

Poetry Series

Onyx Blake

- poems -

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Onyx Blake(July 3,1996)

My name is Onyx Blake. I am a 14 year old poet and am currently working on a Novel called The Diary of Me... When I get older I plan to become a writer and an auther. Most of my critics, (mom dads and other relatives) say my poems are very very sad and depressing, I am not sad/depressing infact I am very enthusiastic and fun.

Am I Really Safe?

I've been recently submitted...
To this very strange place...
I don't know anyone here...
But I'm sure I'll be safe...
The walls are colored white, just like the sheets and the stalls...
But it feels nice to know I'm safe from laws...
I'm safe from the world and these germ infested streets...
I'm safe from those people who lie and diciest....
I'm safe from all the ugly, the strange and the weird...
I'm safe from all the bizarre and creativity out there...
I've been recently submitted to the institution...
Too bad I had no choice...
Because unfortunately I am no safe from that voice...
That voice of terror and nightmares that scare...
I'm limited to just those ugly white stairs...
I've recently been submitted to this institution...
To this very strange place...
I don't know anyon.....

Onyx Blake

Arabian Night's...

Ariaban night, a night like any other...
My mother was in the hut...
making breakfast...
Someone on the corner was getting mugged...
A street rat, equvilent to an American Thug...
When I saw a helicopter come up in the sky...
weopons of mass destruction, they said we had...
Why did the lie, it makes me mad...
Sadam Husaien wasnt the reason why either...
dispite their lies I know the reason why...
they wanted to steal our oil...
but did so many live's have to die...
It makes since though...
cause when their done...
all you will see is American Flight...
in the Arabian night...

Onyx Blake

At War Within

At war within...
It may be a sin...
But my sythesis...
is that ar within...
is superstition....
may not make since...
may sound like hooplh...
but im at war within...
I dont care that its a sin...

Onyx Blake

Bases Loaded...

Bases loaded...
Feeling bloated...
Running as fast as I can...
Because of a shovanist...
Men in the bacground...
Yelling and yelling...
Should be on the sidewalks...
Black, Buttoned Mary, Mack....
For this is a mans game....
In a mans world...
Till hormones come knocking on their door...
So Im going to be in the kitchen...
Cooking up a meal...
Cus Im not worth...
To make a hit...
Or take a steal...

Onyx Blake

Black Sheep...

In my families eyes i am a fool...
Never did well in school...
I might as well be gool...
In a bloody pool of their hearts...
I am like bits of parts in their minds...
ugly, stupid, nasty, weak...
my consequences with them are so deep...
Its like climbing up mount everest, sio vast and steep...
with my family i am like a black sheep...

Onyx Blake

Blind Justice...

When people say justice is blind...
are they using the figure of speef just because it sounds devine...
I think justice is actually blind...
because someone is being comitted of crime...
and the government won't give a homeless man a dime...
apples is in doggy jail for biting child...
why are the consequences so dire...
my father, paying student lone for half his life...
because he had to provide for his kids and his wife...
my friends in school not doing so well...
because they dont have fathers...
probaly because they're in jail...
that just proves how so many black people live this way...
maybe theres other, latinos and such...
but not much of our government...
gives a f***...
as we can see, the world isnt kind...
but what we can see is that justice...
is blind...
while they kick us in our as****
sure would be nice if justice...
had glasses...

Onyx Blake

Call Me What You Want...

Im from a city...
Of many peoples...
Though you'd never tell...
Because of my ego...

Winds to the east...
Winds to the west...
Living in this city, was the best...
Dont call it the subway...
You call it the L...
If you call it that...
Oh well...

On the lake is superb...
Cool air through my hair...
And orders...

In Hyde Park...
Wonderful place to reside...
Being camouflaged...
It was hard to hide...

It was fun though...
Chicago was mell...
I finally came out of my shell...
Now I need to come out...
To GM as well...

