

Peace family. Although my name is on the cover of the BE series, I assure you that I am not the only mind behind this body of work. All of humanity authored this re-telling. I am merely the hand that was used to type the words. I will take credit for one thing though, the Swahili that the chapter numbers are in.

I am Afrikan as we all are by way of the first woman and man so I decided to use chapter headings indicative of who we are. If we can use Roman numerals and Euro-American numerals I decided to use Swahili, an Afrikan language to distinguish chapters. It is my prayer that everyone that reads this series will know some Swahili numerals.

Before this re-telling I could not tell you one number in any Afrikan dialect. Why, because no one ever taught me to even think to ask the question *Why* until now.

This place, this land mass called Afrika is unquestionably the cradle of civilization. It's where hue-manity began right? So, why do we Western society begin history at the decline of great Afrikan civilizations. I mean we, hue-manity had civilizations over 9,000 years old when we began our western interpretation of history. Isn't that like learning your time tables beginning with the number five. Impossible right? So is beginning the history of mankind two thousand years ago. Let's move on before this becomes too preachy.

Yes, I spell Afrika with a K to denote the human consciousness shared by every human being on the planet – a consciousness that inherently is ruled by love and the preservation of hue-manity. And, I spell it with a K because I can. Now, back to the jaw dropping revelation that we hue-manity are all from Afrika. Hmm, lets see... our darker hued brothers and sisters have been telling our light-close-to-white

little brothers and sisters forever that hue-manity began in Afrika. Of course they didn't believe us until in the early 1970's a light-close-to-white brother named Leakey verified the origin of hue-manity in Afrika, a truth that Afrikans have been telling for centuries.

So if the first man and woman came from Afrika, that means every human being is essentially Afrikan.

This series is a retelling of what is to come for mankind if we don't come together as a family and cure or kill the evil in hue-manity. This book is written in storied parables so 21st century hue-manity can understand why humankind is perpetuating genocide. Most important is that this a re-telling - a guide to moving all humanity to that biblical *Promised Land* of complete freedom.

The stories are very graphic, very real. It is my hope and prayer that all who read this series will **BE** come: *The Rise* and **BE** come: *The Re-Awakening* so hue-manity can **BE** come: *Re-Membered* back together as **ONE** collective body working to make life **GOoD** for all of humanity.

It's all **LOVE** fam,
Jihad Shaheed Uhuru

O

August 25, 1955

Money, Mississippi

The cargo on the old pick-up's rusty bed banged and rattled around while the two men drove through dirt, mud and wooded terrain as they headed toward the Talahatchie River.

"Fuckin' niggers," Roy spit snuff in the old soup can before placing it on the bench seat between him and his brother-in-law. "Betcha bottom dolla' JW, one 'em 'on't eva' as much as look at my wife let alone speak to her. Eva'."

"I'm wit' ya Roy, but the little one watn't even n'ere. Little nigger can't be mo' 'en se'em ah eight," J.W. said.

Roy turned his head, "Stop makin' all that goddam' racket, shit, fire, and save piss," Roy hollered before turning back to face the wooded terrain in front of him. "Can't hear a god damn thang with all that whinin'."

"I was saying," JW said, "what we oughtta do instead of killin' the li'l darkie, we make him watch what we do to our niggers that get out of line and then," JW pointed a dirty, pale finger in the air, "we sen' 'em back ta' tell the otha' niggers what happens when ya' disrespect our women folk."

Roy turned his head. "I swear if them coons don't stop all that damn racket." Roy slammed on brakes.

"Help!" Help!" fourteen-year-old Emmett shouted.

"I want my momma!" his seven-year-old cousin Treble cried.

Roy jumped out the truck, grabbed his shotgun and ran to the side of the rusty, old pick up. After throwing the shotgun onto the bed, he climbed over the side and grabbed the gun from the floor.

The two boys were hog tied like calves, and stuffed into two large burlap sacks.

“Please... I’m sorry. I’m sorry. Please let us go,” Emmett cried.

“I want my mommy,” Treble cried.

Roy turned the shotgun so that the wood stock was furthest from him before lifting it above his head and bringing it down on the smaller burlap sack.

Treble screamed.

“Didn’t I tell you two to stop all that racket?”

“Pop!”

Roy beat both boys until both burlap sacks were red with blood.

“Got dammit, Roy, The li’l ‘on is jus’a pup.” JW pointed.

Roy held onto the shotgun by the barell while bent over trying to catch his breath. “Nigger pups grow inta’ full grown dogs. How’d ya’ like it if one of ‘em whistled at yo’ wife, JW?”

“If ya’ kill the damn pup Roy, Niggers won’t know fa’ sho’ what happens when ya’ says sump’in out da way ta’ one of our white women.”

Moments later, Roy and JW were back in the truck.

A short while later they pulled up to a clearing.

JW turned to Roy, “I swear ta God Roy, if you killed that pup...

“Well Hells Bells and shit cocktails,” Roy turned to his brother-in-law, “if you don’t sound like a nigger lover.”

“Brother-in-law or not,” JW said, “call me a nigger lover ag’in, swear ta God almighty, you’ll be in that river with that nigger on back da’ truck.”

While they were arguing seven year old Treble managed to untangle himself from the knots tied around his hands and feet. “Cousin,” he whispered. He still couldn’t see but he could feel his cousin’s body after he rolled over to the burlap sack that Emmett was hog tied in.

“Cousin,” Treble whispered again while rubbing up against the cotton gin fan that was cutting his back while tearing the burlap threads of the bag he was in.

JW and Roy were still sitting in the truck arguing when the burlap strings began to come apart on Treble’s bag.

Roy saw movement out of the rearview mirror right as Treble began to climb out of the truck.

“God damn it, we got a runner this time,” Roy said before he and JW jumped out the truck and gave chase through the woods.

Treble had only gotten about a hundred yards before Roy and JW closed in.

“Shit,” JW said.

“A god damn bear,” Roy pointed at the huge black bear that was circling Treble.

“Sum’ bitch,” Roy said realizing that he and JW’s shotguns were a football field away back at the truck.

“Quiet, you fucking retard,” JW said, slowly back away. “The bear is eyeing the little nigger, probable smells the blood on the li’l fucker.”

Roy turned and ran away screaming.

JW followed suit a second later.

The bear was still circling when Treble passed out on the forest ground.

“Sun, rise,” ALL spoke to the sun that fell. “I am the God that gave birth to gods. I am ALL since all came from my imagination. Everything is imaged, animated, and created by Me, even what you see and do is part of Me, my sun.

Seven year old Treble Lee Frazier opened his eyes and sat up. “Where am I?” he looked around the nothingness void.

It wasn’t dark. It wasn’t light. It just was. All Treble saw was nothing. When he looked down to see what he had been laying on, nothing was there and when he tried to feel it, he felt nothing.

“You are here my sun. What you see and touch is only as real as you imagine them to be.”

“So,” Treble asked, “Where exactly is here?”

“Peace.”

“This place is peace?” seven year old Treble asked.

“It is.”

“Peace, Mississippi?” Treble looked around at nothing thinking that ain’t no where in Mississippi that look like this. “What state is Peace in?”

“Of mind.”

“That was a good one. Peace of mind,” Treble laughed.

“I’m serious, sun.” ALL said.

“How did I get here? When can I go back home? What happened to my cousin?”

“I’m here cuz.”

“You okay em’? I thought you were dead. Why can’t I see you?” Treble turned around in a circle. “What did them white men do to you Em?”

“I’m fine cuz,” Emmett said. “They sent me home.”

“Home? Where’s Auntie M?” Treble referred to Mamie, Emmett’s mother.

“Not that home cuz,” Emmett said.

“Sun,” ALL explained, “what your cousin means is that he is back with Me. I am the father and the mother that gave birth to all life.”

“Huh?”

“You won’t understand everything that I am saying now, but you will sun. Just listen and see with your mind. Imagine and you will see all you choose to see.”

“Huh?” Treble frowned.

“Sun, I’m sending you back to the wilderness.”

“The bear,” Treble just remembered.

“Is your animated friend,” ALL said. “She will protect you while I introduce you to who you are and your mission. Most of what you will see, hear, smell, and learn you will not remember when you return, but you will be able to use all seven of your senses fully. You will also understand your physical strengths and weaknesses.”

“What mission?” The seven year old asked.

