

**APPLES OF MY EYE CRY DRY BUT FILL  
MASTERS CUPS AND FOREIGN WATERS  
WHILST MY NATIVE RIVERS RUN DRY**

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Apples of my eye cry dry but fill masters cups and foreign waters whilst my native rivers run dry

Imagery Adam and Eve pigmented separate both meek - in their eyes they saw love not somatic secretion spued  
by satanic completion through tongues turn apples of eye's to blasphemous seeds

Meadow of my heart find root in a misty storm obscure their vision, secure me of scorn born innately? in infant  
cradles homes .

Young friends aged 7 named master by my grandmother of whom I revere as gogo .modesty in-humanity  
prevailed to veil pain from wrinkled skinned males grievously but viciously stripped of their hue- man qualities

Sins of the soul take root in physical iniquities mouths preach pigmentation as if it's polygamy to rebuke free  
speech for bleached aesthetics is what they seek

effecting ,on the rights one feels to plant legacies

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