

## Che's poem

Rhymes times the prime, of the spiritual ritual  
Brutal aspect that we detect secrets that  
Will protect, the wisdoms flowing blood through the neck  
All it takes is a peck, and it will blow wat the heck  
Impatient like a linbakers set, set the pace to start this  
Race, of race and class, the spectrum is vast, vastety chastety  
Changes drastecly the sinapsys, concentration distribution of energy  
Possitivitaly in cases of frennesis, from destruction back to Genessis  
Mansits and persisst to find the cant of the gifst, wen they sould  
Get snufed in the grill with a fist. yo God I just say wat I see  
I Aint pissed, Its all down on a list, even the ones that slit they wrist  
Swett and sour flavour with a Black latin twist. might it be the last  
Of the gorilas in the mist. Im exile and cant even have a fit]just another  
Cminsary put in the pit. yo that looks deep B Better stich that slit  
Or to the After life over theirs the ship]And I wish you  
A safe trip} Send me a postcard and tell me wats hip.  
Tell god down here we still searching but we rip  
Fillig my life cup to the tip .