Life

and

Breath

Poems that put air in the lungs of the enlightened.
Poems that quicken the dead.

Chuck Womack
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### Preface

*Life and Breath - Poems that put air in the lungs of the enlightened. Poems that quicken the dead.* is a collection of poems that share love, loss and spiritual awakening to the inner-self, bringing peace to the heart and mind of the reader.

*Chuck Womack*
Sensual Ocean

I am drowning and need to come up for air
We are in unison synchronized by the time we share.
My life boat sails gently upon your shore
'til the waves explode from the midst of the ocean forcing my deep within,
'til I reach the oceans floor.
The trenches throb and pulsate as the lifeboat fights back the tides
and swift, sweet currents that would put fear in the less experienced sailor.
Yet I'm the captain of this boat and your waters are like nectar only this bee can savor.
Its not calm seas that proves the man,
its the turbulent waters that he calms with the caress of his hands.
Yet I can only fight the ocean current for a modicum of time.
It seems like an eternity being drowned by the dark depths of the divine.
Our essence is now mixed now making a love potion.
As we drown to together in a sensual ocean.

Visit By Death

Who is that following me?
I hear the faint footsteps behind me,
I feel breath on the back of my neck.
I'm walking in the land of the lost turning into a nervous wreck.
Walking the path allowed me to set my soul in order to became a better human being.
Yet the one behind me I can feel, but when I turn to face him its no one I'm seeing.
One night during prayers heard the faint whisper saying amen.
Everything in my room seemed to change to a different scene.
I saw a beautifully dressed man standing before me.
Is he the presence I felt and didn't see?
He spoke I know you sensed me oh thy servant of allah
So I decided to show myself to you oh Allah's great slave.
For verily!, I am Mali mat
And I've been with you so worship allah as if you can see him in that very day.
Cause you'll never know when I come to take you away.

Chuck Womack
**Who am I**

I am a human being trying to find his way, to betterment. Living in a barrage of illusion fooled by the games we play, this is my testament. We only gain wisdom by action not the lack of motion. I walk on a winding road. Skin feel bitter being stung by the freezing cold. With a mountain of burden on my shoulders I'm strong to fold. Humble but bold, learning the lessons life showed, breathing liquid knowledge from an endless ocean.

I know what I am. I am a human being trying to find his way, to betterment. Living in a barrage of illusion fooled by the games we play, this is my testament. I walk on a winding road. Skin feel bitter being stung by the freezing cold. With a mountain of burden on my shoulders I'm strong to fold. Humble but bold, learning the lessons life showed, breathing liquid knowledge from an endless ocean.

We only gain wisdom by action not the lack of motion. I've lived so many lives on my path to evolution. Saw death leave men and women in a stupor of confusion. Fear starts in the beginning but leaves because of intellectual maturity. So I'm a mirror of a King, therefore bowing to my King make others follow me. Stand tall like trees I'll leave, when I leave. Fruits will blossom and its knowledge I'll feed. So the answer to the question that has you guessing. I am a spirit manifested in flesh. To go through experiences and test. So I can prove my worth and transcend as I master these lessons. That's who I am.

**Dead Flower**

Yes, Its evident cats can't be trusted in this world, your life is irrelevant and nobody cares. And through all the turmoil, it gets hot like flares. The friction will make your skin boil. Some say money is the root of all evil, real talk, It's the greed that fuels the walk. That turn hypocrites to snakes. That bend corners like curly fries in a land where no one's straight. Eye contact hides contempt. Everybody's suspect, no one is exempt. Friends turn in to foes. And women walk dress, like strippers on poles. Sex replaced love I suppose. It's a journey that we have to take. To observe the phony and the fake. I wish I could pour 'em in a drain like dirt in a shower. Snatch' em! by the root, Watch 'em wither dead flower.
Jungle

In this jungle beasts are waiting,
To devour you with hungry anticipation.
Even in this moral recession,
It holds lesson.
And I say we need to handle our own affairs.
If not, we're out hustling with the lions, tigers and bears.
Hunters, predators, and pray are all out trying to get their's.
Even the strong die! It's hard but fair. And the streets cry tears of blood for the beast.
That play and slay in her garden, living chalkiness in the streets.
The prey pray that they don't get ate hustling to get a piece.
But they'll get butchered like sheep! For wearing the wrong fleece.
There are no friends everyone's foes.
There's a snake in every click and she wolves will set you up!
Oh, so cold. and vultures scream they got birds by the flock.
But, will turn parrot! On your ass soon as they get on lock,
Who said snitching going to stop.
Lions on the corner waiting on the she-lion to bring back his bread. Selling cat to these monkey ass tricks!
Mixed with fie head.
Does going back and forth waiting for the vulture to swoop down so they can get a blast,
All the time chasing another high,
Cause the first one didn't last, In the jungle.

