Poetry of a King

Volume Two

by Charles Higgins

July 25th, 2019

The poetry in this book is dated between the time period of when it was first composed and when it was completed. For that, I wanted it to demonstrate growth as well as a feeling for that particular time. ENJOY!

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Poetry
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Dedication

While I certainly want to thank those who helped the production of this work and those who made it possible, I also want to thank all the haters and doubters. Without you, I wouldn't have driven so hard to shine so bright. The raw emotion that I felt was the ammunition I needed to dominate what everyone told me couldn't be done.

Seriously, think about this. All the negative people who tried to hold me to their level, I defied the odds regardless of your hate. That is the enlightenment that fires my soul as I shine through the darkness.

To those that inspired me in one way or another to go on regardless... My incredible wife Kristi Higgins, Izzy Veesa, Ceaser Silva, Glenn Vinchell, Mike Henderville and Randy Lee Burgess (Rest in Peace)... thank you for the times you pulled me up when I needed it most.

Kristi Higgins passed away while helping with this book. Rest in Peace, Beautiful. I love you...

C. Higgins

7/25/2019
Preface

You may notice some irregularities throughout these poems. A majority of them were never meant for a book, they were written for the studio and performance.

Before my incarceration, I was dedicated to rap music, you know, before becoming vastly commercialized. I grew up on greats like Wu-Tang, KRS-one, Eric B and Rakim, mostly east coast but influential and fundamental classics. The building blocks of a generation.

Unfortunately, I can no longer pursue my dreams of adolescence to serve education from which to serve.

I want to thank a man I met who told me, "write a book." Craig Salle, thank you. I now have a few books I am currently working on, "At My Father's Table" and "An Insider's Guide to Doing Time." I plan to write more fiction and non-fiction as well as poetry.

First, I thought it would be best to share years of work as it is, before I continue to grow as a writer and poet.

Another reason for some differences in these poems can be attributed to varied emotions at separate times as well as ages. My young, ignorant self could never stay out of jail or prison for very long. Older and wiser now, maybe those who follow a similar path can be more aware of the obstacles that hindered me through my words.

Any ideas, options or help in creating a source that can relate to my writing I am open to. Also, you may see some of my work in other forums (prison literature or news letters) as I continue to push forward and try to promote progress and prosperity.

Please forgive me, as my wife Kristi and I began compiling this book among others, she unfortunately departed to the celestial kingdom above with our Father who art in Heaven. The second volume with some of my most recent works in a reputable land, . A lot of my work will be available soon by Lian Heart Consulting, and my first article was published in Toastmasters magazine and ideas, as we move forward progressively as a whole.

Thank you Charles Higgins
"Don't Worry Mama"

Mama never worried,
When I was growing older;

Don't worry now mama,
Cause your son's a soldier;

I've worked too hard
And I've come too far,
To take it to heart
Don't worry mama it's over
cause eventually I'll be mentally demerited permanently.

Well evidently Watson, it must be elementary.

Probably back at my dated birth of entry.

I was a loner since before the turn of the century.

Forget everyone and that's just that's me being friendly.

And everyone wonders, how you get enemies?

Knowledge is power and power is envy.

Anywhere I've ever been, anywhere that I go,

Solitude taught me the value of hustle and flow,

Opening windows and doors, I'd never know,

This music seems to fill a hole in my soul,

Every feeling I own, everything I've ever known,

Anywhere I've ever been, anywhere that I go,

In a life... that you're just barely missing

To value every vision,

And value every position,

From the very beginning,

To every single description,

As long as you listen,

The knowledge and wisdom within 'em,

That's right, I'm talking about my Sony.

Listening to every word he ever told me,

I walk this road, with my only homie,

I roll alone, but I'm not lonely.

"Expressions of the Soul" (Soul Music) 2000-2009

by Charles H. Higg's, Jr.
And essentially still on my own sentenced to a penitentiary.

Anywhere I've ever been, anywhere that I go,
Solitude taught me the value of hustle and now,
Opening windows and doors, I'd never know,

This music seems to fill a hole in my soul,
Every feeling I own, everything I've ever known,

Anywhere I've ever been, anywhere that I go.

