Actually

Terry Lytle

You have to go through a lot of pain, but only the strong survive. The pain is what makes you stronger and go harder. This is the hurt business so you have to prepare yourself for anything.
Actually...
(an anthology)

Terry Lytle (T. LYTLE)

LITERATURE

(Terrence Wayne Lytle)

I have been in some-type of segregation cell since “last we meet...” in fact, it is over a year.

I decided on the anthology aspect, in order to maintain my own innuendos, true. Yet I found myself wanting—really, needing—to put out the “works” (even though many are older than a year).

So, “shorts” you have... With each, as its own separate down load, or read.

I have written (quite literally) over a thousand pages of legalize... the struggle never ends. For all of the people who’ve accepted my shortcomings: “Thank You”; and my family—extended, as you’ve become: “clean... and still getting sober.”

Today is February 18, 2018; welcome to my cell.

Terry Lytle  (a)“Actually...”
“Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)”  
(an anthology)

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Terry Lytle #0252576
On March 1, 2018 I was transferred: Lumberton C.I.
to a medium custody, open-dorm facility: 75 Legend Rd.
Lumberton, NC 28358

Terry Lytle  (3) “Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)”
"Tis strange—but true, for truth is always strange; stranger than fiction." — Byron

Terry Lytle (4) "Actually... (they say I'm Crazy)"
"God of Sex"

Here I stand, at your door
God of sex, God of war
Here I am, at your door
God of sex, God of war
Here! I stand......
HERE! I! AM!

(Listen!)
Terry Lytle (5) "Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)"
Dudes is kickin' doors
Like they're sidewalk prophets
Stop it And drop it...Woofin', like you're the devil's revenge
Or a Bible salesman Selling truth that's dead
Karma's what it is Gossip's what it ain't So pay attention
As I paint... (I gotta)

Sharpie for a brush
A Tupac For the words Cowboy is the verb
Strongarm my way, back into the realm
God of sex God of war Look at me now
All schizoid out "Pistol"-palmed & brawn
(Training just to harm)

Ice-pick by my leg Kinda like my dick—
Sleep wit' it
Eat 'wit' it
XL Shit! Take a shower, and beat 'wit' it......
Got all the jack-monsters on stand-by
C.O.'s staff sweatin' my hands!
God of sex God of war Nurses! Whores!
The Streets Prophet As I prophesize Triple-six,
Man...... Here I stand

Terry Lytle (b) "Actually... (they say I'm Crazy)"
God of sex\ God of war\ Here I stand at your door
God of sex\ God of war\ Here I am\ Man At the door
God of sex\ God of war\ Three-score\ And seven
Twenty-man!
God of sex\ God of war\ Here! I! Stand......
HERE! I! AM....... Number of man

In the Belly-o-tha-beast\ While Bible-Scholars,
sell fictitious plans\ Gob, the devil's a man...
Gods\ Of sex\ Whores.......
Gods\ Of wars\ Moor! we scream...migrating for home
(Our place to belong)
Been gone......so......long....
Like sidewalk prophets\ Playing them doors
Chaos, is grounded\ Truth is gone
Karma, is founded\ Knowledge! Is! Born!

God of sex\ God of war\ I don't wanna be Jesus, no more
God of sex\ God of war\ I don't wanna Judge, no more
God of sex\ God of war\ I just...wanna fly, back home
God of sex\ God ... of... war...
The street-walks, prophet\ Prophecies, no more

Terry Lytle (7)"Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)"
Len Lions
TERRY LYTLE

(A preview)

Terry Lytle  (8″Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)″
"The Jackyll"

Five-ten, 165 pounds. Muscle. Seriously. As if chiseled from marble.

Stout. Six-pack abs. Forearms like ostrich legs—
that's pretty big for his frame. Legs like pistons on big-diesel engines. You know the ones. Those dump-trucks that look like toys, with a man standing inside a rim.

Trucks bigger than houses. Yeah...like that. Got a chest straight off a muscle mag, shoulders a kid can ride on. I said a kid, like a 6 or 7 year old. Back's harder than a heavy-bag & straighter than a witches dick. You know, her broom. She can't possibly be riding anything else. Yeah...like that.

Eyes, bluer than fire. Hair as blonde as King Jeremy's "lemon-yellow-sun." Pure Aryan—in every sense of the word. His mother is a direct descendant of the first Caliph, Abu Bakr. His father? First generation German, born on American soil. An ex-Navy Seal. From 'The Nam'. Purple hearts; Silver Stars—even some Bronze...

But, a son-of-a-bitch. Thru & thru. Still, Jackyll respects his father, honors the code: kill Charlie. Has an attitude bigger than most pussies passing

Terry Lytle  (9) "Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)"
a baby ... and his heart? Never wavers away from 69 beats a minute. Triple C? You bet.

Jackyll is — in every sense — a natural born killer. Any other... as cool, calm, collected as he... bro, I haven't met 'em. I once seen him choke a bitch ... out... until she turned blue... and she was his baby's momma, his ex-wife. Right when the "light" left her eyes, he slammed her head backwards into the concrete. Not satisfied... with no blood. (He told me later that, the reason he didn't kill her was that — with no blood and all — it wouldn't've been gruesome enough.) Yeah... like that.

See, Jackyll is a thief. He does not "kill". No sir. He takes...

Don't get me wrong; he is definitely an assassin — the honorable kind. He takes life, doesn't kill it. And, with a signature you can etch in stone. Headshot Always. With a "grain"-enough to splatter brain-matter all over everybody... and anything. I told you, LIKE THAT! This the "white-boy" the blacks call "nigga". No shit. As in, "that's my nigga"... because you just never know. But, I'm getting ahead of myself. Suffice

Terry Lytle (0) "Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)"
it to say, he's my dude... Assassin's state and all.

Oh yeah, and he's a roofer. A shingle roofer; says, that way, there's nothing between him and Allah. Go figure...

I've seen him tote whole bundles of shingles up a ladder, all day... watched him turn-tacks so fast, he had me time him.

I don't know how many roofing tacks he nailed, but that fuckin' dude laid 11 whole bundles — and was REALLY!, into that 12th bundle — when I called time. That's damn near four-hundred square foot of roof coverage: 'Charlie's house ain't that fuckin' big, the Gook bastards.

And get this: he did it with one o' them real light-ass sheetrock hatchets — not those heavy roofers kind. (He's busted the end of his middle finger open so much, he won't use one.) Bruh's so fast, he sound like muthafuckin' gunfire. Dude's a beast! You know... like that.

He gets us in some shit, though, all the time. Like, every-fucking-day...

He knows he's solid; cut up like a Picasso.

Terry Lytle  (1)"Actually...(they say Im Crazy)"
or some-such shit as that. Keeps his waistband precisely an inch below his Big-Head boxers-band (says it's "advertising"—whatever)...

Levi's, or Dickies. That's IT. Prefers either. Haircut, oh a (—more towards, what is known as a "Caesar." Basically, an all-over Military shave. Like his balls, except they're slicker. Oh yeah— he's a Muslim. (All that, "Vicegerent," Abu Bakr descendant stuff, Shi'ite, A certified warrior...

Listen to 'Grunge' & 'New Rock' — what he yells, "devil music!" No drinking Icehouse 22's (even though, alcohol's forbidden in the Qur'an); smokes blunts as big as your pinky finger. Add a mixture of, Marlboro "reds" and Newport 100's (depends on his mood); when he's drinking that is. Other than that, he'll be spitting dip (doesn't matter what kind) everywhere. All day. Even on the roof. I'm tellin' ya, this dude is twisted metal... but, like that!

There used to be a joke said, that, the reason his de-man got all them purple hearts and stars and shit in 'Nam was because Charlie was chasing his ass all over the jungle—trying to capture him—it is said, to bottle-up his piss...

Terry Lytle (12)"Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)"
(hence “him”—him being in his Daddy’s nut-sack and all)—and sell it for vinegar. But the last time I heard that joke, we was at a little redneck bar in Johnston County called Larry’s Tavern... A broke pool stick and a floor-full of a mouth’s missing teeth put a stop to that. And, he dicked ole-buddy’s girl about a year later. Said it was for the disrespect. There’s just not gonna be any ‘dis’ when it comes to respect. His Pops may have been an asshole, but there’s just not going to be any (bad words), ya dig?

Anyway, he’s got this “office” in his backyard, out in the country. I go there all the time. To work-out: dude has got a “set-up,” truly built for monsters! Sometimes, I still get amazed that Jackyll hasn’t turned himself into another Ferregno. But... then again... bro is a vegetarian (“fish” the exception). I guess that’s how he maintains his build.

His stamina is Hours!, beyond mine. Hell, beyond most. You wanna see “triple-C”—go to the office, the barn... I promise—if nothing else—your mind will never be the same...

Which is why I shouldn’t known, it was gonna...
be SOME SHIT!, when that muthafuckin’
text came: “The office—now!” Damn... now what
tha fuck?

