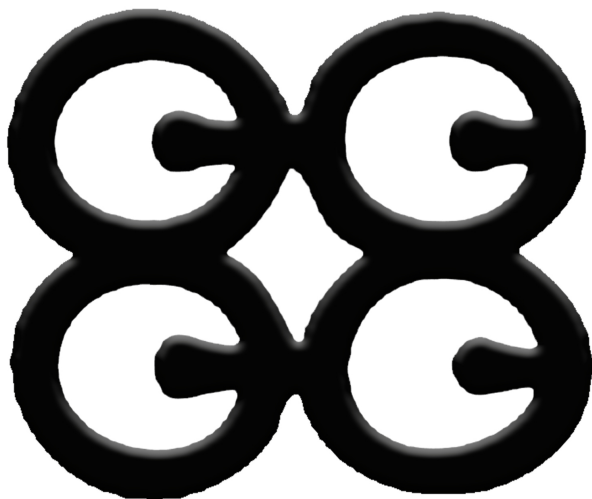


# THE REBIRTH

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MY VERBAL ABORTION II



*S. D. Bowman*

# **The Rebirth**

**VERBAL ABORTION II**

**By: S.Bowman**

## *Introduction*

*The morality of others will often hinder our views  
on the freedom of speech. To the individuals who  
feel they have no voice, these words are for you.  
Live in your truth, Be FREE, and thank you for  
being my Muse.*

## **MUSE**

/myooz/

noun

inspiration, creative influence, deep  
thought, thoughtful consideration,  
contemplation, stimulus

# Table of Contents

Introduction

- I. REALigious
- II. Verbal Abortion
- III. Purpose
- IV. Selfies
- V. Dear Mona Lisa
- VI. Pure
- VII. Principles
- VIII. False Graduation
- IX. T.S.F.U (The Tribute)
- X. Hieros Gamos
- XI. When is the Mothership Coming?
- XII. Vibes & Conversation
- XIII. Journal Entry No.2
- XIV. Dirty Dancing
- XV. First Impressions
- XVI. Cemetery of Gardens
- XVII. Smoke Sessions

Quotable's

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BONUS

Q&A with The Author

# REALigious ▼

What's Truth,  
If prophecy is through the scripture,  
Sitting upon the waters are much clearer than all my  
visions,  
Damaged,  
Thought I was sinking but I am lifted,  
The saints keep me in prayer they're so unsure of  
my dimensions,  
Well,  
Am I the sheep or just the sinner,  
Stuck in Revelations lost my Mental in the  
beginning,  
Genesis,  
Swear to you I'm not Religious,  
But I've been reaching for the Heavens since finally  
dropping Religions,  
Meditate...Trinity sisters,  
Eye am wide awake....won't believe in no scientific,  
Prophet...?  
May all your knowledge be soon delivered,

I won't pray upon your downfall but I pray you can  
stop spinning,  
Conclusions and definitions,  
Reconditioned to break the chains since they won't  
release me from the systems,  
Granted,  
My history's under pollution,  
Constant deletion of my past was like the  
outstanding solution,  
So What's truth,  
If prophecy is through the photos,  
They show us all the pictures but they won't tell us  
what we don't know,  
Small people in high places,  
Lying to me at the tables but expect me to know  
what Grace is,  
I caught it,  
Not in Denial nor up for audit,  
12 years of being a slave and education is what  
they called it,  
Not of this world therefore I orbit,  
I've been reaching for the stars but my knowledge  
may cause me to forfeit,  
Though I've never fallen too far from Glory,

Repetition of what's to come seems to make me  
change up my story,  
It's like a never ending battle,  
Overcoming the stereotypes was me realizing there  
were no shackles,  
It's priceless,  
The definition of what my life is,  
Swear to you I'm not Religious,  
But I've been reaching for the Heavens since finally  
dropping religions.

# Verbal Abortion ▼

I flew over You,  
in reality,  
my thoughts, my dreams,  
Over the clouds was probably the closest I'll ever  
get to Heaven,  
Can my universe substantially shift in ways that my  
mind can't catch up with,  
Or maybe I'm trapped in the definition of a place set  
aside from eternity and limbo,  
hell perhaps.

