Arjenis Ruiz
Anthony Berbey
Erron Golanche
Ulises Vaquerano
Osmer Balam
Poetess
Santiago Cal
Immanuel Williams
Vanessa Usher
Jaslyn Yorke
Alvin Ledlon
Rasheed Palacio
Shernell Whittaker
Virginia Cortez
Amber McKenzie
Nya Lewis
Katie Usher
Alvin Ledlon
Briheda Haylock
Kyo D’Assassin
Bianca Serrut
Osmer Balam
Brenton Gabourel
Antonio Beardall
Marvin Vernon
Sean Taegar
Hugo Rivera
Mayne Moss
Dwayne Murillo
Israel Paredes
Gema Rios
Miriam Antoinette
Lauren Young
Jemuel Robateau
Micah Goodin
Rony Jobel
Micah Vernon
Valerie Penner
Daniel Velasquez
Jaslyn Yorke
Felene M. Cayetano
Yasser Musa
Mykal Welch
Shelby Castillo
People Say I Say

Anthony Berbey

People say I belong in a mental institute.  
I say, y’all belong in a fucking zoo.  
People say I’m not mentally well.  
I say y’all can go to hell.  
People say I don’t fight real causes.  
I say I can’t even find a word that rhymes with causes.

‘Cause it doesn’t matter what people say  
Whether you’re straight, bi, les, trans or gay. ‘Cause I don’t discriminate.  
I’m not the one showing all the hate.  
I call their hate-mongering bullshit when I see ‘em. ‘Cause their bullshit is the size of a Roman Colliseum.

While they’re getting high and playing Yahtzee. I say you’re no better than the Nazis.  
‘Cause we have stupid people in power so let’s watch ‘em crash and cower. People say what I’m saying can’t be true. I say y’all don’t even have half a clue.  
‘Cause it doesn’t matter what people say  
Whether you’re straight, bi, les, trans or gay. ‘Cause I don’t discriminate.  
I’m not the one showing all the hate.  
I call their hate-mongering bullshit when I see ‘em. ‘Cause their bullshit is the size of a Roman Colliseum.

People say I’m a lunatic.  
I say y’all are drug addicts.  
People say I hate Jesus.  
I say since when did I say anything about Jesus.  
People say I don’t believe in God anyway.  
I say what do you mean? I talk to him everyday.

‘Cause it doesn’t matter what people say  
Whether you’re straight, bi, les, trans or gay. ‘Cause I don’t discriminate.  
I’m not the one showing all the hate.  
I call their hate-mongering bullshit when I see ‘em. ‘Cause their bullshit is the size of a Roman Colliseum.

People say I make no sense.  
I say your heads are dense.  
People say I’m full of trash.  
I say y’all can go die in a car-crash.  
People say I got no class.  
I say take your hate…  
AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS!
Am just plain bored 😞

ERRON GOLANCHE
pera dolida

ULISES VAQUERANO
Perra Tonina
chucha coda
chucha chuchisima
la perra más perra de subir.
Abandonment

Osmer Balam

These lyrics diffuse from the tears
You did not see, or wipe away,
The abrasive ink of blood the quill of your absence
Imprinted on the pages of my unread anguish…

When my face turned into a desolate beach,
My eyes, horrified shells, woke up to read tragedies
In the sand that once tied your moonlight to my shoulders
When we could fly, to eternity and time,

When my blue sea embarked on the wreckage of your heart
To resurrect you, to see you bend on a new era, touch beauty,
When I gently held you to trace the drifting blue,
To rhyme and sail a new ode to the ship of your inert life.

But the sea receded in my open arms; the sky dried
Into a leaf, falling, swaying to the waltz of your goodbye.
Your voice, your caresses and your smiles were swallowed
By the dooming waves of your shadows madly roaring

Into my quiet dreams, dreams I kept safe in a coffer of coral,
A coffer that in your gentle kiss was a coffin to my solitude;
A coffer now forsaken in the dusty corner of my room,
A room that today knows your name more than my own.
All Lies

Poetess

They say we have democracy, I say it is a lie
I'm tired of this folly as the years go by.
The sold many pieces of our country like an auctioneer and gave away our money like pawnbrokers,
Then give us scraps like that will make life better.
As for the mayor, I have only one question
What happen to the money missing from the equation?
That was to help the people more,
It's seems the money walked through the door.
What is all the glamour about politics?
It's just an excuse for them and their accomplices to get rich.
It seems most politicians have become a kleptomaniac, dipping their hand in the bank when we turn our backs.
Well now I'm tired it's time to attack, time to get Belize rolling on the right track.
I'm not afraid to show how I really feel about the government's shady deals.
They laugh with us, then cut us down
Without noticing the poverty stricken children around town.
My people both young and old
It's time for a different story to be told.
The Revolution, the uprising of a blessed nation.
Flood Out

Poetess

Last nite ih mi rain, I neva tenk da mi wa big thing. 
Til I jump outa bed and fin out water wet up everything. 
Tenk goodness ah mi clean up di oda day or ah mih wa di see useless 
the float every way. 
I jus wash, now all do clean clothes wet 
I stil ina shock, no kno how fu staat clean yet. 
Wata cum up pas mih foot, nutting ah cud do so outside ah tek wa look. 
I mih feel wa lee bit kanfused, cause I no kno who fu blame, da mih wa 
surprise fu see no water do flood past wi lane. 
Jah knows, jah knows da do onli reasonings weh kip mi sane, some-
how ah feel lucky so I stop complain.
HOSPITAL NACIONAL GENERAL Y DE PSIQUIATRIA
"DR. JOSE MOLINA MARTINEZ"

TARJETA DE CONTROL DE CITAS

NOMBRE: ________________________

Nº DE REGISTRO: ________________________

SOYAPANGO

PARA SOLICITAR ATENCION MEDICA SIEMPRE DEBERA PRESENTAR ESTA TARJETA

ULISES VAQUERANO
Big Man

Immanuel Williams

So you’re a big man now?
mother bawling as she put her son 6 foot underground
So you are a big man now?
.38 ah yuh waist size and yuh height ah .45
So you a di big man now the streets rock when you pass through town
“Big man now” your friends congratulate, 16 when you had your first date with the magistrate
Politicians can’t understand how juveniles look up to you like a prophet

Big man now Adrenaline rushing through your veins
“Bang Bang Bang” another life you just claimed

“The most notorious” the news states how does that make you feel?
Do you even have feelings when you conspire wicked dealings?

