<table>
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<td>MIDNIGHT HOUR</td>
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Midnight Hour is a collection of poems penned in the midst of the struggle. It journeys through the trouble, humiliation, and annoyances of my life. The term "Midnight Hour" symbolizes a time where all the bad and disappointment can be shaken, immediately opening the door for goodness and glory.

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Undying Love

You and I have been through so-so much,
Nobody wanting to see us up,
Wishing the Slightest Slip-up would tear us down and break us up.
Yeah, nothing was ever perfect between us,
Two imperfect people, but, whenever you seen us,
You sensed this Undying Love.
Mistakes were made. We both made mistakes.
Asking the Creator when forming this Creation
How long does it take to Create?
Pure hearts? Dark souls? Fun times Followed by harsh roads.
When the smoke has cleared and the realization sets in,
From deep within, I sense this Undying Love.
And this Love wasn't supposed to survive the lies,
The arguments, the attitudes, the ego, and the pride.
Undying Love... Shouldn't have lived through the betrayal,
All the backstabbing and backbiting left a trail,
Leading to... Undying Love.
I'm unsure how much is left in the tank.
Or whether this "thing" ends with 'Happily Ever After.'
But, what I do know is, regardless of the tests and trials,
I'll stand here with a crested smile,
Proclaiming my Undying Love.
How long before it ends? Before I'm in - That new big body Benz?
No Friends. No time to make amends.
I've prayed for this moment... Thanked Jesus... A thousand amens!
It feels so real, this ink interprets the surreal, as I Write To Freedom.
You need me like I need you! And I know I took advantage,
Looking for a Facebook challenge when I Should've been channeling the Secret.
I Write To Freedom... Do you not believe in me anymore?
Then Poof! You let them take me.
Your beauty still remembered. Your attractions hold my third eye Captive.
My ears still recall the unique sounds you provided.
My heart shudders when I see people enjoying You the way that I did,
Because with You, is where I'm supposed to be.
How Could You LET THEM TAKE MY RIGHT TO FREEDOM?
Moving about leisurely, your vastness was my passion, clothed so splendidly.
Designer labels is your fashion and your richness still hard to Fathom.
I Write To Freedom, many Stories and tales;
Hopefully they'll go on Sale before my spirit man Sets sail
And that hope is the sole reason why my soul was not for Sell,
Even though I know some, that got Freedom, once theirs was sold.
Line upon line. I cannot waste this time.
I must Free my mind.
So I thank You for the awe-inspiring, gloriously Sublime.
As I Write To Freedom I begin to realize
The real lies in Knowing,
That You never left me. You've been mine.
This is how I have the Freedom to Write-To Freedom.
Multiple Counts Followed by Strikes that could take the best hitters out,

"Have Faith." Still I doubt.

How do you see the light when the windows are blacked out?
My dad died and to me he hadn't even lived,
No fond memories that I can remember when I was a kid.
My woman carried my seed,
Not fully to the terms that were agreed.
She bleeds, I plead.

"Have Faith." Still I doubt.

How do you see the Light when the power has gone out?
Momma couldn't escape it.
Sickened by disease this dis-ease, hinders my ability to make it.
My brother mental-- And you telling me to smile, show some dimple.

"Have Faith." "Dispel the doubts."

When you've been boxed in how do you even think about getting out?
I've cried my last tear. Hoped, my last year.
No longer yearning to be remembered only to be Forgotten.
No more good Fruits when I've been left to Rotten.

"Have Faith." In whom do I put it?

"Have Faith." How much do I need?

A mustard seed?