“To protect and prepare Zion and Miracle to defeat the source of all evil,” ALL said.

“Zion and Miracle?”

“A son will be born, you will name him Zion, for he is, as you are, a descendant of Heru, Shango, David, Jesus.”

“Shango?”

“Yes sun, Shango. The great Afrikan warrior king and god of thunder and storms. You are also sun of Oba, Shango’s first wife, a warrior and great fighter herself, she is water, symmetry, balance. Miracle and Zion are the last to be descended to hue-mankind. Together Miracle and Zion are

the essence, the masculine and feminine energy of Me. They are the Messiah.

“Like Jesus coming back to save the world?” Emmett asked.

“Yes sun,” ALL said, “But Jesus as you were taught to call him is the embodiment of goodness. A pure heart. One that embodiment is represented by male and female energies that work together to further the lifecycle of the One.”

“The one?”

“The one is all of mankind. Each individual is like an organ and the body is all of hue-manity.”

“Why I never heard of Shango and Oba?” Treble asked.

“But, you have sun, you just didn’t know it. You and most have been trained to think in terms of what you can see with the two eyes sticking out of your head and not with your mind, which is what gives you thoughts to interpret what your mind is telling you that you see,” ALL explained. “What I’m going to do over the next seven years is teach you who you are.”

“Seven years,” Treble said. “What about Emmett?”

“I’m home cuz. I don’t ever wanna go back to Mississippi or anywhere in that world. It hurts too much to feel and see so much self hate in the body of men,” Emmett said.

“I can’t do this alone,” Treble said. “I’m only seven.”

“You will never be alone sun,” ALL said. “I will always be with you. I am in you. I am you. This you will come to understand before I send you back to your godmother.”

“Momma? She probably already on her way to Money, Mississippi to check on me. I can’t be gon’ no seven years. What if them white men get her?”

“Sun, relax,” ALL said. “Three days will pass on Earth before you return.”

“But, you said seven years.”

“You will insperience seven years of divine education in three Earthly days.”

“Insperience?” Treble asked.

“In time. In time my sun,” All said. “Once you return you will be guided, protected, and raised by Orthine and her brother John.”

“What about my godmother, Hattie Mae?”

“She is fine, sun.”

“So, I’m gon’ have a sun one day and he’s going to be Jesus come back to Mississippi. You shoulda’ made him come back before slavery. That’s what started all this mess.” Treble said.

“Sun, before I created the first man and woman, I chose your son and Miracle to be the Messiah and they both have been back several times in different physical bodies, different names, as you have.”

“If I done been here a lot why didn’t I pave the way for my son any of the other times.

“It was not time.”

“So, I’m going to be like a super hero?”

“No, you are a super hero, Heru, descended from the first hero, Horus. Your son Zion will be *The Rise*, while the last descendant of Oba will be *The Re-awakening*. Together, they will either defeat evil and return humanity to the Garden of Eden or all life will end.”

“All life?”

“All life, sun.”

“I sorta understand *The Rise*, but if my son is gon’ be *The Rise* then why is there need for anyone to be *The Re-Awakening*.”

“Sun,” ALL explained, “Every sun rises, but every sun also sets and it is during the sunset that darkness rises and it is up to the re-awakened to guide the sun through the darkness and vice versa.”

“I don’t understand?”

“You will sun. You will.”

“Who gon’ raise Miracle? And how her and Zion gon’ meet and fall in love?”

“Everyone will help raise her,” ALL said. “As far as everything else, it’s up to you and the twelve disciples of truth to help and protect Zion and Miracle as they are being raised and re-awakened.”

BE:

The Re-Awakening

MMOJA

40 years later

7:00 AM

October 16, 1995

Decatur, Georgia

The Saturday morning Georgia sky was pink with hues of blue, yellow and red. The moon was about to hand the baton of light off to the sun. A relay race in slow motion. A thing of beauty. A thing that Stonewall Duke never took the time to notice although he often left for work and came home from his shift at the sun and moon's meeting times.

"Hmph," The thirty-four year old Atlanta, Georgia police lieutenant dragged himself out of the unmarked squad car. "Whew," he stretched. "Million Man March," he shook his head before walking around the car.

"Always marching for something or another, riling up the docile nigras for what? March from issue to issue in a god-damn circle. Shit, in the war we marched with guns straight ahead wiping out anything that stood in our way," The widowed father of one trudged up the Duke plantation stairs.

"Bzzzzz," his cell phone vibrated.

"Yeah," he answered.

"Duke! Crow."

Two words were more than enough for the thirty-four year old widower to recognize the police commissioner's crypt, grunting voice.

"Yes, sir."

“Tired son?” Commissioner Crow asked.

“Exhausted. Twenty-hours straight. Me and my men doing what you requested.”

“Son,” the commissioner barked, “Jackson, Young, Campbell, Franklin, Reed. May-ors, Hell. May-I’s. Dancin’ jungle monkeys. Seen come. Seen go. Same music. Same beat. Me. Still here. Thirty-four years. Done. Seen. Everything. In you son. I see me. Soon. My backing. You’re next. Imagine. Stonewall Duke. New Jim Crow. Police Boss. Commissioner. Law. Then Mayor.”

“I can’t tell you how much I’ve appreciated your guidance and support all these years, Commissioner.”

“Jim. On phone. In private. Call me Jim. Son. Two hours. Need you. Your men. Niggas march. They burn.”

“Sir, I don’t think a cop in the city has slept in a week.”

“City thanks you. All overtime. Compensated. One more day. March forgotten. Guard perimeter. Do not. Do not. Let them breach. Let them burn. Let them loot each other, if it comes to that,” the commissioner said before disconnecting the call.

Stonewall hadn’t made it in the door good before he heard the scampering of little bare feet on hardwood.

“Daddy? Daddy? Daddy?” the little blonde child ran into Stonewall’s legs. “Guess what? Guess what Daddy?”

Stonewall placed his badge and keys in the tray by the door before bending down. “What are you doing up this early on a Saturday morning, boy?” He wiggled his nose against his sons.

“Daddy, you have to guess!” Luke jumped up and down.

The elder Duke put a finger to his temple and frowned. “Hmmm, you gettin’ married?”

Luke crossed his arms, "Daddy... I'm only seven."
"Okay, okay. I got it! I got it! You hit the lottery.
We're rich."

"Daaaaaadddddyy?"

"Okay," the elder Duke sighed, "I give up."

Little Luke jumped up and down. "Me and Tamir are going to do the Million Man March in the backyard. He said we gotta show support for our brotha's and sista's."

Worry lines appeared on Stonewalls rugged pale face. Anger was building as he thought about the words, "brotha" and "sista." And then his face began to turn red as he imagined black and white people holding han...

"Oh no," he shok his head. Sleep had to wait, his son's mortal soul was at stake he surmised as he carried his son out to the backyard, and down the quarter mile winding trail through the woods. Stonewll stopped and put his son down in front of the old poplar tree.

"What happened to the grass daddy?" The seven year old referred to the ground around the huge tree.

Stonewall sat down on the red dirt in front of the old tree before patting the ground.

"Right there," the seven year old pointed. "On the dirt?"

"Yes, son."

Luke looked up at the huge tree. "Is it dead?"

"Is what dead son?"

A little pale finger pointed. "The tree."

"Of course not, son. It's still standing ain't it?"

"Why ain't no green on the tree daddy? And why it ain't no grass on the ground around it, here?"

"I don't know son. Never really gave it much thought. Matter of fact, even before the rust..."

"The rust?"

“The rust I’m talkin’ bout son is a disease that causes the leaves to die and fall off.

Come to think of it, I can’t recall ever seeing anything grow from that old tree.

“Bout twenty-five, twenty-six years ago, I was knee high to a grasshopper ‘bout like you,” Stonewall pointed. “Tree caught the Rust. Bark fell off the trunk and limbs.” He waved an arm around the barren land surrounding the tree. “Killed everything it touched and ain’t nothing grown on the dirt since.”

“Why didn’t you just cut it down?” The seven year old looked up at his dad.

“This old thing is more than just a tree. It’s a symbol of justice son. The Dukes have been the law for over three hundred years and over three hundred bad Niggras have hung and rotted from those limbs,” Stonewall pointed at the thick bare limbs above, “limbs of justice that strangled the strange fruit that didn’t grow from its limbs. Do you know what justice is son?”

