

We've Helped, Shape America

By: Michael Bennett

Langston, since then, we've tapped and rapped in America.

We've become the light skinned sons of "the darker brothers"

More change for equality... yet, still

Our women's kitchens remain nappy

Social media is company

No guests come over--today Facebook friends ping

We tweet, lol, dwt and star on reality TV

We've grown stronger by some degree.... yet, still

There's more to realize

You spoke about these times,

It seems you had a dream as well

The world is on the plate!

We've grown by eating well...

Your "Tomorrow" was too late for you to see

But, today we're blessed with opportunity

Because of courageous works created then...

Today we're proud to be American!

L'air du Temps... has many meanings. It is translated as "the air of time", "the hip-what's new", "what's fresh", or "trending in today's society". It is also a world renowned woman's perfume that was introduced in 1943 by Nina Ricci of France, and I personally love its fresh and sexy aroma. Okay, let's go!

L'air du Temps...

Occasionally, I sit and dream

Of LIFE without a care-

From Time to Time I wonder of

The Death we all must bare-

My mind sporadically imagines

Devilish things to dare-

Most recently I've spent my Time

Enchanted by Her stare-

Lord, Light my path to lead my way

From where I stand to THERE-

Captain my ship around the seas

No group of men dare steer-

Absolve my sins and cleanse the dust

From all the lies we share-

So that we may see through the veil

And visions become clear-

You see, my mind drifts back...  
To my hands combing through her hair-  
Since my youth- L'air du Temps...  
Jezebel has had me in Her snare-

She's held the names of many Queens  
This time it's... that doesn't matter  
Cause she knows who she is, with Her...  
Proverbial fruits of knowledge  
Ripened beautifully in pair-

Blushed cheeks, and a hint of smile?...  
Her temperatures' begun to flare?...  
Swollen lips, and a lifted brow?...  
Fidgeting over there in Her chair?

Curious emotions brew like coffee, see!!!  
You can smell it in the air  
Amongst heavenly aromas of her perfume-  
L'air du Temps... .. I swear!!!

God help deliver me from thoughts  
Of entertaining Her glare-  
Show grace as I draw one more glance

To save it as my spare-

I remember asking for

“The Woman of my dreams” in Prayer—I’m like

“Whatever though... Sexy Mama... your

Fatty shaped similar to a pear!”

Ageless in my dream with Her,

Again no cares... no despair-

I’ve awoken and grown wise enough...

To know that life's not fair-

God knows and Time will tell--

What awaits this Love affair?

I guess I'll just resume my quest to die,

So that I may LIVE without a care--

L’air du Temps... FOREVER!!!

-Mike B.

## Tripping Trees

Humans plant seeds each day in different ways

Metamorphic ally imagine human trees

Scattered moving freely through the world

As the seasons change and resources shift

So does the character of each species of tree

To help ensure its own survival-

As the leaves fall each year and times grow dim

Each year a different near catastrophe

More news of hurricanes and floods and droughts

There's little rain and no way out

And cash like leaves drops leaf by leaf

Into the hills into the streets beneath-

The shadow cast by each tree as they travel

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