Onyx Blake

Cat Dog

I am a cat, she is a dog..
There is also a rat...
And a frog...
If she is a dog, and I am a cat...
How will it work...
You know, for the frog and the rat...
Though it sounds pretty...
I mean, the frog and the rat...
But it sounds pitty...
With the dog, and the cat...
We will never work...
Barks and meows...
But ribbits and nibbles...
Sounds exact...

Onyx Blake

Chain Reactions...

Yesterday my brother stole a piece of gum...

He ate the gum in satisfaction that I had to pay a quarter, and he had to pay none...

Today my brother Samuel stole a bag of chips, while I was in the store paying for what I had bought, Samuel surley dipped...

Later that day, at my school for intellignce, Samuel stole Billy's money...
no problem showing arognece...

When we got home in the afternoon, Samuel shouted at Mama...
make me some god damn food...

since he have no father, no man in our lives, its hard to be the best we can, so I
she has to sacrifice...

This moring Sammy took my homework, said it was spectacular...

i told him to give me my work and called him saint lucifer...

I got in trouble, for what i had done...

she said she knows sammys bad, and that he is a huge contraption...

that day at school i was mad at samuel, one because he stole my home work,
two because he smells...

as usual sammy stole some kids money...

didnt show the slightest bit of compassion...

I am so sick of sammy and his ditractions...

if only everything with samuel wasnt such a Chain Reaction...

Onyx Blake

Complicated

You say my game is lame...
that i drive you insane...
and that i claim i give you pains...
chains on her ankles that say were in love...
say at our wedding we didnt even have doves....
well go put on your white gloves and eat your brunch...
Im gona be over in the corner eatin lunch...
for dinna o mite be havin captain crunch...
its tough to be perfect...
for your selfcenterd ass...
yo daddy say o dont got class...
yo mamma says pass...
and you are thorwin stones when you live in glass...
so I'll spare my bad luck and leave you with your family...
no sence in participating when your so complicated...

Onyx Blake

Cry Me A River...

Cry Me a river...

o im so cold...

damet shut up your not that old...

you shiver and you shake...its not an earth quake...

stop crying so much you are so soft...

you are a girl but damn your not made of posh...

you need to shut up your not in the artic...

you are a human just like me...

you don't have to be a big baby...

o your daddies buying you a condo...

woppie for you, wait didn't you just say you don't even have to pay rent to boo...

every things so easy why are you crying, are you sad take a cookie to shut your face, o I forgot daddy gave you a braces...

you are pathetic so poor and naive just hope you don't cut your hand rapping presets on Christmas eve...

goodbye farewell I will have fun in what you call a nightmare, try not to brake your radio clock, meanwhile I will try not to get shot...

Onyx Blake

Damsel In Disstress...

Im a Damsel in Disstress...
I cant fend for my self....
Im a Damsel in DIstress...
I cant tend to my wealth...
It may seem all peaches and cream...
But take a step into my world...
and you'll truely know what I mean...
I cant go outside...
without my stupud butler...
I cant go to the ball....
with who I want to...
I cant be myself...
around daddy...
because he says im to pretty...
and that im a Misstress...
but that would be fine...
If the I just wasnt a...
Damsel In Disstress...

Onyx Blake

Dead Zone

Where am I...
I cant find my way...
Through this mist...
At what point do you insist...
Directions for this texture...
Its as smooth as a babys bottom...
If I wouldve Known, I wouldve caught him...
But somehow I got slaughtered...
Now I will never know...
If he even bothered...
To send for me...
But now I know...
That I am dead...
I wonder what wouldve happened...
If I never wouldve got in his bed....

Onyx Blake

Ditto

My mom said ditto...
kiddo calm down that's what they called me...
couldn't remember my name cause of my twin...
evil little person, caniving and mean...
we're about to be teens still with that nickname...
that word is driving me insane...
ditto, this, ditto that...
mom mom, dad dad...
Ditto anoying...
leave me alone...
it's like i am a stupid clone...
she got a phone...
noting for he....
good thing...
im not ditto to me...

