

The Messenger: Chapters One & Two

Companion Chapbook

Tshombe Sekou Harris

KAI POETRY

Poetry that is inspired by life and is intended to incite positive and progressive thought. This is Tshombe's Kai (life) poetry, this is his message.

**The Companion to The Messenger:
Chapters One & Two**

**Audio Albums which are available at
www.tshombethepoet.com**

Chapbook by Tshombe

About the author:



Tshombe Sekou Harris, poet/motivational speaker/community activist/humanitarian from New Orleans, Louisiana, has spent the better part of the last five years supporting and promoting inspirational art through facilitating poetry study groups, and online radio programs.

While traveling the world, serving on active duty in the US Navy, he introduces spoken word poetry to parts of the world that aren't privileged to have a concept of "Freedom of Speech"; delivering messages of hope as a call to action. Tshombe's international tribute to women, entitled "Woman", has been featured and performed at various venues across the US and Asia. He was recently invited to speak at the annual NAACP Hawaii rally to deliver a message through poetry on "Financial Empowerment".

As the founder of Freedom Verse Café (FVC), a program that educates communities worldwide on the heritage and power of spoken word poetry, he has conducted in-depth interviews with poets extending from the Black Arts Movements to Def Jam Poetry. He is a true ambassador to his nation and a strong voice in the poetry community.

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The Messenger Companion Chapbook

Audio Projects

<i>The Messenger: Chapter Two</i>	2010
<i>The Messenger: Chapter One</i>	2010
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" If there be a single word or a collective of thoughts and verbs; that can be spoken in such a way that it ignites a fire, which would move you, motivate you to inspire others, and create a domino like effect; becoming more infectiously positive than HIV, or be as alarming as H1N1. Then let it be uttered from my lips in such a way, that your mind will have no other selection than to begin opening itself up to a new experience in life."

-Tshombe

WAR

Tragedy!

I am searching for peace but I can't find it
because war is in season

Can't find any repose because these heathens
Got us going to war for no reason
Well, they do give reasons
I mean excuses to justify
Why our young die on the premise of protecting
American lives
Predicated on lies...
Like WMDs and hunting down terrorist

Logic Reasoning 101 states
No situation with a wrong premise can end with the
right conclusion
So why the confusion

We live in reality dilution

Finding a way to tipple life
Numbing the horrors of war down to card games...
"Today we caught the Ace of diamonds"
I'm not sure who this joker is, but in the process
of catching him
Fifteen soldiers were killed
By a road side E.I.D. in pursuit of him
Now their families in some proud town
Sit at their dinner tables deciding which reality
show to watch

Unaware that in reality
Tomorrow they'll be informed that they've outlived
their child
And they are to find comfort in the patriotism
That will be placed in their hands,
As if to give them peace at his graveside...

I am searching peace, but I can't find it because
war is in season

Reason!

When the poetry stops
Will the sun drop from the sky
Birds stop singing
The living stop living
Will the bullets stop ringing

What happens when the words are all spoken
Will poets stop totin' chapbooks
Will they give up and start twittering?

Will there be no more talk of revolution
Speaking out about the lyrical dilutions
That pollutes our airways
The war on terror fused with oil illusions
WMD delusions and monetary collusions

Will there be no more messengers
Standing in coffee houses, speakeasies, or poetry
dens
Speaking out against democrats and republicans
Health bills and same sex marriages

Will New York City police continue to get away with shooting

...and shooting

...and shooting

...and shooting

...and shooting young black men

Will there be no more talk of

Slave trades

Heritage

Or how the Klansmen went from white sheets to blue

And how a single misunderstandings keeps me from getting to know you

Just to say that I love you, without you getting it confused for just another

Opportunity to be disrespected.

When the poetry stops

Who will cleanse the streets after all the soap boxes have been removed

Will Fox news start telling the truth and stop spoon feeding us their views

Lies spewed, with bullshit interviews of irrelevancy
and not so hidden agendas

When the poetry stops

Will we become victims of the replay
Will we become victims of the replay
Will our poem be tucked away in some dark place
Like freedom fighters being locked away
For fear of the revolution they may incite
Or the comfort they give some retched soul in the
dead of night
The world they might change for a fatherless son
And a husbandless wife
The sounds memory remembered

Will we even remember why we wrote
As we slipped away from this life

When the poetry stops
Will the sun drop from the sky
Birds stop singing
The living stop living
Will the bullets stop ringing?