That when I get out, you won't catch me slipping this time,

And my life given to crime,
About living and dying,

I can rip it and rhyme,
So inspired deep inside,

Like feeling so alive when I look at the sky,
Buddha would have thought was gifted.

Getting lifted off kicking wisdom,
While sitting in prison,

To everything I've written,
I can only imagine how many people actually listen,

Anywhere I've ever been, anywhere that I go,
Solitude taught me the value of hustle and now,
Opening windows and doors, I'd never know,

This music seems to fill a hole in my soul,
Every feeling I own, everything I've ever known,

Anywhere I've ever been, anywhere that I go.

And essentially still on my own sentenced to a penitentiary.

Poetry of a King: Volume Two
By Charles Higgins
Even though I own a gift, everywhere I've ever known.
Anywhere I've ever been, anywhere that I go,
Ahead of the world eating these words for breakfast,
At barely eleven, I was aggressively restless.

As my soul remains calm and simple,
Beating with meaning to a heavy tempo,
And display my credentials,
Turn these pages to my temple,
It's essential for me to escape thru this window,

The potential I hold with a pad and pencil,
I'm a ty and make something as beautiful like music.
I've got a gift and I'm a find a way to use it,
Cause that’s what I grew up seeing.

Wouldn’t think twice about hurting another human being.

Got into a knife fight till one of us starts bleedin’.

So I’d go and pull a new robbery every weekend.

Like being stuck on a boat and my ship was sinking.

I still can’t really explain what I was thinking.

At only fifteen when I got arrested.

Of my own Smith and Wesson fully loaded three fifty-seven.

I started building a record and had possession.

Working to earn my own street corner concession.

And hell; I was barely eleven running errands.

Is on selling heroin, the quickest way to heaven.

And it’s evident in my residence, every resident.

Everyday watching my back from crooked cops.

For twenty bucks and a bottle schnapps.

A liquor store on the block, the clerk getting shot.

Is it me or do I hear gunshots right outside?

I wake up some nights and wonder why.

Today’s Struggled Life 2000-2009

Poetry of a King: Volume Two

by Charles Higgins

3/25/2014
That doesn't deserve to be respected.
Nobody can tell me I haven't earned a rep then.
If you can word it to perfection,
To spit your expressions.
It's got nothing to do with his skin complexion.
His own ignorance and how his intellect is fed,
How he's really feeling affected.
The truth is I care less for the next man.
I'm actually satisfying my own aggressive depression.

And rapidly progressing.
I got a habit it's resting,
Hotter than any energizer battery a rabbit ever tested.
Why waters are going from ice cold to tepid.

So the uninformed can learn from the lesson directed,
Everything I spit is served with some sort of perspective.
My effort is worth it cause my words are effective.
Look at me! I've done it.
Any dummy can pick up a pencil and hum it.

To performing than running,
There's something more than the money,
I'm more than just a little bit hungry.
I'll my fingers get bloody,
And in everybody.
I need to get back into this shit.
I've been neglecting my studies.
You got me... I'll admit it.

"My Works Respected" 2000-2009

7/12/2014

"Poetry of a Kid: Volume Two" by Charles Higgins
Until I realized, Atlantis isn't meant to be found

This shit, this city, it's my city now,
Looking for a little bling and a crown,
Just another king in the midst of the crowd.
Your shit's hot shit, it's my shit now,
Don't quit, don't bitch, don't look down,
You a split shit for four pounds,
Switch clips for more rounds.
Quick with the click, you know how the gun sounds,
Running the streets to downtown,
You're eighteen now.
One blunt and forty ounces around.

"All for Nothing" 2000-2018

by Charles Higgins
It's time to grow up, son,
It's time to be a man.

You'll never be alone,
As long as I'm here son,
Hold up and hold on,
Grow up and grow strong.

How to be a man,
It's time to show my son,
It's time to grow up.

"Never Alone" 2006 - 2009

Poetry of a King: Volume Two
by Charles Higgins
7/25/2014
"Turning on Me"

A grown man standing, handling whatever his worries,

How many of these enemies are already warring?

While these police getting tips, exceeding the warnings,

A grown man standing, handling whatever his worries,

Like another Neanderthal protecting his territory,

Is it hereditary why my focus is so predatory?

