



# First Degree

| Spoken Word |

Created by

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### First Degree; Part I

A young man became a large teenager at the age of thirteen.  
They appear like they're at-large because they wear a hoodie. Smartly  
Dressed at any rate. They're harshly pressed for their details from the plods,  
Whilst other people were hardly checked, and they can smell something's off  
Like rotten apples, when they're stopped. They're aware that all of the coppers  
Aren't the same but when the top-brass don't reprimand every constable  
That breaks the law, then the organization, as a whole,  
Is in-the-wrong and flawed. They're taped, and it is long like the equator,  
Thinking the word "force" tends to have expression of aggression  
And so, who is really giving bad impressions. Grasping that holds  
Can be as lethal as them throwing some punches clearly does hold  
To not touch another person, except when there is consent, or  
It's genuine self-defence, and they're left staring at reflections  
In the mirror, with the question as to whether their expressions  
Could cause terror, like to get up in a person's face. It's said that  
The music that someone listens to, day after day, could become

Ingrained in their brain and these songs, which talk about a dog-eat-dog  
Environment, is from witnessing it. A demagoguery was  
Evident when local leaders chose to speak of open-season.  
Those with an authority were seen as the problem. Neglecting  
The fact that the priests are preaching, "take the log out of your own eye  
Before you try to remove the speck from another person's eye",  
As in, begin to correct faults in yourself, like to be less focussed  
On having the biggest gold chain and to not charge at bozos  
Saying annoying things like olé, as to show red flags to bulls.  
Humans, of course, aren't animals. They decide to play basketball  
To be a part of a group, instead of a gang, and they're shooting  
Their shot. There's chances to boost their income from this. It's like hitting  
The lottery. Still, they do it for fun. The high from scoring goals  
Is more than those that's scoring dope. This sportsman astutely chooses  
To read something else, in addition to this, to afford a home.  
Studying for GCSEs, it's as "easy as ABCs".

They just simply need to memorize the information on a  
Page but it can stress them like words highlighted, along with underscored  
Lines and circles around them drawn, to boldly emphasize the  
Core terminology, such as, PTSD because some things  
Can't be forgotten readily. Telling someone that they're nothing  
Enough times could mean that someone starts to think that they are nothing,  
When actually they're someone. They are someone that has something  
To offer the world to make it a better place and they're saying  
This over and over again, like CDs stuck in a loop, glitching,  
As with famous DJs mixing on the decks. Greater praise should  
Go to the volunteers repetitively stirring in soup kitchens  
To give hot, tasty stewed dinners to the vulnerable groups in  
There, rather than idolizing musicians with catchy tunes, as  
It is hopeful like alluding to fishermen catching tuna  
That's in old-age, unless it is getting overdone. They're moving  
On from psychology, which they had been finding therapeutic,

To the finance reports, with complex mathematics, and then they  
Realize academic subjects comes down to the thoughts that have  
Been thought of and it's thought-provoking knowing that their thoughts could sow  
Seeds to improve the world like growing enough food, when there's provision  
Of some drought-resistant varieties, with ideal conditions  
As well, and this cause is worthwhile, which moves them to drop in  
Some coins. Change can change awful circumstances into awesomeness,  
Through them giving the poor, in terms of the material resources  
That they have, an orb to learn at night about the ways that water,  
Underground, is forced to surface by having Archimedes  
Screws pulling it up. The penny drops like it is sparking heat and  
The vibes are a party. Feasting on some greasy chips. They're happy  
But it, sharply, becomes messy. Bullies are invading their personal  
Space. The napkin on the table couldn't clean this mess up.  
They're just stood there saying nothing. The fools loudly keep on grunting.  
They continue saying nothing, not even that, to the dunces.

They understand it is a stand-off. The bystanders think they're stand-  
Off-ish. It is because they have to put up with this nonsense and,  
Quite fortunately, this time, the shop owner has steely eyes that  
Got those which brang the hostile tirade to just leave, meanwhile  
Shouting that they'll be back like a type of terminator. Dialling  
Those that swore to protect and serve, this proprietor cites that  
There were threats. It's unacceptable to tolerate oppression.  
The officers will remind the tyrants, they must watch their manner,  
Otherwise they'll end up in the slammer, and get told, they're banned, in  
Order to prevent inciting violence. Proper judges bang a  
Hammer onto a desk louder than gunshots from automatic  
Fire. It is unsurprising that they have to look tough and they're  
Back to doing push-ups. Rising higher and that's how they're clapping  
Back at the attackers, in their head at least. They take their anger  
Out on the textbooks by hitting them hard like they'll be seeing stars.  
They are perplexed but they pick it apart like strings on a guitar

And the notes begin to appear sound. They're thinking they could make it.

