

Title: Cognac Tears

Mmmmmm!

This bitter sweet
passion of mines—
Have been shelf and stored
like wine for to long,
Established in eighty six—
And considered dark,
By moonshiners
under the rural country moon—
Howling this is their country,
But see—
I'm not named Brandy,
I'm just brown tears
with shot glass lyrics—
Bottled up with
more poverty and less
white liquor privilege,
Causing me anger
for equalities intoxication—
Gained me a label
for mixing brown and white,
Conservatives politically
call thug passion—
And simply wave me off
as hip-hop banter,
Mentioning—
"Obama made it as president
what is his excuse,"
I truly note this
Mr. Moonshiner Republican—
Whisky slave catcher thinker,
A little brown poetic justice
is all I'm drinking,
and if I'm slurring—
Call it poverty Ivy league education,
But if you sip my feelings—
In essence
you'll understand my cognac tears
come from oppression,
Not a angry black man drinking.

By: Amos Don

