



Adam and Eve
 José E Rodríguez, MD

Trayvon

Thomas Edmondson Whigham Jr.

Is it a shame or outrage to share a state
 With this thug bully hiding, telling lies to our face?
 You've got a nation shaped up in your fate,
 While you had the balls to claim that you kept a neighborhood safe.
 Your pathetic rage against a race was motivated by hate
 And we can see you tellin' lies on the video tape.
 We heard your self-defense claims, but no mark was on your face,
 Or your head or your neck, there were no grass stains on your chest.
 And you left a kid you were told not to follow for dead.
 And they never tested, never questioned all the evidence left.
 Never arrested, though Trayvon's mom prayed and wept,
 Askin' god please tell me what became of my son,
 Askin' us why justice only coming for some.

A System of Savages.

When I penetrate the paper with pen ink, I'm stressing.
 I reverberate in sync with the message that I represent
 Like an image is an echo of the vestige of the essence of the phantom abstraction
 of the metaphor's presence.
 Meaning that meaning is an imprint I invent.
 Meaning I imprinted in a page and twist the image like kick flips.
 My mental is monumentally demented,
 Piercing the core as a bore into the visions I live with.
 Soulful wise your eyes blind like sulfur fire to the unjust—
 Every hooded son slain means we're coming undone.
 And if that's right, then I'm sorry that I'm wrong to think it's not right
 To sacrifice a life and keep the law that lead the sacrifice.
 I never acted right. I lost my voice and lost the act to write.
 I gave up this rap whether from envy or a lack of spite
 But science is a truth for even lost eyes to see,
 And I'm asking, why are the lost feeling the loss more than the care free?
 Pain and oppression and scars make poor lessons.
 Turn to repression fueling the direction of aggression
 But even a blind eye with fish scale hate can see
 We've lost society when our losses become statistics.
 This is vivid non-fiction:
 Cops walkin' with killers of children,
 Trying to justify a law that justifies the killing.

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Flower Pollen
 Ryan Humphries