

Chosen, a destination is

Chosen

Chosen, a destination is
The story, as was, with Rashawn
When he
When he
Wept
Alone at home with his father
Even upon his passing, Rashawn's throat he gripped
and his mother's, until the lights of her went out
Shot dead his father resisted before being
Dizzy
Dizzy
10

Custody anew
cradled by Old china wooden cabinet
Elder his parents even than
Confused as to where he's been
To wake up he has to when?
This some he proclaims bullshit
a handsome young man What
Match a to A young woman
What thing, what, what nice, what a, mine
Rashawn, the local playground takes to her
Never wants to see him again, after the first date
will, The next one stay

15
The hallways, he haunts
Ligaments of spears
The world, he taunts
Mouth of shears
Finds himself, surrounded he
Pushing away, just to see
That not only it's he
But his father, to be
none other

Destination

Destination falling out of
 Falling
 Falling
 Fell
With the leaves, bottlenecked
As future odes to his own

But oblivious to what was shown
Crying as he's grown
He always into what is known
His father, to be
And only lowest at his
Does another come along
Rashawn's property, that is
he

Rising

20

Property, property thing property,
In his Flying stomach
Crammed in his mind
So excited was he that she'd be so kind
they'd be That able to bind
More property off to pay
He only wished he hadn't stayed
Frustrated, dismayed
Curated, betrayed

25

his property was, Gone
Fallen, gone, completely though not
Of court a law
Analyzed and saw
Could yield not his gall
For Rashawn had called
And called and called and called
So at the local playground he waited
And waited and waited and waited
Until his he saw his property of all
Of his father, to be
Yanked the spear he from his heart
And the bulb shattered
had That in property shrouded darkness
The spear of his father, to be
Stay out of his heart, evermore

Is

A new father, he sees
The same as old, to be
Abandon must he his property
At the playground locally
Upon the sun set meadow
Upon Rashawn is bestowed

The omniscient Star's glow
All so may that know
Of the atrocity, (n)evermore
Chosen, a destination is
Was as his
property's as well?
By who?
A power divine at work
Giving perhaps the power him
Of run he must which

Run

Run

Run

Darkness casts a shadow of isolation's wrath, for which he is all but due
Only wished he had if only it was true
you belongs with That divine power
To join his property he wished
keep fighting To the bitch
But his father, nevermore
His sole conviction was to this divine world
He did not, by his creation, join his property
Shot dead, to be his father
Spared he the lead for pencils, not ammunition
When wrote the letters he
Urging his property
The finish line cross he never could; Is rising sun
But his property; A rising
A sees a rising
A the alphabet begins
A one of options numerous
A not the
Rashawn is

A

A sees only
An optional array
5
Lacerations at the playground locally
His father, to be
And his grandfather, to be

Flies from the trees, dove a
Left spear a
Suffocated tear by a; by his father, to never
10
In china a cabinet surrounded
His had happened father's property afraid said of what
Crying
Dizzy
Crying
School's halls echoes through
15 years
Mail, an urge
To surrender lead to pencil, not ammunition
Not spear a, not shears the, pencil but
lacerate to patterns and rid of
remove cancer of the detrimental humanity
Divinity rises with the sun, not cowers in the dark
Divinity strikes high with courage
Not low with fear
a rose with So courage
Not he knew of property
but A is of nourishment, of deference, still knew what his was, to be
And a's grandfather
And grandfather his grandfather's
Chosen, Nevermore.