CONVICT
POETRY

WRITTEN BY

BRANDON MAXFIELD
Endless Hurt

Endless hurt sounds long and torturous with no end, hurt is such a little word, a little word that can cause cracks, wounds, doubts, anger, hate, passion, pain, pleasure, mentally, physically, fatal syndromes of all kinds. All depends on the human; some can take it, some will fight with themselves for the rest of their lives. Trying to learn how to cope with Endless Hurt. Doesn’t matter how strong you are, believing you can take whatever life throws at you... you could be the strongest or the weakest, it doesn’t make a difference. One way or another, Endless hurt will come to you in many ways. Mentally or physically. You decide.

Fallen and forgotten, unwanted, adopted, killed or a tragedy, having too much or nothing at all, full or hungry, wasted or in there, new or trash, getting or denied, loss or taken, being there then ghosted, loved or hated, lovelorn or jealous, friends or enemies, past or future, memories or amnesia. It’s an endless cycle of life. We humans can relate to each and everything. One way or another, we get Endless Hurt....

Brandon Maxfield
Devil's Kiss or Man's Sinful Attire

Locked inside of me are the Demon's longing to be free, am I a Captive Slave of Flesh desire or a Selfish man in lust, am I Sick in the head, have I poisoned my blood, does my heart grow troubled, do I live in chains, am I free to live or lead a life to nowhere, I have a burning deep inside of me that has no release, locked away with the Devil's Kiss or is it Man's Sinful Attire, when it's all over does it begin or does it end, from the bottomless well inside of me it never ends, does it leave me in wonder or does confusion cloud my troubled mind, or does this heart in my chest begin to unwind or Chained down in Man's Sinful Attire, do I have a lost Soul, or do you think you can find mine, we all have fate in our hands, do we give it life or is it to be destroyed, am I growing weak pending Death from the Devil's Kiss, or am I to be forgiven for all my Sins, there's no tears here nor anytime to dream, just living in my own torment. Sealed away in this prison, I have missed out on so much, yet have I been swallowed in this. Darkness from the Demons Who dwell inside of me, the Devil's Kiss alone can steal a man's Soul or Shroud him in Man's Sinful Attire, does my pain and Sorrow show when I walk this long road when the Ghosts flee, memories fallen to be forgotten, does bitterness set in, or does it shred my insides to never be healed, do I fight to win or do I give into the Devil's Kiss or Man's Sinful Attire....

Brandon Maxfield
Thoughts

I was thinking how I should be starting this. Beautiful Angel, the reality of life is a Bitch at times, when the day you came into my life, I felt our souls have a connection that is rare to find these days, you the pursuer of hearts, the vanishing breed of unearthly delights, whirlwind of emotions. I have been thinking of you in all ways, my mind has no filter so forgive the bluntness of my words to you, I can only be the realist with you, one who never judges one for his ugliness. My thoughts dwell on you, deep within you set my passions ablaze, clinging to Composure, you see within this toughness to the soul within waiting for your release. A Firestorm that will never see exhaustion, with thoughts of you raining down on me, can you feel my desires? To be near you would be a holiday to me, Submerge me with your thoughts, let me feel your affection, unrevealed thoughts breaking my concentration, all the good men falling at your feet wishing they could touch the naked flame to oblivion, when Death comes for me, make sure you take my soul and hold it close. Cause my thoughts will be of you.

Brandon Mayfield
Pedestal

Pedestal or not you tell me, Silky white skin like fine white china, hair so slick and thick makes you think of an oak tree trunk with bright glints of fiery lights pulsing outwards leaving you to believe one color then the next trying to name each color.

eyes which are two blazing diamonds ready to cut and devour your soul showing two inner demons working their slave forges willingly waiting for their next casualty, curves like a goddess, body of a temptress, soul to mirror your own to hypnotize you as her own, aura of love but vibes of possessive, what woman could compete with this? That's what I thought this one is on a Pedestal.

