

# A Mask That Shall Fall....One Day

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many of my poems were stolen , many were labeled for others , this poem is for the plagiarizers ...



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A pure word could mean a thousand things...  
And thatâs only when it's coming from the heart  
And you can feel that right from the start  
Reading something that was written with love  
Blessed by god himself from up above  
A word is just a word if not mixed with emotions  
Like love is just love is not accompanied by devotions  
How sad is it to watch your own children as they're being stolen...  
How sad is it to watch your own words being labeled as others  
Not scared that someone else would take the credit...no thatâs not what bothers  
Every person has got a way of knowing his words...just like one knows his own children...  
Poems are like constructions...words are their bricks & blocks that build them up...  
You can claim that you know this structure really good...  
But you don't know it...like the one who built it...  
You might know it in details....can talk about it as if it was your work...  
A building is not always about the number of rooms it's got...  
Every brick tells a story...every piece of art reflects a past...  
Thatâs how poems are...a strong structure...created from emotions  
Thoughts that burn inside ones heart...  
Inside the mind...  
Itâs sad where poetry is right now...  
Some use it to get somewhere...others uses it to get credit....  
I never thought of it this way...and couldn't predict...  
That my words would once be used in some other way  
As I stood in my place and had nothing to say...  
Sadness can't find its way to my feelings...  
Just because I really know....that no matter what happens...

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No matter what happens...  
My words will know their way back to my arms...  
As Iâve grown words inside myself like wheat in farms...  
Thatâs the truth...  
If you get credit for others work...this glory won't be long  
And one day your words won't be as strong...  
You will one day run out of MY words...  
That u seems to be copying really well...  
Thatâs really sad...and it sounds real ill...  
Thatâs all ama tell...  
That you might as well just go to hell

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