“Uh-huh,” he nodded as the sun peaked through the forest area of the Duke property. “Like what me and Tamir...”

“No!” he shouted.

Luke frowned.

Realizing that he had scared his son, Stonewall took a deep breath and exhaled. “Son, you see, Tamir’s kind, Black people are like us when they’re children but they grow up to be savages unless we,” he pointed to himself and then to Luke, “good white men train them to be respectable. Even then many of them still go out and hurt others.”

“Why?”

“Well son, the niggra comes from the dark continent, Africa. A big old jungle with snakes, lions, tigers, every wild

and dangerous animal on Gods green Earth. Good Christian white men rescued the savage niggra from the harsh jungles, disease, and from his Cannibal brothers and sisters. So, son ya see we brought them over to America to train them, teach them how to be more,” he searched his mind for the word he was looking for, “human.”

“Why?”

“Well son, it’s what God wanted. Matter of fact the niggra is like a dog, if you don’t breed fear in them they will attack you and attack themselves. In Africa, they eat each other.”

“Eyoooouuu, that’s gross dad.”

“It is. But, it’s the way of the savage,” Stonewall said. “It’s in their blood.”

“Who put ‘it’ there?”

“Huh,” the elder Duke asked.

“In their blood daddy. You said it was in their blood.”

“Well,” the elder Duke looked at the old tree, “the good Lord did son, and if he put it in their blood, he must have wanted it there.”

“Well, if God put it in they blood, and He wanted ‘it’ in they blood then why we tryna’ take it out?”

“We’re not son. We’re just trying to teach them to be more human, like us.”

“If God wanted them to be like us, why didn’t He just make them like us?”

“You see son, the bible tells us that we the ‘White race’ are the chosen people meant to lead and keep the world in order.”

“Why?”

“It just is son.” The elder Duke picked up a dirt rock. “Now, I’m not saying all nigras are bad son.” He pitched

the ball of dirt forward, “but, every really bad person,” the ball exploded upon impact with the tree, “is a niggra. Now grant it, thanks to us son, there are a few half decent Christian nigras out there that follow and embrace our teachings in the good book and the schoolbooks. But they are still inferior.”

“Infer-or?”

“Inferior.” he corrected his son. “Means less than, not as good. Let me put it to you anoer way son. ‘Member what happened to Cash last week?”

“Uhm-hm,” he nodded.

“Now Cash done had Rock near all his life. Wherever you seen Cash, you saw Rock,” the elder Duke stated as fact.

“Yep,” Luke nodded. “And daddy, Rock ain’t never lost a fight, until he bit Cash.”

“That’s right son. Cash fed and trained that dog from day one. Made that dog a fighting machine. Look what happened. Damn dog turned on his master nearly killed Cash.” The elder Duke paused for effect. “That’s what Tamir will do to you one day.”

Luke cringed.

Stonewall pointed an accusing finger at the boy. “If you play with Tamir long enough, you will begin to act like them. Killing your own, robbing your own, beating your own, and I dare not think of how you will treat good white women.”

The little boys eyes were wide with fear.

“No matter how bad I want to help even I can’t, once you begin showing signs of niggraopathy,” The elder Duke closed his eyes and shook his head. “I’ve know men to get nigratitis by just touching a niggra.” Stonewall shook his head while whistling. “Baddest case of witch warts I ever did see.”

Lukes eyes were wide with fear while his face wrinkled into a mask of sadness. “But, son, the witch warts, and the niggraopathy are nothing compared to the fiery furnaces of Hell that awaits the niggra and the niggra lover.”

“Who says?”

“The good Lord says,” Stonewall raised a finger to the sky, “and it is written in scripture.”

MBILI

Subjective Realm

“We all know that the ‘*Word*’ is certified USDA man made bullshit.” Constance Greenspan, the chairman of the United States Federal Reserve Bank laughed. “Yes.” The chairman shot a victory fist in the air as he swiveled around in his red leather high back office chair. “A true soldier of hate. A general.” The chairman continued basking in negativity. “The irony. Old Stony showed so much love to one part of him self and so much hate to another part of the body.” The chairman’s head dropped back. “Praised your name at home, church, at work and even after taking the physical lives of all those Black hue-men. I still remember the first life. The first is always the sweetest,” the media and bank mogul closed his eyes. “What was that good ole dung monkey’s name?”

TATU
10:00 PM

October 16, 1995
Buckhead, Georgia,

“Matthieu,” Jon Love, the NBA ALL-Star belched after draining the bottle of Corona. “He put his arm around the groom before slurring, “You a better man than me dog.”

“Hell, if he is,” Marc slurred.

The three childhood best friends stood at the entrance of Jon’s basement indoor full basketball court admiring the scene created for Matthieu’s bachelor party.

“I mean this shit here,” Marc held his arm out, “Egyptian baths, booty-butt naked Cleopatra white broads dancing and serving all the homies.”

Matthieu still couldn’t believe all the trouble Jon went through, the truckloads of sand, the black curtains that covered the thirty-foot walls. The ten-foot palm trees. The Egyptian baths.

Marc continued, “The honeys at Magic City ain’t got shit on these white broads,” Marc looked up at both of us his friends. “Now tell me I’m lying.”

“You lyin’,” Matthieu said.

Marc looked at Matthieu. “Name one.”

“Look, I’m blown away by all this fellas,” Matt pointed to the naked white women dancing. “I don’t wanna sound unappreciative, but all the black queens dancing up in Magic City are badder than these pink toes.”

“Jon,” Marc playfully slapped the six foot nine Atlanta Hawks power forward on the back, “Sound like he hangin’ out at the strip clubs again.”

“Nah, baby boy,” Matthieu smiled. “I ain’t been on that since I found Ebony.”

“I admit,” Jon slurred, “Ebony is cool as a fan, fine too, but she ain’t God.”

The look on Matthieu’s face said differently. “Look,” Matthieu put a hand over his heart. I love both of you, and I know all ‘dis,” He looked off at the six strippers entertaining the others, “was done out of love, despite the fact that I told you two knuckleheads that it was too late for a bachelor’s party. Shoulda’ done that before me and my baby’s eyes touched.”

A moment passed.

Marc snapped his fingers. “Okay dog come back to Earth.”

“Yeah, dog, come back, but when you get here no eye touching. We don’t do that on Earth,” Jon laughed.

Marc got down on one knee and looked up at Matt. “Oh my dearest darling Matthieu,” he did his best to sound like a female, “where art thou eyeball to toucheth mine in the sunshine on the frontline next to the stop sign.”

Matthieu slapped at his boy’s hand. “Oh, the hate that hate produced. That’s okay,” tomorrow’s groom said, “I understand you fools are still trying to catch up to yesterday, and I’m off to forever.”

“Forrrrrrrrr-ever-eva’?” Jon asked.

“Ever, ever.” Marc followed up.

“It’s called love,” Matthieu said, “You know that thing you fall in and never want to leave from.”

“What’s Love got to do. Gotta do with it.” Jon sang before Marc joined in.

“What’s Love, but a second hand emotion,” Marc and Jon sang the Tina Turner classic while Jon waved an arm around the basketball court.

Marc pointed at the strippers. "Six top choice prime pale, white tenderloins cooked and ready," Marc said, "Now that's a whole lotta love my nigga."

"Yeah," Jon chimed in, "A man should have a last meal before he go on lockdown," the all-star NBA forward said.

"Says a man that has never experienced Heaven." Mathieu's face lit up.

Marc looked at Jon, "So is Ebony God or is she Heaven?" Marc asked. "I promise you I'm confused," Marc and Jon said in unison before balling up their fists and giving each other a pound.

"Let me ease some of your confusion mini Mouse and Super size," Matthieu said before looking off into space, "Her name is Ebony Oshun Mapenzi," Matthieu closed his eyes and smiled.

Fifteen minutes later, Matthieu was driving home. He loved Marc and Jon too much to ruin their night. They were still searching for satisfaction between a woman's legs. He tried to tell them...

Flashing blue lights in his rearview interrupted his thoughts.

"Damn."

This was the third time he had been pulled over since he and Ebony moved to the affluent Atlanta Chastain Park area.

You would think 'they' were used to seeing a non-drug dealing black man driving a Porsche through Buckhead by now, Matthieu thought while reaching into his back pocket. "Where is my wallet?" He asked himself before

remembering that he had never taken it out of the glovebox after he and Ebony came from the gym this morning.