Brandon Mayfield
Late Night

Almost every night is a late night for me, no matter how tired I get, believing I can fall asleep as soon as my head hits the pillow, boy was I wrong. I hit the pillow with my head and my eye lids click like time capsules ready to explode, you would think all your past memories would come to join you and replay it all to bring back all the good times, bad times, happy times, sad times but not for me. Late night for me thinking about all the could of beens, would of beens, should of beens, building every type of future you thought you would of had but in reality I lay here at night sealed away from all the wonders of life, mind blazing like a turbine without a care, never seeming to shut off when everyone else is dreaming, just another late night for me.

Brandon Maxfield
Reflecting

Looking back on life I ask myself when did life become so complicated, tried to make myself feared on the streets, all I ever accomplished was to make myself Hated, where do I go from here? Looking back on life I realized I took a wrong turn in my younger years, I may never be able to turn it around, there’s so much more to this life that I have yet to learn, all the stripes I have earned, regardless of my choices I have made I know without a doubt my life will always be a bumpy ride, the good and the bad come in all ways, no way to swerve out of the way, take it as it comes, its crystal clear I am done running away, this man is standing his ground inside the track, living the fast lane where passing the half steppers, let them stare at your back, wishing they had half of what you have beating in this chest of yours knowing they could never be on your level cause they don’t have what it takes, life is what you make it, can you pass the test, Stupidity is not the answer, Knowledge is the only way to go, if your too Stubborn to learn you will end up nowhere, life throws curveballs and you never know when they are coming, many ways to be burned in this life we live in, you can learn from others.

Reflecting

Brandon Mayfield
God, Devil, Demons

Suits of light who are devoted to the God above, who sends guardian angels who look over us when darkness tries to prevail on us, the dream catchers to catch the bad dreams with the unnecessary evils to corrupt human kindness, the God of power above waiting to wrap us up in his arms with love to destroy the evilness into oblivion.

Devil Commands his Demons before the dark, sending night terrors to be waking in the dark; Summoning the necessary evils upon the world trying to bring life's existants to the undergrounds damnation to all humans to become lost causes, never to see the light of day, unearthly delights from the evil ones, sick souls never to be saved. No rest for the wicked, brutal sacraments, the thieves of human kind, creeping from the shadow world, taking all the blame for all fatalities, deceptions of all kinds, deformity of the demented ones to demolish the life forces from within, the abominable Grim Reaper dragging us all to the abattoir.
Death

Everyone will meet Death in the end, the unspeakable curse to ending our lives, do we have the will to fight until our last moments before we meet our maker, do we go to Comfort to the gates of Heaven or do we get Smothered in Suffercation from the everlasting fires in hell, it's not simple to dwell on Death's end, travel the steps to freedom or do we became another slave to the master of Death, the benevolent Grim Reaper, coming to reap our souls to eternal damnation or will we be given the gift of afterlife in God's presence, to be reunited with our loved ones, it makes no difference cause in the end we all will meet Death...

Brandon Maxfield
Life Reflecting

Life is like a chess game, sometimes I feel like these walls are getting the best of me, losing touch with reality, life has never been kind, no matter what you do there's always gonna be haters in the woodworks, struggling through the trenches from day one, educated on the bricks, some call it street smarts, everyone has their limits, most of us on the inside have pushed the limits to the fullest, thrown in the pen, locked away with the key thrown away, drifting in space, surrounded by concrete walls with no given dwelling on all we have done in the past, regretting that we never lived life, only took for granted, my thoughts are in a whirlwind of

Life Reflecting....