So you are a big man now just beat another case
“Say no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil” as you steer in the witness face

So you are a big man now, can’t get a 9-5 so you working the night shift
thick gold chain, Rolex and BMW that’s a fancy price list

As a big man now you’re family knows time is running out
You try to send in your resignation but your job description gave you another application

Now you try stay low thinking of retirement but the youths looking up say you don’t look tired yet
Veteran in the game you know how to fool the crowd
they think your life has changed but you’re just setting the stage

As a big man you fail to realize time had changed, spitting at the taste of your own medicine
as bullets take over like a malignant cancer

Your family and friends say you were a good man, meanwhile a new generation finalizes a new game plan

The city is silent, the big man is down, police has no leads
Who’s the Big man now?
Bills! Bills! Bills!

VANESSA USHER

Bills! Bills! Bills!
I am tired of all these bills!
Water Bill! Light Bill! Gas Bill! Rent Bill!
I am tired of all these bills!
You pay the water bill; the light bill comes!
When you finish with the light bill, the gas then done!
When you are through with the gas the rent is due.
What else is new!
Bills, Bills, Bills!
I am tired of all these bills.
Gas bill, water bill and light bill too, then here it comes the rent is due.
What should I do with all these bills?
I don't know do you?
Bills, Bills, bills!
Bitch

Jaslyn Yorke

So I'm not good enough
just to slip into the roots of your evil ways,
evil eyes your selfish way of living
so I'm not good enough
to walk on your soil of pure deviousness and falter.
Well guess what bitch,
like you I am a worthy bitch,
just like you, you son of a bitch
scornful bitch, selfish bitch, narrow minded bitch
I am capable of your dirty ass soil
you mean ass bitch, such an unpleasant bitch
who raised you an unforeseen bitch
like the one that stares back at you everyday
in your mirror a haunting of yourself.
Malicious inconsiderate bitch, you really are a dirty ass bitch.
Where does my insults stop?
Right at my period, you red bloody son of a bitch
a reflection of the devil's spawn evil ass bitch.
And for you, I say have a nice life in hell dumb ass bitch.
Black Skin

Alvin Ledlon

Black skin
I love my mother
Black skin
I love my father
Black skin
Where it began
Black skin
Where it will end
Black skin
Hides my tears
Black skin
Hides my fears
Black skin
Hides lost lives
Black skin
Can't hide these eyes
Black skin
You love to hate
Black skin
You want to erase
Black skin
My deepest fear
Black skin
My brother here
Black skin
My sister here
Black skin
My deepest fear
Black skin
She wants my life
Black skin
She holds the knife
Black skin
We can't live
Black skin
We can't live
Black skin
We can't live
Black skin
We can't live
Black skin
My nappy hair
Black skin
Relax my hair
Black skin
Relax my skin
Black skin
Let me in
Black skin
We were Kings
Black skin
We were Queens
Black skin
We are Kings
Black skin
We are Queens
Black skin
I love you
Black skin
I love me
Black skin
Who I am
Just the way I was made
Black skin
I don't want to be different
Black skin
I stand out
Black skin
I'm strong
Black skin
Black like my mami and papi from way before
Black skin
time
Black skin
What else I like..
Black skin
I love my history
Black skin
Where I came from
Black skin
Where I am going
Black skin
I GOT RHYTHM
Well not everybody
Black skin
Some of us have two left feet
Black skin
God said you can't have everything
Black skin
Do you know about
Black skin
Phillip S. W. Goldson
Black skin
Rosa Parks
Black skin
Marcus Garvey
Black skin
Dame Minita Gordon
Black skin
Antonio Soberanis
Black skin
Dr. Martin Luther King
Black skin
See what I had heard was
Casually Assembled Trickery

Amber McKenzie

hey say it starts within self
And I can agree to that
But it does not diminish the fact
That a targets on the back
Of every black
Man in America
Doesn't change the faith
Of those slain
In ways that's been banned in vain

They say change starts with WE!
I understand that
You want my brothers to carry Harvard books
Instead of an ounce and a glock
Want to see them kicking it in libraries
Instead of the neighborhood blocks
Right?

Tell me though, because decades of hurt has scarred me into confusion
How they gon read if y'all never did teach them
When surviving is all you been giving
You ain't give a fuck bout working for living
There's a difference

See the hood is the jungle
A wild and chaotic family misguided
Misinformed
And mostly misrepresented
By those sitting with plastic noses turned up while writing checks less than their petty cashes
Are y'all hearing this?

The thing I know I shouldn't be speaking out about
Cause next thing you know
I'm the one in line to go.....

I'll fall but I'll know I stood
Next to facts
To taboo
The impermissible truth
That this is not all our fault.

It has been proven, darker skin is sin in America
No wonder skin bleaching is big business
Got our queens dying to look European
Hating their imaging
And sentencing for our men are 10times, minimum 10times harsher than the blue eyed devil

Still want to tell me this isn't about race?

