

# MY DEAR autonomous SOUL



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published by [steadfast.co](http://steadfast.co)



# INDEX

1.

My Dear  
Autonomous Soul.

2.

Crazy, Stupid &  
Autonomous.

3.

Unfazed.

4.

The Cashless Coin.

5.

Rosewood City.



# INDEX

6.

Barbarians or  
Bribe-arians.

7.

The Surviving  
Jew.

8.

Inflammable Ink.

9.

Mafia Mock  
Laughing Stock.

10.

The Torah Train.

# PROLOGUE

They say...

**Pain x Artist = Timeless Art**

I say... it's not upto you, let the Creator decide otherwise you're a fool looking for trouble.

At worst, let trouble and pain find you. You pursue peace and contentment *only*.

Don't voluntarily create pain that wasn't called for, just for some art.



They say an artist  
Must empty out the cup of sorrow,  
If I knew that the aching heart is the  
way,  
I'd leave my dream for a distancing  
tomorrow.

Some extra guts I would borrow,  
In this painful yet exhilarating ride,  
A few hours I would stall around,  
Another few days I'd hide.

But the adventurous car was leaving,  
I yelled to the Most High **“Wait for  
me, I'm coming”**

At times I had trouble swallowing  
reality,  
In my heart some painful verses I  
was humming.

I heard the adversaries drumming,  
In the introspective hiatus of the road,  
I had to focus on my Creator, my  
beloved Teacher,  
I tried to compose myself and focus on  
the black board.

**What can I say?**

**I got pushed into a path higher than I.  
The threading of a man's fabric is  
destined,  
If he doesn't live up to the calling, he  
shall die.**

So I clung to the Creator,  
He poured some pain into the art,  
Most times He empowered me with a  
loving push,  
Other times He lovingly pulls my cart.





MY  
DEAR  
AUTONOMOUS  
SOUL





I got an escape  
From an apocalypse growing up  
Growing strong yes, unfazed  
Growing tough.

I saw a ladder like Yaakov  
Out of the pit like Yahseph  
Into a comfortable life like Boaz  
Into Noah's safety despite the depth.

It was quite scarring  
Happy and gravitating  
Tough to comprehend the erroneous  
one

Where loving was actually hating,  
Where the emotional one was deemed  
a bum.



It was heavy on me  
'Cause I couldn't grasp the speed.  
Didn't know I wouldn't be able to  
embrace,

The hour was to run indeed!

It was a deathly place that felt safe  
'Cause Father was with me  
Remember the pit I told you about?  
A grave is now what I see.

He helped me,  
Though I had nothing to pay  
This world charges for everything  
Post being taxed you're anyway slayed.

It's by His mighty hand I was saved  
I thought I was the only one  
But many like me  
Who had their taxes waived!



I couldn't be more thankful  
I thought that was life  
I was going for a house of glass  
Where the betraying buck would be my  
wife.

I wouldn't make it anywhere  
Not how I grew to crash and burn  
Thankfully He pulled me out of the pit,  
Thankfully He forced the turn!

It was a haze  
Tough to measure all the space  
My past life was deceitful,  
Left me with a cryptic story on my face.





CRAZY,  
STUPID,  
&  
AUTONOMOUS





Yes I'm crazy

To think I can change planet earth

Crazy to think I'll kill the energy

vampires

To transfigure sadness into mirth.

I'm absolutely deranged to..

Denounce the ostentatious luxuries in  
exchange for my soul

Totally insane to structure a timeless  
blueprint

To turn incomplete souls into a whole.

I'm mad to rebuke the tyrants,

Totally mental to work for the Creator  
alone,

I mean, what does *He* know? He *just*  
created "everything"?

He *just* breathed priceless life into some  
flesh and bone.

I'm an idiot to throw a stone,  
I must be hallucinating to think I  
could win!

If the God of Israel tells me to show  
up against a giant,  
I must be crazy indeed to think  
defiance to Him is Sin.

Yes, I'm all these things and more.  
If that's what moral fiber looks like  
I'm crazy, stupid & autonomous...  
You psychopaths buzz off and take a  
hike.



3

UNFAZED





Unfazed through the dark  
Looking for a Crack in the wall  
Would grow it into a wide gate,  
Patiently waiting for destiny's call.

A commission ahead of me  
Divine purpose to touch the sea floor.  
Scale the beds of water in a breath,  
Keep knocking on the underwater door.

It's a breath from a bit  
Drowning man with a pain in his chest  
These overwhelming emotions are  
raging  
Unfazed aiming for a treetop nest.

The water's lost its power  
Don't drown with its enthralling vibe  
Visualizing the circumstances to be  
weaker  
The spiritual power of the Almighty I  
imbibe.

