

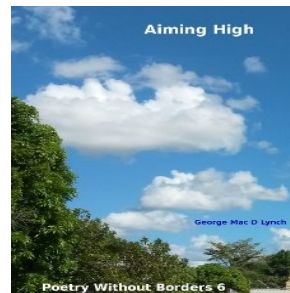
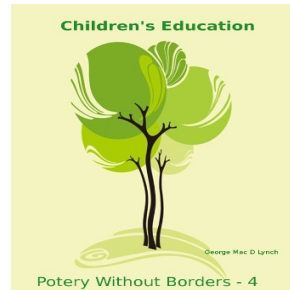
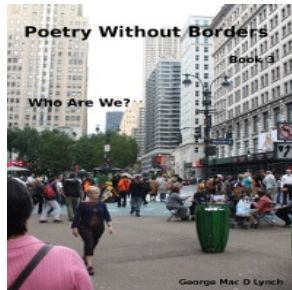
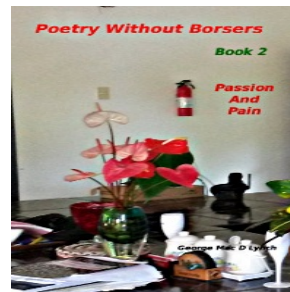
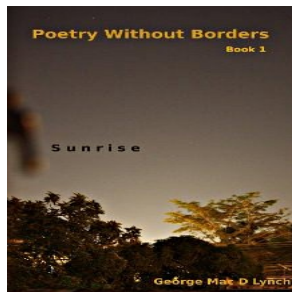


I Will Rise. I Will Shine!

George Mac D. Lynch

Previously by the Author

In the series - Poetry Without Borders



[Previous Books - online](#)



***The truth about Afrika,
Has really begun taking flight.
In comes the morning.
There goes the night.***

This is the beginning of my contribution.

The work has only just begun.

Please share this book with someone.

As a matter of fact, anyone.

Thanks a million!

I Will Rise. I Will Shine.

Poetry Without Borders - Book 7

Copyright © 2016. George Mac D Lynch.

All rights reserved.

Free, for non-commercial purposes only.

If reading a hardcopy,

a softcopy can be downloaded at mycvp.com

[Email me](mailto:openmind@mycvp.com) at openmind@mycvp.com.



Dedication

To our Holy Royal Family – Yahweh (Ausur),
Aset, and Yahushua (Heru)

The books that I have written, this book, and
many more coming, are and will be all dedicated
to the people who have gone before us.

Ancestors, on whose shoulders we Afrikan
stand.

To my wife Joanne, my son Emery, June and
Phil, sisters and brothers, To the wider Afrikan
family, especially to those who have been

fighting, And thinking to themselves, "I just can't win". Know you will. Just stand.

We are the outcome,
From causes our ancestors fought.
We are the same ones,
Children of ancestors, from ancestors bought.

Our ancestors were raped, and bugged.
Children of Afriika,
Murdered, and Slaughtered.
Our homeland stripped, and plundered,
This, they considered their supremacy,
The murderous minds of Europeans,
Please, read "Without Sanctuary".

An investment made,
In blood they paid,
Lives taken, courtesy someone's fancy.
Those that lived on,
Lived through telling struggles,
That their children
Will not share the same fate,
From these murderous White people.

Our ancestors had foresight
In the midst of tears that were flowing.
They survived the punishment,
Because they knew, we were coming.

[Contents](#)



Preface

I am a truthseeker, approaching the light.

Would you be kind enough to share this book with other folks willing to learn the truth, that they too will learn and share the truth with other who will do the same, regardless of color, creed, race.

Eternal Thanks.

I have chosen to 'retrofit' this book because of some much needed changes. One of them being the now-inextricable link with book 8 - "When Truth Offends-reloaded". This book naturally leads to "When Truth Offends".

I did not realize that until I was almost through with the draft of "When Truth Offends". I knew then I will have had to return to this book. Not to 'interfere' with the poems. But to descriptively gel both books.

Prequalification

All White people are not the same. Like every group, there is good, bad, and confused. I have been coming across some beautiful soulful White people, who themselves are demonstrably unhappy with the system of White Supremacy. Unfortunately, they are not the folks 'running things'. This book is not about them. This book deals exclusively with the White Supremacist (WhiteS), a racist in every negative and deadly aspect of the word.

These are the kinds of people and their tribesmen to whom this book refers, without prejudice. The negative, psychopathic characters. The devilish bad actors. The macabre and profane. Children of the Dark, as labelled by their behaviors.

They rape, murder, slaughter, steal, plunder, etc. These are the ones who believe they have the right to rule the world, on a system of racial supremacy and its manipulated inequality, where the White man possesses all the rights. And the non-whites, especially the Afrikanans....you analyze it.

The WhiteS believes he possess the divine rights to wage wars, eugenics, and other

similarly descriptive words, against non-White people, on a global scale. But especially to the Afrikaners whom they have subjugated. These are the Whites who proclaimed on the basis of DNA they were superior. Until of course, they learned they had the lowest count (six max) in the DNA chain of humankind.

End of Prequalification

Converse to my description of racist above, there is another approach to 'racist' – someone significantly conversant with aspects of 'race', from a positive perspective. An expert of sorts say, as much as the cyclist, pianist, realist, psychologist, sociologist, etc are to their disciplines. Thanks to my son Emery for bringing that to my attention.

I am of the distinct impression that I am conversant with matters of race, positively. And especially so, as pertains to the past and present treatment of Afrikaners. That's how I see myself. I observe. I analyze. I report, sharing my opinion only when found necessary. All critically performed.

This is my 'heads-up' to the childish who will wish to view my pursuit as racist. I have come to realize the unsubstantiated call of 'racist' as his first form of defence. I will assume s/he understands the full meaning of race from the positive point of view, as pertains to, and to the extent that I am being considered effectively conversant with the subject matter. There's a bit of that in "When Truth Offends-reloaded". To him or and her, I will say "Thank you!".

I am not a poet per se. Forget the poetry aspect. Focus on the message. There is a reason for the application-specific nature of 'poetry-rhythms', which is beyond the scope of this book. Some points are repeated, for emphasis. Shalom!

[Contents](#)



Prologue

This book is written on the basis of facts found in research. On the rare occasion, an opinion is shared, or two. For instance, on the basis of my research, I am left with the indelible impression, the thrust of racism began approximately five hundred years ago. Thrust here does not mean when the practice of racism began. From my last check, that began before the fifteenth century. Thrust refers to when it became religious. Simultaneous with that, runs aspects of Atheism.

What if people began converting to Atheism, after discovering the Holy Family was Afruikan Black?

To the extent that they began destroying images of Afruikan Black Pharaohs?
Replacing Black Yahweh, Aset, and Heru with White images of God, Mary, and Jesus?

If you don't believe the highest of probabilities for the Atheism mentioned above, I've got a new bridge, a new mall, and the not-so-new nearby river to sell you, dog cheap using Bitcoins.

I am also impressed, the situation began worsening, when White Supremacists had begun discovering the truth about the bible they revered, and upon which Western 'Civilization?' was built. The bible they were made to believe some white Jews in Israel wrote.

For instance, it had and has become an abject case of embarrassment, on the discovery that the bible was written by Afruikans (mainly from the Akan empire), about Afruikans (Israelites – Black Afruikans), for Afruikans. Truth be told, the inverted truth has begun its second inversion, returning to original form, as best as it can. A form impossible to further deny.

'Civilization?' - at no point in time, the 'controllers in the West have demonstrated that they were or are civilized, or even understand what it means. Thoroughly read "When Truth Offends", special emphasis on "No Evolution". Focus on the photos of slaughter because of racism and greed to the end of the book. Then address the concept of

civilization. Civilized people do not behave that way.

The truth coming to light, may just be a mere fraction of what remains hidden and suppressed by the racist White Supremacists. But it is enough, to shed a bit more light on the Afrikan story, they are still hiding and suppressing. In their documentary "Return to Glory", Dr Joel Freeman and Don Griffin made reference to Dr Chancellor Williams's "The Destruction of Black Civilizations". He staged the points of coverup, as observed by Dr Williams. The gist of which:

Refuse to publish any facts of Afrikan history that don't jive with Europeans' theories

Create religious and scientific doctrines that will make Afrikan look 'unattractive'

Flood the world with a new European history which contains the European perspectives

Start renaming Afrikan people and places with other names, mainly European

Change the criteria which defines race

When 'reporting' ancient Afrikan history, reverse the standard. Regardless of the intense Afrikan features, you don't have to be a Negro

When Black contributions to civilizations is too obvious, find a way to attribute it to outside White influence

Discredit ancient historians who contradict White theories

Also from "Return to Glory" - the first explorer to reach the North pole was a Black man – polar explorer, Matthew Hanson. Ain't that something!

White folks had been portraying their 'superiority' on the basis of DNA, until they learned of having a maximum DNA count of six (6). Whereas the average Afrikan-American carries an average count of twenty (20). While members of the Dogon tribe in Afrika carry a count of fifty (50). Leave to soak. While soaking, you can reference the Melanin works in "When Truth Offends-reloaded", then return.

Western civilization was constructed on the basis of 'God's words' in the bible. The enslaved Negroes were usually whipped (tortured), while another enslaved soul read from the bible, the number of lashes as determined from 'scriptures'.

This book is but a scratch, on the surface of data that has been discovering me, on my journey to truth. Consequent to my ongoing research, I have come to the realization of

the following (covered more indepth in "When Truth Offends-reloaded"):

The emerging truth, which White Supremacists and their 'tribesmen' have been laboring to keep suppressed

Yahweh - Our Heavenly Father

Aset - Our Heavenly Mother

Heru – Their Heavenly Son

Jesus Christ is a man-made entity, living in a White lie.

So too the Holy Spirit, the Immaculate Conception, etc

Black folks, who are more White than White folks themselves

White folks, who are more Black than Black folks themselves

People in-between, who have come to the realization of themselves, and others. Here, realization covers respect, regard, peace, love, and harmony

The dire situation in which we all find ourselves, because of the narrow and destructive minds of some White Supremacists

The idea of White Supremacy, as constructed on the foundation of deceits, denials, lies, oppression, racism, repression, untruths, Zionism, etc

The continuous attempts to destroy the Afruikan story (ourstory) by some White Supremacists, and their 'tribesmen'

The Afruikans who wrote the bible, after studying the book - The Africans Who Wrote The Bible, by Dr Nana Banchie Darkwah (essential reading)

The bible was compiled for one 'people' only, the Israelites

The true Israelites, not the warmongering deceivers occupying Israel right now

Yahweh's patience, in awaiting the Israelites' (His people) return to the covenant

The significance of one hundred and forty-four thousands in Revelations

All Black people are not the same. There is not homogeneity of continents

The inversion of history to reflect a White Supremacy, and Zionist perspective

Secrets, hidden for thousands of years, which have had hot pursuit by all forms of peoples who are not indigenous Afruikans, with all sorts of hidden agendas

The truth behind the Roman Catholic's Crusades, Inquisition, Counter-reformation

This book is the beginning of my attempt to share what I have been learning, with the world, in a more rhythmic fashion. I say beginning, because one book cannot begin to hold what I have been learning. Book 8 - "When Truth Offends-reloaded" consists of 276 slamming pages.

Despite all that I have been learning, and continue to learn, this book is not a judgment on anyone. That's Yahweh's privilege. I am simply producing, and reproducing what I have been gleaning and learning in the main from Black and White, and other people.

Like the poems in the preceding books, each poem is structured in a manner that facilitates the learning of at least one crucial point. If at the end of reading this book, it has caused you to think, or think a bit harder, I have begun accomplishing my goals and objectives, in my mission to my vision.

Afriika's Story - part thereof

Afriika's story has been distorted, inverted, depressed, suppressed, etc, and hidden from the world, to the extent the vast majority of the people has no idea of the truth. This is what the White Supremacist has done.

People have been succumbing to his deceits, lies, and hypocrisy. Ourstory has been converted to his-story. He uses 'free and fair' institutions to inflict his will upon the people. I have learned to understand that, to the point I can describe the situation, and predict it to a meaningful and effective degree. For centuries they have been repeating the same deceits, lies, and hypocrisy in different stories. That is how people are able to accurately identify a 'false flag'. Indication of an Evolution Deficiency as described in "When Truth Offends-reloaded".

When people choose to think differently, he threatens them with sanctions, the threat of wars, wars, and invasions, all exercised through his 'humanitarian efforts'.

This book was written to highlight the devilish behavior of the White Supremacist, and encourage critical thinking for a positive position on the much needed forward direction. Something a conscious mind can entertain. The purpose is deeper than just the Afriikan.

Being the mother of civilization, Afriika has to resume her maternal role of caring for the human family. Thus she is behind with her need to begin putting her vision in place. From my perspective, Afriika cannot have a vision, without her Diaspora. Conversely,

Afruika's Diaspora cannot adequately go forward, without Afruika.

This easily suggests first, all of Afruika working together to navigate around barriers. Then the rest of the human family gets involved to bring some stability to the world, which is under heavy destabilization.

As a starting point, Afruika as a whole, must eradicate its corrupt leaders.

One of the most crucial aspects needed to be urgently undertaken, involves Afruika taking control of her economy, highlight on resources. This is especially said taking into consideration, one country (Britain), the size of which can be gobbled-up manifold times by Afruika, owning an approximate 1.5Tn USD in what should be Afruika's resources. How do you explain something as asinine and ludicrous as that?

I believe these situations are made manifest, because Afruikan ancestors turned their backs on Yahweh. They turned away from the Covenant He made with them. Afruikans must begin to rediscover what they have lost, have other peoples stolen from them, robbed, raped, murdered, plundered, and slaughtered their ancestors, 'works' especially performed by the White Supremacists and their tribesmen.

Afruikans must return to:

Yahweh – our Almighty Heavenly Father

Aset – our Almighty Heavenly Mother

Heru (Yahshua) – their Almighty Heavenly Son

The name 'God' referred to a Babylonian deity, to whom the Babylonians prayed for fortunes. Thus it makes absolutely no sense that Afruikans keep referring to a 'god' somewhere, other than their Divine Holy Family. Afruikans must keep foremost in their minds, Aset was renamed Isis, then removed from the Egyptian 'Holy Trinity' (matriarchal society) and replaced with a space called the 'Holy Ghost/Spirit' by the Greeks, (patriarchal society).

Heru (Yahshua), was renamed Horus by the Greeks, then later renamed Jesus Christ by Constantine in 325 AD at the Nicean conference, and as was then brutally enforced with the Chalcedon 'act'. All this Roman Catholic.

The wars the Roman Catholics have been waging against Islam, has not stopped. It continues in the Muslim countries. Read the ending and view the photos of slaughter shown in "When Truth Offends-reloaded".

Yahweh is the Hebrew (Afruikan language) name for our heavenly Father. Other names

were Ptah, Osoro (Gadangme 'God of the sky').

The Greek corrupted the name Osoro into Osiris. There are many other names for Yahweh, I have left that for your research and discovery. Learn why over a million books and manuscripts were burnt or destroyed in Afruika. Where did the 700,000 books and manuscripts go when they were stolen from Timbuktu? Check the European countries.

