teaching

To spring forth from you lips

Many adore you, yet many would not

That I to you this advice give.

But the Lord has permitted it

So I beg you, "listen please."

Look at the numbers

How many of those babies were black?

Do you know what they're doing

To our hearts if you speak not?

Share with us that indignation

Deep down within your heart.

For the deception

Perpetrated against our own

Oh please keep silent not.

This is the time to shine

And set a moral compass

Don't be afraid of the reception

And take the higher ground

Don't let this be a blight

On the history of your Presidency

Don't let them ruin your legacy

The time has come to speak.

I am not saying Planned Parenthood

Defund, tear apart or hack.

I am saying pay attention

To what's ailing in mother's hearts.

If I were you, that's where I'd start.

There are many who are hurting

And many mourn and regret

The decisions they have made.

Take advantage of the moment

To heal where others would not

Do not be afraid Dear President.

For the Lord is with you in this task

If in high ground you will bask.