

## Be Present

## Propaganda

So I tend to think of life in terms of movie clips, or tweetable moments  
Somehow I've convinced myself they last longer that way  
I was proved wrong when wife called my phone as fmy black wife  
I thought it was funny, we giggled, now single men take notes  
Now I'm no expert, but I don't think she was kidding  
She talked about some other stuff which I really don't remember  
I was too busy in my head composing a  
Tweet where I would quote her with some sort of cleaver hastag  
About marriage and about how much I love her  
To be paying attention to her at that moment  
I think what snapped me back was the silence which  
Indicated I was supposed to have some sort of response to whatever she was talking about

I told my father that story in hopes to get a little sympathy  
My father, Civil rights and Vietnam war vet  
Hopelessly charming  
On his fourth marriage, Father  
Rather than the customary nod that men give each other when they understand,  
he  
Proceeded to tell me why He failed as my mothers husband  
He said it was the same reason half of his platoon died in Vietnam  
And the same reason you are deathly afraid of your daughter becoming a teenager  
Son, you can't hear past the explosions, either the ones that already happened or the ones  
You anticipate  
See the former, paralyzes  
Living life in the rear view mirror driving full speed across traffic into the center divider  
So shell shocked you too stupid to duck when bullets are flying  
Or the latter  
Your life a game of capture the flag  
So focused on the finish line, you stepped right on a land mine  
You so ready to attack the day  
Frustrated because you can't find your keys  
Focused on the meetings you're finna miss  
And the traffic you finna sit in to realize the you been holding your keys the whole time  
Slow down  
You have been hypnotized by the possibility  
Son, I couldn't hear past the bombs  
The first one didn't kill me and the second one ain't even happened  
Yet it ended our family

He told me a love story  
Of a woman born before him  
He said I knew her before and at the moment of conception  
There was an eternal connection  
And although I didn't know it then, I'd fight for her affection  
It's this war we been waging since day one of creation  
And only when you lose her do you learn to appreciate her  
Like even when I'm with her, I'm itching to get rid of her  
And she only gives you one shot, blow it and she's gone  
And I took advantage of her  
That's why I'm telling you this  
Son, you can't rush her or slow her down

You better keep her on your side  
She will slip through your fingers  
Like sand her name is Time  
And she told me a secret  
She said multitasking is a myth you ain't doin' anything good just everything awful  
And she begged me to stop stretching her thin and stuffing her full, and stop being so concerned  
With the old her and future her, but love her now  
Her presence is Gods present, and you should be that, present

So I guess you could say  
Well I guess I could say I've been through a divorce now  
Me and my phone are no longer married

I think I'm ready to be here now