Terry Lytle (11) “Actually... (they say I’m Crazy)”
What his "boyz"—his "niggaz"—don't know, is that they'll NEVER get any of this... That boy can tote shingles all day, swing that hatchet super than the Rush drummer... and come home to me and fuck me better than ANY! I've had... I swear, he once ate-me-out, until I would come. That boy may be a mean muthafucka, but nobody can "lay pipe" like him. It's one of our inside jokes: rooster by day, plumber by night. Got my pussy wet, just thinking about last night...

I met him when I was fourteen, he was sixteen. Very FEW knew him as "Jackyl" then; this was before all the 'dramas'—his, and mine. It changed him...

I remember him, when he didn't drink. And he ate more red meat than two grown men. When he smoked a quarter bag a day! Eyes so "ride" you KNEW, he was evil... but his smile could melt the sun. All he had to do was smile at me, and my mind would automatically go back to the last time we had sex (or the last time his head was between my legs)... There's a lot of good in "Jackyl," and I'll

Terry Lytle (15) "Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)"
love him, until I die.
Even though he wasn't my "first"—I wished he was. It's always been a bridge we just can't seem to cross—like a period-stain in your panties: it's there; even though they're clean, you always hope you don't wreck the car today, NOT TODAY!, because even if no one else knows, you know... and it's gonna be soooo awkward...

S.K. (before he became "JackyII") asked me to marry him, when I was 14. Well, not really... what he said was, that he was gonna marry me or my half-sister, Jennifer, one day. The muttha-fucka... why'd he have to bring her into it?! I swear, I wanted to cut his dick off, right then.

I mean, I was only fourteen—how'd he affect me so?! Everybody seen the Lorena Bobbitt news footage (can you believe they sewed "it" back on?!), but honestly, that was the first thing—well, actually the second thing that came to mind—after he said "or Jennifer... The "first-thing" was...

I love him. Still do. But S.K.—"JackyII"—is cold. As in, cold-hearted.

I think something happened to him in

Terry Lytle (16) "Actually... (they say Jim Crazy)"
prison — NO! not ‘that’ — but something...
I don’t know, life-changing. Because he hasn’t ever been the same since. It’s as if, whatever they did to him — whatever he experienced — it “killed” something good in him. Every now and then, I see it, still there. But, it’s as if... he “sees” me recognizing it, and buries it back down somewhere...

So, you see? How am I to tell him, that one of “his boyz” — “his niggaz” — has been trying to get up with me? Besides the point that he’s married, I just can’t believe he doesn’t fear S.K. I know they’re “boyz”, and that they’ve been thru a lot. But it’s two things that S.K. has always said, over and over, like a drill sergeant — as if he’s gonna drill it in your head: ‘never come between a man and his pussy’. And the other one: there’s no such thing as friends, because there’s no honor among thieves.

So it’s not as if he doesn’t already know ‘the nature of man’, as he calls it. But, should I tell him? Let it go? See if it happens again? Maybe I should call his sister...........

Terry Lytle (17) “Actually... (they say Tim Crazy)”
"I've done, the math, enough to know, the danger, of, second-guessing..." blares out the Pioneer speakers (all black) of Tool, as S.K. sings/yells along... Every now and then, adding "devil music!" (his own evil within, screaming for release).

"Twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three — haagh! — set 6 done. Damn, I love this shit. Feels like a diesel engine coursing thru my veins: I still might get that Optimus Prime tattoo. I like the euphemism: options are prime at optimal solutions... At least that's what I'll say...

Breathe, thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine — "Oh shit! Must-a-fuck-a, that's my shit... Devil music," S.K. screams, as Metallica's "Blackened," comes on the pre-programmed workout routine, mix for the day...

... Color our world, Blackened! Blackened! he sings-screams along as he dips on the parallel bars: "... twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five." He goes to, dead lift...

Terry Lytle (18) "Actually... (they say I'm Crazy)"
And he concentrates... mind like a steel chronograph watch (where you can see all the gears and mechanism) as he deadlifts the bar—one hand facing, the other: knuckles to knees... legs locked, back swayed at a 12-15° angle... bar flat against hamstrings——

"Like a muthafuckin' machine!" he hoarsely bellows... sounding like the voice of Disturbed's lead singer, David Draiman —"Twenty!" — and he unclutches the bar, like a python unclutching the mongoose once he's set his teeth in 'im... (I guess ole buddy was right; "Beastmode" for sure).

Breathe; thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two——

"Uncle Shakur... it's "Boogie," his niece yells—voice raised, attempting to compete with AC/DC——"...for those about to rock!" — and, silence...

Seeing nobody, "Boogie" opens the barn door—the door to the "office," wider. Still seeing no one, as she looks around what could only be described as a roomful of the best equipment money can buy—"I know he's here, the music was just playing..." she says, talking to somebody, yet seen...

Terry Lytle (19) "Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)"
And then there he is... Uncle Shakur... S.K.y... the "Jekyll"... looking like a rained-on statue. Except for the black Jordan shorts, black high-top boots... and a black Pioneer stereo remote...

"Huh!" Boogie yelps, grabbing her heart with her right hand, a key-ring on her index-finger, full of novelty keyrings. "You scared the shit—"

"Languages" calmly collected; but she knows her Uncle, and she knows there's no going back...

"Yes sir," she responds, respectfully—not apologizing: it's something S.K. taught her. Never apologize for something you meant to do; it's unbecoming. Besides, he did scare her.

"Where were—"

S.K. points up, directing her eyes up into the rafters, with his. Boogie, never wavering—and looking where directed—begins to tell S.K. her Uncle Shakur that: "I want you—"

"I know; where is he?" already fascinating Boogie, all over again (as he does every time)

"How do you do that—"

"Mind," he cuts in, yet again, having allowed her enough words. "Again—where is he?" S.K. asks

Terry Lytle (20) "Actually... (they say I'm Crazy)"
wanting to get this over with, as always.

Boogie is his niece, but she’s also his god-daughter—
just like all his nieces and nephews. And she’s forever
wanting him to “meet somebody”—usually, a fuck-head
she thinks she’s in love with. He’s confident this one—

“Whoa!, dude! This place is, like, Jean Claude’s gym,”
Boogie’s beau chimies in, adding stock to S.K.’s
thought—this one, too, will be an airless-airhead,
dimwit fuck...

“Uncle Shakur, this is—”

And S.K. holds his hand up, silencing his niece
at once. “He can introduce himself, can’t he?” he
admonishes, lightly.

“Yeah—'Im Ricky,” he says, sticking out his
left hand.

Bad move.

Before Boogie can get ‘Ricky’ out of her mouth—

Before Ricky can finish the “e” of Ricky—

S.K., her beloved Uncle Shakur, has grabbed
Ricky’s hand... crushing it in his... dropping him to
his knees in pain, as knuckles pop... and pinky
finger—bone, crushes... the side of his hand,
now mush—skin, sticking out between S.K.’s

Terry Lytle(?):”Actually... (they say I’m Crazy)”
fingers, like Vienna sausages between invisible crackers... only S.K. has already turned him loose...

“Uwwggghhhm,” Ricky moans, tears in his eyes, no longer high on the Mexican dirt-weed they’d been smoking. And Boogie, with her “Uncle Shakur!”—it’s enough to make him—

“You listen,” he refocuses, curbing his anger. “You bring a stranger to my places—my land—unannounced. You bring a stranger to my lands, and him—and you!—are intoxicated... my guess.....from smoking some of that dirt-weed. Tom’s been selling everybody, for $25 a quarter. And, then... your questioning gaze is, quite frankly, disappointing. Because it means that... this... (lesson) is at your whim... However, then—your guest insults me.”

“Uncle—”

“Silence! His dilemma, is by your words—or lack thereof. I am! contrary to popular beliefs. a muslim... which you know. The left hand—you wipe your ass with!” S.K. shouts, as if his tone-of-voice can excise the ‘dumbness’ out of his niece, no longer willing to sugar-coat the lesson to be learned here... apparently, by both.

Terry Lytle (22) “Actually... (they say I’m Crazy)”
"So, you accept responsibility. It was your duty to advise him about the left hand.... Now, get some ice for his hand, while I call Bone."

As Boogie went to the house to get the ice (refreshments and workouts don’t mix), S.K. pulled a slim, black cell — about the size of a Bic lighter — and speed-texted his “other” hand, “Bone — "the office — now" .........

Terry Lytle (23) "Actually... (they say Jim Crazy)"
Cali

She has hair so brown, it's black. Brown eyes; skin darker than most Chicanas, and such a loving disposition, that I can tell her anything. Anything... Anything under the sun—and most from the darker side of the moon. She knows me, where my mother don't. We think alike; eat alike (for the most part). She was who I'd run to, when my mind wouldn't make the decisions I'd need it to... It was her hands, that scrubbed the blood off from my hands, after my first kill... blood, she couldn't see. And looking back, neither could I.

