

Ink and Steel: Echoes of Plight (Persona)

By. Quincy Simmons

Who Am I?

I am man gifted the power of the pen
I have a zeal for writing
Reciting poetry
The ability to bend narratives and stories
Stories of the good, bad and ugly
My stories inspire and to others, they expire like months' old meat

When I write about Cop City, history being erased from our world's landscape or the constant cries of "**No Justice, No Peace!!**"

Everyone falls silent and pays no attention

So I stay quiet

My thoughts and ideas...laying dormant

Fearing that my rhetoric will start a riot

Someone says, "**Speak up!**"

Can't if no one listens

"Excuse me sir, but this issue is expired."

Expired not only in the body, but also in the mind!

I guess my words are mere apparitions

My name, Ghost Writer

Who Am I?

The same man, just in blue and gold spandex

A lone avenger, this city's defender

Call me X

I'm like Batman, the knight of justice

Ooh, but did I mention that *this* knight is of a different shade?

Same goal and mission

Just (us) in a different face

Parading through the eerie, Metropolitan streets

Fighting off baddies and foiling robberies
Sirens polluting the airwaves
What's that?
Woop-Woop, that's the sound of da police!!!
Po-po pullin up to the scene
They get out of their cars, pull out their weapons and without hesitation,
"Freeze, you menace!!"
Seems like they worried more about me than the scoundrels killing, stealing
and wildin' out in these streets

Is it fair, is it equal, is it just, is it right?
Would you do the same if it was Bat's face instead of mine?
If Batman's doin it, well, it's success
When I start doin it, well, it's suspect

No matter which mask I wear
The commonality they all bear is leaving me stuck in the same reality
Now, I could be the same as Bruce Wayne
Just a Wayne of a darker shade
Big mansion, nice cars, butler, bank accounts filled with Os, o-o-o-ohs
Geez!!
Even with all them Os in my account
People wondering why I do not amount to what they see on TV
"Hm, what's that?"
A Menace To Society

Mix a prolific writer with a freedom fighter
I'm a brotha whose writing large, workin' hard and takin' charge
"Hero!!"
Uh-huh that ain't the case
Thanks to a lil something called race

I'm an absolute misunderstood, no good, disgrace!!!
Far from a hero
So who am I?

Friend or Foe?
I don't know
But in the meantime, call me Absolute Zero

Just Another Day 'Round Yonder (Walkaround)

By. Quincy Simmons

Just another day, around the way
Feeling great today, feeling lovely-yay
It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood
Can't go wrong, I feel valid and the weather's good
Sunny day, brisk air, cloud's outta sight
Makin my way 'round town
New Rochelle (better known as The Queen City of Sound)

First stop, Town Pizza
Best spot in the town!
All the staff knows I'm a regular 'round here
Primo & G know my speciality
A large pie topped with fresh peppers and juicy pepperoni
Took a whiff
I said, "Damn! This pizza got me mad hungry"

Prancin' thru the Main St
Passin by the beautiful apartment buildings, skyscrapers, people driving
along cars with loud radios
People jammin' in your Subaru, jammin' it in your Honda, jammin' it in your
Bimmer or your Benz
The parade of beats in your head that never end

Arrive at 345 Main St.
A place that I call home
I'm where little kids dream and rave for fun
Dreams not deferred or shunned

Lots of laughter, fellas shooting hoops and parents playing with their children

Friends, family and folks coming up in season

I remember the times rollin with my great auntie
Man we'd have a ball, the woman who imparted music onto me.
6 years since your departure, but just want to say one thing:
Thank you for bestowing the love on Hip-Hop within me

Uncle Reggie, I see
Took me from a boy to a man, so I always had a father figure
With my biological out the picture

Ms. Hunter, Mr. Frank, 'Pug', folks who watched me grow from a seed to a tree

When I was down, they always looked out for me
Rides from school, hookin me up with some grub and lil blessings...
While all blessings are monetary, they supplemented it for knowledge which is always key
To finding out the man I wanna be

Everyone in the 'hood says, "Good to see you Q"
I say, "You too, it's good to be seen"
I miss this town, and this town misses me

Then I head inside my crib to chill
Cuz it's just another day (around the way)
Feeling good today, I'm feeling super-yay
It's a sunny day, it's very lively-yay,
Good vibes 'round my way!

Hues of Heroism

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*Picture from the cover of Truth: Red, White and Black
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Up in the sky!
It's a bird! It's a plane!
Nah just a plain silhouette of a man
But wait a minute...
What's his name?
What's his plan?

He bears a bandana and a big, bright, white star on his chest
This man seems brave, focused and serious
Fueled to fight for freedom, truth and justice
A symbol of hope for the innocent, voiceless and oppressed

What's with the red and white bars?
Does his presence set him apart from the other Super-Stars?
Are these bars dimming his essence?
Keeping him away from his independence?
Or are they meant to seclude him from the rest?

Am I tweaking or not comprehending what I'm seeing?
All I see is Red, White and Black
To me, he looks trapped
Why?
His shade
Caged by an institution of people that don't love him back...