

## 'WHEN WE SHAKE HANDS'

**P**repare a table for my fellow brothers and sisters to sit. An entire new Homestead where Natives and Settlers can break bread. How often do they forget? The principles in which life is built upon. The Free Masonry of man's character, the good deeds, the creeds he can't break away from. Freedom or Prison Bars? How can we reconcile without destroying the spices and herbs we've preserved in our mason jars. Been some time since we sat at the table. Segregated by the heritage, the hysteria, the labels. Separated by our wheel to survive, while the death toll keeps counting lives. Tell those tribes that seek to socialize, the dinner table is prepared. Be ready to improvise. Different taste buds. Dishes that cater to all sides. Because Human Rights matter. Let that be Food for the soul cause 'whole' is missing out of the mixing bowl and Souls no longer goes into the batter. Unfortunately, they get sold to the highest bidder. Ingredients intended to be intricately blended, don't blend...they become bitter. Defiling the Recipe. Circumstances that make serving justice taste tangy and tainted to me. So let's become acquainted while basing our food prep on a new arrangement. Because someone, somewhere may be tasting their last supper. Substituting our Hunger with leftovers thrown in the dumpster...doesn't make democracy healthy, in return...we suffer. Our bodies grow into the motto: "Eat or Get Ate" ....Animals when it comes to sharing food. "Keep Calm...Everybody get a plate". Reconciliation is on the Menu. The main issue is the concealed hate. Mixed emotions about how to serve each other. Makes it hard for the black man and white man to call each other brother. Bad table manners. But that ain't what we cooking in Louisiana. Our Manna is cooked to set the standards. "Eat and Be Merry." Taste of the Good life while keeping our solutions Culinary. Our dinner guests become impressed by our presentation. World peace can be discussed without distrust and food deprivation. An invitation that offers us a full course. Choices that correspond and make hungry mouths come for seconds, thirds, and fourths. We help by giving an Xtra helping. Food brings families together. Reunions keep the memories from melting. In the past, we forgot to cast seasoning in the skillet. Water reached a boiling point. Do we let it burn or do we refill it? With Racial Equality and Camaraderie to produce a more potent stock. Our palates are important. We lost empathy during courting ... gotta put more love in the pot. That's how we stimulate the economy. Dining rooms would be filled with the freshest fruits from the field constantly. Citizens would be seated with diplomats. Sovereignty would appeal solemnly to the Pineal like Aphrodisiacs. If Peace and Love is the subject...Then both shall be accredited by giving cooking lessons to the public. Placing classes back in the natural facets of proper persona. Protecting the Nation's interest and heightening their senses to the smell of the aroma. Settling our hunger pains. We overcame and Justice took seat. No one should be barred from their BonVoyage because they can't afford food to eat. We've craved the flavory of Freedom. Finally! Bon Appetit!! Our Chef for this occasion has served us nothing short of amazing, signature, renowned. Will we remember our table settings when its time to wind down? Natives and Settlers, we have to bring our kin to amends. Xtend the measurement of our lifetime by making dinner reservations again. Gourmet, Dolce, and good looking! That's how we keep them kitchens cooking! Prominent Preserves on Domestic and Foreign Lands. Self- Preservation helps us to hold on to our promises... 'When We Shake Hands'