“Hands on the wheel now,” The cop shouted as he approached the white Panamera Porsche that Jon had bought him as a wedding gift.

Matthieu turned. A fist of fear grabbed hold of his heart upon looking into the three eyes that stared back. Despite the fact that Matthieu had never done anything to end up in the back of a police car, this wasn't the first, second, or third time in his twenty-two years that he looked into the blue eyed, black barrel trinity of hate.

Although his eyes were paralyzed, his mouth wasn't and couldn't afford to be. In his best smiling Harvard graduate voice he asked, “What seems to be the problem Officer, sir?”

It was as if someone had flipped a colored light switch inside Stonewall Dukes head. His whole face reddened as he envisioned Little Luke and Tamir. Holding hands? Skipping down a prairie on a Sunny day. Birds singing. Laughing. Laughing at him. Even the Darkie holding on to the steering wheel in front of him was smiling.

“Officer, I'm getting married tomorrow, and I...”

His biceps threatened to break out of the police blue shirt. Veins swimming down his hand as he strangled his service revolver. He didn't realize he had spoke out loud before he'd uttered, “Goddamn nigras.

“Excuse me?”

POW!!!!

NNE

Subjective Realm

“Pow!” Chairman Greenspan blew on the finger that he had aimed in the air. “Ahhh. First kill.” He looked off into the nothingness that surrounded him. “Like that first inhalation of crack cocaine,” the chairman inhaled. Always chasing that first high. The adrenaline.” He squeezed his fists together and hurled his arms up in the grey space. “The power,” He closed his eyes, “of killing another person.” The chairman opened his eyes and jabbed a finger into space.

“That last look of ‘*Why*’ before the bullet separates the spirit from the body.” The chairman chuckled.

“And then there’s the aftermath which I like to refer to as the Afterparty fire and Afterparty hell. Afterparty fire is the delectable delightful feeling of chaos that I feel in my gut as I comfort the killers conscious with reasons why it was his or her duty to extinguish the light out of his same-father-same-mother-brotha of another color. And then there is Afterparty hell. It’s only a moment. But it’s my “ah hell” I’m coming moment. The moment that I absorb all the anguish and pain from the victims loved ones. Mothers, fathers, wives, husbands, and my absolute favorite, little fucking children.” He looked up, “Old Ancient One me and You would be alright if you just admit that you fucked all the way up when you gave hue to man. Breathing hue into man was by far the dumbest idea. They fuck everything on the planet up. *Give ‘em free will and they’ll find a way to kill,*” he sang. “You say you made them in your own image and I’m the idiot.” He threw his arms in the air as he whirled around in his high back red leather chair.”

Thunder exploded in the nothingness.

The chairman fell over backwards in his chair. He held a hand over his heart, "You gotta quit doin' that."

"Scary self. You talk real big when you don't think I'm there," ALL said. I usually let you, but when you voice extraterrestrial-beyond-this-realm-Donald Chump-times-ten ignorance I have to respond my pale, dark sun." A bolt of lightning lit up the void.

The chairman put his arms up over his face. "Always gotta be the brightest light in space. If you would just turn it down about a gajillion watts. Damn."

"Punk ass..." ALL grumbled. "Numb Chump nuts, without 'free will' you would not be. Like I told your Chump dumb self the last nine-hundred, ninety-seven trillion, eight-hundred, seventy-six, billion, five-hundred, forty-two million, three-hundred twenty-one hundred thousand, nine-hundred, ninety-nine times that every hue-man being has just as much power in them as you."

"I'm Chump dumb?" The spinning red chair came to an abrupt halt. The chairman jumped to his feet. "Seven years after I led my troops to victory over England in 1776 old Horace and I made up the American education curriculum. We just put a lot of bullshit together; the country was only a few years old at the time. Wasn't any history. So we had to be creative with our story. As long as the stories made my white hued bretheren look good, they would become true. Horace still owes me a penny. Didn't believe that I could take the word savage, make it a noun, and use it to describe the peace loving indigenous fucks that inhabited the land before my followers took it." The chairman shook his head. "I'm going to be the better, bigger God. I'm not even going to be all anal and give you a count. I mean, you got way too much time on your hands to keep count of how

many times you told me that backward ass equality bullshit. You drinkin' some of my Kool-Aid if you think that any one or all six billion hue-mans are my equal. The retards still send their children to public school. Really? That's like a mother hen sending her chicks to the weasel to be educated in the fox house. See," the chairman shook his head in exasperation. "You done sidetracked my happy hate with all that equality craziness. Now where was I," the chairman sat back in his chair and began spinning. "Pain, I was talkin' about pain. How terribly good it feels to cause it. I been stickin' it in the Dukes and the Chumps for generations. Raping their minds, impregnating them with hate. Generations and generations of hate," the chairman said as he sped up.

"What do you have to say about that, ancient One who created the created, however flawed your creation may be?"

"Sadness. Our creation fighting against itself. We did not create a black man or a pale man. We did not create an Asian or a European. We created hue-man.

The chairman laughed while spinning around in his chair. "Ain't worked out so well for ya huh, Boss?"

TANO

Twenty one years later

3:33 AM

April 4, 2016
Decatur, Georgia

Thunder exploded right before an invisible streak of lightning lit up the early morning blue-black Decatur, Georgia night sky.

“Shit,” Early jumped, sending they grey and green buds from the cigar paper to the black floor of the pink sports car. “Damn.”

“Miracle chuckled. “Scared of a little thunder?”

“Hell nah,” he looked up. “Zion, see when the next time I put money on your books.” The young man went back to feeling around the floor for his refer. “Made me drop all my bud. Been waiting to smoke all night. Damn,” he slurred.

Miracle turned her head. “How you know its Zion and not Shango, ALL even?”

“Come on Shawty,” Early looked at his childhood bestfriend, “Really.”

“Coincidence.” She said.

“Three times,” he held up three fingers, “The last three times I pulled out a bag in your car, sheeeeeiiiiittt. It’s a wonder we ain’t weavin’ in the road, as much of my bud your car done ate.”

“Thunder is natural Early.”

“Naturally Zion trying to steal my thunder. Why you gotta spray perfume on the carpet.” He dropped the

perfumed buds out of the window as he picked them from the floor. "Sides, look how clear it is outside." He rolled down the window as they continued speeding down the I-20 Expressway. "Every star in the sky is as bright as Beyonce's smile."

"Boy if you don't stick your head back in this window. Drunk self. Beyonce ain't no more thinking 'bout you than she is the man on the moon."

"Glad I ain't on the moon then," Early chuckled. "I'm just biding my time until Jay Z mess up."

"You still haven't answered my question?"

"What question? Hell I'm still trying to figure out why you spray perfume all over your carpet? You see how it ruins my bud, Mira."

"That's exactly why you should stop bringing weed in my car, you think?"

"No, I don't think."

"That's the prob..."

Early cut her off. "You see Mira, I stopped smoking weed years ago, when I was around 18." He waved a slender arm across the black carpet under him in the passengers seat. "This is Dro, fresh and naturally hydroponically grown on some senators farm right here in the good old U.S. of B.S. And for your information all of my brain cells are in tact, my memory is rock solid like a diamond."

"Well, search your diamond memory and figure out the question I just asked."

"My coal colored six-foot Nubian sister, I believe you want me to tell you how I know that it is Zion, the incarnation of Horus, Jesus by another name, last descendant of Shango who caused the thunder to thun and the lightning to light."

Miracle shook her head laughing. “You on one for real, fool.”

“Nah, but real talk Mira, I know my dude’s footprints by now, just don’t know why he ain’t been done stepped up outta that penitentiary. It’s been dang near seven years he done did for killing two CIA niggas that he didn’t even kill.”

“NSA agents,” Miracle corrected.

“Same thang,” Early said, “Just different letters.”

The pink convertible was on the road alone as the two friends took the Wesley Chapel exit off the I-20 interstate.

“Something about to go down,” Miracle let the drivers window down and took a deep breath. “Trouble.”

“Only trouble I see is my Dro that your car done ruined. Damn, I been wanting to smoke all night.”

“I heard you the first five times, Early.”

“What are you –

“Shhh,” Miracle brought her head back inside the window before turning to her childhood best friend. “I feel it.”

