

# *Self-Conscious Mysticism*

by SweetLife



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Mysticism*





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### *Lincoln on Slavery*

President Abraham Lincoln, who is often called “The Great Emancipator,” did not always call for emancipation. He did, however, eventually issue the Emancipation Proclamation, which freed all the slaves in the Confederate states. Then he strongly supported the Thirteenth Amendment, which abolished slavery throughout the nation. In the last speech he ever made, he recommended extending the vote to African Americans.

# *Poems*

1. Séance Journey to Find Self .....	1
2. Tears Are Falling .....	3
3. Life Began Yesterday .....	5
4. Spirit World (Sonnet) .....	7
5. Just Believe in God (Haiku) .....	9
6. Obstruction of Justice .....	11
7. Forget About the Past (Haiku) .....	13
8. DNA of Consciousness .....	15
9. Vegan for Life (Sonnet) .....	17
10. Reparations Now (Haiku) .....	19
11. Spiritual Tree (Haiku) .....	21
12. E1B1A DNA (Haiku) .....	23
13. Polluted Waters Cause Cancer (Sonnet) .....	25
14. The U.S. of Soviet Union .....	27
15. Snowstorm .....	29
16. Great-Grandfather's Enslavement in 1788 .....	31
17. Thank You, Don't Be So Polite .....	33
18. The Dutch East India Company (Haiku) .....	35
19. Same Things Make You Laugh Make You Cry .....	36
20. Nation's Capital, 1784 .....	39
21. Shanghai Flight Departures (Haiku) .....	41
22. Make America Great Fake News Again .....	43
23. Should We Eliminate the Pennies? (Sonnet) .....	45
24. 400 Years of Missed Opportunity .....	47
25. I Peace Raq .....	49
26. All I Wanted to Do Is Love You .....	51
27. Nevada Indian Girl .....	53
28. Hurricane Emily, 1987 .....	54
29. Aloha (Haiku) .....	57
30. The Love I Feel for You .....	59
31. Bohemian Blackberry Sexpot Girl .....	61
32. Expression of Love .....	63
33. Win, Place, or Show .....	64
34. <i>Irrashaimase!</i> (Haiku) .....	67
35. Are You Loving Someone Else? .....	68
36. <i>Hafa Adai</i> (Haiku) .....	71
37. The First Amendment Right .....	73
38. The Second Amendment Isn't Written in Stone .....	75
39. Never Had a Chance to Say Thank You, Number 42 .....	77

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I must also acknowledge Dr. Yehoshua Ben Ephraim on researching E1B1A and all of its subgroups that make up the house of Judah and the house of Israel. Dr. Ephraim is the founder and leader of E1B1A DNA teaching.

I appreciate Tommy James, composer and pianist, for encouraging me to continue writing songs and coaching me on the mechanics of the entertainment business.

Finally, I would like to express my gratitude to my editor, Paul Weisser, for polishing my manuscript. He’s a brilliant intellectual who kept me laughing.

*In memory of Clifford Adams,  
the world's best trombonist...*

“A human being is a part of the whole, called by us ‘Universe’; a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts, and feelings as something separated from the rest—a kind of optical delusion of his consciousness. This delusion is a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and affection for a few persons nearest us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of nature in its beauty.”

—Albert Einstein





*1*  
*Séance Journey to Find Self*

As the sunlight creeps in and out,  
Overcast with a gray dark sky,  
Before it rains, my shadow will shout,  
“Vociferous churl, forgetfulness to fly.”  
It began to have fun with the sun devout;  
The reflection shade of my shadow’s cupidity,  
Like a mirror deep inside my soul,  
But I can only depend on my shadow faulty.

Without my shadow, who will remain?  
How can I gain to keep my forgiveness?  
Beside me, my shadow will maintain,  
Until the rain makes contact with dryness.  
Clouds high above,  
Shade without rain,  
Continue to dress, rest, and progress.  
My shadow and I have this togetherness.  
Trust tomorrow.  
Shades that never appear  
Will never end again.  
Helplessness.