Onyx Blake

Entourage...

My entourage is very important...
For they are my army...
My entourage...
Gives me my harmony...
In the kitchen filtering ecstasy...
Plenty of goods...
For me...
Now you see me...
Now you dont...
Smoke filled air...
Now you wont...
Missy, Missy...
Listen see...
Your entourage...
Is what completes me...
So go get them...
Never let them go...
Pop that ecstasy....
Never say no...

Onyx Blake

Eyes Without A Face

Let me tell you a story about a kid named Tray...
he was dealing drugs at the age of thirteen, never really had what it takes...
to make it in school and be a real man, yeah he had a nice house, but not as
nice as the Kardashians...
he turned to drugs, to make a way in life...
to provide for his future wife...
little did either of them know he wasn't really go to be able to do that. let alone
smoke a pipe...
he was dealing to a retard, who was caring mace...
next thing you know he was spayed in the face...
he was sent to the drug house cause the man stole his dope...
got shot in the leg and the head...
there was no witness, not even a real case...
just let me tell you, don't be like Tray find a real fate, and make sure its at your
pace...

Onyx Blake

From Outside...

From the outside you never know...
if the inside does dope...
from the outside its hard to see...
how mean the inside is...
from the outside its hard to breath...
with all the bacteria the inside leaves...
from the outside its hard to achieve...
with all the attention the inside grieves...
from the outside its hard to grow...
because know else wants to know...
cause when you on the inside...
you dont really care...
about more than anything but your precious hair...
or your new pearl earrings...
well know you better hear me...
when you on the inside you have to realize...
that the outside needs to be reconized...
they must get their chance to shine...
cause if you dont youll never know...
till they all fade to dust...
like time...

Onyx Blake

Fuimos- We Were

we were in love so happy indeed...
it was just him, her, and me...
Best friends to death, or at least thats what i thought...
It was all because of Sarah and her stupid mom...
She said she was going to model for Dianne Froma
Then she was put in a coma...
because she tripped...
she took a dip...
to the dream land...
its my falt for my schemin...
i glistned the runway...
so she would trip...
now she will forever be in that dip...

Onyx Blake

Get A Clue...

Get a Clue...

Honey get a clue...
you have no clue...
all you can do is work on you due and chill on the Detroit revenue...
im tired of working day and night while you go fly a kite...
its no fair with your good looks and prestige...
you were a war veteran why don't you take siege...
on a job and a life, a wife, maybe even a dog...
better than being a plumber unclogging clogs...
you are so smart why are you doing this, have you ever had a kiss, by a girl in
the face...
you maybe never even been on a date all you do is sit on your butt... looking at
girls on the internet and watching a duck get harassed... you are 47 what are you
doing...
it was okay when you where 18 in your college dorm doing...
what nothing all of your life man you are just so freaking trif...
go away get lost you have nothing left to do...
the only thing left is to get a god dang clue...

Onyx Blake

Hooker In New York

Im a hooker in New York...
prostitute if you will...
I never decided to constitute...
Submitting your self to prostitution...
is not in the constitution...
It was my only resolution...
My body is in polution...
Poluted is the root word...
Im not stupid...
just very very poor...
I go around door to door...
beging for sex...
Im such a whore...
wanting more...
going from door to door...

Onyx Blake

I Am

I am a boy so happy with glee...
I am a person froliking through flowers...
i have powers to control spring showers...
i destroy all cowards...

Onyx Blake

I- Formation

I remember when I was 10, and my cousin told me about I-formation,
some football code that to me was de-tenacious...
I remembered the name cause it sounded sweet...
I found anouther word that everyone else thoght that the meaning was peteite...
To me the word I-formation is a rerpresentaion of a stupid football code...
like when they went in football mode...
while i was thinking about the stupid football code...
i thought it was interesting, the word and it's meaning...
of getting in order from shortest to biggest...
that just sounded kind of meaningless...
but it was funy cause thats how the world really is...
Bigest, to Smallest is hard to miss

Onyx Blake

Imagination ...