“Feel what. I don’t see nothing but an empty street and the lights from a Quik Trip gas station,” Early quipped as he looked down the dark street. “What you feeling Mira is them hot wings and that con-yakity-yak we had at the club.”

“Shhh,” she repeated, decreasing her speed.

“Yakity-Yak don’t talk back,” Early slurred. “Why ALL gotta make life so difficult? I mean he got his kid down here rotting in the Pen for some shit he ain’t even do.” Early shook his head. “Don’t make sense. ALL need to holler at your man,” Early patted his chest, “real talk.”

“Shhh!”

Early’s rambling became rumbling, “Give me the gun. I’d get the world real right, real quick,” he slurred. “I

mean real talk, before I took out Chump, Greenspan, or any of them white niggas, I'd take out them miseducated, misinformed, misguided, ass-backward black boot lickin' negroes. Clarence "Uncle" Thomas, Dr. Benjamin "no vaseline" Dover, Karl "the wiener" Webber, Death. Babygirl, I wouldn't even make 'em suffer."

"Shhh!" Mira said.

He took his finger and slid it across his neck before whispering. "Then I would invent the 'stupid police.' Police officers that just arrested and locked dumb ass people up for doing dumb ass shit. Hell, Chump already got a life sentence and a life after death sentence waiting for his ultra nutty booty ass and all his followers, 'specially the Blacks, Latinos, and women that follow him. Oh, and we can't forget the new fools. The Constance Greenspan followers."

The siren came on before the bright blue lights lit up the night.

"Shit," Early said. "Give me some light Mira."

"Use the light on your phone boy. I ain't turning on the interior lights."

"Pull over!" a voice boomed from the police loudspeaker.

"Hurry!" Miracle said as Early chewed and swallowed what little refer buds he could feel on the floor and his seat.

Miracle slowed down and put on her blinkers.

"Whachu' doin' Mira?" Early asked.

"What do you think I'm doing? I'm pulling over fool."

"Oh Hell no," Early said, "You'll be the fool if you pull over while I'll very likely end up dead. Have you not watched the news over the past forever. Five-oh killing

Black folks like they getting paid to do so,” the young black man began to panic.

“Calm down, boy. All cops ain’t killers.”

“I ain’t talking about all cops. Just the ones that use black males as target practice.” The young black man cuffed his hands in a prayer motion and closed his eyes tight, “Zion, Shango, Ogun, Oya, Yahweh, Oludamare, ALL, please don’t let anything happen to Mira and please, please Lord, save me.”

SITA

Subjective Realm

“Ignorance and hate have rattled what little sense you have.” Thunder exploded. “Don’t you ever forget that I am Somebody, Any body, Every body, No body, Some thing, Any thing, Every thing, and No thing. I am All,” ALL said.

Constance Greenspan relished in all the chaos surrounding the upcoming Presidential election. He sat in his red chair slowly spinning around in the grey space of nowhere as the voice of ALL continued speaking.

“I spoke you into being and I can speak you into not being.”

The chairman put a long pale finger in the air, “But you will not. You know that without me there can be no them. They exist because I exist. You tell them that it is you that give them free will. A lie. It is I that give them free will and you are angry that your loves always choose my reality of gluttonous individuality.”

“My sun. My unenlightened, evil, ignorant, discombobulated sun,” ALL said, “You confuse anger with love my pale dark child. Furthermore, you know there is no always, only today and yesterday exist.”

“And tomorrow?” The chairman asked while takin’ a bite from a juicy red apple.

“Tomorrow is but a memory yet to be remembered,” ALL said, “but, you know this. You just won’t accept this.”

The chairman smiled, “I don’t have to, and you can’t make me do otherwise.”

“Silly devil. I breathed Me into being and I’m the only breath, but out of My breath hued you. I breathed life

into you and your brothers and sisters and with that breath came responsibility. Responsibility to shepherd over all of our creation. Creation is but a dance floor. I am the music. My messengers are the record spinners. The DJ plays different types of music so we can dance in harmony with all cultivated souls. We want everyone dancing. It won't be to the same beat, but everyone still needs to dance."

"Ladi-dadi, we like to party," the chairman sang, "yada, yada, I'm really not interested in hearing these same old musings. You sound like a two million year old broken record. Maybe you need to step down and let me take over. Hell, I'm already running your show and have been running it for a couple thousand years and some change. Your hue-men's love me."

"No they do not. They lust for the dream you imagined for them."

"Which one?" The chairman said. "There are so, so many."

Thunder exploded.

The chairman jumped. "Will you stop that? I know who you are."

"You keep forgetting. I have to remind you," ALL said.

"Anyway, which ingenious dream were you referring to, old unloved One?" The chairman asked while still spinning around in his chair.

"The idea that money is the key to happiness and joy."

"Oh, that imagination," Greenspan said. "Are you angry because I imagined every monetary unit used to exchange things, or are you angry that I have perfected the idea so well that your children as you call them choose my imagined reality of you."

“Anger is the inability to be Me. I wouldn’t be Me if I carried anger.”

The chairman interrupted, “You did not get a little angry anytime during the twohundred forty six years my children raped, murdered, experimented, maimed, and beat your children during Chatel slavery?”

“Your children,” All said, “All of them are descended from me. Even your spirit belongs to me. And no, I did not get angry. Those two hundred forty six years with you made them stronger. It prepared them for now. It prepared the chosen few to re-member all of hue-mankind back to Me.”

The chairman laughed. “Now it is you that is dreaming, old timeless One. I have less than three percent of the world controlling the ideas and ideals of the other ninety-seven. They come to hear about you on Friday, or Saturday, or Sunday for two-three hours tops and then they praise and worship me for the next six days of the week. Your name is only at the tip of their tongues when they want you to give them some of me. Ironic right,” Greenspan laughed. “They pray to You to get to me. ‘Lord please let me hit the number. Lord please let me get this good job so I can buy a new car a new house, Lord, I promise if this house got at least twenty thousand dollars in valuables I won’t rob another one. Lord, please give me the strength to blow my baby daddy’s head off for the insurance policy so I can provide for me and mine.”

Thunder exploded.

“God damn it,” the chairman jumped. “I told you...”

Lightning lit up the grey space. “You don’t tell me anything child. I am the Light. My loves understand not what they do, so when they do pray to you, they do not have a clue, but remember child all of my children have my hue and that’s all they need to end you. Furthermore, you know that

they pray for me to deliver them from you. Even when their words don't talk, their hearts do."

"Now you confused old ancient One. Like you, I see everyday as they plan, plot, and try to kill you."

"What was the first thing that came out of your mouth when they began to pray? Do you even remember Constance. I can't hear you," ALL said. "It's Lord."

Thunder exploded.

The chairman jumped again. "Fuck."

"Just reminding you that I am ALL."

"That's the thing. No one really cares anymore," the chairman said. "It's really gon' take a miracle to change that."

"She's coming," ALL said, "I promise you that. Miracle is coming."

SABA
3:36 AM

April 4, 2016
Decatur, Georgia

“I do not care what you have to say. Do not talk! Do not move! Stay in the vehicle.” One of Dekalb County's finest shouted over his police loudspeaker before getting out of the grey Dodge Charger.

Miracle looked over at her best friend. “Early, Do not open your mouth under any circumstances. Please,” Miracle pleaded, “I got this.”

Before Early could respond the officer shined his bright flashlight inside the car before knocking on the driver's window.

Miracle pressed the down button.

“License,” the cop flashed his light inside the two-seater Mercedes.

“Can you please tell me why you pulled us over Officer,” Miracle read the officer's nametag, “Duke?”

“License,” the cop said again.

Miracle reached into her purse.

The cop took a defensive stance and pulled his gun. “Hands on the steering wheel now!”

“All that ain't necessary man, she was just reaching for her...”

“Shut up boy!”

“Boy,” Early said. “Nigga I'm a grown... Ever hear of Black Lives Matter...”

“Click-click!” the cop chambered a bullet. “Ever hear of White Man's Justice,” the cop said before making long strides around the car.

“Fuck that nigga,” Early said. “Pull off Mira! Pull off!”

“Relax boy, he aint’ gon’ do nothin’. Besides another patrol car is pulling up.”

“Relax,” he threw his arms up. “This white nigga in blue on steroids carrying a big ass gun bout to get at me and you talkin’ bout re-motha’ fuckin-lax.”