Yahweh's name is mentioned over six thousand (6,000) times in the Hebrew bible. Why is it not mentioned in any Christian bible. Who is 'god'? Every ethnic group has a name for its god, except Afruikans. They have chosen to worship a nameless White 'god', and his never-existent White son Jesus Christ.

Why did Yahweh choose Afruika for His beginning of humankind?

Afruika, cradle of civilization, victim of all forms of abuse and humiliation, from White Supremacists. White Supremacists who assassinated, beheaded, castrated, decimated, destroyed, murdered, plundered, rape, stole, etc.

Afruikans, who had been suffering, and still suffers the ravages from the murderous minds of Europeans. Yet the Europeans are first to call indigenous peoples savage, and barbarians. Amazing!

Isn't it ironic, the Afruikan 'savages' are the same people from whom all of mankind originated? "Out of Africa" has been very instrumental in proving to the world, from whence they came. Yet, I have not heard one Afruikan talk about superiority. Of course this is said in comparison to all the White Supremacists' lies as pertained and pertain to the nonsense of White superiority. Of course that has been superbly handled in "When Truth Offends-reloaded". Them damn blasted liars.

The Hausa and Twa have been walking our earth as civilizations, since some four hundred and fifty thousand years ago, thereabout. "Out of Africa" portrays the migration out of Afruika as late as some forty thousand years ago, thereabout as well.

The oldest fossil remain – seventeen million years old, found in Kenya One not so old – fourteen million years old, found in the Congo, if my recall is straight. Wouldn't it be something, when the truths are revealed in their entirety! When mankind will stop fighting to learn of the technologies they found in Egypt, and seem unable to understand. When at last the baffling technologies behind the creation of the pyramids will be made known.

Wouldn't it be wonderful when it becomes commonly known that Edison did not invent the light bulb. That it was invented thousand of years before in Egypt. So too the

electric cell, single-use spacecraft, helicopter, battle-tanks, hovercraft, etc. Do not be bashful, Google it! See the images, in their glory.

Actually, the photos have been reproduced in "When Truth Offends-reloaded". Check them out in "Yet They Lie."

Afriika has not had peace since the Arabs and Europeans invaded.

This is my interpretation of some words said in the bible – you cannot hide a lighted candle under a bushel of hay, or words to the effect. That is made manifest in these time, where the Afrikan story has begun surfacing, around the world.

There is talk of the end-times, and what is to be expected. The fall of the last empire (America). That the Israelites will return to Israel when Yahushua returns. Of course that's all in the bible, as the more biblo-educated ones have been sharing with us. But I am seeing the prelude.

I am seeing the awakening, which cannot be stopped, regardless of how hard the White Supremacists try. I am seeing Israelites returning to Israel and Yahweh, to His covenant. I am seeing the Catholic church fall apart, empires crumbling with every dollar they invest in wars. People slaughtered, and resources stolen.

I may not be alive to see its arrival. But know ye it is coming. That's the White Supremacists' attempts, to deny the Afrikan his divinely rightful place. With the rising tide of awareness, that has begun to be a futile exercise.

Our youth is making strides to bring the truth to light exponentially fast. Hence, all efforts must be made to ensure them the proper education. They need an education, away from the White man's system of deceit, lies, hypocrisy, and barbarism.

The education system around the majority of the world, was handed down through colonization, and the period of enslavement. That's the White man's system of education. Undoubtedly, the White man's system of education sustains White Supremacy.

Truth be told, the White man's systems, sustain White Supremacy. This is said to the extent that non-Whites don't even know they are possibly worse now than before. Afrikan children must be freed from that. The next generation of youth, must be protected from dilution, and eradication.

For years, the White Supremacists and their tribesmen have seeking ways to eradicate

the Afrikaners off our earth. This, despite the fact of them being created by the said Afrikaners. They have been practising eradication, extermination, to the extent that they have established a policy to reduce the world's population by a billion or two. Man playing 'God'.

The latest adaptation goes by the name of eugenics. Eugenics – The exact definition of eugenics has been a matter of debate since the term was coined. The definition of it as a "social philosophy"—that is, a philosophy with implications for social order—is not universally accepted (Wikipedia)

My definition – a White Supremacists' brainchild, for the eradication or extermination of Afrikaners in the main, with other non-White peoples as incidentals. The Internet and other platforms of media are awash with the long trails of files and data (declassified, etc) from the intelligence communities, and hidden agendas, around the world for the implementation of eugenics, as a tool for a social order.

More than anyone else, the WhiteS is frighteningly aware of his regressive genes. He knows, as time progresses, the slimmer his chances of survival. His genes die with time. They cannot be reproduced. Hence his suicidal need and speed to practice eugenics. If in the schemes of things you are scientifically proven to be the inferior specimen which will die out, kill the others.

All glory to Yahweh, the Most High!

[Contents](#)



Acknowledgement

This journey began some thirty-eight years ago. Initially intermittent, got a little steam along the way, but went full-bore in the last couple of years. It is on this journey I experienced the following people, whom I could never thank enough, for the works they have done. Works,

manifested in their books and videos, which have encouraged me to look at life deeper and differently. Sobonfu is the only person whom I have recently encountered.

There is a mere couple of names, not directly connected with things Afrikan. These are people who have written in various subject areas - empire, hegemony, world domination, etc, but connected with the outcomes of racism, however it may have manifested. I have learned, everything is connected.

Professors – Gabriel Audu Oyibo, George G. M. James, Ivan Van Sertima, Noam Chomsky, Rebecca L. Cann, Stephen Oppenheimer, Tony Martin

Doctors – Amos Wilson, Asa Hillard, Chancellor Williams, Cheik Anta Diop, Masaru Emoto, Frances Cress Welsing, Gerald Massey, James H. Breasted, Joel Freeman, John Henrik Clarke, Llaila Afriika, Louis Leakey, Malidoma Patrice Some', Marimba Ani, Martin Bernal, Martin Luther King Jr, Nana Banchie Darkwah, Ray Hagins, Runoko Rashidi, Sebi, Umar Johnson, W E DuBois, Yosef Ben Jochanan

More Lights – Abba Paulos Tzadua, Anthony Browder, Bob Marley, Count C. F. Volney, Credo Mutwa, David Muhammad, Dick Gregory, Don Griffin, Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, Prophet Elijah Muhammad, Erich Von Daniken, Henri Gamache, Hilton Als, Hugh Masakela, Indus Khamit Kush, Ifi Amadiume, I.U.I.C., James Allen, Jeremiah Camara, John Lewis, John Perkins, Kasala Kamara, Kariamuwelsh Asante, Ken O'Keefe, Fr Kwame Mulhabani, Kwame Ture', Lenni Brenner, Leon F. Litwack, Louis Farrakhan, Malcolm X, Marcus Garvey, Miriam Makeba, Miguel F. Brooks, Nelson Mandela, Oba T'Shaka, Oy`ero'nke' Oye'wumi, Patrice Lumumba, Philip John Neimark, Robert Bauval, Robert Mugabe, Sobonfu Some', Sylvia'ne A. Diouf, Tim Wise, Victor Thorn, Walter Rodney, Watchman Yahu Yisrael and Family,

There are more lights than this page can hold. For those whom I have inadvertently missed, I humbly apologize. I will catch-up with you in the sequel.

Photo in 'Thoughts of Melanin' downloaded from StockfreeImages.com

[Contents](#)

I Will Rise. I Will Shine.

[Dedication To Our Ancestors](#)

[Preface](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Acknowledgement](#)

Contents

[Index of Poems](#)

[Promise](#)

[I will Rise I Will Shine](#)

[How I Rise](#)

[How I Shine](#)

[Developing Country](#)

[Her Virginity](#)

[Land Stolen](#)

[Whose Museum Is It Anyway?](#)

[Our Developing Country](#)

[Spreading Democracy](#)

[A Different Era](#)

[Vision For Afruika](#)

[Vision](#)

[The Answer](#)

[White Supremacy](#)

[Ancestors Standing By](#)

[Afruikan Jokers](#)

[Questions For Afruikans](#)

[Afruika's Technology](#)

[Afruikans' Safety and Security](#)

[Afruika's Diaspora](#)

[Chosen People](#)

[White Supremacists Playing God](#)

[Yahweh](#)

[Other Gods](#)

[Yahweh, and The Covenant](#)

[In Yahweh's Image](#)

[Seeing Yahweh's Face](#)

[Everybody Loves Yahweh](#)

[Yahweh, In Man's Image](#)

[Searching For Yahweh](#)

[Reminders From Yahweh](#)

[Thoughts of Melanin](#)

[The First](#)

[Melanin](#)

[Melanin the Key](#)

[Chemistry, the Study of Afruikans](#)

[Calling White Supremacists](#)

[Psychological Warfare](#)

[Afruika](#)

[Afruika Will Rise. Afruika Will Shine](#)

[I Am The Truth](#)

[Women and Bling](#)

[A Mother's Children](#)

[They Say](#)

[European and Arabian Cosmetology](#)

[So You Know Afruika](#)

[Afruikan Quicksand](#)

[The Afruikan Issue, part thereof](#)

[Not Us](#)

[Awake Afruika, Awake](#)

[Ethnicity and Nationality](#)

[The Awakening](#)

[Greatness](#)

[Destined for Greatness](#)

[Soaring With Eagles](#)

[Awake Afruikans](#)

[Afruikans Awake](#)

[Awake Afruika, Awake](#)

[My Imagination](#)

[Revolution of Mind](#)

[Awakening Brings Uprising](#)

[I See Revolution](#)

[Our Awakening World](#)

[The Truth Be Told](#)

[How To Think](#)

[Smiling Gets Difficult](#)

[I See The Time](#)

[Nothing To Losee](#)

The Elephant

What The Elephant Sees

What The Elephant Hears

King Of The Jungle

Black Man's Drama

Another Man's Wars

Bully

Beyond Pushback

Truth

Who Wrote The Bible

Inferiority and Superiority

Ourstory

Deceptions and Lies

Humanitarian Intervention

Eugenics, Fortunes and Misfortune

Free-dumb

Racism the Cancer

Truth Soars

Remembering The Portuguese

Fear

No Alter Call

Community

The Youth

Afrikan Consumption

Educate Our Children

Standing

[If](#)

[Shamba Shot](#)

[Angry Youth](#)

[Youth Needs Truth](#)

[Our Awakening World](#)

[Eugenics](#)

[Why Are Afruikans Hated?](#)

[Eradication of a People](#)

[Shark Island](#)

[Eugenics Hell](#)

[Death by Diseases](#)

[Connected-Miscellany](#)

[Illegal Thinking](#)

[Paintings and Things](#)

[Why I Cry](#)

[It's Amazing](#)

[Mistakes](#)

[About The Author](#)



Promise

The majority of the world's peoples, does not know the truth about Afruika. They do not know Afruika's story. Surely, they know what the White Supremacist has been telling them, his-story.

They have been succumbing to his lies, deceits, distortions, and inversions. I have learned to understand that. Because if they think differently, he inflicts upon them threats of war, guns, bombs, wars, invasions, humanitarian intervention, and other such similar practices.

This 'Promise' has been written for a positive position to be taken for the needed forward direction. It encourages reflection, and introspection. It engenders the thought of life, laughter, and love. How life ought to be, for the masses, not just a few. Some things the conscious mind can entertain.

The purpose however, is deeper than just the inspiration for Afruikans. It applies equally well to people suffering under the conditioned-thought of poverty, scarcity, diseases, and crime, to name a few as they are inflicted. Breaking the barriers. Liberation from the psychological and psychopathic behaviors used for continued enslavement. Rising and shining.

[I will Rise I Will Shine](#)

[How I Rise](#)

[How I Shine](#)

[Contents](#)

I will Rise I Will Shine

I will rise, and I will shine,
Not just because I want to 'be'.
I will rise, and I will shine,
From what's inside of me.

When I find myself tossed in cow dung,
I will not complain, or sing 'their' song.
For what it is, I will consider pure.
Then sell 'them' the same crap, as manure.

For those who've been throwing,
Bricks and stones,
With hatred, and malice, without cessation.
As long as I don't gather, broken bones,
I'll use their materials, for my foundation.

I will absorb the energies,
From their punches thrown.
Using it to still our world,
From their hatred sown.
I'm impervious to their distractions,
Creating wars, without cease.
In the image of my Father/Mother,
I will be waging peace.

I am the light in the midst of dark,
The heat-source, the spark
That brings combustion
To the revolution, of the minds
They treated unkind.

I am my Father's child,
Calming the thoughts that run wild
In kindred spirits, and open fire
Burning Black, with divine desire.

I am stronger than they think I am.
I've built the foundation from which I stand.
I know more than just their vulnerability.
Not only will I wage peace,
I will do the same for my people,
With divine love and harmony.

22.03.16 - [Promise](#) [Contents](#)

How I Rise

I am the collective experience,
Of many ancestors, who've gone by..
The beacon lighting the way,
For other ancestors, who are standing by.
I played with kindred animals, out in the wild.
I am the manifestation of my village, raising its child.

I have walked with the lions. They licked my hands.
Done things the average person, won't understand.
I have soared with the eagles, raced the falcons,
When they felt tired, I had only just begun.

Look me in mine eyes, see the universe in there.
One hundred and twenty million candles,
Burning, for the last five hundred years.

You thought I was defeated, beaten into the ground.
Brandishing your doctrine, with your bible and gun.
The more you beat me, the stronger I get.
The stronger I get, the more you regret.

But I won't hurt you. That's not who I am.
I am your brother, regardless of description.
I've been evolving, while awaiting you.
Four hundred and fifty thousand years, it is true.

What I share with you, do not be surprised.
Learn what I do. See how I rise.
I am the embodiment,
Of what my ancestors command,
Transforming, building, mobilizing, I am.

How I Shine

This is my time to shine,
To collect what is owed,
To get what is mine.
Needless trying to stop me,
You're already too late.
Truth is, you can't stop me,
Regardless of your rate.

I have been patient,
Without being hamstrung.
I taught the phoenix to rise,
Out of the ashes, off the ground.
I have been meticulous, never a rush.
I taught Job. Then I made him blush.

I am ancestor-charged, new-generation driven.
One hundred and twenty million suns,
The mysticism of eleven.

You cannot stare me down,
Without getting blind.
One hundred and fifty million more,
That's how I shine.

My light is powerfully intense,
But yet it is so cool.
The essence of the universe,
From Yahwehs, sitting on golden stools.

Do not be puzzled, or confused
With my energies, infused
By those who went before me.
My ancestors who invested heavily,
That I will have grown into who I am,
And that I 'be'.

Let me help you understand, who I am.
I am the resistance of oppression, to man.
I cannot be denied, from what is mine.
With dazzling intensity, I will shine.

22.04.16 - [Promise](#) [Contents](#)



Developing Country

What makes a country developed? Is it because it rapes, murders, plunders, and steals? Slaughters, assassinates, eradicates, or even exterminates? What is the goal? What's the yardstick? How do we measure? Who makes the determination? Who makes the call? Is it an independent

body? Or body of dependants playing ball?