Lets dissect it

Why are we still being discriminated against years after Jim Crow?
Is it cause a lil homie toke around a lil dro?
Or cause my vernacular aint sophisticated enough for these siddity hoes?

i thought a million men marched to save millions a men's lives
Got too many mothers wiping countless tears from they eyes
Gunshot
Bloodshot
And then the media lies
Run not
Walk not
Any black man movement must die
We don't want you running too far, so here you must lay
Flooded by all the blooded dismay
Stripping the strength and raping what's left
No wonder mothers are fucked up and kids are fatherless
Still you wish to articulate to me that I am perceived as equal as any other teen?
Ask Becky how many dead bodies she done seen?
Ask her what the first of the month really mean?
Ask her if she know what the bars smell like while visiting the homies?
Now ask Shaniqua the same things...

It's a different dynamic of living where I'm from
Kinds learn to cook crack before they learn to have fun
Learn how to do wicked plaits
For extra income
Know how to work the system for an extra nickel
It's insane
Girls learn the fastest
Because they take away our men
And brothers and nephews and cousins
And leaders and protectors and fighters
And counselors.................they take away the essence of our reproduction
Brilliant way to wipe us out the system

As women we make ourselves harder
To be stronger
For the next day and fearless figures for our fatherless boys
Boys who try to find that which relates to him in the streets
With peeps who'd love to help a smart one get to college
Book smarts and street knowledge
He is dangerous
He brilliant and knows how to survive the jungle
The jungles
The hood west LA where you at?
He's that guy
Who will tutor your daughter in science
And teach your son to play ball with the big boys
Rowdy and polite
He's the type
To assert himself
And end his life

For one care free day
To turn to a haunting night.....

August 9th 2014, Ferguson, Missouri
Skin like mine fired up, blap blap blap, multiple times
Brother from another mother,
Held hands and gave smiles, listened to Kendrick like I in the
backstreet of backstreets
But Father Time took him
Two days, two years, two decades, too damn early
The pigs have muddied the truth
Covering the detection of threatening feelings
Now a family lays dismantled
Shattered by the tattered remains of creation
Loves manifestation
Gunned down over some bullshit cigarette situation

I coulda been him
Any skin darker than a paper bag without tanning coulda been him
And you want say I safe
To walk down streets only having to look two ways
Nah
There's a target on my back from birth to death to after
Cause even when body hits soil they know my soul lives long after
And she more hard headed than I

Missouri has fallen into Cali
Taking the homie out his house and dropping him south of nowhere
Then report that they wondering where he might be?
That shit ignites me
Builds rage that pages couldn't hold
Screams that broke mics
And all I wanna say is herb chef let me get a bite
For I do some unpeaceful shit tonight
I'm ready to fight for my rights
Death would be solace to this nightmare

My heart is heavy with grief for your family
All my people are kin folk to me
I still believe in that old shit they called unity
We fight internally like all families do
But I'd be damned if I let another motherfucker mess with you

I've never heard of white on white crimes
But I've listened in history class to many white lies
Just all too familiar with black on black crimes and what the
world whispers of it
Like white moterfuckers don't get killed by the same epedemic
I know a nigga ain't shot up that movie theater or Virginia tech
Wasn't Jena Six in retaliation to them white folks too?
Miss me with that we killing ourselves shit
Violence in any community is bound to happen
Not my fault my neighbor name is Daquan and not Bob
Bob too scared to move in the hood, worried about getting robbed
Head clouded with nigga stereotypes

I'm frustrated and outraged
Justice aint never been in the nigga community
They keep us angry
So we turn on each other
Take our frustrations at them out on one another
They don't roam our neighborhoods
They don't know
People fear that which they cannot decipher
They scared cause after slavery, Jim Crow and Willie Lynch
We still living
Some of us still congregating
Seeking truth
And spreading
They fear us
And kill us.

I can't breathe
I can't live
I can't get justice
But let it be some dude with pale skin blue eyes and blond hair, and it be a nigga cop
Watch how the whole world wld stop to punish that brother.

Mike Brown is more than a sad story. Its an announcement.
A wake up call.
There will be more
Tryavons and Travis
And Grants and Till
And Thomas and Brown
And Garner
Because they cower at our greatness
No more hands! FIST up
Cause
I'm black and you the men in blue
No matter what I do
You'll find a reason to justify why you shoot....
KISS ME
MORE SLEEP PLEASE
ROBBE-Y

NYA LEWIS
I woke up to a flurry of images of blood red roses, hearts, and chocolates wrapped in red foil suffocating under tons of red, pink and white confetti and shrouded in plastic.

It piqued my constant quest for the why.

My quest was satiated on Catholic Online, where I found a short background on St. Valentine who, it is said, was beaten, stoned and finally beheaded on February 14, 269.

The only competition was the dizzying trending hashtag 50 Shades of Grey, hashtag must see, hashtag I loved the books.

Having spared myself the hype, I couldn’t appreciate the trend.

But what I’ve gathered from the summary on the flap of the book is, the same old way we’ve been conditioned. Be virginal so you can make an abusive, egotist, sex-crazed, older man fall for you. Nothing original, nothing new, but widely successful.

Belize, our prize, often called ‘the jewel’ is not immune to these inflections.

Last month, when a famous tattoo artist was arrested for allegedly
engaging in a sexual affair with an underaged female, the heat was turned up, not surprisingly, on the young female. She was attacked for “being fast”, “seducing and tricking an innocent man”, “lying about her age, and setting a trap for a professional, and respected artist… a father of daughters and very respectful.”

And anyone who dared, remind everyone else on the Facebook thread, that she is a juvenile, and he is the adult, and that he should have checked and made sure, was attacked, and again, a longer, and longer thread grew, bashing the adolescent. The news article posted on Facebook, became a roast. “She mussi di fuck fi geh wa tattoo, fast rass bitch.”