Like another Neanderthal protecting his territory,

A grown man standing, handling whatever his worries,

Like another Neanderthal protecting his territory,

I got no love for a mother with a deceived fetus,

History is often repeated as Judas betrayed "Jesus",

Would of mastered NASA if women stayed in Venus,

Karma like voodoo; or Lorena with a filleted penis,

So why Father, but I just want to be at the top of the pack,

Try to lie to his father if he's caught in the act,

And probably try to fuck his mother in the ass,

No, he just run and stab his brother in the back,

But would Cain ever switch and tell on his people?

Beginning in Genesis when they said Cain was evil,

You should have originally seen through who's deceitful

To do it twice is a steal; your stupidity's equal,

Without even meaning to for a twenty and a needle,

I can't believe the correspondence people agree to.

Where ever they can fucking see me with warrants,

I already know; These so called friends are turning on me

They're getting too close than I really want them to be,

You should already know; They don't care how this shit goes,

Keep your enemies close and your friends even closer.

"Poetry of a King: Volume Two" by Charles Higgins

7/25/2019
Shit smells like doodo, is the same as a strained anus,

A train brain changed; How Buddah became famous,

This part of the game I've sustained to retain shameless,

Regardless her claim, Jane Doe still remains nameless,

Why would I need to speak beneath a steeple,

Like these priests do, to preach to these freaks who,

Try to reach you; Would do anything just to meet you,

A bonafide liar; who believes they can be you,

They're getting too close than I really want them to be,

You should already know: They don't care how this shit goes,

Keep your enemies close and your friends even closer,

...Alone, would be so peaceful...

Always by your side and No! They won't leave you,

The crazy things they say just to see you,

People's faces seem like they're made to see thru,

And don't mind lying just to try to deceive you,

Would the thing, cause they know they need you,

A bonafide liar, who believes they can be you,

Try to reach you: Would do anything just to meet you,

Like these freaks, do to preach to these freaks who,

Why would I need to speak beneath a steeple,

Regardless her claim, Jane Doe still remains nameless,

This part of the game I've sustained to retain shameless,

A train brain changed; How Buddah became famous,
I already know. Those so-called friends are turning on me.

They're getting too close than I really want them to be.

You should already know. They don't care how this shit goes.

Keep your enemies close and your friends even closer.

Walk away and laugh a bit...

But he'd probably just stab you in the back and shit.

Hope to plead a case with the devil's advocate.

Maybe magically if we could only imagine it.

Where'd we be without the drama and the tragicness.

Thinking back a bit, actually she's absolutely fabulous.
I was growing up as just another juvenile delinquent,
On the brinks of super subliminal criminal thinking,
Sketching a blueprint; this crazy kid's known to do shit,
All over the state of good old Massachusetts
From North Shore roots to the Middlesex community,
Subsidized housing and straight to the boonies.
I'm moving thru the streets with complete immunity,
There's nothing you can do to me that's new to me,
I've worked too hard to be discovered,
I've got the guts to bust a nut over the public,
Over bullshit news and TV media coverage,
And no; I'm not about to be discouraged,
But I've worked too hard to be discouraged,
Except my soon to be; New found stardom
I beg your pardon...

The media's used to it. My John Hancock goes to the best offer
Somebody stop him! This insane fool is off his rocker,
I know for myself, my exposures covered,
So when the media greedily rubs it,
I've got the guts to bust a nut over the public.
Over bullshit news and TV media coverage,
And no; I'm not about to be discouraged,
But I've worked too hard to be discouraged,
Except my soon to be; New found stardom
How can a crackhead from Boston, Mass. get the last laugh in?

Crap 'em and slap 'em, pay them back with a backhand.

They just want to be close in case I go platinum.

Talk about we used to be bro's, but never what happened.

Everywhere I go there's a John Doe I used to know.

No! I'm too bold to hold and too cold not to show.

Stan Lee couldn't compose and fully disclose my adventures.

Straight from the trenches and courtroom benches.

The only one to ever make Superman surrender.

Don't tell me what I'm not, the number one contender.

Hit the block, a hundred spots, pockets full of credentials.

I'm mental; I'd rather rock a dented pinto than a rental.

