THOUGHTS OF ME

is a collection of poems
written in various forms
All aimed at self expressions
Through self reflections of:
The Author including a portrait,
contact information and
a brief bio of the
Author.

By Alphonso Lamont Willis
Alphonso Lamont Willis

Thoughts of me

10/08/2017
Heart to Heart
(9 words from me to you)

It was strange to be left with strangers especially when the language barriers enticed anger, but the unknown danger showed subtle as matched clothing lain layered on a hanger Enticed was the wrong say jealous for naught is a better play but your aggression showed in a strong way yet I was sent to familiarize and play Strangers without knowledge of my foreign tongue didn't understand why I never spoke nor sung or to be frank, truly believed I was a mute or just playing dumb....

Alphonso Lamont Willis
A shallow grave

A shallow grave,
in a standing cave...
it's man made,
as a mental maze...
and the ways,
are the ways of shame...
see the gains,
could never be tamed...
and a change,
could never be lame,

once you see the end of the beginning lane...
yet displays,
are grave misplays...
and the ends,
are not worth the strain.
If they would come...
I would please
I would please
If they would come
If they please
I would come
I would come...
If they please
Only...
If they.
My love song

LET'S GET LOST IN MY LOVE SONG

(LUSTIN FOR LUST)

May I kiss you softly on your lips,
    and push my love inside...

or would you like me on my back,
so you could strottle and ride...

may I kiss you on your nape,
    while holding your sides
as... I embrace you close,
    while you open up wide...

would you prefer me to be gentle,
    as you lay on your side
or little rough strokes,
    coming slow from behind...

Alphonso Lamont Willis
ILL Bright

I try to chill, but I'm sick cause I'm Ill

I feel like...

I'm filled right...

with hurt pain and dishate as thick as night

like...

light so bright that it hurts ya psych

sight is

what gives life

right angles that fits nice, bult off of get right to get right...

I'm ill right

cause I'm sick like

cause I'm sick like

but I chill because it feels nice,

yet I steel write, in dim light due to levels of comprehensions

being based upon slim types, for uptights, that are too tight, to feel tight

but that's not nice, so a slim slice to fit just right

I chill light, half dim because... I sick like

Ill Bright

Alphonso Lamont Willis
No strings

No puppet,
No curtain,
No blind,
No shade...
No tricks,
No scandals,
No hoodwinks played...
No lie,
No baffles,
No gimmicks,
No shame...
No strings...mean:
No gestures,
Just open arm gains.

Alphonso Lamont Willis
A mind

A mind is...
it depends.

Because

a mine is
it is mine,

yet a mind is...

Mind;

But a mime is...
a mind wiz.

And a mind is...

...is?

What it is.
The sins of me

The sins of me, are to be...
overbearingly empathetic of the needs of others beside me,
to the point that I be, an unknowingly degeneric in need...
or it could be...
a disease of mentality (mentally),
were I'm stuck visualizing everything internally equally as shades of me...
a belief... I knowingly understand could not possibly be.
Yet and still...
I fall and fail
because the sin is buried deeply...
and embedded within my being.
A true friend

Here's some weed.
(No need.)

Have some booze?
(Don't use.)

Want some cheese?
(No me.)

Have a cigarette?
(Wanna bet?)

Take a chance?
(What's the plan?)

Make it happen.
(Let it go.)

I'm a friend?
(A true friend... you know.)
Who am I to you.

Who am I to you?

Who am I to you, I calm you when you're angered

I hold you when you cry....

I cheer you when you're down, and I always tell you to try....

I have your best interests at heart

as long as you keep me in mind....

You could never trick me,

I always know when you lie...

Alphonso Lamont Willis
I am a failure

I am a failure

a failure at the least

a failure to mom

a failure to you

a failure to the world

and

a failure to me

worse of it all,

is

what failuf mean

to accept responsibility

and not place blame on another

a reason

nor a particular disease

no humor,

because;

the smiles are deceit...

to cover and conceal the turmoil, of anguish beneath

but on the sunny side of things

the truth is what it be

I am a failure"because that's what I chose to be"

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Alphonso Lamont Willis
Don't be like me

I am the best man that everyone needs,

the friend that you love (at times) more than family...

I am the who... ah'yeah; the He,

that could have be...

the one that holds Honor above everthing...

Alphonso Lamont Willis
Alphonso Lamont Willis was born on June 16th, 1983 in the city of East Saint Louis, Illinois. He is African American and currently serving life in the Wisconsin Department of Correction.

Follow him on Vinelink.com and mugshot.com for updated photos.

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I wear my heart
On my sleeve
I will sacrifice myself
for those I love
my love...never face me
no.... one cherishes me
yet I am royalty
the highest in my house
to show my fearlessness
I hold the sword of justice
in my right hand
imbeded in my head
If all end, well....
It doesn't matter
If, I'm dead.
Some say I'm suicidal
more so
the King of It
my house hold trumps
when the game is dirty
eventhen....I'm insignificant
otherthan a sucker in love
who....am....I?

Alphonso Lamont Willis
deearly beLoved,

may i brake your heart
may i damper your spirits
by, re movin' the likes
may i giv you greef
by fulfilling less thwarts

may i make you cry
by illuminating the dark

beLoved
Beloved
"What is Love, but sorrow
when joy from pain
....comes like the Sun's tomorrow?"

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Alphonso Lamont Willis
They searchin(for death....)

