

mekah.online

haiku a day keep the evil eye away
april 23rd-march 24th 2025

april 23rd, 2025

honeybee sage, well

i love to find places where

i belong - to self.

april 22nd, 2025

the empire's crimes

always come home. where to turn?

humanity, first.

april 21st, 2025

phone dropped at lake shore
traveled back to retrieve. it
was perched so very

precariously
over puddle, stuck in mud
but saved by sweet grace.

april 20th, 2025

revolution not
your fake democracy, NOW?
world building in books

belongs to the black,
brown and queer beings on earth.
alive in spirit,

Octavia bore
many a blessing through her
portal of a pen.

april 19th, 2025

reject me? i will
rejoice. fall to my knees and
take Jah's redirect.

april 18th, 2025

wade in the water,
does anybody have a
shoulder? cry, river.

april 17th, 2025

There's an ache in my
hips and it builds to the point
of needing release.

Helpful or harmful
habits to build our lives and
I fear I have failed.

Pacify ego
no more, pleasure pursuits have
ruined family.

april 16th, 2025

June Jordan said it's
not poetry unless it
tells the truth, and you?

you died that day - liar.
you're no poet, and you know
it. phoney loser.

april 15th, 2025

Posthumous awards.

Please, pass the hummus this way
and free Palestine!

april 14th, 2025

melting together
like chocolate chips in a
crock pot, just a taste.

children stick fingers
in, covered with brown silk sweet.
this is like life, no?

april 13th, 2025

To be alone, in
solitude, but never far
from my brown offspring.

I have my 'why' with
me, reminders that a mom's
love is deeper than

what man's court can do.
May my babies be covered
during this reveal.

My spirit can no
longer afford to accept
abuse or misuse.

There is a longing
in me, to belong. This got
exploited, now free.

april 12th, 2025

Grumbling gets me
nowhere, except maybe near
God's not right ear - hear?

april 11th, 2025

mal energy folks

send to me will only turn
into more money!

april 10th, 2025

do it for the plot.

don't stop, do it for the plot.

do it for the plot.

april 9th, 2025

there is a portal,
a gateway to a new place.
fresh, free dimensions.

the journey and the
arrival are the questions.
be the vehicle.

april 8th, 2025

when a woman who
used to depend on men for
validation - stops?

what the fuck can you
do to her?! wild women
reawaken now.

take hold, sisters. we
give to ourselves and make it
known that only when

he walks with God, the
Superior Man, if you
will - safety exists.

april 7th, 2025

the definitions
of difficult and submit
are not easy, right?

remembering your
true nature should not be so
hard, babe. know thy self.

april 6th, 2025

glorious revive

all. remember, we are the
moment. mind rules all.

april 5th, 2025

Going through some days
in a daze, but I peel back
layers now and breathe!

april 4th, 2025

'Keep Me Satisfied'

by Jungle played tonight on
radio, I smiled.

Human design tells
me that my 'not self' is when
I feel frustrated.

The opposite is,
satisfaction. Spirit burned
down my door that night.

I could not sleep y'all!
I was frustrated and knew
I needed to scream!

From the mountain tops,
we stand tall and demand all
our dignity back!

april 3rd, 2025

♪ 'FROM BEGINNING TO
END, THREE HUNDRED SIXTY-FIVE
DAYS OF THE YEAR!' 🎵 -go!

those that know, i think...
you're my kind of people, hm?
maybe, baby! -come!

april 2nd, 2025

solidarity

comes in waves and we ride fast,
slow, up, down, around.

the currents of life

are often clear but when they
are cloudy, be still.

april 1st, 2025

I AIN'T A KILLER

BUT DON'T PUSH MEEEEEE, except on
swings. Wisconsin swings.

march 31st, 2025

'Hey mom, did you know
fish are never thirsty?' out
the mouth of young one.

Spoke more to my heart
as 'when aligned, all needs are
provided by God.'

march 30th, 2025

how many times in
history has her story
been told? lying ass.

men covered in lies,
guilt and shame that keeps getting
handed down to sons.

lets talk bout daughters
who know their fathers but know
no warmth. tell your girls!

tell them you love them,
tell the mothers they're needed.
so much rage is here.

i envision my
indigenous ancestors
who birthed their babies

on earthen floor and
then the colonizer saw
fit to rip away

our babies, our land,
our language, our men, our rites,
our poems, our pen.

when i speak now it's
not just for me. i summon
might of those before.

fascists and abuse
thrive when silence chokes and fear
reigns. faith, joy must stay.

march 29th, 2025

my nigga got his
shirt pulled off just like cherry
blossoms open now.

finally winter
turns to spring and we can lay
in grass, unabashed.

free to come out like
the new green sprouts, we shout out
loud to the sky 'YES!!!!'

march 28th, 2025

No direction. Could
stop, any time now. Lord help,
your kid is weary.

march 27th, 2025

human condition
and expectation poison
the planet. please, why?

fruition proves that
the intuition always
has a say. please, hear!

resigned to despair
but it's possible that we
can get real, pure hope.

march 26th, 2025

my autonomy.

MF DOOM and gloom got us
on lock, eternal.

there is but one you,
choose what you pour in wisely.
iftar to break fast.

march 25th, 2025

no more performance,
the curtain closes on my
ideals. essence left.

march 24th, 2025

if i had known soft
kisses awaited me at
this hour, i'd have

come sooner love. now
i know who's undisputed
as champ of my heart.