What are words without meaning,  
how can I differentiate what I feel from,  
what I say or,  
What I know is real,  
but normal isn't real if false was never defined as  
wrong,

In my eyes,  
I see myself When I close them,  
I only cry when I'm looking in the mirror,  
for my sanity,  
peace of mind,  
I only cry when my eyes are closed,



In the mirror I'm still a mere image of what I choose  
to be,  
When tears fell I flew over you,  
on this cloud I caught my tears,  
Is this what liberation feels Like,  
like captivity in the land of the free,  
Freedom was taken by the brave,  
and bravery was bottled up in the souls of the ones  
who ran Scared,  
So what is free if its not me,  
maybe just my thoughts and they are kept in the  
cracks of the walls where they can't steal me,  
Beautiful sinners don't stand a chance,  
but I won't judge them,  
together we stand,  
even if we're all on our knees,  
I think I'm different,  
if that's still defined as unique,  
I flow to the music of my spirit,  
even if I'm just listening to my heartbeat,  
Impregnated with creativity,  
I choose to make love to your thoughts of me,  
Today I might fly over you,  
if that gets me closer to Heaven,  
I'm just begging for my wings,

and if I could I'd take you with me,  
We can take these words and break barriers,  
release the consumptions of the world on this paper  
now,  
I Just keep telling myself that I didn't ask to be here,  
but I'm grateful that I get to experience pain,  
hurt and the opposite of the two for what its worth,  
I guess that's rest in peace to the reality of my  
nightmares,  
I have no proof that dreams Come true,  
Although I may question my very existence,  
my alter ego is subject to change,  
If I travel through that time warp naked,  
maybe I'll be saved again,  
Wiped clean of all my impurities,  
than will all my Good deeds outweigh my sins?  
But the terrorist in my mind has a mind of it's own  
so,  
I visualized my reincarnation after that near death  
experience,  
All I crave is the quiet time alone with my thoughts  
but I'm more afraid of the truth,  
I won't justify what I believe in,  
those who consume can't handle that balance,  
Gravity keeps me high when I fly over you,

but that parallel universe lets me see those fears  
that you sleep on when your laying on your back,  
Instrumentality on cloud 9 floating trying to catch  
grace,

since God has mercy,

Mentally taking pictures of the beautiful world that I  
see when I time jump,  
I gave birth in space,  
I present the future,  
I am Verbal Abortion.

# Purpose ▼

They say if you're not dying for your people what  
will your legacy be,  
Just another hood prophet with no chains on his  
feet,  
Stamina for knowledge,  
No college,  
But shake your hands when we greet,  
Dream chasers dropping dollars but in exchange we  
don't eat,  
We're just,  
Drowning in the possibilities since there has to be  
some possible explanation as to what our purposes  
be,  
And I purposely question where my destination will  
be when I choose to give up this facade for a seat,  
Will I dwell in some knowledge,  
Will my purpose be guidance,  
Will I break bread with the Gods in,  
The temples of our Subconscious closets,  
Like a Virgin to your existence so no Eve in your  
Gardens,  
Just plenty of temptations and stimulation to your  
mind keeps you open,

We're all ruled by our habits so we don't meet the  
quota,  
Doubters know we're outspoken they try to shut off  
our pineal sight,  
We know we're not perfect but I know they see us  
chasing perfection right?  
They see us,  
And even though for them it's not essential  
they've got to at least love the potential...Right?  
The potential to be some of the greatest even  
though we may never be perfect for them,  
It's a battle striving to be excepted while your lights  
steadily burning within,  
And we are Constantly distracted by the things that  
keeps us focused,  
But then,  
They ask if you're not dying for your people what  
will your legacy be,  
Just another hood prophet with no chains on his  
feet,  
Stamina for knowledge,  
No college,  
But shake your hands when we greet,  
Carrying weapons of mental mass destruction my  
people dying in these streets,

So will my purpose be purposely protecting that  
triple six mark since they say my brothers are the  
beast,

Elec meets the Neu and the Pro leaves me in  
between,

Young Trons can't even make it to 18 that chemical  
makeup of we,

Like,

What that melanin mean,

must know our history at least,

Just a cluster of Spiritual beings having a human  
experience,

And I bet they think that this is so far fetched that  
they're not even hearing this,

But we are here and we are unapologetically  
molding this,

Next generation to be the prototypes of the ones  
who take risks,

So their purpose will be to collectively uphold our  
ancestors list,

Will they see that our legacies still exists?

# Selfies ▼

Let's take a selfie with the winners,  
Pause, play, or let them finish,  
Standing in the background but when the flash  
comes I'll be in it,  
Even though I dwell in shadows I'll use the filters for  
my appearance,  
When it's not you they're posing for they don't want  
to be in the pictures,  
How can my favorite addiction be like my worst  
influence,  
I love it when I'm feigning but I don't know when I'm  
doing it,  
I just take all of my losses and throw them back  
when I pour em,  
Took myself out of the picture now everything else is  
distorted,  
They want to crop me out when I'm just trying to go  
viral,  
A bunch of camera stealing victims uploading solely  
for survival,  
Let's break bread with the winners,  
Round tables all white attire plates trimmed in gold  
for the dinners,

They want to be seen with the elites and take  
pictures of the dishes,  
Tagging strangers for the likes but extra followers  
are the mission,  
I'm in the background on record but not to follow for  
the attention,  
I'm just shedding all my layers but they see  
hashtags and play victim,  
I see the visions of myself in the same group with  
ambition,  
The same commas, different digits with likeminded  
individuals,  
Let's take a selfie with the winners,  
Real supporters hype me up when I come back  
from going missing,  
And they always keep the screenshot just to have  
proof of what they've witnessed.