It's emotional like a tear could almost roll down, escaping,  
Onto their cheek but they must keep it bottled-up inside of them,  
Much like theirselves confined to their room, swotting up, as they prepare  
To sit the exams to get into college. Their cased phone has bare  
Views. It is stripped-back. Obsessing crudely impairs the mind. They bear  
It before they change the settings. They're going for a walk. Fresh air  
Is refreshing them. They press on like with pens onto the paper.

They subsequently attain the grades they needed to obtain a  
Place on A-Level courses and the dopamine is coursing in  
Their arteries, which causes a massive sense of euphoria,  
To the extent that coarseness isn't felt, even when feeling the  
Stuff which has been newly laid onto garden shed roofs. Feeling on  
Top. They expect celebrations at an event, as arranged by  
Teachers at school. An awaited prom. It's aiding people to be  
Promenading around, as lots of sixteen year olds proudly beam.



They've a sense of achievement from them running their own race, pacing  
Themselves, as some pupils have obstacles in their way. Stay patient,  
They say to themselves, because these hurdles could mean that they'll ace an  
Arduous assault course. They seek a humour, with a horse that was  
Licking sodium-chloride blocks and that is a salt course. They aren't  
Trying to be a stud, from not wanting to almost be treated  
Like something on the bottom of women's shoes, that are cleats. Creeping  
Is pointless. They're coming across as unsure of this scene, as with  
A coin-flip. It's like being lost despite having an extremely  
Exact map on display in front of them. They're tough. So, they keep on  
Going like a perpetual motion machine that has magnets  
Rotating from alternating the repelling, and attracting,  
Poles. They're hoping that they belong here but they won't ever belong  
To anyone. They aren't a sell-out. They have to remain headstrong.  
They're experiencing a self-doubt. Their relatives haven't gone  
To such a successful establishment before. There's a pressure

To live up to expectations, like with them rocking bandanas.  
They were once mocked with nah-nah-nah. People should enunciate and  
They refuse to go-bananas. They're ignoring the ignorant  
Comments, to begin with, at least. The bullies are getting mad when  
They aren't getting any answer. There's an accident. Those has-beens  
Had been tapping on the table, laughing at their own stupidity,  
Which spilt their drink, and their pants are left wet. They're served a serviette  
By the person that was sat there by theirself, minding their business,  
Because they know that in the streets, and also in the military,  
As well as the scientific community, it's all about  
Respect and it doesn't come down to who would beat who in a bout.  
Strikingly, it's the work that counts, although, trying to count that work,  
Regarding the effort, is bound to be difficult, as there's blurs.  
They are managing to picture this notion with analogies.  
It's like travelling the distance of a marathon, it can be  
Done in a few hours, depending on what was carried. Standing

Upright, head held high, as after several months, are settling  
In like a torch burning gasses. They've become immersed in classes  
And they don't need to flaunt flashy apparel to turn up classy.  
They're shining from having mastered writing and that is exactly  
Why they won't say they're a master. There is always more to do, which  
Involves enjoying a moonlit evening and setting the mood is  
Truly essential when wooing that special someone and they're on-  
Their-level like a bubble in the middle of a meter and  
There isn't any measure. They shan't compare them to others. They  
Simply share time together, which is the ultimate pleasure. To  
Have presents, that's the icing on the cake. Without the base, if that  
Is all they ate, it could well rot their teeth. When they can't get some, then  
They aren't going to start to stomp their feet. They give them a gift that  
Is precious. Poems penned with charms, which says that they're the centre of  
Them like a solar plexus. Our connection is a nexus, like  
Two phones are joined with string to tin cans, chatting about rubbish, with

Their attention set on them being accepted by attractive,  
Prestigious universities. Their girlfriend is an attraction  
Like a theme-park is on Valentines. It's meant to be romantic.  
They're their sweetheart. There's semantics. They have planned to do a Bachelors  
In English-Language Literature. It seems there is a batch-of-  
Luring treats, like a candy shop, when attending an open-day.  
Some undergraduates need to detox because they're going cray,  
Partying until it's 6AM and dressed-up like they're in play-  
pens. There's pictures of togas draped around their waists. They've got a taste  
Of what it's like but they must make-the-cut, without leaving a wound,  
In order to matriculate. They're stuck indoors seeing this view.  
Pieces of paper pasted all over their walls. Gleaning there's clues,  
Like they're solving a tricky case. This story has reached a conclusion.  
Many years have passed and they've put their blood, sweat and tears into  
It. There are cheers. They've passed the exams, which were like *papier-mâché*  
*Piñatas*. They killed it. Committing to a degree, sometime soon.