She's sexier than most, she just doesn't know it. Never misconstrue: she thinks she's 'pretty'; 'OK'; even—at times, after hours of make-up and curling irons and a half a dozen clothes-changes—'sexy'; just hot as sexy as she is, literally. She's got a body, most slave for.

Long legs... all the way up her ass, you just know! That's how them cheeks bounce like that. Hips, you wanna touch... feel... caress, make love to. She lays out, nude; no tan lines (as if you'd be able to tell). Breasts, no more than a mouthful— but that'd be a "waste" anyway, wouldn't it? ya say? (Most do).

Terry Lytle (24) "Actually... (they say I'm Crazy)"
She took my virginity, before I even understood what being a virgin was; before I knew what "taking" was. She was my cousin... by marriage, somehow. My mom married her uncle, whose brother was married to her mom, (who already had Cali), and they have a daughter—who I hear is a stripper in Atlanta now. So, actually, she's just what she was... a girl not related—literally!—to any of us... which, made it "ok", somehow. At least that's what she told me...

What she'd say—"it's OK"—while guiding my hands over her body, under that teal blue sheer nightgown she'd always wear, pushing my fingers into her... amongst the tangles of coarse hair... So wet, so hot. I remember thinking, why does she have hair down "there", and I don't?: it was YEARS!, later before I got the perspective that what we—she!—did, was wrong. But back then! Sheesh, you couldn't tell me nothing. I was a little man — her "little-man", and she'd let me know just how much. During our rendezvous... I learned from Cali, how validating it was to "please" another... no matter how illegally wrong it was. When she would spread her legs just so, from my fingers going "in and out"... rubbing two,

Terry Lytle (25) "Actually... (they say I'm Crazy)"
“The length of her... top, to bottom... and back to
the top again... back in... back out, rubbing the little
ball of hardness at the top of her... mound. She'd be
getting wetter and wetter, eyes with a daze...

Sometimes, she'd stop me... put my fingers in my
mouth, her mouth. Ask me how did it taste — what did
it taste like. And I couldn't lie... she tasted good. So
good that my little, hair-less dick would be hard, throbbing,
as if my heartbeat was in there! And she'd say, “Let me see"
sometimes. Massage it, massage me... looking me directly in
the eyes... while I played with her (that's what she
called it: “playing with her”). While she watched me, keep licking my
lips. She was taller than me; as I've said, legs longer
than most women's. Cali would lift her nightie (what I
would learn later to be lingerie), and slip it over my head—
body, and all. Tell me to suck her titties. Both of them.
Rub this one — just the nipple (“Not so rough!”), while
I sucked on that one, the whole time, she’s pulling
on my dick. Rubbing the head... I swear! I thought I
was gonna pee! But, it felt “that” good... and it was all
strange to me, even though this was just one night...
of many. And many more to come...

“Yo — what's up?!” Cali greeted me — her way

Terry Lytle (26) "Actually... (they say I'm Crazy)"

“Not me,” I responded into the celly — not the Bic-lighter size bullet that was for important issues, like the matter at hand. Why I texted “Bone” on it: cover.

“Oooh,” Cali winced, letting me know just how much she was looking forward to an unplanned tryst.

“Cut-it!” I take control. “You didn’t call me; there’s no time; no plan; no set-up, period. Even if I could, I wouldn’t make time — you know the rules, the agreement —”

“I shoved... all around, her... just like you like...” Cali interrupts. Voice all hoarse from lust. Jesus.......

“I’ve got a situation; you can’t come here,” trying to regain control of—

“Are you saying, I can’t... cum... are you denying me?” — she intones.

“No,” I interrupt. “It’s just, that... Boogie’s here, and I... I kinda crushed her boyfriend’s hand—”

“You and your ‘He-Man’ shit!” she spews into the phone, getting upset that her denial was of my

Terry Lytle (2) “Actually... (they say I’m Crazy)”
own making...

"You got them kids taken care of, and you call me. Immediately. You hear me? I don't have time for your shit—not today.....I need you", she all-but-whispers; inside... me, over me...... God, S.K., I'm so hot... wet, and I'm not even wearing any panties—"

"Where are you", I demand, voice coarse, gravelly, cutting her off. Damn it..... Panty-less?! Jesus......

"I'm on Beulahtown Road, heading—"

"Cut-it! Listen to me", I say—walking out of Boogie's hearing range—"You better be telling it like it is, 'cause if not—"

"I swear!", Cali breaks in, anticipation building.

"Then you get to Old Beulah— I'll be there in five!", I command, demoting the time. (Panty-less?!!)

"Oh, God—hurry... I'm about to cum", Cali whispers, into a dead phone, stomping the gas and downshifting the Z-28 Camaro (it's an '89) down to fourth. Torqueing the motor up, gaining RPM's with speed. Needing—wanting!—to get to Old Beulah, before S.K. Umm, that boy........ she thinks, throwing the phone in the empty passenger's seat. Gripping the wheel with both

Terry Lytle(28)"Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)"
hands, Cali shifts into fifth—her juices already wetting the back of her skirt...(panty, pantie-less)

As bad as Boogie wants to, she doesn’t ask. Just like her “yes sir” earlier, she respects S.K. Her Uncle Shakur is the most important man in her life; damn Ricky. (Wimp) Boogie loves S.K., as if he were own father; she just “knows” she’d rather call Shakur — Uncle Shakur — before calling her own dad. She’s sure of it, like a deodorant commercial... like the nerd in the front row at school, always with his hand up. (So..... unattractive.) Like Uncle said, nobody wants to go-out with someone smarter than them. She believes it, too. That’s why, she allows her persona of nonchalance to fool the masses...

Her Uncle Shakur has taught her a lot... saved her too. He’s always ‘cleaning-up’ her messes. It’s almost... magical, how he knows; what he does. He never lets her forget, that she’s the daughter........ Taya killed. That he prayed for; that Allah granted, through His vessels— Timothy, her dad ... and Leigha, her momma. He even showed her something onetime, the irony of which, has never left her memory ... or her heart.

“Boogie..... you gonna be alright?.... I mean,

Terry Lytle (29) “Actually... (they say I’m Crazy)”
“Uncle Bone’s on the way...” S.K. begins, not sure how to not let her know...

“I’ll be fine... Bone’s not my uncle, though,” Boogie answers, not missing a beat. Jesus, not today......

“You’re right... but I need him... you need him; Ricky needs him,” S.K. tells her, ever-so-subtly reminding her, that this.... situation, is of her making...

“Is it that bad,” she asks, already knowing the answer.

Uncle Shakur is never half-way; it’s all or nothing with him. Don’t she know it!

“Take a look...” he says, softly... somewhat regretfully.

Somewhat.

Boogie, looking at Ricky’s lumpy—mass of a left hand, feels bad about it. To the point that, the hair on the back of her neck stands up. His hand is already shades of green, blue... dark purple. As big as a grapefruit; visually, as if he has Polio. Damn...

The hair still standing on her neck, causes Boogie to want to rub it down — but S.K. stops her hand, midtempo. She looks up...

_________ _______ _______ _______

I didn’t like what I seen her eyes holding: revenge. But, also — just enough remorse, regret

Terry Lytle (30)”Actually... (they say I’m Crazy)”
that I knew we'd get thru this. Somehow...

Had I failed? Has my mind been preoccupied by circumstances, that I didn't see this coming? Was my life so busy, that my niece—my goddaughter—had resorted to irregardless behaviors, in her attempts to gain recognition? My attention? Is our bond becoming unraveled? If so, how? What can, possibly, be occupying my thoughts—my every-waking moment, to where she—as the rest of my nieces and nephews—has slipped beyond the frontal lobe, at my mind?

They, are my drug. They, are my Salvation, my Sakinah (serenity). Where is the preoccupation, that—my baby!, the oldest—could forget what I've said: people are NOT!, for hurting? From, where has this complication came? How has my mind been overtaken, to where the frontal lobe—memory!,—becomes... foggy? Cloudy?

Is this even possible?

No... it's not.

For... as I hold her eyes... I see pain... feel betrayal, heartbreak... and unspent tears...

Ah, shit...

Terry Lytle (3)"Actually... (they say I'm Crazy)"
“Baaa-byy, where—" S.K. cuts Cali off: "Shut-tha-fuck-up! I'm not coming, got it?! I told you, I have a situation here... And it's grown more complicated, so—" S.K., is now, unusually interrupted—"You muthafucka, you weren't gonna come anyway! And you knew it!" Cali hollers, as S.K. pulls the cell phone from his ear. "I fuckin' hate you!" she screams, keeping up her tirade. "I swear! I am tired of that bitch, S.K.—"

"Watch ya mouth," I growl the fuss-n-fight right outta her. "Not another word... You do what you gotta do, okay? But if you give something of mine away, I'll know... always. Now, I'll call you... but, right now, Boogie is here... so... I'll call!" And I hang up. Press END, push POWER OFF. Jesus....

