I envy you Mr. Million Dollar Hip-Hop Rapper.
Not because of the money that you make,
but because of the freedom you have in splitting a verb.
Whether on or off stage,
society respectfully calls it poetry.
With my degrees,
if I were to do the same,
society as a whole
would lynch me.
Even, perhaps, the NAACP
would not represent me.
Please forgive me Dr. King,
and Ms. Sojourner Truth.
Like Walter Lee, in A Raisin In The Sun,
my spirit remains muffled.
Mr. Hip-Hop Rapper,
oh,
how I envy your freedom.
And not because of the money that you make
but because you can exhale . . .

(2013)