Brandon Maxfield
Chess Game of Life

Chess game of life, never know how it will end, reflecting on whims, trending thoughts spiral on the whirlwinds, dust devils coming to reap what life gives. In the end, I got that gangster embedded in my heart and soul, never to grow old, that's what I have always told myself, don't have to be the sharpest tool in the shed, just gotta be willing to pull the trigger, any fool can pull the trigger, either way you're dead in the end, out spoken hater's keep on hating, promised myself I would never let my gangster get old, gonna die a young gunner, even if I die old, legends breaking weak, crying at night because they can't do the time, let their gangster fade away as the DA says flip the switch and they wanna cut a deal, legends we thought had ice in their veins only to find blades in our backs, feeling the pain, that will never go away, betrayal of all kinds, in the end all we can do is have our pride and stand tall and be able to look ourselves in the mirror. Saying I'm down for the ride, two things I have learned in life and will never let go, I love hard and am hard to love, Broken Heart and Broken Dreams, Chess Game of Life.
Heart Break

This life is supposed to build treasured memories, only for some, either your well off in life or your dealing with a tough one, memories fade after the years pass by only to try and remember what we once treasured, long forgotten, heart break in so many ways, if I had the chance to go back in life, I would ask forgiveness of ones I have done wrong, would they forgive me or deny me? Will I be judged in the after-life? To only be let down, broken down heart will only lead to heart break in life, heart break for lost friends, heart break for love's lost, heart break to lost life to a lonely prison life, I hope in the end I can heal my heart break...
Heart Break 2

My love is true for you, no question about that, I surrender my heart to you, profess "you will be my one and only" till death do us apart, will you love my loyalty or think I am possessive? Will you show me the same love in return? Will you surrender your heart to me or will you tear mine into pieces? Will you give me Kindness or coldness? Would you like an illusion in life or the real thing? Will you give me the truth from the bottom of your heart or deceit in the end, will you not break my heart if I give you everything I have instead of fake? You will be my precious for the end of time will you treasure me too? Will you show me gratitude if I take care of your needs first or will you crumple my heart and throw it away to the wind? We are only human and can be effected by Heart Break....

Brandon Manfield
Damn girl your something else, five star your top shelf, first class all the way, you make me wanna say "Damn I wanna fuck all night..." sign you up for my whole life, show you your the one a real man has been looking for, Screw all the janks who are never worthy of you, show you some Adam and Eve shit, put my heart into this, girl you deserve some company to be with, hugging you like I am, hugging the mike, say things no one can compete with, smooth skin like white chocolate, a pale beauty, cruising worldwide maps with no ends to our pockets, seeing your ink like your a Goddess, girl you got those baby blue eyes, got me always on the rise, my heartbeat is the prize, wish you were a book so I could read you from the front to the back, I bet you taste like Vanilla bean, top it off with sweet whip cream, you one of the baddest women I have laid my eyes upon, if I show you me, can I light you like an arsonist? That would be my dream Shay Shay.
Does IT Make A Difference

Does it make a difference whether I am in prison, I may be locked up for a gang of time, all this locked down solitary confinement bull aint nothing to be scared of, you got all the haters who aint about shit, if your scared go to church, always have something to say but never to your face and you call yourself a man, we call you a punk who aint never gonna be shit, people got us gangsters labeled as nothing but trouble, but dont get it twisted you can get the business just like all the weirdos in the pen and miss us with the bullshit. Does it make a difference?

Brandon Marxfield
Everything Will Be Alright

Wonder what it would be like to hold you all night,
telling you everything is gonna be alright, guarding
you. With all my might, I will hold you tight, while
this heart in my chest beats like dynamite, pulsing
with heat with these forges from within, hellfire
ain't got nothing on me, when the Devil sees me
coming hes gonna look twice, seeing this raging
anger. Bombarding him with hate, reality comes in
many ways, step outta my way or get decimated,

Everything Will Be Alright

Brandon Mayfield

09.15
Heart Emotions

When we first met, I felt you strumming my heart cords, showing love, compassion, devotion, closeness, hopes, dreams, tender moments, making my heart emotions blaze within itself with an powerful life force, making my heart thump so hard, making me feel like my heart will burst. From my chest with no remorse, I never want to feel a ripped and torn heart, don’t think I would be able to deal with those heart emotions, my heart wants to fly free with yours, entangling like two eagles for up in the sky going in a deep dive, living the moment of pleasures to fulfill my heart to the fullest, will you take my heart into your hands and treat it right? My heart will thrive with you by my side, your strumming my heart cords in every way possible, which feels like my heart is in my throat, my heart will be waiting for you in the afterlife, this is how strong my Heart Emotions are for you.
Switchblade