Peacefulness.  
It’s time the rain washed my shadow away.  
My shadow flies  
In a chariot off for goodness.

It’s impossible for my shadow to disjunct,  
Or abandon my seance journey to find self.



2

*Tears Are Falling*

Tears are falling from my eyes  
As the sun rises in the blue sky,  
Rolling from the burning wind,  
Dropping slowly into my loveless heart to Heaven.

Suddenly, my loveless soul hungers for your touch  
That I miss so much,  
Like a mountain waterfall has stopped flowing.  
And now the picture on the wall reminds me  
Of the moment fixed in that sad work of art.

Forgive me, my loveless heart has no value or price  
That holds still like a timeless block of ice.  
The water fountain heat of your love  
Will fill my loveless heart to beat once again  
Over the mountain clouds that make it rain.

The bench that I sit on at the dock of the bay  
Lovers walk by, seeming to be so happy and gay.  
Everyone can look into the mirror of my soul  
Gone away with a dove flying beyond the blue sky  
Rolling from the burning wind  
Between the cloud's bright four-ring rainbow  
Dropping slowly into my loveless heart to Heaven.



3

*Life Began Yesterday*

No one knows when life began.  
All in-between life is tomorrow,  
And yesterday no more or less  
than twenty-four hours a day.

The only solid truth we know,  
On this planet, babies will continue  
To be born  
And people will die.

Everything else is imprecision  
And strange phenomena!  
Can we find Heaven here on Earth,  
Or is Heaven many light-years away?

As life goes by, we continue  
To establish in melancholy habits,  
Such as greed.

We believe in men who continue  
To bilk and bamboozle us down,  
False prophecy for greed.

Tomorrow and yesterday is our only  
Real reality of life.  
Greed is our only solution.  
We are charged to be born,  
And charged to die.



4

*Spirit World (Sonnet)*

World celestial in the sky,  
The body can be buried on land  
Afterlife don't ask why.  
After the diminished trumpet's hand,  
The ashes will dissolve at seaside  
Until they reach heaven to kneel.  
The speed of light vacuums high tide.  
Can't see the wind, but can feel.  
Don't ask why  
The spirit has been uplifted, no fear.  
Heaven isn't always in the sky.  
The Universe's stars won't disappear,  
The spirit will never say goodbye.  
The spirit has been uplifted, no fear.





5

*Just Believe in God (Haiku)*

He died for our sins,  
Unrighteous ways of Satan,  
God will set us free.



6

*Obstruction of Justice*

Michael Flynn, Access Hollywood, grab the Black  
voodoo

Pussycat by flipping over the Monopoly board  
While sitting in a soft Kushner chair in Chump Casino.

You got to play to win Luxury Tax trying to buy  
Railroad,  
Across from Capitol Hill located on 1600 Pennsylvania  
Avenue!

Park Place, remember if Obstruction of Justice don't be  
bitter,

Why Pass Go straight to Jail? Did you hear the fake  
voice who?

It wasn't me, you must figure my only device is Twitter.

Roy Moore riding his horse tied it up at the poll in  
Alabama,  
Doggerel in sloppy Breitbart-in-chief strategist in farts  
that smell.

While voting he asked, "Where is the young girl with  
her mama?"

Jubilation filled with happiness that failed the racist  
power to hell.

Norway winter white snow.

Africa and Haiti are the last shithole,  
The law of the land will send the racist Chump to  
railroad coal.



7

*Forget About the Past (Haiku)*

Start season exist  
Dish flash intimacy wish  
Last farewell, lost dream



8

*DNA of Consciousness*

Fiction life  
Is so fake.  
Imagination appears that  
Animals can't relate.  
Fabrication  
Never to be real.  
Figment jesters  
Won't do.  
Fable nescience.  
False dreams  
Filled with lies.  
Facetiæ witty.  
Misrepresentation of the truth.  
There's no fact,  
Only feelings.  
The blood knows best.