She was about to tell Early that the officer pulling up was a brotha before the passengers side door flew open and Early’s five foot eleven hundred sixty pound frame was dragged from the small hard top convertible.

“Hey, you can’t do that?” Miracle said before doing something to her phone and jumping out of the driver’s seat and running around to the passenger’s side.

By the time Miracle made it around the car, the left side of Early’s face was kissing the pavement.

“Ahhhhhhh!” Early shouted. “Mira this nigga got his knee in my back.”

“Do I fucking look black?” The six-foot, two hundred thirty-pound officer pressed his knee further into Early’s spine. “Do I look like a nigger? ”

“I can’t breathe,” Early shouted.

Although he stared right at Early’s face he didn’t see him. He saw what his daddy, Stonewall Duke trained him to see, a savage penguin strutting, pants sagging animal that raped white women, robbed the poor, and often killed each other over a dollar. The officer’s gun arm rose.

“Early!” Miracle shouted right before she lunged head first, bowling the officer over. They tumbled from the pavement onto the Wesley Chapel Public Library grass.

The cop punched Miracle in the face like she was a boxer’s punching bag. That still did not deter her teeth from making contact with his left ear. She didn’t let go until...

“POW!”

A searing pain that exploded in her head from the gun shot only made her angrier.

“Fuck,” the officer said as he gingerly touched what was left of his bleeding ear. He raised the gun again, right as Miracle lunged.

“POW!”

“Mira!” Early shouted.

Miracle crumpled into the grass.

Officer Duke turned from the fallen woman.

The hate in that white cop’s eyes paralyzed Early’s vocal cords. Before now, Early had never looked down the barrel of a gun.

“POW!”

The will to go to his best friend was greater than the pain of the bullet. Fear was replaced with need. The need to save Miracle. Early stood up tall. “Miracle!” he shouted. The geyser of blood gushing from his midsection didn't slow his determined gait as he marched forward.

“Stop!” Officer Duke commanded.

Early continued. “You better pray that you kill me before I make you swallow that gun, big boy.”

“POW!”

The next bullet went through the back of Early’s foot, shattering bone and cartilage.

“Shit!” Early shouted. The first bullet didn't hurt. But this one. He wanted to scream but that wasn’t an option. Early refused to give the eyes of hate that stared back at him the satisfaction. The slender young black man bit part of his tongue off to prevent from screaming out.

“POW! POW!”

The nine-millimeter bullets tore through the flesh, shattering the bone in his other ankle while the other entered

Early's leg right above the ankle, finally dropping the young black man to his knees.

Early's midnight brown eyes never wavered from the dark blue eyes of hate. Despite his broken and shattered bones, Early rose to his knees and began crawling. He was determined to get his hands on the cop. He had to get to him before he killed Miracle if he already had not.

Fear gripped the officer's heart. Duke looked down at his gun and then at the bleeding corpse that was still breathing, crawling, rising.

"POW! POW! POW!" Bullets riddled the young black mans groin and midsection as he straightened his legs and back.

"As I walk through the valley of death," Early began.

The officer looked at the police issue nine-millimeter that was trembling in his hands.

Early balled up his bloody fists and took a step forward. "I'll rise up a mighty..."

"POW!" The bullet entered the flesh right above Early's nose.

"No!" Miracle shouted as she came to. She rose from behind the grassy knoll where Duke had left her for dead.

"Make them remember me Mira," Early said before falling in the street.

Miracle noticed another cop. A black cop. Both had their guns raised. But only one of them was smoking.

"What did you do?" She demanded of the white cop holding the smoking gun. Tears filled her eyes. She turned back to her fallen comrade.

All love and compassion was gone when she turned back to the officer. "What did you do?"

The white officer pointed his gun at Miracle. "Give me that phone!"

She looked down at her hand. She didn't even realize that she was still holding the iPhone.

"You heard him," the second officer blended into the night so well that Miracle almost forgot he was there.

"Seriously. I mean really brotha?" Miracle pointed her phone at the white cop holding the smoking gun. "Arrest him for."

"First, his name is not him. It's Officer Duke and second I am not your brother."

She looked at the phone, then at the two men. One white. One Black. Same hue outfit. Why didn't I listen? Why didn't I just keep driving? She asked herself before Early's words popped into her conscious. "*Make them remember me.*"

"We will make them remember. All of them Early, I promise."

Thunder crackled through the calm grey-blue, black, night sky.

Both officers jumped.

"Last time I'm telling you," the white officer warned, "Now, drop the fucking phone bitch.

"Yo want it?" she asked. Before either cop could respond Miracle threw a fastball breaking the racist officers nose with her Iphone 7.

"POW! POW! POW! POW!POW!POW!" the black cop unloaded half a clip into Miracle's flesh.

Miracle fell into the grass. Like Early, she rose up until her six-foot frame was an arrow.

Officer Duke and the black cop's guns locked up as they attempted to discharge their weapon once again.

Head held high, standing straight up with her harms lifted to the sky, she whispered, "Wind."

What started out as a barely audible whistle of wind morphed into a nine hundred foot funnel cloud with three-hundred and thirty-three mph swirling winds that swooped the officer's and Mira in the air.

“POW! POW! POW! POW! POW!”

The staccato sound of gunshot fire exploded in the wind as the three beings were tossed around in God's blender.

NANE

Subjective Realm

“Homerun,” The chairman swung an imaginary bat, “Knocked that bitch out the park.” He dropped his imaginary bat and smiled. “How many times do I have to show You. Every time you send a Miracle, what do I do?”

“You run your mouth, until I shut you up,” ALL said.

“Not for long,” the chairman sat back down in his red chair. “Your love can’t defeat temptation. Just admit Old Ancient One, your little hue-man creation just didn’t work. ‘T’da’ wiped out all of ‘em a long time ago.” The chairman resumed whirling around in circles. “You soft as Charmin, weak as puppy piss. Way too cushy to rule if you ask me. Hue-mans are your creation. You birthed, fed, and nurtured them, yet they keep stabbing you in the back to obtain more of my essence.” He threw a handful of hundred dollar bills in the air. “Whores. All of ‘em. They dance, screw and do who and what I pay them to.

“In the words of a black rapper, them ho’s don’t love you. And you shouldn’t love them whores either, old ancient One. I’ll take a dog over a hue-man in a New York minute. Hell, I’ll take a dung beetle over a hue-man. Dumber than dirt. All of ‘em, the whole damned race. You keep sending these broke bastards to show love to hue-manity, but they never hear them. If I was all of You, I wouldn’t have stopped at Sodom and Gomorrah. I wouldn’t have stopped at Babylon. I would have called upon Yemeja to rise up her waters and Bam! Tsunami the world! You wanna get rid of me ancient One. You want them to remember you, then dammit, be the parent. Do it! Do it! Do it! Dammit, do it!

Drown every last one of the sons of bitches. If I was all of You, I would have drowned Noah in his mother's womb."

Thunder exploded. "No you would not have," ALL said. "The Me in you would not allow you too."

"Sheeee - itttt, hell if I wouldn't. Furthermore, I run the you in me OG, have to, you don't know what the Hell you doing."

Thunder exploded. "You don't run anything but your mouth, chair-man," ALL said. "You know who I am. You've seen my work and you know I can crush you with a thought."

"Yada, yada, yah," the chairman waved. "Same ole song. I mean we been at odds ever since you created me all those millions of years ago. Since then I have never agreed with the way you run your shop, and I've proven time and time again that I'm the best of you, but after seeing the Donald, the finished product of my re-creation," the chairman shook his head, "for the first time in my existence I almost agree with you. The Donald has more of me in him than all of my kids. But the waste that spews from his lips." The chairman shook his head from side to side. "I'm negative, evil, you could even say that I'm a fool at times, but you can not say that I'm a damn fool." The chairman waved a pale hand in the air, "I mean, I'm a fool damned, but not a damn fool, there is a difference, old ancient One."

"No there is not," ALL said, "damn fool be damned."

"Whatever," the chairman waved a hand thru the grey void. "I'm saying that Chump is far dumber than I could ever conceive. If you got designs on him taking my place," the chairman shook his head, "ain't gon' happen. Chump is ignorance on steroids."