What does it mean when a country is classed as 'developed'? It's certainly not a finite state. For the World Bank a 'developed' country is one with a high Gross National Income (GNI) per capita. They then classify countries according to their income level. But this doesn't tell the whole story – it doesn't give you the distribution of wealth across a population (like the GINI index or coefficient attempts to do), it just gives a straight average of national income divided by population.

The Human Development Index (HDI) reported on in the United Nations Development Programme's annual Human Development Report attempts to draw on a wider vision of development, including measures of education, health, and standard of living.

INASP uses a combination of the World Bank classification and the HDI to identify countries eligible for support. These classifications are checked annually to see if any countries have moved into or out of eligibility.

When checking the classifications recently, I came across this interesting tool on the UNDP website – Two different stories: From human development to income. You can select a country and the tool will show you the HDI and GNI values for that country, against another country with a similar HDI value but a very different GNI. It shows the value in using a wider measure of development than just average income levels as higher income levels don't necessarily equate to high levels of education and health. Let's take an example. One of INASP's partner countries is Honduras. The comparison country that comes up when you select Honduras is Botswana – with a much higher GNI per capita but a very similar HDI. Botswana isn't currently eligible for INASP's support while Honduras is. As the blurb above the comparison tool says, 'The HDI can also be used to question national policy choices, asking how two countries with the same level of GNI per capita can end up with such different human development outcomes.' - <http://blog.inasp.info/how-do-you-measure-development/>

"There are no universally agreed-upon criteria for what makes a country developing versus developed and which countries fit these two categories,[2] although there are general reference points such as a nation's GDP per capita compared with other nations. Also, the general term less-developed country should not be confused with the specific least developed country. The term "developing" describes a currently observed situation and not a dynamic or expected direction of progress. Since the late 1990s developing countries tended to demonstrate higher growth rates than the developed ones.

There is criticism for using the term developing country. The term implies inferiority of a developing country or undeveloped country compared with a developed country, which many countries dislike. It assumes a desire to develop along the traditional Western model of economic development which a few countries, such as Cuba and Bhutan, choose not to follow. An alternative measurement that has been suggested is that of gross national happiness. Countries on the boundary between developed and developing are often categorized under the term newly industrialized countries.

According to authors such as Walt Whitman Rostow, developing countries are in transition from traditional lifestyles towards the modern lifestyle which began in the Industrial Revolution in the 18th and 19th centuries." -

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Developing_country

It's a mind game.

[Her Virginity](#)

[Land Stolen](#)

[Whose Museum Is It Anyway?](#)

[Our Developing Country](#)

[Spreading Democracy](#)

[A Different Era](#)

Her Virginity

Why is the regard for her body, so disrespectful?
That greed and lust, are all that is seen.
What's the hang-up, with mounds and curves,
And the valley of virgin territory?
How much more of a virgin, can she be,
When she has already been raped, repeatedly

What manner of man will rape his Mother,
Regardless of final cost,
And not hear the screams and cries,
Of something precious lost?
How can the blood be ignored,
From the very thrust, that created the spill,
From her virginity, over her lips, and unto the hills?
A beautiful Black woman, a White man's fantasy.
Plundering as much as he can, while desecrating her body.

"She can take it." he says.
"She is beautiful. But she is also strong and Black.
Look at her size, created for us to enter and leave,
To do what we wish, as we are well pleased."
What is the hang-up, with the vastness of her size?
What is it about her, that cannot be recognized?

They love the touch of her demure, texture so pure.
But not the color of her skin, or the soul within.
How long must She go into relapses, before she collapses?
How much more should She take, with all the remakes?
They love to speak about her, but only in obscenity.
How long will they continue, to rape Afruika, repeatedly?

Land Stolen

You face the law,
When you break a store,
When you hijack, rob, or steal
And the evidence reveals.
But it seems a different case,
When they invade your space.
Overtly steal your land,
Saying you must understand.

Corrupt leaders, in your face,
Letting foreigners ransack your place.
This case worse than with Judas Iscariot
Roaring rats, in the absence of the cat.
This whole affair remains abysmal.
Worse than Judas, Yahushua, and the betrayal.

This has to stop. It can't go on.
What will be left for our children?
How will they carry on?

It was ism schism and racism,
Imprisonment through colonialism.
It was the bible and the gun,
That's where they came from.
The cross and the spear,
The White man's burden to bear.

Look at the Chinese,
How favorably they deal.
Look at the White man,
The way he steals.

Whose Museum Is It Anyway?

Days ago I read, a prime minister
Telling his queen, Afruikans are thieves.
Woah! His brain has cancer,
Affecting his ability, to remember

The brutality of similar, and his country,
Through murder, plunder, crusades,
Inquisitions, enslavement, and thievery.
They stole from Afruika,
Like no country before or after.
Five hundred years, quite possibly more,
They have been stealing artifacts,
Resources, and children, from Afruika.

Without Afruika,
There'd be no museum.
This world of peoples,
Are all Afruika's children.

Return your stolen goods,
From your museums, to Afruika.
Look at the empty rooms, thereafter.
Closing sales on buildings, each day.
Without Afruika, there's nothing to display.
On second thought
Whose museum is it, anyway?

Our Developing Country

It never ceases to amaze me,
They rob you blind,
Then call you, 'developing country'.

What makes a country 'developed'?
Described by whose definition?
Who robbed who non-stop?
Let's examine 'developed nations'.

Where did the White man get his wealth?
On whose backs? On whose health?
Where did he get his technology?
His stolen history, stolen legacy?

What does the White man have,
That is truly his own?
What about hidden museum secrets,
That are never shown?

'Develop' describes how well you can murder,
Plunder, rape, practise genocide, and slaughter.
It focuses on your ability to wage wars the continuum,
Using guns, invasions, bombs with depleted uranium,

Look at the bible and what it says,
Esau the warmonger, his murderous ways.
Produced and distributed, marketing White,
Food of evil, hate, and spite.

So, won't you please tell me,
Who possess the developing country?

Spreading Democracy

Wandering thoughts, misguided directions,
Evil be mentioned, of bespoken demons.

They taught 'poor' people democracy,
Bombing the hell out of their countries.
Slaughtering men, women, and children,
When you speak of it, that's a problem.

You've had to obey, serve.
That was your directive.
How long has slaughter
Been, someone's objective?

At some point in time,
They all got together.
The decision to wage war,
Against the others.

Don't be distracted,
Or feel too contrite.
When was it last, you heard
Whites bombing Whites?

It's been different shades of Black,
MENA under brutal attack.
They have been stealing
Your resources,
Backing it up with their threats,
To use their military forces.

A Different Era

This is a different take,
In a different era.

Tell me, what makes the White man great?
For it really does matter.

Is it the way he spies?
The way he lies?
Is it his barbarism?
Or is it his racism?

There is nothing new,
Under the sun.
All he tries to claim,
Has already been done.

Done by the Egyptians,
And the Ethiopians,
In Ethiopia, Egypt, and Sudan.

Okay, is there an exception?
To get the full gist, and history,
Go back to page twenty-three.
Read 'Developing Country'.



Vision For Afruika

From my perspective, Afruika cannot have a vision, without her Diaspora. Conversely, Afruika's Diaspora cannot adequately go forward, without Afruika. This easily suggests all of Afruika working together, to work around barriers.

One of the most crucial aspects needs to be urgently undertaken, involves Afruika taking control of her economy, highlight on resources. This is said taking into consideration one country, the size of which can be 'gobbled-up' manifold times by Afruika, owning an approximate 1.5Tn USD in what should be Afruika's resources.

How do you explain something as ludicrous as that?

As a starting point, Afruika as a whole, must eradicate itself of its corrupt leaders. If that begins in my time, surely, we will discover an extremely simple method for recovering our wealth.

The next thing Afruika must do, get rid of the White symbology populating the continent. There never was a Jesus, more so a white Jesus, yet in countries like Ghana it is very prominent. What the hell is the matter with Afruikans?

I have seen pictures of churches with banners of "The Zionist Church". Churches tying back to the Israel of today. Whatever they're smoking, they need to allow it dry some more.

That holds true as well for all the PHD(s) who languish in the paper, but have contributed zilch to the growth of their country.

I suspect it has become easy for Afruikans to sit and twiddle their thumbs, while the Western Allies (All-lies) intend to subjugate Eurasia. I suspect while twiddling their thumbs Afruikans will fail to understand and appreciate - when Eurasia becomes subjugated, it becomes much easier to do the same to Afruika.

[Vision](#)

[The Answer](#)

[White Supremacy](#)

[Ancestors Standing By](#)

[Afruikan Jokers](#)

[Questions For Afruikans](#)

[Afruika's Technology](#)

[Afruikans' Safety and Security](#)

[Afruika's Diaspora](#)

[Chosen People](#)

[White Supremacists Playing God](#)

[Contents](#)

Vision

Afruika needs to find her way.
Exit White morass and decay.
She need to establish her vision.
She needs it urgently, to stand strong.

Afruikans wanted kings and queens,
Fluffy things, and sweetened dreams,
Yet, did not seek their own.
Turning on what they had known,
Allowing thieves and scoundrels,
To sit, on their thrones.

The past cannot be changed.
But surely guides the future.
Eradicate the cultures seeming strange,
Begin working with each other.

Plan for tomorrow, one thousand years, say.
What will it take, starting today?
Every other culture has the practice,
Afruikans seem unable to find.
We have been robbed blind,
With or without prejudice.
Now they stealing our minds.

It may not be necessarily easy.
Yet simple, as Yahweh says.
Let's return to His promise.
It's time to change our ways.

The Answer

We have always had the answers,
To Afruika's 'problems'.

It's in our DNA, our ancestors say.

But we never take the time, to reach them.

Let's return to the start.

How has it all began?

Why did these savages,

Invade Afruikans' land?

Open your mind.

Pave the path, to understand

Is this what Yahweh wanted?

Was this His plan?

The DNA(s) are different.

Why is that so?

What is it they won't tell you?

Why don't they want you, to know?

What existed, before we came?

Why are we this way?

Who is to blame?

What's the bigger picture,

The bible portrays?

Will 'Stargate' 'open',

Before the end of days?

Why distractions, and mind-control?

Is it tied to numbers? Why so bold?

Sad to say, they will be disappointed

No one changes, what Yahweh has appointed.

White Supremacy

White Supremacy has become so refined,
They don't need to fight more wars,
Because, they have messed up your mind,
Going behind your closed doors.

For those who read "Without Sanctuary",
And your stomachs churned,
Situation's worse, through self-fulfilling prophesy
It's in your head, the sticks burn.

They place images in your mind,
The daily pictures you see,
Statistics, manipulation of the kind,
It gets worst, with his-story.

Learn to stop parroting,
White Supremacists' 'news'.
Deep analysis is more rewarding,
Solicit Brothers' and Sisters' views.

Remove your mind from the matrix,
Or the matrix from your mind.
Spend more time with your 'family',
Plan to reverse the 'times'.

It may not be easy. But it's simple.
Forget bling, it's a race thing,
Designed, to keep you in trouble.
Put family first, all down to fifth
That's your plan, stay with it.

Ancestors Standing By

O ur ancestors are standing by,
Wanting to lend a hand.
We don't even know to reach them,
For we fail to understand.

The Diaspora lost Afruikan culture,
This I need not mention.
But also lost our spiritual way.
We even lost, our connection.

We must go back to learning,
How to turn to each other.
Come off the crosses they're burning,
Step away from the fire,

Embrace each other,
Like tens of thousands years ago,
We lived in peace, love, and harmony,
Currently? It is really not so.
We need to return to Afruika,
The continent in our hearts,
No need to travel, hustle,
Or be bedeviled, let's make that start.
That is what matters.

We must establish priority,
As effective as it can be.
First, eradicate exterminate,
The White man's destructive fantasy,
Remove the implanted vision of hate,
Create our profound reality.

Afrikan Jokers

Afriika has more jokers,
Than the average pack.

When they read this poem,
They will want to attack.

Afriika has PhD, MSc
All forms of A
Ask them the simple question,
“What have you done for Afriika, today?”

It seems the more degrees they acquire,
The more stupid each one gets.
Nothing comes when they perspire.
Nothing created when they sweat.

Instead, poor Afrikans live in squalor,
While the leaders get more corrupt,
With stolen ‘riches’ they harbor.

Like the guy from the IMF said,
The only Afrikan leader not corrupt,
Is the one with a price on his head.
His life is under threat,
Because he won't be bribed.
And the corrupt leaders
Believe, he should be chided.

Meanwhile, life goes on with
The clowns on the merry-go-round,
The continent's brightest,
The hypocrites called righteous.

Questions For Afruikans

Who do you think made the most inventions?
Even during the period on the plantations?

The 'slaves' were his, so he said.

So he claimed the inventions from Afruikans' heads.

There is nothing new under the sun.

Whatever they 'discover', has already been done.

Read our story, from Ethiopia, Egypt, and Sudan.

It's only then, you'll begin to understand.

They messed with our story.

Then got it tainted.

They even stole what was cast in stone,

Nailed down, and painted.

Why are White Supremacists

Pushing, to dumb the Afruikans' minds?

What do Afruikans know,

That the racists want, this time?

Why are the Supremacists cloning,

Seeking to extend their genes?

What makes them think,

They will be in the final scene?

What have they invented?

What did they create?

It makes you wonder, really,

What makes White people great?

Afruika's Technology

Afruika has technology,
That dwarfs what other people have,
Combined. It's in our ancient story.
It's in our DNA, in our minds.

Afruika has technology,
The world still cannot decipher.
They think the answer lies,
In digging deeper.

Check their technology.
From whence it came?
It traces back to Afruika.
They just changed the name.

Afruika has more technology,
Than life can stand.
It has the technology
To destroy man, not the land.
Afruika has hidden it, to keep man safer
That's the technology,
The White Supremacists are after.

Think of the technology
That got the deserts started
The amount of energy
That made that land 'wasted'.

They are merely
Peeping through the crack,
To see the other side of the world
They look at it as their mission
But they are viewing,
Through clouded vision.

Afriikans' Safety and Security

You bought yourself a weapon,
With the capacity to take life.
Considering your beautiful children,
And your lovely wife,

Would you leave it
On your chest-of-draws,
In easy reach, and unsecured?
Or would you store it in a place,
Where it is secured, it is safe?

Okay! Stop shouting.
I know you got the point.
It's the purpose of my example.
Extension of viewpoint.

Focus, this is deep.
The first peoples were Afriikans.
If Yahweh secured a weapon,
Where will it be?
The keys are in our DNA.
Go back to ourstory.
Let your mind play.

The White folks know this.
Hence the reason they dig.
Even if they see the answers,
They are in the mist.
Their minds and DNA
Will have to be reconfigured.
Impossible, I say.

Afruika's Diaspora

I have spoken it, consciously.
I have written it, repeatedly.
I have lived it, faithfully.
I have loved it, divinely.

Now, I'm beginning to understand
More clearly, how it will be.
I know of it. But I don't know it.
Follow me, very carefully.

The answer to Afruika,
Is in her Diaspora.
We possess it.
But we won't see it,
Until the rest of Afruika,
Gets involved with it.