"Um..., Uncle Shakur?..." my niece—

"Yes, Boogie...," I answer; back; here; now.

"You gotta girlfriend...," Boogie asks me.

"What?!!" I respond, surprised. Surprised at her question. "What?! A girlfriend?!!... Jesus.....

"Yeah,... I mean, it's not like you and Amy ....."

Terry Lytle (32)"Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)"
are married, or anything... I mean, I'm not gonna tell her," she finishes.

"Where is this coming from? Why are you asking me this? What's, made you ask me this?" I try, feeling feeble-like ... and not liking the emotion.

"I mean..." Boogie begins—not sure what she's gonna be able to get away with saying. "She called you a... muthafucka, and said she hates you, so I mean, you've obviously got a girlfriend on the side, because, like, that only comes from a woman, infatuated..." she trails off, after rushing her words in one, fast jumble, looking at me, open-mouthed, dumbfounded at her accusations.

"I mean, ... you know ... that only comes from, like, having sex... all that "dickin’ her down"—

"Boogie—"

"—as Tia says—"

"Boogie—"

"—well, you know it's true. God, don't get mad at me, because you can't control your sluts—"

"Boogie!"

"Besides!, who was she calling a bitch?! I tell you what..."

"So that's what this is about—you eavesdropping..."

Terry Lytle (33) "Actually... (they say I'm Crazy)"
“—I was not!—”

“On my phone conversation!,” I roar, stunning her into submissive silence; “hearing, somewhat irate, an individual’s term, of ‘bitch’? “I finish, back on stable ground: teacher–student. “And, such language...”

But, when I look at her.... her smiling, light back in both eyes — hell, what am I to do? Ricky’s all but forgotten.

“OK— two things..., well - three........

One— I do not! have a girlfriend... Amy’s my, girlfriend, I guess you could say... Two—the female on the phone?..... she was referring to Amy, as a female-dog-in-heat; not you, ok? And three) next time... just break up with him...” I round out, clearing everything up.

“How’d you know?!!,” she asks, shocked by what I said about her and Ricky. “I always know, Boogie; always,” I tell her, although we’re gonna have to have a talk— get the details.

And then...

As if on cue, a fire-engine red Camaro Z-28, grey stripping, roars by my home, my driveway; even on this chaotic-day, I can hear the RPM’s,

Terry Lytle (34) "Actually...(they say I’m Crazy)"
'see' the tach, as if I'm driving the car myself — roaring... growling... tumbling, between 6 and 7,000—redline, any second...

Then Cali hits fifth gear, and a big — clear!

"Fuck you, muthafucka!" comes floating over the T-tops — right into me and Boogie's ears. As if directed by a satellite...

"Who was that?!" Boogie asks disgustedly.

"That, my luv, was the female-dog-in-heat, pussy drippin', and no panties on, to catch her juices. ................fuckin' cunt," I almost-whisper finish. But think...

Something's gotta have to be done about that...

About her...

"Come on... let's get Ricky into the office before your Uncle Broke gets here..."

Terry Lytle (35)"Actually... (they say I'm Crazy)"
“Bone”

I met S.K. — “Jackyll,” right before his 21st birthday. We were in prison...

He didn’t talk much — still don’t. Unlike me, he picked who he ‘did time’ with; who was ‘allowed’ in his circle. I once had an old-head tell me that S.K.’s circle was as small as a dot on an ink-pen’s point, for over a year, once. Say, what you want about the “Jackyll,” but it takes a ‘helluvada man to ‘do time’ by himself — especially a year and some “changed.” He has to have one strong mind. Because of all, that will have “changed.”

Our common ground, was me being a muslim. Well, at least, my attempts and practices. I was still smoking cigarettes, dealing weed — smoking it, too. Getting tattoos; “jackin’ — I had a stack of porn magazines in my cell. I never got a B+ though. (At least not back then.) Even crack...

See, I’ve been in and out of prison so much — for so long — I’ve all but forgotten what life really is, ya know? It’s like, my comrades — my homeys, my brothers... became my family.

Terry Lytle (30) “Actually... (they say I’m Crazy)”
After my family ‘wrote me off’ as a lost cause, time really got real. Hustlin', robbin'—stealing—just like in the streets. What was the point of "going home" when I had no home to go to? Yeah, I still had family... but you could tell. There's nothing worse—nothing lower!, not even dirt! to know your family didn't want you; had given up on ya. Why not go back to prison; at least the homeys and bro's recognized you as a "go-getter".

So, I met S.K., just in time. He taught me so much. But he never took credit: "bruh, I cannot teach you anything; all I can do, is show you what I've been shown... nigga, you need to read the Qur'an—quit trying to memorize it; that's not for us... we're Americans." Shit like that. Bro's mind is like that; reasoning, intellectual. That's one of his favorite a-Hadith’s (Teachings/sayings of Prophet Muhammad — may Allah's Peace & Blessings rest upon him & his household—Amin!); it's out of Al-Kafi. It is said that Allah said, He created our intellects & reasoning [while we were in the womb, before He allowed

Terry Lytle (37) "Actually... (they say I'm Crazy)"
His Rūh – His Spirit, His Breath – to enter our bodies. Bro says this is our intelligence & common sense. And that we disrespect our Mothers by not allowing such to manifest... S.K. believes the a-Hadith, “Paradise, lies at your Mother’s feet” and the one about, loving our mother’s (as the answer three times, before the Prophet (S.A.W.S.) answered, to love our fathers once), go hand-in-hand. Like that! “I told ya! Bruh’s a fuckin’ mujtahid in his own right.

When I met bro, I was reckless as hell. He once told me that I represented all the things he didn’t want to be—or known by. Talk about a low-blow. He was like that, always: he could kick you in the nuts, with his words. Bruh’s got a “sword” on him. I’ve seen cut the female guards to the quick: straight to the point, damn your heart. I remember when he quit his job assignment, because he was getting—in his words—“too close to her” and he didn’t want to do that... her being a Muslimina (Muslim sister; female Muslim)... tell all, but bro was just as in love with her too.

Terry Lytle (38)“Actually... (they say I’m Crazy)”
Son, the C.O. broke-down like a baby, -
"why are you quitting? - don't quit me, I
need you... Please, don't leave me..." - you
told me, what's that sound like to you? Word,
I seen her tears : I don't know how she
stopped them from falling...
Bruh allowed me time to learn my
salah — in Arabic. Showed me how to "live",
without all the soups & junk food; was my hitchen-
post, when I needed to talk... he would listen,
for hours. The Jackyll, he's known as — and
rightly so... but my nigga cried right there
beside — with me! — when I found
out my dad died. This nigga is cold-blooded;
worse than any diamondback, any scorpion. I'm
telling you, I once seen him "strap-up", ready
to run into a wolfpack... Them nigga went
to his mentor. Real talk. (And the ones reading
this, know it!) For some reason, ahK hates
gangs. Well, not 'hate' — that's too strong of
a word. Even so, he dislikes 'em...
He helped me learn, self-discipline.
And, that 'it wasn't just a concept, but a

Terry Lytle (39) "Actually ...(they say I'm Crazy)"
Way of life. It took time—alot—but I finally "got it." Being a muslim is a way of life. No "fundamentalist" bullshit: self-discipline is Jihad, the higher Jihad. The battle with our nats—our lower desires. I knew 'something' had changed for me, when I no longer needed to "get high": when I got rid of all my porn, my "junk" material.

Bro knew, too: he got me a prayer rug. A big one, with the Kabba on it (he said it was so I would be able to concentrate to fully appreciate "taking it to the Kabba"). Which is why, I am, always, anxious when I get a text, denoting anything, about "The Office"... outside regular work-out hours. I told you, bruh, keep us in some shit...

"Salaam Alaykum," I greet S.K.—Shakur—right hand forward, stepping from the car, right foot (and leg) over the left. No bad omens here...

"Wa Alaykum Salaam," Shakur returns, pulling his brother into a strong-hold, vice-like embrace.

Terry Lytle (40) "Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)"
"As Salaam u Alaykum," Bone greets again, seeing Shakur’s god-daughter, Boogie, coming out of the office. This is respect, not a greeting to her individually. However...

"Wa Alaykum As Salaam." Shakur returns, enjoying the one-upmanship of returning the greeting, same or better...

"As Salaamu Alaykum wa Rahmatullahi wa Barakatu," Bone continues, still shaking right hands with S.K. each others left on the other’s lower right shoulder...

"Wa Alaykum As Salaamu wa Rahmatullahi wa Barakatu, wa Jazza’Allahi! Jazza’Allahi! Jazza’Allahi!

S.K. ‘closes out the salaams, letting his brother-in-faith’s hand go, removing his left from upon his shoulder, invoking Allah (Insha’Allah: Masha’Allah) to reward his efforts three times."Amin" (Let it be so...)

Shakur is standing mute, not saying anything (definitely not good. He’s not staring, perse, at me...but he has yet to blink. Again, not good.