First Degree; Part 2

A young man became a fresher at the age of nineteen. Fresh like  
Drinking ice-cold water after a late night throwing-shapes. Their eyes  
Remain wide open like they are staring at oncoming headlights.  
They're craving some coffee for the caffeine. Hyping them up more than  
The fuel nitromethane, although, they feel like they'll quickly explode,  
As with nitroglycerine, and they have to attend a lecture,  
Yet all they think of is respite. To lay in their single bed, citing  
Claims, the ole, "I am never drinking again". It's conjecture,  
Much like a lot of what is discussed by lecturers at lecterns.  
This hangover haunts them like trick-or-treat. The lights almost look like  
They are lit-up jack-o'-lanterns. They're wanting to pull their hood right  
Across their face. They don't. They refuse to ever have their hood up  
In public. They aren't a member of a clan. People wear hoodies  
Around campus. Often, it's assumed that they are athletes. Not a  
Hoodlum. There are plenty of well-to-do students. Prim and proper,  
Putting pinky-fingers in the air when they are sipping on tea,

As they'd gotten accepted into a top university.  
They start doing the same, slightly, as the cup handles are tiny.  
They can barely fit their index digit into it. The saucers  
Could, at first glance, appear superfluous but it's there in order  
To catch the dribble. It's similar to how the ears had caught a  
Dripping drip dripping. They sit in a café and nearly talking  
The whole day about such things as, many people here wear hoodies  
With ease because often they're assumed to just be athletes, or people  
That at least play some sport. It's due, in part, to the on-duty  
Security personnel being calm and have patience to seek  
Resolutions which are as peaceful as they can possibly be.  
Also, seldom are the students taking-the-piss, when they're spoken  
To by any personnel, yet some people elsewhere had chosen  
To act like they are in toilets and when these yobs have been told-off  
It can become messy but what did they expect when they're oinking  
At officers that were merely doing their job, with deployment.

There's procedures to correct them. Persons shouldn't be subjected  
To abuse, such as, louts stressing to "eff you" when they're respected  
And asked to not block the fire-escape and afforded time to  
Vacate. The crooks, belligerently concluding that they cannot  
Be made to move, are proven wrong, as officers put the cuffs on  
Them. It is hard to move along though, when there are instances of  
Innocent people losing their lives or becoming mutilated  
To the point they're mute and stare like they are alive in their grave  
And despite not being murder, it's, in a way, much worse. The pain  
Continues on, as the extincted officers, that perpetrate  
Atrocities, have been sentenced, foolishly, to walk free, with pay,  
On leave, due to conceit of the organizations. The fresher  
Sits there drinking non-sweet lattes and they're far from being blasé  
About these important matters. They are refraining from parties  
And instead, toasts thoughts from chatting. They cogitate on what message  
They are sending. It is ethics which is the most pressing topic.

Explaining this with saying, someone could have prowess in rocket-  
Science, which could allow passengers to travel to outer space  
And cause highs which uplift or it could be used to bring countless pain  
By launching warheads and acting like it is a computer game,  
With grunts jostling a joystick, then, a whole town gets laid to waste  
And it comes down to the poor place that they lived in. They state the paintings,  
which are inside of the frames, could make a difference and even  
The scruffy mounts, or areas, can have images, or people,  
That are astounding. They're reading it back, as they are completing  
The assignments for the first year. They didn't want to repeat it,  
As with scribing about hurt peers, as it is one of their worst fears  
To see any virtuous soul suffer like they've been deserted  
In a vast desert with nothing to drink, except their own blurred tears.  
They know they have to abort taking off, as they'll end up orbiting  
This clear sphere, going around and around, without exploring  
The cohered spears, which, as terms, pierce psyches more than a sharpened stick.



They start orating to convey the tone of voice. They're hearkening  
To pioneers that set the stage to fight their fears from sparring with  
Their tongue and Englishness isn't their only choice, which could click with  
Listeners. They listen to this disapproving "tsk" sound. It's like  
It is night time and the daylight appears shy. Slightly out of sight.  
It's black-and-white, with the moon shining at its brightest, like a hi-  
Vis jacket when it's getting dark. They put the work in to be part  
Of quite an exclusive clique and they are welcomed with open arms.  
They too feel like they're holding stars and this is why they're going far.  
It's stemming from them embracing different cultures but they're paying  
Homage, as they know it's plagiarism, referring to plays with-  
Out them giving sincere recognition to those that had paved the  
Way. It's slick to mention rap and there is a lot more to that than  
Meets the eye. They see the chains must break; the ones which shackle people  
With poverty. Firstly, they need to be graduating because  
Authoritatively shaping statements leaves the angles gleaming