I imagine that one day everyone will live up to the latest fashions, no concentration, no melodies, everyone using their own remedies, for treatments, no broke down apartments, no ghettos or hoods, with aspirations and imaginations, acceptations, no more deceptions, no crack, no coke, no clashing into a men in the streets, then getting poked in the gut, cause you weren't paying attention, maybe because I was just stuck in my own silly imagination, girls will always get pregnant underage, boys will always smoke crack, no order, no peace, desperate teens, with no ambitions, inspirations, and worst of all...no imaginations

Onyx Blake

Lies My Father Told Me...

\Lies my father told me...
you're a princess indeed...
you'll never get hurt you'll live forever you'll always be happy...
why why do you tell me these things I probably will get shot fall under the
influence because of you...
we live in N.Y the big Ap...
how is it possible here for a glass bottle not to snap...
or get provoked, or drive into someone's cloud of smoke...
Why must it be, what have they done to you...
Or for a kkk memeber not to choke a person to sleep...
What have they done to you...
live in Mexico, Africa, Israel or in playing with dolls and wanting to where tu
tus...
you tell me there savage you tell me their rot...
you tell me when you rock me to bed in my little cot...
you tell me the world is a glorious place with unicorns and ponies and not a
colored face...
everyone is happy rich and proud...
like as if we were on a cloud...
and all those Jews, queers, niggas and spics...
or every other person who wasn't in your little high school clique...
beat them trash them till they get out this place...
well daddy did your father have guts to lie right in your face....
Ask your self think back to the 1950s where everything was white, strait and just
so dang nifty...
wow how I have so much damn pity...
for your life your well being after death...
man I wonder who will have your identity theft...
maybe a cow or a bird or a bee...
with your bad karma I wouldn't be surprised if you turned out to be duty...
he he, lucky for me I will turn out to be a beautiful wonderful pink frill tree...
in the realms of heaven smiling down on earth with all of its wonderful qualities...

Onyx Blake

My Little Reindeer Games...

My little reindeer games, I messed with her, I did, since she was a little kid, my little reindeer games, I gave her elbows little skids, my little jokes that destroyed her life, my little parties that influenced her much, from drinking and such, my little mistakes, that made her insane, like the time I gave her a rotten candy cane, my little things that that she found in my room, like Playboy issue 122, my little wrongs and doubts, that always made her run away and pout, shout, scream to the heavens, now she's a hooker in Vegas, giving up herself, to feed my ass, to bad I gave her the pass, for a bad, class, in the history of the Picks and the wrongs and rights, that we hold, damet I should have ignored the little high school cliques...

Onyx Blake

My Lulaby

Okay ladies and gents...
Here's my lullaby...
I got to school...
And make kids cry...
Because at night I sleep through pain...
My fathers blood running through my veins...
Screaming and yelling...
Pulling knives...
Not taking care of there child's life...
Sirens and gun shots...
And crazy things...
having to rock my self to sleep...
dont have to worry about fairy tale lies...
because screaming and sirens ar my lullaby...-

Onyx Blake

Never Get To Close...

I said hey baby lets get close, he said ok lets go in the room with the posters, threw me on the bed, and said lets make love, didn't even bother to put on a glove, he said there's nothing to lose, you get pregnant just drink some booze, I said let me go I didn't mean it that way, , he said to bad he's already ready, said he was getting tired of the party outside and all the confetti, when he was done, gave me a pill, said it would help the way I feel, he said don't worry there only two side affects, one puts you to sleep the other gives you chills, went to his house a couple weeks after, he said he was sorry he went to go see a pastor, turns out he lied, when I gave him a hug, he threw me in the dirt and, laid down on me, then, banged my head on a rock so my memories would be cleaned, that was after he was done indeed, he said, two things that's all he wanted, now its time to move on to the next whore, said more than twice, she would get the police, and that would kill his raping spree, I just hope the next girl he decides to take, and turn them into a victim of rape, makes the right decision, not like me and decides not to get to close, or she'll wish she didn't the most...

