

INVISIBLE MAN

I am the invisible man.

Not science fiction, nor of H. G. Wells imagination, but fact.

Transparent blacknuss in white abstractions of reality.

A vibrant live meaningful energy, with hopeless aspirations.

I am the invisible man.

Surviving centuries of indifference and human denial.

Stairways into live exploding nightmares.

**Visible repercussions of white kinds scheme dream, for
supremacy.**

As I attack, attempting to rearrange a deranged mentality.

I am the invisible man.

Trapped in a deadly drain game of mental gymnastics.

**An expendable, usable, reusable, sastistical test tube soul of the
20th century search to attain godliness.**

**And all for the visible benefit, improvement and propagation of
white kind.**

I am the invisible man.

**Scholar, athlete supreme, with visible expectations of reaching
for more than invisible dreams.**

For whatever towering heights I soar to attain.

To white kind, they are simply invisible gains of my visible pain.

Yes, I am the invisible man.

From the womb to the tomb, saturated with doom and gloom.

Clever ideologies for the destruction of this black invisibility.

Designed for the destruction of black self-esteem.

To keep us out of the visible scheme of things.

To take us to annihilation or assimilation.

Siphoning this invisible power to the white nation.

I am, I am the invisible man.

**This jet-black, blue-black invisibility that now threatens white
folk visible reality.**

I am the invisible man.

**And I am mad as hell, cause you see, I am the root; I am the root
from which human life has sprung.**

Yet, I remain firmly entrenched on the bottom rung.

**My invisibility confirms my right to be.
You see, even his history hails, proclaims.
This black shinned, nappy headed, big nose, big-lipped man.
From the womb of Mother Africa, as the father,
the father of mankind.**