She said an artist must reflect the times. She said how can I call myself an artist and I don’t reflect the social political times. Well, I sit, I breathe in deep. I close my eyes and I ask. God what in the hell are our times? See I need this question answered because it serves as the foundation of what I am reflecting, and a reflection is an image of that which I currently am. So once again what is the time? Slavery? NO. Well, actually, maybe. Sharecropping? No. Well, actually maybe. Jim Crow Segregation? Hell No. Well, actually, Hell, Maybe. So, I grow in frustration at the inability to answer this question because in essence I am asking who am I and I’m stuck with maybe you’re this, maybe you’re that but no definitive understanding or image which means I have no idea of what it is I am reflecting. I have entered an era of delusions and illusions and false perceptions of progression. Yes, an ice cold glass of Kool-Aid that falsely satisfies this hunger raising the blood sugar not just high enough but too high. So I no longer see with clear eyes thus inhibiting my ability to answer the question, what in the hell are our times? Stop, Breathe, Close your eyes, and think. The Answer. My son the difficulty is that you are all of those times that you’ve mentioned…but not allowed to be any of them without the nerve of someone saying well racism is dead because we’ve had Barack. Homophobia isn’t real any more gays can get married. Misogyny? Women will you finally stop crying you’re represented in every aspect of the current social political structure. You are all of those times alive and well but yet served a veil of false derisions that tell not only you, but the masses that the current social political times is that of progression. That’s where my tension then aggrandizes because my truth is that it’s no longer called chattel slavery, but mass incarceration. It is no longer called sharecropping but immigrant labor. It is no longer called Jim Crow but districting and unequal funding of schools based on tax brackets of neighborhoods. Black bodies though they still grow on some southern trees they are now lying bloody on American streets videotaped while the murderers are being acquitted only having to claim feeling threatened. And policing? Well policing isn’t even in a state of covert existence we got that on video. The KKK well that’s alive and well and government supported unlike how there was a mass infiltration of the Black Panther party to disband its existence. Misogyny? Well the president elect can grab women by the pussies and be dismissed as locker room talk and women still don’t get equal pay as men for doing the same job or even more. So, dear universe what are the times? The times are all things; slavery, sharecropping, Jim crow, all combined with a host of distractions and illusions and delusions that none of these actually exist, so if I had to answer that question I’d say, THIS IS THE ERA OF THE KOOLAID. Small allowed victories of distraction, Kool-Aid. Facebook, Kool-Aid. Instagram, Kool-Aid. Media, the strongest Kool-Aid ever made…..BUT I DON’T WANT TO DRINK THIS KOOLAID? Sorry, My son it’s too late the Kool-Aid infiltrated your system through the umbilical chord when you were in the placenta. The Kool-Aid entered through your education system. The Kool-Aid entered through your neighborhood. This Kool-Aid affected and infected you in the forms of social media. The Kool-Aid blankets the earth like the ozone layer and similar to the ozone layer this Kool-Aid is breaking and cracking with every generation that comes. But this generation, one of the most crucial, if not careful is most prone to falling into the trap of diverted attention and false derisions constructed by the man behind the curtain. So now it’s no longer about drinking the Kool-Aid as one is birthed into this level of consciousness, it is about coping with and pressing through the withdrawals. The withdrawals which are as intense as any drug addict within a 12 step program. These withdrawals; mental, physical, and social. Yes, you will and you are going through withdrawals but don’t be tempted to sip again because that Kool-Aid there has created national and global zombies worse than synthetic marijuana. Don’t sip that Kool-Aid because this era will seduce you in every way to not just get you to sip but guzzle. Refrain from partaking in this orgy of unknowingness. Stay hydrated with the unfiltered water of knowledge for even Adam and Eve ate the fruit , and humanity has perpetually fallen victim. So, my son, now you know the time in which you live. Slavery. Sharecropping. Jim Crow. All combined, alive and well served in a glass of sweet Kool-Aid of distractions illusions and delusions of human progress and civil equality. Stay Woke