Judas

1 man 1 vision,
Many men with the same comprehension.
Sacred brotherhood to get our people out of the slums.
Heartbeats turn cold, rivers of blood causes veins to turn numb.
Nobody seen the deceit, from one who claims to be so close.
Death shut eyes,
Now you're despised.
Jealousy caused you to cause men of vision to give up the ghost.
Never seen it coming, but your action showed your worth.
You're cursed by all while the visionary is behind the dirt.
I hate you! How could you do this to us?!
It's sad but true, every clique has a Judas.
Hate

This is a touchy, touchy subject but it must me said to my trend setters and goal setters.
It takes a special individual to wear hate like a cashmere sweater.
Stay trying to down you,
Instead of crown you,
And always have a green eye for things that around you.
It takes a lot of hard work to find a person worthy of their hate
But once their target is found they goin' make flood out the gate.
They won't stop even when you get 'em straight.
They'll hate from a distance, their smile is pretend, faking to be your friend
With rust on their hearts blacker than sin.
Look at what he got, he think he DA shah and when they see you shining they curse.
Just smile, they seen the light in your first.
But, it gets deeper than pettiness cause the hate cause
the hated to get killed
Because haters rather see you die! instead of fly before you can turn the little food on your plate,
to a full course meal.
It's something in you they see so they try to dim your light before others can see you shine.
By trying to put you down so you and others doubt, therefore making you and others blind.
Don't let hate stunt your growth sprout wings and fly
Cause you and I got to watch for you and I.
Fast cars, fly rims and bad broads in passenger seats.
Watch a hotter turn to flames, cause they can't hold in their heat.
To see you up and them down will cause a rift,
A ripple in their universe which causes them to flip.
They're lame, its a shame.
My brothers and sisters die because haters feel they can't get the same.
And, to myself I'll remain true
I hate those who hate me am I a hater too?

Broken

I don't got time for games, relationships is like losing limbs.
Like looking down a tall building, spitting a loogie, watch the concrete burst the phlegm.
Parts of me being separated cause you use deceit like a doctor's scalpel.
Seems gravity lost its pull, so who dropped the apple?
Cause you want what can't be.
I'm sorry, blame it on the rain. It's not your fault. If it makes things better, blame me.
The jig is up, the puzzle is now incomplete.
Things went sour where love used to taste so sweet.
Life lesson, don't betray your love with love, take this token.
Your mouth spit flames like a dragon.
It torches love.
Relationships are hard to mend after its broken.

Chuck Womack
Fly

We were born on dirt coming from dirt out of a womb.
Crawling atop of land that will one day be our tomb.
Our neighbors, are snakes, spiders and rats who only know earth.
Cursed by their deeds while suffering, scheming to be first.
Caterpillars are overlooked suffering for not scheming while upon the ground.
Hated merely for the peace he has found.
Not worried about the turmoil in this harsh place.
He knows he's meant for greatness! Reason the smile is on his face.
He finds solitude a place to contemplate,
Living in a land that was meant to frustrate!
Yet, his contemplation caused evolution to his mind heart and spirit.
It's time for a change. No use in fearing it.
Leaving his comfort zone the place where tears fell from his eye.
He evolved to a whole other being.
One who can now spread wings and fly.

Your Love

You make me wanna change; reach for the unreachable.
Learn lessons that's utterly unteachable.
I see hope, and it's something that burns my eyes.
Because with you I don't see deceit, corruption, nor lies.
You're the equivalent of an earth angel.
Your are picture perfect; in whatever angle.
Happy, I found you, my inner has found peace.
Your touch is a miracle because with it my misery ceased.
You are my rhythm that the orchestra that beat in my chest.
I feel blessed, evolved from the rest.
In this is a heavenly process.
I'm lifted because your heart is gifted.
Every day I smile thanking my lord above,
I was given a special gift, when I was given your love.
Who Dat Girl?