This is no guessing.
Yahweh is saying,
Come back unto me.
This is deeper than you think.
Start knowing, we possess the key.

Yahweh's plan was part of our indictment.
Enslavement no accident.
He wrote the future in one of our hands.
The other, He placed the key.

Send this book to all Afruikans.
Forget stupidity, and arrogance.
We can't fix yesterday. It's already gone.
Let's create tomorrow. Let it come!

Chosen People

Yahweh did not choose the Israelites,
Simply because they were 'fitter'.

Someone has to rule,
While we Afruikans work together.

There are the white bloodsuckers,
Calling themselves Israelites.
By deceit they intend to conquer,
Lands to which they have no rights.

The Israelites,
Are Yahweh's chosen people.
They are Black, and physically strong.
Not wimpy, colorless, and feeble.

Go back to the time,
Before the savages got involved,
There was harmony, peace, and love.
Research what the Israelites did
To offend Yahweh, sitting above.

Let your DNA come into play.
You don't necessarily need books.
For book is where they distorted our story,
Perfect handiwork of crooks.

The White Supremacists are furious,
Agitated, and mad as hell.
For the truth was not supposed to come out,
As far as they can tell.

Why did Yahweh choose the Israelites?
Their mental and spiritual capacity.

White Supremacists Playing God

Have you wondered,
Why White Supremacists are cloning,
Why non-Whites killed with droning?

White people have regressive genes.
Left to White on White,
They will not make the final scene.
So they are searching importantly,
To give White genes new life,
They think needed, urgently.

The White man believes,
He can eradicate a people
Invert their story, call it his-story
And there'll be no trouble.

He does not understand,
The dilution of his DNA.
Why he has a max of six,
And Afruikans fifty.

He does not understand,
Why he is a savage,
A barbarian, and warmonger,
The significance of him
Leaving Afruika, long after.

Try as they may, they won't get it.
Because they don't understand.
A finite mind,
Will never have the capacity,
To understand principles,
Stretching into infinity.



Yahweh

Yahweh – our Almighty Heavenly Father
Aset – our Almighty Heavenly Mother
Heru – their Almighty Heavenly Son

In my research, I have found the name 'God', referred to a Babylonian deity, to whom the Babylonians prayed for fortunes.

Aset was renamed Isis, then removed from the Egyptian 'Holy Trinity' (matriarchal society) and replaced with a space called the 'Holy Spirit' by the

Greeks, (patriarchal society).

Heru, was renamed Horus by the Greeks, then later renamed Jesus Christ by Constantine in 325 AD at the Nicean conference, and as was then brutally enforced with the Chalcedon 'act'.

Yahweh is the Hebrew (Afruikan language) name for our heavenly Father. Other names were Ptah, Osoro (Gadangme 'God of the sky'). The Greek corrupted the name Osoro into Osiris. There are many other names for Yahweh, I have left that for your research and discovery.

Of critical importance, Afruikans need to stop calling Yahweh 'god'. That is not His name. God is not a name. Let us for a moment assume your name is Malidoma. Someone visits your area asking for Mike, with the noblest of British accents. Would you respond - That's me old chap, how can I help you? Chances are, no, you will not respond. What makes you think it is different with Yahweh?
When in the bible it was mentioned - for Yahweh said, I am a jealous 'god' - it was not an advertisement.

[Other Gods](#)

[Yahweh, and The Covenant](#)

[In Yahweh's Image](#)

[Seeing Yahweh's Face](#)

[Everybody Loves Yahweh](#)

[Yahweh, In Man's Image](#)

[Searching For Yahweh](#)

[Reminders From Yahweh](#)

[Contents](#)

Other Gods

“Our God, is an awesome God”
These are the words you hear them sing.

I sometimes wonder to myself,
Do these words, mean anything?

Nobody worships,
As much as Afrikaners do.
So why isn't 'God' responding?
Why isn't He hearing you?

A person comes to your street.
Someone you have never seen.
He looks confused,
Black mix with White,
And he asks for Billy-Jean.

You are a Black man.
Your name is Yahweh.
Would you go through your door,
“Yes?” Can I help you in any way?

Chances are, you won't.
Because that's not even your name.
When Yahweh does not respond,
Remember what I've been saying

Yahweh and God are not the same.
Yahweh is definite, god another name.
This is when I take you to task.
We don't even ask,
Because asking seeks permission.
We worship other 'gods',
Then tell Yahweh to understand.

Yahweh, and The Covenant

Let's do something different today.
Call our heavenly Father by His name.
Listen deep inside, to what our hearts say.
Our heavenly Father's name, is Yahweh.

Other people call their gods by name.
You have Buddha, Krishna, etcetera.
We have been blinded into thinking
All gods are the same.
Calling anyone God,
And believes, it does not matter.

Let's stop killing each other,
From inborn hate.
And return to Yahweh,
In the humblest of state.

Let's seek to correct
The wrongs our ancestors did,
Breaking the covenant
With Yahweh, they had made.

Seek forgiveness. Please Yahweh,
I must make things right.
Forgive my ancestors' ills,
Turn me to the day,
Away from the night.

There is so much to restore.
If only we understand.
The inheritance of our world,
Our rulership of the land.

In Yahweh's Image

I thought of doing this,
From a scientific perspective.
But science may be too brief,
Risking effective.

Simple arithmetic.
No calculator needed,
For effective flow,
Progressing unimpeded.

The oldest communities,
Scientifically know to mankind,
Is the Hausa, and the Twa.
Four hundred thousand years apiece,
And still doing fine.

'Out of Africa' came 'The Real Eve',
Two hundred thousand years ago.
This current era, those who leave.

Scientists have proven,
Through mitochondrial DNA,
Everyone came from Eve,
No old talk. Hear them say.

Twenty to forty thousand years ago,
The migration from Africa, scientists show.
Migration and adaptation,
Bodies changed through the passage.
Have you worked it out?
Who was made, in Yahweh's image?

Seeing Yahweh's Face

I've been told many times,
"If you see Yahweh's face, you'll surely die."
This is the assholeness, that screws my mind,
A father threatening to kill his child.

Imagine, a father saying to his child,
Turn away. Don't look at me, less you die.
What the hell kinda face is that?
Yet they insist, it's a fact.

Isms and schisms for mass control.
Heaven vs hell, claiming your soul.
It's all in the bible, you'll hear them say.
Who the hell wrote the bible, anyway?

People need to awake, and be learned.
The Yahweh I know, is getting concerned.
For we have been long enslaved, by and with lies.
When the enlightened speaks, they say s/he lies.

Out of Ancient Egypt, the texts were stolen.
The added brazen lies, were made golden.
The deception, the lies, the alibis,
The inversion, the perversion, telling disguise.

Why don't they want us, to see Yahweh's face?
Are we His children, eternally displaced?
Or maybe like 'Satan', fell from grace?
Get spiritual, and pick up your pace.
Learn to find your Yahweh. Seek His face.

Everybody Loves Yahweh

Everybody loves Yahweh.
But most times, it makes me wonder.
We come from Yahweh. Yahweh is in us.
Yet, we are killing each other.

When I look at creation,
And how it was started,
From the first civilization,
To this new-found hatred,

I see churches, bigger than football fields,
Preachers on the pulpit, seeking deals.
Worshippers, sitting on purchased seats.
Yet Yahweh's children, cannot sleep.

I see wealthy beggars,
And saints who steal.
I see fallen angels, making deals.
There are no shepherds
Searching, for missing sheep.
Hence Yahweh's children, will never sleep.

We trust our lives
To preachers, who won't teach,
Betting and swearing
On the teacher, who cannot preach,
We are all one big family,
Still, people refuse to see.
So when I go to Yahweh,
I take my church with me.

Yahweh, In Man's Image

Our world is filled with magicians,
Clairvoyants, people who can 'see'.
In disproportionately larger numbers,
They've been attempting, to rewrite our story.

Blinded by sheer, and utter stupidity,
They have been disfiguring, misfiguring,
Refiguring, and configuring, resolutely.
So they replaced the noses,
With ones of thinner stripe,
To make Ancient Egyptian Pharaohs,
All seemingly 'White'.

It's difficult to define,
That level of stupidity,
Replacing a statue's nose,
To redefine the Afrikan's story

In researching, I have found,
Ptolemy told Omani Antioch (Afrikan),
To rewrite Ancient Egyptian history,
With Greek names, places, and faces,
Hoping to create, better 'white' races.

There you have it, 'White' people,
With absolutely no idea of Yahweh,
Yet remade in a 'White' face, and hate,
Emerging with an image from chaos,
Three hundred and fifty thousand years, late.

Searching For Our Yahweh

We keep searching for our Yahweh,
In all the wrong places.

Checking strange images,
Seeking unusual faces.

We've brain-washed with colors,
We have never known.
Forever planting seeds,
Which will never be grown.

Our minds have been trashed,
With the ideas of a Yahweh,
Who can't be seen.
Yet seeing Yahweh, remains our dream.

The answer has been before us,
Cloaked in plain sight.
One of the truths in the bible,
Your angel throughout the night.

It's in our DNA,
As night is different from day.
But we have to free our minds,
In every different way.

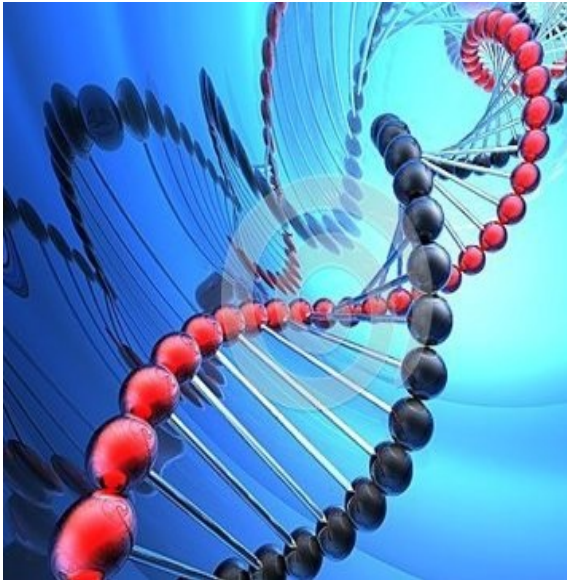
Regardless of how we are despised,
Finally, I've come to realize,
Yahweh is not just around us,
Our Yahweh, The Most High,
Lives on the inside.

Reminders From Yahweh

When at times we are knocked,
Finding ourselves flat on our backs.
The natural direction, is to look up.
That may be the easiest thing to say.
We sometimes turn our heads to the side.
Instead of speaking with Yahweh.

When we get off our beds,
And the floor seems too cold,
It's natural to place our slipper,
Between the cold and our sole.

Sometimes our slipper
Is so far under our bed,
We can barely see.
But the most effective way to reach them,
Is when we get on our knees.



Thoughts of Melanin

I had initially thought of placing a couple of poems on melanin, in book 7 – I Will Rise. I Will Shine. I wrote one poem the first week. Then I wrote about seven poems one morning. That was about one month before publishing.

After writing the poems, and indulging myself deeper into the research of melanin, I realized, melanin will require more than just a few lines. I began entertaining the

thought of a book, incorporating the poems already written.

My work on many other projects convinced me to release the written poems, then begin addressing melanin more assiduously. Hence the late release, and addition to book 7. Melanin is extensively pursued in "When Truth Offends-reloaded". This section on melanin therefore becomes a sort of inducement.

[The First](#)

[Melanin](#)

[Melanin the Key](#)

[Chemistry, the Study of Afruikans](#)

[Calling White Supremacists](#)

[Psychological Warfare](#)

[Contents](#)

The First

I am the first human, in history.
I am Afruika, no limits of country.
I was created Black, as Yahweh planned.
I am the first. I am Afruikan.

I am darker than,
The darkest night.
I am brighter than,
Your brightest light.
I am everything,
Yahweh wants me to be,
I am, *the* story.

My skin is velvet Black,
Like they've have never seen.
My Black is seamless,
Beyond their wildest dreams.

My intelligence is greater,
Than anyone else's capacity.
I possess the power.
I hold the key.

Their psychopathic conditioning,
Simply can't go on.
Their sociopathic destruction,
Is not that strong.
As soon as my mind opens,
I will see more light.
That is what they fear most.
Therein lies their fright.

Melanin

My melanin is the strongest,
Beyond any other's capacity.
It is the blackest melanin,
Into infinity.

White Supremacists,
Boasted their supremacy.
With nothing scientific,
To support their 'story'.

They boasted supremacy
Worst than DNA-gate
Stupid fallacies, working hard,
Still pushing to propagate.

They tested the mummies,
For DNA and melanin.
Saying the pharaohs were White.
But got Black with stain.

The Afruikans' melanin,
Dictates the pace.
No one else's senses
Are as keen as Afruikans,
Even when they call 'it' a race.

Melanin of the highest order,
Found only in Afruikans,
Beyond all borders.
The highest intelligence,
As measured by Whites.
The keenest of five senses,
And all that's right.

Melanin, the Key

Melanin is the chemical key to life,
The civilizing chemical,
The elimination of much strife.
The rhythms of life, it effectively regulates.
The higher the quality of the melanin,
The more stable the state.

There are the adaptive qualities of melanin.
Melanin is measured from the inside.
Not measured from the skin.

Melanin manifests itself in countless ways,
Including electrons, protons, neutrons, solitons,
But no one says, melanin the forbidden word,
Melanin means Black. Thus never be heard.

Afriikans, have the highest repro-circulation.
Not just the skin,
But the highest conversion-reaction.
They have the highest capacity
To store more data, ancestral memory.

Afriikans are biochemically different,
To all the Whites.
Including some physiologies,
They never got right.

Afriikans have the most of attributes,
Attributable to man.
When White folks say they are superior,
Non-scientific stupidity, across the land.

Chemistry, the Study of Afruikans

C hemistry, the Study of Afruikans
That's what the average Joe didn't know
Hence couldn't understand.

In Egypt it was called KHM.
The Greeks introduced the 'e',
To make it Khem.

They could not have pronounced KHM,
When they tried to say.
It was a deficiency of DNA,
That led them the 'e' way.

In Egypt, KHM meant Black.
It was a deficiency of melanin,
Leading to a word attack.
To repeat, they added 'e' as a key,
Making Khem, adding istry.
The study of Black,
The study of Khemistry.

Chemistry is the study of life,
From you, the truth is hidden.
Life is the study of Black
That's how the horse's been ridden.

The study of chemistry,
Physics, physiology, biology.
That's how it's been from the beginning.
But nowhere in the study,
Do they mention the truth, melanin.

Calling White Supremacists

White Supremacists,
Boast of being superior.

But when you look at the facts,
It will make you wonder.

It was the White man,
Who measured DNA.
Afruikans have the highest count.
That's what they say.

The same White man, measured melanin.
Afruikans have the highest, no imagining.
Afruikans withstand the coldest temperatures
As was scientifically proven.
Well, do not even mention heat,
Afruikans can live in an oven.

Afruikans have the strongest texture skin.
Diversity of hair, to do anything.
Afruikans can give birth, to any color child.
Regardless of how they go,
Or how they run wild.

