

I Am A Honourable Man
By
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In the beginning...
I was evolving in my mother's womb...
Seven months on... when my father died.
Rage... fear... terror... hate... sorrow... horror... grief... comprehension...
Gave way to resolve... determination... acceptance.

Throughout... in Hell... I roiled, kicked, twisted in the fluid wind.
Dragon's breath... hurricane boiling within.
His essence of spirited... heart of love passed through.
Mainline... undiluted... held thus stuck.

So... was he thoroughly misguided? I'm sure...
Hindsight is great for that.
True to his honour... superstitious to the bone.
Mistrusted doctor's lies.
Feared cameras would steal his soul.
When doctors finished carving the body.
Cameras would finish the left-over scraps.
The Devil be damned... glad to claim the rest.

Father was honourable... true to his word and world.
Walked his talk as he talked his walk.
Steered clear of both when saving his life-force...
In danger of passing on... long before his time became mine.
After his life.. and before my birth.

We met in Mom's womb-verse.
We chatted father to son...
Dad's spirit cradled and cuddled his only living legacy... his bond... his son.
Stroked my eyes... soothed my troubled brow... amidst Mom's turbulent sea.
Whispered softly... deep within my fretful slumbering...
Honourable above all... Honour above... All.

I was/am now the only one to carry his banner...yet his legacy lives on.

The gift of truth is a heavy burden... carried by the wise.
Honour is a priceless dream... It's piper demands are without peer.
The eternal price of honour is self-sacrifice for whomever's most dear.

Mom's love child... conceived in love with the love of her life.
Born of life... born in death throes.
Life and death laced with self-sacrifice... karma's the choice.
Made to protect and preserve the love... sacrifice to live the life deserved.

Stand for your Mother...!
Stand for your sister...!
Stand for your brothers...!

Lay down for the cousin who raped you last night.
He will rape once more tomorrow...
Again you will lay... still... quiet... the pain somehow soothing...
The rage of invasion... the touch soft/hard... malignant reek.
To protect all of the above... gifted child did endue
Stillness endued... silence... the theft of body sans soul...
Price of self-given to savage a non-life shackled by fear.
Predators within and without.... Smiles all about.
Trust be ruinous... faith... tenuous.... Living death a certainty.
Tarnished... damaged beyond worth.

I have done terrible wrongs in fear... hate and loathing.
Symphony orchestra of wrongdoing... slime and shame.
My demons kept time... the refrain and chorus... I, only I... the verse.
Shame eternal in memory forgotten... yet forgiven not.
Make right the wrong at what cost be your home.
Your life and all around you... abides... still.
What price will I pay... What price will I pay?

Block Busters... first Black family on the White block... in the hood.
First Black family on the White block... in the hood...
The gangs were White... to fight... mostly daytime... to night...
The Black gangs... the night fights and flights of hunted prey.
"MIGHTY VICE LORDS...! ROMAN SAINTS...! UP IN HERE!"
The Black/White gangs'... cattle calls to battle...

Nigga... Join...! Move...! Die...! Supreme Gangster am I...
To stubborn to do either. Day to Night... I... alone...fight for my life.
Black to White... White gone Black... Right fuckin' on!
Fight's a fight... no matter the colour...
We all bleed... blood red... for each other.

Verna's Renee was born with her twin sister to an absentee father.
Parent trap refugee... doin' the right thing's not for each other.
Chasing a dream of freedom in government issue gear.
Her mother knew he would never return.
Whether he lived or died in the war... He was gone forever.
An aching poisoned pit inside... owned

Specialist Andrews, reporting as ordered... Captain Sir!
Andrews, I'm told you witnessed that unfortunate altercation
Between myself and young Private Williams... Yes Sir!
I'm told you're close buddies... What did you see?
I saw you strike him and knock him down... Sir!
You didn't see him attack me... unprovoked!
No Sir! I saw you kick him while he was down... Sir!
Boy... you need your eyes fixed and an attitude adjustment...
Young Niggas... such as yourself have the perfect place for it...
A place called Viet Nam... You want to go to war... boy?
You can kiss my Black ass... Captain Sir!

FIGHT Solder!!! Yo' life's DONE...!
To die in this HELL HOL'... If they get by...!
Viet Nam's monsoon rain pummelling my face...
Can't see NOTHIN' SIDEWAYS! Still they come....
Rice-shit-water scratches my throat...
SHIT...! DON'T SWALLOW... SPIT!
Shit-reek fills my world.
What the HELL do these GOOKS eat...!
HEY MEDIC...! MEDIC...!
The Cap'n DOWN... CAP'N DOWN...
I... I MOVE... RUN... DOWN... DIVE...!
Reach the Cap'n... breathing... he's still alive... barely.
Air's gritty... taste ain't pretty... burning flesh never is...

Napalm... burns forever!

My sexual-abuse spanning decades and more...
A victim's legacy: Violence... Guilt... Rage... Shame...
Living negative sub-consciousness... Hate's ball `n chain.....
To be abused... is to abuse once more... and more...still.
The Healing Path... Life-long and arduous.
Survival grows character.... Defines wisdom...
Demands boundless courage.... Strength of Self...
Break the cycle... Fight the stigma...!

Yet... I'm an easy target... a rumoured monster... in their midst...
Career... Community... Children and Family... all lost... to the Big Lie.
Well meaning people determined to self defend against...
Sexual predator... on the prowl for the young and vulnerable... kids.
Sadly... there may be a monster amidst all... there's no dispute...
With truth.... courage... love... honour and life-long support...
Their monster reborn is not I... it is not I.

Once again... I must wake the Dementia Dragon!
Spit in it's eye... Dance on ti's tongue!
Skate down it's throat...
Slice off its balls on the way by...
Kick it in the rear... Square...!
For my Children... and all the others... For Justice!