

... How I feel affects other people!!!



DENYING OUR SEED

"These kids of today won't make it" (Denying our seed)
"These kids of today have no respect." (Denying your seed)
"These kids of today have no manners." (Denying her seed)
"They have no regard for life." (Denying his seed)
"They don't know how good they've got it." (Denying our seed)

I've lied, taken chances, tried to be an adult
when I thought I was supposed to be more responsible
based on what I was told I "should know by now."

(Recognizing your seed)

I've tried to get into a club under age, played hooky, house, doctor and nurse...

Had to have messages repeated until I got it
(and I didn't get it until I heard it for the first time from "my" messenger...)

(Recognizing her seed)

And I've played 'spin the bottle' and R.C.K. (aka R.C.F. with the right group),
'hide & go feel' ... cops & robbers ...

cowboys & cowboys (never wanting to be the Indians)
and (oh, my God) I've been overheard using foul language.

(Recognizing our seed)

I'm a descendent of a culture that was connected to some sort of enslavement, holocaust, ignorance, revolution, prejudice, violence, pornography, substance and spousal abuse, discrimination, molestation,
and my age group was *also* the first to experience peer pressure.

I remember being rewarded for being stubborn (justifying my character development)
(OK, I don't really remember that...)

but I remember having my 'normal' actions questioned)
And I remember wondering how I was ever going to make it
when no one understood me?

What could I do to prove myself... Did people like me... What was the latest style/fad?
Was it for me? (IRREVELANT!)

(Recognizing His seed)

I remember "no" growing in its intensity...
"stop" ... "wait" ... "listen" ... "[my name]" and my full name....

I've managed to forget how I wondered what would happen if when,
after I tried to do certain things my mother would react...

My father, grandparent, brother, sister, friend, boyfriend
girlfriend, peers, teacher, boss... Even how my children would react?

I've managed to forget risqué, seductive, suggestive words in songs
And wanting to *get it on* or *get down tonight*
by sexing somebody, anybody, everybody up

Expecting *no romance without finance* since *bad and nasty girls* weren't worried about

doing it to death all night long with somebody else's guy who wasn't wondering *who was making love to his old lady* while he was out making love, because as *thin as the line* was between love and hate it was clear that *papa* was a rolling stone who didn't take no mess and, like Parliament, you could *bet your bottom dollar* that he would *funk you up* whenever he felt *that funky sensation*.

And it didn't matter if you knew how to *shake your money maker* or your booty until your *love came down* from your *riding the white horse* in *hot pants* or *high heal sneakers*, if you didn't realize that *it takes a fool to learn to love the one you're with* and *do it 'til you're satisfied*.

Have you forgotten how we would *tear the roof off the sucka* or *chase the cat*
like the dog [in me] looking for some *sexual healing*?

Oh yes I believed that if you would *let me make love to you* that I wouldn't stop
'til you asked me to... told me to... begged me to *get funky with me, Mr. Big Stuff*,
at *Lady Marmalade's* house (Voulez vous?) *How do you like your love?*

And I only ask because I want to be sure you know you *can't hit and run*
now that you know I *love to love you baby*. So *stay in my corner*,
let me rub you down with some burning hot oil and *take you higher*.
Come on sexy momma, you've got to give it up... *before I let go*.

Yes, I remember changing some of those lyrics and laughing that
they'd never use 'those' words.
Do you?

See, I've even managed to forget John 8:7...
I'm throwing stones like they're going out of style.

Yet maybe you never had the urge to... never flirted... talked dirty...
fantasized, fondled or faked....

Peer pressure has gone away since you've managed to keep up with the Jones'
while in your political correctness you still read the cue cards that say you can be anything
you want to be... waking up and making it through another day free from your addiction.
Yet not free from the flashback 'these kids of today' give you.

And as the Stop sign *now* looks red to you
You lash out where you could reach out to offer guidance...
You *give up* where you could give hope through your patience...
You retreat where you could repeat the lessons, applications, and realities....

I'm going to try to remember not to deny my seed when I can recognize it.
These kids of today will make it because (and sometimes in spite) of the fact that
they are related to us kids who weren't supposed to make it.
Then maybe they'll wonder how those kids of tomorrow will *make it if they try?*
You see I believe that there's *no stopping us now*.