

Unneeded Insecurities

By: Devon Reed

When Autumn comes, bringing the cool embrace that nature needs
From the constant beating heat from Notos, do the trees tremble?
In fear for losing their leaves? Or cry when Khione and Boreas
Intrude most invasively by freezing the sap within them?
Though slowly being dormant, it knows the sun and leaves will shine again.

What does the caterpillar do each day, as the Mighty Sparrow
Dives and devours its comrades each passing day? Or when Braconids
And Ladybird beetles attack and peck at him to eat it,
Slowing down his metamorphic process?
Though through high odds, it forms its cocoon to be the flying beauty of its destiny.

What does the fearsome bear do when fish is buried underneath iced rivers?
Or when the ripe blackberries of August are no more?
And when two-legged savages attempt to predate them?
The wise bear consumes more than regular during the prime, avoids the
Transgression of humans, and sleep 'til Earth warms again and renews.

Of all the creation God has made, humans are the farthest from nature.
For the natural essence of creatures of nature has no unneeded insecurities.

10. My Reason (Outro)

Free Verse

What you know about your 14 year old brother dead in the street?

Little brother scared so now he walks around with heat.

In his house he listen to the little pitter patter of his feet,

Instead of listening to his mom in the room getting beat.

See his life messed up, daddy in jail

Mother too broke to scrape and pay the bail,

Plus crack and heroine got her body so frail.

He was 9 years old, too young to go through that hell.

Man of the house at 9, how does that feel?

Had to provide for his family, he met with a Plug and made a deal.

Mentally it was a toll from how many people he's seen kill.

Yet after a couple years he had made a quarter mill, unfortunately from there, he walked in on his mom overdosed on a pill.

That's when he got taken from Foster Care, but they don't care.

Constantly asking him questions because they were unaware,

He was done wrong but then again life isn't fair

Only person he had was his brother and he wasn't there.

Fast forward seven years later,

Wasn't no Blood or Crip but a real gang banger.

Tone' kept a Nina at his side and come with disrespect that man would spray her.

See when it came to the mess, he truly ain't care.

Despite the underlying violence, there was another layer.

Years of his mental abuse caused him to be a slayer
Of wallets, drugs, life, so his kindness was rarer.
He had no one in his life with which his emotions and thoughts could share.

See, chronically and phonically he was facing depression.
Yet none of his homies listen.
So ironically and sardonically he listened to the voices of others that caused more oppression.
Just know that his lessons never lessens because his friends wouldn't miss him.

His life so harsh he lived by the rule of do or die, commit a homicide, to which no one confide,
except the psyche in the confines of his mind. To face the grind or scrape of dime, life favored
no shine, he had run out of time, no more saving the line, no longer could he lie and tell the
world he was fine, his mind was fried and he concluded his wits was unified to commit suicide.

He conspired to the point that the time was right
There he decided that there was no letter to write.
With no hope in sight, he dropped trench coat in the bank to cause a fright.
Guns attached, no bulls and no rounds inside, he let the guard kill him so he can see light.

This story has purpose, this story has meanin.
It shows the accumulation of untreated thought teemin
With no remorse. Of course this may seem unreal but this is not dreamin.
It's all sincere truth, from what I've been readin.

My reason to survive is within this story, because both are my brothers:

Then there was the third for the lineage;

Third for the dad, first for the mother's.

For this one, life will not be abridge,

Fate for this lad will be distinct and brighter than the others.

1. Arrival

Shakespeare Sonnet

*Then there was the third for the lineage;
third for the dad, first for the mother.
For this one, life will not be abridge,
Fate for this lad will be distinct than the other.*

*The road will be hard, triple-jeopardy and tribulations
and the cohorts and compatriots will be few.
There will be nights scarce of elations
because there will be demons in mind that nobody knew.*

*The road will be worn, hearts will be torn,
But his life has a deeper role.
So yes some may scorn, hate will take form,
this will not distract him, his power lies from his soul.*

*In his mental, thoughts are devoured, feeling are scoured, faces soured and where no pain is
towered.*

*But he will be a beacon that is powered, that has never coward, but has empowered, so that all
men have hope flowered.*