

**THE
POLITICKAL
BALLADS
VOLUMES i-iii**

INTRODUCTION

Sorry to get involved, I don't think I will be a great benefit to the political climate that greatly populates our late-night conversations, thanksgiving table discussions, or the gross presence of social media expressions. Though, I whisper a small prayer that this might ease some tension, call out the hypocrisy, & unify our little communities.

I promise I'll just be moment.

-Drew

My AgendAss

It really shouldn't be me having a say

So sorry that I'll have a stay

At the end of this day

I'll probably make an ass of myself

**Speaking about somethings I know
nothing about**

Touching soft spots might not help

I am only meant to highlight the crutch

Just give a light nudge

But I'm too torn up about this stuff

Too passionate to play the neutral party

& The walls are just so damn high

But what scares me the most

Is the fall from this cost

, Our SpEars

Lay em down

Lay em down

Lay em down

How are we supposed to move along

If you don't lay em down ?

How are we supposed to move on

If you don't lay em down ?

If you wanna fight, fight with your ears

Want to speak, put down you spears

Put the phone down

Shut the MacBook down

Turn the television off

Have some tea instead

Or coffee if that's your preference

But before you enter my door

& Sit at my table

Lay em down

Lay em down

All your fears

That arm your spears.

, & Their Pitched-Forked Tongues

They are not welcomed.

Not the politician.

Not the news anchor.

Not the man on the street corner,

Holding the picket sign.

Not the woman who is yelling

Cause she drank too much wine.

Because they are so dauntingly venomous

They spit the poison between us,

They are not trusted.

Them & their pitched-forked tongues

With their red and blue ties

With their black and white lies,

With their moral compromise

Trying to compass, but undermine

Our different perspectives, our different lives

With different colored eyes.

They are not invited to this conversation.

They are not part of this feast

Not invited to what happens in this creation,

Like the snake in the Garden

Likes snakes in our Gard'End

Little snakes till the End.



Fuck Your Politicks

Okay. You've had your word, your truth. What good has it done? Awareness? More like division. Dug a deep rift between your neighbor & you. Dug a deep grave for love. So okay, you yelled your complaints. Your voice now cracks, and you're tired. But you still want to get fired up. But fire destroys & burns it all up. & You won't heal from the cuts. So sorry, but honestly, fuck your politicks.

, Yours Too

You who drew the line that somehow, I ended up with, you who think you got it all right, you who don't even know what you made when you made it all up, you who voted the same as me, you with the condescending tone, you with the sound of disgust, you are to blame too.

, & Mine Most of All

I am to blame most of all. For what have I done so far? Write some poetry (if you can call it that) that gets lost in the crowd or sea that is flooding us? I'm just tired too, and maybe this is a last-ditch effort before I politically bite the dust. I'm sure, I should be told to just "shut up". I'm too idealistic, too naïve to birth anything that could help us. So, blame my heart—I'm right there with you. The state of this neighborhood, this city, & this nation can blame me for the gunshots in the hallways, for the foster children, for the scared mothers, for the church division, for all the mistrust. Call me out, tell me "Fuck your politicks", for my convictions have led me to doubt. But let me tell you one more thing: I am not without hope. I have not given up. Yours, yours too, & mine will not execute my optimism for the state of our union. & that's what this next part is about.



Old Folks Now

Keep praying

But open your homes

Keep advising

But stay patient

Show us how to dance

Show us how to build

Show us all, still

, The Woke Now

Start praying

Start listening

Keep striving

Keep diving

You're changing

& Changing me ,

a new generational gravity

, & All Souls Now

We all souls now

Treat with care

Fragility & vulnerability

Hold out your hand

Embrace each other's hearts

& we'll make a gameplan

When we finally understand

That each soul is a soul

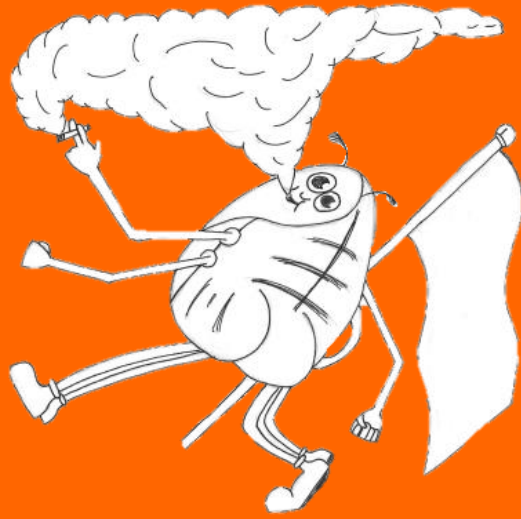
And each name is a name

And with the power of eternity

We can stop out the ticks

& Change our destiny.

:^)



BY MITCHELL JONES