Thunder exploded. "We told you this before you breathed the word enslavement into the Caesar's. We told

you this before you led Columbus to the shores of what is now North America. We told you this before you influenced the Pope to allow King James to flip the script on scripture. We told you this before you manipulated the fifty-three that drafted the document that Constitutes chaos.”

“You mean the fifty-three rapists, child molesters, murders, and slave holders you created, great wonderful divine One.”

“No, I am talking about the fifty three hue-men I created Divine but got lost in your pale darkness.” Thunder exploded. “It was you that influenced them to rape, to kill, to enslave and to draft that decisive United States Constitution of injustice.

The chairman stopped spinning and shot a finger in the air. “Don’t forget, ‘to steal’. You have to admit old ancient One, The United States Constitution is probably my greatest –

“Con,” ALL interrupted.

“I was going to say work. My greatest work,” the chairman emphasized. “Legal enslavement. The protector of my greatest Ameri-con, I mean American creation. Race. You have to admit. The way I constructed ideas around superiority and inferiority to rationalize the enslavement hue-man beings.” He whistled while spinning around in his chair. “I mean, they even go to church and proclaim to love you while thinking of ways to enslave their hue-man brothers and sisters. Ungrateful fucks.” The chairman stopped spinning for a moment and looked up. “You do know that you look pretty retarded allowing things to exist that are trying to hurt You.”

“Set,” ALL said. Why must you always try and bait me? I’m at peace. I created all of this for a reason. One single reason that encompasses everything.”

“I’m just telling truth,” The chairman said.

“Although there is one truth, there are different angles of that truth. Context, context, context and then there is you, chaos, confusion, and un-truth. No matter how much you try you will never dismember mine. I am ALL and even you are mine. I am love and love willed all manifestations into being.”

“Why do I even try? Esoteric self-righteous know it all.” The chairman quipped. “Your knowing is always the greatest knowing. No aspect of You can contextualize a better conceptualization than the other.” Visibly frustrated, Greenspan threw his hands in the air. “You do know that you are a narcissistic hypocrite right?”

“You know better than to compartmentalize me my dark sun. I am those and all. I am every thought and idea. I am. And all I do I do for love because that I am.”

“There you go again. Broken record. Damn, sing another tune. Always that I am we, I, you, love garbage.”

The grey space lit up.

“I guess you wonder where I’ve been. I searched to find the love within... Came back to let you know.” ALL sang.

ALL reached out to the chairman.

“Got a thing for you and I can’t let go.”

The chairman shouted. “I hate music. I hate love. I hate everything. I hate.”

“What you Won’t Do For Love,” ALL sang. “Now that’s my sun Bobby Caldwell shining bright as can be.”

The chairman smiled, “Oh, I think I’ll just pay a li’l visit to old Bobby Scaldwell.”

“Go head and try.” ALL said. “You know were he lives.”

“I ain’t scared of him,” the chairman said.

“You should be.” ALL said. “Don’t listen to me though.”

“I never do,” the chairman said.

“Well, take your never-do, evil, negative soul on over there, see if Bobby don’t put My ‘Word’ on you. You a bad so and so. You’ve pitted fathers, sons, and nations against each other. You influence others every day to rape, kill, maim, and enslave. After saying all that, I dare you. I double pinky dare you to take your evil ass on over there. My sun sang, *I guess you wonder where I’ve been,*” and then he sang, *“I’ve searched to find the Love within.”* “Do you feel the vibrations of Me coming out of my sun’s mouth?”

“I am –

“No, I am,” ALL cut him off, “and you are only because I am.”

TISA
3:36 AM

April 4, 2016
New York, New York

When people think of the wealthiest people of the world, The Waltons, Gates, Rockefeller's, Turners, even Chump comes to mind but no one but the heads of the seven wealthiest families of the world knew that one man controlled it all.

"Mr. Chairman sir," The chauffeur curtsied while her eyes followed the little ant that ran across the world's wealthiest man's grey and black cowboy boots.

"I know you," The doorman said. "Oh my god."

If you only knew, the chairman of the United States' Central Banking System thought to himself as he approached the Chump Towers hotel glass double doors that were almost completely hidden by the wide, heavily breathing doorman.

The huge man stood in front of the chairman and in a low scratchy southern drawl he said, "Want some mustard on 'em biscuits."

The chairman wanted to take off his mirrored Ray Ban shades so bad. The irritating-heart attack-waiting to happen just needed to look into my grey orbs - orbs that would draw him into pain and hurt that the fat doorman can't imagine.

The chairman had a long pale finger on his plastic Ray Ban frames when he realized that the idiot, like most, thought he was...

"Carl," the doorman said, "your movie, '*Sling Blade*,' my and my wife's favorite line. Did you really eat those biscuits with mustard on 'em?"

The chairman removed his hand from the rim of his glasses and extended his arm. "Bill."

"That's it." The doorman snapped his fingers. "Billy Bob Thornton. I knew it. Sir, welcome to Chump Towers," The doorman stepped aside.

"I know it's late, or early."

"3:36 A.M." the chairman said.

I could get fired for this, but I swear to God, Mary, Joseph, and baby Jesus," the doorman made the sign of the cross with his fingers, "My wife would die right now and go straight to heaven if I sent her a picture of me and you... Together..."

"Sure," The chairman smiled.

The doorman stepped over and put an arm around the chairman. The two men looked like best buddies after a night of heavy drinking. They both held their Samsung Galaxy 4's away from their bodies before snapping a few pictures.

"Thank you! Thank you! Billy, I mean Mr. Thornton, sir. God bless you," the doorman slightly bowed, dropping his phone.

Before the big man reached to pick it up, the chairman was already coming up with the Samsung Galaxy in his hands.

"Here you are friend," the chairman smiled before switching phones.

"We need more kind folks like you in this world. I really appreciate you Mr. Thornton."

"It's nothing," The chairman waved.

"It's something to me," The doorman's voice broke. "You are Billy Bob Thornton, and I ain't nothing but an old, overweight, diabetic redneck with high blood pressure. Married forty-years, thirty-five of 'em hell for my Lilly-Beth. She put up with the women, the ass whippings, and all

the broken bones. Took me to get sick to see her for the angel that she is. Now, I just spends every moment of every day that I'm not working trying to make her happy and you's her favorite actor in the whole entire world," he teared up. "I just wanna thank you."

The chairman hugged the big man, "Don't thank me. Thank God. For he is worthy. I am just a vessel that He navigates."

Most fans like the one he'd just passed didn't even question his burnt fire red hair, which was a far cry from Bill Bob Thornton's black and grey.

A few minutes later, The chairman stood at the penthouse elevator. He looked at his watch.

The elevator doors opened.

Right as he got on he heard people screaming.

A smile appeared on his face. "Exploding phone kills them every time," he said to himself.

A slight bell rang as the golden elevator doors opened on the fifty-first floor.

As usual the Chump campaign headquarters was at the center of controversy because that's where Chump spent most of his time these days. Four months ago in January, the frontrunner for the republican presidential nomination turned his penthouse apartment and the rest of the fifty-first floor into his primary campaign headquarters.

Even at quarter til four in the morning Chump's campaign headquarters was alive. People were moving from suite to suite in all different directions as the chairman exited the elevator. Just doing damage control for the insanity that Chump tweeted daily was a twenty-four hour job.

No one seemed to be paying attention to the man that regulated every bank in America and over a hundred banks abroad. Greenspan casually strolled past folks shouting and

bumping into one another. He stopped at Suite 510, closed his eyes and inhaled. *Fear. Insecurity. Self-hate. Greed. Envy. Selflessness.* His favorite scents rolled into one. The scent of Chump. Intoxicating, the chairman thought as he became lightheaded. So high off all the chaos he was inhaling, the chairman's body began to shut down. That's when he realized that he had forgotten to exhale.

Pheeeewwwww. He took off his shades after entering Chump's private apartment. The six thousand square foot paradise in the sky was beyond extravagant. Every room on both levels was a different shade of grey. The chairman's gait remained steady, his eyes forward. He seemed unimpressed. Not even the hexagon shaped indoor pool could espouse the slightest facial tick from the chairman's stone mask.

Not even the escalator inside the penthouse fazed him. After reaching the second floor of the suite he stepped off the escalator and took a deep breath. The only fragrances more tantalizing than chaos was hate and ignorance and Chump had enough of both to keep the chairman in a drunken stupor for eternity.