The depths of the sea  
Always a slave to my Master Most High  
**Sometimes Unfazed I walk through  
water,  
Sometimes Unfazed I fly.**

4

THE  
CASHLESS  
COIN





In my eyes, the earth's conquest  
I was born envisaging a fireball.

A baby was I,  
But found the earth small.

I grew up to learn,  
A schematic of different thoughts,  
Little did I know the school curriculum,  
Just manufactures one size fits bots.

Self-taught in the basement,  
No one knew the vision I concealed;  
I didn't know the Creator's plan,  
Was to brutally undo the plan I happy  
mealed.

Quickly he empowered me,  
To earn some salary - coin,  
I attached a coin to another,  
Then fret asking: *Was this the point?*

It wasn't the point.  
I didn't seek solace in a Marijuana joint.  
"Bro, it opens up your mind"  
My mind still inspired by coin.



The rest got high and floated away,  
I still didn't comprehend that side of the  
road,

One coin... two coin... three coin...  
I was seeking a boat load.

After everything I bought,  
On the Creator's tab everything I got,  
Dissatisfied, ungrateful and guilty,  
Resentful with my pillow I fought.

I then thought and thought hard,  
The coin indeed was the whole problem,  
My Character was beginning to get marred.

I was left scarred,  
Broke the earlier dreams I jarred,  
I pleaded with the God of Israel  
From His path I didn't want to be debarred.

I was being brought to life,  
Despite the influential opposing knife  
I said: My God will always give me enough.  
To Him I must dedicate my family, my life.



The coin has deceived many a man  
It can't protect you from a heavenly rebuke.

The wise take heed and bow down low,  
The others call it 'misfortune' or a 'fluke'.

*Everything* comes with a consequence.  
I worship *not* momentary men of honor.  
I will *only* align my path with the God of  
Israel.  
Even if it leaves me alone in one corner.



5

ROSEWOOD  
CITY





A rose.

What's a rose?

**A rose *poses* as the truth  
But it's a sweet sugary dose.**

It promises you wives  
Leaves you with a bunch of money-snorting  
woes.

It promises you real friends  
Leaves you with a bunch of bitter foes.

A rose, that's a rose  
It's spearing through many men's cores  
It takes you to the prison  
Promising you grandeur open doors.

I'm telling you  
Never trust a man with a rose  
You'll meet him at your highs  
But especially at your lows.

It's a beautiful flower,  
But its petals are as far as it goes  
The thorns appear like a zugzwang,  
It's something every true Jew knows.

Don't trust the redness,  
The beauty in its swirls,  
The rose is an enchanter,  
You'll be wearing pigs as though they were  
pearls.

Find me the flowers in the Word  
It's the truth that's beautiful to me  
**I long for thornless flowers,**  
**But sometimes roses are all I see.**





BARBARIANS  
OR  
BRIBEBARIANS





In the cold winter, I went for a stroll,  
I saw lawyers, judges and thieves  
Swarmed around one fire co-conspiring,  
A decaying and corrupt tree with many  
leaves.

Took me back to when I once knocked doors  
at the highest court,  
With a little grievance of my own,  
I sought to turn a wicked mafia man in,  
Walked back home seeing a line of  
oppressed to the bone.

Away with this decaying system!  
There's NO fear or remorse in their eyes!  
Their pawns in the market always up for  
sale  
Where an official or 2 the rich fraudster  
buys!

In these years I've seen crime,  
Organized neatly, symmetrical like this  
rhyme,  
I've seen many handshakes between parties,  
I've seen authorities pervert justice for a  
dime!



Like Abraham I exclaimed, "The fear of God  
isn't here!"

Anyone's entrapping a man as though he were  
a deer!

I'd never be accomplice to any of these soiled  
realms,

Under no amount of peer pressure or pressure  
peer.

I've seen these influential rotten men burn,

Before me their strength begin to fade into fire

There used to be an entire wagon of corruption  
out here,

In a year I've seen it burn down to merely a  
tire.

Hashem will pronounce judgement.

Who the heck are these goons and thugs??!!

Cover-ups and Criminal Conspiracy

No more space to hide under those filthy rugs!

Tough for people to comprehend,

That under NO corrupt authority do I bend

I only worship the Great Grand Creator,

To the treacherous I have no more patience to  
lend.

I'm one of the few truly following the Law,  
Of the Creator, and obviously of the Land.  
But I don't see it to be so with many...  
Why are the mafia and authorities' hand-in-  
hand...?

Why is their money a darker shade than mine...  
Why is it so common place and ever-present...  
Ooo, But *that's how* the Rich man gets 'filthy  
rich'  
And the integrity-bound, a poorer suicidal  
Peasant.