Let me tell you a story about a girl at a club.
Eloquence pouring on her like a hurricane flood.
Two players sharpening their skills, swag drippin' from every pore their essence any woman can feel.
My name is Womackavelli. Its a pleasure to meet you.
Game thick like black tar, allow me to take you from the ground to the brightest star.
I see what I want, I get it, spit flames like dragons.
Whoever say a progress was a slow process wasn't talking bout my maccin.
I will never knock you brothers who square up for love.
Just don't let your guard down and let your gal fall to da club.
Check this......
I slide through the doors, oil on my body's designer.
It slides through before I did, that's my introduction.
I'm never coming minor.
Step to the bar, sat at the stool, surveyed the land in the midst of sexually charged fools.
I'm more like the wise bull that walks down, never run!
My mind is like a glock. My words it produce are like a bullet to a gun.
She glanced at me with a sly smile, I'm sure.
Confidence surround her so strong and so pure.
I'm drawn by her smile. Her body looks like a playground.
Her presence would stunt the average man's courage, yet I accept the challenge I found.
How are you? I ask with a smile giving her pure eye contact.
Let me tell y'all, the best game is truth that's the purest form of any mac.
How are you love? I say looking at her green dressing fitting loose like it was green mist surrounding her body.
Love? She said, looking at me oddly.
That's odd, she said staring at me.
Love is God, when you realize this you'll be free.
Damn, is this a nun at the club, Am I trippin'?
Then I caught my demeanor cause I realize the liquor she's drinking.
I know God is love, but I can set you free.
I looked her head to toe and said follow me.
We headed to the dance floor. Can't lie. I'm thinkin'bout bumpin' and grindin'?
India Aries' "Brown Skin" came on. It was perfect timing.
We began to dance. I held her close as skin.
I moved with her every measure. All I'm thinking about is sin.
She whispers... I am yours just not in this dimension nor this place.
She looked me in my eyes with a smile on her face.
la ilaha illallah she said pointing towards the ceiling,
Now I'm totally confused cause I don't know the meaning.
God is love, she whispered in my ear.
She put her head on my shoulder after she had shed a single tear.
We moved in unison. It was like we were one on the floor.
It was a rush of heat runnin' through my veins.
I leaned over and whisper, my crib is another dimension. I can give you immense pleasure pains.
She smirked and said I do believe you can give me many earthly delights.
But only the pleasure of jannah can truly satiate my unbridled appetite.
(continued)
As she spoke our dance turned to a twirl. We went round and round. The more she spoke and our body touched, the more my feet seem not to feel the ground. The people dancing seemed not to notice our spin. They looked like blurs. The only face clear was hers.

I felt deeply that I knew her, but how could this be? So the obvious question I asked was, do you know me? She looked deeply in my eyes. Smiled and said. Yes, I am your wife in another place, after you rest.

What do you mean after I rest? I'm not sleepy.

She replied after malikul maut touch you when you shed yourself, then you'll see.

The room spun faster. The room was a blur.

There was no forms. All I saw was her.

She looked at me. Then smiled then spoke, nothing will ever be the same.

Do you realize that through all your chatter you never asked my name.

Damn, she's right. I broke player rule 1-0-1. This would've been over before it begun.

You're a slave to your passion when you should be the creator's slave. You're all about getting yours but what have you gave?

I was tongue-tied, shocked!!

Wide-eyed as truth poured from her lips, dripping on my heart. I heard her voice in my head saying this was allah’s plan from the start.

What the...What does all this mean?

I'm not going to lie, my nerves held fear. She must've sensed it. She smiled and replied, you will save so many men and women. You will embrace islam from a pious man this year.

I'm a purified one from jannah. I'm your wife created by allah just 4 u. What I tell you is true.

I knew it. This broad crazy. She lost her damn mind. She had a mac almost believing she was from the divine.

Hold up ba'girl. This too much for me.

All I wanted to do was take the burden of the world from your neck. For a night to be free.

O my love. I am free. Please be clear. There was a bright light. She whispered She kissed me on my forehead and said, "allah u akbar." The room stopped spinning and she disappeared.

Today I'm a muslim. I speak around the world.

I use this testimony to let others know allah is love. He's a hidden pearl.

But I can never clearly answer the question, who dat girl?

Chuck Womack
Triumph I

We were snatched from the breast of our motherland
to a land and a language we didn't understand.
So we had to submit with rebellion in our hearts.
It was the blaze of the whip that began this spark.
So we had no choice but to become together like fingers into fist.
Our struggle was pain! That's what made our struggle morally legit.
Sitting on the back of the bus, our forefathers yelling justice, yet it just us.
We shall overcome someday. Yeah, yeah, yeah being attacked by dogs, beat by blackjacks.
Yet we overcome all their attacks.
To peaceful marches where martyrs were made.
No more feelings of inferiority cause we were kings, queens, warriors before we were slaves.
Most of us forgot, lost in purp, losing ourselves in the illusion of blunt smoke. Walking with your
eyes closed in tragedy's maze.
Slaves, where persecuted, demonized and condemned.
Yet made a hostage of patience and bought their freedom.
What are you doing with what was paid by blood, sweat and tears?
Nothing!! Cause its your own kind doing all the killing here.