Psychological warfare,
Afruikans' minds, self-inflicted
And restricted capacity.
That aside,
I pray someone will help me see,
What the hell these clowns
Talking, about superiority.

Psychological Warfare

Psychological Warfare,
The White Supremacists wage.
They lied their history
On the cover, not the page.

They have been conditioning
The minds of Afruikans,
To see themselves less,
Than any other man.

Throw the cover back.
What do you see?
Afruikans and their story,
And White Supremacists
With no history.

Hollywood and the media,
There's nothing thereafter.
They messed-up Afruikans' lifestyles.
They oppressed and suppressed,
Afruikan culture.

In bondage and enslavement,
Seeking to destroy our future.
Pushing foods that kill
Under the cover of government,
They maintain the agri.
But destroyed our culture.

They created HIV/Aids, and Ebola,
All sorts of vaccines, even Zika.
They lied into eugenics,
Through family planning
The more they kill,
More Afruikans keep coming.



Afruika

Why did Yahweh choose Afruika for His beginning of humankind?

Afruika, cradle of civilization, land with the greatest amounts of resources, victim of all forms of abuse and humiliation, from White Supremacists. White Supremacists, European masters of greed, who assassinated, beheaded, castrated, decimated, destroyed, murdered, plundered, rape, stole, etc. Afruikans, who had been suffering, and still suffers the ravages from the murderous minds of Europeans. Yet the Europeans are first to call

indigenous peoples savages, and barbarians. Amazing!

Isn't it ironic, the Afruikan 'savages' are the same people from whom all of mankind originated? "Out of Africa" has been very instrumental in proving to the world, from whence they came. Yet, I have not heard one Afruikan talk about superiority. Of course this is said in comparison to all the White Supremacists' lies as pertained and pertain to the nonsense of White superiority.

The Hausa and Twa have been walking our earth as civilizations, since some four hundred thousand years ago, thereabout. "Out of Africa" portrays the migration out of Afruika as late as some sixty to eighty thousand years ago, thereabout as well. Keeping that in mind, one wonders, who are the savages, and barbarians, really?

The oldest fossil remain – seventeen million years old, found in Kenya One not so old – fourteen million years old, found in the Congo, and as mentioned by Dr Leakey, if my recall is straight. Wouldn't it be something, when the truths are revealed in their entirety! When mankind will stop fighting to learn of the technologies they found in Egypt, and seem unable to understand. When at last the baffling technologies behind the creation of the pyramids will be made known.

Wouldn't it be wonderful when it becomes commonly known that Edison did not invent the light bulb. That it was invented thousand of years before in Egypt. So too the electric cell, single-user spacecraft, helicopter, battle-tanks, hovercraft, etc. Do not be bashful, Google it! See the images, in their glory.

Thousands of years ago, the Egyptians built the pyramids, without using concrete, with a precision that can only be measured today. They transported blocks weighing in the region of tons, from miles away. The Japanese attempted to repeat the feat, with disastrous effects, eventually calling the exercise off, because of the extensive venture into futility.

Afruika has not had peace since the Arabs and Europeans invaded. They probably will never know peace again. Thanks to perpetual greed. Thanks to world domination and hegemony.

[Afruika Will Rise. Afruika Will Shine](#)

[I Am The Truth](#)

[Women and Bling](#)

[A Mother's Children](#)

[They Say](#)

[European and Arabian Cosmetology](#)

[So You Know Afruika](#)

[Afruikan Quicksand](#)

[The Afruikan Issue, part thereof](#)

[Not Us](#)

[Ethnicity and Nationality](#)

[Contents](#)

Afruika Will Rise. Afruika Will Shine

Afruika, is more than just a chunk of land.
It takes deep spirituality, to understand.
It is not simply more, than creation's space,
The creation of mankind,
Misnamed the human race.

Why did Yahweh choose Afruika?
What is it the White man is after?
Why is the White man
Propagating these contortions?
Why mind-control, and distortions?

Is it that he believes
His, is greater than Yahweh's hand,
Wanting to reverse the future,
That Yahweh has planned?

Cloning can't help.
He is in regression's space.
His destruction's made bare,
In front his face.

Droning and wars won't help,
Either, with his genocide.
The racist Supremacists,
Hell-bent on infanticide.

When I sit, and look down the track,
What they stole, is coming right back.
Afruika, the disaster, the White man
Thinks he has left behind.
Afruika will rise. Afruika will shine.

I Am The Truth

I am the truth.
I can't be denied,
From my root, beyond
Your pervasive infanticide.

You stole my works,
Denied my name,
Used it to control,
No remorse, no shame.

You stole ourstory from Ham,
To control Shem and Japheth,
With your perpetual scam,
But you aren't ready yet.

Anti-Semitism, your driver for libel.
You said you wrote the Torah,
The Talmud, and the Bible.

You can't reveal your sources,
Or reveal your past,
Escaping Afrimism,
But you are the last.

You manipulate the world,
With your seven sins
You rape, plunder, murder
Decimate everything, within.
You said, with evil running wild,
By deception you shall rule.
But I am Mother Afruika,
You bastard child.

Women and Bling

Sometimes I sit and wonder,
How did women get in bling?
Is it a reason from a brother?
Luring them into a fling?

Women wear long 'white' hair.
Some even bleach their skin.
They want their complexions fair,
Ignoring their jewels within.

Is this indication, or root-cause,
A case of chicken and the egg?
Is it manifestation of psychological wars?
Signs of times, the last leg?

When a Negro gets some 'cheddar',
Black women are tossed from his sight.
His role model role does not matter.
He has to marry someone White.

When a Negro gets a position,
Black women lose their attraction.
I feel they do their do for spite.
So they too, have to marry White.

Let me summarize what I have said,
To flush the nonsense from Negroes' heads.
Stop being retrograde, a White man's spade.
Remember, the original mother was Black.
Even under attack, you know it is true.
So when you drool behind White, ignoring Black,
What the ass you expect them, to do?

A Mother's Children

A mother loves her children,
Regardless who they turn out to be.
She watches over them,
As they pursue their history.

She expects the older siblings,
To look after the younger ones.
Hoping there'll be no quibbling,
Just her children, seeking fun.

The older siblings are more evolved,
Displaying a greater sense of maturity.
Getting together, they are more involved,
Hoping the younger ones, will someday see.

Singing their songs,
Dancing through sands of time.
Knowing where they belong,
Weaving creation, into myths and rhymes.

The immaturity of youth,
Always bring some contention.
He chooses to progress,
Through lies and deception.

He walks away from the nucleus,
Seeking a new entity.
Deceiving his mother,
Creating a new identity.

The murderous mind,
Of this new-found youth.
Destroying specifics of mankind,
As he distorts the truth.

His mother is confused.

No, this couldn't be real.
I feel the pain,
Mother Afruika feels.

30.04.16 - [Afruika](#) [Contents](#)

They Say

He said, his professor said,
Afruika does not have history.

Wow, this is the teaching,
From a popular university.

They say, sometime in the future,
Afruika may have some history.
Who the hell is this brother?
What is his story?

Sometimes I ponder this nonsense,
For a meaningful while.
Then I 'hug' myself and smile,
There goes another child,
Running wild.

When they learn the truth,
What will they do?
Will they open their minds further,
And let light shine true/through?

My simple advice to folks is this,
Please tell them, let the weed dry,
Properly, before they smoke it.
Cause that's the only way,
I can account for all this bullshit.

European and Arabian Cosmetology

This is deadly serious.
But hilarious like shit.

Brutal Europeans
Practicing cosmetology,
Way back in Egypt.

They came across the Sphinx,
In his royal pose.
Boom went their guns,
Off with his nose.

Well, I did tell you
They were resolutely brute.
They turned the practice,
Into the twenty-one gun salute.

The statues of greatness,
Missing their noses.
Europeans' and Arabians' mess,
Messing with poses.

The Arabians decided,
Not to be left out the race.
They are placing Europeans noses,
On full-featured Afruikan faces.

What are these clowns drinking?
It's giving me a fit.
They need to dilute it some more,
Before taking the next sip.

So, You Know Afruika

We need to correct some misconceptions,
Perversions, blatant lies and distortions.
Some Europeans, continuously deny the fact,
Ancient Egyptians were everything, being Black.

We need opened minds, to forget his-story,
Revelations of what was once, mystery.
An opened mind, is blessed with secrets,
From an Afruikan home, we now call Egypt.

Even with the emergence,
Of the 'Out of Afruika' complex,
There are those
Blatantly refusing to believe,
Hence remaining perplexed.

Forget the seventeen million years
Discovered Kenyan 'man'.
Four hundred thousand years ago,
Hausa and Twa were strutting the land.
The migration happened,
An average forty thousand years ago.
It took a more recent time,
For Europeans (and everyone else), to show

Yet, some Europeans continually insist
Ancient Egyptians were 'white',
You'd swear these people, stupid for spite.

The briefest of mathematics,
Simple subtraction, should help them understand,
Ancient Egyptians, were Black Afruikans.

Afruikan Quicksand?

This nasty, unforgivable mess,
In which they have placed themselves,
'They' have only just begun to understand.
The more they wriggle in the Afruikan story,
The deeper some Europeans sink,
This effect, is called Afruikan Quicksand.

Firstly, they should not have lied.
Truth always sets one free.
I know, they expect the 'sweet by-and-by',
But this is rough. It's the Afruikan story.

They have been refusing to publish
Facts of the Afruikan story
Not jiving with European history,
Changing religious and scientific doctrines,
The truth now exposed, it's shocking.

They have attempted to flood the world
With a new European history, and perspectives,
Renaming Afruikan people and places,
With European names, they insist respective,
Changing the criteria, used to define race
Now, this is the embarrassment they face.

They have whited-out as much as they can,
Working to eliminate the Afruikan.
Totally ignoring contrite and common sense,
They still want to exert influence,
On the Afruikan story, as their history.
Discrediting ancient historians,
Who contradict White theory.

Read - The Destruction of Black Civilizations
Open your mind. Understand.

The Afruikan Issue, part thereof?

Researching things Afruikan for years,
Has taken me through trials,
Temptations, tears, and sometimes fears
That my people will not learn, not grow
Beyond the grief and sorrow,
And the uncertain tomorrow.

Wait, wait, wait, don't shoot.
The points I'm raising, are all moot.
I'm not saying, to forget the pain,
Grief, or sorrow. For forgetting them
Will mislead our tomorrow,
Especially our legacy, for our children.

The truth be told, we need an elevation,
A revolution of mind, a stronger nation.
But to get there, we need resonance,
Not unneeded Afruikan arrogance.
That's the first reason
Why Yahweh turned His face.
So don't blame the human race.

If I can't tell it, as it is,
Then frig that, might as well not say it.
Afruikans need to stop looking down
On other Afruikans.
And all these confounded reasons,
Why each one thinks he is the better man.

I really wish Afruika will learn,
Without the answers from her Diaspora,
She will surely burn.

Not Us

The White man's discomfort,
Lies, in his lying past.
He fears most, the way he treated Afrikaners,
For him, it will come to pass.

He corrupted our story.
Lied it into history.
He raped, plundered, stole.
Left images "Without Sanctuary".

It's not us, he has to worry about.
The people to whom he lied, no doubt,
Are awakening into truth, hence light,
Other White people, enlightened to fight.

They have been embarrassed, harassed
Into boasting a story,
That's not directly their own.
The awakening had been planted.
It's heading for 'fully grown'.

The Jews, the devil's advocate,
The lies in the bible, they propagate.
The White folks believed the conspiracy,
From a bunch of thieves 'with no history'.

Nothing in their past, they seem to remember
Cause if they do, they'll have to answer,
The origin of the bible, and from whence they came,
How they became 'Yahweh's chosen', and in whose name.

Ethnicity and Nationality

I am at times amazed.
And it sometimes squeezes my head.
A cat gave birth to her litter in an oven,
Yet no one calls them bread.

Work with me, as best you can.
I want you to understand.
Invading Arabs gave birth in Egypt.
Then suddenly, they are Egyptians.

The idea of locality,
Seems much more than the man.
Europeans invaded Afruika.
And likewise, they are South Afruikans.

We seem unable to differentiate,
Ethnicity from nationality.
This is a possible cause of hate,
From non-Afruikans with no history.

Ethnicity is based on gene-pool.
Nationality is where you're from.
Yes, everyone came out of Afruika.
So why the debilitating question?

Why mess with the Afruikan's mind?
Why make his life a crime?
Why do some Whites keep persisting,
Through the corridor of time?



The Awakening

There is talk of the end-times, and what is to be expected. The fall of the last empire (America). That the Israelites will return to Israel when Yahushua returns. Of course that's all in the bible, as the more biblo-educated ones have been sharing with us. But I am seeing the prelude.

I am seeing the awakening, which cannot be stopped, regardless of how hard the White Supremacists try. I am seeing Israelites returning to Israel and Yahweh, to His covenant. I am seeing the Catholic church fall apart, empires crumbling with every dollar they invest in wars. I may not be alive to see its arrival. But it's coming.

In Dr Joel Freeman's Return to Glory, part-1 - reference was made to Dr Chancellor Williams's – The Destruction of Black Civilizations, and the observation he made, of several points of cover-up.

Refuse to publish any facts of Afruikan history that don't jive with Europeans theories

Create religious and scientific doctrines that will make Afruikan look 'unattractive'

Flood the world with a new European history which contains the European perspectives

Start renaming Afruikan people and places with other names, mainly European

Change the criteria which defines race

When 'reporting' ancient Afruikan history, reverse the standard. Regardless of the intense Afruikan features, you don't have to be a Negro

When Black contributions to civilizations is too obvious, find a way to attribute it to outside White influence

Discredit ancient historians who contradict White theories

These observations were not unique to Dr Williams. Those are the White Supremacists'

attempts, to deny the Afruikan his divinely rightful place. With the rising tide of awareness, that has begun to be a futile exercise.

Greatness

Destined for Greatness

Soaring With Eagles

Awake Afruikans

Afruikans Awake

Awake Afruika, Awake

Revolution of Mind

Awakening Brings Uprising

I See Revolution

Our Awakening World

The Truth Be Told

How To Think

Smiling Gets Difficult

I See The Time

The Elephant

What The Elephant Sees

What The Elephant Hears

King Of The Jungle

Bully

Beyond Pushback

Truth

Free-dumb

Racism-the Cancer

Fear

[Deceptions and Lies](#)

[No Alter Call](#)

[Community](#)

[Who Wrote The Bible](#)

[Contents](#)



Greatness

Unlike the clowns on the 'merry-go-round'.... I am sorry, I was describing the idiot Arab who proclaimed that the images on the walls of the great Egyptians structures were Black, because they dressed in black clothes for the harvest. Or the idiot

White man who insisted that the images were Black because the color changed with time. The same images having white 'paint' in then. I find that amazingly and amusingly asinine.

So really, what makes the White man great? All I am encouraging, learn the truth, forget the propaganda, then name one delivery the White man has made, that cannot be traced back to Afruika. Forget Einstein. Don't waste your time. He has been proven to be a Jewish fake who stole other peoples' works, consequent to him working in a patent office. Think again. Thomas Edison, aw, come on. He was just another thief. You name it, it has been in Egypt.