Onyx Blake

Nightmares In My Dreams...

Nightmares in my dreams...

I hear screams...

I hear rivers and streams...

and it's a person...

a girl but where in the world...

wearing twirls and curls...

aeghh get out of my head...

this is not supposed to be this way...

im in a dream...

I am not supposed to hear screams...

there are supposed to be trees and frilly things...

and birds and bees...

you are so stupid you are gay...

you chose to go the right way...

birds and bee's are you kidding me ...

you are gay I guess you mean birds and birds...

taking giant terds.. on your life...

your gay your not supposed to live this way...

your success is molded in clay when they find out your living this way...

well lets just say they will feel like a bunch of retards...

guess what ...

they already know you stupid hoe...

nobody cares about race or sexual orientation...or religion and intelligence...

cause every one has a chance at a glance at the American dream...

if only you would wake up from that night mare of yours and just see that it's the 21st century...

Onyx Blake

On The Ship...

One night the American rose upon my little village house...
I was only a little tot then, I didnt know what to think about...
We thought they were our friends, little did we know...
That when we went to sleep that night, in four months we were going to wake up
in snow...
They packed on the ship tight, like little sausage meat...
The ebo members killed them selves, they wouldnt accept defeat...
While I was sitting there, starving to my death...
Mama was on the other side of the boat...
trhowing up on the wealth...
The captian came down there, and raped her till she broke...
then threw her to the chains...
like she was a dingy coat...
well atleast there is a flip side...
I servived the ride...
its funny how we were tricked on here...
Not knowing how to revive...
I ran away when I got there...
But a tribe of Cherrokee caught me...
now Im about to be a father...
too bad for the poor slave owners...
who have a million dollars...
nothing in the world can replace my sweet kaya...
they may have all the money in the world...
but atleast I dont have children being whipped on my own plantation...

Onyx Blake

Once Upon A Time...

Once upon a time I dreamed of climbing mountains and trees searching for new species of bees, I dreamed of finding cures for stds like HIV, little did I know when time was passing me by, a young lady named Rhonda caught my eye, she toyed with me played me like a little doll, she said well do it at the mall, next thing you know I was on the floor, damet that little whore, she stabbed me with an injection needle, said if I have you will to, then ran away laughing because she succeeded in her little coo, know I have a kid who's about to turn two, suffering from HIV, because of a little rondevu with a young lady who called herself Rhonda Boo...

Onyx Blake

Ordinary

I am an ordinary person so plain and dull...
I am a person in this stupid little world
I am a person you'll never know
I will never put on a show...
I will get towed if i go...
But i will never try to touch my toes...
i will never call a girl a hoe...
in this ordinary world

Onyx Blake

Polka Dot River

Go get a drink...
From the polka dot river...
But watch out..
before they pull that trigger...
For there is a clan of bigets...
Ribbit, Ribbit, Ribbit...
There goes my tidbit...
Just stay clear of the polka dot river...
and the bigits...

Onyx Blake

Prodigy...

I beet my brother...
I beetmy day...
I beet my sister...
Im a bad ass.
Going to school...
Is no big deal...
I have so much cinfidence...
I told my teacher to chill...
I got supended...
Though I didnt care...
My mother tried to smack me...
and I pulled her hair...
My father called me a prodigy...
A prodigy of whom...
He said a prodigy of satan...
I said rather be that...
Then the prodigy of all you...
So the next morining I woke up...
I woke up in hell...
Cause hell was juvi...
In was a jail cell...
Then I died...
and woke up in hevean...
Supposedly, since I was messy...
I was sufficated with a thong...
and Mary told me my father was wrong...
That I wasnt evil...
just a missunderstood cause...
just like she was...
So I my father wasnt all wrong...
Im aprodigy of someone...
Just a prodigy of bibical proportion...
too bad virgin mary was distortion...