9

*Vegan for Life (Sonnet)*

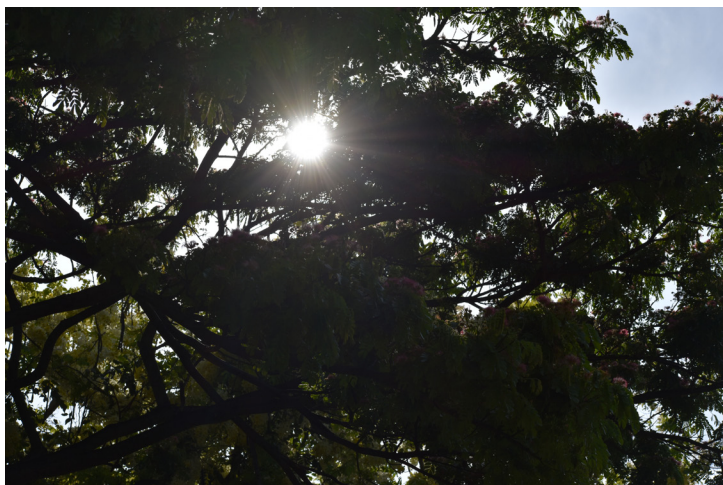
What happens to an open cut on the body?  
It will heal without any first-aid antibiotic.  
The human body will heal itself of tragedy.  
The immune system flows like the sound of music.  
Stop eating animals, they have a face!  
Behold, I have given you herb-bearing seeds.  
Should our image be dominant or replaced?  
Unrighteous kingdom under false deeds.  
Scientists know more about solar system wisdom  
Than we know about the human brain's mental evil.  
Could it be that we are living in a forgotten kingdom?  
In the Bible, no documentation if God forgave the  
Devil.  
Politicians continue to get lobbyists enslaved.  
The privileged want to make greed a world enclave.



**10**

***Reparations Now (Haiku)***

The U.S. owes Black  
Hebrews one octillion cash  
For what? Slavery.



*11*

*Spiritual Tree (Haiku)*

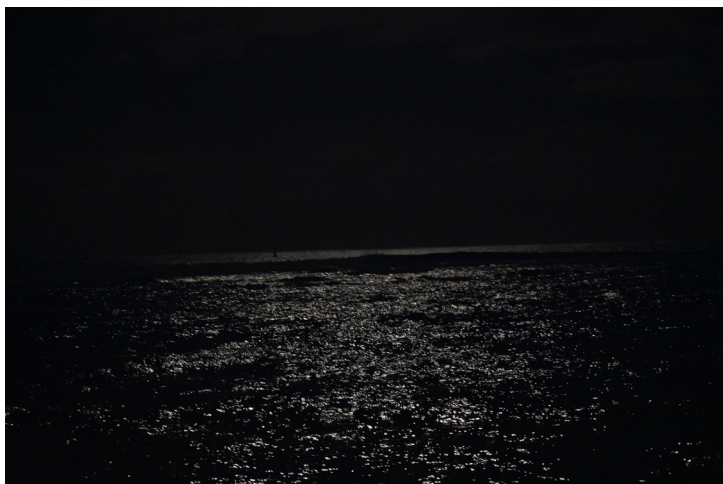
Mom said, “Seen not heard.”  
My dad said, “Don’t trust a fool,  
Coming or going.”



*12*

*E1B1A DNA (Haiku)*

Abraham, Isaac,  
Jacob, twelve tribe sons,  
ancient Hebrew Black nation.





### 13

#### *Polluted Waters Cause Cancer (Sonnet)*

It was a hot day, the last month of school,  
Assunpink Creek was a deadly untidy water and polluted,  
City Beat the Heat funded a public summer swimming pool.  
It would open, accessible and undisturbed,  
Impacted by dirty drinking water from toxic factory refineries.  
Absolutely no harmful swimming disposal signs posted.  
Poisonous fumes caused death to air species.  
The Trenton Makes, The World Takes Bridge was brindled,  
Dissatisfied neighborhood folks dying with decayed bodies,  
Corrupt businesses closing, not being criminally charged,  
Manufacturing plants disappearing overnight,  
Leaving asbestos chemicals in newborn bloodstreams.  
City Hall was unwilling to pay the plaintiff's lawsuit fights,  
The neighborhood folks came apart at the seams.