Triumph II

The most precious commodity on earth,
Is our sisters, yet they don't know their worth.
Their wombs are gateways between two realms, heaven and earth.
Allah places the spirit within her womb before she gives birth.
The lost ones dishonor themselves disrobing for petty gain. The illusions of diamonds and pearls.
My loves, what's the use of losing your soul for petty gain in this wicked world.
In the midst of hatred we blossom to bring beautiful culture.
With blocks of hate on our backs! Yet we mold into beautiful sculpture.
We have made it to the mountaintop! by any means necessary!!
We still got work to do because brothers shed brothers blood for money and commissary!
We can no longer stand by!
While brothers reach for a steering wheel then get popped 'til they die!!!
We lost our struggle 'cause we got side tracked chasing an illusion.
Big bootie girls, dope by dreams, kill a succa if he scheme!
What about the youth we confusing?!
For them, let us unify. Pick up the struggle and show the world we won't be scattered!
'Til the death of me I'm screaming BLACK LIVES MATTER!!!
Visions

If I told you that life is an illusion of immaculate emptiness,
Or if I told you I was a king, would you look at me in jest?
I look at wonder at the immense beauty this place holds.
Yet I only feel bliss when I get near your humble abode.
I stand between fear and hope clinging to the strongest rope,
Never meaning to let go your the true protector of my soul.
This life holds more mysteries wrapped in shadows of chaos.
Death clings to every border laced with rumors of wars.
We have a choice, yet we always choose the wrong doors.
We seem to look at things through fleshly eyes.
So the things we love we should despise.
We cling to desires and burn in its fire.
Whoever said homosexual love is pure is a condemned liar.
Yet, in all this madness I see allah's plan.
And whether you know it or not all action resides in his hands.
Are you ready for his judgment? Are you ready for your hereafter?
The true reality will be revealed after this world's illusions shatter.

Vows

When we first met, I had planned for this moment
To share time with you only made me want to be a better man and I thank you for your presence in
my life. And the opportunity to enrich yours.
You have brought so much happiness that sometimes I don't think I deserve it.
I was a hovel of a man until you came and built me up.
You made me whole.
You put love in the deepest part of my soul.
I look at you now, and see you gracefully growing old,
and I beg allah to allow me to see you and grow old with you.
I promise not to hurt, harm or hinder you.
I vow to remain your homie, lover and friend.
To be the shoulder, the only one you lean on when you're weak.
Let me be the reason you smile.
Allow me to reside on that throne.
Your other half. The final piece that makes me whole.
I love you from top of your head to the bottom of your toes.
I offer you my mind and heart and I give God my soul.
I give you a present that none can ever give back.
And that is my time, the rest of my life is yours.
I beg you use it wisely. I love you baby.
You have completed me. Thank you.
Lover of My Soul

I see you for the powerful being that you are.
Civilization rose and fell for the love you can share,
With the one you find worthy of your affection.

At the same time you can be so delicate to the point your heart needs protection.
The way you talk and look can cause others to admire you as the queen you truly are.
For a touch of your elegance, you are searched for near and far.
Your eyes are the way to the depths that is you.
You can also bring a man down to dust with those same eyes.
And that's where your soul lies.
Soaring on a plateau that would make a weak minded man's head swim.

I searched. I seek. Hoping to be the one blessed enough to be a part of the spirit that brings one to you. If not forever, at least for a night. A night to experience the spirit that brings one to you.
The power that draws one near,
Like the call of sirens to the Greek Sailors of old. I'm not just intrigued, I truly am an admirer.
I appreciate and marvel at the power you posses.

So please forgive him.

Allow me to partake of your essence.
I don't mind the toll.
Allow me to be the lover of your soul.

Fit In

You can't be yourself so you emulate those around you, but you're the one being laughed at by your peers.

You look in the mirror all your life. The face will change during the years.
Do you know who you are or are you just a jester for those you look up to.
They don't care about you. To them you're just their fool.

Some have died trying to impress false friends because their eyes deceived them.
Thinking they had true friends. They themselves, by themselves in crowds left hanging like phlegm.

You're now the "do-boy." You're just a gopher.

You go for whatever's being said by your peers of vipers, and now you don't do nothing that you really prefer.

They're really messing with your head. Laughing. Saying things behind your back.

But the things they say to your face aren't jokes. Its respect they lack.

They smile but mean that. You're following behind those who have no love, honor, nor respect.

You're the personal crash dummy smiling as you break your own neck, to fit in.