Like multi-faceted edges on a diamond. They do research,  
So, any accolades raised won't phase them, as they've nigh-on reached the  
Highest level. They had ached for As and it left theirself keeping  
Theirself to theirself to stay singular, until it's the weekend  
And they see their long-term girlfriend. The relationship has weakened.  
A number of wrong turns has meant that they're travelling in split-road  
Directions. It's sadly giving them stress and they became distant.  
That special someone is livid and wants a head-on collision  
Because they have become bitter like they've bitten into bitter-  
Melons, due to this English Language student doing much better  
Than them. That someone, which isn't that special, had tried to trip them  
Up. They're swiftly brushing the mud off from theirself. As they sprint, the  
Dust, thus disturbed, doesn't settle. They're focussing on the medals.  
They've already got the mettle and it wasn't something mentioned  
On the periodic table. They've distilled the very essence  
Of answering varied questions and they're extremely successful

In the second year. They were working full-time for the entire  
Summer periods to have earned some money, just to survive on  
The basics during semesters, when their nine-to-five is spent on  
Writing essays, which describes ways that can mend a tiered society,  
And they don't even get paid for doing this, yet apprenticeships  
Provide some remuneration, and also, that content is  
Less complex, as electrical engineering for electric  
Grids appears much more difficult than rewiring a lightbulb  
But both tasks, if they're done incorrectly, could lead to a fire.  
That comparison is said respectfully. It was to highlight  
The discrepancies. They've read to, sensibly, keep red cups empty.  
In the final year. It's tense like at the finals of the Premier  
League and they meditate backstage, nervously getting ready  
For what is to be an eight-month race and it could seem pedestrian  
But it's more like fiercely zooming in F1. Some veer with vrooms.  
Thoughts are going so fast that they've already passed by, by the time

That the meanings from passages have been realized, like it's a  
Supersonic flight, flying quietly until they hear the boom,  
Which shows, sometimes, to clearly view something isn't to clearly view  
Something. Someone studying could proceed like they're doing nothing  
Like a bud but one day suddenly these flowers have dearly bloomed  
And the public can peer at beautiful sights. A botanical  
Garden, where a person, with a mechanical arm, that handles  
The plants, finds the calmness is cathartic and in stark contrast to  
Carving-out a career in the Armed Forces, yet both should channel  
Guarding life. The artwork tangles, and entwines, with the personal  
Hardships, which they observed at rehabilitation hospitals,  
Like the vines have begun to sprawl on the inanimate metal.  
They're obsessive and passionate. They wonder how they'll wrap it up.  
There isn't any packaging. They're reluctant to hand this in,  
As they're unsure that the caption captured the image of flashbacks.  
Perhaps it's more like the paparazzi. They're wanting a fast track.

Starting last at lines and they depart speedily, like when tyres  
Are screeching on the tarmac and dark creases get left behind. The  
Arcs leave a dashed type of abstract geometry, that reminds them,  
Smartly analyze designs. They responsibly recognize that  
Scripture is, in essence, wholly literature and it's nothing else,  
Unless the spirit touched theirselves and then, they feel it as a spell.  
Alphabetical letters tell the reader a lot more than them  
Simply being graphemes. Boldly, alpha refers to an angle  
Within mathematics and they've a perspective from this babble.  
They have managed to make their point with apexes. Two lines are joined,  
As with a piece of paper, ruled. There's corrections with the carets  
As asterisks. It's a signal. They type their thesis with a poise.  
It is said, actions speak louder than words, and it is true, however,  
Words exist as speech, or writing, with both expressions requiring  
Some action. Formulating scripts is like putting together  
A million-piece jigsaw puzzle, when pieces don't fit. Talking,

Especially on important theories, strains the very fibre  
And being. It is much more than a human moving their jaw.  
They complete quite a daring viva. Whilst leaving, closes the door,  
And looking forward to look back on all of the contrary times,  
Like checking a rear-view mirror. It is the end of an era.  
Era. It isn't an error. 'Ere, a difference, with an airer  
Like there's a frame to hang clothes on. They're aware of this from getting  
An education to educate theirself and learning lessons  
From them living all alone in a flat. It is like instructions  
Were flat-packed, as they need to be expanded on. There's DIY  
To do and the economy is screwed. Prospects had been a lie.  
Seeing notices, which posts scores, shows they are top of the cohort.  
Peeping to stop with a blowhorn. Greeting with doffed caps is over.  
After four long years, they've finished. It was bloody hard and this is  
Where the running starts. They're pinning pictures of theirself to link with  
Recruitment sites, like a wanted poster, which seek killer-instincts.