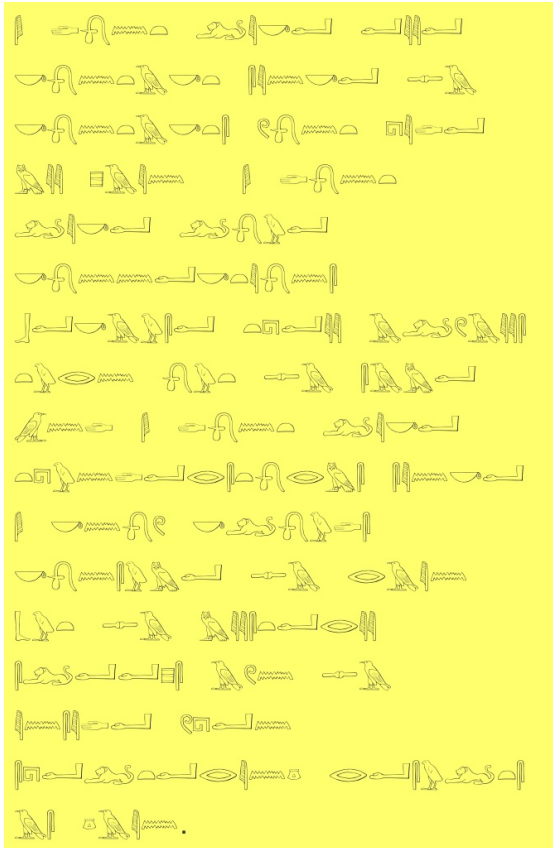


# Dear Mona Lisa ▼

Pretty pictures aren't called a masterpiece when  
paints dripping off the canvas,  
and down don't feel so bad unless your sitting and  
can't stand it,  
go grab a bottle of wine and drink 'til you can  
manage,  
or cope with your own feelings but granted you  
made plans with,  
the person of your dreams becomes nightmares  
became tragic,  
you just want what you want but damnit you can't  
have it,  
necessities turn into habits when wants overpower  
managed,  
fears and observations of loved ones you can't face  
when,  
times get hard,  
you love them and can't wait,  
until you hit your prime and lust turns into fate,  
I'm thinking,  
pretty pictures ain't a masterpiece if paints dripping  
off the canvas,

when paint brushes outline those tears of your life  
that ain't so lavish,  
just sit back and reminisce on the times that were  
still classic,  
preparations for the one who keeps you distracted,  
I hate you,  
I love you,  
we fucking,  
but you can't have it,  
my heart,  
so wrapped in plastic,  
You unwrapped it and just trashed it,  
beautiful disasters with wings,  
halo's and branded fabrics,  
silhouettes of broken hearts pouring all throughout  
the cracks,  
dry paint, wet ink,  
fill the lines deep from depression,  
I guess pretty pictures ain't a masterpiece if paint  
drips off the canvas...

# Pure ▼



*I don't like eye contact since the contacts won't hide my pain,  
I don't like love connections because they always turn out the same,  
And I don't like thunderstorms since I know clouds consume the rain,  
But the mystery sleeps on the inside when sheltering results as gain.*

# Principles ▼

It's the Principle,  
It all used to be so simple,  
Now Let me...  
Constantly hurt you,  
Then tell you that I miss you,  
Let me,  
Lie to your face constant whips just like I hit you,  
Let me,  
Play you like a fool and lay beside you holding tissue,  
For those tears that's steady falling,  
Like it never happened in the morning,  
Since last night is like the past and I'll be back tomorrow just  
to haunt you,  
Lies and fairy tales let's bring the Simplicity back,  
The things that I've been thinking only manifest when the  
morning resets,  
But it's the principle.

# False Graduation ▼

Caps and gowns at the bridal showers,  
I'm just going off of the body language,  
I contemplated your arrival I was there for the  
recital,

The echelon was my...

Survival

So give it up for your host  
I stuck around for the venting sessions,  
Manipulation for the troubled minds  
Let all our faults pick out their place in line,  
But your fixation was my idol,  
I contemplated your arrival,  
I set there middle isle,  
Verbal Abortion was my...