The shit you could never do, even if you meant to.

The shit that I've been through, the shit that I'm into.

I'm the youngest dude of my so called used to be crew.

I'm the youngest dude of my so called used to be crew.

Past 2006 - 2009

Poetry of a King: Volume Two by Charles Higgins
It doesn't even matter if I'm selling or copping,
I'm always the one to be taking precautions.
Cause I already know that these cops are watching,
Wishing they could stop me from making a profit.

By adding my name to the top of the docket,
This grudge...I really wish they would drop it.
And not judge me by how my swagger is rocking,
I walk the walk cause it's my only option.

And if it was only talk, I'd have to beg to pardon,
I'm smarter than the average grad from Harvard,
That's why none of these people even want to see me,
Really hustle and scheme so freely, it's easy.

Take anything I want, to please me completely,
But where would I be if that's how you see me?
I can be easy except when I need to be beastly,
Expect nothing less; if you choose to deceive me.

It not, I'd just be another bozo like that Bob Cratchet fool.
Tiny Tim had no attitude and had it crappy too,
But just imagine if he had slapped that dude,
Reacted to how his dad took crap from Scrooge.

He'd probably be selling crack for food.
But hold up dawg, hold your piece,
It's too deep to get; if you can't wet your feet.
Don't mess with my sea and stay off my beach,
What can't you see, you can't play with me,
Don't you know, I'm four two three,
Another lion who breathes; can't you read,
M.C.'s... just one side of the sleeve,
I'm a beast to the T with every right to be,
Use a knife or a mic to pick a fight with me,
Use a gun if you're like... scared of me,
Who the mother fucking last man would be,
If you weren't then you'd stand to see,
You're just scared to be a man and handle me,
We know you couldn't care to be in fear of me,
Forget how you can't understand my profanity,
You haven't been where I've been to contend with me,
Really it's insanity how these things came to be,
Continue to pretend; whoever you want to be,
Everybody's going to see the whole road of dishonesty,
You've gone and weaved to con and deceive,
Everybody can be a con like me,
But honestly...
Black and Cold being bold, never fold none.
In a row, toe to toe, let 'em know son.

On this road, as we go, with the whole standing
Even if my brain's stuck on it's own planet.
Don't worry fam.'m a man I can handle it.
Like seeing my name being branded on granite.
For granted.'m angered; This pain is standard.

Till mom started bugging and everything was taken.
My parents were a couple everything was great then.
My grade was in the second. I'm not mistaken.
My fondest recollection is back from Ronald Reagan.

It's like a second coming: A spawn of resurrection.
These lines were never measured beyond perfection.
Thin every fall and tumble I rise above alleged.
I'm trying to be humble but I'm a fucking legend.

"Imperfect Ego" 2011-2014

Poetry of a King: Volume Two
by Charles Higgins
7/25/2019
"Fame or Lame" 2011-2014

Poetry of a King, Volume Two
by Charles Higgins 7/25/2019

If he wasn't a mama's boy he'd probably be an orphan.
If he wasn't an orphan it'd most likely be for abortion.
His portion in life an assortment of strife,
If he wasn't an orphan, it'd most likely be for abortion.

He was reading books accomplishing what it took.
While I was running game doing math by the gram.
In your eyes he's lame but his mama raised a man,
He's better than me because he has support in his life.

But for sure because the umbilical cord is so tight,
He was really confident in how his future looks.
Who was really confident in how his future looks?
He was running game doing math by the gram.

Steady working hard, freedom's how he's living,
I'm back behind bars in these people's prison.
I'm a convict, he's an officer, who is fucking lame?
He calls me by a number, I forgot his name.

In your eyes he's lame but his mama raised a man,
He was reading books accomplishing what it took.
While I was running game doing math by the gram.
In your eyes he's lame but his mama raised a man,

He was reading books accomplishing what it took.
While I was running game doing math by the gram.
In your eyes he's lame but his mama raised a man,
I'm a convict, he's an officer, who is fucking lame?
He calls me by a number, I forgot his name.

If he wasn't a mama's boy he'd probably be an orphan.
If he wasn't an orphan it'd most likely be for abortion.
His portion in life an assortment of strife,
If he wasn't an orphan, it'd most likely be for abortion.

