

"I'm On Fire Daily At Rider"

~By Raul Cortes Jr.

I work at "Rider University"/

I'm a "fighter not a biter", I should conduct a "Writer's University"../

To God's glory, my story wasn't "Shakespeare"/

I was running no where, overcome by fate's fear/

Trenton streets is corroded, corrupted, flustered & rusted as a brown quarter/

I went from black-coffee, unstirred-cream & sugar to "Brown-Water"/

I spoke to Rance Robeson about submissions to his literary-journal/

My desire was "On Fire", the hell I've been through could burn you/

Mix poetry & rap-flows, floetry with an abstract glow of God's Word../

..Mix literature with technology, science with prophecy... now I give you a

"Microsoft-Word"/

I'm a pasta-chef, I can't give you soda or a sandwich with "Bacon Lettuce & Cheese"/

You're not allowed food or drinks at the theater inside the "B-L-C"/

God can bless you as far as you're 3rd-eye can see, "Inter-Varsity Fellowship" is
proof God helps me/

The day that lukewarm food becomes popular is when I decide to sit back & watch
hell freeze/

The clay miry, the furnace is fiery & I'm the specimen/

To study is knowledge, to suffer is wisdom & I spare college sentiments/

I don't degrade women, demoralize children, curse or encourage sin yet I must face
the friction/

There's gods in astrology & various manuscripts plus atheism/

I got pesto, marinara & alfredo... pick which sauce/

It's not that easy concerning how to pick which god/

I don't care about the Mayan-stone, stone-henge but the rejected cornerstone... a
dying man who was revived again named Christ/

So do you want this pasta concoction in the frying pan or sizzling sound wisdom out
of the frying pan of life?/

I've been stressed & depression-prone but prayer has a known rep/
Years ago, I got on my knees asking God to intervene because I didn't want to be the
cause of my own death/
God propelled me out of the volcano's hole, I'm a diamond in the rough/
But faith without works is dead, just rhyming is not enough/
In the physical realm, frozen goods go bad above a certain time & temperature/
Spiritually, no test... no testimony, fiery trials console a lasting a message from a
God-inspired messenger/
By the way, I got an assortment of vegetables so meet me at 1:30, I'm the hot-food-
bridge between lunch & dinner../
& because I love you & I'm concerned, I'm going to feed you a bunch of wisdom/
You're only allowed the "Tree Of Life, the "Forbidden Fruit" you must condone/
I'm on fire daily, I was hired at "Daily's" so leave "Cranberries" alone/