Emotions That Won't
Let Me Be -

Poetry written by: anthony d. bolden

completed: 03/02/2019
This book is dedicated to
The memory of my daughter . . .
You'll always have my heart.
R.I.P.
Shacola La'Tavia Mixon-Bolden
Daddy and Mommy Love You!

anthony d. bolden
Hey, 'Lil Brother,

I enjoy reading your work of art so just keep at it and bring your feelings to the paper. Everybody may not like it but a few may love it, "so do you."

- JB

Brother of mines,

The overall body of work I give a 'C' . . . However, there were several places that warrant an 'A' . . . Now the only thing I feel you would need to change being that you would like to put these in book form, I believe there are too many geared towards the loss of loved ones . . . so would need to chop those down to no more than two . . . I just think it would be a better read for those who buy the book. . . I know this is your first baby, so for the most part you did an excellent job!!!. So just continue to evolve . . . It remains— I send an abundance. . . Love & Respect until I burn, your brother . . .

- 'Lil Nappy

Family,

I ain't know you were on this level wit' this shit but then again, I did. I also ain't know you went thru so much loss. The way you put it all together from the "love" to the "loss" is something great! I believe you don't need to do anything but go up. You're already there. I'm not talking to you and telling you this to make you feel good, that's not me. Altogether, you did that/you're doing that/and you're there. So Honest!

- Weezy a.k.a. Pretty Boy

anthony d. bolden
I got your package today 10/06/2010 and right away I got into it. The time I started reading it was 8:00 a.m. and the time that has lapsed is approximately 50 minutes. I read it meticulously front-to-back and I must say, not too bad for a novice. You touched on some good points and I know you're gon' get better as your grow in your craft. You know, when I first met you, I thought you were like a lot of these young cats and didn't have any substance to you but once we got to jammin'. I then realized my preconceptions were wrong. You got a head on your shoulders and a lion's heart, and you're always searchin' for answers. Congrats on your rebirth, one day I hope to join you and take that leap of faith. Keep doin' ya' thang, my nig, and let the haters bear witness!

Real 2' real . . . (Spoken from the heart as always).

- Fat

The true measure of a man isn't in the cars he drives, the many women that he may have, or the finest designed clothes he wears. The true measure of a man is found in how he treats those considered to be beneath or of lower status than him. -- The ones that don't hold any significance in his life. Because if a man can value, honor, love, and respect the least amongst him . . . then he will also honor and be honored by those above him.

- Apostle CJ

anthony d. bolden
A few thoughts from the writer:

“When they kept on questioning him, he straightened up and said to them, ‘Let any one of you who is without sin be the first to throw a stone at her.’”

JOHN 8:7

First off, I'm a man of the WAY. Now what you read between these pages – they are far from FAITH-like, most of it anyway. I'm not attempting to sound like anyone or anything other than me, Anthony! I have thoughts just like anyone else and I find my release through poetry/music. Poetry is how I've stayed grounded and it has given me an outlet. In my darkest of hours, when I couldn't seem to find the right words to pray, all had seemed lost. When I've had no one else to express my feelings to, and too ashamed to go to God with my worldly take . . . my pen has brought me back from the brink.

No matter what I'm thinking – ill or well, I'm giving my all and pushing it raw, and hoping that at least one person is feeling the emotions that I feel. Notice how I didn't say felt – I'm in hits moment with you as you reads. This book is composed of a lot of my downs; some of my ups, sprinkled in some love, and iced in lose loss. This book marks the end of a series of ugly/so-so chapters in my life and I'm delighted to share them with each and every single one of you in the only way that I know how – in their truest form!

I hold no apologies for the emotions I bleed over these pages. This is the way I feel – it's a part of my identity – although my identity now lies in Christ alone – but we all have a past, and I feel that no one has the right to tell an individual what he/she can or can't express. Am I using my gift as a means to capitalize off of my negative – THAT'S FOR YOU TO DECIDE, but the thing is . . . I haven't had any convictions about it. Do know this though, I have been rebirthed and I see a lot of things more clearly than I did before. Nothing personal, but this is me – ALL OF ME, and while I try to avoid some things – some emotions just won't let me be . . .
[Chorus]
I just wanna live, y'all . . . I just wanna live, y'all
I'm just tryna make it
I'm just tryna tell it real, y'all
I just wanna live, y'all . . . I just wanna live, y'all
Walk this walk until He calls
Don't mind if I look silly, y'all
I just wanna live, y'all . . . I just wanna live, y'all

They don't know my story, but they judging me
Laugh and say I'm tryna be . . .
It's Moufpiece versus Anthony
The grave is talking—mocking me
It's no wonder why they laugh at me
Fighting what's in back of me
Anchored by my past ya' see
This shovel — it is digging me
Unearthing what I buried deep
Satan's tryna bury me
Don't like my new identity
'Causing all this calamity
Tryna plant some doubt in me
Though I have some difficulty
I'm guaranteed a victory.
[Chorus . . .]

I try to move forward, but I'm knocked back
People won't accept that --
Moufpiece dead and gone,
So they waterboard — "STOP THAT"
Now they try my patience
Sit and watch me pacing

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But they don't know I'm praying
"Lord, forgive them" I'm saying
I'm fasting and I'm praying
But that don't stop their preying.
Am I now a victim — No!
Christ, He hand-picked them
This was my decision, I chose my position
He moves with precision;
He uses them to strengthen
Strip me to the white meat;
Peck me 'til I'm bone and dry
The new is here — the old has died.

[Chorus]

Just wanna live and right my wrongs —
add on to my character
Live and walk in peace
on this road that He left us
At times I will be tested
To clear up the infections
Satan has perfected
The skill to be invested, and he is patient;
But God is invested. I am His investment.
He said it when He saved me
Call me silly it don't faze me
I'm saved from the basement
That fountain, I HAVE tested
Bathe in it — I'm elated
Respect decisions that I'm making
Hope in time you will join me.
WHAT I GOT TO SAY IS

What I got to say is... 

I can never let a man or his words hold me down. 
How can I hold on to what I was taught... without testing them
for myself, without looking like a clown?

In life, it's what you were taught... versus what is real. 
So it's time to step-up, be a man, and seal the deal... 

Note:
If you want to know the truth, first you have to be
willing to unlearn everything you were taught.

anthony d. bolden
“Fuck the cops...courts...jury...judges...and all that shit!”

DA readin' off a piece of paper 'bout my priors and shit. Tellin' the people of the courts that, this is he. All the while emphasizin' every other word, while pointin' at me.

“Dope, gunz, money, and shootin’ is his life...should we even be surprised that some man lost his life?”

He comes from a broken home, but that's no reason. Hey, everybody has them, but he chose to relish that season. Need I even say that – he's part of the reason that...

Our crime rates high, bullets flyin' in the sky – People gettin' turnt out, young kids are seein' the glam and the glitz, the sounds of the whips; They way he dressin', the power he's flexin' – We need to get him off the streets and lock him away. Hoping that with my kids I won't have no say.

The jury all WHITE and they lovin' this picture; Ain't even heard my side, but got me in prison. . . Black ball cap wit' white letterin', white-T Black pants and white sneakers – That was the clothes description; low haircut, skinny-medium build – 'bout yay high Eighteen to twenty with a brown complexion... In my hood, that could be a many of guys so tell me, "WHY AM I THE ONLY ONE FIGHTIN' FOR HIS LIFE?"
White man dead in the hood, so let's start the profilin';
Here's the description...
Round 'em all up...
Bring 'em in –
He'll do, I'm tired!
NOT ME...

