



When something is  
presumed missing,  
it may be presumed gone,  
But though you are no  
longer with us,  
your memories will live  
on.  
May you rest in peace,  
Michael James Leske.



### Still Here Pt.1

Im writin a letter just tryin to do better  
I feel the crude weather  
Ahead born from the town full of lead  
Full of dead beats dead streets  
No one around but crack head creeps  
They say it's the place to put a smile back on ur  
face  
The place to be not for me  
Grew up ruff now homeless in burdy  
14 months coneless cant hurt me  
See how it goes how it shows  
Wat can happen wen givin a chance to do rite  
Do you hide or will you fite  
Wen told to stand cant go to my home town  
Because im banned cant compre-hend  
My mentality hardcore reality  
Have a hole in your head like a tooth cavity  
Try to steer away from that keep away from crap  
Have a good home pack  
Full of my own things no chrome rings  
Maybe gold maybe not to old  
All bout style get my teeth fixed I wanna smile  
Its been a while come walk a mile  
Wit my feet its hard on the street  
Im large on a beat so its success i seek  
It be my plan cant understand watch out if you  
can  
I'll be makin money like any other homeless man

*By the Best Poet ever*

*Michael Leske*

**MICHAEL  
JAMES  
LESKE  
1984-2009**



**Date:** 17-03-2009

**Time:** 7pm

**Location:** St John's  
Youth Services  
379 Halifax St,  
Adelaide

## Homeless Idol

Why oh why must we justify

Ourselves to you just coz we Don't look or  
smell as good as you

No it don't make you better

It just makes anotha soulja down for this  
dessert wether

Say wat you like think wat u want

I chose my path tha life to be livin it up  
But down unda it aint easy

Been writin rymes for years an still don't  
have a cd

Heard Shannon noll an paulini

getting seen on tv clearly

people loosin soul rhythm an taste

how bout homeless idol

its me Michael rappin wit all my mates

ones that know ya stuff be grateful

don't bitch backstab or be hateful

coz you never know cud meet my eightball

in a sock one hit over ya head ya drop

hear about it in tha news, he had only one  
option

cause by electricity stuffin wit tha wrong  
fuse

no time time ta think this aint blues clues

these are ture blues wit tru crues

jump ya fa 15cents hop to tha next spot  
quicker than kangaroos

do this can confuse you if you aint real talking  
crap by wat you do

you're a punk our style is hypnotic like voo-  
doo

destroy you or help you threw

days you wish ya never had

broke depressed or just smoking a bag

wish you had more wish you had a dad

try livin normal get out tha life of livin bad

atleast we'd have nothing ta say

nothing out of tha ordinary here were only  
Adelaide

at least have no home and away

hate hearin some punk gettin involved

wen its nothing to do wit them

so they call a cru an you do for tha trend-  
sooner rather than later I hope

coz if it doesn't mite as well hand each other  
that rope

make sure its tite get a good glimpse of

wat you've done not many get tha chance to  
make things rite

while im here wont be standin be chasin tha  
prize that I have in site

you can come to I promise that I wont bite

while here stand, shine brighter than a 4000  
watt lite

take off like an eagle takes off into flite

ima soar doin it so freely makes you come  
back for more

build a family make a better me

that'll tell tha tale of poetical artist a better g

that rolled up an punched on by grade 3

no ones played its tha streets that made me

getting cash punks getting tha monsta mash  
daily

*By the Best Poet Ever*

*Michael Leske*