Fuck this.

"Okay...what’s the deal — the emergency?" I ask, wanting to meet the situation head-on.

Terry Lytle (4) "Actually... (they say I’m Crazy)"
“Wellll...” Shakur starts to explain—
“He broke my boyfriend’s hand—” Boogie says; to
which I respond, “Jesus......” “Exactly,”
Shakur says,” Ex-boyfriend, though” he clears up.
“Is it that fuckin’ important?! The ‘ex-boyfriend’
part?” I ask, clearly at my wit’s end... already knowing,
Somewhat, what is expected of me.
“Hold up! — Boogie, go inside; S.K. starts, ready
for confrontation.
“Unc—” Boogie begins her protest.
“Go!; that’s the “Jackyll’s” voice: hell; I wanna go in
the barn......
Boogie books-ass up the little 2-step... and
disappears into catatasm known as the office.
“Now, Shakur, hold on—” I try protesting as well.
SMACK!; like hanging meat to Rocky’s hand—
but open...
“Sha—” SMACK! ; he silences me ... (I think
my ear popped).
“Do not talk; do not open your mouth ... breathe
thru your bloody—nose...” — this is S.K.’s voice, Shakur’s.
“But my nose ain’t bleez—” and he hit me ; punched me...
left-handed (“this one kills most men,” Shakur is

Terry Lytle (42) “Actually... (they say I’m Crazy)”
saying, holding up his right hand, “and I'm afraid of this one” (holding up his left to the crowd at the bar) "my mother-fuckin' self, ya dig?” — Wait a minute?! ‘Bar?! When'd we—
SLAP!- like a hand on an S-f*ck bitch—
while you're dicking her down from the back—
“Wake up, you son-of-a-bitch!" S.K.'s voice....where are we—
SLAP!- the other ass-cheek, of that S*f*ck bitch—
"Wake up, you ungrateful bastard... before I kill ya!
S.K. resounds to my detriment.
"I said, UMMNN! "get the fuck up," he growls as he punched me in the right eye-socket, voice as raspy as a dirt-road—
"Stop! Uncle Shakur! Stop!—you're killing him," Boogie screams, as the blood pours from my nose while I cough up blood... the drainage from the damage, flooding my throat....
"Stop!" she screams, as he's raring back to inflict further damage... UMMNN!- bare knuckles to Bone's temple, and he's out...
Thank God, Boogie thinks, as S.K. drops Bone's

Terry Lytle (43) "Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)"
Torse in the dirt...

"Get him up!—I don't care if you gotta spray him with the hose—get him tha. fucky Up!" ..... "Jackyll", only "Jackyll"—who can be—you is!—so intransigent......

Walking...
Across the yard...
Across the field...
Through the trees... into the woods...
Disappearing from sight...

Terry Lytle (44) "Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)"
"Tia"

‘Oh shit,’ Tia thinks, gripping her steering wheel, looking at the Boost-Mobile display ...

"S.K."

But, she already knows it’s him—she recognizes the number... Knows it by heart. What to do, what to do. Nothing good can come of this... nothing good, she thinks, looking at herself in the rearview mirror, fluffing her bleach-blonde hair—all naturally reaching for her cigarettes: Salem’s, Menthol.

It’s not that she doesn’t love S.K.—she does. With all her heart. She just doesn’t know how to help him anymore; how to relate to him. Something has changed lately; she just cannot put her finger on it. It’s almost as if...

"Yeah," she answers—not knowing why, or how. "What’s going on?" she asks—because really, something’s gotta be going on for S.K. to call her—chirp her, that is. He always said, he kept the ‘walkie-talkie’ just for her. What did that mean? I swear, that boy’s getting crazier & crazier, every day.

"Yeah, um, I’m asking—OK?—asking

Terry Lytle(45)"Actually...(they say I’m Crazy)"
"if you'll go to The Office," (ah, shit, she silently groans "nothing good," she remembers thinking)

"and...you know, uh...clean-up?" S.K. requests.

Clean up? Oh, Jesus — what has he done now?

Running seventy, seventy-five, Tia slows her Geo Storm down to about sixty-five, merging in the right lane ... preparing to exit the interstate. She's gonna need some things...

"How bad?" she chirps back, like a throw-back M*A*S*H episode — blonde, army-nurse, and all.

"Well, that's just it," he statics back, "I really don't know..... I mean, Boogie's there..."

"Boogie," she interjects, forgetting the one-way conversation altogether of a Boost-Mobile, such is her dismay at having to, probably, help Boogie.

"Did you say Boogie, Shakur?" Tia asks for clarification — hoping, really, that he can hear the dismay in her voice...

"I know, sugar... that's why I'm asking....."

"Plus, there's "Bone"... he's all banged up... gonna need more than a few stitches... I wouldn't ask"

Terry Lytle (46) "Actually... (they say I'm Crazy)"
“but, you know... it's just some broken bones—a hand, maybe... no gunshot wounds or anything...”

he airwaves to Tia.

‘No gunshot wounds!’ Tia thinks—as if! Jesus, what's gotten into him? As if a gunshot wound is 'nothing; can go unreported'? What the hell is wrong with him?!

“Um, Shakur... am I gonna need my tools? You know, my bag?... And what about, meds—those, too?” Tia chirps, already agreeing to help—and not knowing why. Boogie?! God...

“You're gonna need it all, sugar—plaster too..... thanks....I'll call you,” and he's gone. Never hearing her, “Plaster?” or, “Wait!”—just as he likes it...

When it comes to needing doctors, you can't leave 'em no room to say no. Not in his experiences; not with what he's been thru.

Which is why Tia is only on Boost-Mobile..... No way for her to say no.

Terry Lytle (47)“Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)”
... the killer, the lion in the trees pride intact
... the heartbeat — thump! thump! — in your ears when you're too afraid to move; to blink; to breathe...

T.W.— Total Warrior, like the stealth as a ninja of the night.....
the demon that you run from, may be your own.....

Don't miss, "Ten Lions"
(coming soon)

Terry Lytle (48)"Actually... (they say I'm Crazy)"
Terry Lytle (T. LYTLE)

Aesthetic...
Aesthetic...

Terry Lytle (Terrence Wayne Lytle)

AKA, "Cowboy"

LITERATURE

Still, Self-Styled Anger Management...

Literature - the production of written works having excellence of form or expression and dealing with ideas of permanent interest

Which is what you are about to read... works of expression. They are as varied and emblematic as my works of "poetry" in "They Say I'm Bi-Polar...", yet here, I'm not so much concerned with the rhyme, as I am the rhythm. Today is October 4, 2017... Welcome to my cell:

Terry Lytle #0252576 Terrence Wayne Lytle
Maury Corr. Inst. 90 Jeanie Lytle
P. O. Box 506 906 Pittman Rd.
Maury, NC 28554 Selma, NC 27576-8307

Terry Lytle (2) "Aesthetic..."
The fundamental for any artist is to be sincere, produce works that are truly unique, reflecting his own vision, his own concerns, be it aesthetic, philosophical or conceptual—a vision that opens minds, that can be shared, that can be reflected upon.
“As long as you’re hustling to get where you’re supposed to be, there’s no shame in what you’re doing to get there.”

Terry Lytle (4) “Aesthetic...”
What You Can Learn From Someone of Another Race.

In an environment of chaos and violence, with over a thousand souls roaming these halls, these stairways—some, lost; some, found; some, in between—what can we learn? It is scientifically proven, individuals become victims and products of their environment. I've learned what I don't want to be...

I don't want to be looking upon a lady with lust in my eyes, just because she chooses to express her femininity. I learned that I wanted to go against the grain—stand outside that “man-box”—and admire her beauty, thankful that she was courageous enough to express it. That doesn't make her any less of a woman—far from it. I also learned that, a lot of women are so beautiful that their essence intimidates the masses; and I swear to God Almighty (may Allah forgive me), that a woman expressing that strength in such adversity, makes me respect her... love her (jisabu'llah—For the sake of Allah), as it is incumbent on the Muslim to realize that humanity is his family.

I did learn, however, that family is all we've really got; even though the Quran admonishes us to “not sever the ties of kith and kin”—I learned this from a so-called "black" man, Abdul Wakil. Today, where my arrogance, ego, and pride had severed those ties—many of those

Terry Lytle (5) "Aesthetic..."
relationships are no longer estranged. I also learned the worthlessness of a $100, compared to the ties of two brothers...one “black”, one “white”...

The most ironic thing learned, came from a whole family of another race... “Love each other, just because”...literally. My other brother—very “light-skinned” with long dreads, another so-called “black-man”—his own Mom, “calls me son. She remembered me being a Father... when nobody else seemed to mind,... to forget. I learned thru her gesture, that I wasn’t resentful or bitter... about being “overlooked” or “forgot.” The recognition was far greater than any respect.