To them
#450829, yeah, him, is me.
Just another way for them to try to
Recreate me.
Giving me such titles as:
Convict
Robber
Drug Dealer
Thug
No Good
Offender
Inmate...
Like I’m someone new:
Like I’m sittin’ on the biddin’ block;
“Nice teeth, kind face, looks small, yet strong – he’ll do; got all his shots?”
Nah, I ain’t sign up fo’ this shit . . . so when they approach me in such a manner,
I won’t respond to that shit! Give me my punishment,
Lock me in the hole – I’ll pass time recitin’ some Ice-T I’m sure they know.
My name is “Anthony D. Bolden” or “Mr. Bolden”
Yeah, that’s what I’ll respond to, anything other than that...

Why even entertain you?

anthony d. bolden
THAT NIGGA

'Member you was the shit, if you have a Huffy bike, nigga?

OR
A G.T. Dino wit' them seventy spokes, nigga?
And I know you remember them pegs, and them mags, nigga...
And if you didn't have them —
You went and got them 'cause they certified you' shit, nigga!

If you was a broke nigga —
Damn...

Wasn't no sympathy fo' the next nigga.
You knocked niggas on they ass like: "Thanks, nigga!"
Already on some hot shit, when lo and behold lay anotha 'lic,
time to ghostryde, nigga.

Sometimes you stripped and spraypainted them, in case you bypassed niggas;
Oftentimes you said, "Fuck it, this MY shit, nigga..."

And if you did bypass niggas —
You fought like: "My 'mama bought this, nigga!"

You gave or you got, that was my hood, nigga.
And I know y'all remember them bike cliques, nigga?

Y'all were the toughest niggas and y'all wished a nigga would,

Nigga...

Those were the days... damn, times have changed, nigga...

"I overuse the word NIGGA — 'cause I-WAS-ThAT-NIGGA!!!!

anthony d. bolden
CHANGE

Change . . .
Change is good, but many are afraid of it.
Afraid of all the new things that change may bring.
New faces. . . new emotions;
The fear of being the odd one out, but heeeey. . . what’s wrong with that?
Oh,
You didn't have time to create a new mask?
You know, those things you be doing, saying, and using to keep everyone out;
away from your raw feelings and thoughts –
That tough guy . . . that hard guy. . .
(Ladies, this here for you, too. . .) LOL
BUT YEAH, I'm up on your game. . .
CHANGE. . . . . .
That’s what this is really about.
Accepting new places, new faces;
allowing yourself the refreshed chance to breathe.
For once, accepting that person you’ve been destined to be –
That Doctor, that Lawyer, that Preacher, that Teacher. . .
That Father, that Mother, that Role Model;
We can be all of those, but we can’t. . .
All because of the UNKNOWN . . . CHANGE!

anthony d. bolden
BAAM—BOOM!
What have we here,
Three generations... all up in here.
How can we blame the Davis' for the dope and the gunz in the Andersons' hands?
Better yet,
Who can we blame for the dope and the gunz in the Davis' hands?
Some would say the Smiths' 'cause the Davis' learned from them;
The dope, the gunz, and how to be a pimp —
Some would say, "Damn, right!"
But I'd say they're wrong...
Davis', Y'all apologized to the Andersons', but each generation takes on a life of its own.
Take a look around and what do y'all see?
I don't know about y'all, but in y'all... I see a little of me.
It wasn't by choice/accident (in our case) that we were placed
In a room with a mirror —
Look at the mirror, y'all... look at each other...
Because y'all are the mirror!
-- Mind over matter group; GBCI
*For my dudes behind the walls.

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How can you be real, when everything about you is fake... 
I mean, everything about your personality, says that you ain't;
Your walk... your talk —
Hell, even the beat of your heart!
Maybe if your eyes didn't scream, "Believe me — believe me"... 
Maybe... just maybe, I'd be inclined to believe that you lived by the chalk. 
But you just another one of them dudes dressing the part... 
With your hat broke off, using such words as"
Fam, Folks, King, Mo', Self. ...
So desperately hoping we'll buy that.
Even your circle screams that you're fake...
Not as much as with their words, but if they vibin' with you...

WHAT DOES THAT SAY?
A pac of scrubs... 
A whole bunch of nobodies proclaiming they are thugs!
What are you... 
A new infocommercial?
Advertising on how to be real?
You're just another one of them $39.99 5 easy payments —
Yeah, you're good,
But only 'til the next best thing comes along proclaiming the same. LOL
Then where you gonna be...
OUT ON THE PAVEMENT!
Real dudes don't try to be real, they just is.
No clothes, cars, women, jewelry, or sucka-but ass 'cliq
Is gonna change the vibe one feels.
See,
I don't speak on myself... 
I let the spectators do it.
While GOONZ LIKE YOU... 
Keep pushin' to prove it!

anthony d. bolden
I can get grimy with the best of ‘em
And split heads, but that’s nothin’
Bring Tone-G out the bag . . .
They sure to trick somthin’.
And TMZ ass niggas . . .
They can’t keep they moufs shut,
Legendary thugs niggas – STOP FRONTIN’!
I see you in the Co’s face
“ha-ha, how you doin’, how the kids. . . .”
Yeah, I see how you relate.
Y’all in the same circle
Shit, I knew you was workkin’!
That’s why I stay prayin’ fo’ you, ’cause you
niggas ain’t loyal
I keeps me a lawyer –
you niggas rap sheets are spoiled.
If I wanted,
I could touch you without touchin’ . . .
Have you feelin’ my repercussions.
I’m talkin’ more than poetic sense –
FUCK this poetic shit –
I’m talking down and durty, gutta-gutta street
shit
Restore the guidelines to this pen shit
‘Cause you new age niggas have auto-tuned shit
Keepin’ Co’s all in my shit
And if you don’t feel this . . .
It’s ‘cause YOU the wire, TRICK!!!

anthony d. bolden
C’mon,
What’s up with all this force homosexuality on America
type shit?
Every show, every movie, every news outlet –
Damn, we know homosexuals exist!
Now they tryna force-feed us that being gay is a choice...
You mean to tell me people born that way
You mean to tell me, not ONE had a say...
Get the fuck outta here!
Asthma – NOT A CHOICE...
Aids/HIV – NOT A CHOICE...
Lame – NOT A CHOICE...
Deaf – NOT A CHOICE...
But the way in which you CHOOSE to live YOUR life....
It all derives from a choice!
So don’t sit and label me a homofobe
Say I’m speakin’ on what I don’t know
Call me a homofobe ‘cause with you I don’t agree
So you stoop to label me and slander me.
“Cause we don’t agree, don’t mean that I hate you, it don’t
mean that I don’t accept you
Just simply...
How dare you?
How dare you try to take my voice
The voice of the people and call us the bullies,
When y’all the ones twistin’ scriptures
When y’all the ones switching genders
Brothas call themselves sistahs
Sistahs call themselves brothas’ all ‘cause we don’t
comply...now we the ones causin’ trouble –
Now, you tell me who the real bullies?

anthony d. bolden
Where to go, where to sit
Eat that, not this
Who can serve, who can't
What's right, NOT THIS!!!
Our politicians ain't makin' matters no better
Instead of standin' on our constitution,
that they say that they believe in . . .
They signin' off on this shit!
So they careers they can further, they tradin' votes for the
office . . .
Too scared to lose office;
Fear of the protest
Large crowds of a minority claimin' to be rejects –
comparin' their rights to segregation and slavery . . .
That notion, I detest.
Look, nobody is tellin' you that you can't be who you wanna
be, see who you wanna see, or sleep with who you wanna sleep . . .
but,
What we are sayin' is that you can't expect us to change our
laws, our views, our morals, our values –
All 'cause of WHO YOU CHOOSE to be!
"Sometimes . . . sometimes, you just have to embrace the state that you’re in."