### First Degree; Part 3

A young man became a post-graduate at the age of twenty-Three and they appear quite the catch. Greatly, they're awarded a PhD scholarship. They don't accept it, partly because they've been Seen, at times, as forms of a cheap labour. They're not trying to be Hateful. It is something based on truth. Instead, they choose to take a Basic near-minimum-wage job, where, they at least get to make stuff. They had chose to stay away from the tight-rope organizations, which are overly corporate, as they'd get thrown up, as a show, like Diabolos which chuck the cups, stuck together, to an ozone height. There's more danger than circus tricks. It's almost like the bozos wiped white, drab make-up off their faces and still, they're clowns acting crazy. They're beholding these corpses in suits that go 'round concrete graveyard-Like streets in financial districts, whom brought about crashes, and cars Senselessly ploughing down the pedestrians stood on the pavements Is somewhat how banking systems hit a lot of people that aren't A part of the class which lives in ivory towers. It's painful

To have watched it and they're stitching wires within mattresses, which  
wisely stops springs sticking into bodies. They're disastrously  
Getting repetitive strain injuries, as the actions repeat  
Over and over again. It's surely going to lead to arth-  
Ritis later on in life. This cricking from joints, temporary,  
Like their employment, as a boss clicks their fingers for them to jog  
Over here and in a split-second they were gotten rid of from  
Them having a zero-hour contract. They know the reason was  
That they had been speaking-out against the despots, which leaves them shot.  
This twenty-three year old was seized, kidnapped, for standing in the street,  
Non-violently. They've wrote "puh-leaze". These p's-and-q's are this EZ.  
PCs are oft pusillanimous. Some constables are cowards.  
If those PCs were ever threatened by thugs with arms, they'd cower,  
But this straight-A student didn't. They were ordered to move; if not,  
The officer will shoot them. What they're standing on is public property.  
The spot they're stood on obstructed no-one. They are sober.



They have no weapons on their person. They're silent. They've composure.  
Struck in the chest. They are tasered. It hurts. They summon the strength to  
Remove the barbed darts, as fired at their beating heart. Again, hit,  
In the same place. Dropping onto one knee. Knelt upon the paving.  
Electrocution. Assaulted. Left unconscious. Then, they wake up  
From a comatose-like state in a hospital and they're taken  
Away to a locked-up cage. There wasn't a crime committed by  
This resurrected human. Liars had claimed that their vivid mind  
Was at fault. They can recall times when they had very almost died  
Because of violence started by others. They opened their closed eyes.  
It isn't something to boast about and they've tried avoiding fights  
As much as they could but they aren't someone that will ever bow down  
And they wasn't even shouting. They know that knowledge is power.  
They thus begin, without begging, to show a wisdom like they've teeth.  
Some businesses need flexibility because there can be seasonality  
To business but zero-hour contracts confer

Exactly zilch security to those employees, yet fixed-term  
Contracts of, say, three-months at least would allow everyone to meet-  
In-the-middle. They aren't lazy. Exercising freedom of speech  
Left them with voids. They can't pay for things as they did before. Brainstorming  
On ways that they could make more money but people want songs for  
Next to nothing, virtually free, yet if you too had made choruses  
And had spent all day forming them and people then take them  
Without paying, it is a form of theft, as said in the played warnings  
At the beginning of DVDs. It creates a wage-war.  
Groups don't even have to wage war to let innocents die from poor  
Living conditions when they've caused a sink-or-swim environment.  
The sharks circling, buying up the assets at a price which is  
Only a fraction of the actual value, highlights how it  
Possibly benefits filthy-rich people and unemployment-  
Levels which are quite high can mean the employers often offer  
Lower wages, as employees would have, say, normally received

One hundred dollars for an entire day, yet people that want  
The work, when there aren't enough jobs and there's a larger excess of  
These workers bidding to be the hired labourers, would prefer  
To be paid, even a fifty dollar bill, for completing what  
Are the same tasks, than get nothing. Also, it means the employers  
Can treat the workers like rubbish because there aren't many other  
Opportunities to have another place that will employ them.  
Until they are saying stuff it and they're choosing to forage in  
A forest, rather than putting up with unbearable nonsense.  
Getting phlegmish, like authors need to cough-up with recognition  
Because they expect this reference. They were watching documentaries  
On the TV. It is shocking like the fields of Flanders but with-  
Out any bombs dropping onto humans. Instead, they go hungry,  
When there's literally mountains of food that gets discarded. It leaves  
Them with mental scars, as it does to lots of the people that see  
It, let alone those that must live through this. Stares are vacant. Scarce jobs.