Chuck Womack
My Eyes
I've seen love, saw hate.
I've seen dreams come to fruition.
I've never seen a dream that couldn't be fulfilled by the dreamer who skillfully wills his destiny for the betterment of himself and those around him.
I've also seen those who conspire to condemn trying their best to knock her or him.
I've seen some believe the words of the schemers and fall to absolute despair withering like dead leaves blown by the air.
I've seen kids turn to adults and others being born to keep the cycle of life going.
I've seen the death of loved ones and seen the pain their demise had caused to my and their families. Sometimes death brings life to the realization that it must end and in its due season when your soul is rip. God needs no other reason.
I've seen the good in man and what it could be.
I've seen the evil of men that goes deeper than the cracks at the floor of the sea.
As long as a man lives you'll see life and its many forms 'til you can see nothing else.
But my eyes have yet to see what life offers after death.

Ugly
Beauty is skin deep.
Yet those you call ugly are true beauties but the eye of flesh sees skin, but never the beauty within.
I've never seen nothing ugly that God created.
Our quest for perfect looks got us stressed 'til we feel sedated.
To put one down or to deny your company cause of looks only proves how shallow you are.
Remember we all are made from heavenly stars. When you see a person, the mind will lets you know the depths of the soul.
What proceeds out of their mouth first is usually their goal. Some it's money. Others it's sex. This lets one know they are those with no depth.
Look in nature and find the things that's "ugly" in our world with eyes that are truly seeing and you'll realize that you're not looking at their inner-being.
They're here for a reason and they have mates that will love them 'til their due season.
Scalpels, lasers, lipo, face-lifts, being nipped and tucked. Running from our true selves like a train going amuck.
Be happy in the skin you're in. Don't be ashamed of your looks.
Created by God and he is beautiful.
Nothing about you or him is odd.

Chuck Womack
Oxygen

To be in this place of woe, pain and despair,
Where everything is hard and not fair.
Where no one really cares, it’s hard to breathe this recycled air in this condemned place,
Loss and pain in other eyes with mean mugs on their face,
opening and closing doors turnkeys, turnkeys whenever it suits them.
Freedom is merely a dream in this land of the condemned.
Misery loves company. Life is sucked out of this place. Souls die,
You can see it in their eyes.
Twisted with malice and hate,
Minds wishing they could open the gates.
It’s a claustrophobic. Worst nightmares.
Being confined to a small place where everyone fights for air.
It’s rare to find a friend indeed,
And this only so cause of necessity.
Fake bonds, phony loyalties to those who pretend.
In actuality there, their own friends who turn snake to get what they want in the end.
To go from sleeping late and eating steak, to sleeping late and waking to closed gates.
Plus everything is built to frustrate.
Some leave saying, “They’ll never be back to this God-forsaken place,
But they come back looking you in the face.
For those, this is their way of life and they know no other way but this.
I guess they feel since they have no family they really won’t be missed.
Writing on the wall with the name Jesus, but really it’s Jesus in here trying to reach real air.
Looking through windows with longing eyes as they stare. Wishing they could feel what others feel
who take this air for granted.
Looking at ladies and men.
They’d sell their soul, no matter the toll just to snort fee man oxygen.

Butterflies

I look into your eyes and a feeling creeps within me,
that causes me to marvel at the feelings that overwhelm me;
When I’m near you,
There deeper than the bottom of the devil’s feet, these nervous feelings are true.
To hear you speak is food for my hungry ears.
My empty spaces are filled with the overwhelming sense of being filled with the very words that are
formed to edible, that only who truly listens can devour.
Your presence is power.
I go miles within the depths of your eyes and what is see causes my palms to sweat and my heart to
beat to a rhythm that gets more prominent the closer I get to your presence.
I’m overcome by you elegance.
I’m in the presence of royalty and I’m humbled by your approach to my spirit causing me to feel
weakness and strength at the same time.
You’re my heaven and it would be hell to exist without you near me, only with you do I feel truly free.
Your smile makes me melt.
To hear your laughter makes me soar, with feelings I never felt.
With you I can’t see hindrance, disloyalty, nor lies.
I wish I could tell you all these things, but you give me butterflies.
The End

If this is the end, I want you to know my love has never abandoned you.
I'd spend my last breath telling you I love you and that my feelings are true.
If this is the end keep me deep in the depth of your heart, let nothing but our most precious memory
cling for your mind.
You'll forever be my most beloved, my cherished friend and a love such as yours would be hard to
find.

If this is the end allow me to hold you one last time, enjoy the radiance of your smile.

If this is the end, let me tell you a little secret.
I can't exist in my universe without you in it.