Yes, I must believe that through it all I have Faith,
Faith enough to know that I can receive
All of the promises that have been promised to those who believe.
So DIFFERENT—(Elvis Wells - PAGE 4)

Your lips were my vacation From turmoil and Stress,
Those eyes gave me relief when under duress.
Yet suddenly and instantaneously it happened in an instant,
Tell me --- How have things become-So Different?
We were One together. Two people having fun together,
Bodies intertwined unselfishly, places to go, we would 'Come together,'
Your conversation my oasis when going through dry spells,
And that smile always induced hope whenever I Failed.
But suddenly and instantaneously its happened in an instant,
Why? Oh why, are things-So Different?
Early on, our moments—momentous, like heaven on earth.
Your value invaluable. Couldn't put a price on your Worth.
I'd put me last just to put you First, my special woman,
And I thanked that woman for giving birth.
Now... my vacation has become my affliction,
My guilty pleasure, now, my unhealthy addiction.
Annoyed then overjoyed. I've become so conflicted,
Because that hug is too addictive and our love, like a glove,
Has become too restrictive.
Voicing opinions and mine don't matter,
Why won't she listen?
Abiding in my heart, my soul tries to withhold the eviction.
I've slowly become suspicious. All the former--- I'm missing.
It was instantaneous. It happened in an instant.
How did we allow things to change and become-So Different.
I've been searching and looking - Both high and low,
Returning empty-handed with nothing to show.
Seeking and asking questions hoping Someone would know,
Where to find it — And if "It" came with a pretty little bow?
So I'm not going to move or budge,
Won't hunt through the night, or trek through the mud,
I'm going to just - Let Love Find Me.
Doubts pervade my thinking with expertise,
Is this elusive, sought after possession, worth my obsession?
Will the glory of finding it outweigh the frustrations?
No GPS can tell me. No Facebook can find.
No map can show me. And no instructor can guide.
So I'm going to sit still and wait,
Even if it's forever in a day, or running extremely late
I'm content with just letting Love Find ME.
Inspired

Moving through the motions. Routine after routine.
No longer, effectively, thinking intellectually.
Emotionally drained. Physically restrained.
All the frustrations being bottled up and contained.
Yet in the midst of the fire I see something higher.
Though my need was dire, I have been Inspired.
Influenced my feet to tap to the rhythm of the beat,
Guided my eyes to images of things unique. I'm Inspired.
My pen takes on the form of a Super-hero
While my conversation is powered by more than libido.
Mundane becomes impractical.
All the toughness and machismo is now laughable. Inspired.
To please and comfort. Encourage and Adore.
All the ignorant altercations fueled by rude observations
Well... Those days are no more.
My aim is to spoil and place her on a pedestal,
Take the difficult out of Love.
My inspiration, my innovation, to introduce a new form of man,
To no longer conform to man,
Just reinforce the men that it's all right to perform as Men.
I'm Inspired.
Thought I was your hero when you needed rescue,
Dealing with abuse, you were up in that big house, all couped,
Feeling small forced you to be a recluse.
With me you were unafraid to let loose, How is it, that now ---
I'm Just a Villian?
Our love making was earthshaking and riveting.
I took your body from the mundane to unchartered terrain,
Tired of the same so you'd always complain,
Then, with a surprising twist, I made your heart change.
But, I'm Just a Villian--- You turned your back in fear,
My voice, no longer your anchor, No choice but to feel anger.
Am I Just a Villian? Saved you from him and that reality bullshit,
From your Ex, the fake smiles, and abnormal.
I felt good when I conquered,
Making your body do things that its never done.
You broke away from an unhappy home - going on the run,
And this bad boy fell into trubble.
No more hustle. No more cuddle. I call and you sound muffled.
No more excitement. No elation. And no patience.
You fear waiting because I'm not as fast as a speeding bullet,
My spiritual journey towards redemption has been so redeeming,
This surrender has been preemptive.
When I walked through the door
Your smile was welcoming, your physical so willing,
But this separation has made your heart cold, so Chilling,
Funny how your Superman, now, is Just a Villian.
Alot on your plate with an appetite that doesn't Fit the bill,
You pick at it, not fully invested in the meal.
No need to ask D'Angelo, "How does it Feel?"
As soon as your plate is scraped clean
I stand waiting to - WASH THE DISHES.
Same song different tune. Same bowl different Food.
You're not in the mood, want to kick off your shoes,
Never find good in Bad News.
This feast doesn't appeal and I'm still here to - WASH THE DISHES.
My hands are crafted to handle these issues.
I remove the grime and filth that has piled up over the years.
Alot on your plate, and so much that causes stress and tears.
She envies the HomeLife magazines,
And despises the fine China that never gets touched.
But, she never gives up • I'll - WASH THE DISHES.
The men who would never commit,
Doctor So-and-So tried to take you out without heavens consent.