He was reading books accomplishing what it took.
While I was running game doing math by the gram.
In your eyes he's lame but his mama raised a man,
He was really confident in how his future looks.

But for sure because the umbilical cord is so tight,
He was really confident in how his future looks.
Who was really confident in how his future looks?
He was running game doing math by the gram.

Steady working hard, freedom's how he's living,
I'm back behind bars in these people's prison.
I'm a convict, he's an officer, who is fucking lame?
He calls me by a number, I forgot his name.
Hidden Truths

False prophets and false teachers,
Breed the seed of false leaders;
Self-serving, greedy, needless wanna be's
Claiming to be Paul's and Peter's;
Second Messiah's installed in a fetus,
Living through the lies they feed us;
While uninspired minds deceive us,
Self-serving, greedy, needless wanna be's
Claiming to be Paul's and Peter's;
Breed the seed of false leaders;
False prophets and false teachers.

An educated mind is a beast;
Within a temple of peace;
My mental waves on a leash;
There ain't a cage that can keep,
Until the fires decided they reach us,
With the burning desire to free us;
Until the faces decided they reach us,
With the burning desire to free us;
Until even the blind can see us;
But they won't really release us.

While uninspired minds deceive us,
Living through the lies they feed us;
Second Messiah, installed in a fetus,
Claiming to be Paul's and Peter's;
Self-serving, greedy, needless wanna be's
Breed the seed of false leaders;
False prophets and false teachers.

From a face that doesn't speak
Silence is best not breached.
I've learned to serve instead of preach;
From my head to my feet.

From a face that doesn't speak
Silence is best not breached.
I've learned to serve instead of preach;
From my head to my feet.

No mental waves on a leash!
There ain't a cage that can keep,
Within a temple of peace;
An educated mind is a beast;
Until even the blind can see us;
But they won't really release us.

With the burning desire to free us;
Until the faces decided they reach us,
With the burning desire to free us;
Until the fires decided they reach us,
With the burning desire to free us;
Until even the blind can see us;
But they won't really release us.

From a face that doesn't speak
Silence is best not breached.
I've learned to serve instead of preach;
From my head to my feet.

From a face that doesn't speak
Silence is best not breached.
I've learned to serve instead of preach;
From my head to my feet.

From a face that doesn't speak
Silence is best not breached.
I've learned to serve instead of preach;
From my head to my feet.

From a face that doesn't speak
Silence is best not breached.
I've learned to serve instead of preach;
From my head to my feet.
Follow His example, have faith in His name and believe.

What the wealthy didn’t give you, the wealthy won’t receive.

Yeshua the Messiah died next to two repentive thieves.

Of all these pagan religious theories and beliefs,

People should be educating themselves in history instead.

There’s other Holy feasts we eat and unleavened bread,

To be reveling and celebrating in Christmas is mislead

Just as scripture says and every witness said.

I choose to call Him Yehweh as His Name been provided.

Look for favor from our Father’s law I’m abiding by it.

To believe in David rather than Goliath.

By reading the Sacred Pages I’ve been inspired,
You haven't ever been there, you haven't ever done that,
Would have done tapped if you ever heard a gun clap,
Can't rock as one pack on one path; drawn to one act,
A million sworn to stand strong, I've done that

You're nothing but a wanna-be, gang banger persona,
I ain't part of a gang; Mi familia es de Corona,
They say I'm nothing but a hard headed go getter,
Step on my toes; a mother fucker better know better,
I've been cut up, shot at, and fucking told on;
Even with a life sentence I can get my roll on,
Nah, your honor; I'm not worried about no jury,
Or these co-defendants trying to verbally burn me,
Who will deservingly earn, a returned burden of proof,
Stick a tool in this dude for turning on his roots,
I'm a spit the truth to try to enrich the youth,
I'm sorry with a sheep like Judas I see no use,
Let them stray off the path like a rat in the pack,
A slithering snake in the grass that's faking an act,
Forgive me Yah, for my hatred is back,
But I'm just trying to save the rest of the class
Cause....