However, the greatest thing I’ve learned—I learned from an Arab, who has been from the face of this Earth, over a 1,000 years: Amir-ul-Muminin (Commander of the Faithful), Imam Ali (a.s.). He taught me that, “he who is greedy is disgraced”: I had a real good job, $13 an hour, $19.50 an hour overtime—guaranteed 56 hours a week. I learned that effort would get you employed: me and three “black-men” (all convicted felons) landed this job within a couple of months of leaving Maury Correctional Institution; my max-date having been July 19, 2007... yet, here I sit—disgraced—for the 8th time... while my child, a feminine female no less—is raised in a broken home without her daddy...

Terry Lytle   (6)“Aesthetic..."
And I learned, from someone of another race, to talk about yourself; there’s no need for all the gossip—there’s plenty of “examples” within our own lives... I learned that from two homeless men—“black” men... Tyler Perry (of “Madea” fame) and The Weeknd (of “The Hills Have Eyes” notoriety). See, for me... I’ve been learning from someone of another race, my whole life: within my own family, there are multiples of someone of another race... Yet, humanity could learn from someone of another race: Martin Luther King Jr. Some dreams are worth dying for: But do we have to...?

Authors Note:
What you’ve just read came in 3rd place of the 2017 Black History Month Essay Contest, February 21, 2017. The facility—Maury Correctional Institution—had a population of about 1,500.

Terry Lytle (7)“Aesthetic...”
(The One I Didn't Send In...)

The mind of a wise man is the safest custody of secrets; cheerfulness is the key to friendship; patience and forbearance will conceal many defects. Learned from one of another race, an Arab.

In our minds, we are men. Amidst this negativity—all the chaos—we practice wisdom to the extreme: "secrets"; being silent about things we see, or hear. It is, actually, "safe." By it being a "forced" condition, of our environment, it is resented, for it is a type of misfortune and helplessness—to see, and hear about oppression twenty-four, seven. Who doesn't?

Poverty often disables an intelligent man from arguing his case: the ratio to legit convictions compared with questionable ones, is a manifest miscarriage of justice. The mind keeps "safe" every single breath. Losing sleep, barely with an appetite... I live amongst people, in such a manner— that, if I can see the change—I'll be it. Gandhi—a buddhist, a monk, a man from India—experienced a chaos and negativity beyond our imaginings. It was the Dali Lama who said to be the change; yet, Gandhi's experience—freeing the people—is the strive.

Charity and alms are the best remedy for ailments and calamities—that's why cheerfulness is the key to friendship: who hasn't learned, in this environment, that a nasty disposition keeps everybody away? Even when you have nothing to give, the smile you allow is just as strong as a charitable act; in

Terry Lytle

(8) "Aesthetic..."
fact, the Prophet of Islam said that, and he was a world-renowned businessman.

By being patient, and for bearing these times of oppression and hardship—this chaos—we conceal our defects; our resentments; what we are bitter about. When a man is deserted by friends and relatives, he will find help and sympathy from strangers. Imam Ali (Alayhi-Salam) said as much. So, that nasty disposition? Discoun it. Disillusion yourself by freeing your mind—and façade—from that “man-in-the-box” and truly manage your life. It is only by doing this—by striving to attribute and surpass the merits of others—that then, the world will favor you. Patience is a kind of bravery.

Just as Tupac Shakur was saying, “you not gon’ say, look at all the scratches and marks on the rose that grew from concrete”... (“Funny it seems but by keeping its dreams, it learned to breathe-fresh air, Long live the rose that grew from concrete, when no one else even cared). I’m not saying all these ‘rites of passage’ should be disregarded.

However, if the wisdom of men is disregarded—we will become, ‘The Unlearned’. You can learn that from me: someone of another race. Unlearned... as a career-criminal, doing 30/6 months as an habitual felon, incarcerated for the 8th time.

Terry Lytle (9) "Aesthetic..."
And the sad reality is, you already know me... the man in the mirror: doesn't every predicate felon behave as a... "Cowboy"?—Salaam (Peace).

cowboy: one having qualities of recklessness, aggressiveness, or independence (Webster's Collegiate Dictionary ©2005)

Author’s Note: Even though this one was written first, it is full of maxims...
Sometimes, the "work" is a letter—to-self, engaging my intellect.

Terry Lytle (10) "Aesthetic..."
What Inspires Me

For me, inspiration comes thru numerous mediums. Even though I am still known by the moniker "Cowboy," I am no longer quick to temper, sure to react, aggressive—violent. I have been a practicing Muslim (Alhamdulillah—Masha-Allah) for a long time, and it is only through the searching out of a higher power that I am less angry, no longer abusive and violent, nor do I use drugs in any volume: recreational or otherwise.

As my mind cleared, my emotional damages healed. Not all, but the better of half. As my mental anguish cleared and my desire for physical aggression lessened, I realized that through principles and morals (i.e., "rules") I was not hurting as much and my spirit soared.

Through attempts at holding myself accountable to the only friend I trusted (God), I began a transformation to where principle overrode loyalty and moralistic values became more important to me than some twisted version of honor. Now that I honor myself and remain loyal to my principles and my goals, the spiritual transformation that has taken place has me placing integrity over and above obstacles. For one who used to feel as a "wolf looking down upon the sheep," my unseen friend (The Most High God), has inspired me to live as much of a life as possible, based on integrity.

Terry Lytle (II) "Aesthetic..."
Integrity means "even when no one's looking." Your real friends love you, no matter what and want your best interest for you. As the unseen realm ever reminds us, "someone is always watching..."

-Salaam (peace)
Space Suits

Our "own" life is not our own. That is what we don't understand, will not accept, and refuse to see. The old saying, "the blind leading the blind" is, really, not a saying in jest. It is a manifested proverb that has, all too likely, been disregarded — or looked at, as a parable.

What we need to realize, or keep in remembrance if we do realize it, is that these bodies are nothing more than the "space-suits" that contain the Divine, within; and, by constantly being manipulated by all the social distortion and disintegrating rhetoric of "life," we are "pushed" and "pulled" into so many chaotic moments, that it'll have your head spin.

It is when we "stop", that we shift; when we breathe, we experience; and as we just remain silent, reality manifests. The "Voice" isn't small; it's all the background noise, all the chaos that you cannot see, but you feel it. And you hear it, without choice; yet you seem to be unable to label what all the noise is.

What possibilities there are! Our experience alters several times a day, according to our thoughts, our ideas; the way we act, but more so, the way we react. The voice may well be saying, "Do absolutely nothing." However, as Guide, it may also be directing or giving you a very strong sense of doing a certain thing.

Terry Lytle (13) "Aesthetic..."
And we procrastinate, or put it off. What is really happening is we are denying the phoenix's flight and not allowing what is inside of us to really be free!

Because in reality that's all it is anyway. Our refusal to accept that, with all our experiences, our understanding, and shifts in reality... it's just our Self wanting to escape the suit!

— Salam (peace)
Bio Feedback...

...so alarmingly shocking to the psyche it rebels against its thoughts: not, this, alcoholic, this!, buffer of marijuana, snorter of cocaine, smoker of crack... not!, this inhaler of heroin... Indeed, this nicotine addict—caffeine junkie and sugar eater straight out of the bowl... Adrenaline freak, feasting on such an abuse of carbs, whole loaves of bread disappear at one setting... body, needing protein so demandingly,... gallons of milk, boxes of cereal—diminished; pulverized—shacks, labeling him(with whatever witticism's you bring) irrelevant to "the mind—"Cereal Killer"—as he smokes not!, another cigarette or blunt or joint...

But an idea, a pulse—contraction... a chakra, of deflating pain, digesting rain... Of tears that will not come—a hunger, (refused) to feed...
Not manipulative nor unconscious... the objective, not apathy to mind control... but, antipathy to the feedback... of others...

Breathing...
Otherworldly breathes..... painlessly.

Terry Lytle (15) "Aesthetic..."
biofeedback - the technique of making unconsciousness or involuntary bodily processes (as heartbeats or brain waves) objectively perceptible to the senses in order to manipulate them by conscious mental control.

(Merriam-Webster's Dictionary & Thesaurus ©2006)
Who Can Relate

What a question ... it's in a song. So demanding; so personal ... You ever read intellectual work? Real intellectual work ... challenging you to think; igniting your thought processes, as you weigh the pros-and-cons of the different doorways your mind runs in-and-out of, wanting to find the solution to the mental question — or, at least an easy way out?

Ever had an intuitive attack of the mind, so powerful when you're in a moment of life, that the moment seems ... disrespectfully interrupted? How about the way one line, out of a whole movie — and I'm not talking about those 90 minute rip-offs, but those 120, 160 minute-movies — how about one of them ... where it's only that one line that 'grabs' you, that stimulates you? Like in Natural Born Killers: "...you ain't seen nothing yet..." — or, what about (same Woody) "...sometimes you've got to play it to the bone..." — movie title somewhat the same: Play It To The Bone?

