

I Will Rise.

I Will Shine.

George Mac D Lynch

Previously by the Author

In the series - Poetry Without Borders



Book 1 - Sunrise



Book 2 - Passion And Pain



Book 3 - Who Are We?



Book 4 - Children's Education

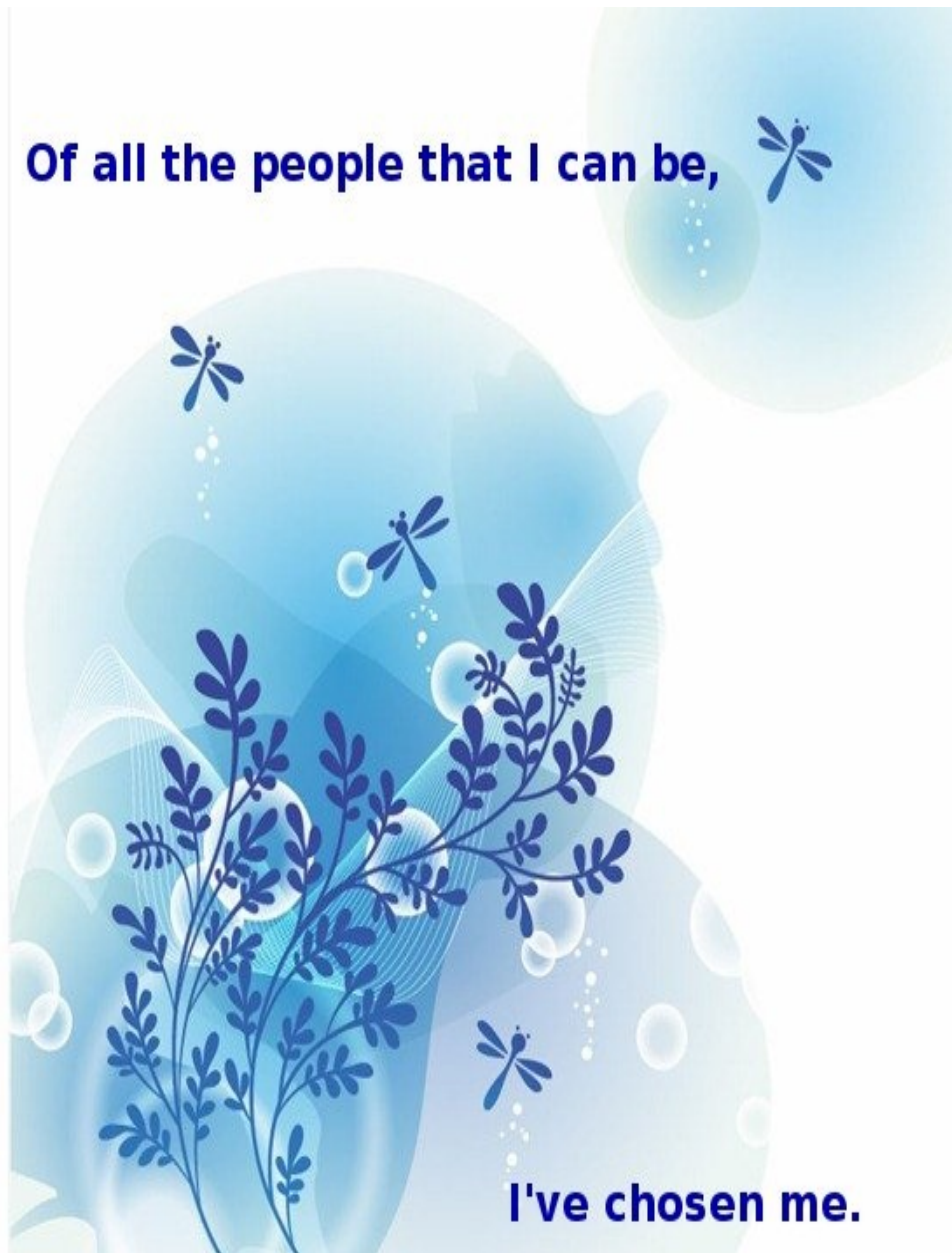


Book 5 - Things Fall Apart



Book 6 - Aiming High

Of all the people that I can be,



I've chosen me.

I Will Rise. I Will Shine.

by George Mac D Lynch, 2016

Poetry Without Borders - Book 7

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Reserved for Dedication

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Preface

First and foremost, I must declare this a work in progress, a living document. I found this as a need, in urgency to communicate with the public. Hence the reason for publishing an incomplete first draft.

Initially, I thought of publishing them as single pieces. But, why not start a book? More pieces will be added, as we go.

It was not my intention to begin another book, until my current project is finished. But there have been two shootings at my 'doorstep' within the last twenty-four hours.

Yesterday (Sat 4th April), in the midst of conducting a community meeting (couple miles south of my home), I was informed that a Brother (biologically connected) of mine was shot, five times. His sister (same womb), brought me the message.

I was saddened for a couple of reasons.

- (1) The Brother shot five times, is biologically connected to me. He could have been killed in his young and tender age.
- (2) The meeting we were conducting, was addressing the challenges faced by and with our youth.

The young people in attendance, were sharing their challenges with us the older heads. The young university-trained counsellor in our midst, was sharing her challenges and experiences with students in the schools in her district.

Crime was a significant aspect of our discussion.

Young people are angry.

This scheduled two-hour meeting ran for three and one-half

hours. After raising the idea of going home, for the third time, people decided to schedule the next meeting, concluded, gathered briefly thereafter, then headed home. That, says something me.

This morning at 3:30, gunshots rang out, a literal couple of blocks east of my home. First came the initial gunfire, then the response. Some anxious minutes later came the various unwanted flavors of sirens.

Making matters worse for my sanity, the dogs began howling, with that frightening familiar song of death. How could this be? I thought this shit was done.

Let me prequalify what I am about to relate.

There is almost no separation between East and West. The houses along the last street in the east, are separated from the houses in the west by an approximate fifty to sixty feet. If one of the residents on the eastside sneezes hard enough, chances are, someone on the westside will have to wipe their face.

A couple of years ago, there was this God-forsaken war between East and West. East will drive down in the West, shoot-up the place, return to the westside, as champions.

This continued religiously, until one day the 'helpless' West perforated and changed the look of the car the East used.

That was the end of that. At least so I thought.

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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 shit, 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 stronger than they think.
I know their vulnerability.
Not only will I wage peace,
I will do the same, for love and harmony

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 shit 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.

Truth Be Told

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

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

Do not be consumed,
With hatred for a different 'color'.
All of mankind, came out of Afrika.
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,
Afrikan 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.

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 God'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.

Racism - the Cancer

I 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.

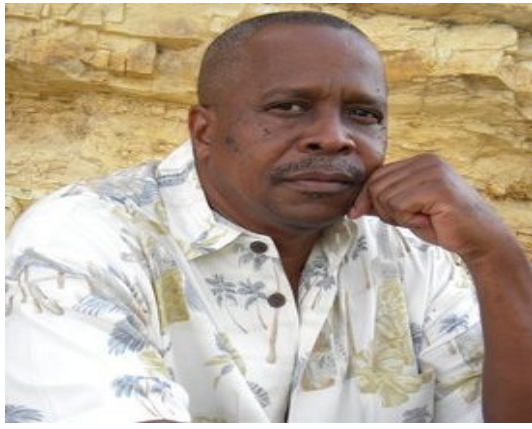
We need to confront this demon,
Cutting at its root.
Killing it with our steely knives,
Before it gives off more shoots.

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 God's pleasure,
Or live in fear.



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!

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