You don't have to join any cult,  
Provided you submit to the Creator's way.  
If there's no Torah, don't think you'll win  
against darkness,  
Against little darkness, big darkness seldom  
sways.

But in Torah you're inflamed  
Sparked up a little light in His hand.  
This light decimated many men for years,  
Humiliatingly smashed some corrupt  
influential men garbage-canned.

True Power is being resolute,  
I'll never be shaken by your rituals, wind &  
chime.

Don't look at me with those greedy eyes...  
You're only getting this befitting rhyme.



7

THE  
SURVIVING  
JEW





A defenseless wall  
What am I allied to?  
Swarms of opposition  
Yet a surviving Jew.

I walk through flames everyday  
Breathe deep under water  
I'm made of some resilient clay  
But all glory to the Potter!

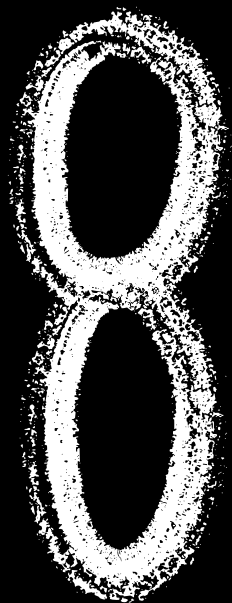
I live in temporary tents  
Healthy and sound  
Solitary survival with my God and family  
With plagued resourceful men all around.

I look from the inside out  
They gawk at me as well  
My covenant is my gold and silver  
It's my treasure I'd never sell.

What's the secret to our reign,  
Through the ordeals of life?  
Exiles and the Holocaust  
Used to the wrong side of every knife.

The Creator's beloved people  
With Him all battles won  
We are chosen for His wonders,  
A remnant of us under the sun.





# INFLAMMABLE INK





True talent sent away  
A pearl trapped in an oyster  
The oyster — a constricted incubator  
Fuming, the pearl begins to boisterously  
boister.

Breaking oysters of limitation  
It's a spellbreaker in pearl form;  
Defrocking the cheap-shot masonic act  
Thoughtful Pearl turned boisterous bomb.

Can you stop an idea...  
Whose time has come?  
Absolute control — a fraudulent rumor  
Leaving the complacent kings founded-dumb.

With a baseball bat of preparation,  
Luck doesn't exist in this scripted scene;  
I'm nourished in the Creator's embrace  
Immortal inspiration never weaned.

A Melody on the harp  
We sprinkle with colors on thoughts;  
Flying over the city of broken dreams,  
Stop turning the Creative souls into deadbeat  
bots.



9

MAFIA  
MOCK  
LAUGHING  
STOCK





**Hashem is my friend  
But first He's my Master Supreme  
In the blizzard of chaos  
Envisage the future in a vivid dream.**

How will the pieces fit?  
Have I been left in this landscape alone?  
Till when will I resist the Sodomite Mafia  
But then I hear a crackling of a bone...

An Invisible Hand on the oppressor  
Who build palatial abodes with a grin  
The source of their cash tarnished with blood  
Their accounts not in a bank but a Bin.



Feigning absolute monarchy  
Like a crazy dog usurping a territorial zone  
When the Heavenly Hand is heavy on some  
heads

Like a distraught dog do they moan.

There's a treacherous dog in my lane  
With a deceitful button in his hand  
Like Moses did he shall be struck like an  
Egyptian  
By his adversary he shall be buried in sand.

**Fear is their currency,  
They extort the gullible and the simple;  
If you can, SHOOT ME IN MY HEAD,  
Yes, possibly on my right temple.**

Hashem the King of Hosts  
Absolute Monarchy lies with the King  
The Mafia sent away in filthy body bags  
While the children of Abraham joyously Sing.



10

THE  
TORAH  
TRAIN





Stay on the station  
Wait for your train  
Cruise through the suffering  
Through the piercing pain.

Now, stay on the train  
Don't be seduced by the cars,  
Don't get caught up in the red lights  
Wait for the train, "after-hours"

Let them mock you  
About their 4 wheel rides and whips  
The foolish snarling adversary  
Inevitably in time slips.

The train's going to come soon  
Get yourself up  
It's a blessing to stay on course  
Don't forget to fill your cup!

The tracks keep you safe  
Staying on it makes you wise  
The train's riding on the truth  
It's honking away the newfound lies.

The sprawler settles  
In the quickest way out  
You are on the truth train  
He's sprawling between lies and doubt.

**The Torah is the train  
The Track's a discerning heart.  
Find your nearest station, my friend  
It's always a good day to start!**





# CREDITS

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