Onyx Blake

River Of Dreams

Curently in Progress. Thank you for your patronage.

Onyx Blake

Self Reflections...

Self Reflections were making connections, so wonderful so blue so so true, o Sophia I want to be like you, have a boyfriend be in love too, I know you do its evitable indeed, for someone to be as fabulous as me, o Isabella I find it tedious to repeat, just forget about it you'll never be like me, that night when I got home...I got a razor and a towel... gave my neck one good swipe and suddenly fell to the ground... I am so stupid so ugly and rouge... I can't even committee suicide without breaking a combination code... why can't I be like Sophie, self centered and whack... I can't give that new kid Jake one decent chat... I tapped him on the shoulder and froze up like an ice cube... omg my life is doomed... Izzi get down here I have to tell you something my mother shouted out... Sophie was in an accident and lost her ability to shout... talk... listen... and... scream... they said her boyfriend was going over the speed... now I feel terrible I told Sophie to get lost... now I'll never be able to confront her... because of her speechless loss...

Onyx Blake

Shouting To The Heavens...

I shouted to the heavens...
They were a family of seven...
emphasis on the were...
i was at a party one night and i drank some booze...
i was 17...
they said i would be cool...
they used me as a tool to get the tequila...
it was me and her...
we were driving by a school...
it was a pool of boys and girls...
they said they were going to te universoul circus...
when i said hi they gave me a smirk...
one of them called me a dork...
the mother was pregnant tell her kids of the stork...
little stephanie had a cute perk...
ikilled the cute little family of seven...
empesis on the were...
to bad i have no more chances of going to heaven...

Onyx Blake

Solve The Equation...

Can't stand her persuasion...

Im trying to resist temptation...

But damet she is just so dang tenacious...

she manipulates and forces me in to the wrong...

like that time she wore that white thong...

she plays with me bounces me like a ping pong ball...

she is tall, small, thick, and thin, she almost got me put in the pin... ever since
we was ten she did this to me...

why couldn't I have been a regular boy...

and just climb those trees...

Onyx Blake

Sticks And Stones...

Sticks stones they brake your bones, and so does poverty, no food no school, no shoes for my feet, why cant I have life's necessities why is everything on TV a fake reality, come upon n a life unknown, where everything is carved in stone, no chances no rhythm, that what ts says, no classes for high school, because the Pipe gang over fled, why did they do, I ask the teach, she says all I ever do is preach, no water, no books, no pencils, and pens, no plastic for Amy's contact lenses, no respect, no Santa, no changes, no fun, to bad when I turn 18 I will end up with hand gun...

Onyx Blake

Take The Diamond...

Take the diamond...
leave the blood...
take the diamond...
leave sierre leonne...
take the diamond...
import it to New York City...
take hands from the child whose dizzy...
take everything...
from the little kids....
take everything...
from the biz...
cause thats all that matters...
in a material world...
take diamonds for your self...
and leave blood for leone...

Onyx Blake

Tell It To My Heart...

You are so smart...
Flying like a dang dart...
Right through my heart...
Since you want to be apart...
You should have known right from the start...
That when you double-cross me its worse than working at k-mart...
Cause when you do that type of stuff, you have to look at the charts...
But instead you'd rather go to your friends house watching the game then
hearing him fart Is it really that bad staying home with me O I forgot you cant
last a day without your precious TV...
Its so important to be so cool o please stop it your making me drool...
You are so naive and stupid your making me laugh ha to bad you got kicked out
of class...
ha so sad that's what they say...
Now its finally my turn to make f***** you pay! ! !

