Living in My Home

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In a world where competition was everything, you didn’t even have to compete. Your lyrics glided up the charts, just as you glided across the stage. Making every top story, magazine article, and newspaper ad, selling more records and selling out arenas, silently yelling, “Who’s bad?”
While others tried to take that first walk on the moon, you took the further step and made the moon walk. Honestly, I always thought that there wasn’t anything that you couldn’t do!
with everyone falling at your feet, it was unbelievable to hear you ask the question, “Who’s loving you?”
But I guess so constantly judged and disrespected, for no reason, just as a mass group of individuals in the situation of treason. Making human nature not only the number one lady in your world, but also the lady of my life.
Served as a father, but known as a king.
Died at the age of 50? I can’t believe what I had just seen. How can this happen?
just leave me alone! Beat it!
This thriller! Shocked not only me but the world!
Forced to remember the times, we salute you, for you served our country well.
Breaking the barrier on not only black and white, but each and every color.
You healed the world, with just the tip of a hat, kick of the leg, and scattering of the feet, teaching ones with no rhythm, how to grasp it and flow on beat. I don’t know who got it faster, was it Billie or was it Jean?

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You were able to turn dirty Diana into a Liberian girl, then face the man in the mirror, and get the reflection of the world. The hurt in all these pictures make me upset to the extreme, making my earthly vision go out in space, as you did in scream. Looking into your eyes, you seem as if you were in discomfort, beat up by words and burned by actions. you looked as if you were going under….. This picture makes me cry, because now your name lies within a stone, but I promise you will never feel like this again, for you are not alone. So no need to be worried, because I’ll be there as you will be, Forever, living in my home!