You haven't ever been there, you haven't ever done that,
Would of done tapped if you ever heard a gun clap,
Can't rock as one pack on one path, drawn to one act,
A million sworn to stand strong, I've done that
"True Tomorrow" 2014

Why is it all I know is this sorrow
Again, why is it all I know is this pain
I try to look forward to tomorrow
But I can't see past the shadows of rain
Why is it this darkness seems to prevail
No matter how hard I reach for the light
I no longer practice deceit or steal
Lie, rob or cheat but yet, I'm still not right
If nobody's perfect I'm less than that
Not that anyone else is much better
Father, it's just that I'm humbled at last
And grateful to be closer together
I have faith as it says in those chapters
To look forward to life ever after.
Every day we're facing life, steady scraping by,
Bottom of the barrel, everybody hates us...why?
Jealous of our hustle dawg, all we do is try,
Self determined individuals always prosper high,
Over so-so politicals, that often fuckin lie,
Social protocols and system overhauls,
Prisons overloaded with nobody at all,
While President Clinton's assistant holding balls,
Written descriptions in first editions told it all,
Supposedly she's a hoe and Miss Cleo knows it all,
So what's been holding y'all back from revolution
Natural reactions to acts of evolution,
Facts are proven to who really brought crack to you,
In the act of doing caught a habit of using,
A moment of truth then my clarity is lucid,
You hearing me Uncle Sam swearing you stupid.

**Baby...found this in your posts on Facebook from 2014. It doesn't have a title and I don't know if you want to include it or what but thought I would send it just so you could decide if you wanted to do anything with it. I LOVE YOU SO FUCKING MUCH!!! You are my beginning and my end.....always and forever.....

Your Wife,

Kristi
I told you I'm a king until I'm eliminated. They claim they're just another coward in a clique, sticking up for those who are being intimidated. Except I can face any thing that comes my way. I was not affected by their taunts.

Lull the fuck up! Cause I'll flip the lid on this track.
Roused far round and far for me,
Who can hold me down if I will go
With my crown so full of gold
Let it show as the truths exposed
If you push me, then I will blow!
That you're not going no! You won't told
Your head up high and let them know
There's no other greater way to hold

"Unbeatable" 2017
"Poetry of a King: Volume Two" by Charles Higgins 7/15/2019
Flesh of my flesh, you; the reality is mine.

Crown to my chest... But I don't need a sign

Duality defied through the morality of the rhyme

Bottom of the barrel, the darkness and the shine

Boo holds and revered ball; got me provoked to aerral

Haters grabbly; my coat fali; hope I wont fail

Rushing here to profit; the higher that I climb

A loss to the pocket a prop to the mind

I'm not one to lie, but I'm tired of the grind

It'd be insane if I was tired of the time

Progression of a King "2017"

Poetry of a King: Volume Two by Charles Higgins 7/25/2019
I know I'd never tell, so forget what you've told
If you would ever know, the deepest pain that I hold
Exposed to the soul where only a few could ever go
To fill my shoes would be bold, since naked or clothed

Only a few have ever known how I've walked on this road
My touch turns to gold cause my heart remains whole

In the daily chase, I've never known who wins when I lose
I'm calling up the troops, getting ready to let loose

Wednesday 2017
7/25/2019
Poetry of a King: Volume Two by Charles Higgins
To state that I'm taking or mistaken are the words of a writer.

The pain that I've taken for the kindness of a neighbor.

I produced and contemplated how to accomplish a greater

Fuck you!

My girI faded, everyone hated, echoes reverberated.

I savored every statement. I stuck to.

My word never wavered.

In Service of It All. 2017

Poetry of a King: Volume Two. By Charles Higgins. 7/25/19
Let them all know I'm disguised when aposer ever speaks

Behold, the weight of the word as simple as a speech

Proverbially, the thrill of victory, agony and defeat

mistakes made and amended, failed and repeat

Why is the taste of knowledge so bitter sweet?

Why do we still have children lost in the streets?

"Negative to a Positive" 2017

"A Gifty Volume Two" by Charles Higgins 7/25/2019
I'm living with grace, but thanks to my faith today.

I behold a face that's soiled and so bitter with hate.

It is easy now my fate is inteslocked with my faith.

I could get away with anything that money can make.

If I could pay the rate, then forget sticking the case.

Your honor said, "Take him away with chains on the waist."