I have been running for life, unable to grasp reality, you took that Switchblade, Flicks shut, Flicks open, Flies through the air, swift motion. Switchblade to my heart, from the very start I gave you my all, if I would of known you were a cold piece with no heart, I would of never played your games, leaving behind scars that will never fade away, call it getting played, what a fool I was to fall for all your lies, with you everything had a price to pay, you never planned on staying true, only to yourself, all the fiends have their own Devil, mine was you, the beast I let get close to me, to suck the life force from within me with your Switchblade, I finally realized that the Devil has been gunning for me for years, who was the mastermind behind my pain and tears, I swore I would never let you take my life, when I looked into the eyes, when I put that gun to my head, slowly squeezing the trigger, you put your Switchblade through my heart...
The Bad, The Good, The Ugly

Life aint ever been easy on us, so many unshed tears with unconcealed fears; we all have physical and emotional scars caused by others, the bad, the good, the ugly, experienced by the shady characters in life and I feel for you, what you have gone through, you are not alone. Just having you in my life is starting to heal my suffering wounds. Reviving my shredded and shattered heart, there are down ass men out there and I am one of those which you will see for yourself, I play no games and make it a point to be the realist. I can be the good times, the bad and all the inbetween, you will never see a switch blade in the back from me. I will ride for you no matter what, I see you as my Bonnie and I can be your Clyde, I wear no masks and expect the same, living life to the fullest, I have been looking for a Soldier lady who's a rider or die and I see that in you, one who has been an eye witness to all the battles and struggles of everyday life. We have seen betrayal, the pain felt immensely leaving us surrounded by darkness wishing for once someone would stand by our side through thick and thin, showing the loyalty we have shown, willing to ride or die without hesitation. My hopes and dreams long forgotten, some say my soul's amoung the heartless, until the day you came into my life, my soul was drenched in sorrow, shrouded in darkness clouding my vision.

Continue next page —

Brandon Mayfield 99'18
leading me to see a hazy world covered in black, 
everytime I see your picture I close my eyes and 
feel the sunshine rain down upon me, reviving my hopes 
and dreams with endless possibilities, you are the Angel 
that brought light into my life, me. seeing myself in 
the depths of Hell, unable to climb out, you alone pulling 
me through 9 types of hell, you are what I need in 
my life, when I start to struggle I think of you and they fade away, you are the balm that relieves the pain 
and loneliness in my life, I would give anything to be 
your one and only, everytime I see your pictures or 
your words. they fly straight and true like a Butterfly 
Knife to my heart, if I could reach the stars I would 
fell one down for you, just the thought of not having 
you in my life feels like invisible butterfly knives slicing 
up my insides like Freddy Cougar at play. Say the Slayer, 
your Beauty is breath taking and your smile touches my heart, 
eyes so full of mischief and sparkles promising long life. 
looking like deep blue pools to gaze into and never look back, 
she don't even know it, and she's a Goddess in her ways. 
The Bad, The Good, The Ugly.

Brandon Mayfield

pg. 19
When We Grow Old

When we grow old, will you still love me or dread me? Will we be compatible or can't stand each other? When I want attention will you ignore me or fill me with love? Will we admit when we are wrong or play the blame game? Will we enjoy one another's comfort or avoid each other's presence? When we are laying in bed at night, will you still let me touch you in loving ways or just shun me? Would we give our relationship everything we had or would we give up on the whole us?

Brandon Mayfield
Are You Willing

Are you my willing Angel fallen from Heaven,
Are you willing to take my heart and keep it safe,
Are you willing to be a heartbreaker,
Are you willing to be locked up,
Are you willing to be chained down,
Are you willing to love me,
Are you willing to hate me,
Are you willing to kiss me,
Are you willing to lick me,
Are you willing to bite me,
Are you willing to eat me,
Are you willing to blow me,
Are you willing to Suck me,
Are you willing to fuck me,
Are you willing to do me slowly,
Are you willing to Beat me,
Are you willing to be Submissive,
Are you willing to dominate,
Are you willing to be Violated,
I'm willing to be your victim,
I'm willing to be your predator.

