STEAMROLL

I been writing these poems— maybe psalms— to calm this savage heart,
sparked by revolutionaries buried in silence, only oppressors know intimately.
Suffocating DEI. Call it— Dogmatic Eugenics Identity, or Doing Everything Intently.
Intensely.
So I— short for *we*— forgemaster these night creatures into solutions called *unity*,
where we fluently speak truancy in regard to jail cells— I mean prison walls— I
mean classrooms that pretend to teach.
Maybe preach the gospel of conquerors. All praise Good Ship Jesus.
Call it expedition. Creation of institution they fancy as education— blatant
translations of hate on display.
Yeah, I been writing these poems— I mean, life'ing these poems into existence,
outta resistance for all things color.
As if ABC & NBC weren't kaleidoscope, always broadcasting confusion— maybe
never bringing consciousness toward honest, critical thinking.
Dreaming of genies & white Christmas, that Bing Berlin to Holiday Inn— every
happy ending where Coke makes cola, polar bears control a narrative.
Sipping sauce in lands of lost souls, exposed to elements that bend prosperity
into submission.
Crapped out, then tapped out. This game was rigged before the whistle.
So we pray for safety to escape these retrograde deities eating high on hogs.
They rack ribs, call it substance— succulent, succubus.
Chewing on stimulus with billion-dollar taste buds, they taste blood, then vomit
profits that smell like pennies.
Straight from a copper top that energizer bunnies into GMO— that Monsanto
Mephisto make it palatable.
Big Pharma karma, 'cause there's no money in cures.
Only treatments & war turn profits to rockets, & desire to fires.
Disregard every sphere from here to moon landings.
Spaceships don't come equipped with rearview mirrors.
They dip into the 99% for luxurious pastures— call it taxes.
Habits of antagonists that present as saviors, only to savor flavors of our demise.
Stay woke. Third eyes necessary for every simulacra & simulation on your nightly
display— call it Matrix assimilation.
Yeah, I been writing these poems with a pirate signal— hammer & chisel sentinels
into Squid Games, to Morpheus minds these agents keep blinded.
Make 'em batteries.
Charging architects— batteries.
Make Zero-One, only one— batteries.
Make intelligence artificial: less spiritual, more refined, inclined to fall in line.
Freedom is what we want.
& revolution is where we'll find it.

ELEMEN2AL

Elemen2al is a revolutionary poet, weaving history and social justice into unforgettable performance. Known as *Ink Alchemist*, he channels the spirit of an ink renegade–bold, unflinching, and unapologetic. His work bridges classrooms and stages, fusing teaching, truth-telling, and art into a single force. He amplifies stories that refuse silence. Every poem is both a weapon and a healing, crafted for those who listen between the lines.

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