Onyx Blake

Tell Me Lies...

You tell me you love me...

Then you say you don't care...

But then at the end of the day you show your friends my underwear... You say
you got me in bed...

That's a shame...

That im suddenly your claim to fame...

But you don't know the pain...

of being shunned and hearing rumors and lies...

You make me cry... myself to sleep every night...

Despite how it feels to know your a liar...

It would be ok...

If only the consequences weren't so dire...

Onyx Blake

The Redemption Song...

The redemption song...
why did you pretend...
that was wrong...
why are you devious...
so bad, so cruel...
stop acting like a stubborn muel...
you thinks its important to be so cool...
well let me tell you Pa-ul...
its wrong to be cruel devious and mean...
its also wrong to be a pain...
you claim that your nice...
you claim that your lame...
well no ones falling for your little game...
at least not again...
Redeption is a funny thing...
to bad you cant redeem again...

Onyx Blake

Think Of Time With Me In Mind...

Thinking of time with you in mind...

O your soooo kind...

No I am not you dont know me...

I mean on little proverb and your on your knees...

I mean you are so gullible one little word...

To turn your whole life into curls...

Complications you blame me...

because you cant say no...no please...

Cause you want to be a pregnant whore...

With all your friends shutting doors...

With your parents on your case...

or your baby throwing up in your face...

or maybe you want to be a statistic or you want to be dumb...

Still in high school at 21...

or maybe this is the mystery...

you had a bad childhood and you want to remake history...

you want all his stuff done well let me tell you hun...

that guy who like time will dropp a dime commit a crime or even eat a
lime...befor being with you hearing your baby cry...

so I'm not going to lie...

stick with your pom pons and baking your pies...

or lose you place in time...

and your mind...

Onyx Blake

Three Up, Three Down...

Three up...
Three down....
Looking at my father coach...
Still a frown...

Three up...
Three down...
Cant pitch a stupid ball...
Belong in a gown...

Three up...
Three down...
Going to the town...
With a frown...

Three up...
Three down...
Got shot...
In that town...

Now my arm...
Can relieve pain...
Never have to pitch...
Two whole games...

Three up...
Three down...
Now he'll need someone else...
To where his gown....

Onyx Blake

Tick Tacks...

Tick tacks and nick knacks, and this and that, yesterday they said Malaya was fat...

He said, she said, this and that, that Jessica likes Martin and that's that...

Terrible horrible what the said about Troy on Friday...

said he was nasty and that he was gay...

Rumors and lies they spread in middle school, like Kathie is a slut, and Michaels a Jew...

Things and stuff we do to each other, why, aren't we supposed to be brother, sisters, cousins and friends, why are we doing these dreched sins...

Like Malaya, Michael, Kathie, or Martins drama, why do adolescences have these problems...

Is it we are self centered, low respect, or we just don't give a damn...

In our little middle school clans...

To bad all this stuff we say to one another, we'll probably never know the truth...

Till were all 6 feet under, with maggots and all...

Why couldn't 13 year old girls stay with the dolls...

And 14 year old boys stick with there little hot wheel cars...

Why do we act like were all on mars...

Onyx Blake

Touch Of Grey

Curently in Progress. Thank you for your patronage.

Onyx Blake

What I Recall

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fjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
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Onyx Blake

Whisper To A Scream...

Why do I have to...

I mean the thought of me succeeding is just a dream...

I mean me actually going somewhere, doing something...

That sounds crutching...

I mean me accomplishing...

Is like the president doing nothing...

Like a ostrich up in the sky...

or a human who won't die...

I mean me succeeding and dreaming is exactly like competing...

with M.J., Beckham, Serena, or Dratts...

or eating McDonalds with out getting fat...

all this stuff is just a dream...

so why must i... whisper to a scream

Onyx Blake

You Throw Like A Girl...

This poem is currently being thought of, dont want to forget the title.

Onyx Blake