Men can be famous. Men can be infamous. Men can be promiscuous. Men can have sex as many times as they like, with as many women as they like, with young girls, by force or by ‘consent’. Their value will remain, their morality unquestioned and their motives unevaluated.

Women must contain and control themselves. Women must be good girls and wait patiently for blood red roses. Be virginal and wait for a rogue, who will judge them if she decided to explore sexuality as he had. widely. wantonly. freely.

Girls must not tempt adults. Girls must not lie about their age. Girls will be blamed for carnal knowledge, for sexual violence, for domestic abuse.

We will sit, watch and read it all on Facebook. Wait for a movie to reaffirm a flawed status quo. Wait for roses, chocolates and hearts, so that we can post it on social media. That is what love is.

Love, in the second decade of the twenty-first century.
Catch that Man

Alvin Ledlon

Catch that man girl
He is spent
He can pay your rent
Whatever is your fantasy life
Honey he can buy
Don't worry that he is married
That is his burden to carry
Mr. Big Spender
Hey daddy, I'll give you a time to remember
Catch that man girl
Oh he is fine
He is like Denzel and Halle Berry's love child
Don't worry that he is conceited
That he is self-centered or a cheater
The bottom line is
He is coming home to you at the end of the day
Catch that man girl
Do you hear?
That man I tell you is going somewhere
Is that a Rolls Royce?
AMEN!
HALLELUJAH!
REJOICE!
His temper is crude

But it's because of my attitude
One time his hand slipped
He busted my eye and my lip
He quickly wiped the tears from my eyes
And bought me the best makeup money can buy
Catch that man girl
He don't have no job
All he does is hang out with his boys and dogs
No job and hangs with dogs
What kind of catch is that?
You wanna know
He got that good dick
The one that makes you do tricks
Breakfast in bed
You paying his bills
You don't care if he is lying
As long as you get serviced to time
Catch that man girl
He loves his mother
He respects his sister
He is going to protect his daughter
The stars are not in his eyes

Because he is busy feeding his mind
Your equal
Your husband
You won't ever be abandoned
Make a stand
Hold his hand
That is your man
Catch that man.
Chronomuertephobia

Kyo D'Assassin

I see you from across the room spinning your hands doing aerobics... with the poker face of my dead relatives you've seen all... know all, but never senile your whip longer than rope you drank with the elite, struggle with the workers, and slaved with the poor. I then find... people adhere to deadlines more than promises, Even in death, we follow dead lines. It keeps us in check like balance time... clocking from a distance death... ever persistent many search for that fountain for that elixir... because of Chronomuertephobia


Full Circle

Kyo D'Assassin

The shoe's on
the other foot
like the calendar
outta space
near perfect...
human in nature
chips raising on the table
underhand keeps it stable
crunch time... last quarter
live as a villain
or die a martyr
clocks bending reality
melting into the sea
the sunset, the sunrise
is all that I see
Fort Knox locks aligning
planets at attention
balance is crucial
enlightenment heals tension
calm is the war
that bites a sniper's bullet
The silence of the desert storm
unveils a new star
caught in the
prison of your
devise.
got to get back on my feet.
Crime

Osmer Balam

La resina en tus blistered hands
Hace chart en mi map
el serpentine trail de tu conscience.
Courteously, estiras tu mano.
So do I…
Only to find…
Las venas in your wrist burst into tentacles of fire…

Disheartened, dioses Mayas hacen observe
The cadastral crime. Hacen bow sus heads.
They descend to the site of death.
Del hardening resin in the weeping trunks,
Now bidding goodbye al forest floor,
Hacen carve human figurines,
Cada uno with a different jade pendant, un different vision of hope.

“Dicen que va venir en un big white horse!”
Dice un Mayan elder.
His wide-eyed, attentive grandsons and granddaughters escuchan…
Sitting around the fireplace,
Hacen quietly observe el trail del smoke
As it turns into a snake that suddenly
Se traga a la aldea.

El otro día, behind a barbed wire fence,
The frantic populace stands, amazed, blindly cheering,
Observando mientras arrogant blue crabs
Hacen practice walking across the halted highway.
Disciplined pets terminan su rehearsal.
Los drums are put away.

Cortan nuestros land titles to make confetti.
In the village classrooms, los chiquitos y las chiquitas
Hacen learn about sounds, penmanship, how to pronounce ‘f’,
como hace write un perfect ‘p’.
The village is duly embellished.
Hoy es su arrival, a long awaited celebration.

No one reads the deadly treaty being drafted and signed
In the multicolored paper flags skillfully cut.
And suspended from the quiet lamp posts
To di church’s tower, from di beaten tower
To di rooftops, las matas muertas, and desecrated Mayan temples
Di temples dem, aan di ruined dreems ah di figurines,
Little figurines ahora incarcerated en fancy Mahogany showcases,
Voiceless figures that now have missing hands and missing feet.
Dance with Night Wind

Antonio Beardall

Heat in the night shall come my way
Angels flee as fades the day
Sinners all wait for having sinned
They must dance with the Night Wind.

Making peace with my damned soul
Lost Cause searches, make again whole
Two evils shall never make one right
Thus fold in the arms of waiting Night

Through the door to enter dreams
Darkness ripping at your seams
A mirror image reflects your face
Of Night Wind standing in your place.

Those who stand under my rain
Cries of woe echoing pain,
Counting the seconds with every breath
Waiting for a lonely death.

The psyche split shall be redone
They cry for mercy but shall have none
Prison Monster shall be set free
Bring the lost ones unto me.

Only a nightmare can be this red
Painted by screams of the dying dead
Wails of warning to all born new,
I the Night Wind shall come for you.
Dark Tide

Antonio Beardall

The wind from the ocean sweeps
Over splinters of the beaten floor,
Sun dried, salt dried, tear stained,
Having known intimately my pacing feet.