-- Anthony
EMBRACE 'EM

Take a look into my eyes,
Then you'd realize that what I talk . . .
can only come from a real guy.
This ain't no disguise, ain't puttin' up
no façade . . .
my worst foe will vouch that I'm a certified guy.
What I talk is what I know
Disperse it thru my flow.
Mean it how I say it — "EMBRACE THE PLAYA HATIN' . . ."
They know what's best. So treat 'em like Big 'Mama
They RUSH-you OBAMA!
Your worst critics are your best critics.
They hate you as a person, but they cipher that you're
spittin'.
Like every news outlet, you don't need no vest,
They like the paparazzi —
They don't aim fo' the chest.
Snipers like D.C.,
Droppers like, Ali . . .

anthony d. bolden
IN THE RUFF

Clean me, don’t tease me . . .
I wanna shine, too!
Cutt me and dress me up –
My pinks, my yellows, my greens, my blues.
Put me in the dimmest light,
I guarantee I’ll shine!
[Ol’ this ‘lil light of mines . . .]
BET Black Carpet –
Oh, he went to, Jared . . .
The Red Carpet at the Grammys . . .
Guarantee PEOPLE will share it!
Crown me like Dancing with the Stars did
Derek Huff –
Hell, you ain’t gotta cutt or clean me,
I can do it as I am . . .
DIAMOND IN THE RUFF!
1950: EQUAL?

So because your legs BRIGHT... you should be rode around?
And since mine ain't...
I should walk 'cause mine's BROWN?
Sitting' up in your pretty schools...
with your superior buses,
while I haul ass to and fro 'cause my parents taxes don't cover them off limit buses...
Sittin' in my face, tellin' your WHITE MAN lies,
Talkin' 'bout your problems as if mine don't apply!
ONE!
One bus... that's all we asked.
Better yet, your worst one –
We'll pay for the gas.
But you,
You wit' yo' BRIGHT skin, got too much pride...
So we gon' rally up and show you a stronga side –
Names on petitions,
FUCK yo' positions —
We thru singin'; our kids soles bleedin'!
FUCK peace –
We looking' fo' liberations,
We're pass your funky ass buses –
We lookin' fo' same education;
EQUAL, ain't DISCRIMINATION OR SEGREGATION!!!
So I got BOTH hands out lookin' fo' RESPIRATIONS –
'Cause in YOUR law... 
It says that we shall ALL BE EQUAL!

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I’m so filled wit’ rage ‘cause this system don’t give two fucks about me!
I’ve been on lock fo’ seven years and still can’t see light,
the way they did me... this falls under the BLACK MAN’S PLIGHT.
So now, I’m filin’ motions, tryna find a way outta here
‘Cause I’ll be damned if I waste away in here’
Can’t give them that satisfaction –
Gotta show them what’s happenin’
‘Cause when you fail to proper investigate – 87 YEARS HAPPEN!
Y’all can’t take my voice,
Can’t hide this Royce.
I’m louder than any gavel,
I ryde on any gravel.
Threw me in a cell and tossed me the NEW TESTAMENT...
Played on my faith – yeah, I caught yo’ statement.
But I’ve been drankin’ from the fountain and I’ve been
Moving mountains,
Jokes on y’all... ‘Cause, Christ – I done found Him!
And on y’all He is frownin’;
Open these doors and let me out...
Know I don’t belong here.
I shouldn't have to kick and shout.
I ain't killed or robbed nobody.
But I see...
Y'all a just sentence anybody.

12/22/2011
7:32 a.m.

anthony d. bolden
UNTITLED

Lately I've been
questioning where I'm going.
Every stop, every thought
Every beat of my heart.
Cofma-toasted am I . . .
Are you listening, God?
I can hear, but can't see
I can feel, but can't speak
I need you to breathe in me

[Breathe in me, oh, God, bring me back to life. . .]
Can't breathe in this shell of me
[Lord, I'm suffocating. . .]
Though my trials have gotten me down
[I won't be beaten. . .]
If you'd just breathe in me,
I'll be free . .
FREEeeeeeееееееее,
I try to do right,
But it's the same ol' song.
Just when I've thought I've beaten the flesh. . .
I see that yet again,
I was wrong.
Not perfect by far
But, Lord. . .
You know my heart.
I try and I try
But still can't get it right!
Know you've seen me in my cell crying
late into the night.
I'm trapped inside myself
Lord, I need your breath.
I HURT - (PT. I)

I know why I hurt now. . .
I let my 'mama down,
Got her stressed out – bummed out.
Got her dealing with my loss to the pen –
Our only communication. . . this pen!

Now, I'm mad 'cause she mad
And she mad 'cause I'm mad.
"Cause I fucked wit' fuck niggas
Niggas thought to be my niggas!

Now she's all alone wit' my
brothas and sisters
And my brothas flirtin' wit'
this system.

Everyone pointin' fingers. . . tryna
place where the blame is;
We're a family of disarray – no
love since I've been away . . .
Can't believe it went down this way
One word,
ONE WORD 12 had to say.

"Mama, I'm sorry . . .
Didn't mean to leave you
all alone. . ."
I'm a legend in this city...  
Fuck, y'all made it that way.  
My name like Mike in this city...  
37th and Villard should be re-named,  
"BOLDEN'S WAY..."  
Wanna label me a cop killa,  
Then I'ma accept that title...  
Wit' these football like numbers –  
I'ma hoist my title,  
I'm the new MVP of these streets...  
Y'all boy, Jeff long gone  
So am I, but I refuse to let the DOC  
play their song.  
Like Farve, I was forced to retire  
And just like Farve –  
I still have the desire;  
To prove wrong all the nay sayers  
that wanted me out...  
To the victims that wouldn't hear me out...  
So like Jordan,  
I'm back wit' the .45  
'Bout to beat all the odds –  
Cops, jury, DA, family...  
And my punk ass rappy!  
Shit, I'ma legend by default –  
I can't accept that shit  
So y'all sorry asses gon' get shit right this time  
And flip my shit!  
Allow me to become a legend in my own right...  
Be known wit' the true elites.

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10/15/2002:

Gift and a curse. . .