I wasn't old enough to shave but sure to save face.

Just a little portion of hate, how much more could I take?

All that offended hate as a Juvenile ward of the state.

Light Under Every Rock" 2017

Poetry of a King: Volume Two by Charles Higgins 7/25/2019
And how I handle my business, really isn’t anybody’s concern.

Like anyone I love and I earn, how I giveress is earned.

Every single story descriptive, how it twists and it turns.

"Imperfect Passages" 2018

Poetry of a King, Volume Two by Charles Higgins 2018
Love is a given. I just wish I could hold her.

Driven by a vision with a chip on her shoulder.

Her image is a mirror of mine; she's a solider.

Beauty is truth in the eye of the beholder.

"One Reflection" 2018

Poetry of a King: Volume Two, by Charles Higgins 7/25/2019
I thanked for the blessing as we smile inside.

I awoke inside and never questioned why.

The attempts to try are ambitions that never die.

Every night, fill of light so bright and high.

Her eyes never like the stars in the sky.

"To a King, Volume Two" by Charles Higgin 7/25/2019

"A Little from Above" 2018
And yet society still wonders why?

Read to the side, forgotten about
Again and again as time just extended
Open doors seem to care to even more
They affect him with more lies and deceit
Adult corrections never correct him
He's incorrect no one taught him a thing
And just continues his erroneous ways
So he walks a path of self destruction

How can he correct? Why will he want to?
And push him further into the abyss
Who took the man as an awkward outcast
The moral acceptance of people
And falls even further from the public
He becomes another ward of the state
Yet not one reaches out a helping hand
Everyone he knows holds an opinion
As he begins to act out and rebel
Unaware lies the seed of resentment
Community property, void and used
I'm a little that just can't be won
He became an everyday common tool
Separated by their own greedy lists
A june with both of his parents

Seeds of Germination 2018
Poetry of a King: Volume Two by Charles Higgins 7/25/2019
behind those walls still seeing the world versus abstractives

personally to ever refer to me verbally

that their not even worthy really of my admiration.

And it just occurred to me kind of absurdity,

I'm not shift exactly like I prefer to be,

use decorative terms when they refer to me,

but to my face, they went even say a word to me

I love how everyone says they hear of me.

Endless Adversity 2018

Poetry of a King: Volume Two, by Charles Higgins 7/25/2014
No wonder why I've turned my back on them all

And that I was apt to fail

Thinking how the facts were recalled

I wouldn't be staring at those cracks in the wall

If anybody gave a fuck or had my back

Maybe got cut just a little bit of slack

If I did this or could or done that

I sit in my cell and I dwell on the past

"When I Stare At The Wall" 2018

Poetry of a King: Volume Two by Charles Higgins 2015/2019
Look them in the eye while you hold your head up high.

And it's okay to cry, but never ever forget to try.

Watch who offers a hand, and who you trust as a friend.

You know it's okay to try again, reconstruct and amend.

Failure is a lesson accepted that does not entail defeat.

Never be dishonest because it only leads to deceit.

Always hold your promises. Practice what you preach.

If we stand, can teach, then please let me speak.

Love for Luna 2018

"Poetry of a King: Volume Two" by Charles Higgins 7/25/2019
One day I asked Yahweh to bring a light into my life
Something that glimmers with hope and shines real bright.
Something beautiful and whole amidst all the pain and strife,
Yahweh opened my eyes and showed me my wife.
What does it mean to be truly aware?
To know and care for a society,
In lieu of individuality.
A reality still so hard to face,
As in poverty's place is oppression.
Why is the question we face everyday,
Excuses are displayed easily
While actions still deceive the poor.
"Her Essence" 2018 - 2019

I love the crystal clear gaze of her eyes
The one of deep thought, confident and unsurprised,
She fails to realize this is a trait she betrays,
She excuses it as craziness has run astray.
But that's okay, I love her anyways
When I speak; I define to a beat in my mind,
For me, it's easy to rhyme and feed them a line,
But if I could teach their feet to reach where I've climbed,
Even the blind are going to be pleased to see my shine