If this is the end, I'd ask for the briefest moment to look at you before we part,
To keep my memory in yours. I'd give you a piece of my heart.

If this is the end, if its possible to be reincarnated, I'd come back as your homie, lover and friend.
If not, let's enjoy the short time we've got, 'til the end.

Life

We're born into this world yet our souls have not entered flesh,
Being pushed out of the womb, the beginning of our test.
The fight for the return to jannah is the goal for those who are blinded.
If allah isn't your goal then you'll never find it.
The world is nothing more than a transient thing, an illusion for those who are astray.
This world is where those who are blinded by nafs, laugh and play.
Allah makes mu'min and disbelievers as a test,
So the falsehood kills the truth when it speaks by words of trickery and by jest.
The desires of our nafs cause us to do acts of disobedience that displeases our Rabb.
The akheriah is a fact and we all will end up on a slab.
Death/maut is a constant companion from the day of our birth,
And he's merely a door that leads to allah's blessings or curse.
**Patience**

You're worth a mountain of diamonds, a mine of gold. I would converse with you for hours, bask in your stare, Feeling my soul heat up like a flare. I know fast acquaintances only lead to lost friendships, regrets, hate so one cut off the other like an appendices. We don't have to move fast. I am willing to wait. You are worth it.

They say all things good comes to those who wait.
If you're not ready, I can't hate.
I'm more interested in dinner, than dessert on my plate.
The time we spend together allows me to learn the person you are without seducing one another with lies.
I want to know your favorite color, where the scar on your knees and elbow came from.
I want to know how you grew to the woman that has me so utterly captivated.
Thank God for patience and thank you for allowing me into your world.

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**Signs**

Lost in the madness, which way does one find the truth in this illusion called life.
Nobody's to be trusted. Deceit turns into falsehoods which goes deep in the flesh like a knife. My brothers in the east are going through the fire.
In all my life I never thought I'd see the world in a place so dire.
I feel the struggle of my brothers and sisters in Syria fighting for their place of birth.
The enemy strikes the mumin where it hurts.
This is the end of days.
Wars and rumors of war. Secret talks behind closed doors and it seems that peace will reign never more.
The world is coming to a drastic turn for the worse. Sodomites are pushing their lifestyle on the masses.
Television shows are pushing this plan.
The influence on our youth is catastrophic damn!
Where did we go wrong? Homosexuality is not the way allah intended.
The gays are in a state of mind that's demented.
Men are not strong as they once were. The time of the Khair-E-Qarun have passed and falsehood has blinded man from allah's path. Therefore the lies try to subtract the truth like math.
Salaat

Some feel that salaat is just an act and not a seal that bonds those to allah. Through Khushu and allah's ibadat, we find ourselves aligned with our wakil, our salaat. In this world is the only thing that's real. In this state you are one with reality and the falsehood of the world can't hurt, harm, nor hinder, and past sins allah will not remember. In this realm you are in the past, present and future. In this world and the hereafter, Allah sees you even though you see him not. For those who point their fingers and carry their sins like badges In the end they'll be weighed and found wanting going mad listening to the pious laughter. This is the only time you have with your illah al rabil a amin and to the world this means nothing, but it's the life blood of the mu'min.

Miss My Dawg

Man I miss my dawgz. We was like brothers. But time made us grow apart All we had was each other when the days got hard. You were there for me when I was on the run, Trying to be wild, gang wars, popping tricks wit guns. Tec's leave your chest wet 22's
Makes your flesh look like you walked through bee hives and succas getting their domes blowed off by 25's. I can't believe you're gone.

I wish I could've brung you to allah or taught you what allah taught me. Now you're somewhere in the breeze I don't know the circumstances of your demise. I know tears filled eyes when you died.

Death comes to us all. If you died in sin you wake up in sin. Allah forgives, that's what we hope for in the end. His mercy. The only thing that turns darkness into light.

It's a struggle in this life. Then maut cuts you from it like a knife. Farewell my friend. Your end will be all man's end.

I hope your sister and your family do well and may allah's grace be upon them and may they always remember adam.

I know your life got hard and losing your ma and grandma was another hardship. Man, I hate that your life slipped! SSSHHH. Life's a trip.

One day you're here and the next you're gone. Then all that's left is sharp memories that get dull when you pass on.

The root is cut. The tree will fall. See you on the day of recompense.