Let me explain --

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Love,
Love is pure
It comes from within oneself...
How can I love anyone without first loving me
If I lied...
There'd be no L-O-V-E!
Love is. . .STRONG - POWERFUL,
and can sometimes make you weak –
Blind you, hurt you, and sometimes
make you weep.
Love,
Love has no ulterior motives;
Financially, materialistically – just simply...
Romantically intrigued.
Love is . .
Complicated, but can never be duplicated!
When Jagged Edge said:
"He can't love you, like I love you,
Baby, and you know it's true –
Said you want to be with a man, then you need
to understand, that he can never do you like I do..."
They were basically sayin'
"Baby, it all boils down to you!"
Love,
Love is sacrifice; blowing caution
to the wind –
I mean,
After all, you can't see or touch
love,
Yet. . .the emotions you feel. . .
That instinct to trust the one you've

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been learning about;
Trusting that "for no reason smile —"
When you're just thinking about . . .  
LOL
Love is . . .
When you love EVERYTHING you hate about me
You hate them so much that they become what you
Love MOST about me!
Love,
Love is satisfaction.
That overwhelming feeling you've found that one
person that you're compatible with –
The happiness, fulfillment, and all that other
lovey-dovey shit . . .
SEX!
75 . . . if not 85% of our relationships!
Can he or can't she fulfill my sexual needs?
That deep catharsis begging/screaming within me?
Bodies quivering with anticipation from the presence –
Every slow, wet stroke
Every warm, sweet kiss;
The pure bliss . . .
That'll make you wanna pull, push, scream – toss
your body around . . .
The pounding and scratching –
Sticking to each other;
Post sex smell and the after sound!
THAT is what . . .
LOVE IS –  

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FOREVER

Forever is what I thought you and I would always be.
Never thought I'd see the day a rift would come between you and me.
Long walks thru the park.
Long walks on the beach –
Writing our names in the sand with a heart symbolizin'
our love for each . . .
Babe,
We had that "Claire and Cliff" love,
If one was down . . .
We were both in the mud.
Our favorite hide out . . .
Culver's on the East;
Bacon Cheese Burgers . . . Brownie Sundaes . . . and that funny look when ice cream froze your teeth . . .
Your favorite food – "CHEESE FRIES" . . .
As we passed by JUDY'S . . . I'd see that sparkle in your eyes.
Together is what I thought you and I would always be – forever . . .
But I guess you had reservations 'cause now –
We ain't even together.

anthony d. bolden
WHAT MAKES THE GRASS GREENER

What makes the grass greener
that you can’t stay,
What makes you think
you have to run away?

Tell me what he got
That I ain’t got,
C’mon and tell me, gurl
So this pain can stop!
What makes the grass greener
on the other side, gurl
Could it be the dope and gunz,
   OR
   Them flashy cars, gurl . . .
Could it be that he’s got that
physique that you like . . .
Could it be that he’s from
them streets that you like,
   OR
   Could it just be . . .
That he’s just that thug you like?

anthony d. bolden
We were only seventeen... 
Some would say too young for a child; 
What we had was “PUPPY LOVE —“ 
Didn’t know the first thing about a child... 
Still in skool, 
Working part-time... 
Just no time for you – 
Least that’s what they said, 
Mommy and Daddy made our bed. 
Thoughts of us being parents... 
Wasn’t any time for that, 
Too busy convincing ’Nana Mixon, she wasn’t 
the one at bat. 
Vividly, I remember that phone call waking 
me out of my sleep... 
Hearing mommy crying in the background... as 
’Nana Mixon cut me deep. 
Couldn’t fathom the thought of losing my child – 
I cussed, 
I kicked, 
I begged for my child – 
Disrespected and made threats, 
Believe, I fought for my child! 
Worked extra hours 
Offered a place to stay, so that I could provide 
for my child!!! 
Talked with ‘mama = 
Her ‘mama, my ‘mama... 
“WE” laid down, 
Why you creating this drama? 
Yet and still... I couldn’t save you.
I swear, Baby, I tried...

Mommy and I talked,
We cried!
Threatened to leave mommy —
We cried more,
If you couldn't have me —
Why should she;
"I" cried more!
Not knowing what the end would be...
In the end...
I stayed with her 'cause she needed me.
Sorry you're not here, Babygirl...
But you live on in me!

* R.I.P. Shacola La Tavia Mixon Bolden '03

anthony d. bolden
SHE WANTS ME AT HOME

Six in the morning,
I'm still gone... 'il 'mama trippin' again.
Sent me a text,
Here we go again.

Her or the game,
Loss or gain?

Got me caught in the middle –
KING JAMES,
If I love her like I say... 
Why I stay away?

I stay away so our love grow,
So when we ryde... 
We'll have a safe rode.

But she don't get it...
She don't get it,
All she sees is loneliness –
Rather have me at home
Than have her heart miss.

Don't want me in the streets
Like I am,
Duffle bags is all I know...
That's who I am.

I ain't out here like T. Woods,
I'm on a grind to escape the hood.
She wants me at home –
Shit...
That's where my heart is!
May not be where she's at,
But that's where my heart is.

anthony d. bolden
1...2...3 – OUT!

[STRIKE 1]
Rumors about me and these other chicks... you just had to see, took a trip with your buddy... face-to-face with reality; There was still something that drew you near to me.

[STRIKE 2]
So much confusion and tension –
call us punch drunk,  
Guess you can say we both had too many gulps.  
Blindly stumbling around, staring each other down.  
So we called for a break...  
But right back to the same place.

[STRIKE 3]
BREAKING NEWS NOW...  
Yeah, your face has a frown...  
Wake-up... I'm still out, got the number now.  
Early morning phone battles,  
Clothed tossed-me grabbing,  
Speeding off in tears;  
"What the fuck am I doing here?"

[OUT]
Lasted a week apart...  
Now we're back where we belong,  
That whole week felt so wrong.  
This time though...  
We've come back so strong,  
No fussing, no fighting -  
We're committed like naps to a comb,

anthony d. bolden
That is...
'Til this thing from the past came to light,
Deal with this wrench —
Another black man's plight.
It's the end of our rope and this shit hurts.
In the end... I struck out in the worst!

anthony d. bolden
DESTINY

Yeah, we fought a lot
Shit – hell, we made up on the often
Cursin’ an’ fuckin’ – we stayed at it
We bought matchin’ coffins
I hated you and you couldn’t stand me
Ain’t shit changed since you first met me
Same nigga you love to hate
But you love
Came close
But could neva pull the plug
See,
I’m the doctor; you’re the nurse
We compliment each other, that’s why we work
I’m the lungs – you’re the breath
And some day you’re gonna be my death

    See, even though you gon’, Gi. . .
    I still keep my hat in the ring
    ’Cause I believe some day you’ll come back to me
    ’Cause you’re my destiny – DESTINY
See, even though you gon’, Gi. . .
I still believe in you and me
“Member how you used to fight fo’ me
     Now it’s my turn to fight fo’ me, you, we –
     DESTINY. . . .

Yeah, I fuck around –
Shit, you did it too
And I ain’t pointin’ fangas, Baby
I’ just bein’tru
Like when I was in CCC –
Yeah, gurl, I recall
It was you, me, and Paris at the mall
When yo’ name he called

anthony d. bolden
Know you remember Juneteenth. . .
We picked up Erica and Jasmine
It was that red car and he mugged as he rode pass me
You like to state my flaws
And throw 'em in my face
Though yours is small. . . you still have a plate, but. . .

See, even though you gon', Gi. . .
I still keep my hat in the ring
'Cause I believe some day you'll come back to me
'Cause you're my destiny – DESTINY
See, even though you gon', Gi. . .
I still believe in you and me
"Member how you used to fight fo' me
Now it's my turn to fight fo' you, me, we –
DESTINY . . .

