

## Arkarna

### "A Poet Sits"

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a poet sits on a bench and he writes his poem  
(captain of the poets)

[v1]

watch me grab my patterns of thought  
in permanent ink on slabs of bark  
a train riding through the middle of your mind  
planted down in my spinal tappin your body  
mappin with vinyl life  
(turntables) illuminate  
(the finer things) spinnin underground casin  
things will never just be the same old thing  
forever revolutionizing the scene, a poet  
you know it, when I flow it get your action on appeal  
(like a top quarterback)  
attend your line with a hard ass mind and a hype that's  
rhyme  
feel me, writing the book of my life  
with a bypass surgical heart implant  
where the art is kept  
swept, get, past the front door  
where the mass minister, sinister  
never that priest, east to west we blast and meet ya  
with hands to me to expand the legacy  
that will hype and chill where the gates at  
It's amazing to elevate, allocate, final truncate  
with the feature to play back

[v2]

my fate chose to follow me this far  
a shadow came with every step as life revealed the  
dark  
a guardian, a hell's angel, tested my fate  
and they be, unsure of every move that I would make  
and I ignore, sometimes listen  
on every mission we explore, the outs and ins  
just like sailors on the shore  
a poet riding the wave of metaphors  
stop to dock by the bay and write an editorial  
life wasn't easy, tribe unique we are soul survivors  
I done seen things, eyes of a deep sea diver

mister mystery missin a word to describe, i'm  
sittin patiently waitin for earth to enlighten my  
my destiny inspired every quote  
it met me at this crossroad just tryin to let me know  
It's more to grow  
mean what I said in chan eleven flow  
and always check for signals, internet has the info

(captain of the poets)

[v3]

maybe the legacy i-n check  
will be the impression I leave on the people who listen  
to music I make  
take it or leave it believe it or not  
got my man on the side to prove this point  
forges strong in the family tree  
roots are stronger than enemy's hate  
so relate to me if you can't  
pledge your thoughts in a garden with freedom of  
speech  
to each his own, metrinome  
childrens grow to know the world  
even home with the young mind  
looking for answers in the truth  
my music will guide you through time  
used to be that kid on the bench in the park writin to  
figure out life  
now I'm a man on the mic who's doin his mark, thinking  
of kids and a wife  
It's important to me to know my days on earth mean  
something more  
than a couple songs I made that played in basement  
stereos galore  
aerial views of crews I knew and memory bank that  
hourglass  
thinking of lessons learned as tables turned another  
hour pass  
legacy's left while pen strokes enlightenment from a  
future class  
so many young and talented broke livin l.a. life with a  
bus pass  
travelling to the open mic spots anywhere they can bust  
at

(captain of the poets)

[v4]

It's hard to keep the peace without dealing with the war  
It's hard to feel you've got it all when you can get more  
but just think back, way back when when you had none

and wanted some, and we were hungry as they come  
just dumb and young, and young and dumb and we  
had fun  
in lemmard park, and harvard park and leffard park  
specific start, was 84 I was only nine  
been writin rhymes and in these times eligh  
I see why people quit, they don't see the benefits  
only in it to get rich, hit it big or forfeit  
and off course is the politics  
collegeship went on the back burner  
didn't get a scholarship even though I was a fast  
learner  
searchin for the undisputed truth  
experience, I've had more data for the proof  
and here he is just have again, back in the loot  
buried in the books but he's weary of their roots

(captain of the poets, so listen)

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