

"Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

Poets at the Culture, Arts, and Parks Committee of the Seattle City Council.

Living in the 21st century planet by Jeremy Jay Bartolome

Living in the 21st century planet
not written in the bible but i know god planned it
when the sun and the stars collide
i will be the product of what the constellation tried to hide
nuclear fusion!
i will be that bright star that gives off energy to the unspoken tongues of
the 21st century
to the hearts of men with wounded scars
we do not speak
our minds hopelessly dropping like falling stars
our words, hopelessly dropping like asteroids hitting the
atmosphere of the earth
I fear of the birth/ i fear the birth
of us pluto natives
living farthest away from the planet of the sun
we live in our own world
where our hearts beat like drums
dancing to the harmony of three little birds
who sing of freedom, but we say no words
we do not speak
we do not speak
in our world of the unspoken tongue
our shadows are hidden by the eclipse of the sun
yet, we will find ourselves
with books of unspoken words
written and sitten on our shelves, there is our shadow
this is our product
our byproduct, like helium producing energy for the sun seducing our minds,
self-abusing our tongues
this is world is losing our sons
who is losing their minds, who is cruising through time
feeling unbelonging to a world slowly revolving, slowly revolving, slowly
revolving
around the sun
it takes us 250 years before our orbit has spun
it took us hundreds of tears before our writing begun
And now, our homeland stands on paper
and this is where I live
this is where my home is at
welcome to my habitat
My door is open, My door is open
for the hearts that are broken
for the hopelessly hopen
for the bleeding souls that are soaked
in red, Marb reds i be smokin
to relive stress I must be jokin
I ask God for a token

I ask God for a token
Cuz my penny has a hole in it
Yes, my penny has a hole in it
I ask God for a token
For a token of advice
And he tells me-
keep your door open, for the tongues that are unspoken
And he knows

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