Your boots no longer by my door,
Sounds of your breath but an echo in my head,
The ocean sings songs sweetly, seemingly uncaring
She took you away without asking.

Mournful gulls sing regrets and eulogies,
The sun dances playfully about the room, inviting,
But my heart remains cold, broken, submerged
Beneath the ocean where my dream went to die.

I see your ship glowing in the dark of night
Beacon of heaven, pulling me in,
Dark waters of longing shall wash me out
To the place you now call home.
Mourn the Never Ever

Antonio Beardall

Just go to sleep and forget,
Starlings flutter in the light,
The birds singing tunes of regret,
A song before I die tonight.

Rest easy weary pillow bound
Flying dreams to come my way
Bones on my bed shall hear no sound
Just hope to sleep through to the day.

Any day now I shall sleep to dream
To be someone else in another place,
Great expectations in every stream
I swim renewed by water’s grace.

No need for one to make me complete
Everything has changed for so it’s staged,
The curtain calls, the last emptied seat
Now a remnant of the final withered page.
Schizo

Antonio Beardall

You're here...
I'm gone...
You smile...
I cry...
The light it shines
But can you see why?

Do you know you are me inside?

Life to the living,
Darkness for the haunted,
The beating heart of flames
For the one banished

They hear your laughter
Mistaken identity
For one trapped in the nightmare
Unable to scream out

Deceiver, faker, monster of lies
The heart we share favors you,
The love you bask in should be mine
To break down the fortress of regret

Bathe in the light I never felt,
Too scarred to emerge,
Your new-found beauty grows,
The ugly fades, forgotten
Untitled

Sean Taegar

The new year blazes a flame of diamonds
Seeing the future truth of dancing tongues
This prism of love vibrating in my heart of dreams
This star of flames sings my skull to sleep in the year
of blossoming
The year of the wind navigating the drum of death
The drum of forever sleeping in the blood
Of memory’s light
In the blood of shouting lungs hot with sky
This year of thoughts blazing the night sky
With sun and abyss
With the abyss of sun flowing in our veins of voices
The universe of words in flight in the night
Words blossoming the wind’s heart of wombs
The memory launching imagination’s ship of dreams
Your dreams blossom full light
Full kaleidoscopes of sound
Blazing prisms of infinity and Spirit
Launched in eternity’s ear of flowers
In eternity’s feet of sky walking the road of dreams

Wednesday 31 December 2014 4:10pm
Belize City, Belize
One

Alvin Ledlon

One life to live
One life to give
One God above
I only want one love
One plus two
Equals me and you
We don't need lies
Cause they will only divide you and I
A negative plus a negative
Won't ever give you a positive
Open your eyes
Then you will see all the lies
One life to live
One life to give
One God above
I only want one love
This is an A plus B situation
We don't need C in this equation
This is not algebra
I like things simplified
There will be no need to find X
Because with me you will never wonder Y
One life to live
One life to give
One God above
I only want one love
Let
Me
Take away
Minus
Remove
All the pain
Of your past that haunts you
So you can live again
This is the time for subtraction
For us to take action
My heart beats triple time
When I see you smile
One life to live
One life to give
One God above
I only want one love
My BOMDAS
My
Beautiful

Obviously
Marvelous
Diamond
Alluring
Seduction
You are in competition with no one
My feelings
I won't hide or deny
I am quite selfish
My radius will not share his pie
One life to live
One life to give
One God above
I only want one love
With only one of me
And one of you
The zygote multiplies
Some of me
Some of you
Our greatest joy
Our greatest pain
Our greatest responsibility
Our greatest gain
One life to live
Our gift from above
Our choice to give
Our child
One love.
DIARY OF AN UGLY GUY

Mayne Moss

I walk the earth mortal and ever cognizant,
of my flaws that embark on a futile quest resistant
to change, it knaws at the chunk of perfection distant,
from completion, insistent on progression but gone in an instant,
the pleasant plans far from fruition,

I am who I am alright! so why must I fight,
to be different in spite of my nature?, despite
what makes me...me. I still endeavor, with all my might,
Through bright daylight and silvery nights to keep in sight,
the type of person I am, but a body that invites
and a personality that excites wouldn't hurt right?

Diary of an ugly guy, I peer at the handsome and I die a little inside,
I stand aside as beauty shreds my pride,
Be proud of who you are? Says my allies
but how can I? When my dreams lie
in ruin before my eyes?
I wanted a beautiful wife and fruitful life,
but strife spawned from nice comments when they mean otherwise,
hurts more than anything, the well of my confidence dries
and my thirst for acceptance rises,

The sun sets once again and still I hope for a different tomorrow,
that cupid will take pity and send that arrow,
for someone to fall in love with me, I wallow
in everlasting grief, and bask in pain and sorrow
a lonely death is soon to follow,
Everyday is borrowed, so I'm in debt now
If you are listening God...please tell me how
to cope with the seed of pain that continues to grow on my soul
Help me mold confidence, grow bold,
enough to withstand the cold onslaught of the untold thresholds,
that unfolds as life grows old,

Still I live life with love,
and still give thanks to the almighty above,
and as society evolves, I stand here uninvolved,
with a problem unresolved,
but steady your observance and notice my perseverance,
you walk pass me everyday...I watch as you stroll by,
I remain invisible unworthy of a hi or goodbye,
but I'll be here again tomorrow to try,
THIS IS THE DIARY OF AN UGLY GUY.
Evolution of Revolution

Dwayne Murillo

Good evening one and all; forgive me first, in this intrusion but a message lies here-One that of which the objective and moral you will receive, is one of ….. Collective Consciousness and union.

Allow me to introduce myself, I am the infamous Blackguard.