What happens when all the words have been spoken
Will poets stop totin' chapbooks
Giving up and start twittering

When the poetry stops...
...does the living stop living?

Shame!

To find myself, I had to lose myself.

Smashed together atom by atom like a time bomb
ready to explode
With emotional rage
In my wake I leave pieces of shrapnel
coated with shame
that have ripped through my existence
Like hollow point bullets
3 shots...
7 shots...
18 shots...
19 Rounds expended

Life suspended

Reload

The body isn't even cold

As his life's rhythm slows

24, 25, 26, 27 shots...

Don't wait...fire

37 shots...

Misfire

Reload

Cock back...Fire!

39, 40

41 shots Amadou

Nothings but bite my tongue as they

Reload

How much different than when we were hung is
this

More shots fired

42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, accelerate, 49...

50 shots...and the Bell cries out

As the last poem from his lips slip

In between two combative forces

Him and those who snuffed his life

Are the words...

I love you to my would be wife

*So next time don't blame me for wanting a justice
of the peace ceremony*

*It's not me being cheap, because I want to give you
everything you every dreamed*

*But today I don't want to get dressed and be
stressed*

*Because my bulletproof vest won't fit under my
tuxedo*

*I search peace, but I can't find peace because war
is in season*

And for these reasons...Reaction!

Woman

In the book that marks our genesis
Began her story, and it is said that she
Was created from the marrow of man
In technology this process would be called
A modification, an upgrade, the second model
Man has just been moved from alpha to beta
And she is beautiful, desirable and pleasing
And she has always been a part of his story
The pillars of our existence strong and persistent
Naomi, Esther, Hagar Slave Mother of Ishmael
Seed of Islam, her sister Sarah the mother of
many nations
Having a child at 99 still blows my mind

She is...

Woman

Daughter

Sister

Wife

Mother

Teacher

Grandmother

She is...

Abigail Adams, lighthouse keeper at Matinicus Rock
Showing those who drift in the dark a light of
guidance

MaryAnn Shad Cary is noted for her attacks on
slavery and promotion of self-reliance

She didn't wait for society or a song to tell her
she was independent

1920 Bessie Coleman reached beyond the limits and
learned to fly

Rachel Agnes Mason an Irish woman who
immigrated to America in 1788 for religious
freedoms

She is...

Asian

Latina

Caucasian

African

Native

American

Fragile, Resilient, Forgiving, Survivor, Lover.

She is pain bearer and soother

She has been victim and victor

No matter the circumstance she gives—love

Her love is given like Flora Stone Mather a philanthropist

Even though she is forgiving...mess up and she is like "Little Miss Sure Shot" Annie Oakley

She is service woman like Sojourner deserving of honor

Dr. Mary E. Walker I salute you

Ready to fight as any Marine Master Sergeant

Dulinsky entered Viet Nam

Darlene Iskra commanding Officer USS Opportune

And somehow she finds the opportune time to cook,

clean, and cater to our needs while...

She is...renowned leader

Xiaogin, Empress of China

Indira Gandhi, Ruler of India

Golda Meir, Prime Minister of Israel
Queen Anacaona, Tiano Chief of Haiti
Corazone Aquino, President Philippines
Nzinga Queen of Angola

She's sweetened like Phyllis Wheatley,
Alice, Rachel, and Margret Walker
Fisiwe, Gwendolyn, Maya, Ursula, Sanchez
Gabrielle, Sheba, Zuri, Amina, Mandika
Shangi, Ashanti, Pearl Sharp, Tantra-Zawadi, Khadija,
Cortez...she is poetry
Difficult at times and mostly misunderstood
Beautiful and repugnant and often taken for granted

Yet she remains.

Firm

Strong

Confident

Assured

She remains ...