It's like a feast with the Divine when you speak up and apply,
Or just another greedy ass preacher; with a reason to lie,
The Messiah, he inspires; but his skin wasn't white,
Why should it even matter if the message is right,
History teaches lies and those lies cause a fight,
Posed by the winner, truth's defeated and lost to our sight,
I can lie too; I'm a dog and I'm not gonna bite,
Keep your distance though, just cause I might
"Uncommon Truths" 2018-2019

Yahweh walks me through the valley of the shadows of death,
With love of a King tatted to the left of my neck,
Every step that I take is a move He allows me to make,
To give to He who creates, the word defined is grace,
Standing strong in times where most minds would break,
Only statement I can make is the Divine is great,
At times I'm faced with so much oppression and hate,
The affection of aggression raises the stakes,
And if I act on the devil's suggestion of take,
I've already accepted an unharmonious fate,
I'm only known to be felonious by the state,
Cause the whole story the media is selling is fake,
The only disgrace is people feeding lies to your face,
Leaders, devious preachers who hide the Messiah's race,
Tired of being conspired against and told it's a mistake,
Since a seed inside I've been deprived and told it's my place
Overcoming defeat with every breath you inhale.

To prevail when everyone expects you to fail.

Reflect and inspire a desire inside every survivor.

Darker days that begin to shine even brighter.

Enlightening even the darkest within its depth.

The daily toll as it moves east to west.

It's as inevitable as life and death.

The sun rises and then it sets.

"Relentless" 2019

"Poetry of a King: Volume Two" by Charles Higgins
2/5/2019
"Poetry of a King: Volume Two" by Charles Higgins 7/28/2019

As I rise above and climb to be,
Better than any of the time I see,
Cause these bars don’t define me,
There’s no prison that can confine me,

My mind is free...
For it sublimely enshines me.
With the rise of hope and yet, the fall of death
The love of life to the stagnant still of breath
I shall never regret, lest I ever forget,
A smile of relief to break the stress

When at my worst, you brought out my best

Finding light even at the deepest darkest depth
As the sun has crawled from east to west
Another day has come...gone and left...
"Poetry of a King: Volume Two" by Charles Higgins 7/25/2019

"Inside At Three A.M." 2019

I'm behind these walls, waiting and watching,
As I witness the passing of my life.
The people I knew, gone not forgotten,
Often missed, the passing of my wife.
I'm ready to regress, lose all caution,
Cause I feel like I'm left without a right.
Regret is deep set, the pain's not stopping,
I'm finding it hard to see any light.
I just can not get past what once would be,
I'm feeling broken and unable to see.
It went from an I and you to a we,
Lost half of my team...now it's only me.
Now I'm remembering our life through tears,
What could of been and our past, last two years.
"Poetry of a King: Volume Two" by Charles Higgins  7/25/2019

About the Author

Without intention I became kind of infamous through my crimes that I am now serving 30 mandatory years on (22½ left), and my other charges that I had pending at one time or another. You can easily verify this by searching my name and state on google. There's more than one account as well as a video on youtube under "Latin Kings Mississippi."

Regardless, while some of it is substantially true, it is vastly over drawn to wrongly conclude who I am or even as to why. While I have done poetry for years in the form of rap/hip-hop, I took some solid advice and wrote my first book here, "The Poetry of a King: Volume One," in 2014 and now this as 'Volume Two,' 2019. At the same time, utilizing all of the negative media applied to me, even by my own fault, to reveal a break of light through the darkness. For the time between the two books, I have been working on my fiction and non-fiction, which some is almost completed. As well, I had my first article published in Toastmasters Magazine, April 2019. My wife and I worked hand and hand on it with everything else until she succumbed to medical issues in May 2019, bless her memory.

While I am working with an up and coming consulting company, Lion Heart Consulting, with the CEO, Ceaser Sipa, we both are still just putting ideas together and still limited in our knowledge together. We are both open to any/all ideas, typists, publishers, literary agents, and/or mentors to help us both better define a craft that can not only be financially sound, but fruitful in spreading the seeds of knowledge that can inspire and change lives in one form or fashion.

With the time that I have left in here, how much can I write? Can I put the gifts that a power greater than ourselves have blessed me with to a progressive use towards tomorrow's dawn so we can see where and how we walk? How many lives can we change to be more aware?

Thank you,

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