I do hope the truth I am about to bestow unto you is one that is not too heavy and too hard on your heart. Riddle me this riddle me that, it's time we sat down to have a little chat, but of course there are those in high places who don’t want truth to be leaked in the words that we speak.

In order to do so, they have us indulging in mental and non-productive recreational distractions and by the time we realize and see through the masquerading and sugar-coated lies, it’s too late, as our backs then lean against the wall. But oh my fellow people, this is a speech of internal burning inspiration to let you see that we need a evolution for revolution.

It is quite distasteful to say that when a country is no longer run by democracy but rather… one of moneycracy. This is to say that a system is put into place where by the ideologies are ruled by hypocrisy and for the love of vanity , many rebel against GOD in every demonic blasphemy.

It is beyond shadow of a doubt that when a nation is like this, something is very wrong. Freedom of speech and perspectives are strangled by branding and victimization in the form of losing rights to everyday human quality and the lack of equality. Many are to blame yes, for this tyrannical and suppressive terror but if you wish to see the contributors then you have no need to look no further than in mirror. The great flaw is for us to fear those who make the law.

That then is the great deception and one that can lead us into great error. Truth be told, unless there is no thing as permission, and the people have the right to challenge the position of the aristocrats, and place them into the common man’s condition , we will never be able to carry out our mission of an evolution of revolution ad in the longer run resolution.

It is through change that in can occur and let it be known, that change is a good thing, it is through its struggle that change perfects the tinted human soul –for the greatest trials pushes us to our limits and reveals the best in each one of us, that we hide. Like you, I too am grateful that on the year of eighty one in this 21st century, no one had to have died,

But let’s face it, with the atrocities happening now, we cannot and must not be one eyed. Colonial and old philosophy along with the new free thinking of: "do as thou wilt”, will collide, but the past traditions must be washed away by time’s eternal tide. So I ask of you to think it over and stand at truth’s side –put your bickering and limitations of yellow or any other colour hue ,being agnostic, religious or just being a few, a side and let’s work together to live inside a national home dignified where freedom and justice are applied and not cast aside into a ruling system of conquer and divide.
Habitación 42.1

Según la orientación de la realidad para las masas, la gente que vive en situación de calle, a pesar de deambular en los centros de las ciudades rodeados de un desierto de personas, son individuos desprovistos de su condición de miembros de la comunidad, ajenas a las consideraciones de seguridad social, marginadas de la consideración del resto de los individuos que en conjunto forman parte de una sociedad común.

Subsistiendo en condiciones que para el imaginario colectivo: ellos mismos se han creado o de manera más objetiva lo han permitido, son abandonados como personas sucias o enfermas; inestables a las que en la mayoría de los casos no acostumbramos relacionarnos. Ignorantes de que –una sociedad que somete a uno de sus miembros a la exclusión social, permitiendo su situación de subsistencia en las calles, lo somete a una de las soledades más traumáticas y peligrosas para su salud física, mental y espiritual.

Pobreza extrema, maltrato, indiferencia y rechazo son las principales causas que llevan a personas a tratar de subsistir en situación de calle, su derecho a la integridad, a la libertad y a la seguridad personal es vulnerada; su derecho al trabajo y derechos humanos laborales no son respetados pues ‘no se les da trabajo’ su derecho a las seguridades sociales es inexistente. Son fantasmas para la administración de los bienes públicos, coloquialmente llamada gobierno, quedando al amparo de refugios particulares y religiosos. Todos estos son condicionantes que van deteriorando la salud mental de estas personas, subsistiendo entonces con lesiones emocionales que producen tal impacto en sus vidas y que sobrellevan solos; procesos de convalecencia no atendidos, no entendidos, y no superados, procesos en los que, como cualquier otra persona, tal vez requieran de un amigo.

La mente humana, sin importar tiempo y condiciones, se desenvuelve en un marco perenne donde se codifica toda la información a la que nuestra raza puede acceder sobre nuestro plano físico, mental y espiritual. Y que el individuo participa de esa información a nivel consiente, subconsciente o inconsciente. Para la orientación de la realidad y el manejo de la sicología para las masas las perturbaciones mentales que pudieran sufrir las personas en situación de calle resultan estados alterados de conciencia en los que existe una percepción diferente de la realidad, aunque siempre, según mi punto de vista, dentro del marco de información humana, y desde luego dentro del marco de lo creado y lo existente.

Tras esto, creo que esta percepción diferenciada de la realidad, si es que esto es posible en personas en situación de calle, haría que estas cobren una importancia significativa para su grupo: nuestra sociedad; pues no sería extraño que las personas mas desprotegidas, mas marginadas y despreciadas sean también depositarios de información útil para la masa restante; inmersa en una visión y realidad unilateral.

¿puede esta duda? incentivar la interacción con estas personas, y dignificar nuestra posición como miembros mejor nacidos en una sociedad a la que ellos también pertenecen, aunque a ellos no les importe un rábano.

este invierno FHAI A.C. estará trabajando y aportando un poco a personas y animales de la calle.