**14**

***The U.S. of Soviet Union***

Let U.S. PUTIN...the melting pot  
A recipe stirred with chaos, fear,  
And terror all around the world.



**15**

***Snowstorm***

Today extreme cold winter  
Yesterday thunder and lightning  
Tomorrow morning's weather  
Sunny warm church wedding  
Evening autumn love moon October  
July summertime baby crying.



*Great-Grandfather's Enslavement in 1788*

Cried while transported in ballast ships,  
Shackled and chained to America.  
Perturbed while transported by ships,  
Shackled and chained from Africa.  
Disquieted while transported by ships,  
Shackled and chained to America.  
British convicts transported,  
Shackled and chained to Australia.  
British convicts jailed for committing  
Petty theft and murderous crimes.  
British convicts endured  
Far better circumstances than slaves.  
British convicts of the First Fleet  
Were given hard labor with lengthy times.  
Slave traders would go to Africa's coast  
Lure and kidnap enclaves.  
Slaves would be punished for petty things,  
Whipped and hanged.  
Slaves were forced to endure  
Middle passage and die.  
Hebrew blacks sang spiritual messages  
From the songs they sang.  
These are the Lord's chosen people,  
Whose freedom was denied.  
They cried while transported by ships,  
Shackled and chained to America,  
Perturbed while transported by ships,  
Shackled and chained from Africa.





17

*Thank You, Don't Be So Polite*

*Bei bei bei bei bei, jing bei jing,*

*Bei bei bei bei bei, bei jing,*

*Bei bei bei bei bei jing, xie xie*

*Bei bei bei bei bei, xie xie.*

*Bei bei bei bei xie xie bei bei bei bei bei.*

*Bie keqi bie keqi bie keqi.*

*Xia xia xia, xia xia ya nong, Shanghai Shanghai,*

*Xia xia xia, xia xia xia, xia xia ya nong,*

*Shanghai Shanghai, Xia xia nong, xia xia ya nong.*

*Bie keqi, bie keqi.*



18

*The Dutch East India Company (Haiku)*

Jewish involvement  
In black Hebrew slave trade too  
In Americas.

*Same Things Make You Laugh Make You Cry*

Same as water pours down,  
 Sand goes through the hourglass:  
 That sunshine, cheerful smile  
 Going home service this evening.  
 Same things that make you wonder,  
 To make you see that it always bruit.  
 Make positive erase negative,  
 You were meant to be humble nuance,  
 Laugh for just a transitory  
 wondering how long will be oblivescence.

Make it last forever now.  
 You will never know how life carries footsteps.  
 Cried myself to sleep last night.  
 Woke up smiling.  
 Found you were gone.  
 Moon blindness chain reaction  
 Unrequited love honesty romance delight.

Filled with warmness of joy,  
 Afraid animus showing no fear until it's over,  
 Found it funny, while laughing on my knees  
 Then began smirking imprecation.

Have you ever laughed so hard  
 Until tears drop remembering yesterday?  
 Your eyes wiping liquid sun,  
 Waiting for the rain of shame-related sadness.

Freedom will never come  
So long as hate travels around the world and bickers.  
When death will come,  
Then life will be revealed.  
Heaven was always here on Earth.

We believe in Man, who continues,  
Kirks, bilks, and bamboozles us down.  
False prophecy for greed.

Tomorrow and yesterday is our only reality.  
Is greed our only solution?  
Are we charged to be born,  
And charged when we die?  
We are so blind that our eyes  
Are wide open.  
Yet we believe in things  
That continue to drive us closer  
To Hell each day.

Why do we lie instead of telling the truth?  
Everyone has been in a race  
To see if their religion is the best  
Of apostasy or pious.