You ever been driving down the road, and a voice from the past — so loud — invades your car? And with sealed windows, noise reduction suspension and steering — it's so loud, that it even overrides the radio volume — already!, past halfway 'loud'... that ever happened? How about the flip-side of the coin ... where the 'splat' of a bug

Terry Lytle  (17) "Aesthetic..."
on the windshield is what shatters your reverie...ever been there?

Or...when you're just cruising, somewhat suffering tension—as your pulse reacts to all the flooding memories the scenery brings...at 70 mph (it is a country road, all but abandoned in its backroad disuse)...where the views are such an occurrence of disturbance that.........when the slow-going, no-good "fuck"!, pulls out in front of you, you stamp-tap the brakes—keeping them from locking—blowing the horn in one, long, continuous smash-hold...flipping your middle finger on the other hand sky-high (almost where that bug is at)...saying, "...fuuuuuuuu c yoooooo...mutha-fucka! er...."

—not loud, but so angry and hateful and aggressive—that the poisons of such, escaping your pores—the 'scent' of such......Rage...immediately sexually excites you 'into a mental frenzy—in fact, a rush!—to 'get off'...one of those slamming-hard-fucks—so abrasive, it's almost sadist—sweaty; demanding; flexingly tight, like strained aerobics...until—unleashed!, the demon of semen escapes...like spent euphoria that you 'push'...from between your legs—ever been there?

What about the daycare center, where you're not the only parent running an hour and a half beyond 6 P.M.

Terry Lytle (18) "Aesthetic..."
fatigued... yet camouflaged with a mask of deception, so serene... that its sobriety is mistaken for affable sociability... "never!" the toddlers' screaming... raising your hair, on end—"no!" "not!" the preschoolers... smashing the front-ends of push-trucks into repeated head-on collisions, the knees of their pants riddled with the granularity... animal cookies; hairs; dirt... And the parent, later than you... barging in the door—and the conversation,—not so much as an 'excuse me', before they speak? You know the ones, whose ears are 'just-a-touch' newer; a touch bigger... more luxurious—or loud!, that their obnoxiousness tries to cower you into a self-conscious mute—"nope!" couldn't be them either... but you've been there—right?

Amongst the fires and brambles... the thorns; briars... all tangled up into a ball of emotions and triggers and firefighters and managers that—divergent as they are—are still, so intrinsic... so... 'silent', that you describe it... as... "feeling; unfolding"—as if by exorcism......

the schismatic warfare of two wolves, scientifically maddening; you, it's so preposterous........

Only to have found the method—Psychoanalysis
By Pen—still, psychotic... so... broken, so... psychic!

Terry Lytle (19)"Aesthetic..."
(which is: 'sensitive to nonphysical forces'), so... medium (which is: 'channel, communication between the earthly world and a world of spirits') — What?! ... 
What do you mean!, you're not a psychopath?!?!?! You've been there... right? — Right?!!! ...... then stop lying to yourself........
You're just as schizophrenic as the rest...
Scary, isn't it?

Terry Lytle (20) "Aesthetic..."
Door

And I will rise. Rise, just as the Phoenix son that I am—
disintegrated stress, like the flesh that peels off my skin...
ashes...dust...consumed by the fire of all the things you've
helped me to accept that I'll never be.

Rise, like a double helix saluting its Creator; right
wing raised...like the flame of consuming fire that is
eating oxygen as words eat, space of a page...

And I stand. As double—Phoenix's face each other-
across the schism of the clear square glass... looking into
ether, disregarding the bars...
The guards...not that you were ever beneath me—
just lower than I'm willing to go...Chance, the separation
between you and bad luck... placing your world behind
steel doors...

And yet, you still beg for more... Integrity—the luck
forgotten. As I am risen... begotten by the flames of
desire; the fires of lives I've lived... humanity—humanistic
character (and) human characteristics sacrificed like the
wood fueling the pyre of my hands... words edged into a
page...

Pages of a book, for the right handed... guns drawn
like a cowboy in the strife-life; of the night—right, ten
paces out to a gun-fight that his intellect has him

Terry Lytle  (21)"Aesthetic..."
drawing at eight... shooting, at nine... congratulating his self at ten...

Phoenix... from the fire on his mainframe... 'The Pen,' doing the math... 'This,' is twelve... learn... discern... the fire, only burns consumable waste—death's ridiculous agony... bland in its' taste...

As the sunset horizon paints the sky hues of blood within veins and bones of an angel manifested form... within... the blue-grey, norm of my... prisons, door

Author's Note:

This was written while listening to B.B. King—
"How Blue Can You Get Baby"—when staring at the paint-scraped, shades of colors, on the inside of the cell door... sunset, breaking through the window on the back wall.

Terry Lytle (22)*Aesthetic...*
Cell

I've slept weeks—not hours; not days. Weeks.

Not hours.

Not days.

Weeks. In those cells...years; equivalent to decades. A child's maturity; a youth's...eighteenth. Over twenty-five years; such dormancy attempting to deaden my Soul. Life, less immaterial.

Not really 'sleeping' either... a "there", kind of existence.

Not sleeping—no... not at all.

Insomnia, the Ruler of night; aggravation, fear... and terror... Kings of the day. Intermingled with all the noise and chaos—you have two time bombs—ticking at once.

Theirs.

And mine.

The quiet moments... those times? Enough to drive you insane.

Insane enough to rip the lining out of a coat—call it a black flag—you tying it around your head so low, it's edge... cover—blinds your eyes... excuses, for all the assaults you bore; witness, to all their pains.

When it's quiet, everything seems calm—only to put you on edge. Where the cells have become silent as a mortuary; vigilance, your identity... The rubber-squeak of the guards' shoes—soles; mistaken for the spiritual principle...
embodied in man: no moral, no emotional nature there. Just a screw... without a soul.

Keys— as silent as the soulless heartbeat; uncharitable—tart... even a Muslim smiles.

But then a cell-door's airlock 'pops', sliding it open... one... two, tiers up? That would mean, the second floor; up. No... wait a sec... Footfalls on all-steel grating steps—three tiers up... which means, top-tier—top-floor; your cell on the actual pad of the concrete slab, four-stories down, basement-like.

"Quiet," like that: tedious; torturing. And just as abrasive and violent as any shank— thrusting and brutal—raping unblemished skin... victimizing, for the intrusion. Loud as any of the 'gassing', cellie, three doors down is giving. Which you resent— not the scent; you can't smell him... it's the peace, disturbed.

Like that... crazy; madness. Insane.

And they tell us, 'don't think in absolutes' — how?! It's all we've known: either you're 'in', or you're 'out'. Cool; or lame. Either your father was 'there'— or it was dysfunctional: the 'classic', broken-home. Even our moms: either she raised us, or the streets did. No middle-course; no middle class: it was either the back of the bus, or

Terry Lytle (24) "Aesthetic..."
the front. A paddling, or suspension...

Like the 'screws': they were either C.O.'s (company officers)—or 'mules'. I'd rather 'The Jokes' than the 'mules': a mule'll get you killed. Especially if it's a female... suckel's for love think that's their girl—when she's laying the pipe to them. Twenty-five dollars, brings her five-hundred for the pound of cheap-grade tobacco... stress-free. Where you deal with the 'yard'—and all the personalities—she's got you... and, you work for her.

In the circus of the damned, it's cult-like... what is done, for drugs, tobacco, and phones, Satan's playground; plenty, full. Where the only thing innocent is the concrete and steel: it's already dead; it doesn't have to choose. Choice, never their option—once tempered. Like pages in a book, made of dead trees—acid test, crucial.

Predator.

Or prey.

Kill.

Or be killed... death, welcomed many times over the abuse. The humiliation and bullying; the ridicule. Even trying to succeed at that... suicide has failed many, death's capricious character as uncertain as the mail.

Purgatory; hell. There's nothing celestial about such a

Terry Lytle (25) "Aesthetic..."
black hole. Wolf, or sheep? If you're going to behave as if you're not covered in fleece—then you better have teeth. Fuck what you heard...a man better have teeth—enough to main his ‘baby's-momma', self preservation times, come.

What's your choice? What do you decide, where your choosing isn't even about making "the right" decision—the "good" choice—but, about disguises and cowards running in packs; sheep, all. No man saddles-up with a band of ill-reputes whose duplicity removed,—true intentions are just as servile as a lambs. As Machiavellian as I am?!

Life's machination is not left the morale of matriarchy. Not even Pac could prophesy such a cataclysm, in which evil is destroyed; that's non-cipher! Label me deviant—by all means. For I am individualist; nonconformist. Anarchic; Maverick. Bohemian...isn't living in a cell, an unconventional life? To unconstitutionally 'house' me in such squalid environs, and then label me heretical; dissident; is just as Marxist a science, as politicians influencing policy, over business affairs: cronysm as deadbeat as the dad's we didn't have.

Like concrete-thinking: there's no grammatical connection when it comes to the biting, acrid hands of time.