Just look at her hands, they tell a story

The lines tell a story

They carry the history of the world

They are strong enough to endure anything
And are as delicate as Rose pedals
She wipes away our tears and sheds hers
Before the sun has a chance rise
Despite all the chaos of the world
The pains and the struggles she finds
In her heart to still bake...pies

Friend

Confidant

Lover

President

Senator

My wife

Mother

Queen

Sister

Planter

Bearer of life

Holder of faith

She is Life Bearer

God's Epiphany

The final creation of man

She is WOMAN.

Ode To An Angel

Lucifer spent more time sawing at my wings
Than he did whispering in my ear
And the sad part about it... is I let him!!
Forgetting he was there
Because I spent so much time saying "get thee
behind me"
Letting my mind slip on the superficial rubbish
That seems so necessary as oxygen
Worrying about all the things around me
That never really concerned me
Letting my life drift into a tail spins of nothing
Forgetting he was there cutting away all along
Because I pretended he didn't exist
So now I am an exiled angel trying to claw my way
back in
Back in to heaven.
But what makes it all divine is the half angel
Who gave me the strength to carry on with her
single wing
Who reminded me not worry about
The complex things

But to keep my eye on the insignificant small stuff
Like love...

Saying hello to every sunrise

To know that closing my eyes would be nothing
short of blasphemous

She wants me to kiss the wind

Lick the rain

Touch the rainbow

All the things we think are preposterous

Like being naked absent the facades

To touch the earth with our bare feet

Reminding us to stay grounded//

And maybe...just maybe

We could find heaven where we are

We don't need our wings

Because we can go far beyond our own limitations

So it doesn't matter that I've lost my wings

Or that Satan himself spent all of his energy

In attempts to nail me in the crossroads of
nowhere

Just so that he could use my wings

To take my place

But my now angel reminds me that
I can fly without them
I just need to be willing
To lick my wounds
Let go...and live.

Four Women

Four women changed my life today
Even though our encounter felt more like the
US/Afghan war
Yet somehow we found a resolution.

It all started by happenstance,
Because these four women hit me with something
That on any other occasion would've
Sent me walking the other way,
But they beckoned me to stay
And like a united choir in unison they all said
"come, let us pray!"

Now, at first I was bit hesitant
Heck, I was even a little reluctant to stay
But one said "its just for ten minutes
Only ten minutes!
We need you, will you come and sit with us?"
Let me just say upfront
I didn't know these women
No more than I know myself

So I hope you can understand my predicament.

It almost seem that every excuse under the sun
Were running through my mind,
I shifted my feet, looked at my watch, and quickly
said

"I really don't have the time!"

They looked me dead in my eyes

As if they were some massive army ready to do
Battle for my soul

And I, some ill-equipped, unprepared, and untrained
Pawn on a spiritual chessboard where all my
Excuses fled me

And they were ready to converge on a campaign of
"shock and awe"

Like they were American and I a lone Iraqi strapped
with a suicide bomb.

Our five-second standoff was a five-year war
And each second I felt every lair of false armor
Fall from my soul to the floor.

The more I resisted the more they insisted
And soon, I was all exposed and could feel the
Emptiness of the hole in my soul

Out numbered... so I submitted.

They smiled and said "thank you, Will you lead us?
Now this is were I get confused,
Because I don't think that I could really fill those
shoes

But again, they stared me down
And this time we were the Palestinians and Jews
Or better yet, the Ming Dynasty vs. the Manchu
Because they built an impenetrable wall
To defend against my resistance
As they continued to be persistent
with the goal of calming my soul
And again, I waved my flag and surrendered
But this time I stretched out my hands, head
bowed,
I parted my lips and said aloud

"Lord, I come to you begging for your forgiveness,
And I seek your assistance for I am but a lost
soul
Asked to lead these four women in prayer for the
next ten minutes
They know not my sins

*Or whether my soul you've cleansed
So do with me as you will, but I thank you for
these...four...women..."*

*They Smiled, elated that our five second conflict
Ended without a single shot fired
And I thanked God for what just transpired
Between I and these four women
See nothing happens by chance
Its divine order...providence!*

Selah!

Word [Injection #1]

Thought and spirit

Reason with a plan

An inflection of thought

Cerebral waves

Electrical current converted into intonations with meaning.