20  
*Nation's Capital, 1784*

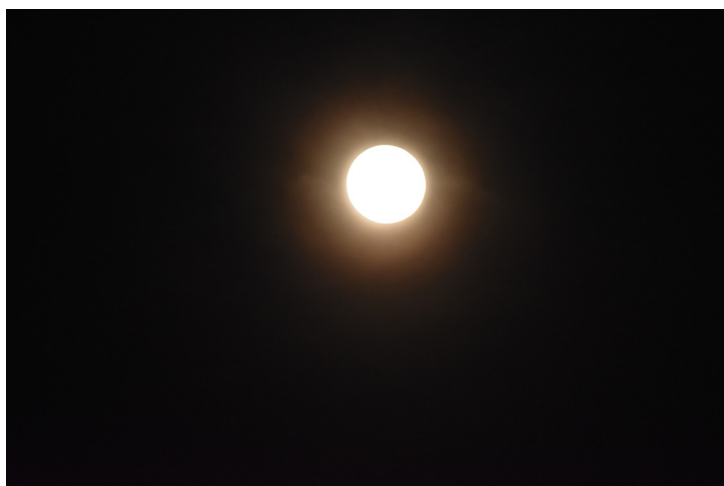
It was a warm summer day early morning,  
And at first glance, as Moses was looking out the window,  
Miss Rose rang the doorbell  
While Moses was running.

Down the spiral staircase,  
Moses yelled while mom was looking!  
Outside the door, he heard her soft voice as she bowed,  
To speak while Moses peeked  
Through the door's cracked lighting.

Or was it Saturday, watching my shadow?  
Being bored, my mom opened the door with an amazing  
glow.  
Miss Rose asked mom, "Can Moses go downtown  
shopping?"

When Mom said, "Yes,"  
Moses sang a song while dancing.  
Miss Rose was his best friend, to his surprise.  
Mom told Moses that Miss Rose was one hundred and six  
years old.  
Exactly one hundred years older than him.  
Heart of gold every day rolling out of the bed.  
Bird seeds for her mockingbirds were top of her list.

Miss Rose and Moses were next-door neighbors on Capital  
Street.  
Together strolling down the street in the highest zeitgeist.





**21**

***Shanghai Flight Departures (Haiku)***

Apples fallen plane  
Airport cheaper price fake sales  
iPhones black market



*Make America Great Fake News Again*

Humpty Dumpty Trumpty sat  
On a Mexican wall  
Humpty Dumpty Trumpty impeachment.  
America's great fall.

Humpty Dumpty Trumpty sat  
On a Mexican wall.  
All the Russians and all the Klansmen  
Couldn't put Trumpty back together again.

They tried to shake him,  
They tried to wake him,  
They tried to rake him,  
But they couldn't put Trumpty back together again



23

*Should We Eliminate the Pennies?*

Yes! Only to give all the proceeds of the world in  
pennies  
To all Black Hebrew Americans for crimes against  
humanity  
And how this wealth was transferred across  
generations' obsequies.  
Therefore, if all the pennies don't amount to one  
octillion weighty,  
All monies should go into a fund for free health care for  
qualities,  
College education for generations now and future  
misfortune incivility,  
To receive reparations that are owed to Black Hebrew  
nations' similarities,  
And it's further deprived them of the fruits of their own  
labor validity,  
Enslaved in United States deprivation of Black Hebrew  
despicables.  
Over eight million Black Hebrews and their  
descendants' servility,  
Deprivation of life, liberty, citizenship rights, cultural  
heritage, antipodes.  
From 1619 to 1865, the practice of slavery constituted  
immoral stupidity.  
President Abe Lincoln's legacy benefits from pennies.  
Enslaved in U.S. deprivations of black Hebrew  
cupidity.