Dishes -- Check to Check.
Spandex on your bank accounts, money tight, its Funny right?
Once your plate is cleared and the dishes are done
We revisit the sink, only to do it all over again.
Is this the cycle of life? Finding joy in ordinary tasks?
Learning to be thankful for the daily activities?
I ask because if this is what it is,
Complete it only to do it all over again,
Then I will shower you with repetitive kisses
And after we - WASH THE DISHES.
We make a mess of it once again.
What's under the surface? Was it all worth it?
The imperfect, linked somehow, to everything perfect.
From that disrespectful lover to all of the curses,
Down to the bruises, abuses, and pains sending you to surgeons.
What about when it was going good and suddenly worsened.
Are you a person who's had to deal with Pain and Praise merging?
Suffering from all the filth which can't be cleaned by detergents,
Deafening defeats that caused you to question your purpose,
Destructive emotions once thought dead,
Only to come back later to resurface.
Getting rid of all the negatives, you finally start purging,
Feeling that life, that light, that just might spark a resurgence.
Going past the point of injury and everything hurting,
To a confidence that has you feeling a bit more certain.
So when the Pain subsides and your hands are raised,
Triumphantly lifted because you now see better days,
Giving thanks because you not only survived the Pains,
You made it long enough to experience the Praise.
Who can I talk to?
Where do I turn for comfort?
In a world of non-listening hard bodies I find no answer.
That is until I come to You - My Confidant.

When I weep, You weep,
Feeling the pains that squeeze my insides,
Causing my jaw to tighten, teeth to clench,
And leaving my pillow drenched - Confidant.

I rejoice, You rejoice,
Happy for my every success, Pointing me towards lifes best.
Far away from the pitfalls and door calls
Coming from officers clicking cells to induce stress - Confidant.

I've messed up and Squandered the money,
Crapped out and missed the point of it all.
Still you stayed and never left me for another,
At my worst you've had my back
Until I was on my feet and back on track.

In it for the long haul. No second guessing You.
Confidant --- Tried and True.
Making sure that I reach my destiny,
Especially since it's tied to You.
No Disrespect

(Elvis Wells - Page 12)

Let's be realistic and avoid all of the fake,
And may I say, "Some things can seem edgy."
Just know that I'm fallible and I mean "No Disrespect."
This is no fantasy. More like a pleasurable desire.
I want to spoon you then stir you from within,
Until you heat up with emotion,Warm up From indescribable Feelings,
And get hot enough to boil over into a climatic end...
Only for me to skillfully extinguish the Fire.
There are times -My Love- when I visualize those lips, hips, and thighs.
I then Shake my head Fiercely,
As if to rid it of these indecent eyes.
"No Disrespect," I want conversation so captivating and sensuous,
It makes you shamefully moist and me nervously hard.
There will come a time when you and I Can Freely Chat,
Whether talk or text, my mission is to have you anxiously wanting to escape your desk.
I mean "No Disrespect," but I'm blessed with Substance.
You're blessed with enchanting beauty.
You are like a work of art. A statue in motion.
A painting which has come to life with a smile that kidnaps my soul.
I've imagined having to overcome a Famine.
By unnatural means of course.
"No Disrespect" but I want to subdue you,
And invade that treasure chest of goodness,
With the brilliance of a trained tongue.
You are sweet. Delicious. Irresistable.
I can't help myself.
Your body, my favorite spot and I have no control when wanting you. Feasting until we both are satisfied - I mean "No Disrespect." For a moment in time you are Master and I am Kunta, Enslaved by desires for you and only you.

I don't want to disconnect by letting this be all about Sex, But whips and chains aren't always needed to dominate. Sometimes all it takes is the 'Mind'.

The Sexiest organ in the human body. Can I dominate you? Can I have your mind? I mean, "No Disrespect"

You have to be invested the body itself is yours, I'm only interested in what controls it.