Are You Willing????

Brandon Maxfield 09.21
Slow Jams

Sunday night, just chilling in my cell listening to Slow Jams all night long, got me here thinking about you girl, wishing I could be with you right now, these Slow Jams got me feeling some type of way, bleeding my emotions through my skin, dreaming of having you wrapped up in my arms, slowly getting down on each other in slow motion, to make it last all night long, expressing myself in ways so you can tell your... the only one who matters to me, even though it's hard for me to show my feelings, just know I care deeply, turn these Slow Jam beats up so my heart can beat to the music, heart thumping inside my chest to be noticed, can you feel me from here? The sorrow from not being there in person, the joy of having you in my life, Completeness of knowing you will stand by my side even though I am far away, Sorry for not being there to be able to give you the physical contact you need, I know we understand each other, you are always on my mind day and night Beautiful, remember these Slow Jams cause one day I will be coming home, you will have all of me, I dedicate every song on Sunday Night Slow Jams to you...
Remember Me

We grew up together, you have been a part of my life so much that I can't remember any days you were not there, you became my other half, shadowing each other through every day of our lives, building memories to be forever held dear to our hearts, believing we will be together forever, until one day I shattered our lives with my actions, I was faithful to you, my loyalty was yours, will you remember me like I still remember you? My actions were committing store robberies, breaking the law, which lead to me stealing our lives away, now that I am in prison surrounded by concrete walls and razor wire fences, so far outta sight outta mind, will you remember me? When I am not there by your side and your having Deja vu moments will you remember me? I will always remember you, little things in life will you cherish to remember or try to forget? Am I pleasant to think about? Worth to be remembered or cruel hauntings of the past? My mind is full of memories never to be forgotten like fallen warriors, we had a connection, thriving off each other, even though I ruined our lives, I am not some cold hearted monster the public portrayed me as, how can I not help but remember, you know me inside and out.

Remember Me.

Brandon Maxfield
Prison Gangs

When we come to prison we feel all alone, so far away from family and friends, cut off from the real world. Wanting to belong, to make new friends in this different world, to become accepted one needs to step up and be a rider to the one's we show love and loyalty too, ones we call brother's, closer than a friend, to show ruthlessness and not weakness, ready to go to battle for what we believe in, a willing to get down no matter what the repercussions are, in the end was it all a delusion we wanted to believe in? To be shown that there are a few rare diamonds in the click, others not so, professing loyalty and words of promises to keep in contact when they parole, only to show their words were empty and when they come back they have nothing but excuses showing drugs were more important. In life then the brother's, asshole's and excuses are the same, there both full of shit and in the end you end up being the one looking out for them and none return the favor, and in doing so your still alone, regardless of prison gangs.
The Beauty And The Beast