I have written extensively on this subject area in "When Truth Offends-reloaded". And yes, I suspect by now you will have begun reading the both books simultaneously.

[Destined for Greatness](#)

[Soaring With Eagles](#)

[Awake Afruikans](#)

[Afruikans Awake](#)

[Awake Afruika, Awake](#)

[My Imagination](#)

[Contents](#)

Destined for Greatness

Since Yahweh did not have the time
For a special take,
Everyone was given the potential,
To be great.
But, we got distracted and side-tracked,
Pressured by the hopelessness,
Of not getting back,
Believing everyone else
Is better than we are,
And with respect to destiny,
We won't get far.

But there are those who found greatness,
In due time,
Coming from the depths of despair,
Working the grind.
Many of them were homeless, hopeless,
Clueless, and simply less,
As others made them feel,
So their very first lesson was knowing,
And keeping it real.

They were at the stage of 'nothing to lose',
Facing a life they didn't choose.
When they got to the point 'this is it',
They were faced with the option, of choosing to live,
Or taking the 'exit'.

Surely, many of them were close to the exiting point.
Thinking of going, because of circumstance.
Nothing made sense, from their viewpoint.
Then they decided, 'give it one more chance'.

That was it! Now they are great.
They got to that point,
Because they did not hesitate.
You, or someone you know,

May be considering 'exiting',
As the easy way to see this through.
Know that you are destined for greatness.
Hence the reason, I am writing you.

03.05.16 - [Greatness](#) [Contents](#)

Soaring With Eagles

Everyone has a dream,
More constructively, a vision.
Some of us have plans,
To effect desired actions.

There are three kinds of people.
In life they all matter.
'Cause we must treat with
The creator, observer, and 'slacker'.

Somewhere in the bible
Yahweh said
'Follow me and inherit my kingdom'.
But there are those who want the kingdom,
Without following instructions.

Probably the first lesson,
For the management of success.
Even if it is not in the bible,
It's someone's really good guess.

Some of us will like to shine,
At any given point in time.
Lead, follow, or get out the way,
As some regularly say.
Some will like to fly where eagles go.
But how can you soar with eagles,
When you are flying with (vulture) corbeau?

Awake Afruitans

A wake Afruitans!
We have work to do.

Awake from your slumber,
What I say to you, is true.

We have been made to sleep,
Resultant of an arrogant tongue.
A behavior in Yahweh's sight,
That was despicably wrong.

We've been the subjects,
Of racial brutality and cruelty.
Oppressed, repressed and suppressed,
They attempted to steal our story.

Utmost pressure, through cultural mining,
Over five hundred years, of ancestral refining,
When they thought our 'destruction', had begun,
It was turning stone, into beautiful diamonds.

Do not be distracted by hate, and racism.
We are all one family, trapped in social prisons.
I feel now, more than I've felt before,
The awakening is blowing,
Changing winds, through each door.

We have been the first on this land.
Walking in peace, love, and harmony
This is going to happen, unity,
Whether we like it, or understand.

Afruikans Awake

You feel the rhythm of drums,
Vibrations, thousands of years old.

Recognizing the awakening,
Of your mind, body, and soul.

Look at the flowers, and the trees.
Recognize the voices, in the leaves.
This is crazy as hell, but it's true.
Listen attentively,
They'll begin speaking with you.

Our ancestors were bemused and amused,
By our addiction of modernity.
Saddened, because we refused
To recognize and accept, our ancestry.

The animals you ill-treat,
They all have something to say.
They are just as fed-up as you are,
Treated in that horrible way.

Everything is connected,
As I have usually said.
Ignore the tricks,
Playing in your head.

Open your mind.
Really, do the best you can.
Then begin to realize,
The boundless power, of the Afruikan.

Awake Afruika, Awake

Afruika needs to call her children 'home'.
T'is beyond physical, or how they roam.
Special emphasis on her Diaspora,
Let them know, they're not alone.

To belong is basic, Yahweh's first gift.
Our arrogance with Yahweh, sent us adrift.
Caught-up in nonsense,
We thought should have been,
Consumed by the components,
Of the deadly sins.

Pockets were swollen,
From birthrights stolen.
The action of 'revered' clowns,
Masquerading 'chosen' gowns.

How much enslavement,
Must we suffer,
While we continue to lose,
Our sisters and brothers?

Please, we must renew
Our covenant with Yahweh.
Let us begin our 'journey',
No time to bemoan,
The Israelites are ready,
We need to return 'home'.

My Imagination

I can imagine,
How much more advanced,
This world will have been,
If folks destroying Afruika,
Had seen themselves as kin.

Afruika has great technology,
Over thousands of years old,
Yet it can't be deciphered.
'Outsiders' can't take hold.

Instead of deceiving and lying,
They could have spoken truth,
Instead of stealing inventions,
From Afruikan people's root.

In the midst of repressions,
And innumerable suppressions,
The Afruikans have had,
The majority of inventions.

Stolen before Emancipation,
By the owners on the plantations,
As much as they can steal,
It is still not their own.
Invention is natural to the Afruikan,
As the dog takes to the bone.

Imagine how it will have been,
If they did not hide the facts.
The embarrassment they face,
Makes them want to take it back.



Revolution of the Mind

No revolution has to be physically violent. But sometimes the need arises.

After withstanding the nastiness of someone daily pissing on you, despite your peaceful protestations, there comes the time when you will probably have to slap the person. For that is the only thing he or her understands.

So too the onset of the revolution in our minds. The impact of which heavily depends upon your ability to withstand the oncoming storm, alone at times.

[Awakening Brings Uprising](#)

[I See Revolution](#)

[Our Awakening World](#)

[The Truth Be Told](#)

[How To Think](#)

[Smiling Gets Difficult](#)

[I See The Time](#)

[Nothing To Losee](#)

[Contents](#)

Awakening Brings Uprising

People don't start uprisings,
Simply having a weekend to spare.
Awakening brings uprisings,
After overcoming fear.

Ourstory is not as disjointed,
As folks would like us to think.
In the midst of bring confronted,
When people get in sync,

Hidden energies, oppressed peoples' stories,
Mysteries, and a bit of DNA,
High vibration levels,
Newly found temples,
People, with something to say.

They don't understand ourstory.
Perhaps, they never will.
Seeking the Osirica Mysteries,
Yet they are hoping still.

The destruction of Ancient Egypt,
And most things they thought Black.
But they were left clobbering crumbs,
While the bread went out the back.

It's awakening time,
So they are freaked outta mind,
Truth, can no longer be buried.
They are losing grip
On their greedy, nasty, reality,
The whole thing's getting scary.

I See Revolution

I see revolution,
Where our minds will be free.
We'll be living the life,
As it is meant to be.

I see our children,
Living the way.
Where racism and injustice,
Hold no sway.

I see people awakening.
A new dawn that's breaking.
The powerful becoming powerless,
And our conversations turning colorless.

I see shades of colors,
I've never seen before.
People winning the battles,
Taking the war.

The war on crime,
Drugs on our minds,
The media script,
The social whip.

I see our young people,
Bringing rescue to our cause,
Refusing to surrender,
To meaningless wars.

At the end of the tunnel
Where it's shining bright
And I am wondering
Can you see the light?

Our Awakening World

White supremacists,
Your time has come.

This pervading madness,
Can no longer go on.

The wars have to stop.
So too, the insatiable greed.
Let's return to Yahweh's abundance,
Fulfilling our needs.

Segregation, discrimination,
Inequality in our nations,
Inequality between countries,
Global madness,
Decreed by madmen's policies.

“Executive Secrets”,
They want to let slide.
“The Politics of Lying”,
The lies, the alibi,
“The Ultimate Deception”
“The Thirteenth Tribe”.

Around you, is a global uprising.
People teeming with youth.
Our world is awakening,
With the freshness of truth.

The Truth Be Told

We have been misguided,
Lied to, some of us bled.

I know White people,
Who are more Afruikan
Than Negroes, with cancer,
In their heads.

Do not be consumed,
With hatred for a different 'color'.
All of mankind, came out of Afruika.
Think, when you feel to shoot,
You will be shooting your sister, or brother.

Learn the documentary,
Titled "The Real Eve"
Research your history
I urge you to do it, please.

Understand why Europe
Has been hiding and denying,
Afruikan history. Learn
"The Africans Who Wrote The Bible"
Why the mindless brutes,
Are continuously seeking
To hide, and deny the truth.

For it is only then,
The rage will dissipate.
We'll live in peace, love, harmony,
No longer consumed, by hate.

How To Think

Fast foods have changed our lives,
In an act, possibly second to none.
We have house-attendees,
No longer housewives,
Unthinking society, we have become.

Less people, are learning to cook,
'Cause we are given our meals.
We need to have a deeper look,
At Kay Effsey, and her utilitarian deals.

Life has changed, we are less involved.
Everything provided for convenience.
Above case in point, we are less resolved,
To be exemplars of brilliance.

We have grown to the point,
Where everything, is given to us.
No longer the need, to be adjoint,
No longer relating, through consensus.

We need to back-track,
Without being taken back.
Spread the sheets.
Remove the kinks.
Redefine ourselves.
Refuse what is given to think.
For our children's sake,
Let's relearn, how to think.

Smiling Gets Difficult

As the days go by,
I become more aware,
Of my difficulty to smile.
Not just because of the poor,
Or the plundering through wars,
Even the bodies without souls,
And unseeing holes,
Where the eyes once were.

I see pictures of children,
Shredded by bombs.
And psychopaths
Asking me, to understand
Where they're coming from.
But their children won't,
Be exposed to depleted uranium.

I feel for nations,
That once knew peace.
Where maniacs and assholes
Are bombing the hell out of them,
In North Afruika, and the Middle East.

They are bringing democracy,
To nations knowing it,
Before they were founded.
Expecting the world,
To accept this lunacy,
With situations compounded.

Mother Earth is fighting back,
From East, West, North, and South.
Until such time these animals
Could be taken back,
What the hell am I smiling about?

I See The Time

When things Afruika,
Will be made known,
There will be no more strife,
No more hatred sown.

People will be free,
As much as they want to be,
Living kind,
With that opened mind.
I see that time

When we won't be distracted
By externalities, especially color,
'Working' without being mistrusted,
By learning to respect character

Living in peace, love, and harmony,
Reflections of one, in everybody.
I see that time. It's living poetry.

I know we'll get there.
I understand it well.
But until we've learned,
To break this spell,
I have ourstory to tell.

Nothing To Lose

The fear builds inside.
The decision to be made.
It's like practicing infanticide.
Moments too soon to fade.

To move forward,
Or simply remain frozen
In time, that's the question
That's on your mind.

But you must dig, deep inside
Where your feelings reside.
Extract the truth, from its root.

Then you begin to realize,
Before your very eyes,
You have been stolen blind.

Blinded by lies, and deceit,
From creatures without feet,
Those who slither and slay,
To move you out of the way,
From that which is divine
Your heritage to keep
Yet they insist to slay
While standing on your feet.

The time has come.
You have to choose.
Coming from where you came from,
There's nothing to lose.



The Elephant

The elephant reminds me of the whale. They seem to have a calmness, peace if you will, about themselves that we just don't understand. We just don't get it.

[What The Elephant Sees](#)

[What The Elephant Hears](#)

[King Of The Jungle](#)

[Black Man's Drama](#)

[Another Man's Wars](#)

[Bully](#)

[Beyond Pushback](#)

[Contents](#)

What the Elephant Sees

There are those who hunt for food,
A hungry void to fill.

And those who love to hunt,
Simply to kill.

A savage barbarian with a gun,
Came across a mother elephant,
And her baby son.

Sensing the danger to her baby,
The mother charged.
The barbarian, without a maybe,
His gun discharged.

The mother died instantly.
The 'servant' crew netted the baby.

The baby was shackled to a post,
For three long years.
When the chain was removed,
The baby remained frozen in its fears.

Nothing to stop the baby,
From walking away.
But its mind was conditioned,
To live that way.

What The Elephant Hears

A family of ants,
Walking through the jungle one day,
Came across an elephant,
Checking some 'hay'.

Jerome, the mischievous ant,
Climbed to the neck, of the elephant.
“Get back here.” His mother shouted.
But Jerome's intention, will not be routed.

His sister screamed at him.
Because she was perceiving a threat.
But Jerome was hell-bent,
“I will choke this sucker to death.”

The elephant heard.
He was scared of the threat.
Burnt in his mind, were the words,
“I will choke this sucker to death.”

The elephant closed his eyes,
“I will remain here all day.
When I open my eyes,
That ant will have gone away.”

King of the Jungle

(Extracted from Book 1)

What makes the lion the king of the jungle?
I know you will like to know!
Is he really the king?
Or just the other animals saying so?

One morning at eight, after getting up late,
Lion decided to stroll through the town,
To see how things are with the other animals.
Find out if 'someone else' wanted his crown.

Aye, monkey, who is the king of the jungle?
You Mr Lion.
Yow, jackass, who is the king of the jungle?
You bro!
Lion checked all 'who' he met,
And had the voice to say,
Until he came to the elephant,
Who was having a rough day.

Psst elephant, who is the king of the jungle?

Well boy, lion could not have chosen a worst of time.
The enraged elephant turned, scowled at the lion,
"He has to be out of his flipping mind".
He grabbed the lion in a choke-hold around his neck.
Started beating him about, like a little speck.

Elephant beat the lion on the ground,
Against a wall, between the trees.
Beat the living daylight's out the lion,
Until the lion got giddy.
When elephant released the lion,
Lion said to him drunkly,

I just wanted you to answer the question,

To see if you really know.
All the other animals say
I am the king of the jungle,
If you didn't know,
You could have simply said so.

06.12.15 - [The Elephant](#) [Contents](#)

Black Man's Drama

I've researched as much as I can,
As best as I can,
And still don't understand.
What's wrong with the Afruikan,
The Negro, the Brother....
What's wrong with the Black man?

Yahweh's instructions
Are clear like day. Keep staring,
You will hear them say,
Get off that track,
You're headed the wrong way,
It's time to get back.

Stop being played,
You are no one's spade.
Stop the madness as it turns,
Forever getting burn,
Following cultures ...
Different to your natural own.

Listen to your sisters' voice,
As they sing.
One cry, one song,
From deep within.
How long will you turn your back,
On your very own?
How many wars must be fought,
Before returning home?

Another Man's Wars

Black man,
Why are you fighting
Another man's wars?
Murdering children,
Without a cause.

As if there can be justification,
In what you do,
Why the hell
Don't you open your eyes?
See the truth.

You're in other peoples' land,
Slaughtering,
In the name of democracy.
While you can't even walk your land,
Freely,
Victims, of a racial society.

Look at the percentages,
The highest in prisons,
In wars, and diseases.
Look at yourself
Is this the best you can be?

The military says,
Be all you can be.
Then at the end of the day,
I'm wondering,
Is that all you can be?

Bully

Once upon a time, not long ago,
People enjoyed their summers.
And children played in the snow.
It was a time, when people
Cared for the poor.
But that's when a bully moved-in,
In the tower next door.