You wait for me as I await to go Free, Change your perception and lay aside misconceptions.

I sit in the corner as you exit the shower, Stopping at the mirror to admire what God has given, I am here unannounced as you strut through the house, Tasting dinner and smelling the scent of candles in the air, "No Disrespect," when you stub your toe, I take away the pain, When you feel that cold tingle its me standing behind you;

Feel my hands. Hear my words.

I embrace your hips and my lips kiss the nape of your neck.

I take in your Victoria Secret --- "No Disrespect!"

This is preparation. Preparing for eternity.

And I mean "No Disrespect" but you got to go through something -

In order to get to something, And if I have to go through all of this to get to you, I mean "No Disrespect" my love.

But I'm going through it until I do.
Let me get to the meat, The real reason my pen graced this sheet, Have a seat, this mighty man is about to wash Your Feet. I've filled the bucket at the sink, poured you a drink, You don't yet know what to think, I place the foot bath on the rug, slowly pouring in the water, You're surprised and confused as you watch it Sud. This mighty man is going to Wash Your Feet. The temperature is perfect, the water just right. I place those lovely gems in, first your left, then your right. One foot soaks and I cup the other, scrub it with a soft heel brush, Dry it gently and apply that Shea-Butter. I put the same process on 'Repeat,' You don't understand but you will, you see, I washed Your Feet. This isn't just an intimate moment. It's not something that I do for all the ladies. Because if I don't—Wash Your Feet—there could never be any you and me. I, this mighty man of God, doesn't think it at all odd, To stoop down, place my crown on the ground, Wash Your Feet. It isn't for sex but must be done for our bodies to intersect, This is an act of humility, worth, and respect. Showing you that even though I am worthy of all the best, And my design can't be defined with all the rest, I have given you a glimpse into my eyes. Hopefully, you will see what I see. That mighty one—stooped down— Placed my crown on the ground and Washed Your Feet.
3 Things

Rules and regulations are rarely topics of conversation, but you felt the need to lay down law in our relations. You were so sweet in the beginning, not seeming to forcibly obligate. You simply gave me "3 Things you wouldn't tolerate." I smiled, frowned, and tried to hold my ground.

One..."Don't put your hands on me and be abusive," I skillfully put my hands on you showing we're exclusive. Two..."Never call me out my name," Eventhough your girlfriend's call you "That Bitch!" So I hit that spot, scratch that itch, you call out my name, giving praise on how I handled "That Dick!" And last but not least of these 3 Things---

Three..."Keep it clean. Don't bring home filth!"
To alleviate the guilt we make love on pure silk and bathe in milk. Any and everything else can be forgiven, still I'm apologizing for how I'm living. You're livid. I did it.
And admit it, my actions can come off mean, I mean, we've grew unattached with spoiled emotions to match. Our ideas and opinions causing me to detach, sit back and fondle with these strings, knowing deep down that we'll be all right, as long as I stay true to not only you---
But these 3 Things.
GREATNESS  (Elvis Wells- PAGE 16)

When I look at you, all of you, I see Greatness.
I've been acquainted with basic
So these accounts aren't baseless.
Don't be afraid. Take heart. Fear not.
Why abscond from the pressure?
Or from the fact that you're powerful beyond measure?
Greatness. And I know graceless, tasteless, and face it... These observations should never be wasted.
Yes, that darkness has been comfortable to you,
A therapeutic nuisance helping you to loosen.
But it's the Light that has you frightened,
Causing your insides to tighten and lash out with fighting.

You are Brilliant, Gorgeous, Talented and Gifted,
Under the Creator's microscope being sifted.

Your presence... A divine present, leaving others uplifted.
Greatness. Be of service and stop thinking small.
Because small thinkers aren't thought provoking at all.
The insecurities of others shouldn't dictate your great,
Or lull the voice to sleep that should be awake.

What a waste... It would be, not to let your light shine,
Because as you allow yours to do so,
You give me permission to let mine.