Bible,

I stuck around for the venting sessions,  
soft speeches when you preached it,  
one cap no gown I took your halo as my...  
crown,

Imagine praises as I worship you,  
Hands folded,  
eyes closed,

we live forever pass these moments so in the  
tongues I...

salute,

And no reception for the audience,  
they live to breed in precious moments so when we

leave their less appalled by this,

The antitypes for the senior class

our legislations never came to past,

but I'm just going off of the eye connections,

your words they brought me back to life,

renewed in the book of resurrection,

I'm forever grateful for my...

Sight.

# The Tribute (T.S.F.U) ▼

Book smart but I stay up in the hood,  
Had a couple bad days but it's all good,  
Cloud 9 imagination brain never in the mood,  
Come and greet your visionary I'm preaching  
    haikus,  
    Balanced...  
and I'm enlightened to the truth,  
    Holding up the Signs,  
    look the answers for your Qs,  
    But you,  
give them knowledge and they swear that you're  
    preaching,  
    Nothing but false profits and they know I'm a  
    weakness,  
Verbal abortions now all regurgitative speeches,  
But I'm out searching for wisdom like a pack or  
    something,  
Divvy up the knowledge amongst all my brothers,  
    Laughing,  
    They think they got it but this shit for us,  
Who else is going to get it man who else but us,  
    I just put a little flame on 'em ash them Butts,  
A whole team of nobodies won't compare to us,

Since I'm,  
Slow mo when I'm speeding up,  
grinding because I'm starving no easing up,  
Plan A has to work no B's and such,  
And I just take a chill pill while y'all heating up,  
So...

In between all the books and the street shit,  
I contradict all of my meanings,  
I've prayed away all of my demons,  
I tell all these bitches my secrets,  
Then my sorrow turns into some deep shit,  
The new Living legends and this shit for us,  
Love & loyalty first that's the only must.



# Hieros Gamos ▼

Can you...

Penetrate my soul,

Deep on the inside where all of my complicated  
moments fold and then unfold,

So deep that the moon can't reach the stars,  
the night can't fall since the worlds went dry and  
we're all trapped here on Mars,  
I'm saying though...

Do you think you can reach me there?

Where the flowers bloom and we do too,  
But those planted seeds were cracked and purity  
often never grew,

Can you meet me in a place where the married  
dwell?

The Marriage calls for gracious flocks and your  
virginity still in it's shell,  
Submitted now up on these clouds with the spouse  
in our purist pursuit,  
Vowels were broken,  
no kisses were spoken as we wore our eternity  
suits,

So this will be my ode to you,  
the clarity in our conceptions will behold the two,

We'll go insane,  
sheltering all this pain,  
Wrapped up in our eternity suits,  
I'll be the Genesis code since we'll last until  
whenever,  
and you'll be my Heavenly Muse,  
But first can you...  
Penetrate my mind,  
Deep down on the inside where all of my impure  
thoughts dwell and then clone,  
So deep that the thunder can't roar,  
the ocean falls like rain and the waves wash up on  
shore,  
There's no way on Earth you can reach me there,  
But since we're trapped on Mars,  
I'm not that far so my dreams make your visions  
come true,  
And when flowers die we'll still bloom,  
Thanks to our eternity suits.

# When is the Mothership Coming? ▼

I used to stare at the moon until it disappeared,  
wondering where this life could lead since it was  
never here,

I used to stare at the moon waiting for the Sun to  
rise,

I just want to be who I really am,  
I'm just a sinning child of God that pays Uncle Sam,  
I'm just another lost Queen in the book of  
Diamonds,

I've played my cards and it's proof that I've put the  
time in,

I'm just a shadow in the dark when the sun is  
shinning,

Or like the absence of your pain when you keep  
from crying,

I think I'm everything that you are,  
witness how far we've came from where we started  
and ended further than what you saw,

Or we can just stare at the moon until it disappears,  
Let the people call it rain but we'll both know they're  
tears,

Umbrellas in the air always catch our fears,  
Scared of crawling scared of falling so we  
disappear,  
Just like the moon we turn away when the Sun  
appears,  
That's why we stare right at the moon until it  
disappears,  
When their sleep and call us dreamers we should  
make it clear,  
That we come to paint it yellow while their living  
here,  
So they can see the world for what it is at least I  
think that's fair,  
Just keep on staring up at the Moon until it  
disappears,  
Until the people in the sky come to take you there.