Gi, I can hate you, but I can neva HATE you
Though back in '03. . .you had a treacherous April

Followed by the other, but fo' that I take the blame
For so long you've bear'd it, but it's partially mines to claim;
Gi, think back at all the shit we've been through
The good outweigh the bad –
Now look at what we putting' each other through
Just think. . .
Lakefront, slow jams,
Romantic walks, writin' in sand
Our first time, our first kiss
Our first fight, our first THIS –
Yeah, those are cherished moments
But they ain't shit without my woman. . .

anthony d. bolden
JUST LIKE THE WIND

Just like the wind blows
things are subject to change.
One minute everything is kool breeze –
Next, shit is being re-arranged.
This is a storm no man can weather...
No collars, boots, umbrellas, or ‘Nana’s knitted sweaters
can contain this, fellas.
I’m talkin’ ‘bout a BITCH!
You know how the story goes...
You can have it all... but she still wants mo’
Treat her like QUEEN... You KING – no such thing!
And don’t get caught off in this system – She’ll play ya’ ass!
Dependin’ on how the jury votes...
That’s one of the last three times you’ll see her ass.
She’ll come visit you in yo’ new HOME...
Let you tongue her down, get her rub on...
Y’all a talk on the phone, send letters back and forth –
Couple of months later,
You’ll receive a receipt and some pictures with her and her friends in the club,
Need I say more –
BITCHES CHANGE JUST LIKE THE WIND...

anthony d. bolden
THINKIN' BACK

I'm thinkin' back to much simpler times.
You and I carefree. . .
Everywhere I'd move – you'd be,
Wherever you'd go – there's me.
We did everything together
Hell, we've sailed thru the worst weather.
I chased you down for two years . . .
Kept dudes from getting' near.  
'Member the Homecomin' I wanted to dance, but you wouldn't let me . . .
Few minutes later saw you dancin' with Obe.
Yeah, those were the times,
My 'lil black-a-rican keepin' her feeling fo' me a disguise.
How I used Street to get at you –
Lettin' you get away, I couldn't let you.
Thinkin' back to when you popped up on my job and blew me a kiss,
When I called durin' ROTC, and you had to give twenty quick.  
You thought we were a game, but we weren't.
I missed our first date, and fo' that reason you loved me.
(DRUMLINE)  Our first time. . . O' so sweet!
Sparks flew between you and me.
We just connected, it felt right.
That NEW YEARS in the sunroom;
MEMORABLE NIGHT!
We completed each other,
Did it like no other.
Felt like it was meant to be –
You and I should be.
This was befo' all the bullshit,
I won't mention that shit.
This is me thinkin' back,
Babygurl, I gotta have you back . . .

anthony d. bolden
CUFFED BY DEVOTIONS

Poetry is my outlet to express raw emotion
How am I to cook when it's cutt by devotions
Cuffs I put myself in
When you I put my trust in
There's no secrets to divulge';
But truths can't be told
Least not in their rawest form –
As I pen, I am torn
Knowin' one day our kids will read
And I don't want their little ears to bleed
Any animosity for you or me;
Less fo' you than fo' me. . .
'Cause I said what I felt
In the moment I was dealt
Even now, I choose carefully
Though you playin' wit' me
Know you readin' between the lines –
Between the lines ain't even me
But fo' the sake of our kids, I'll pen carefully and respectfully
Though you don't respect Anthony
You in and out like IN/OUT
Tryna sell like Girl Scouts
Got the smile to the tee
Ya' fanga has wrapped me
And I'm so stupid 'cause I see it
Yet, 'round and 'round I go 'cause ya' line I have bitten
There was a time you were me;
Know you feelin' what I'm spittin'
This from the heart, can't you see
When we kissed . . . "Remember me?" –
Enjoy the field while you play it
I'm coaching third, but I'm not wavin' . . .

anthony d. bolden
HALF DAY

Love,
There's so many things I have to tell you,
But I'm afraid I don't know how . . .
"Cause there's a possibility that you'd look
at me differently, Love . . .

To be honest, I've loved you from the first time
that I saw you.
Wanted to tell you that instant —
Couldn't risk it.
The chance of losing you before I knew you —
Couldn't fathom . . .
So I put on a mask like Phantom.
To be honest, you’re God sent;
My angel from above
Right now, I'm dying for a hug.
A hug so genuine, so sweet,
Miss the way you look while you sleep.
Angel, I've got secrets
And I'm ready to broadcast like Seacrest . . .

anthony d. bolden
INFATUATION

See,
I'm infatuated with this woman, and she don't even know it — least I think she don't know it. I remember the first time that I saw her, most didn't even notice her; not saying she's unattractive 'cause she's far from unattractive. The way she thinks when she speaks and how she speaks what she thinks, see — her mind intrigues me. Her eyes . . . I can stare forever as if I'm gazing on the river, and her smile can paint a picture — capture minds like the Mona Lisa.

My infatuation increases on the days that I don't see her. I'm like a Navy man at sea' impatiently waiting the next time that I see her. If I could just experience what it's like to hold her hand. Kiss her hand as a gentleman should and caress her palm with my thumb' jolts, will there be some? Her feelings for me, are there none? Would love to speak what I think, but to do so would ruffle feathers with the powers that be — INFATUATION
WHAT DO YOU DO?

What do you do,
When the one you love no longer loves you?

What do you do,
When you look into her eyes and see
That she no longer trusts you?

What do you do,
When you know it's over?
But your heart won't accept that fact;
That her heart is already out the door,
And it refuses to unpack?

What do you do,
When you can't eat, can't sleep;
All you think about is her –
Her scent, her smell . . . DAMN!
How sexy she looks in your favorite shirt?

What do you do,
When the times y'all shared . . .
Echoes through the house, you used to call home?

What do you do?
What do you do?
Now that she's gone . . .
What do you do?
"If beauty is in the eye of the beholder and I am said beholder... why am I so dependent upon another’s view of me, to boost my self-worth/self-confidence?"

APPRECIATION

It's just an honor to be in your presence;
And I ain't talkin' about your exterior... (though you are a sight to gaze upon...) But I'm intrigued with your mind and the way you think... Your character traits and personality. How I look into your eyes and I see the very definition of reality... Your exterior... yeah, it's great - Might even be a part of a fraction of the attraction that drew me to you in the first place, but what's really blue ribbon/first place - It's your interior.
The way you express love in all you do. But my favorite trait of you, is how you respect YOU. Yo', that's only my view. These words, this poem... is my appreciation of you... THANK YOU FOR BEING TRU!

anthony d. bolden
"Using your transition stage to sort through your emotions could cause conflict within oneself. . ."

- Anthony d. bolden
How can I love you, when you’re talking about me
OR
You, when you won’t even sit by me
How can I love you, when I don’t even know you...
I mean,
I can love you through His name, but...it won’t be the same
’Cause the feelings not mutual –
Our hearts are stuck in neutral.
Why we acting as if we have assigned seats;
Why don’t you trades seats, so he can get to know me –
Are we all ignat...
No offense, but I had to ask
Because the WORD says this, but we’re doing that
So even if you don’t want to know me, let me get to know you
So neither one of us goes to hell
’Cause I’ve said a prayer...
One for me... and a special one for you.