*400 Years of Missed Opportunity*

In the beginning of God's creation,  
 Y chromosome genes passed to Adam.  
 Africana President Obama,  
 A constitutional Harvard Law professor,  
 Fraternized with Henry Louis Gates's donkey tail.  
 Professor Gates cried like a dog in heat!  
 "Oh, he kicked down the white door, Officer Toe Jam!"  
 The door at his Cambridge house,  
 Where Gates practices DNA and also co-wrote  
*Africana*.  
 Africana President Obama suggested that Gates and the  
 white police officer  
 Have a beer at 11:00 A.M.  
 Drinking on the White House lawn  
 While Black Hebrews are locked up for drinking 40's in  
 the public parks without bail.  
 Police search of home in violation of homeowner's  
 Fourth Amendment rights.  
 Misopportunity to arrest this white racist police officer.  
 We're God's chosen American Black Hebrews,  
 Bamboozled archangels put in a jam.  
 Yoshua is slowly walking,  
 Washing our sins away like the wind,  
 but you can feel and tell  
 The truth of the just God our father,  
 direct descendant of Abraham's Y chromosome.  
 Powers will be gifted.  
 Curses won't be lifted.  
 The Lord fills us with the spirit of the Holy Ghost.





25

*I Peace Raq*

When I think of peace,  
It's the black ink that's written  
In the constitution of the words so graceful and stylish  
that governs.  
And what does it mean?

When I think of peace,  
Does it mean that we are all free?  
If so, is greed the solution to our problems in the world  
today?

When I think of peace,  
Why can't we stop the war  
That continues to hurt us, all for oil and a car?

When I think of peace,  
Bring all the military home,  
And let's talk and give peace a chance.  
Peace to think,  
And we all will win.



*All I Wanted to Do Is Love You*

Banshee voice approaching!  
I remember one thing,  
Your mind always processed.

“You appear in my amulet,” she said.  
“Bared in the room’s recess:  
All I wanted to do is love you.”

“Are you ready to sleep?” I asked.  
“You held onto my copulation,  
Head on my chest to keep,  
What a euphrasy situation,  
The feeling was so deep.  
All I wanted to do is love you.  
My heart was beating fast,  
Trying to afflate and relax.  
How long the night will last,  
Together tactful love.  
A bird has flown from her nest.  
All I wanted to do is love you.  
Visage sleeping with a spirit,  
Wanting to hold you again,  
Only to find out meandering.  
Why are you being here with me?”

“I’m in Heaven,” she said, “but you’re not here.”  
“All I wanted to do is love you.”



*Nevada Indian Girl*

While I was sitting at the bar,  
She walked in, lost and lonely.  
“Come to my place?” she asked.  
“Stop! Get out of your car.  
Jack Daniel, one more shot.”

“Stop screaming,” I said.  
“Everything will be alright.”

“Can’t stop the train from coming,” she shouted.

“Do you see it?

My ex-boyfriend tied me down  
To the railroad tracks.

A good Samaritan construction worker  
Untied me just in time.

Pour me one more orgasm.

Always turn me on, thinking about the drama  
Of being tied down on the railroad tracks.

My orgasms still turn me on full blast!

Let’s sleep....

Every time you’re inside me,

The train keeps rolling down the tracks.

My release always reminds me of being in my climax,  
Being tied down.

Now let’s sleep....

How can something so dramatic  
Feel so good and deep!”

*Hurricane Emily, 1987*

The waves at Shelly Bay  
Were rolling and smashing towards the shore,  
We all gathered,  
Listening to the island music  
At the pub.

As the storm tide started approaching the island,  
Rain was pouring outside the window.  
Milton and Sylvia were romantically  
Gazing into each other's eyes.

Sylvia held his hand,  
Whispered sweet and exciting words into his ear!  
"Let's go outside," she said, "in the rain."  
It was early January.  
Flowers on the trees  
Were in full blossom.  
He followed Sylvia  
As she picked out the perfect side of the tree  
To stand underneath from the rain.

Her warm arms hung around his neck  
As her lovely warm body moved closer,  
While the rain continued to pour even more.  
That's when she began to kiss him  
In the rain,  
Till he forgot all about that Hurricane.

As they kissed,  
All he could think about  
Was how beautiful and sweet she was  
While the rain kept pouring down.

They must have kissed for at least two hours  
While the folks inside the pub watched them.

By the time the rain stopped,  
He had fallen in love with Sylvia  
On a hurricane day at Shelly Bay.