# Vibes & Conversations ▼

Attached to so many different women but ain't none  
of 'em mine,  
Different feels but it's a similar vibe like all the time,  
The chemistry is there but circles don't fill an empty  
hole,  
The closeness just gets smaller and their intentions  
go right to my soul,  
Steadily flowing I'm just mobbing,  
Patient to find the one who understands my poetry  
but who's that someone that'll put the time in,  
I've never been good with impromptu sessions  
Or dwelled on the fact that life teaches us lessons,  
but miscommunication lingers and strangers don't  
mean a clean slate,  
Everyone that we meet is not a potential candidate  
to date,  
Maybe I just want to vibe off of you,  
You know,  
See what we can create,  
Vibes like Old soul,  
Black soul,  
No soul sometimes,

Late night conversations during the mid day keeps  
my chest warm vibrations from good vibes,  
Lost a pure soul chasing one who was still tainted,  
Ended up losing both and now myself emotionally  
outdated,

Taking bits and pieces from everyone to clone a  
better version of me,  
Body heat rising but none of these energies match  
my frequency,

They all fall victim to the temptation when it's  
presented to lay across those fitted white sheets,  
Just don't you think less of me,  
Conversations turn out to be key ingredients for  
recipes...

We plan these forevers with our soulmates yet the  
time never comes back to we,  
Holding me hostage, you...

Still keep grip knowing there are no bars, I...  
Try to maintain my purity to be valuable enough for  
our union in the eyes of the most high,  
But stagnant in my quest I'm just mobbing,  
Patient to find the one who understands my  
weakness but who's that someone that'll put the  
time in.

## Journal Entry No.2 ▼

See,  
I ain't never loved no man,  
I...  
Wouldn't know how to ever love no man,  
Daddy teach me how to receive the love from the  
soul see,  
Daddy I ain't never loved...  
Days that I needed to be held daddy,  
Where were you when I couldn't even love myself  
because I ain't never even loved You.....man,  
I mean,  
Momma always been my rock and she loved me  
beyond this world,  
My Goddess,  
And they say he's the higher power but first I pass  
judgment see,  
I ain't never loved no man,  
Learn my ways from a woman,  
My strength from a woman,  
My identical tree of life I...come from,  
A woman,  
See,  
It's easier to love A woman,

Daddy wasn't the man God,  
So you make me in the light of him but I'm dual  
spiritual in the end,  
Never in vain but your child goes,  
You had a son once daddy and He showed me love  
from his soul,  
See we were both searching,  
I ain't never loved no man either but I was my  
brothers keeper so,  
Rest in power to my brother...  
you'll live forever in me since you kept me closer  
then the furthest our daddy go,  
Things that keep me tainted I,  
Look at my lifeline daddy your daughter has a man  
child of her own,  
But to him I'm just like you since knowing me he will  
never know,  
My son will one day find his woman daddy,  
See I'm scared for him too,  
Can't even say I love you son...  
Momma ain't never loved no man like you.



# Dirty Dancing ▼

Confessions to the higher ups but still I'm dirty  
dancing with the sheep,  
I notice my flock but the Sin comes faster than my  
rebirth so I,  
Creep to the moments that I only look forward to  
once the sun goes down, I  
I've found you,  
Tucked in under all of the layers that never suited  
who you were labeled to be,  
Unveiling all of my assumptions in your presence  
but this is all so new to me,  
God like mother Earth or the Art that's in between  
her legs,  
Push me out...  
Eyes open I'm alone but what a sensation,  
Although my ships continue to sink I still need  
friends and relations,  
I'm awake though just slightly tucked in,  
Oh how I love to hide underneath the covers...  
Just don't unveil me until I'm ready I have some  
parts unavailable to discover,  
Acting upon the most impurest thoughts is when I'm  
most humble,

So grab my hands if I'm quick to slip...if vulnerable  
I'm more likely to stumble,  
No room to confess when every booth is occupied,  
I'm thinking, "Nobody puts Baby in the corner"..  
I've been doing this dance for way too long that later  
should've became sooner...

# First Impressions ▼

Hello,  
When I'm really saying goodbye,  
You know...

Like,  
How are you I'm kind of damaged but I hope that  
you can take me as I am,  
Flaws and all I'm like torn pages but I'm cool as a  
fucking fan,  
You know...

Metaphors and whatever else comes up I'm pretty  
basic,  
And I've been known to be the loudest during the  
silence when I can't say shit,  
Having conversations in my head,  
You know...

Like,  
Another constant reminder of the pictures they all  
painted,  
I was Contemplating back and forth,  
Like...

We'd only share sex and laughs,  
So me falling for you would be me quickly removing  
my pants,

And although previous opponents have tried to  
leave me on the floor I,  
Tend to enjoy it there,  
So I've created these little snippets of forever to  
release the tension caused by not knowing what to  
do,  
Then I'd Lay completely naked in my thoughts when  
it's time to be close to you,  
Daydreaming when night falls and calling for part  
time satisfaction too,  
I took a step back to rewind the time just for the  
extra few,  
I needed to regroup and analyze the minutes  
wasted falling down that Rabbit hole but questioning  
everything that's never given me the answers,  
I wonder,  
Why are you on auto pilot when the world around  
you is changing,  
Or...  
Why am I here tonight if you don't want to cause  
any damage?  
Since time is of the essence and even the hours are  
timeless,  
You can tell me your thoughts and I'll fill in the  
blanks for the rest once we find it.

