

# mekah.online

haiku a day keep the evil eye away  
february 23rd - january 24th 2025

february 23rd, 2025

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graduated from

giving a fuck. are you glad

old me is long gone?

february 22nd, 2025

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rolling over road

less traveled. they say joy is

tyranny-be-gone.

february 21st, 2025

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my baby girl picked  
me, on this day. made mother  
out of she, who knows.

my mother picks face.  
i picked her, surely. granny,  
held us all inside.

my fate plucked me from  
the loins of the creator.  
escape to earth life.

february 20th, 2025

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i sit here and don't  
know what to write. creative  
lost for appetite.

february 19th, 2025

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I opened a door  
in the place where I live to  
see a new portal.

Immortal lives of  
Henrietta, no lacking.  
Now privilege stacking.

No birds or bees for  
my children, I speak of earth  
and seed fathers sow.

Establish the dream  
no cuts to the seam, thread bare.  
tread light beloved.

february 18th, 2025

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get rich quick mama.

don't know when i'll be back but

soon - like the subway.

up the stairs to go

down into the belly of

the beast, NYC.

there are tender hearts

and art, everywhere. film and

fashion lend their hands.

making miracles

sometimes is simply sober,

kind recognition.

february 17th, 2025

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beyonce album

of the year award, she won  
when writing herself.

february 16th, 2025

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no friend or foe for  
me, I use co-creation  
possibility.

february 15th, 2025

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idolatry should  
be illegal. they give us  
the circus on phones.

where is home? none know.  
much stress comes if we only  
use GPS, please!

ponder the plot and  
strategize for the seasons.  
feast or famine, huh?

survival of the  
meekest. progeny incurs  
environment debt.

february 14th, 2025

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execution now

for the part of me that wants  
to be perfect, bye!

february 13th, 2025

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what we desire,

desires us. sire is

buried in there. give life now.

february 12th, 2025

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I swear Oya rides  
for me. No one can tell me  
any different, see...

The storms they follow  
me. Scorpio scorned and built  
in resiliency.

Amber eyes, 'nado  
hit Nashville. Hurricane wiped  
Ashville, once I left.

Then we took New York,  
I never know who I'll meet  
on sweet streets, I'm found.

They saw me in red,  
bucket hat to warm shaved head.  
The snow came after.

february 11th, 2025

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verdant beginnings.  
extreme pressure fluctuates  
no surprise, no wait.

true leaders know when  
to follow because every  
body leads themselves.

trust the process no  
rush on the success, it took  
many breaths. get here.

february 10th, 2025

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seeing happy folks

holding hands, smile and speak in  
tame intimate tongue.

commit to create

a heaven, it's in your hands.

hold steady now love.

february 9th, 2025

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is every moment  
not my moment? what to make  
of the mystery?

this life could be lived  
to the fullest if you get  
your curious fill.

february 8th, 2025

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snow falls and so does  
my pretense. senses fail now,  
intuition rules.

february 7th, 2025

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black sesame in  
this ten dollar latte. there  
is grime in new york.

ten billion dollar  
plans on the dinner table.  
there is grit in me.

maybe we match some.  
when i arrive i sigh with  
relief, here none sleep.

february 6th, 2025

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you never know how  
many languages bodies  
hold. one or poly.

my body holds the  
language of victorious  
curiosity.

february 5th, 2025

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white, four door chevy  
trucks are freeway fantasma.  
how many girls did

you pick up in that  
one? flying in to music  
city while you scheme.

the plot thickens and  
pulses quicken and i gave  
some years to the yacht.

oh, you sank it on  
your own. cut the anchor loose,  
she takes no abuse.

february 4th, 2025

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god won't bless our sins.

i should have known we'd never  
win. the way it starts

is a preface to

how it all ends. where do you  
stand now sir? i'm free!

february 3rd, 2025

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kali sticks her tongue  
out, screams like the Māori  
mid parliament floor

did you know your child,  
venus born carries that cry?  
she does, oh she does.

february 2nd, 2025

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i'm at therapy,  
occupational. face down  
with neck, low back, feet

covered in moist heat,  
God snatched judgement out the back  
of my head. no, really.

tears and over think,  
i was stuck in what i assume  
others think of me.

God snatched judgement out  
the front of my chest, good thing  
vengeance is God's, sí!

february 1st, 2025

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the beginner's mind  
comes in right on time for me  
to release ego.

january 31st, 2025

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when spirit moves you  
it's best for all to listen,  
act accordingly.

january 30th, 2025

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children stare, notice  
strong spirits in adults who  
are youthful to boot.

does growing up mean  
anything, anymore? who  
decides when youth ends?

maybe it depends  
on your friends and keeping your  
enemies closer.

january 29th, 2025

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lunar new year for  
the old dragons who in all  
their wisdom and shine

took the time to help  
rabbit and tiger arrive  
safe to jade palace.

the snake came right in  
after the dragon flew up.  
the slithering one

claimed to be the son  
of the dragon. emperor  
welcomed it, simple.

rat got first place due  
to trickster energy and  
bright cunning quickness.

moral of story?  
manipulation is to  
use gifts god gave you.

january 28th, 2025

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early morning new  
day brewing I am longing  
for the touch and breath

men of color can  
often lack valor and they  
say systems are just

what was intended  
to separate us from true  
indigenous truth

men of leisure sure  
can be mean. but how to shift  
the plays for power

this decision to  
be hand of the patriarch  
and pull us down down

who will bring us back  
up? they read the books but fall  
so short of praxis.

who are you even?  
turned against each other how  
to come together?

to stand may lead to  
death on the front lines we hear  
ancestors cheering.

january 27th, 2025

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days pass, we work them  
through material and now  
immaterial

is there another  
way to go forward without  
sacrificing soul?

push push push past all  
the voices who preach to buy  
more more won't save us.

january 26th, 2025

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litigation is  
in itself, another form  
of raking me o'er

coals or jagged rocks  
you lost so much sauce, y'know?  
little men who harm

i look like your ma  
don't i deserve to breathe easy?  
your father did this

to your mother but  
she gave up the fight and now  
i pay for all sins

lucky for our blood  
lines, i have drawn mine in the  
sand. this time love wins

january 25th, 2025

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oil pulling with  
coconut oregano  
herbs for true healing

lubrication for  
removing all the impure  
unwanted unseen

how can i remove  
impurities from my heart?  
ask google or God.

january 24th, 2025

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sitting in warm sun  
cold winter window all while  
crunching on apples

seasonal fruits of  
spirit i think apples are  
probably patience

love, kindness, peace, faith,  
self-control, gentleness, joy,  
goodness to get through

let's all agree ease  
will be a staple in our  
lives especially

luxuriously  
sitting in the warm winter  
sun, crunching apples.