Israel Paredes
Alex Sánchez

Prototipo de casa resguardo para animales de la calle
It's not about whether you can or can't. It's about whether you will or you won't.
Makings of a Woman

Lauren Young

A woman is introspective
A woman is sensitive
A woman is smart
A woman is observant
A woman is beautiful
A woman is delightful
A woman is funny
A woman is looney
A woman is serious
A woman is adventurous
A woman is flexible
A woman is desirable
A woman is resilient
A woman is dependent
A woman is sensible
A woman is reliable
A woman is powerful
A woman is soulful
A woman is loving
A woman is forgiving
A woman is serene
A woman is mean
A woman is inspiring
A woman is forever shining
A woman is sexy
A woman is witty
A woman is everything a man could be
And that is how I know there is a woman in me
Salt in my Wounds

Jemuel Robateau

Black, suspected, accused, arrested, beaten, 
shocked, stabbed, choked and shot, 
how many more years must I give you? 
How many more times I tell you to stop? 
Stop hurting me! 
These wounds can only heal with time, 
these left behind by segregation, racism, slavery and Apartheid 
Yet, every time you imprison my father, 
rob my mother, rape my sister and kill my brother, 
Again, I'm in pain and my wounds bleed, 
my flesh burns once again 
I turn and walk down to the river to wash away the salt 
the salt in my wounds
I am my father’s curse
I am his arms
Arched and Accustomed to the cold night air
In the depths of my loneliness I cannot curb despair.
Loneliness confronts me
And I cannot contain his tears
I am my father’s fatherlessness
Fatherlessness
In a cycle that has made cycling our sport
Has made cyclists of us both
Tell my unborn son
That he too will be the champion of many races won
I am my father’s pride
I am his joy in the morning after sickness
His Cigarette on his way out as I make my way in
His bundle of ration to survive him
I am his manhood at 18
His validity
His property
His incarceration into poverty
I am my father’s lie
His love that never made it beyond his mouth
But died as it exited the grips of his lips
I am his call unanswered
Accept me
Do not dismiss
Text message me if you’re too busy
To hear what I sound like
I’m beginning to sound like you
Like your absence
Your neglect
Your fatherlessness
On Friday 6th February, 2015 artist Briheda Haylock opened her latest exhibition titled MY STORY at the Image Factory Art Foundation in Belize City.

What would you say this show is about?
This show is about spotlighting the LGbT community. It is not about flaunting homosexuality instead, promoting EQUALITY. The show will focus on the importance of family support, friendship and dehumanization of members of its own nation. I would say the show is very personal and intimate. As different people tell you their stories and share their thoughts, through text and images.

Why a show like this?
Because it's about time we as a people grew up and abandon childish notations like homophobia. This show will reveal the reality of the situation people live in, in the insensitive and hypocritical society we live in.

What are your thoughts about the social relevance of such as show?
The ongoing battle of verbal diarrhea is going nowhere. It's a simple issue that doesn't require much argument. As an intellectual battle you are greeted by arrogance followed by ignorance and personal belief. I believe a visual argument will carry a greater argument than a verbal one in my society. The only way I see my society understanding what equality is is by visual aid.
Describe the process of building such a show, first in your mind and heart, then executing it - the process.

When Caleb the president of UNIBAM approached me, I didn’t have to think twice about doing a show for them. The humanitarian in me was quick to answer. This was an opportunity to get the voices of the LGBT community to be heard with dignity and pride in a graceful way.

Arrangements were made to meet up with a few members of the community. I wanted to hear other people's journey and gather their views. I travel around Belize to meet the few who were brave and willing to be interview and listen to their stories, met their family. This process was very intimate and emotional each story was different, but all share one thing in common, ignorance.

The build up of this show made me go down memory lane of my own journey, it is no secret that I am also apart of this struggling community. I understand what it means to be discriminated, to feel abandoned and see the need to fight for acceptance and equality. The only way to survive the journey of self discovery is by first having the support of FAMILY.

This show is the voice of the unheard and misunderstood.
LOVE
+
SUPPORT
Stefan
I was on a journey
& broken hearted
Age 10

Marina
She gave me 3 months to change. If I didn't, I should forget that we are my mother.
I couldn't sleep at night anymore.
I realised that she had her life
And I was once to live mine. It
took 5 years for her to accept.
Age 23

Daniel
I found out for myself this:
I was gay in '06. At first it
was kind of a shock but in a good
way. I don't know if it was an
acceptance that I was the same.
Age 15

Beth
I was kinda scared, scared
d of looking at this. I knew my
family would accept it. It took
a year for both courage to really
just come out. It came soon. After
about 1 year, something for them
to accept. Just time.
Age 18
Third Degree Burn

Valerie Penner

Some time ago---
Well it was yesterday,
When I thought the universe threw its shit at me
From every angle and thought it wouldn't kill me to feel its pain.
Now I realize the universe throws it shit at you
So you get used to the pressure
So later when something worse comes
You will be able to take it like a first degree burn
Instead of a damn third degree hellish pain.
Course now with music in my ears and work finally getting down
There is no need to be burned by that pain.
Who knows when I step out of this mini shell of peace
What damned misfortune will doom this person of mine again.
My heads not pounding now,
But wait until the papers are due
The sweetheart is calling
And the parents are grumbling.
What to choose: late night chats or productive early nights?
The struggles the pressures the money issues
The second degree burns around the corner
Of no job and lack of funds,
Of stubborn independence
And too much pride
Too worried about landing in a shitty place
And staying there till I'm old and grey.
Yet that comfort zone might be free of third degree burns,
Take me now,
Serenade me peace
With your easy solitude.
People and their conundrums
Socializing and its requirements
We don’t need it here.
Yet not taking a step further
Would be a lot like burning silently,
Not realizing that not feeling is exactly synonymous with that third degree pain.
Take it bitch, take the pain
Appreciate it while you still feel it,
Eventually comfort zones will become your own terrible third degree failures.
Universe I want more,
No matter if you throw your shit at me
And expect me to take it all.
I’ll eat it up and ask for more,
Because I’m realizing the silver lining has become a shit hole
And it’s only through this morbid nutrition
That I become fat with inspiration,
Filled with appreciation of the dark side of life.
Because only when you’ve touched the dark side
Can you appreciate how fortunate you are in the light.
Speak!