anthony d. bolden
SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

Thou shalt not covet another man's wife,
But how is one to maintain his place when he's lured by said man's wife?
Maybe lured is the wrong word 'cause said man's wife hasn't uttered one word, maybe not with the promise of a word, but she's one I desire; a connection—that's the word.
Her brown eyes and cute lips – I can see her hips.
Eyes full of trust; kiss-ready lips.
When she speaks, it's like a whisper, her laugh is like a musical.
Her mind just captivates me; I'm like a cat with a string...
So charmed am I by her heart, it's been a spell from the start.
An arousing, a stimulation, but I KNOW THIS IS CONDEMNATION –
What is one do do... is he to linger on her stoop?
Just to hold hands, maybe it'll satisfy.
Give me a glimpse of another place/another time.
Maybe then I could express these words of mines,
Instead of dropping lines in disguise...
I'm just like you, so don't get all religious.  
When you see me out and about,  
hitting me up with scriptures;  
Just for the sake of conversation --  
Man,  
We can talk about D. Rose... LeBron James...  
how my BEARS in harbornation... why the sky is blue...  
the grass green; yous a snitch... and L 7... a rapist...  
"Bout how I treat you the same as, Jimmie --  
I'd love to talk about Jesus, but how's that for conversation?  
Don't change when you're around me because of my character,  
Be who you are -- not someone else's character.  
They say, "You are who you hang with..."  
But I don't agree with that statement  
'Cause the truth of the matter is... we TRY to be who we hang with.  
Just be yourself and I'll love you for you.  
Don't matter if you're in a cell, in the Dorms, MU, or here sitting in a pew...  
See,  
I'm just like you... a nobody tryna be somebody and get my life right.  
This might be wrong to say, but everything I do and say...  
It's not about J. Christ.  
I'm just like you, so when you see me out and about...  
Don't treat me like a pew...THANK YOU!
Please excuse me as I express my thoughts.
Thoughts of you and I that should have never been thought.
Thoughts of you and I, "I" as in team.
Thoughts that have become a recurring thing.
Some thoughts can't be mentioned
OR
Formed in any sentence.
But as I have mentioned, these are my thoughts.
Oftentimes after I have left, I've wondered what you've thought;
Thoughts like your thoughts, your dreams, your pleasures, your delights —
Do you bathe or do you shower?
Do you ever think of me?
Ever thought to steal a hug;
I would love for us to hug.
I've had thoughts like on how to approach you.
Once done, did I offend you?
Every thought need not be said.
But I'm in prison, not dead!
Do you get the attention that you need?
Does he ever rub your feet?
After a long day of work, what's the first thing you do?
Can you tell me your favorite fruit?
Yo', I really do like you and I believe you're beautiful.
Hope I didn't offend you with my thoughts.
But just know.
Some thoughts are just thoughts.
TOTAL SURRENDER

Break me to a thousand pieces, rebuild me like I'm a puzzle
I'm broken, you see my structure
Ink has stained my body
Yes, I've defiled the body.
This historical building now worthless, can you feel me?
Holes from war; an ill-advised war
My story...
A story of scars, I gave it my all
Where are my stars, there's memories lost, I seem to be off –
Off balance...
Ready to fall at any second
Foundation needs some reshapen
Just break me...
'Cause I can't stand as I am, Look what this world has made me –
A product of my environment, ya' see what's around me?
Burnt houses and open fields, 'lil baggies that's dressed to kill
My stairwells have been trampled
Like my life has been grappled
Stood on and spit on
Sat on and sexed on
I've seen bodies like 'Nam
Taped off fo' heal time
Heal time was patch time... patched up to get by

anthony d. bolden
And told to return to the norm... 
Only the "NORM" wasn't the norm.
I'm like JINGA at it's highest... will I ever be an empire?
Can only dream I could be
Seems that's all that's left of me
But I know YOU favor me
And I know my destiny
So I surrender and give my all, I've paid the price for
being hard... least I think I was hard
My mental game has been scarred
What I love has been lost, what I treasured I F'd off!
I'm like a donor, no face, but I am mirrored by her face
So break me and reshape, as I surrender first place...
CUTT UP MY FOOD IN SMALL PIECES AND GIVE ME A SIPPY CUP.

FOR I AM NOT YET READY FOR THE BIG KID STUFF.

SEE,

MY HANDS ARE UNSTEADY

DIGESTIVE NOT READY

CAN'T TOLERATE WHOLE FOODS —

HAVEN'T YET MASTERED HOW TO CHEW.

YEAH,

I HAVE 32 JUST LIKE YOU, BUT I'M NOT YOU;

NOT ASHAMED OF MY HIGHCHAIR, UNLIKE YOU.

I'M STILL CRAWLING AND BABBLING—

THAT'S IF YOU'RE REALLY LISTENING,

SO I'D RATHER TAKE IT SLOW AND LEARN THIS LANGUAGE...

'CAUSE I KNOW HE'S LISTENING.

AND YOU'RE SO PROUD

'CAUSE YOU'RE GROWN NOW,

LAUGHING AT MY ONESIE; WHEN YOU YOURSELF IS STILL A CHILD.

NOT IN A RUSH TO GROW UP

HE'S STILL WIPING MY SPIT UP.

THE RACE IS ALREADY WON, SO I'M GON' ROC' WITH THE FATHER AND THE SON.

LEARN FROM THE TEACHER AND SNUGGLE IN HIS ARMS WHILE SLEEPING.

DON'T RUSH TO GROW UP...

LEARN TO SLOW UP.

ANTHONY D. BOLDEN
SOMEONE TO LOVE ME

I'm new to this love thing, so... excuse the outburst.

Been scarred since I was thirteen

And now that I'm tryna heal... this healing thing really hurts.

"Cause now, I'm realizing truths I never knew

How would you cope with that YOU...

Ya' parents never knew!

This goes beyond ya' favorite foods (Deep Dish)

And ya' favorite color (Which is blue)

This is on a deeper level

Time for a larger shovel, I need –

[Someone to love me...someone to love me...]

Ma'...Pops, when did I write my first poem

Matter of fact, what was my first sentence formed

Who are my role models"

Is is Mike, is it 'Pac, or is it Dave – ALL THREE!

Tell me y'all, when did I turn to the streets

C'mon on y'all, tell me something about me

I know y'all really love me, y'all supposed to be that

[Someone to love me...someone to love me...]

How did I grow to be so selfish?

Was always considered strong, but now I've become helpless.

When did I become a man-at nine...was that the plan

Or was it at the age of 27 in the pen

When did my triple life start...
Anthony: the family man
Tony: the 'mama's boy
Moupfiece: the street n****...

"I can tell you, it's sooner than you thought!"

I needed --

[Someone to love me... someone to love me...]

Ma'.. Pops, I ain't tryna drag y'all thru the mud...

I'm just tryna find some love
Could've benefited from some hugs
Can't recall the last time we shared a hug.

I have a woman that I love, but I can't love her like I should
My past has took that off the wood
My kids don't know me as they should
All 'cause I found love in the hood, I— I need a hug and --

[Someone to love me... someone to love me...]

I found love -- tru love and she accepted me fo' who I was
She's the reason I write in blood
I'm why she love, but can't love
The way that I care up has torn us both up
But now I've found loves tru meaning and that's what's up!

Unconditional love --
GOOD, BAD, AND THE UGLY...

A kind word, kind gesture, kind smile, and a verbalized...
"I LOVE YOU...

Now all I need is --

[Someone to love me... someone to love me...]

anthony d. bolden
WHEN

When we make love,
And I do mean create it — my life force will run thru you.
It will be an energy unlike anything you’ve ever experienced . . .

When I’m inside you,
I’ll feel all your troubles, your challenges, your stresses.
And all I’ll want to do is relieve them and I will
In ways that I’ll want you to curse me, but still I won’t stop — not until
I know every wall, every crevice, and every aspect of your womanhood . .

And in between breaths,
You’ll tell me things no one else knows.
Forehead to forehead, creating a telepathic bridge for our
inner-most thoughts to travel . . .