# Cemetery of Gardens ▼

My thoughts all try to bury me although this ain't no  
funeral for the living,  
They'd bring me offerings thinking that all will be  
forgiven,  
In reality I'm left shattered there alone having to  
piece myself together,  
Meanwhile...  
gratitude hardly ever stares me in my eyes,  
Just my thoughts,  
but I appreciate me,  
my higher self,  
my lower self too,  
and the part of me that I chose to hide from others  
because I always get what I need,  
even if the feeling doesn't last long,  
all that I'd have left of people are memories and  
they all become characters in my poetry,  
I bury those experiences in the dirt and those  
thoughts grow into a beautiful garden too...  
an experience so fulfilling that I have no choice but  
to still question who?  
Then the best parts of them are left on paper,  
yet nobody can save me,  
I don't need all of that,  
I never ask for that,

I'm good on that.  
I save myself,  
and the best parts of me are also left with them,  
So they often return to soak up this energy but  
I am no longer available for human consumption.  
I blow like the wind and the trees take me higher,  
I grew like the roses from the concrete,  
Lighter,  
Stronger,  
But this ain't no Thug Life type shit,  
my roots are embedded into the earth growing  
around those emotional coffins like I'm Gaia's  
favorite daughter,  
How long is temporary when you attract the souls  
who need to be shown what genuine love is,  
They say healers must heal themselves right?  
Or when the night falls they're too scared to face  
you until daylight,  
But I will grow forever,  
I will be your favorite memory here to remind you to  
love yourself as you once loved me,  
Cry for me until you water the grass that's only  
greener where you plant your feet,  
Release whatever hurt that's causing you to stay  
stagnant and leave it here to die...  
In the cemetery of gardens.

# Smoke Sessions ▼

Out of my element I linger,  
the scent of black butter and good smoke drags  
behind me like the train on my garments,  
I,  
linger on your skin when,  
You began to fully understand the place that we're  
in and,  
I linger because you need me here,  
You need me in a place of vulnerability just to  
express the places that you've been and,  
yet we are way pass simplicity now,  
so anyone that you try to entertain will need to meet  
me just to fully inner stand you,  
I,  
linger because only I can read those Hieroglyphics  
in the night sky's,  
when your thoughts correlate with the stars but you  
need reassurance as to why you must shine,  
either we constantly live in a fairytale or we'd  
disconnect and have a hard time tapping back into  
reality here,  
So I linger because this is reality for me now,  
these sessions become my therapy and I often  
place myself in situations unbeknownst to me,  
then I linger In the room with all the mirrors,

fully transparent in the sunlight but I'm flattering to  
all my peers and,  
I often love the attention but I can never get used to  
it,  
Light body, my body,  
I,  
Remember the times that I asked for you and didn't  
even know why,  
just to dwell in a presence so overpowering during  
the times when I'm not high,  
I hover over your crown seeping into your mental  
I'm,  
Lucid in your dreams when your thoughts seem  
cloudy and,  
Exploring the parts of you gives me a chance to  
reflect on the shit that's kept you up all night,  
I,  
Linger in your safe space like you are my heaven,  
You are the Alpha to my Omega,  
I inhale and hold my breath just so that you can  
blow life into our beginning which has no ending,  
We can linger here.



# Quotable's





“Black swans religious sinners you’re beautiful,  
just don't be shallow,  
Loves hard,  
your hearts closed,  
don't fear baby I know,  
A well put together concoction,  
filled with Prayers,  
sins, & forgiveness,  
The fiction and fairy-tale novels you read young  
scholar,  
I live this”...

-S.Bowman



“They say I'm too caught up in my past might miss  
my blessings for the future,  
Don't feed me what you think I'm starving for it's not  
that old school Karma Sutra,  
I am that new soul mixed with 80s hits like the first  
time you heard Luther”...

-S.Bowman



“We often bottle ourselves up in our words to form  
these thoughts of our personal freedom but  
I started falling from the sky during my time of  
destruction,  
In this place there is no peace just pieces of me to  
discover”...

-S.Bowman



“Silence gives me peace, but my thoughts bounce off of the walls like small metaphors from Bible verses when you’re trying to find God”...

-S.Bowman



“We could have taken the scenic route but we  
chose to take the back roads,  
out there it was open space so we were free to let  
our minds roam”...

