

# PROJECT XX

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A SERIES OF SHORT POETIC STORY

# PROJECT XX

(A POETIC STORY)

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## PROJECT XX

Project 20 was written in a very delicate stage, I called it project because life for me has always been a theory which I research with words and puns and my experience along the last twenty years made me wrote my first official project after the state of mind which contained more poems than even this project.

Project XX is a series of stories that encompasses life, love, money and politics. It talks about experiences with different spheres of life, most of the stories are true and real.

So my note to every reader is to open your minds to the words and the story line, wake your imaginative senses and ride with me on this imperfect yet perfect lines of PROJECT XX.



This is beautiful, I Love the way you carried me from start to finish, it was beautiful.

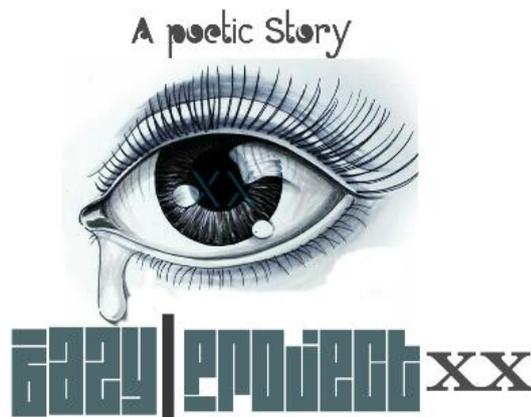
**Imonitie Livingstone, Motivational speaker on MY NURSE.**

I love the storyline behind WE ARE THE STREETS, it was filled with truths.

**Mr.D, spoken word poet.**

It's a pretty long story, but it's beautiful with the format, I love the style.

**Peter words, spoken word poet.**



**An expired ALTER-EGO, a new sense of who I AM, a forgotten notion that WE ARE THE STREETS, a standing long lost love of MY NURSE, a vengeful past after he said TRUST ME, money does not come easily afterwards I was RICH TODAY but that did not stop me from being FRIENDZONED.**

**So I decided to write three letters to TIME, DEATH AND LOVE.**

## ALTER-EGO

This piece was written as a result of life experiences of persons and I didn't want to dwell on the basic acts and facts because of what it triggers, I hope you understand.

(ME is sitting on a chair behind a reading table in a well furnished self-contain, trying to read a covered book until.....)



ME : What! What are you doing here?,  
I thought we had this discussion,  
and I told you I never wanted to see you  
and you should never come back...

me : (laughs) Is it me or your thoughts,  
I thought you were the brilliant son,  
and I know you are bored,  
so when you are tired of acting strong do it,  
because i know we like it hardcore,  
and of course we've got no choice.

-----

ME : Of course I've got a choice and its to kill you with the word,  
but I know you never get tired of this war,  
it seems my body is wired to obey your every wishes,  
but my spirit weeps at your very lashes,

so I know what to do.....,  
I'll do it for now and you promise to never disturb?...

me : Noooooooooooooo!,  
you know you love me, so put the malice aside,  
I'll come back again, you will come back for more,  
you know I know,  
you just spoke of the word,  
why not use it and let's see how it works,  
It's already ineffective in our hands,  
same hands that's dedicated to my alms,  
when you go over the same screen  
over and over again,  
what you see cannot be unseen.

-----  
ME : You urge me to be bad,  
and yet you claim that you love me,  
I wasted my time  
yet you say I'm not enough,  
I give you my all but I guess am still hurting,  
I don't want to do this anymore  
maybe I'll confess my deeds  
and hope I can bring an end to this contract.

me : You know I know,  
this bondage doesn't end,  
when you ate the forbidden fruit,  
it got digested,

so how do you remove  
what's part of your system?.  
Its stuck in your throat,  
so how is someone  
who has evidence of wealth so broke,  
see you have got no clause in this contract,  
I hold the bills and knowing all your deeds,  
what is it I just heard?,  
you want to report yourself  
and become a victim,  
well go on ahead  
let's see how you get off the grid.  
You've gat an awful past,  
and also that led to the present.

-----

ME : You talk about the past,  
did I hear you right, of course no,  
you don't know how to read  
what's right and what's left,  
where were you?  
when that aunty at our former place,  
I mean the face me I face you situation  
when i was bathing,  
and she called me right in front of her  
bathroom.  
I was barely eight,

when I saw what my eyes could never  
unseen.

I have had my own fair share of the apple  
but I think I have come to the light  
This is the end of the tunnel.

me : You speak as if i was not there,  
on your escapades,  
when you were becoming a teen,  
I mean you were almost a pedophile  
Although you did all those shit,  
when you were just a child,  
but I also was there to play my part  
even when you were already a teen,  
you were a lonely attractive beach side.

-----

ME: That's very brilliant  
you remind me of my past,  
but I am not perfect,  
crooked sticks still draw straight lines,  
am a sinner....  
and I acknowledged I have sinned,  
and after all these scenes,  
I wish I could not be part of the cast,  
but the road was already there  
with warnings before I trespassed

but am tired and I need to retire.

me : You know I am your closest pal,  
I know you and your oldest past,  
you can't let go of all of me,  
after just a year of being friends,  
I mean what's good is never too bad,  
you are my friend,  
I'd love us to remain as pals.