Greatness. Be liberated, dedicated, and motivated.
There is Greatness dwelling deep inside you,
You... You too are great. Greatness.
My hands are rough and ugly.
Bruised from fist-fights and brawls.
Scarred from self-inflicted wounds,
Bare-knuckled-punching air-punching walls.
They've been defined as Hard, Brutal, And Violent.
But they're also ambiguous.
Seasawing from darkness, to touching matters of the heart.
I've touched capital and made donations,
Handed off gifts ranging from jewelry to Carnations.
Squeezed them so hard that my muscles spasmed,
Lifted twice my body weight,
Palms calloused from bars I was grabbing.
And through all of these rough patches,
These hands are truly a work of art,
Reaching for insignificant items then reaching to Grab Your Heart.
They can cause you to shudder when you speak,
By rubbing out built up tension from your feet.
Give you that young feeling you so earnestly desire,
Interlocking with yours, spinning wildly until you tire.
You see, these hands aren't just a work of art, they're smart.
Because even with a reputation of tearing things apart,
They still can reach out and Grab Your Heart.
Anticipated your arrival and getting to watch you grow, 
looked forward to teaching you how to dribble and how to throw. 
I knew if you were a boy, you would like me and look just like me. 
I just knew it.

Your momma was clueless not knowing how to do it. 
How to nourish, protect, and conceive...
Anyway, I'm sure you've got the best of everything now. 
And those angels keep you safe and sound.
I bet your room is immaculately filled with everything, 
with a window that has a view of the gold streets 
which decorate the town.
I know you're making me proud, 
not ripping and running the streets 
or chasing behind girls being all wild.
I wonder would you recognize me? 
I pray I get to see --- my LOST CHILD.
My heart pounds faster amidst the laughter
Never been an open-book with transparent chapters
These questions are like footsteps,
Getting Closer and Closer,
Beads of sweat contradict my calm, cool, and dapper
My instinct is to flee, I remain, hoping they can't find me,
Not the one who has robbed and looted,
Gambled with his life with no hopes to lose it.
No! This me, is secretly hiding and deep-rooted,
"Come out!" "Come out, wherever you are!"
They seek, the messy thoughts and wrong choices,
Inherent voices asking, "Where are you?"
A warm invitation voiced as a piercing question,
But, it's too risky, preposterous even,
To now start believing, these shameful parts, they're seeking,
Are really parts that are scattered and uneven.
When they get closer,
I'm gone with the wind, leaving with the breezes,
Leaving them to search and keep --
Playing a childish game of HIDE AND SEEK.
You come to me telling me your 'man problems',
I'm not trying to help him,
So I tell you, "That's your man problem."
I can't make you choose, or make up your mind,
Can't make you feel used,
Or, mess up your make-up from crying,
But I can make you fall in love.

If he was my friend I probably would've told him,
But, since he's not ... I tell you, "Make it work."
You say I'm real and enjoy when we chill,
Love that I'm respectful and never try to cop a feel,
If you only knew ... The thoughts that I be having,
That's why when I be staring,
And you catch me, I be laughing.