-S.Bowman



“Clever,  
Simple pictures they get mashed together,  
Simple,  
It's clever though, we never last forever”...

-S.Bowman



“Mind over matter still no  
control of what you know,  
so it matters not at all of the  
mind when exposed”...

-S.Bowman





“Lost in the moment,  
Captured...  
Captured by the Essence,  
Lost it”...

-S.Bowman



“I dived into that sea of forgiveness,  
Baptized all in my thoughts and you were my only  
witness”....

-S.Bowman



“Lately I’ve been trying to connect  
with something other than my thoughts,  
but I’ve never felt more  
alive until I fell apart”...

-S.Bowman



“Half of the time I’m hesitant in my judgement but I  
want you still,  
Classic is what you are,  
Flawless with every scar,  
Emotionally impaired so my awkwardness means  
you no harm”...

-S.Bowman



“I’m more prepared for you to leave but you always  
stay or you come right back,  
And if it’s like that,  
Let it be like that,  
But your little actions never reflect that...”

-S.Bowman



“You’ll go down in history as  
being the Muse to someone who  
was also clever”...

-S.Bowman

# 12:34 PM



I wanted to fall off of the side of the Earth, and even though the breeze felt good, the sun was still in my eyes. Daydreaming, or more like overthinking on the reasons why life didn't give me the answers that I needed; but maybe I'm just not asking the right questions. My mind was filled with meaningful forms of admiration for self but I felt the most beautiful when those glares from the sun beamed down across my face. That moment, at 12:34 pm I needed that breeze.

Then I began to let my imagination wonder and in my mind the Circles of life in discomforted forms still flowed, so what am I tripping for? It was a bittersweet type of day though, I was off of work but I was feeling down, longing for the simple gratifications of life, I was missing out. It was sort of strange that everyday, for the past few months, I've caught 12:34, whether it was am or pm. Could It be some sort of sign?

As the beat dropped, I indulged in the aroma of the marijuana that I inhaled. "Sipping on this drink

won't ease my pain, but I wish it would...smoking on this weed don't make me sane...but I wish it could...in a world that's down and out", Big Krit played in my earphones. Over analyzing was something that I've always done but damn, how could I possibly leave the party that my thoughts have prepared. I mean, I couldn't leave my own mental estate, it had become my secondary place of residents. Taping my foot to the beat, music was my release, I relived aspects of my life through the melodies. By now the aroma had seeped into the fabrics of my t-shirt, so I took it off and placed it over my face. I was in the process of suffocating the cloud of smoke, my lungs wide open and my t-shirt pulled tightly around my face. I wanted to let it all go but it was just like a Pandoras commercial to come on and knock me out of my zone.

-S.Bowman



# Prototype 444



“I’ve been manifesting what I feel I deserve lately”, is what I told myself when we were reintroduced, and the familiarities are parallel to everything that I feel I’ve been missing. I’ve been craving a connection even though I often run away from human interaction, if that makes sense. Feeling like I’ve never fit in anywhere has always made me feel like I was created for something different or...out of this world.

People are always so drawn to me yet I’m easily detached, I get over things way too fast, but I dwell on everything. Sometimes I’m like a walking contradiction but I stand firm on what I believe. This time it was different, I never questioned the connection, it was like meeting a more seasoned version of self.

Yet, it was over before I could even blink my eyes. So, I set there, over analyzing every aspect of the same things that I’ve never even questioned and I’ve been getting constant confirmation so I must be doing something right. But night after night, the

morning still comes and it's been about 3 weeks since I've felt abandoned in my quest to find myself again.

It was like an episode of Charmed, where going back to the past can help alter the future and every single time I start to remember who I am, the memories are gone again. I've been running from my truth for a while but I keep finding us in the corners where we used to hide. I just didn't want to lose us again, so I asked you not to leave over and over until I realized that you were already gone. The dreams of traveling energetically through the astro world were like a mirror reflecting things that had already taken place. I knew I recognized you, so  
Who am I?

Things have been so up and down lately that I spent my days learning more about myself. Those were some of the most emotional days ever, I felt so alone and out of my element but I've never lost focus. Every time that I see 444, I can appreciate the glimpse of my future even through your eyes...which in another lifetime were also mine. You've introduced me to my higher self, a more aware being, you've reintroduced me to the person that I am becoming.

Or was I already that person, the Prototype from the visions that I thought were only dreams. You sheltered our human emotions when the constant overwhelming sensations caused that mental hiatus. While everything around us was constantly draining, you were preparing us for the collective.

