

Benjamin Payne
When you tell my story
Ms. Garrett
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Shatter the lies

When you speak of my time,
when you tell the next world
of my life
of my pursuits
of my failures.

When you tell the story
of what I did for the masses,
of my conquests
of my defeats
of my passions

When you sing my song
shout!
That I am mountains and valleys.
I am desert, I am Banksy,
I am art, I am frankly
just out of place
wherever I live,
though I know
to be free,
I must freely give,
I must truly be me
and you: you.
To show
how we grow
past the time
when we were the
same world, when we weren't
ourselves, but rather were
hurled
against the soft
sickly sweet
flank
of society.
To be drawn slowly in
taught to say
"Lie to me."

When you write,
they wont care
about grades, or money.
About the stuff I didn't have,
they will know it's not at all funny,
how hard
the history
of religious whiteness
tried to white-wash me. But we
can

Instead, tell of how I am
that tall Mary,
signed Banksy,
that said
"Have color,
have life,
stand true,
and be bold."
The art that's
always made known
sometimes what you are told
Isn't really the meaning.
It's nowhere as strong
as the truth
in yourself
where you know it belongs.

When you tell my story
tell them my mind
Is Jeremy Fish,
my heart Sam Flores,
my life Shepard Fairey.
My hands, Saber and Revok, carry
the weight
of what lives
in its own world,
Racing
on its own track
so fast what escapes
blasts
from my heart in San Francisco

to my mind up in the sky,
driving my life to go,
so I can shatter
all the lies.
So when the world dies,
We know
we had hope.
We had our OWN lives.