Words

Either life or death

Creation or destruction

Chew on this as I continue

"You reap what you sew"

What you speak is like planting seeds

And just like a farmer can't expect to harvest oranges

When he sews an apple seed

You can't expect minds to grow

If your not planting something the mind needs

But something will grow

So be mindful of what your words carry with them

Because words permeate all that is

They are the spiritual reality

A combination of characters into spoken word

What you speak you manifest

What you speak you manifest

You bring thoughts into existence

As in the beginning was the word and the word was

He

What He spoke came to be

And now you hear me

So what shall I speak?

Life or death?

Creation or destruction?

I choose to speak life

Because my mind has been abused

By so much death...that I've stopped trying to

breath

Suffocation by the inundation of verbiage

The noise of broken records
That twist my ears with poisonous seduction
And the chaos of everyone talking and no ones
listening
So the truth goes missing
The truth...goes...missing
Because no one is listening because everyone is
talking
It goes missing like unwatched children
And our children are product of our spoken words
Check the connection...

Remember the whispered words
That stirred the conversation
That slipped-into copulation
Then came conception to the inception
If you reversed that you'd come back to
The whispered words
But somehow we get lost in the connection
Of speech perceptions

Like when she ask something like...
"Do I look I fat?"
You say "No" because of that single word "Love"

Her feelings you don't want to be disrespecting
So the truth goes missing.

See what we men fail to understand is that she
Wasn't looking for the truth,
But for you to conjure
With your words the essence of what makes her
Feel like a woman.

But that goes missing.

Or when he says "Baby I have a plan"
And you find a reason to tell him
It's a waste of time to dream
You diminish the hopes that he will ever have
The courage to achieve
When all he really wants is for you to have "faith"

But that goes missing

But let's get away from the reminiscing
About the missing

I choose to speak life

Because when you speak life
The darkness recedes and gives way to light
And the shadows are mere fractals
Reflections of our mortal selves
No longer an objects of fear
Like WMVDs (Weapons of Mass Verbal Destruction)
Your words are your reflection like shadows
Painted on wall creating historic
Fingerprints of your
Human existence

Speak Hate and it exist
Speak Love and let it persist
While I speak Truth
Because there is enough spewed spam
Clogging my mental waves
That my thoughts get caught in a synaptic jam
Stunting growth, caught in stagnation
There is no wonder of what's infecting my progress
It has to be what I've been injecting
Into the tube of my headphones with the volume
Turned high to ignore the truth in discourse.

Let me deconstruct!

Let me unplug, decompress, and get the mess
And the stress out of my words ~ life
Let me began my allocution
And not contribute to the mental pollution
Of yet another innocent soul.
I want every word that I speak to create life like
Like...dandelions that pop into existence
As bountiful as the stars
That when I speak of love it won't just arouse
you
But heal your scars; let...it...be...providence!

Let the words I speak be
Like the soul of the universe
And my words be benders of thought and concepts
So that the human mind can apprehend and
comprehend GOD!
Creating a divine mind where words like...
Freedom and truth
Are found in the bondages of love
And let life be the capsule
That contains it all in peace
So that when I speak there'll

Be no need to be lost in translation
Because it will be as simple as saying...words.

I want to be the spark that gives way to thought
That gives credence to words
That generates light...

I want to be Light!

Yeah!

That's it!

The Light that casts your shadows
Into history
So that when men speak of you
They'll speak Truth!

So let me remind you
To be mindful before you speak something
From your thoughts
Think first of what you will manifest
For what you speak gives way to what lays
Deep within your heart

Because...

What you speak you manifest
Whether it be life or death
What you speak you manifest
Speak life!

...Word

Kadeemah Yah Hameelah!

Selah!

Conjuring God

I asked a child "If you had one wish,
What would you wish for?"

She turned her eyes from the TV and said
"That she wish that God would return to us..."

This is a conjure, a plea to the great creator that
He returns to his children
For we are lost without Him

I wonder where God went?
Did He take a long walk?
Forgot where he was going?
Did He find some other universe
Along the way to use as His sandbox
To build castles and sculptures that appears
To be splitting images of Him?
Has he grown too busy
And tired to hear the echoes of our kind
The few who still know Him?