But I can't make you choose, or, make up your mind,
Can't make you feel used,
Or, mess up your make-up from crying,
But I can make you fall in love.
It's hard loving us men
we live on that edge, which is why,
you're so scared of us dying or going to the pen.
woman— I love you for loving me no matter what,
when I tear you down emotionally, no stressing,
you just start looking up.
and woman, maybe it's those prayers that have broken through
because since this prison has broken me down,
i finally realized that you were broken too!
woman— you do so much for us,
cook, clean, iron, and keep in touch for us,
give us chances and love unconditional
we mess it up and apologize—
time after time til' it becomes a ritual.
woman— you know i'm lying but you smile and wish me good luck,
you want it to work more than we do
and what we do? Yup! Mess things up.
so woman, on behalf of every man breathing
thank you for being our queen, our backbone,
holding us down and never leaving.
woman you are special and the sole reason
when we fail and it don't work out, we begin exercising our demons.
the reason for change and growth.
woman this is my oath— I will be better not just for you,
but for us both. I will tell you your worth,
built you up, never leave you, always see you,
keep it real and tell you how much I need you. woman.
They've perfected their methods of madness,
This sadness is really what brings them gladness,
The detergents are ready, held steady,
By the hands of the masses who brainwash us,
With designer fashion-fabrics-imprinted by them,
And its easy to know "Them,
Because Him got his face all tatted,
They wanna dumb us down,
You standing for something thats really nothing,
"Sit yo dumb ass down!"
I am me and we are BLACK,
I've heard it 'said when complimenting someone for their vigor,
"Black don't crack"
Yet we greet with, "I love my Nigga,"
Then sell him Crack - Thats Facts,
Our Conditions are weakened, they're desensitized to our plight,
Its not about who can fight or, who can drink all night,
What about the dude on parole, no job, two strikes,
Or that coward who touched a kid because she wasn't his,
Now she can't sleep at night?
I am her voice, Not no ventriloquist - dummy,
It ain't all about money, they've loosened the bonds,
Only to wrap them on tighter than a mummy - Programmed!
Hip-Hop is now materialism and consumerism,
Substituting mild Slang with offensive euphemisms,
They change the way we - Eat, Sleep, and Drink,
But I won't be watered down by these influences, I rather be influential,
Unearth the potential of those who refuse to be Programmed.
There you go again, with those curious hips,
And ingenious lips cutting straight to the chase.
It's not enough.
I must escape—Your clutch—I've trusted too much,
Broken and broke down, many times,
In need of a new crutch.
Sorry to break it to you, but, You CAN'T MAKE ME LOVE You!

Oh—I'm supposed to forget—
Let my guard down and live in a charade of happiness,
And losing you would be worse than never having you at all
But why fight to win a brawl that will last forever?
It's too late. The glow is fading.
And even though you're aiding—You CAN'T MAKE ME LOVE You!

In the beg-gin we would have needed a couple forevers,
No time was long enough for the love we Shared,
Now that bond is severed,
No hard feelings, I can see you were unprepared.
But this is the end, right after I hug you,
Stop! No more, "Baby, let me touch you,
Because Baby, You CAN'T MAKE ME LOVE You."
Color of Sex (Elvis Wells - Page 24)

Multidimensional. Incomprehensible. What we do and how we do it. No need to prove it, our sessions are tried and proven. Excuse my alluding but the sounds are melodic. Riveting. And the taste --- Oh so Fresh!

My nose is privileged and blessed. Experiencing scents that only you could possess, Your touch relieves stress; Body on body, Flesh on Flesh. Every step. Every bead of sweat, Every breath, a small victory, another success, Because we make sense out of Nonsense

By seeking to unveil the Color of Sex.

Dark hues mixed with passionate pastels.

We undress, bodies intertwined making a glorious mess.

Doing what we do best --- Coloring Sex.

That sky so blue! That coffee so brown!

This Sex so Profound. Our bodies artistic. These designs tweened and refined.

Allow me to fill in the blanks and liven the lines, On this named canvas that is brought to life, by imagination and desire.

This portrait --- Beautiful. Priceless.

Made for the finest gallery. I call it, "Color of Sex."
Broken dishes, unfulfilled wishes, unwanted abuse, and no trace.
How can a child with a mother become a Motherless Child?
She was your Super-Woman, using her powers to degrade her seeds,
Addicted to the worldly, trumping their needs.
Lost in a system that's failed so many,
But she keeps smiling even though her confidence is waning.
This Motherless Child just wants a mommy—no complaining,
Whether affluent or down-to-earth.
A true mother, no one can price her worth.
Those before her have went down that dark road,
Where there is no pot of gold at the end of a rainbow,
Only pimps, hustlers, lost souls and stark homes.
This Motherless Child was one of the Chosen Few,
To find a mother and come a new,
Nobody knows the Checkered past and if they'd laugh.
But God heard her cries for help.
Sent a woman that was skilled with a belt,
Had unconditional love that could make icebergs melt,
And put that Motherless Child before herself.
Now she is confident and successful,
All the suffering a prerequisite to glory.
Oh Motherless Child don't let the nightfall stress you,
Though weeping endure for a night,
God bless you—Joy comes in the morning.