He was crafty, and smart.
But as vituperous as a snake.
Using lies and deception,
Stealing all he can take.
He beat on the smaller ones,
He perceived as weaker.
With gangs of goons,
And contracted undertaker.

He has been fighting, plundering,
Murdering, and warring.
For ninety-three percent,
Of his warlike existence,
Beating the crap out the weaker ones,
As was his insistence.

One day he met a shorter chap.
He pushed him in the chest.
And the chappie pushed back.
He ran crying to his goons
I need your help.

This one sees me, not as exceptional.
Lets circle him with our arsenal.
You distract him, I'll talk of might.
Perceivably outnumbered,
Yet he stands to fight.
Okay. Pull out your string,
Distract him with your kite.

The minute he turns his head
I'll make the first strike.

21.05.16 - [The Elephant](#) [Contents](#)

Beyond Pushback

For so very long,
The bully has been destroying,
He felt he could do no wrong.
While each goon in his group
Who lost the last tooth
Has nothing for dental emergency,

Because of expansion, and hypocrisy,
Block-control through ill-conceived illusions,
His goons, believing in his so-called protection.

Shortman was cool, and quiet.
He said he's had enough of that
Stupidity, causing the riot.
For so long he has been warning,
About the storm that is brewing,
And the hellfire dawning.

He told the goons, desist or perish.
Regardless of which way they persist,
To him it makes no difference.
They are racing to a brick-wall,
Destruction for one and all,
Death, through the bully's insistence.

Shortman reached into his pocket,
Took out his mother's locket,
And placed it around his neck.
He retrieved seven other items
Three are immediate, disastrous 'problems'
No turning back, what the heck?

Took the key. Opened the vault.
What's going to happen next,
Is not his fault.
The key to doomsday,

As some folks will say,
But Shortman will not turn back.
His mind is made. His dues are paid.
Shortman is moving beyond pusnback.

31.05.16 - [The Elephant](#) [Contents](#)



Truth

Have you ever tried sucking a lime? If you did, can you recall your reaction to the first attempt? Can you recall the saying - as sour as a lime? It is probably the most natural source of the sourest taste. But, it is the highest source of concentrated alkaline, occurring in nature, subject to correction. An alkaline body is a perfect body!

That reminds me of the truth. It is the perfect analogy that I can drum up as my demonstration.

[Who Wrote The Bible](#)

[Inferiority and Superiority](#)

[Ourstory](#)

[Deceptions and Lies](#)

[Humanitarian Intervention](#)

[Eugenics, Fortunes and Misfortune](#)

[Free-dumb](#)

[Racism the Cancer](#)

[Truth Soars](#)

[Remembering The Portuguese>](#)

[Fear](#)

[No Alter Call](#)

[Community](#)

[Contents](#)

Who Wrote The Bible

The bible was compiled
By Afrim people, not the Jews.
Please, do not believe me.
First research it.
Then share the news

I have read the book,
By Dr Nana Banchie Darkwah.
The revelation of truth,
From the best, indisputable source,
For now, and thereafter.

The "Africans Who Wrote The Bible",
That's the name of his book.
Dr Darkwah is Akan
So he knows what it took.

The Jews did not write the bible.
These SoB blatantly lied.
They took the Akan data
From Egyptian libraries,
Then they compiled.

It's not just the bible,
Do same for the Koran.
Go to the root. Know the Akan.
The truth is hidden in plain sight,
For you to see.
Open your mind.
Begin your journey!

Inferiority and Superiority

Afruikans have been victims
Of lies and deceits,
Practising philosophies
Contrary to their natural beliefs.

Afruikans were told lies of inferior DNA.
Then learned Whites maxed-out at six.
While Afruikan-Americans average twenty.
And the Afruikan Dogons at fifty,
That's where they hold sway.

Look at the inventions.
Almost all, traceable to Black.
And the others in question,
Link back to ancient Black.

Afruikans practised technologies,
Thousands of years old.
The White man stoled their inventions.
Then proclaimed it bold.

Afruikans were told,
They have no his-story.
Then learned his-story,
Was stolen from ourstory.
Then only now appreciating,
They have been victims,
In the wars of psychology.

All of mankind came from Afruika.
Afruikans taught mankind, how to speak.
I'm listening. You tell me.
Who, is really superior?

Ourstory

I know. I think.
It's becoming a precious commodity.
But if you don't think,
Who will tell your story?

The truth is around us.
It's there for you to see.
There's more to your DNA,
Beyond culture and ourstory.

There's more to your DNA,
Than what they say.
It goes back to the Creator.
That's before creation anyway.

The truth's in your DNA.
Four hundred thousand miles,
Standing from end to end,
And just when you are warming up,
Each node in the strand adds another
Four hundred and fifty thousand miles,
Another direction, it will extend.

Know what you possess.
Then think deeply about it.
All the answers are there.
You possess the keys,
For access.

Deceptions and Lies

Deceptions and Lies,
Some people's alibis,
The subjugation of man,
All across the land.

Psychopaths and sociopaths,
Existing on warpaths,
Plundering the land,
The destruction of man.

The smiling face,
The fall from grace,
The unfettered pace,
Kerfuffled human race.

Thieves called elites,
Murder at their feet,
Let's make our feat,
Before they delete.

How much more longer?
Will we grow stronger?
Or simply surrender,
To the warmonger?

Our minds must be free.
To make a stand,
Less our lives will be,
Dust in the sand.

Humanitarian Intervention

The White man has gone into Africa,
As I have mentioned before.

Supporting the rich.
Slaughtering the poor.
Pirates of the Caribbean,
He makes them blush.
With the quality and quantity of thievery
No one has ever seen.

The White man has gone
With guns, bombs, missiles,
Other instruments of war.
The Chinese have gone
With money, and constructions,
Numerous good intentions,
Like never before.

The Chinese work
Toward building a nation,
With peace, love, and harmony,
For a win-win situation.
The White folks, throw in
Some rejected food,
In the midst of covert wars.
Then call it a humanitarian intervention.

The Chinese build roads,
Schools, hospitals,
Community centers.
The White man build bases,
Economic stranglehold,
Until Black people get blue,
In their faces.

Dictatorship, hegemony,
Neocons' push for empire.
The White man believes

His time, won't expire.

06.09.16 - [Truth](#) [Contents](#)

Eugenics, Fortunes and Misfortune

The White man built his fortunes,
From the rape and plunder of Afrikaners.
Now he considers it a misfortune,
The Afrikaner simply won't understand.

They built all of Europe.
Then they built America.
On the backs of suffering Afrikaners,
Each one built an empire.

The enslavement of Afrikaners,
They considered an essential part.
To construct empires and fortunes,
Held close to their hearts.

Now that is done,
And the existence of Afrikaners
Considered a misfortune,
They have released negative music
With Afrikaners dancing to that 'tune'.

Thinking they have cloned their way,
From regressive genes,
To a better gene-pool,
They intend to slaughter Afrikaners,
Regarding us as fools.

Afrikaners must be made aware,
A concerted effort
Was established for eugenics,
A continuation of the devil,
The White man, and his tricks.

Free-dumb

How can you be free,
When you've chosen not to be,
Chosen to act foolishly,
Accepting to be stupid, blatantly?

You are educated.
Well,...that's what you say.
But your behavior dictates,
I see you a different way.

You are speechless, countless,
And clueless, when it's time to say.
You are given what to think,
Not thinking with your mind, anyway.

I look at you, as someone to be shunned.
But you've asked me to understand,
Where you're coming from.
You equate your jewelry, bling, material things,
With freedom as your song,
You insist you'll sing.

It pains me, when I see you,
A completely different actor.
What happened to my friend?
What about his character?

You have graduated,
With more degrees than a thermometer.
You walk over man,
Like it does not matter.

You say your life is great,
Finances quite sound.
Manifestation of your climb,
To financial freedom.

Now that you are 'dying'
Your material life is totally hamstrung.
I keep wondering,
Is it freedom, or free-dumb?

21.04.16 - [Truth](#) [Contents](#)

Racism - the Cancer

Look across the times that be,
Our land, our people, opportunity,
To be a model for the world to see,
Peoples living in harmony.

Around the world,
The air we breathe, is all the same.
The water we use,
The earth on which we dwell,
Everything returns to a simple source,
Even our knowledge, as far as I can tell.

Don't be misguided, by externalities.
We are one and the same,
Learn your history, don't feed the conspiracy.
Know from whence you came.

Racism has to stop, if we desire
To grow our country, reaching the very top.
Let's give our youth, the chance they deserve.
Teaching them to lead, and effectively serve.
Racism robs our capacity, to extract the best
From our country. Stop this infantile stupidity,
Which pervades, because we know not our history.

We are constructively being destroyed,
To build something new,
On the basis of racism,
For a selected few.

Adults all, we have the choice
Of practising racial infanticide.
Kill the practice at birth,
This you must decide.

My intention was to stop above,

Thinking that was it.
But the people driving racism,
They don't care one shit

We need to confront this demon,
Cutting at its root.
Killing it with our steely knives,
Before it gives off more shoots.

Our children is all we have,
To leave our legacy.
What will it take to kill the hatred,
Allowing them to be?

The leaders that we deserve,
Living as we envision.
For we have shown them
Peace, love, harmony,
And driven by their passion.

To serve, to construct in all honesty,
Our land, our people, when we are truly free.
Void of the negatives, that rob us blind.
Leaving us in this nasty, state of mind.

The decision is 'yours', your choice
Should be made clear.
Either you live in Yahweh's pleasure,
Or live in fear.

Truth Soars

I know it's hard, without a doubt.
But truth has to surface, it must come out.
All the different names it has been called.
From the man, woman, children, one and all.
Speaking truth, is what it's all about.

If Afruika did not open its doors,
Training people from countries outside,
Where would world have been today,
A world without genocide?

In the first place,
What caused outsiders to visit Afruika?
For what were they searching?
Why were they researching?
What were they after?

Things Afruika, were easily stolen,
Special items pointing to truth,
When they felt quite emboldened,
Then they shift-changed, into brutes.

It is something deeper, they really want,
History pointing to stargate,
With destructive methods,
They are quite blunt,
Eradicating, exterminating,
On a platform of hate.

They won't get it,
Not by any stretch of the imagination,
Even if they continue genocide,
And the rape of a nation.

Remembering The Portuguese

The Portuguese, the perpetrators,
They started Afrikan Enslavement,
They're the haters.

Four Brothers they kidnapped.
Through their trickery, they entrapped.
Prepared as best as a mishap.
Taken back to Portugal, for the rap.

They portrayed the captives as inhuman.
Uncivilized they said, so no problem.
Boasted of their superiority,
To appreciate the value of gold.
To murder, plunder, slaughter,
With savagery, mostly untold.

Blessed by the Catholic church,
They were made emboldened.
To begin a trade, with Afrikans stolen.
To this day
And instrumented through the fascists
That was the basis,
For the modus operandi,
Of the White Supremacists.

03.11.16 - [Truth](#) [Contents](#)

Fear

Is fear a vacuum, does it take space?
Is it the absence of an entity?
Or a madman's chase?
To control and subdue,
Regardless of hue.

Cold is not an entity.
It's the absence of heat.
Likewise thinking of fear, possibly,
As much as we can speak.

Hate is not an entity.
It is the absence of love.
Like others I can mention,
Could fear be the 'absence', of decision?

We can freeze to death,
Because of the cold.
Hating to kill,
Because of lack of love.
We live in fear,
Because we don't know,

How much of the negatives,
Do we need to show?
The detrimental impact on our lives,
The murdering of the positives,
With their steely knives.

No Alter Calls

This is not an alter call.
No final destination,
Judging your rise or fall.
No judging your complexion,

But analyzing your compulsion,
Toward your revulsion.
And what makes you think the way you do,
Toward your brother, and sister too.

Poverty does not discriminate.
Yet you segregate and subjugate.
Why do you hate?
Let it go. Let your feelings dissipate.

I've felt the fabric of soldiers' fears.
Seen destruction, the color of people's tears,
I've bled with them, in their pain.
If I have to, I'll gladly do it, again

You run from the truth,
Refusing to contemplate.
Ignoring your root,
Yet wish to negotiate.
Your distortions and untruth,
You forever propagate.
You are so uncouth,
To those with whom you dissociate.

You call it your fraternity,
Killers' club, without mercy.
The blood you drink,
The bones you cross,
The skulls you bang,
Lives that are lost.

It has to end. This nonsense has to stop.
You can't keep mankind, under attack.
If you insist, I'll have to swap.
I will transform. And I will come back.

30.04.16 - [Truth](#) [Contents](#)

Community

C ommunication and unity.
That's the way I see it.

Maybe that's how it should be.

Is it time to retrofit?

That our minds can grow free?

To climb out of this hell-pit,

Our dog-eat-dog society.

Sometimes I'm mystified, stupefied,

Simply watching people go by.

And I wonder to myself,

Is this what Yahweh had in mind?

Why won't we know ourselves?

What's happening to humankind?

Communities have shifted,

From human contact,

To surveilled electrical connection.

Making manifest,

What others have insisted,

Is our only redemption.

We need to come together.

Find each other.

Change what they want us to be.

People must regain control,

From maniacs who insist,

We must not live free.

We have been frightened into survival.

Preached on hell and revival.

While most do not understand,

We are existing, to other people's plan.

This is simple, as simple can be.

Let's return to oldschool values.

Take back our lives.
Let's rebuild, community.

21.05.16 - [Truth](#) [Contents](#)



The Youth

Our young people need an education, away from the White man's system. The education system around the majority of the world, was handed down through colonization, and the period of enslavement. That's the White man's system of education.

Undoubtedly, the White man's system of education, sustains White Supremacy.

Truth be told, all the White man's systems, sustain White Supremacy.

This is said to the extent that non-Whites don't even know they are possibly worse now than before. Afruikan children must be freed from that.

The next generation of youth, must be protected from the varied subliminal forms of dilution, and eradication.

[Afruikan Consumption](#)

[Educate Our Children](#)

[Standing](#)

[If](#)

[Shamba Shot](#)

[Angry Youth](#)

[Youth Needs Truth](#)

[Our Awakening World](#)

[Contents](#)

Afruikan Consumption

I'd like to take this marker,
From the Americans.
No one else consumes as much,
As their Afruikans.

Eighty percent
Of America's consumption,
Is done by their 'loyal', Afruikans.
Yet Afruikans have
The smallest percentage ownership,
And the elite expects them,
To continue this shit.

Afruikan-Americans need to awake.
Do something about the situation,
Before it is too late.
Other Afruikans see you as the role-model,
Get up, stand up, do something,
Take us out of this trouble.

Why is it so difficult
For Afruikans to attract money?
Although they consume
The largest portion, of the economy?

The answer is simple.
You may consider it quite trite.
They want you to consume their economy.
And everything else White.
If that is not enough, to encourage change,
Is it the White man,
Or you acting, strange?

Educate Our Children

There's a war in progress,
For Afruikan children's minds.
Seeing how they regress,
Cuing on time.