Some could think these days are days off but they really aren't. They're off-days.

They're constantly wondering what to do with theirself, except daze  
At a brick wall. It's the very thing they've hit, without them clenching  
Their fist. It isn't as easy as to tamely go and get a  
Paid position because many places claim that they are over-  
Qualified and when they're trying to apply for more high-flying  
Occupations, they are told their qualifications are nowhere  
Near specific enough. Finding that they're lost, even when guided  
By a sat-nav. The side-lining swipes the chances of them scoring  
Like umpires that decide the points are to be unawarded.  
Wiping figures from the scoreboard. This ain't a game. They're exploring  
Why they're regularly told they are not right for any posting  
At the businesses. It's noted, the insecure bodies hosting  
The interviews are jealous, which meant they weren't getting credited  
With having proved intelligence that is at the top end, and it  
Is senseless to be selling things that people don't need anyway,

Like offering them credit at eye-watering, gross interest rates,  
In order for them to go and buy something which gives them headaches,  
Such as, the latest flash phone, with brightly lit screens, so that they can  
Feel that they're in the spotlight. It's hard to care when the stock market  
Slowly grows, or it plateaus, as people sit on their backsides and  
Expect more money, simply from them having money, which is whack,  
Like wanting to hit a mole that pops up randomly from holes. That  
Isn't how proper investments are getting done. There are bold plans  
Which can show paths of a lode spanning as gold strands; this yellow wraps  
Into those gaps like a sewn patch onto clothes, trashed, and yet, those tracks  
Weren't followed as it's just blown sand. There's striations. It's like shading  
With colour pencils on paper inside of stencils to make this  
Something more special as notes and they are studying again to  
Change fields. Largely it involves them jumping over a fence to land  
On a very similar grass, which can barely be distinguished  
From that which they had just been standing on. They're leaving an imprint,

With their fingers smudging this ink on the page like they're a suspect  
In mentioning civil unrest as they ably scribble poems  
Which are suggesting that things get done differently, such as, preventing  
Problems from occurring in the first place because when there's deaths  
From stabbings, there's no cure for it and had the Government invested  
In decent youth centres, then there probably wouldn't have been  
The need to spend an extra one billion pounds-sterling to see  
Increased numbers of the plods on-the-beat because, conceivably,  
It would have been far less likely for teenagers to join a gang,  
As the answered Ys would give them a place to hang, make noise and bang-  
Out banging beats, giving a sense of achievement, as well as these  
Important opportunities to develop many talents,  
Non-violently, and as a means to earn money, as accomplished  
By a lady. They're sure of this. There's a fine line. Economics,  
Which is the best allocation of the resources, was strangely  
Largely assessed in a way that couldn't ever sum the pain and

Suffering, with communities working overtime to pay for  
The medical treatment of the people with trauma from a war  
That's been going on in the poor neighbourhoods and so, they stay poor.  
Takes a look in the mirror to straighten crookedness there and sort  
The mess out but no-one can clean things properly without products  
And equipment. It's not really about giving but stop taking  
Their share of raw materials. Those that are calling themselves kings,  
When they're lacking what is truly a dream, are fools and aren't helping  
To create the equality, which is very much needed in  
Society, to have the peace, upon the Earth, that's meant to be.  
Whilst they're sat at a desk, it seems like they can see a whole new world,  
Where they don't have to go through hell, yet this country is doomed to fail  
If they don't do this to curtail the problems, which have loomed like trails.  
They won't hang on any coat-tails. On a journey. The horizons  
Are vast, as when wooden boats sail. It feels like they're only propelled  
When they exhale on the canvas. It looks like they're in a hurried

State, with to go fast and nearly stained blue in the face. A hurricane  
Hits, which moves theirself quickly. They yearn to learn, simply to teach  
Methods to prevent problems from occurring. They don't want to be  
Negative, even though they sit day-in-day-out dwelling on these  
Negatives. They're often getting excluded from groups, possibly  
So that members can try to feel like they're part of something that is  
Exclusive, despite proving skill. Getting left out like they're rubbish,  
Yet they function properly still, like abacuses, which could be  
Perceived as something useless. These automatic computers leaves  
Algorithms determining the future but those programs aren't  
Accounting for people planning to stick to budgets and to keep-  
To-their-word in meeting the repayments. The sandbox gets messy.  
It is like being in prison, due to the severe restrictions.  
They often speak with conviction, without wrong-doing committed.  
There must be equality. As human beings, we all bleed red.  
They hope they don't have to see this happen for souls to believe it.