Jemuel Robateau

For meditation, for instruction, in education
for passion, and excitement to arouse and seduction
for the liberation of an entire nation
Oh behold! the power of words! Speak!
read, write, prophesy,
change the shape of your reality
from seeing the surreal state of mind and spirit,
real on ink and black paper
spit the truth, gospel preached, teach the youths how to
survive,
Cry! outcry, complain, speak up, speak out
bun fiyaa... ignite the flames of a people dying, reach out
and touch a soul,
impress a mind, caress a body vested yet powerless, to
bear arms and beat chests,
Weep! Shed emotions deep like snake skin,
tarnished and hardened like a soul's seared
conscience tear drop pop seeds planted like
river of fire with acrostics for every topic,
Burn! Burn in anger, hurt and shame
then weep; shed what keeps you alive,
Speak! read, write, prophesy
I change the face of my reality
the future slides into my present, the past is oblivion,
weep if you must cry, even just refuse to remain silent
open your mouth, Speak!
thought juice seeps to my tongue from my brain.
Ugh!!! I'm sorry I interrupted; what were you saying?
Monsanto gas mask co. for GMO corn. If you want it.
No Question of Innocence

Jaslyn Yorke

My mistakes are usually blamed on my past
when the reality is me.
The want and need to experience and explore
went to the highest level of shame.
The pain I bare is unspeakable
but I am to blame for this trial.
The forbidden romance,
a walk on the highway to hell
a journey to not be forgotten.
A summer of created hurt placed on myself.
The confusion of love and lost
too hard to understand
with such little space in between.
Sacrifices made to contain this abomination
so troubling and full of lust.
Eating my heart away with mixed emotions
from the heart and mind.
Hard to say but true
I'm lost in love with no solution
for a final conclusion
to the wants of the mind and soul.
Strong Enough

Felene M. Cayetano

I am strong enough
to endure years of inner conflicts
years of two jobs
and full academic course loads
in a harsh climate
years of confusing
wants with needs
but not strong enough
to handle this moment
when your little voice says
"The dog tried to bite me ma"
and I have to tell you
in an uncracked voice
what I tell myself
"But I picked you up in time Fide."

I picked you up
before it hurt you
or so I thought.
I didn't save you from the memory
I didn't save myself
from these tears
and as I feel this pain
below my knee
I am at least glad that I earned
whatever wings mothers get
for being brave at times like these.

I am grateful
for those moments of clarity
that made me pick you up
love, adrenaline or whatever
erased my awareness
that I was bitten
long enough to hold you tightly
until we were safe.
10:23 pm November 23, 2014 two vicious dogs attacked me today while taking
a walk with Fidel.
Living in a Good Country

Lauren Young

We are living in a good country
Yet still we do not have any money
The crime rate is up
And children are being raped
The jail house is full to the max
That is why there is a new tax
GST
here to take from you and me
Our hard earned money
Taken not to feed the hungry
But to line the pockets of these old cronies
To continue funding the illicit businesses of these fools
Who think we do not know what is going on
The thing we are ignorant and stupid
They don't know that our eyes are open and we are livid
Livid with anger and shame
To see them destroying our good countryman name
To see them trying to pull the wool over our eyes
To try and convince us with their lies
We are living in a good country
We are living in a good age
We are the generation burning with fury
We are the generation full with rage
We are living in a good country
Because we still have room and time for a change
There is still time to make amends
There is still time to bring this corruption to an end
HIV Infected

Mykal Welch

When I was younger
I always wish for the perfect life when I'm older
I never wish to have HIV

I'm afraid to tell my family, friends and society because they going to stigmatize and discriminate against me
I don't even seek a nurse, doctor or hospital to get ARVs'
Cause
I'm afraid the wrong person going to see me and talk about me
To tell you the truth I don't trust anyone who says they care about me
I trust me, myself and I with my secret
My body or face shows any signs of HIV
So the guys still trying to hook up with me
Yet I tell them I'm seeing someone
Deep down I am not seeing anyone
I just want to keep my secret in the dark
So I lie and lie

Till one day sores popped up on my skin, my lips started to become very dry, I started to lose a lot of weight and people found out I have HIV
I never thought this day would come when my family, friends and society
Placed me in my own world
On a lonely cold road
My new families became the drunkies
My food came from the garbage
My bed is now a piece of cardboard on Albert street sidewalk

I am still on this lonely road because I ashamed of the way my body looks and has deteriorated
I know my days on earth was coming to an end
So I repent for the last days lying in KHMH hospital bed
I don't want anyone to witness when or how I die
I am going to die alone and going to visit my god in heaven alone

When I was younger
I always wish for the perfect life when I'm older
I never wish to have HIV
the first 20 anos 1995-2015
1. PICK UP A 20 cm x 20 cm paper, or canvas from the Image Factory, 91 North Front Street, Belize City, Belize and make a work of art on it

2. RETURN your finished work to the Image Factory

3. Your work will be part of the 20 years digital exhibit we will prepare ONLINE

4. Your work will be put on sale for $20 BZ

5. All proceeds will go to the Image Factory Art Foundation to support our programs, events, activities, and publications over the next 20 years.

We thank you for your continued participation.
“Through despair’s lens
I watch as the world ends
Standing on a mount unsurely
I gaze on the graves of old friends...”

- Erron Golanche
There was another shooting, but in the city. Thirty-year-old Mark Alamilla, known to friends and family as Chabo, remains hospitalized tonight, following a near-fatal shooting a stone’s throw away from his home in Majestic Alley. It is the second armed assault on Alamilla since last September when he, along with three other men, came under attack by an unknown gunman. (edition.channel5belize.com/archives/109769)

The day after Chabo was released from hospital he came to the Image Factory. He showed us his stitches. The cover of Baffu 4 is Chabo’s stomach area, and the last image of this magazine is the exit wound of the bullet.

photos: Yasser Musa