WHITE BONES

Hello my European sisters and brothers. Aware of themselves in others. Who have gon' beyond their culture and whose bird of prey is truly the dove and not the vulture.

Those that have taken responsibility for one another, whose founding fathers have breed brothers, but break bread with brothers, and drank from the chalice of the same blood with shared blood of deeply wounded lacerations.

Those that transcended to Abolish the hinderence of evolution. Ragin' against the machine of censorship and biological mind pollution, by paying no mind to the intrusion of scare tactics, and parlor tricks, stereotypes, and inferior Oedipus Complexis. The over appreciation of the phallus that causes the malice of a savage barbarian.

No conformity, independent…Not afraid to embrace their abnormality, abhor normality, and take their gaiety sacredly.

Like Avalon and Stonehenge… Normandic and Germanic clans, before the fall of them.

Before the Klan that Ku's and Klux's, "White Power"; without feeling sour like Woodrow Wilson, Hoover, Reagan, Bush and them. They are willing to sing the blues to Red Dragons, and tell Skinheads…It's o.k. to suffer from male pattern baldness.

When France was Gaul and shit. When Moors decorated the opulent halls of Spain…Before Napoleon blew the nose off of the Sphinx…Before Rome burned libraries of identity.

When the land was spared and shared in Greece, and enjoyed the harvest of the wine. In antiquity's time, they were driven from the motherland, because of the lack of melanin in their skin.

I apologize on behalf of the old gods and goddesses.

Those who thank the forest and kiss the Earth…Those who have the Integrity to break the generational curse of allowing the perpetuation of hurt. This land of Liberty, that the chains have been broken off the lady who resides on Ellis Island signifying the end of all slavery. Let bravery stand and freedom ring. Those who have given themselves free of inhibitions, cruel intentions, blond hair, blue eyed, perfection inventions.

Take pride in where you reside, and not the pride to collide with the broad and wide view of consciousness…Being, now Collective.

And in retrospective, to the co-conductors of the underground railroad…Thank you…You are Welcome…and Forgiven!

LORD ABRAHAM GREATSON(DEG.R.E.A.T)

lord Abraham Greatson(deG.R.E.A.T) is from Galveston, TX and has been writing poetry since 1996. Since his childhood years, instructors have encouraged Abraham to write and pursue it moreso wholeheartedly. He didn't dedicate himself to sharing his poetry, through performance, until 2001 when approached by good friend and mentor, Matthew Stanford. At this point poetry began to take place once a month at the non-profit organization known as St. Vincent's House, in his hometown of Galveston, TX, in which Abraham was co-producer and one of the feature house poets. He is co-founder and co-owner of the Galveston Poetry Group, Apotheosis Epidemic. He thanks the Amighty I AM for his imagination and gift of creativity and is looking forward to be more proactive on the local and National Poetry/ Spoken Word scene.