Chump's scent led the chairman to a fifteen-foot painting. Chump's head was painted on Adonis' naked body. He was lying in a garden with his mouth open while Aphrodite the Greek goddess of love fed him a three dimensional brown grape.

A cluster of the strange fruit dangling from a grey stem hung from her free hand. A semblance of a smile appeared on the chairman's face as he reached forward and wrapped his hand around the three-dimensional brown grape and turned it. The painting opened up into a bedroom.

KUMI
3:39 AM

April 4, 2016
Decatur, Georgia

Power would be restored to Southwest Dekalb County before most of its residents awoke. But for now, the forty thousand residents of the affluent African American suburb was without power. Fallen trees and downed power lines littered the long dark road.

The freakish tornado only lasted nine seconds but that was six seconds longer than needed. Now everything was still. The living, the dead, the animals, the trees, the leaves, even the wind was still. It was as if time had taken a break.

And then a hole the size of a mustard seed opened up in the night sky illuminating a pink eye of light. The small beam traveled millions of miles from the sun all the way through pine needle leaves, tree branches, and what was left of the twenty-square foot area that was paved seconds ago. The light did not stop until it found its mark.

Three attributes of ALL, Compassion, Wisdom, Justice. Mother gods, queens, triplets sashaying through the light. They moved as if the world were at their feet. Each step. Harmony, grace, oneness. Each movement fluid. Heads held high. Divine royalty.

With each step, the goddesses got smaller. They were barely the size of a baby ant when they entered the portal that the bullet opened in the middle of Miracle's forehead.

The wounds in her hands, feet, heart and head closed as soon as the last triplet stepped inside.

The pink light that surrounded the mother god's wrapped itself around the fallen young black woman. The way Miracle's body ascended through the pink light. It was like something off of Star Trek. Miracle was half way to the Sun when a red light from the same source was illuminated on twenty-five year old Early's lifeless body. The light disappeared inside the young mans forehead for a moment before reappearing and rising up into a grey fog floating over and into Officer Luke Duke's twenty-eight year old lifeless body.

KUMI NA MOJA

Subjective Realm

“Early!” Miracle reached out. She was awake before she opened her eyes. “I can’t see anything.” She turned her head from left to right before looking up, “Hey, where’s the sky.” She looked down. “What happened to the ground?”

“Shhh. Quiet,” a calming voice entered Miracles conscious. “Be still child.”

Peace and calm engulfed her entire being. She had never felt more relaxed. Pressure? There was none. It was like she was standing in space without wind, without air, without anything. There was no thing to see, no thing to do, yet Miracle was content. She wasn’t scared. Nothing mattered and yet everything mattered. She felt a presence, but it wasn’t something that she could see. “Who are you?” Miracle turned to her left and then to her right.

“I am ALL.”

“Where are you?” Miracle looked to see where the Voice was coming from.

“I am here.”

“Where, I don’t see anything?” she turned in a circle.

“I am no thing.”

“I don’t see you.” She looked around. It was like she was suspended in outer space with no stars, no light, nothing. “I don’t see anything.”

“Exactly,” ALL said. “I am not anything. I am no thing and I am every thing, but never any thing. I am formless, yet I can transition into any form that the imagination can imagine. Call me by any name and that I am. I am Allah, I am Jehovah. I am Yeshua. I am Elohim. I

am God. I am Malcolm, Marcus, and Martin. I am Zion. I am Truth. I am Septima, Harriet, Ida B. And I am Free. I am ALL.”

“Why can’t I see you?

“But you can my child. You just have to close your eyes. Relax. Will your mind to manifest Me in anyway you want to imagine.

Miracle did as suggested and closed her eyes.

KUMI NA MBILI

Subjective Realm

“Yum-Yum,” Miracle called out using her childhood bestfriends nickname. “Why Early?” Miracles eyes popped open.

“Why not, Early?” ALL asked.

“He’s a good brotha, a good man. He’s my best friend. He don’t deserve to die. I need him,” she pleaded.

“My love,” ALL said. “No one deserves to die, and no one ever will. Every being transitions into another state of being but no one ever dies. Early, Zion, Sunny, they are with you. They can never leave you. They are inside you. They are a part of you.”

“No,” she shook her head. “I need them. I need to see them. Feel them. Touch them.”

“You can and you do,” ALL said. “You see, feel, and touch them every day with your mind.”

“I want to see them with my eyes, feel them with my hands like I used to.”

My daughter-sun. My light, hear me with your heart and not your ears,” All said. “Every thought and imagination I or you breathe into being is of Me. You, Early, every hue-man beings essence is but a breath of Me. I am and so you are and everyone and everything else is.”

“What about Raynelle? What about all the racist police officers murdering our black children? What about the racist cop that killed Early?”

“What about them?” ALL asked.

“Are you saying that you are them as well?”

“I am the best of them.”

“What best? How can there be a best behind all that bad?”

“The bad brings out the best of the good. The bad unites the good in an effort to defeat the bad. Behind, between, under, and or inside bad is good. Your mother’s rapist, the racist police, they have taken on falsehood as their god and their guide. But, I am in them. Buried deep inside them. But, it is because of my essence and your essence that you must educe them. Pull the good from the deep recesses of the their conscious. From the three year old child to the one hundred and three year old child, the good, the bad, and the terrible,” ALL said. “Fight to save them all Miracle.”

“Fight to save evil?”

“Fight to save hue-mankind. Evil may be in hue-mankind, but evil is not hue-man kind. You, Miracle are hue-man kind,” ALL said. “You are them and they are you, daughter-sun.”

She started crying. “I don’t know what to do.” She put her head in her hands. “I don’t even know where I am. I’m scared, confused. You let Raynelle torture and kill my mother. You tell me in order to save mankind Zions soul and mine have to unite, but he’s in the penitentiary for,” she threw her hands in the air, “God knows how long. And you let them kill Early.”

“First, daughter-sun, you do know where you are. You just said it.”

She looked up.

“No where. Nowhere is a place. It’s any place you imagine. Second, you don’t need to fear anything because you helped create everything. The same way you helped create everything, you can destroy any creation that hue-mankind created. You are the god of your fears Miracle. Third, you will be confused until you become one with all

life. Put your trust in my heart when you do this you will realize that I don't exist outside of you. We exist. I am the formless that can and does become any form you imagine me Miracle.

"I hear your words, but I don't understand half of them. This is too much. I'm only twenty-four. I'm a woman. A black woman with nothing, and no one, and you expect me to defeat something I can't even see?"

"No, I expect you to defeat evil, something you can see with your eyes open and closed."

"I'm scared."

"I know you are. You fear the unknown. You fear what you cannot see, what you can not hear, what you can not taste. You fear the objective reality, which is mankind's own creation. But, what you should fear is the subjective reality, which is the unchanging reality that guides mankind's conceptualization of the objective. Muslims describe this fear as *Taqwa*."

"I don't know?"

"But you do know my Miracle child. You share a conscious that created and destroyed the world as you know it ten times over. Mankind is merely an infant when it comes to destruction and creating. Mankind can do no thing without Us. So right now, this moment Miracle Joy Brown close your eyes exercise the god within. Concentrate. See the bad. Remember Emmett Till, remember the day he was taken, remember the brutality, remember Trayvon, remember Rakia, Remember Nicholas, Remember Sandra, Remember Early. Are you remembering?"

She nodded. "Yes, I see them all."

What do you want for them?"

"Justice," Miracle balled up her fists. "That's what I want. Justice. Too many Black Lives lost."

“Can you envision what justice looks like?”

She nodded. “Yes, I think so.”

“Are you envisioning all of them getting justice. Are you envisioning the faces of those after you get justice for them?”

“Yes,” she lied.

“Now that we know what you want. What are you going to do?”

“I’ll go from police precinct to police precinct. I don’t know.”

“Relax my child. Breathe. Think. Now begin again,” ALL said.

“Wisdom, that’s what I need to stay ahead of injustice and compassion to keep me from annihilating all the racist police. Father ALL, I beg you to allow me to be the hand that rocks the cradle of injustice to sleep.” Thunder and lightning struck as she prayed. “Free me from indecisiveness. Allow me to definitively leave no doubt in any ones mind as to the question of the value of Black Lives,” she prayed. “Zion, if you can hear me Baby, I love you and I’m coming for you.”