Last night I had a bad dream:
I was taken away
To a home in Hiroshima
And madness swept it away.
My mother’s flesh was decayed by radiation from hatred,
Complacency in the matrix,
And fire burning our faces.
Hell became reality
We got over-seized
Hair and skin began to vanish:
7,000 degrees
Satan stripped our bodies when my family learned
The violence of apocalypse:
Uranium hurts.
And it was blinding like the light when some magnesium burns
Crying to the sky
As human freedom adjourned.
Damn.
I watched my little brother hold intestines in his left hand
Frail from fear while wailing the tears invested in our homeland.
The roof collapsed upon my father
Ruthless acts of plunder brought up
The fact our slumber costs us human family…
Sons and Daughters.
I dreamt that certain people’s suffering meant far less than others
And awoke to find cold design
Oppressive to the youngsters.
Connected the dots
Between today
and that of my dreams talking
Suspecting they were telling me
To quit all my sleepwalking.

My people were dehumanized,
Rehumanized,
Then reinstated (?)
A “model” for minorities
To give consent:
Emasculated.
Concerned in evil wars
As an abomination:
“Jap.”
Interned for being “foreign”
In some concentration camps.
Linked with fascists racially
I think the facts seem make-believe
But I’m in sync with raps that grace the scene
To shrink the tragic
Faithfully.
But this narrative ain’t dominant.
The consequence of “common sense” is sometimes Colin calls it quits
When trauma gets to callin’ him.
But at least for now I will not say “Shikata ga nai.”
Gaman is strong
My word is bond
When hollering rhymes:
Hai!
Step inside the Dojo
Douzou:
Go…go…
Rectify the meaningful and
Flow.
So.
Slow…Mo.
Never let the world tell you what M-P-H the speed of life is
Men forget our Mothers held us:
Our tendency’s to feed the virus.
Patriarchy?
Malarkey.
Blown away by freedom tracks
But I bet you when they hear this
They’ll just go and call it “emo crap.”

And still my common sense inspired me to make mileage
with a confidence that’s quiet…
But that ain’t silent
And I’m looking for the answers to the riddles in the rhythm
And it’s crooked like the cancer in the liver of a victim
Of the bottle
Just like Masashi
His death was awful
And God,
It haunts me.
That’s my great uncle and namesake
For those of you that didn’t know
Got drafted from internment camps
When murder called his prison’s phone
Post-traumatic stress disorder: USA Today
And I hope that karma bless his soul and all that brave the rain.
Because these fast times echo like high ceilings
And
#BlackLivesMatter
#fuckwhitefeelings
Inclusive of my own
I’ll be truthful to the dawn
Of new ages
Youth raising
Movements of their own
Hundreds of hands up from racist police
Numb from the damage
But rockin’ for peace
Running the planet
Not walking in sleep
Nothing
Goddammit
Is better

To me.