And while I’m still inside you,
We’ll laugh, flirt, kiss long kisses, finish each other’s sentences —
Argue points, massage temples, tease tongues, make love; FUCK!

We’ll see stars,
Count them, name them, aimlessly speak of love; LIFE!

anthony d. bolden
Anything you've kept pent-up inside will surely pour out with
a violence that can't be detained. Like spilt milk —
except this can't be wiped up . . .

And you'll wake up with my likeness in your skin
and my scent in your hair . . .

anthony d. bolden
SOMEDAY SOON

Someday soon
You and I will be able to take a ryde
Long walks thru the park as I watch the sun
dance in yo' eyes
You and me

Someday soon,
in bed 'til noon
Creatin' our own music...
Groovin' to our own tune

Someday soon
We'll love, we'll fight...
Say hurtful things and make-up thru the night

Someday soon
You'll tell me you love me

Someday soon
We'll ryde off into the sunset holding each other...

Someday Soon --

anthony d. bolden
LOVESICK

See,
I've heard that love hurts before,
but I didn't think it'd hurt like this;
stomach twisted all up in knots and shit.
Since my baby left me,
I ain't had a full night's sleep'
Fuck tossing and turning –
I'm kicking sheets, punching pillows,
entwining my legs... imagining it's her feet
'cause that's how we slept;
her legs entwined in mine...
Laying on our left sides...
My right hand on her tummy –
our fingers entwined.
Notice how I'm freaking the word "Entwine?"
'Cause that's how we were always entangled
'Til I fucked up and put ALL that good shit in danger.
"Cause not only was I entwined with her,
but I was entwined with the streets –
Simply put...
I was another stray in the streets!

anthony d. bolden
Had a good woman at home, but just like any dude,
when I roamed...I wronged!
Now I'm the one asking –
"WHY, HOW, and WHAT..."
Why did I...
How could I...
What did she have that my baby didn't –
"Moufpiece, what the fuck?"
Now I'm all emotional and shit –
Can't eat, can't sleep, and when I take a piss
and see my dick –
I'm like, "Damn, shit!"
And now it's the blame game...
I'm shaking him extra hard, while I curse him for
standing for just anything—
DAMN...
We neva know what we have until it's gone,
We neva realize that until we hear that ONE special song.
In my case,
It's Alicia Keys'
"If I Ain't Got You."
Neva knew the words my baby was saying when she played it,
but now when it plays and my heart gets heavy... my tear-filled eyes says that I now do...Lovesick...
“Start children off on the way they should go,
and even when they are old they will not turn from it.”

Proverbs 22:6

“What shall we say that Abraham, our forefather according to the flesh, discovered in this matter? If, in fact, Abraham was justified by works, he had something to boast about – but not before God. What does Scripture say?” ‘Abraham believed God, and it was credited to him as righteousness.’

Now to the one who works, wages are not credited as a gift, but as an obligation. However, to the one who does not work but trusts God who justifies the ungodly, their faith is credited as righteousness. David says the same thing when he speaks of the blessedness of the one to whom God credits righteousness apart from works:

‘Blessed are those whose transgressions are forgiven, whose sins are covered. Blessed is the one whose sin the Lord will never count against them.’

Romans 4:1-8

anthony d. bolden
God:

It's me, Anthony... can you hear me?

Of course you can, but do you really HEAR me? Then I guess you've also seen what a bad son I've been... I've done a lot of wrong things in my life - even hurt some people; did it without a second thought... Actually, I felt they had it comin'. Why do you always forgive me? A person only has one time to wrong me! But with you, there's no limit...

I guess what I'm tryna say is... is that I wanna be a better man, a better person, can you help me? I'm sorry for the things I've done, I'll try my hardest to forgive those that have wronged me. This is not a deal I'm trying to broker between you and I -

It's a promise we BOTH know I'm sure to break, but I know you'll be there to correct my mistakes.

Truly Yours,

A righteous person who has sinned, but is looking to enter them pearly gates...

Prince Anthony

anthony d. bolden
You
spit in my face
and you put yo' hands on me
You
Mocked my name
accused me of blasphemy
You
sought false witness
You
only produced two
Though many came as a witness
They only witnessed
You
render a verdict
You
thought I was deservin'
But who really was deserving
You
You...You...You...You...You...You...You
But I stayed silent
'Cause I was sent here fo'
You

anthony d. bolden
That cross I bared
You
My hands nailed
You
That spear I felt
You
That sour wine
You
Yes,
You...You...You...You...You...You...You
Ask yourself, why did I save
You?
By the end of this poem
most of y'all will look at me different
Know for a fact that y'all will judge me
but am I to expect something different
We all got our own walk
gotta be accountable for each step that we take
Which I've come to believe
that at least 85% are a mistake
Have you noticed
that I don't get on my knees when I pray
See, I have a problem bowing down to any man...
including the Father
Just don't think my being on my knees...
will get me any further
See, to understand this, you have to understand me
But how can I expect you to understand me,
when I don't even understand me
'Cause at times I feel like I look up
but I'm talking to no one
Questions and prayers unanswered
from the SUPPOSED ONE

anthony d. bolden
Yea, I said it, but don’t act like I’m the only one
That ever thought it or ever felt it –
No, I AM NOT THE ONLY ONE
I have more faith it seems in a chair... than I do in Him
And that’s really messed up ’cause I know it was created by Him
But how can I trust Him to do things
Beyond my imagination
Bigger than I can ever dream when It seems He rejects my smaller applications
Y’all talk about this all-forgiving God
But I only know the unforgiving God
My life has been harder than most of yous
Maybe it started when my mother was abused in her youth
See, I was born with a vengeance
I didn’t ask to be this way
He says that vengeance is His
So don’t that make me His in a way
So why do I sit
why do I suffer
Through prayers that won’t even get close enough to ruffle
My prayers may be small, but they’re big

anthony d. bolden
My mustard seed, it ain't hid
Not gettting on my knees ---
It ain't pride
If He loves me like y'all say He do --
what do I have to prove if I'm the reason
that He died...
MY STRUGGLE - PT. 1

See,
I know why I struggle
I'm still battlin' the old man
Keep the shovel right beside me
but some just don't understand
What I've been thru...
What I saw – how I comprehend;
What you were taught to walk away from –
I was taught to bring an end
Yeah, I try as try somethin'
Yeah, I try – I'm battle tested
But where I fail is when I'm desperate
Old habits die hard and I know I can trust in God
Yeah, it's easy... but I'd be lyin' if I said it wasn't hard
So don't judge me when I stumble
Love me more when I ain't humble
I'm only human – no excuse
But we fightin' the world view
My pride... what they say and what THEY say
The last part I can disregard 'cause He has the final say
Mere man thinkin', I know
I've made a lot of changes
but some are hard of lettin' go.

anthony d. bolden
THAT WAS YOU

Because you gave me life
I'm supposed to follow you... 
This is my life
and I'm gon' live it like I choose

Where were you when...
'Mama couldn't water her seeds
Provide on the firsts'
I'm talking:
Rent
Food
Skool
Baby April
Timothy
and electricity...
When 'mama couldn't enjoy her rests'
'cause she was bein' molested —
How dare YOU!

With your EPISTLES & GOSPELS
Expect me to drop everything and follow

DAMN —

That was YOU all along...

When Tt. Jean took and tucked us in
Fed us when we had nothin'

You mean,

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That was YOU when . . .