-----

ME : I think I'm tired of being a pawn,  
you throw me into the field,  
whenever you want,  
and even my wants you never need,  
all you care about,  
is how I trade my innocence for a six  
minute scene on screen.  
I believe I'll be better without you,  
I have been a slave and even a bigger fool,  
its been a year of pain and that of regret  
and like that little eaglet,  
soon I will soar again.

me : You speak of me as if I'm the problem  
and soon enough you will come back for the  
same process,  
it starts with an urge and it ends in regrets,  
but then I will take my leave

since my presence is disturbing  
I will let you borrow a leaf,  
and I hope you see your mistake  
that me without you.....  
is a heart filled with pain.

-----

(me leaves while ME breathes a sigh of relieve)

ME : You can leave now,  
I'm not in the mood for this,  
its been a long time coming,  
at last I'm free of this,  
I have been a pawnstar  
and I hope I never return,  
the scenes are blurry  
and the cast are judged not by their works  
but by their belief,  
let me return back to Love,  
ask for forgiveness for the deeds of lust  
and that will be the end of the start of this  
film,  
As I retrace my steps.....

-----

Alter-Ego was written as a result of personal experience with people who had multiple personalities, one good the other sinful, like a double life.....

The truth is everyone has a past but not everyone takes hold of their future. You can take hold of yours stop the addiction now.

## I AM

I am that audible voice louder  
than the most silent whispers,  
I am the neck that refused the head  
because it was too heavy,  
I was the hand that threw stones at the thief,  
yet am worst than the most dreaded snitch.

I was the hand that carried the briefcase  
filled with cash and put in a mansion  
I am the hand that squeezed my offering  
until it became a tithe  
I am the boy that heads a herd of grown men,  
so you can call me the head boy.

I am the child that lost his interest to face his books,  
so maybe I should be called Facebook  
I am the girl athlete, running pillar to post,  
I should be called a runs girl.

I am the you who believes in God,  
yet giving seems like a task  
I am the foot that refuses the ball,  
so they complain about my passes  
Yet I scored my goals.

I am you who believes in Grace,

but I slither with the green snake  
hidden under the green grass,  
I am you who believes in them,  
their lies and manifestos  
While we await their manifest too.

I am the name  
which refused to be mentioned  
I am.....

## **WE ARE THE STREETS**

Given birth to in a little corner down the south side,  
We grew up with little peers down the bad side,  
we saw life from a different point of view,  
so while we write with broken pencils  
does not mean our thoughts are pointless,  
we come from a rich heritage of thieves and chiefs,  
we collect what is ours and rule what we have.

We've always wanted to be educated  
but our goals in life has always been truncated, so we take life as it  
comes, a day at a time,  
while you care about what those kleptomaniacs promised our fathers over  
20 years ago,  
we focus on what's best to smoke in our h.k's and jungles,  
we stopped believing them,  
because they only have hands of steal and great lie-ability  
but our strength lies in our hustle because we are the streets.

We knew our mistake the very day we made them,  
our daughters became pregnant virgins and our sons holy thieves,  
we saw the path they followed, but what can we do?,  
we already gave them a trail,  
when we gave birth to the boys,  
our words were only those with book on their heads can use a pen to  
murder a sword,  
they always listened to our voice until they found out how this country  
aborted conceived dreams,  
we felt we should turn to our girls,

remind them that they can make the change if they can zip up,  
but the only zip they had, they let it slip down,  
they joined their brothers in the hostile take over  
they were given to change in A. p.c,  
they used their fingers to work, so they can be klin and  
fresh using omo because we are the streets.

The streets isn't devoid of conscience and reason,  
I mean we have children who read with candle lights,  
we have children who came out top of their class,  
but the government paid no attention to their class,  
we were too down here, while they were up there,  
when we hoped for the best, the thoughts of the lies and pain ran across  
our chests,  
as we have bad eggs so also good ones,  
we do not count our eggs before they are hatched,  
we still think of our leaders as empty-hens,  
filled with unfulfilled promises  
they are every where you go,  
we continue with our hustle believing in it,  
because we are the streets.

People ask who are the streets,  
We are those children you look at and insult our dullness,  
we dropped out of school into life  
when our fathers died of frustration from not collecting their pension.  
We are those children who pay our tithes,

unable to go to the schools our churches built.

We are those children who run pass the windows of your car shouting  
“buy your cold pure water”, “buy your sweet orange”, “buy your sweet  
mango”...,

but nobody wants to buy into our dreams and visions.

We are those children who eat meat only on harvest Sundays,  
and eat chicken on Christmas days.

We are problems that have lingered for long we want to be solved,

It was never meant to be this way,

But as I said what choices are there

We are the streets.

**WE ARE THE STREETS.**



### MY NURSE

I fell in Love before I even knew what it meant,  
when Judith asked me playfully when I was just a kid  
I told her about my NURSE,  
that I would marry her,  
not even understanding the hurdles of love,  
I met her in the children's department at the local church  
she was a beauty, a sight to behold  
her face was a gaze at the stars her  
voice sang an elfish lullaby,  
she was fair amongst others,  
we were never very close and my  
Love for her had no holds,  
everything fell in place and soon  
she became my NURSE.

The Children's day celebration draw close, though I was no artist it  
drew us close,  
closer because when the drama was selected it was the good Samaritan  
and I would  
act the doctor and she the nurse to the patient,

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