Because it seems that He is missing...

His name is called less and less everyday
And those made in His image
Are becoming more monstrous
Afraid of even themselves as the day grows long...
But I pray still that He is somewhere near to hear
The screams of His precious daughters
Who are brutally raped, as the forgotten can't
Remember their humanity
Watching mindlessly,
How can this be?
How can something He created to be beautiful
Be left broken...confused...abused?

Did God fall asleep resting from all He created
And we've decided to run amuck
In all of our supremacy?
Have our prayers been answered
And are our answers like distant stars
That have burned out
And we just need to be patient to see it?

Was He asleep between 9:30pm
And the stroke of midnight?

When she cried out...

Where is God, how do I conjure Him for her?
Because every word of His greatness
Seems like false testimony to her

She doesn't see Him

I know that sometimes it get hard
To get a prayer through
So now I switch to my native tongue Hebrew
I have faith that this should get through

It's not that she or I don't believe
Tell me how do I get this young flower to see
Without sounding like the same old clichés
"Have faith, or just pray"

How do I get her to see Him as I do?
When every word from my lips
Are contrary to what she sees
A God-less society
Were calamity and tragedy are blended with faith

Wars, hate, and rape!

Parents our children need us

Whether you call Him Yahweh, Allah, or Jesus

This isn't about us...

Our children need us

To conjure God for them

So tell me!

How do I conjure God

So that she knows He is sitting right there

Beside her

Contrary to what she sees...

In this society

Ordinary

I want to be ordinary

Not extraordinary

Like an ice cream cone that drips

Sticky dreams of extra toppings

But I just want to be normal

Walk down the street

No one speaks

The passer by guys

Holding a sign that reads

"Will work for food, Saturdays and Sundays only"

Because Monday through Friday

I just want to sit under the highway

That drips with the perspiration of the city

Stained with the discards of the extraordinary

Not worrying of the phone that may ring

And the pretend smiles of

"How can I help you?"

As if I have all the answers

But who's going to help me

When the voice on the other end

Says something out of the ordinary?

I just want to sit in the underpasses of my life
Huddle by the fires of my soul
Smell the earth that blackens my hands
Bundled up, hugging myself from the 2 am blues
That rips through the hole in my jeans at the knee
Letting my dreams drift to where the wild things are
Mindscapes and daydreams
Coughing up my lungs
Letting them get some fresh air
Just for once let me not be dependable.

I just want to be as ordinary
As cracks in the side walk that are stepped over
daily
But not as important as you dandelion that grows
through
And gets all of the attention of city workers
Who will spend time and money just to rid
themselves of you
But I could be the beauty of your yellow petals
that they disregard.

I want to be ordinary enough

That I can slip through the black spaces between
stars and get lost
Get lost just so that
I can be found by some child who discovers
Value in something ordinary
That we extra ordinaries will never see.

Let me be!

I just want to be irresponsible
But not too much
Not life changing like forgetting to wrap it up
Protecting myself from something not so ordinary
Forgetting to pay the child support
No, no, no
Not that irresponsible
Just wanting to forget being
Black | American | Poet | Homeless
Struggle | Revolting | Igniting
Just for a moment of clarity
Can I just be ordinary?

Waiting

There is an inhale

Peace

Calm

Serenity

Quiet

Anticipation

Anxiousness

Patience

Energy wanders

Imaginations run with hope

Love is in thoughts

Prayers are pressed against lips

In oscillations of kinetic energy

Lost is found

Although forgotten

Precautions taken

Winds change like the mind

Precious breathing

Valued moments

There is an exhale

Minds wonder

Waiting for the next inhale
As the winds breeze by my face
Carrying the scent of the sea
All is still
The winds have shifted
Peace

" Anticipative moments before the impact "

Injection #2

Everybody wants to stand for something
And some will stand for nothing
But everybody seems too tired to struggle
So they stand around telling old stories
Of revolutions they almost started
Slapping fives
"Yo, what it is...what it do bay--bee?!"
Hip to the Hop
Get down with the get down
Waste some time
Watching television because they know it won't be
televised
Letting reality TV be the escape from their minds