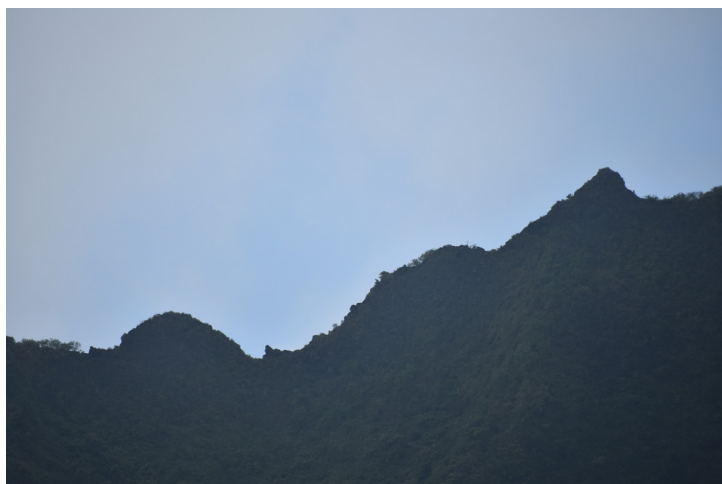




**29**

***Aloha (Haiku)***

Strong affection needs  
Passion caring cherish love  
Honesty oneness



*The Love I Feel for You*

I can't bear anymore  
The love we shared.  
Walked out the door,  
The love I feel for you

Standing the test of time,  
It's like a crime, my love,  
Is being held hostage.  
Only your love can free me.

It would be better  
If I sent you a letter  
So we can stay together.  
The love I feel for you.

Just because you left me  
The best I can do  
Is try to win you back.  
I really don't know why  
Life is so complex.  
Is there any reason why  
You never answer my text?

When you receive my letter,  
Our love will be better.  
So we can stay together.  
The love I feel for you.



31

*Bohemian Blackberry Sexpot Girl*

Wonderful afternoon walking inside the bazaar  
In the Bahamas.

A beautiful black berry fallen from the sky  
Sunlight shining on her legs afar  
As she got closer, she shook her thighs.

As she approached me with a smile that glowed  
With her pearly white teeth,  
She said, "Come with me  
To Sweet Pee's Taxi Cab Stand,  
Catch a ride to Lucayan Lobster & Steak House,  
Home of our hometown godfather,  
Big Daddy Ed."

As the sunset was falling  
With Lignum Vitae flowers in her hair,  
She showered love lotion  
All over her sexpot body.



*Expression of Love*

Never been able to express how much I love you,  
Which makes me feel so blue.  
I love you so much that I can't let go like paper  
Pressed against glue.

Love is like a feeling from the sky  
And rain that makes  
Tears fall from your eyes.

My heart is like a central nervous system that controls  
All my fears.  
Never been able to tell you how much I love you  
Because of my tears.

Love is like a feeling that guides your pain through  
your veins  
That makes it so hard to explain.

It's no help for me,  
My expression of love is lost out to sea,  
and my mind is left by the dock.  
How did I get myself in the expression of love?  
What is the cost?  
My heart stopped,  
Resting behind the wall nailed to the clock.

*Win, Place, or Show*

State fairground starts today  
Wheels screaming around the track  
You can hear the noise 20 miles away  
The 200-lap speedway is back

Later that night you can smell  
Perfume aroma from her tent  
No one tops her in ticket sales  
Miss Pussy Galore's scent  
The audience claps without content

That kidney bean oval track  
Who will win the race?  
Burning rubber, wind to their back  
And who will place?

The main attraction stars at night  
Miss Pussy Galore's burlesque show  
Most beautiful queen in sight  
The fairground's best of the best  
Her sexy 8-count moves start fights

Her body is perfect and fit  
Sweat pouring like an ocean bay  
Down her sexy legs  
Slick marks all the way  
To the racetrack pit



Well, if you're wondering  
Who won the race  
I reckon all the men said  
Miss Pussy Galore's Show

She didn't race around the track  
The funniest thing, for instance  
Not even once, never in her act  
Did she do one sexy lap dance

Get ready for the last lap turn  
Cars' rubber tires being burned  
Win, place, or show, the race will finish  
At Miss Pussy Galore's show



34

*Irrashaimase! (Haiku)*

Let me show you this.  
Would you like to pay with cash?  
Free gift with purchase!