First Degree; Part 4

A young man became an independent candidate, when in their  
Twenties. There is change. They give two pence. You can do it, they tell their  
Self, and they're hearing it in a song and they're feeling like they be-  
Long, as some minds cut-the-crap like barbershop movies based on scenes  
Of sweet inclusiveness and these individuals take the lead  
To stand-out, and blend in, to see differences start to fade when each  
Person is seen as a human first and foremost, rather than seek  
Categorizing spirits because of skin-tone. It's like a dream  
Was getting told on the big screen and yet, some tongues, at times, would speak  
Of being beautifully black but saying wonderfully white,  
They know theirself, isn't alright, as being beautiful does shine  
From the inside and that is that. It's not simply from the colour  
Of complexions. It's no wonder there are divides. It won't dull the  
Set objective to-pack-it-in, as with to try to put all the  
World's problems on one race, as it was said "cuz we human" and that  
Is the gospel truth. If anyone has got to shoot, let it be

With basketball hoops, or videos, to stop the stupidity created from a music, which promotes improper use of guns. There's Really no excuse for those that chose, or have condoned, violently Attacking an innocent person, or to be blowing-things-out-Of-proportion, as they could resolve problems, like closing their mouth And walking away when others haven't got something which is meaningful to convey. They splutter like they near drowned, as they are gleaning that in a place, where, others carry around blades, the worry Of being defenceless could leave youngsters having made the wrong decision to have blades on the streets and the situation escalates. It doesn't become easier walking 'round, unlike escalators. Cartoons of cat-and-mouse-chases emulated is inane, as people aren't animals. The individuals must seek To start, or remain, standing tall. Choosing to not carry any Blade, which is probably easier said than done until every Person isn't carrying one. It must be done. They have searched for

Ways to achieve this and officers doing the stop-and-searches  
Properly are an integral part of the solution and this  
Does mean paying someone that is stopped and searched, with coppers asking  
Politely for them to calmly empty their own pockets and this  
Should approximately take five-to-ten minutes, and get paid like  
One pound-sterling and given a document to have explained why  
They are late for an appointment, that are informed to keep waiting  
For those stopped-and-searched and waving hand-held metal detectors like  
At the airports would help. Aims to get somewhere five minutes early.  
Adept notions doesn't take sides, except that which is in-the-right,  
Which means doing everything that can sensibly, and honestly,  
Bravely avoid a violent fight. Those with any blade when outside  
Of their dwelling should have confined them to a locked box at the times  
When they are not working on-site and they've a licence for a knife.  
It's their responsibility to ensure there's security  
To secure the tools, which could be used as weapons in a second.

There could be some obscurity, as someone that has a pen on  
Them could form a weapon when it gets sharpened to a point. Pens which  
Are store-bought, and essentially unaltered, should be permitted,  
As otherwise even plastic walking-sticks would be unallowed.  
It is murky like with muddy water. There are splashing-like sounds  
As they start to splash in puddles, having fun and they'll defend with  
Their fists like it's Friday. Puzzled as lots of the right ways have been  
Conveyed in films since the nineties at least. They are irate, like steam  
Was leaving their ears, as people were blatantly ignoring these  
Ice-cool-like role models. They've got to stop with this painstaking speech,  
As it could seem like they have lost the plot, yet they maintain the theme  
Of sitting on a seat and keep on thinking on a range of deep  
Topics. Refusing to have stooped to stupidly trying to be  
Everything to everyone because they undoubtedly won't be  
Anything to anyone when they're doing that. There's common ground,  
With visiting the public gardens. They're sat down on a bench and

It isn't a walk in the park. It's like being caught in a harsh  
Thorny gorse bush. They pull apart the spiny leaves, causing the arms  
To be shackled as well. Tangled in a tangle. This newfangled  
Course appears hard. It's like land had scarily almost grew fangs and  
Sort of a Venus flytrap, that captures insects. It's claptrap, as  
It is more having been clawed at. Baring teeth, like canines which stand-  
Out as cuspids, with this struggle. Breaking free from snares. Finding that  
Their garments start to unravel. Looking raggedy in strands, and  
They are recalling what happened to them in previous travels,  
Whilst some passersby falsely say they're a vagabond. They hadn't  
Threw their gladrags on, as they're labouring away, staring at the  
Gloomy gravestone-like skies. Onlookers were claiming it is lacking  
Action. Rapid electrical activity in billions  
Of synapses within the skull occurs. Flashes like a lightning.  
The nerve of it. They've a brainwave. They aren't planning on a raised stage  
To enter the elections as they're popularity contests.