Everybody got a story to tell
Heck, some even have a few to sell
"Rebels without causes" I call them
Organized confusion...chaos!
They'll cling to anything
Even if it isn't applicable
As long as they got a cause

Sounding like politicians on their soapboxes
And zealots looking at every disaster
As a sign to the next "fish fry"
They'll push anything just to rebel
Will even back theologians selling hell
Something they cooked up in their bakery
But we keep on eating
Swallowing it whole in large quantities
They do this to make themselves
Feel apart of the revolution
But they're just spinning
Sitting still
Revolving like them rims
You know the kind
Like them so called "Free Slaves" buy
Loud mouthing to the point they can't even hear
their own thoughts

Come on, What's Happen?!

Po-ets, writing about nonsense
Late night confessions of sexual expressions
I guess they're working out their inner demons

In lascivious and transitory outburst into deep
space
Nothingness!

Hoping to blow some minds
And someone is gonna snap a finger
Clap their hands
Say something nice
But folks don't say anything
Afraid to be labeled a "hater"
So they become lofty sycophants

Is there someone here who will say amen!?

Poets talking about revolutions in poems
But they keep saying the same thing though
Like them rebels without causes
They're spinning.

You know they'll say anything
All they really want are your profits
If you read your scripture you'd know to be aware
of false prophets
But maybe that's why we are in a recession

'cause folks don't pay attention
Wrapped up in the days of our lives
Or someone else's too
Consumed by the whose who
And don't even know themselves
Yet they'll twit some words of wisdom to promote
themselves

Com'on

If we really have this many scholars
Why we got so many problems
Somebody's lying
Can someone say amen to the truth or will that
make you uncool

They say they free, but they just don't know
They are enslaved
By ignorance's glamour and dreams of grandeur
Waiting for a revolution to come
While we struggle for class positions
But the truth is...
We'll never sit in the same class
Hell, we don't even read the same books
Some are stuck in Exodus

Looking for the deliverance
Others waiting on the War of Wars
While some are flipping through the pages
Of the Left Behind

Where is your mind Brother
Stop wasting your time sister
Where...is...your...mind
Probably blown by that rhyme
They designed to keep you confined
Revolving instead of evolving
Revolution over evolution
A morphemic slip
Check the semantics
These aren't just antics
Just the mumblings of a messenger with a message

Some folks want to stand for something
And some for nothing
But if you're gonna stand for anything
Let it be the truth and not the false profits of
false prophets
Selah!

The Passing of Time

Love resonates inside
With each passing moment in time
Hands tic and toc
Open and close
A new thought
A new emotion erupts

But as the hands move forward
A new birth
A passing death
A Chance slips
To tell the secrets of my heart
I want to tell you now
All the things that yesterday did not permit
I hope it is not too late for me to tell you...
I Love You

Shalom!

" My impact on the world is not based on what I can profit from it, or whether or not if what I contribute is profitable; the universe doesn't work that way. Just as a mother who gives love to her child, regardless of the laws of reciprocity. The source of her divine muliebrity is in her giving unconditionally; as she gave to the universe from her womb, I do in kind from my mind."

- Tshombe

Thank you!

I give thanks to the Most High for sharing his love within me, and lending me the wisdom to understand what that love means and its purpose, for His continued use of me to inspire others. Secondly, to my greatest inspiration to write poetry, my beloved wife who loves me with faith and understanding beyond comprehension...you are my closest friend beloved and the reason I began writing. Thirdly, to the messengers who've inspired me and continue to do so: Amde Hamilton, Abiodun Oyewole, Jayne Cortez, Gil Scott-Heron, Kalamu Ya Salaam, Amiri Baraka, Taalam Acey, S. Pearl Sharp, Sekou Sundiata, Askia Toure, Sekou the Misfit, Tantra-Zawadi, Autumn Ashanti; where do I stop?! Last, but certainly not the least...you, for supporting poetry, listening to the message, and the lastly of all...supporting me.

Love Supreme,
Tshombe

End Poem!

Selah!