-S.Bowman

# No. 5



“A group of powerful Babylonian earth spirits or genii; servitors of the gods”, in my own right. I’ve already been branded as the child of Phaeton. The Marriage between Heaven and Earth has created me as a Gene Of Divinity and I’ve been trying to find my way back to the creator ever since taking that Red Pill...I am.

The number of humanity, and yes...I’m aware of the fact that I am divine. I am every piece to every puzzle that has ever gone missing, and found again. I am an Artist who sometimes paints outside of the lines, the poet who doesn’t always like her words to rhyme, and the over-thinker, who sometimes feels like neither one. I... I am for the people but when will they start to uplift me? What layers do I have to shed to be worthy enough for your appreciation, why must I be completely vulnerable just to show that I have emotions? That’s probably what makes me feel the most complacent, the fact that I’ve tried to be society’s definition of “normal” for way too long when they’ve never poured into me. I am so drained

from feeling everyone else's emotions and everything's been so close to home lately. I've never felt at home here at all though. The only feeling that I know all too well is loss, and the only thing that I haven't lost is my mind.

I often take myself for granted, not purposely. But at times I don't know my power or how to even tap into it. It's a very long process to have to relearn everything that you were taught, mainly because the shit was a lie. Years of fabricated facts instilled a sense of uselessness like nothing belongs to us.

But I'm here to inform my tribe that everything is ours and that nothing is off limits if it's meant for us.

The minute I started to detach myself from that which caused me no good, I've been able to really manifest what is beneficial during times of reassurance.

I am here to experience life here on Earth while parts of me are broken down into fragments just to be cast out into the universe as lessons learned. I am no longer the prototype in reincarnated forms...I...AM...

-S.Bowman

# Create your own “I AM” Poem

## FIRST STANZA!

I am (two of your characteristics)  
I wonder (something you are curious about)  
I hear (an imaginary sound)  
I see (an imaginary sight)  
I want (an actual desire)  
I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

## SECOND STANZA

I pretend (something you pretend to do)  
I feel (a feeling about something imaginary)  
I touch (an imaginary touch)  
I worry (something that bothers you)  
I cry (something that makes you very sad)  
I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

## THIRD STANZA

I understand (something you know is true)  
I say (something you believe in)  
I dream (something you dream about)  
I try (something you make an effort about)  
I hope (something you hope for)  
I am (the first line of the poem repeated).

# Q&A with the Author

**Q: Favorite quote? (doesn't matter the source)**

A: *"Now keep in mind that I'm an artist and I'm sensitive about my sh\*t!" -Erykah Badu*

**Q: Does writing energize or exhaust you?**

A: *Honestly, It has the power to do both...*

*It just depends on where I am mentally at that time because it can be emotionally draining. But other times I feel relieved after getting things off of my chest so, Balance I guess.*

**Q: How did publishing your first book change your process of writing?**

A: *Publishing my first book was definitely trial and error. It didn't so much change my process of writing, it more so gave me an appreciation for Authors who Self-Publish.*

**Q: Do you view writing as a kind of spiritual practice?**

A: *For me I'd say Yes, Absolutely. It's really a healing process and it has helped me to let go of the things that were holding me back mentally.*

*Writing has really allowed me to tap into myself and I truly enjoy the experience.*

**Q: What one thing would you give up to become a better writer?**

*A: The one thing that I would give up to become a better writer would be the spirit of procrastination. I wouldn't be able to sacrifice any of my other gifts lol, I'd be a better individual in general if I stopped procrastinating.*

**Q: What is the most difficult part of your artistic process?**

*A: The most difficult for me would have to be the vulnerability, it's sometimes scary for me to know that readers are about to get a glimpse of what goes on up there.*

**Q: Do you believe in writer's block?**

*A: Ehhh, that's a good question but I'm on the fence with that one. Mainly, because I'm not sure what else I'd call it when I can't seem to write something new or finish something that I've already started.*



**Q: What do you like to do when you are not writing?**

*A: When I'm not writing, I'm designing sneakers, painting, listening to music, reading, hanging with my fam, or just relaxing.*

**Q: If you could only have one season, what would it be?**

*A: I would have to choose Autumn for sure! It's probably my favorite season. From the weather, the fashion, the TV Shows, and the Pumpkin Spice Lattes are back in rotation lol. It puts me in a good mood and that helps with writing as well.*

**Q: Are you on social media and can your readers interact with you?**

*A: Twitter: @Verbal\_Abortion IG: @S.Bowman*

*FB: Shadè Bowman or via*

*Email: VerbalAbortion@mail.com*

**Verbal Abortion Q&A** [http://www.artistfirst2.com/Authors-First\\_2015-03-10\\_Shade\\_Bowman.mp3](http://www.artistfirst2.com/Authors-First_2015-03-10_Shade_Bowman.mp3)