Pops dropped off shoes and clothes,
Baby April and Timothy –
Signs from above
Grandpa Pettis with his knowledge
that allowed us to remove our coats and gloves . . .

Forgive me, Father . . .
For I have sinned
You have been here all along
Caring for our needs, sending blessings
that I refused to see
Boy, was I wrong . . .
Wow, it was YOU all along!

anthony d. bolden
Time...
I'm so sick of it!
Everything we do consists of it
But guess what — TIME... we'll neva have enough of it.
Time...
We complain so much about it
But if we had five more minutes — JUST FIVE MORE...
We wouldn't do nothin' wit' it.
So let's do away wit' the clocks and the watches
The dates and the years, and the calendars where
we mark what time of the month it is....
I know y'all wit' time thinkin' y'all got enough of it
but when those doors open, you back to your old life —
things don't go as planned — it's do or die, put up or
shut up — split second decision....
Man.....
I wish I had more of it!
Time....
I'm so sick of it 'cause this life... it's not even a factor
What we do and how we do it...
It seems to be all that matters.

anthony d. bolden
THANK YOU FOR READING THESE EMOTIONAL WORDS OF MINES, BUT I JUST CAN'T LET YOU GO WITHOUT FIRST LETTING ALL OF YOU KNOW THAT IT REALLY TOOK A LOT FOR ME TO EXPRESS WORDS THAT I NEVER THOUGHT THAT I'D BE EXPRESSING WITH THE WORLD. SO IN LIGHT OF THIS REVELATION...ENJOY A FEW MORE OF MY EMOTIONS AS I STOP HERE AND CONTINUE TO BE ME...AS RAW AS I CAN BE...

AGAIN, I THANK YOU FOR THE OPPORTUNITY --KEEP TRUSTING AND LEANING ON GOD, AND HE'LL TAKE CARE OF ALL ELSE THAT MATTERS WHILE WE RESIDE IN THIS WORLD...

anthony d. bolden
SO SORRY

Baby, I'm sorry...
For leaving you alone wit' Shermorri
For giving birth alone to Shermorri
(And the doctor dates & water break)
(And. . .)
For everything I put you thru
For every name that I called you
(In them poems and letters I sent you)
(Hmmm)
So sorry for my sorry life
Asking you to wait, just wasn't right
(But gurl, I really loved you)
(Yes)
Now I'm thuggin' in this prison cell
Writin' love letters that don't do me well
(You moved on & left me, now I'm left all alone)
(Whoa)
Can't stand the thought of you with that other guy
Some man between what we labeled mines
(Supposed to been forever, now we ain't together)
(O-O-O-O-O. . .)
Gurl, I know at times I was selfish
Making it all about me when it should've been

anthony d. bolden
(About you and Shermorri – our new family)

(But...)

I left them streets really, really late
Not knowing already it was too late
(Now trumped up charges, could this be my final page)
(Heey)
Ewh-ewh-ewh-ewh-ewh-ewh-ewh
Sorry
Ewh-ewh-ewh-ewh-ewh-ewh-ewh
So sorry
Ewh-ewh-ewh-ewh-ewh-ewh-ewh
Ewh-ewh-ewh-ewh-ewh-ewh-ewh

anthony d. bolden
Back then,
They didn't know our struggles
we struggled just to make it by
Jiffy mixed it in the pan –
hoped it'd get me thru the night.

Too many moufs to feed;
Not enough money to go around
in our house. . .a stomach rumble
was a smile.

And Thanksgiving was the worst time
I had to be thankful fo' this FUCKED UP
life of mines
But Christmas made me stronga
'cause it brought us closa to the New Year
My first and last resolution –
what a symbolic year.

Long gone are the days where I washed my ass
in cold water
And use the front porch as a refrigerator
to keep from starving'.

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My struggles made me more of a man than any
man my 'mama fucked wit'
More of a man my 'mama could ever deal wit'
I was her son, her husband, her baby daddy –
And I fucked the world up
When its struggles thought they had me!

anthony d. bolden
And I hurt 'cause I've been
scared – I’m questioning God.
Here you see on my sleeve –
is my heart.
Can’t seem to let go of my past
I’m pickin’ and I’m pickin’ at these scabs.
Don’t care that it hurts – I’ve been hurtin’.
All my life this burden!
Can’t play poker
So I’ve been foldin’
Mean, I can bluff
But at 28. . .man, enuff is enuff!
I want answers, “WHY THIS HAND?”
You know I can take it ‘cause here I stand
Check my stance
Against all odds -- CHAMPION!
I just wanna smile without wincin’
Declare peace and mean it. . .
YOU SEE

You see,
It's not who I became
It's actually more than a name
I may have got it 'cause this chick
thought that I was runnin' game
But it's not my fault
that she couldn't see past what I was sayin'

You see,
I'm really strong opinionated
My words are a cure
So I stay vaccinated
I say what I say
And I mean what I say in that moment —
You know what they say,
"You gotta live in the moment. . . ."
I have a voice and I'ma use it
Can't nobody silence me

You see,
When Dr. King marched. . .
He was marchin' fo' me

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Where Rosa sat...

She was savin' fo' me...

And when Harriett passed thru that tunnel...

She was pavin' fo' me;

X taught me to always fight fo' what I believe in...

If a muthafucka don't like me –

I suggest they leave then

You see,

There's nothin' wrong wit' speakin' ya' mind

Long as you can back what you say –

Ain't nothin' like a beautiful mind

Anthony is Moufpiece and Moufpiece is Anthony...

When you combine the two...

You get a strong personality...

When those nails pinned Jesus...

They were nailin' my EVERY loss

Leavin' me forever righteous –

So this ain't some made up me, you see –
BEFORE MY TIME

Moms and Pops split,
so I had to become a man before my time
Moms had a man, me a step-father... 
but the reigns of the house was still mines.
Imagine being nine years old wit' the responsibilities
of a man... 
Stashin' away my monthly allowances so that at a latter
date... 
I could give moms a helpin' hand.
Passin' over meals so that my yunga brothas and sistahs could eat
Imagine seven of us in the same bed 'cause we need the heat.
Becomin' a runner fo' drug dealas —
Bills gotta be paid... 
Walkin' my siblins to they bus stop'
“Hey, y'all behave!”
Havin' to dish out ass whoopins 'cause moms was too tired
Been rippin' and runnin' all day —
Muthafuckas wouldn't hire her... 
Tried livin' wit' pops fo' a while,
but I was too grown fo' that —
We butted heads 'cause at fourteen... 
the man in me wouldn't accept the fact —

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"Yous a child, you gotta know ya' place, furthermore,
I'm the daddy you the son — enjoy ya' cake . . ."
But see, wit' him I learned to be a child
How it felt to flash a stressless smile . . .
To get yelled at fo' fuckin' up in skool —
Ooooh, the luxury of bein' a kid fo' the first time
and scream: "FUCK THE RULES!"
The daily lessons on how to be a man — a real man.
How your character & presence commands . . .
Call me crazy, but if I could do it again . . .
I'd take my same childhood.
Yeah, I'm flawed, but those times taught me that if I tried —
I COULD.
I'm talkin' same block, same deck, same hand; them
sandwich spread sandwiches — "Ma, you did the best you could . . ."
Pops, you gave me the tru principles of manhood.
Taught me that good does come from the hood.
My brothas & sistahs love and respect me more fo' those times . . .
Even though I survived . . .
I still wouldn't wish fo' anyone to grow up before their time.

anthony d. bolden