
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

BESKEPP: Three Poems

Cory Beskepp Cofer · Wednesday, July 10th, 2019

we lack the cheat-sheets

It starts from the heart

when we thought the brain

What we thought was strange,

is now the norm, true-to-form.

street's saturated with the mis-informed

we lack the cheat-sheets

big WALLS, big WALL STREET

BIG shoes to fill

BIG ideas, BIG dreams to kill

*

and it don't stop

Up early Saturday, feeling good, no work
throw on my Dodger hat, khaki shorts, t-shirt

Shoot to the gas station where the price is high
Twenty dollars, 6 gallons I got errands to fly

Hella lazy, in a hurry, drive-thru the car wash
Off to the farmers market for some carrots and squash

Potatoes, colla' greens, cabbage, spinach and fruit
I got everything I need for my vegetable soup

I got Flowers for my Lady, she was up with the baby
Healthy snacks for my boys cause they eating like crazy

Almond-butter and dates, for this crazy new shake
If you drink it everyday, you can shed off some weight

Employee called me from behind as I walked outside
I grabbed receipt, cause being-black-rules apply

He pointed to my back window, said he liked my decal
I said I love Hieroglyphics, plus Im from Nor Cal

He said because of Hiero-Crew he fell in love with rap
He lifted up his pants leg, he was rockin same Tat!

*

Therapeutic

I saw

black man slap black wife in the street. Wrote about it. Kept it.

Writing is the antiseptic.

Letter's

longed for belongness.

One line at a time.

One time for ya mind

-set.

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