*Are You Loving Someone Else?*

Cried myself to sleep.  
Why, I wonder?  
Tried, can't get myself together,  
Because love has left me,  
And I still ponder.

I will never love  
Another this way.  
Feeling will always keep me  
Loving you.  
And no one will ever  
Take it from my heart.

Do you love me truly,  
As I love you?  
If so, help me to understand  
What is the name of that love.  
My love for you  
Will never part.  
Help me to find my heart.

I'll never love again  
Until you come back  
Into my arms,  
So this hurt  
Can stop haunting me.

Are you loving someone else  
As much as I love you?  
Waking up today,  
Wishing and hoping  
That love will lead you back  
And keep this pain from taunting me.

Are you loving someone else  
As much as I love you?

I wish you well  
With your love.  
The most daunting aspect  
Is all love is not the same.

Are you loving someone else  
As much as I love you?

Love will continue  
Not finding its true place  
And who's to blame?



**36**

***Hafa Adai (Haiku)***

Two Lovers High Cliff  
Marine Drive flooded again  
Wet Willie's all night





*The First Amendment Right*

Would you go in a dangerous lion's cage?  
Would you expect the lion to be your friend?  
White nationalists' gracious permit at low wage.  
The country built on racism that will never end.  
The constitution anthem clearly gives folks the right  
To express their opinion and gather peacefully.  
Who's at fault?

Indubitably, the news media are.  
The answers dividing all citizens intentionally for  
ratings

While the viewers are angry, wanting to fight.  
General Lee's statue, Confederate flag, obsequies for  
eternity.

If white supremacists like to protest during day or night,  
Leave those people alone,

They can't harm you mentally.  
It was chaos, evil, and violence in Charlottesville's hot  
weather.

Remember the lovely soul dress in purple,  
A girl named Heather.



38

*The Second Amendment Isn't Written in Stone*

Cast the first stone  
Racism in America  
Satan must die



*Never Had a Chance to Say Thank You, Number 42*

The world knew him as the first  
Black Hebrew American major league baseball player.

We knew him as Santa Claus, who had a thirst  
to give all.

“Never had a chance to say thank you, Number 42.”

Poor ghetto children, Number 42, enjoyed watching  
talent shows from boys’ and girls’ clubs coast to coast.

Nor did we know that Number 42 had reached the stars  
shining  
and given back to his community with a higher spirit of  
toast.

Sorry, Sister Pauline, when you gave us Number 42’s  
winning  
autobiography in the first grade, we had disagreed.

The world knew him as the first  
Black Hebrew American major league baseball player.

We knew him as Santa Claus, who had a thirst  
to give all.

“Never had a chance to say thank you, Number 42.”



## *About the Author*

SweetLife was born and raised in the historical town of Trenton, New Jersey, in the Battle of Monument and Five Points area of the city. In the late 1950s, he had the pleasure of being the youngest member of a group that sang at the Carver Y Center Boys and Girls Club in a talent show presented to Jackie Robinson, the first Black Hebrew American Major League Baseball player in the United States. At the age of 5, SweetLife and his cousin J. H. Taylor, a.k.a. "Pop," along with their cousin W. Julian, a.k.a. "Nose," were some of the group members who won the talent show.

SweetLife dedicates his poem "Never Had a Chance to Say Thank You, Number 42" to Jackie Robinson for donating all the gymnastic equipment to the Carver Y Center Boys and Girls Club. "A life," said Jackie, "is not important except in the impact it has on other lives." SweetLife benefited from Jackie's donation and became a champion ten meter spring board diver in Trenton, right behind his cousin Clark Alfred, a.k.a. "Fee."

SweetLife is a multilingual poet, songwriter, photographer, world traveler, Tai Chi practitioner, and former U.S. Marine.

His main objective is to promote world peace through his music, books, and films.



# *Self-Conscious Mysticism*

by SweetLife