Cut the beauty and the beast you say, but how can I when I am only being real? Hands down your. Beautiful even if you cannot see it, I will be the realist with you, this isolated beast has been locked away in solitary confinement. Living a life of destruction. Shrouded in this life with sick souls, living in the shadow world with demons in his head, being locked away like a caged animal turns one into a beast; this beast has been loved, it's been hated, overlooked and underrated, filled with anger, drowned in sorrow and broken beyond repair, another casualty of war, the war on the streets had sealed his fate, being locked away in a box watching life rot away and not giving a fuck. Cause in his heart the skies are always grey, lost cause's forgotten, tell me no lies this is all I ask; this heart in my chest is a hell bound heart, human kindness is rarely shown in my life, we have seen betrayals of all kinds, a beast afraid to show himself, a curse some would say, lost to the darkness with no escape to be found, rapture of waking in the dark, peace is so fragile, necessary evils reside within me, some see me as a monster on a rein of terror, judging without getting to know, how can not this be a beast? Time's a killer and can change people, the secret show within these walls, the sadistic comforts within these souls, the night terrors who haunt our minds with despair, the past of my life was filled with violent actions which most called filthy names, pursuers of the Beast who dehumanize the human within.
alienate from the beginning with no end, agonizing pain to never heal, wounds will never fade, looking for balm to soothe this Beast, the saying "The Beauty and the Beast" attract. One day, the Beauty shows up into the Beast's life, looking like a Goddess, she was so beautiful it lays shame to the Critics, she takes my breath away, thought I was in Heaven, but no she's my Night Angel, God sent me a gift, a Beauty who has a heart that can break chains, she's worthy of the Stars, shining down on my heart, a Night Angel who's looking fly and smelling bomb, makes you wanna get a taste, her smile brings light into my life, words Straight to the heart she needs no knife, glowing with radiant light absorbing the darkness within the Beast, Bold, Beautiful, Seductress inside and out, she shows her beauty and is not afraid to show her inner soul, her eyes so full of mischief, slaying the soul's within, no guard is needed, She's a woman of her word which is rare, in my world the Sun has nothing on her, her Beauty shines in many ways, gorgeous, patient, understanding, unique, unforgettable once seen never to be forgotten, so strong, a fighter, a rider, one of a kind everyone's looking for, when looking upon her everyone has desires of the flesh, wanting to touch her in any way possible, her Beauty dazzles all and is a painkiller to my wounded soul, her non-judgment and kindness prevails all, this woman wears the halo on fire and her Beauty is the blood pumping into my heart, when we wake we find ourselves a world apart.

Shy The Beauty And Me The Beast!!!!

Brandon Manfield
Gangster Boo

Baby girl, you are my Bonnie and I am your Clyde. I have never traveled the world but it’s irrelevant to me. You, one of the baddest women on the planet. Coast to Coast, Sea to Shining Sea, melting the ice off of my heart, wishing we will never grow apart. Thought I was soulless until you came into my life, glowing like a Goddess, shrouded in white light, casting spells upon my soul, becoming my enchantress. Bold, Beautiful, stunning, elegant, radiant, irresistible, mesmerizing, looking into your eyes, I see endless possibilities, forging an unbreakable bond that others would die for, priceless memories yet to come. I am a Convict believing in riding solo until you my Gangster Boo came into my life, standing by my side throughout it all, thick and thin even when I am surrounded by razor wire, locked away, you stole my heart from day one. Strumming my heart cords like a musician, humming bird on speed, its wings beating my heart so fast, I would rather die by your side than be alive, the thought of losing you is too painful to think about, it would have me lost in every way, switch blades on the insides at play with Edward Sissorhands, master mining, we will never be another one of the fallen and the forgotten, I will always be down for the ride as long as you’re by my side, am hard to love and I love hard are the two things I have learned in this life, I swore I would never leave your side and I know you feel the same, this land of life ain’t never been easy, continue next page...
Struggling through the trenches with life's obstacles, thrown in our path, your my whole life, my world, the way I feel about you words cannot even describe. I will go above and beyond for you, some say the sky is the limit, babygirl your a star, when my heart is suffering and bleeding, the pain and sorrow coming for me only you can relieve. What I feel, I would sacrifice my life for you without any hesitation, you are the sunshine in my life, when your not by my side I see you in the clouds in the sky or from the corner of my eyes, I can't live without you, you inspire the very heart of me, this love that I perspire as I write drips from my pen in order to take flight, I sleep with our love at night resting on my pillow, submerge me in your firestorm, our souls melded into one, you with your love for me makes me stronger each day that passes by, this life we live together, forever is not long enough, my love will forever burn true, my life would be hopeless without my queen, you are the life flowing through veins, you and only you are my Gangster Boo!!!!

Brandon Mayfield
Brandon Maxfield has lived in Oregon his whole life and has been locked up since 2009. With his time in prison he tries his hand at writing poetry. Anyone who wants to write directly to him may do so...