Man. I miss my dawg.
Plight of Man

Stop sleep walking. You're not dreamin'.
How can this world love you when it's surrounding you wit demons?
The more advanced we get the more decadent.
The more obscene, the more it's evident.
The world only cares about glitter, glam and pleasure.
Transgressing beyond, leap, bounds and measures.
This is the ploy planted by shaitan to corrupt the masses,
So he can prove to allah we're only beasts of burden like asses.
You're on the wrong track. Riding the right train.
So you seek ill-gotten pleasure wit no gain.
I'm telling you brothers and sisters it's trying to change.
Before this world gets rearranged.
See, nobody seems to understand the plight of man.

Wisdom

Give it to me. Give me all you got.
Come with me. The third eye's the spot.
It's a long journey. May take a lifetime.
Your cup will spilleth over, but you'll make it through the grime, it's a hard grind.
Her brother knowledge is king.
But with her the world is sand the life of this world is just a fling.
So many treat her so bad like she's a trick
You can't play her like legos, she'll knock you down brick by brick.
She's a true friend, my best companion,
She'll turn a chump into a champion
Countries spy for her. Kings get assassinated
fools give up trying to gain her cause they lack patience.
I'm addicted. She's got my sprung.
She'll bring light in the darkest dungeon.
Where there's no fun only time,
until the harvest I'll leave the world behind.
You can't see what I see without inner-sight.
You're driving with no lights
It's going to be a long night.
Who's going to guide you when you're traveling with no I.D. You lost homie.
Come follow me.

Chuck Womack
Anything 4U

There's no boundaries. We're past mere measures.
Apart where incomplete together. We're tougher than leather.
No mountain high enough, no valley that low.
Point me in the direction to your love. I'll just go. I'll just flow,
Like waters in the Nile or the Mississippi.
Without you there, simply is no me.
I would live and die for you and I'd still be complete.
My love like ocean trenches. It just that deep
No act no Merrill Streep.
Real love on real streets.
I have a true friend so now eliminate fake peeps.
This new generation is just so confusing
Money, broads, fast cars. Just an illusion.
I got a real love that's true. Compared to you there's few.
I feel blessed like Muslim, Christian and Jew.
The world is illusion and you're my truth.
Baby girl other nothing I wouldn't do for you.

Entrance And Exits

Sometimes I call you and I realize that your not there anymore.
I was wrong. You invited me inside your heart and before I could truly get inside my actions closed
the door.
I only have dreams of us, seeing that beautiful smile on your face,
To think right now you're with another at your's or his place
Life is funny. Just when you're sent a blessing,
You turn into a curse, because of the hurt.
I see visions of you when I walk past the bedroom. I'm going crazy.
Without my missing lady.
My heart is surrounded by gray clouds,
The beats are low, with you it beats so loud.
You were my slice of heaven on this terrain called earth.
My mother and father conceived me but you're the reason for my birth.
God allowed me to be born to be yours.
And now without you I feel I'm living a cursed,
Existence because of your exit after your entrance.
Thinking Of You

I see you in my mind and I realize that if I searched the world twice,
It would only be a testament that I need you in my life.
I think about you when my eyes close,
Your beauty is in my mind in a picture frame froze.
I would give you my last,
Please let's leave our petty arguments in the past.
I know my future resides with you, so I don't look past you baby.
I smile thinking of my sexy lady.
I think of you when I'm at work in the cold.
Near froze, I think of your warm body I wish I could hold.
Even when I'm mad at you, you bring a smile on my face after we speak.
A foolish man heeds nothing I have learned patience so I listen to the words you preach.
Good or bad, I find the wisdom in them now and I understand I'm molding you to be my woman,
And you're molding me to be your man.
Who can I compare to you? I don't know but it's few
I just wanted you to know that I'm thinking of you.

Court Jesters Think They Know

The wise man stays away from fools because a fool will do you harm even,
though they mean you good.
That's because they don't understand they're not tree that bear fruit, they're dried up wood.
To argue with them only blesses you with headaches.
I advise not to conversate.
They'll strive to turn the truth into lies. Angry when you show them error.
Sweating like they suffering from night terrors.
To stay humble is hard especially when fools cling to lies and foolishness.
It seems to refuse to grow.
They don't realize knowledge is king. They're only court jesters who think they know
Self
One must look in the mirror at the man and woman who stares at you from a place of emptiness.
Do you know this hollow person staring back?
What is it that one lacks in a world that makes you feel less?
We become deluded, wallowing in an illusion,
video games and video vixens.
Music videos, images of women dressing
Naked musicians dripped up as if they pimpin.
There's so much loss and it seems men and women bask in their illusion not trying to help.
The world could be a beautiful place if we could straighten the crookedness the resides within self.

