

mekah.online

haiku a day keep the evil eye away

October 23rd-September 24th 2025

october 23rd, 2025

keep it cogent now,
surprises of various
kind arise with soul.

october 22nd, 2025

they want to get my
gold on the ceilo, huh.
just a matter of

time. come thru and we
gather around collective
fire. lore on the floor.

october 21st, 2025

life is lived among
the living and those that have
heart as light as a

feather will thrive through
the misery crusted on
some of Earth's children.

october 20th, 2025

parallel worlds, we
cross the streets into brand new
existence. the dream

lives beyond the mark
of the moment. rest in your
piece of the parcel.

october 19th, 2025

you can't outclass the
law. mad because mami took
you to school. learn up.

october 18th, 2025

the moss covered a
certain side of the trees and
rocks. guiding all of

our ancestors north.
black American native.
copper skin and feet

padding along on
nature's carpet. moving green
grow in direction

of your dreams. for
we are fulfilling their most
wild, wily wishes.

october 17th, 2025

bending to be like
the willow tree who becomes
shelter and play place.

october 16th, 2025

there's no ritual
in coddling and so we
trod on. one more step

october 15th, 2025

maybe surety

and arrogance are cousins

who kiss. leave me be.

october 14th, 2025

finding myself not
knowing but wondering what
the world will look like.

october 13th, 2025

I want my children
to know what to say to the
police but also

an estranged lover.

I want them to know how to
hold a pistol and

also, how to hold
space for a full, grieving heart.
we are the small axe.

october 12th, 2025

I've started to call
her - Miel Mantequilla
or 'honey butter'.

The girl who will chew
butter like it's gum and light
up the room with sweet.

october 11th, 2025

my love is like slow
cooked stew on a brisk autumn
night. flavors need time.

october 10th, 2025

the funny thing is
I was never a huge fan
of poetry, I

just write what comes to
me. call it a download or
channeling....it does

not matter much here.
I make art as life blood, for
what else should consume?

october 9th, 2025

destiny resides

where dramatics used to live.

love - my domicile

october 8th, 2025

the ultimate ghost

and you thought I wouldn't go

to a higher judge?

october 7th, 2025

you can not - not talk
to God and think intellect
will overrule prayer.

my prayers are potent.
no pretense or official
statement. 'thank you' comes

as fast as 'help me'
does. 'protect us' flows quickly
too. I raise my hands.

october 6th, 2025

it's seems all days melt
into nothingness, but the
moments are so sweet.

learning to not judge
but instead witness all the
humanness we see.

my child's view of
me matters more than any
opinion of an

outsider. women
who would rather live their lives
based on the whims of

dangerous men. I
refuse to march to the drum
of illusion. free.

october 5th, 2025

changing your hair is
representation of an
inner shift coming.

october 4th, 2025

making memories
forbidden is a way that
colonizers keep

histories hidden.

what is the recourse for this
crime? who makes it right?

october 3rd, 2025

"where are they now" but
pandemic edition. we
started new projects.

wherever you go
there will be love. we know now
how to slow it down.

october 2nd, 2025

just because someone
doesn't acknowledge nature's
laws, doesn't mean we

have to acquiesce
to coercion or threats of
unnatural kind.

october 1st, 2025

he said "do you know
who you look like?", I smiled.
"tell me!", I exclaimed.

"nobody" - I laughed,
"thank you Honey, that's a high
compliment". lift up.

september 30th, 2025

freedom is constant

praxis and one must be sure

that they affirm it.

september 29th, 2025

develop the whole
heart and soul to be free. trust
and know who you are.

september 28th, 2025

dive in to the waves

and let the tide take you far.

trust you will be held.

september 27th, 2025

Assata passed the
torch to vile, otherworldly
women. we got it.

september 26th, 2025

Ixchel appears and
I remember to focus
on hope, love and faith.

Nemesis walks at
my feet and we boldly go
the distance, secure.

Santa Muerte holds
the balance of the world and
administers fate.

september 25th, 2025

giving flowers now.

before the death of ego,

know how far to go.

september 24th, 2025

reigns of terror will
always come to an end. just
like the rains that flood

and wash out impure
existence and lack of love.
tides rise, where are you?