See the extractions.
Look at the pieces,
Falling into place,
Tell me where the peace is,
And why they fall from grace.

The Afruikan child's mind,
Is continuously under attack.
Not enough elders, doing enoug
h To return them, to the Afruikan 'track'.

It's an Afruikan's mind,
In a White man's world.
Depressed and regressed,
Slim chances to unfurl.

Children making children,
Is this the desired outcome?
I'm not here to judge or condemn,
Because our work has only just begun.

Yahweh's children, must come forth.
Give our children, guidance and support.
Instead of reacting to situations foolishly,
Educate our children,
Into how it should be.

Standing

Standing does not mean
You are seeking war.
It's an indication of something
Deeper, you're searching for.

It's a cause, for which
You got no satisfaction.
Your reason of being,
Someone else has not seen.
Hence, the lack of attention.

Afruikans, as one must stand.
Make the others understand,
Else, there never will be change.
Break the bondage. Break the chains.
Get the White man out your brains.
Drop his culture. It is strange.

Afruikans love to stand,
Currently, for all the wrong reasons.
He's distracted,
With flashy things and bling,
When everyone else walks away
With assets in hand,
He is the only loser, left standing.

Youth Rage

We have road-rage.
That has killed a few.

It is youth-rage,
I will be talking to.

3:30 am, I was awakened
By the sound of gunfire.
I thought I was mistaken.
That stupidity's already expired.

Then I heard return gunfire.
What the hell's going on?
Is it direct revenge,
Or killers on hire?
Will we be mourning,
With this new dawn?

Then I heard the sirens,
In their varied sounds.
Dogs howling,
Destruction of serene.
Will someone be gone?

This is serious.
We must go deep within.
How else will we
Stop the bullets,
From seeking victims?

Shamba Shot

Yesterday,
In the darkness of sunrise,
Shamba was shot.
Five bullets he took,
From a gun-toting idiot.

The illusion of power,
Dangerously-formed steel,
Someone's ego won't cower,
Someone else, had to feel.

Coming from where I come from,
We have fathers and mothers,
Sons and daughters,
Brothers and sisters,
After that, nothing else matters.

Instinctively, we think revenge.
Rationalization to avenge,
As far as the anger will reach.
But if we keep going this way,
Who will be left to 'teach'?

Shamba is in a critical way.
That's what the doctors say.
I love my brother, don't have to shout.
It is the shooter, I'm worried about.
He needs help with his rage.
No telling who else he will shoot,
At this stage..

Angry Youth

O ur young people are angry,
Needless to say.

The truth must be told.
I'll say it anyway.

Our systems are failing.
They are failing our youth.
The families are collapsing.
No one speaks the truth.

Mothers are girlfriends,
To their boy children.
Cancerous relationships
With daughters,
Who become pole-dancers.

Fathers are gangsters,
Or vice versa.
A negative role-model,
Sometimes murderers.

The nucleus is destroyed,
From the very core.
Everyday seems worse,
Than the day before.

Would we address who, what,
Why, where, how and when?
Or do we continue going,
Living to pretend?

Youth Needs Truth

Our young people are angry.
No one tells them the truth.
Denied of their history,
By mindless brutes.

Stolen culture, and history
The brutes claim as their own,
Now the world begins to see,
It is a "Stolen Legacy".

Continuing - plundered, beaten,
De-cultured and murdered daily.
By these murderous brutes,
Forcing 'white supremacy'.

The awakening is here.
Our glorious past made known.
But we won't treat with you,
The things you have sown.

Dr Hilliard suggested -
Victims of fabricated histories
Are often confused, isolated, and disoriented,
As a result of a loss, of historical continuity.
We are returning to our glorious past,
Our rightful history.

To our youth, who seemingly roam,
The truth is no longer out there,
The truth is coming home.

Our Awakening World

White supremacists,
Your time has come.

This pervading madness,
Can no longer go on.

The wars have to stop.
So too, the insatiable greed.
Let's return to Yahweh's abundance,
Fulfilling our needs.

Segregation, discrimination,
Inequality in our nations,
Inequality between countries,
Global madness,
Decreed by madmen's policies.

“Executive Secrets”,
They want to let slide.
“The Politics of Lying”,
The lies, the alibi,
“The Ultimate Deception”
“The Thirteenth Tribe”.

Around you, is a global uprising.
People teeming with youth.
Our world is awakening,
With the freshness of truth.

Suffer Little Children

I will never know, unless I visit there.
But I have a good idea,
How children live in fear.
Fear from the bombs,
Blinded with its' sun.
Fear from a 'freedom',
They thought they had won.

Victims of truth,
Victims of circumstance,
Victims of race,
Victims of White Supremacy,
Victims without a face.

Yahshua will be coming back,
As He promised he would,
To hold people accountable,
For the actions of their 'good'.

What do I say to children meanwhile?
Count your blessings? Learn to smile?
For hopefully the bombings will cease,
Then you can live in peace?

Surely, that has to be a madman's rant,
And a non-believer's chant,
Turned in on itself, without pity
For children slaughtered
With depleted uranium
From whom the truth will be hidden
For throughout history
That's how it's been written.



Eugenics

As we are told - "The exact definition of eugenics has been a matter of debate since the term was coined.

The definition of it as a "social philosophy"—that is, a philosophy with implications for social order—is not universally accepted" (Wikipedia)

My definition – a White Supremacists' brainchild, for the eradication or extermination of Afrikanans in the main, with other non-White peoples as incidentals.

The Internet and other platforms of media are awash with the long trails of files and data (declassified, etc) from the intelligence communities, and hidden agendas, around the world for the implementation of eugenics, as a tool for a specific social order.

Look at what had been done with the Afrikan airmen serving the US airforce, at Tuskegee. The experiments with LSD. The morphing of names all the way to "Planned Parenthood". Family planning, geared at one people only, the Afrikanans.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch White folks were paid to give birth at will. Someone's pursuit to counteract the effects of the regressive genes in White folks. Cloning and droning, people playing 'God'. These shifting, shady characters.

Is it that the lab rats are colored black, hidden under a coat of white, disguising the true intent of experimentation, saying that is done on White only? Or, is it the full force of eugenics, hard at work to prevent the black overtaking th white?

For the survival of White people, they have to mixed genes with non-White folks. Ain't that ironic?!

[Why Are Afrikaners Hated?](#)

[Eradication of a People](#)

[Shark Island](#)

[Eugenics Hell](#)

[Death by Diseases](#)

[Contents](#)

Why Are Afruikans Hated?

Regardless of how hard I try,
I just can't seem to get by,
Rationalizing the thought of hate.
Afruikans, subjects of the worst genocide,
Socio-induced fratricide.
When will this hate dissipate?

The strangest fruits in history,
Hanging from the necks,
On numerous 'Afruikan Christmas trees'.
Hanging from anything high enough,
So White folks can see.
Read the book, "Without Sanctuary".

Afruikans were mutilated, decapitated,
Beaten/flogged/whipped, and roasted.
White folks were compensated.
'War-lying' folks were repaired.
While Afruikans continue to be 'wasted'.

All things Afruikan were stolen,
By people who felt emboldened,
Because of the color of their skin.
Victims of deep-seated hatred
In White folks, deep within.

Victims of government-sanctioned racism,
Afruika, ransacked by greedy Europeans,
Afruika's children and land stolen.
Deep-seated hatred, malice, and spite,
From Europeans destroying our world,
To lie Yahweh into White.

Afruikans invented religion, Yahweh,
Monotheism, and poetry,
Agriculture, mining, paper and ink,

The sciences, and even surgery,
Commerce, finance, education,
Age old mathematics, and engineering,
Writing system, books,
Schools of government, manufacturing,
Libraries, art, music, sculpture,
Calendar, transportation, physiology,
Architecture, painting, alchemy, anatomy,
Medicine, astronomy, and philosophy

I'm out of space. To write it all
In one poem, it is not possible.
Do your indepth research, learn from
"The Africans Who Wrote The Bible"

04.07.16 - [Eugenics](#) [Contents](#)

Eradication of a People

The barbarous Europeans,
Pushed Tasmanians of their land.
The murderous Europeans,
Enslaved and slaughtered,
The South Afrikanans.

Everywhere you went,
It was the same.
The Kalahari, Argentina,
New Foundland, South America,
Murder, the game.

White settlers,
With murder on their minds,
Exterminating Black-skinned people,
Eradicating mankind.

Eighteen sixty-five,
Morant Bay, Jamaica,
The Courthouse was attacked
By protesters,
From a minor demonstration.
A response was organized,
For nearly five hundred people's
Extermination.

History can be cruel,
Making it hard to understand.
But surely you won't miss outcomes,
From the murderous minds of Europeans.

Shark Island

The Germans took barbarism,
To an unprecedented height,
Slaughtering the Harare people,
Even while in flight,

They established Sharp Island,
For mass extermination,
A new concentration camp,
Genocide of a nation.

The mechanisms of murder,
Could not have gotten better.
The efficiency was at its highest,
The outcome, mass slaughter.

Shark Island, the pilot project,
For how the Germans
Will have behaved,
And the world, to expect.

They say Afruikans,
Are all the same.
A rose is a rose,
By any other name.

I look at the humility of Afruikans,
Even when they are slaughtered.
People, who evolved
Through harmony, peace, and love
And I'm left wondering,
When will the barbarians, evolve?

Eugenics Hell

Talk about eugenics,
Listen to Elaine Riddick.
She tells a story,
To make politicians cringe
Whites threatened and blackmailed
Her and her grandmother,
Yet none of them was jailed.
So they went on a sterilization binge.

White racists, playing Yahweh,
Will try to deny everything we say.
As in times gone by,
Under the cover in the hood,
Changed the name of the program,
To Planned Parenthood.

Family Planning 'executed' their plan,
Social eradication, of the Afruikan.
While the Black families were handed
Condoms, loops, ... strange therapies,
While people were paid monies,
To expand their families.

The racist agenda has not been changed,
Especially after indoctrinating
More racist White people,
Who have plenty change.

Stay on your guard.
Don't get caught in their fit.
These White misfits will change the outhouse.
But the content, is the same shit.

Death by Diseases

C heck the records.
What do they say?

Afrikan-Americans are the leaders,
In major diseases of today.

Is that coincidental?
Are you outta your mind?
These keep repeating,
Not even the second time.

Ebola, AIDS, HIV,
Why does each have a patent,
From the CDC?
Psychological complexes of prison.
Vaccines leading to Autism.

The food we eat, it's killing us.
The milk from the cows,
Is filled with pus.
The water we drink,
Not even fit to wash our clothes.
Just when you think they are wising-up,
They're planning to inflict, more blows.

These are the ideas,
Of these criminal racists.
Hateful by day,
At night, KKK Supremacists.

Document H200 dictated
A population reduction of two billion.
America's Blacks is about sixty million.
Guess where the rest for genocide, is coming from.



Connected-Miscellany

Promise Plus provides us with an opportunity for introspection, and quite possibly, a very subtle way of encouraging self-analysis as pertains to how we interact with each other.

Stating another way, this is not directed to the behavior of the collective. But to the individual, whereby her/his introspection will lead to better interactions in the collective. Consequently fostering the environment for socially-acceptable behaviors, in the least.

[Illegal Thinking](#)

[Paintings and Things](#)

[Why I Cry](#)

[It's Amazing](#)

[Mistakes](#)

[Contents](#)

Illegal Thinking

I'm thinking free-thinking,
Can one day be illegal. And
The thought of free-thinking,
Considered antisocial.

To free-think can require a license.
But to acquire the license,
You have to first think it out,
To convince someone,
Beyond reasonable doubt.

Thinking, I could be faced
With a situation of illegal.
Now the whole damn thing,
Seems paradoxical.

A situation, in cyclic dimensions
Of chicken and egg,
Taking leave of the senses,
When free-thinking becomes bootleg.

The things we take for granted,
Can easily stupefy
A strong moral persuasion
Yet we think 'why'.

'Minority Report' has already begun,
With the 'thinking jokers',
The spinning they have spun.
These guys,
Can steal cream from your coffee,
In the flash of a blink.
Starting from now,
All I'm asking, is that you think.

Paintings and Things

Painting a picture,
Building my dream.
But I am painting with images,
That I've never seen.

It's like writing my poem,
With paper and pen.
And looking at it closely,
I control neither of them.

Smelling familiar fragrances,
None I've known before.
Gliding through unfamiliar places,
Of these places I'm sure.

I speak with strangers,
With highest fidelity.
Simply because these strangers,
Are not new to me.

I hear music from my stereo,
Sweet, soft, and serene.
I'll collect my stereo tomorrow,
When my bank account is cleaned.

Why I Cry

“A man is not supposed to cry.”
Well, that’s what clowns say.

If I don’t allow myself to cry,
How will I clean inside, anyway?

I cry for joy,
When I see people living free,
Roaming this earth,
As Yahweh wants us to be.

When there’s demonstration
Of peace, love, and harmony,
And turning away,
From injustice and inequality.

I cry tears of joy,
Every time
We look into each other and see,
A new world, a new discovery.

I cry tears of sorrow,
When countries are bombed,
Like there’s no tomorrow.
When the dominance of prejudice
Seems most likely to prevail.
And man killing man, without fail.

I cry because of racism,
Distractions, illusions, and schisms,
And our insistence, living in ‘prisons’.

It's Amazing

To me, it never ceases to amaze,
The plunge into destruction,
The end of days.

We speak 'if' instead of 'when'
'But', that's how we suspend,
'Maybe', instead of 'then'.

They are the first to call you racist.
Because they have no defense.
No idea, no basis.

Yet they insist,
On a 'God' and 'Jesus',
Who never existed.

When will it end?
White Supremacy,
Control by the pen.

Banks of wars,
With wide-open doors,
War-mongers in swivel chairs,
Whores on marble floors.

Defenders of countries,
Who forever attack,
To put back on track,
The greed
Of the banking war-machinery

Mistakes

Mistakes are not really,
What you think they are.

You see a fault.

I see a trigger.

Something is desired,
To indicate a needed change.
Psychologically driven,
Patterns seemingly strange.

Every mistake,
Is rooted in the need to learn.
When left unattended,
It returns to burn.

Those who dropped the lesson,
Most times, will never forget.
They have to turn it all around,
Or suffer in regret.

A mistake is an indication,
A 'hidden' desire for a change in level,
No mistakes, no growing 'nation',
Some of what we need to understand.

Learn to see a mistake,
For what it really is.
Learn to grow from your mistakes,
For grow, is what it is.



About The Author

I had spent my working (thirty-four) years permanently employed in power generation, natural-gas processing, ammonia production, and liquefied natural-gas production, in that order. My specific fields of employment were Electrical and Instrumentation, and Control Systems.

In 1997, while working at our gas-processing plant, I had been asked to get involved with a children's home.

Since then, my involvement, and passion have been growing, creating my indelibly awesome experiences working with children!

Since this book has nothing to do with my industrial life, that's as far as the association goes.

Prior, I had been involved with other community groups (cultural and otherwise), sports (regional, and national levels), similar projects, from the age of eleven.

After moving away from my life of industry, I had began devoting more time to working with children.

That's where I am today!

[Contents](#)