If I Had A Wish
I would give you the world,
For you I'd put the sun and moon in your ear and put the stars around you neck like pearls.
You're a vision, art, that's how I describe you.
If I searched the world, there's nothing that would diminish what I see. Even if it's shiney and new.
You're what dreams aspire to be.
Your love is fantasy laced in my reality.
I marvel at the fact I'm allowed to love you.
Many men don't know this blessing and those who know how to treat it is few.
I'm sincerely surrounded by kisses from a maiden who makes my heart sing.
If I had one wish, I wouldn't wish for a damn thing.
Take You Away

Grab my hand, allow me to whisk you away to another world.
Where pain is only experienced in the form of pleasure and hate is drowned in a sea of love.
Purple skies cause purple rain in the land.
I'm your prince.
Tender Kisses are in each raindrop.
Tonight I melt at your presence.
I die in your flesh.
Your breath is my oxygen.

I can see your soul through your eyes and I'm warmed by the mere radiance that lies there.
Come follow me in this world away from our world.
Don't let my hand go.
Allow me to show you the garden of delight.
You can partake in any fruit you see.
I choose the sweetest fruit and the nectar is sooo sweet.
The more I taste the fruit the deeper in the garden I travel with you hand reach close.
We've become lost in this garden of pleasure.
Let me help you back to your realm of existence.
To come back here with me, think of me, in your heart and mind.
Then grab my hand and I'll take you away.

Beauty Is Her Name

Have you ever felt love? I mean love that is unbelievably too good. It feels like being touched by an angel,
and I can't see no pain in any angle.
Beauty is her name.
She's my drug, I'm hooked
I'm a blank sheet of paper. She's the pencil that writes our book.
Eat, breathe, dream and breathe her in like scented oils,
Our passion simmers to a slow boil.
Beauty is her name.
She's a combination of all women. She's elegance in a form that was formed by the most choicest genes.
She was born to be my queen.
Her throne resides in my heart. Her kingdom is in the realm of my mind.
I could look around for someone like her, but she would be a miracle to find.
There is only one. That is no other who is the same.
And Beauty is her name.
She's my blue sky. Without her they turn gray.
She's the seed that sprouts happiness and her garden is where I lay.
She's the smile on my face.
She turns hovels to mansions of unlimited expansion.
And Beauty is her name.

Chuck Womack
Essence of Motherhood

You have been my best friend and I see no other,
to me you're my lover and to our child you're a great mother.
When our child grows up, I'll let 'em know that you were a mother and farther,
And that you was my beacon of light when life got darker. I love you and our seed
you are all I need my heart is a house and you hold the deed.

Mother-In-Law

Dear mother-in-law,
Your guidance is without flaw
and I thank you for being a woman that's good and instilling in your daughter motherhood.
You are strength and wisdom in the flesh.
You've given your child knowledge that she wears like a vest.

Chuck Womack
Piece Of A Puzzle

I was incomplete. Half a man looking to be whole. It was like had a chunk missing from my soul Never did feel complete. I felt empty in a is a shell that looked whole. But even that took its toll.

Then I met you and I felt as if I truly breathed for the first time. It was a new feeling. I felt so complete. To come from emptiness to a feeling of fulfillment is so sublime.

To be blessed enough to have shared time with you is something I'm not worthy of. You fit me like a silkened glove. Beauty is your name and you are the equivalent to a moth to a flame. When we first met that night my life had changed. All of you makes me whole.

at first the emptiness felt cold then it melted when you took hold.

My wife is what you are and good thing you are indeed. In you I see no deceit.

At first my house was a hovel, But you built it up because you're the piece to my puzzle.

Army Of Love

I see visions of your smile and I see the radiance of your presence produce when I look at you and, what you are, Is a special person like a distant star and to find you was a journey so slow and far. You are your own universe and I explore every galaxy that can only be searched by me allow me to open your mind and I'll let you in mine take a journey and see what you find. Inside me is mirrored images of you and what I want to do to you

Can't act like you hate it, Because the way I look at you is x-rated. In my eyes I see all I need in a woman so my search ends here with you. No more finding women who aren't true

Your body is my playground. Your mind is my classroom. Your heart is where I lay my head. Between us love isn't a feeling that sprouts wings and fled on the contrary, hate is a feeling that's dead. Those who've found this feeling we share are apart of an elite group, in the army of love, we're the ground troops.

Chuck Womack
About the Author
Chuck Womack was born in Charleston, West Virginia in 1975 and has been writing poetry since 1994. He began to take his craft more seriously in 2014. Womack has also written other books of differing genres which he plans to publish in the future. He became incarcerated in 2003 and began writing to free his mind and has hopes of being a successful author.