(why)You can see it in their eyes, no fear, no shy no sadness, emptiness, no gloss, yearnings for loss, no.... tears, twinklin, lingerin, hanging, nor pouring down the sides, of their eyes, as they cry....why
They searchin for death....
(Who)knows....what's on the hearts of....and in the mind. blind

eyes for, those whom rape cause the chase, feels great, wait, and the bait is so underdeveloped as an partially grown grape.... so, farvfrom Lusterous, no where near juicy, all can tell from its' shape.... They state, lack of control, hints Qwagmier's role, from things that happen before, affix that feel they're searchin for, but Moor, They're searching for a whom(Who)
They searching for death....
What....is wrong with those, who ignore the feeling of guilt, and that pang of pain as they pride to deprive and strive to survive from leaning and demeaning of the Meek, subpression of the weak and utter disregard for those whom are afraid to or at least speak to their own who are rogue, and wrong....as they're searching for....who, why"nawl, they're searchin for what...."
They searching for death....
When He or She learns the law and how to apply it accurately to their life and excels to an advance class to be taught by scholars to help those seeking to find correct the line and help those behind, decide....in their mind, to use what they know for selfish gain, to be self serving, regardless of their others' pain.... They stop seeking then, and begin....searching for when (Fin)They searching for death....

Alphonso Lamont Willis
It's a Blackout

In these times the moon is not reflecting the light from the sun,
The sun is cloaked in a cloud of darkness and the stars has all
but vanished from the sky....

The moon is not sharing its' divine intelligence and the stars are dying.

If
If the man is the sun, the light bringer and the light
emits from knowledge. Knowledge of All, knowledge of self....
"master Thy self."
If the Woman is the moon and she reflects the light of
the sun through understanding.... then she is wise
and "she is wisdom, the Divine Teacher."
If the children are the stars and they are guided
nurtured and grounded in the wisdom of the moon....
They are Understanding, and if They are not..."They
are understanding."

Then
"strive to be the best of you to be the guiding light
in the sea of darkness, to reach the depths of existance,
to enlighten & uplift the Women, so they will continue
the cycle and keep the Power of Light alive"

Because
[Matthew 24:29]
Immediately after the tribulation of those days the Sun
will be darkened, and the Moon will not give Its' light,
the Stars will fall from Heaven, and the powers of the
heavens will be shaken.

And if
All is...All is Mighty, because the Well, all...."is."

Alphonso Lamont Willis
I'm sorry

I'm sorry for loving you more than I should;
for expecting you to do things that only a wife would;
for believing we would stand forever and a day;
while knowing,
children...
must always go out to play.
I'm sorry because...
I believed in a lie,

but

I am more sorry because I'll hold it true
until the day I die.

Alphonso Lamont Willis  22
Have you ever
Have you ever been smacked for no reason,
    and then needed...
    Shocked, confused, no meaning...
    ---There is no truly need it---
    My fuse, the buttons, being pushed
    I mean it...
    You're crying, I'm crying
    I'm lying, you're whining
    We move on, but the hurt comes along
    our time is over, but the pain is not gone...
I yurn for you
you complete me
from the beginning of time
non other than I belong intertwined embraced beneath thee
happy days of sun rays
unification of solidarity from blurred mists
self isolation to confusion
half truths and late calls
I lusted for another in thoughts of thrill
and realized no feel can thwart the love that's real
realizations indebted by call needed been sooner

(chorus) Tears of love, drifting on
ooh ou woo ou oohou
surely you'll come bak home
lets reset all the time that's gone
no harm, bygones be gone

Lust, no longing; but flirtatious affection
to prove self-worth of the chase
hindsight of the cause that dominize our demise
and increased my Bohemia and insomnia to the worse case
no longer shall I be closed and distant
honoring to stay open to reprise
praying that my name you never lose
lost on how to reach for your hand
beckoning a down pour of pity coated in empathy
tat your name, buy that house, or allow you to domatrize to your
-surprise
([chorus])

I over-reacted
I will become the man you desire in your dreams
I apologize for impregnating her
but we can still be a family
love, I love you, love stay love
"Wife!...I said!... I am sorry!...please forgive me!"
Yhawe help me, Jesus give me, Allah bless me, Spirits uplift me,
-Me best me
Plee e ee e c
Alphonso Lamont Willis 20
Only you.

Only you bring me joy
only you make me shine
only you bring me clarity,
and bring my harmony all the time
only you bring me peace...
a solid state of mine
only you of whom thee be
you and I in mind
only you.

Alphonso Lamont Willis
The truth about love

The truth about love is...
...that love never ends and...
pretends are not pretends, just love on the winds.

It depends,
more or less
on the time, whether
on the time, whether
it deepens or end...
in...love, the joy is
the pain of knowing
that
you will love even more
once again...
from the hurt...
you regain strength
to stand, and love deeper
yet again (more than bend).

Alphonso Lamont Willis
Waiting for you

Until the end of time...

and once began anew

I'll be here...

waiting for you. (said the lovers)
The thought of me...

brings
joy, happiness, laughter and tears...
pain sorrows and grief,
throughout the many years...
shock, confusion and longing
for what's no longer here...
questions with short answers,
and long stories on deaf ears...
but most importantly
the thought of me brings
a heart that grows,
even when nobody is near.
Who's lucky?

Who's lucky...
the rabbit, whom lost its' foot...
or... the person that bought it, after reading a good luck book?
The bum, with nothing...
who finds joy from everything that crosses his path...
or the snob who trust no one,
with wealth that will last
...even after he pass?