It tends to be a mess. They would rather do what's correct than have  
Pandered to an electorate that want things at the expense of  
Others. They should accept to put more effort in when expecting  
More things. They are reflecting on a teaching in English lessons,  
Adjusting to the audience is relevant, like saying "sup"  
Could mean to some people a "sip" and it's liquid, as with language.  
They have courage without needing to be drunk. Just because people  
Scream the lyrics doesn't mean that they have meaning and pretentious  
Pauses doesn't produce a profoundness. Going 'round in circles  
On the swirling thoughts to be well-rounded, until it becomes blunt,  
Like they listen to hip hop but won't brandish guns and they wonder  
Like hippies but they haven't done illicit drugs. That great genre  
Appears, at times, like it's a lighthouse that is set ablaze and burn-  
Ing, devastatingly, to the ground, when the songs fixate on worth-  
Less things, as with, money over morals or when fakes claim they're tough,  
When they wouldn't have fought against tyranny like the Greeks had done

At the inscribed Battle of Thermopylae and outnumbered dozens to one, yet this message doesn't exalt violence to solve problems. Thought. Some people want drama; that is what an art theatre is for. Some people want competition; that's what the Olympics is for. Some people want quandaries; that is what this space travel is for and whilst they have pondered whether the next planet will get explored, they know they have to sort things out on this planet before successfully reaching other heavenly orbs. Earth without war can be possible, realistically, and more people should talk or to at least avoid one another in civilized manners. When there is fame from having pain, it can sadly perpetuate the problem of some people seeking-out a pain. Tries to stay safe. Only photos were getting drawn. Oddness like a sunset at dawn. Painting pictures with words like the literature from Asia. Liking things in different cultures heightens this resolve to boldly write that a dictator has already conceded that they do agree

With having a democracy, as they want their own vote to be  
Counted, which is an incomplete, nowed form of it. To overreach,  
With standing on the toes and squeeze a hand through the enclosure, leav-  
Ing scope to breathe and fingers seem like they have almost grown to be  
Touching the outside world, is bleak. However, this soul knows to speak  
Non-violently isn't wrong, neither is having diversity  
Respectfully, and they can glean what's tragically going on be-  
Cause of the conflicting spirits, reporters have shown. Hopefully,  
Everyone sees things globally, like how some products sold are cheap  
Due to exploitation. Prays each payment, and its power, make these  
Unfair trades cease to exist with procuring from the businesses  
Of fair-trade and they dare say it wasn't easy to spare change when  
They themselves receive scarce wages. The shareholders should share greater  
Amounts of things generated by the workers to help make it  
More fair for the workers. Statements get aired. Long-term plans embracing  
Job creation has sustainability to it. Disdain when



The low-priced imports were praised up, in the short-term, as people could  
Buy much more, 'til the local industries stop production of the  
Things which are imports, as they can't compete, and thus, jobs are lost, which  
Sadly means that they don't profit. Money flows overseas and it  
Has been on purchasing lands within the country left struggling;  
This only exacerbates the problem, as the national re-  
Sources are exported to keep everyone overseas ladened  
with excess and these locals get nothing from it. A vocal test.  
They are saying this over and over again, like they're blue-in-  
The-face, but sometimes it proves the shrewdest way to inculcate this.  
Doing the same things can change it. They have no shame to keep stating  
Economics to improve the state of each state. It's astute that  
The exchanges should be mutually beneficial to each  
Party like with apples traded for bananas. Global trade lets  
There be access to produce when it's not-in-season within the  
Domestic market as well. End of lecture. They're going home to

Look at the screen on their phone and goes on social media, al-  
Though, after reading some comments, it really isn't that social.  
Many users are logging in online and there's a whole host of  
Different individuals. Variety is beautiful,  
Except when an innocent person was bullied and so, hence, all  
Of the browsers should be careful with what they say. A cold battle,  
That there weren't enough hospital beds, as with lifeboats when an ice-  
Berg was hit by a grand ship. Lots of the souls had worried sick. Hy-  
Pothermia could begin to set in. They stay moving. Sink-or-  
Swim situations left people panicking. Barely keeping their  
Head above water. A so-called "invisible killer", when there's  
Politicians wasting vast amounts of money, which could have been  
Spent on stopping illnesses which stem from the needless poverty.  
To think it's cool to have rap-sheets, best only be rhymes with that speech.  
They won't keel-over with exhaustion from them avoiding violence.  
Like haemoglobin, it's in their blood. A true defence is timeless.