Terry Lytle (26) "Aesthetic..."
Hard time.

Time so punishing—a father ages 40, as his child ages seven. Where hair has turned shades of grey, never seen. Eye color changed from blue to green to slate-grey—sometimes in between. Punishing... where your eyes "stick" open, refusing to blink... too catatonic to think.......... or feel.

And yet, every young hoodlum you come into contact with—"Forty?! No fuckin' way—you lyin'!"—so cynical. The truth, unacceptable to their way of life.

It's sad; but I understand it perfectly. They're in a prison cell, architecture so hateful it's as if Lucifer done it. But not even his design could've envisioned the disturbing disorder that the dogs of war would conjure, just to destroy tranquility; composure.

In that cell, the majority of their time. Thinking—scheming, really. Pondering... chewing it over; studying (in an antisocial way); "figurin'"—"doing the math," as they say. Cerebral, mental—but devils—all.

Take for instance, the fixtures: there's only two. Double-trouble...

Mirror: attached to the wall; eight bolts. Light: attached to the ceiling; eight bolts. This is not an Orson Welles punchline; it isn't 1984... Only the Elite would be brazen.

Terry Lytle (27) "Aesthetic..."
enough to gas-chamber the masses, without the chemicals. Atrophy; deadlier than any scurvy-causing parasite. The
malnourishment, so antinomian as to confound even malaria: it takes nutrients to become fecal; diuretic. Who needs hypnosis,
when he is surrounded by blacks—staff even!—disrespectfully
calling each other "nigga?"? Put a bunch of white guys in a
room together, and watch what happens when one starts
calling the other "boy"—disrespect is disrespect: there's no
"power-removing", from wars or words. That's like, taking
yeast from rolls: they're just biscuits then. Why psych your-
self?

Such, is being social. No? Then let the "white-boyz", call
blacks "nigga"—and vis-à-vis...

Exactly. It's just as euphemistic and mathematically
"John Nash", for Einstein—a Jew!—designing an atomic
bomb. This type of heterodoxy ... is said to be "Genius". But
who forgot all the "genii"? Even the Muslim knows that the
"genii"—the "jinn"—is an attendant spirit; an influencing
for evil, or peculiar and distinct leanings; bent. Imagine...

Holocaust's malefaction, criminal; Einstein's malefissance—
just as malignant!; "genius"... while an American president is
made, "whipping boy"...

Scapegoated, as to leave no doubt. Celled...

Terry Lytle (28) "Aesthetic..."
JIHAD (In the blink of an eye)

As the sun breaks thru the bar that binds him, and crushes the permeating darkness of his realm, he realizes, once again, that it is God's Light conquering the dark desires within him — and that he has mistaken a blessed cave for a prison cell... His patience, tried; his faith, questioning; his spirit, saddened; his trust in God, secure— he performs salah, as if it is all he has to offer God.

Mind is not him; no matter the attacking thoughts or the whisperings of the shaitan, he strives to adapt and adhere to the deep of Al-Islam—The Submission, to God's command... As he concentrates his sense of hearing, he concerns himself with correct intentions of adhering to the direction... of the Ruh.

For jihad has begun (yet again); and, with a student's pen, he seeks the Noor of Allah as Guidance; God's Compass: serving, as The Director of a mumin who remains... heartbroken... as a prisoner, imprisoned... of the dunya.

Terry Lytle (29) "Aesthetic..."
Author's Note:

Jihad: Personal struggle of devotion and self-control
Salah: (salat) Prayer
Shaitan: (satan) the devil's minions; spiritual, dark forces
deen: way of life (not religion)
Al-Islam: The Submission
Ruh: The Spirit (breath of Allah)
Noor: The Light (of Allah)
Munin: believer
dunya: world

Terry Lytle (30) "Aesthetic..."
The Yard

"See, the white-man has entombed you, now. Slavery wasn't good enough; no! Putting us on plantations; in the woods-middle of fields! No trees; no shade—and the sun, burning the blackness right back to the top! All traces of mixin'—and rape, gone! Even genocide! That wasn't a civil war—that was an eradication! Just as Pharoah! Killing the men, enslaving them—murdering them! All male-born children, slaughtered!

"It's the same today, my man... exactly the same! Instead of forty acres to one man, the white-man has placed hundreds—thousands, upon forty acres. And he cultivates the lands with prisoners', slave-labor! Instead of hogs and rotted vegetables, the white-man feeds you below-grade food, nubbin in it's energy—but just enough to keep the sweat boring out your skins, marring their Correctional Enterprises... sewing their uniforms! And ours! Like chinamen in a floodplain, malnourished and overworked!

"Forty-cents a day... why, a man can't even write his girl—his wife, the mother of his children, with forty-cents. Can't even buy a bar o' soap! that hasn't got all that hog-grease in the soap— the soap we makin', in that Enterprise! Keepin' us, stinkin' and smellin', like a buncha field-niggaz!, beating us down with

Terry Lytle (31) "Aesthetic..."
self-hatred, our understanding short-circuited by such a meager existence...

"No, my good-brutha... that—in there!—that's not a cell... it's a tomb. The white-man wants to keep you savage... oppressed! Pure evil! Who better, to tell you the hatred—the disgust!—by which we live, than the devils that put you here?!

"The black-man! That's who! We are a nation of gods—everything originates to the black-man! So come, my young-bruthas... let us enlighten you to the plight of the black-man. Equality! Peace, Wisdom, Knowledge and Understanding. Come! This cipher is for you..."

And on—and—on he goes... unable to accept that he took a life, while in a drunken stupor... or that he raped—whether woman or child. And the thieves join his cause... self-hatred at being such a petty-crook... while even the crack addicts and heroin junkies flock towards the anger... the fueling-energy, that dissipates better than any 'hit' or fix... of why—now!—they had become so weak... so enslaved to the genocide of the CIA... and all its agency—ingredients... of war—and rumours of war—as dark and deceptive as any apocalyptic scripture... as any revelation...

Terry Lytle (32) "Aesthetic..."
As you walk the yard...perimeter checking the step-counts...it'll take to reach a mile—just as backwards and counterclockwise, as any racetrack—"left-turning" like a toilet, flushing waste...trash...apple-cores and cigarette butts—the irony is not lost: all these factions—yet just as factious, and causing dissension as any skin color...or religion...For, even the Muslim knows the left-handed are just as backhanded and insincere, as any of the mealy-mouthed, two-faced hypocrites backbiting and scandalmongering another...

Such is politics: competition between groups. Ask any of their various leaders what the "Left" is...and you'll get such riddles as: you shouldn't eat with it...don't shake hands, lefthanded...don't bang the left...Eastcoast don't get muchin' to do with the West...it's the evil side of the body, of men...the side hot-water is on: you know, "plumber's code"—hot-water on the left; shit don't run uphill. You get to asking them about it being: political views marked by desire to reform the established order—which usually means giving greater freedoms to the common people—and they'll be foaming at the mouth, rhetorical; vile...

"To revolutionize...requires the radiant open-mindedness of such radicals as our Founding Fathers...as progressive.

Terry Lytle (33) "Aesthetic..."
and unconventional as any insurgent: Thomas Jefferson and the like were mutineers! Insurrectionists of the Finest: America—"The Free"—still stands; it's politburo be damned. There's plenty, of good Americans out there— in here!—that understand and know, America doesn't need to be 'made—great—again'—only its Systemization needs be reform.

"The WHITE-MAN" is the Establishment: through the procedure and planning of systematically and methodically "removing" the election of the elected, the triune doctrine no longer resembles the document. Before the "elected" officials running this country into the ground were even born, Supreme Court justices were being appointed. With such terminology as: "The Warren Court," "Burgher Court," and the "Bush Administration"—it's lying right in front of your eyes!

"Where we were once a Nation of Businessmen, scheduling Congressional settings to as coincide with the business schedules of elected legislatures... We have become a cesspool of lawyers disguised as senators and representatives, claiming to legislate—when, actually, the laws being written, more and more everyday abandon Our "The People..." Constitution; are

Terry Lytle (34) "Aesthetic..."
muddy and confounding, and just as confederate as the treasonous flags still flying in the South.

"A democrat isn't what he once was: a believer of and practicing in, a Democracy; a government by the people. Our laws —our very Constitution, the "written Law of the Land (Article VI, §2)" has been demonized by the very ones"...bound by Oath" to support it (Article VI, §3)!...

You ask these yardmen — these, 'Pod-bosses'— about Bill Clinton, and they praise him! With little or no knowledge, of how the TRUE"math" our National Deficit's conundrum really is... he'll tell you that Clinton 'fixed' the national deficit. Ask him who 'fucked up the Federal Court System — and habeas relief (Article I, §9, ¶2)— which, "shall not be suspended"— and he'll be ready to square-off!, when you, enlighten him, that it's one and the same. When you give him that piece of legislation's name — The Anti-Terrorism & Death Penalty Act — and what year it was legislated (1997, under the Prison Litigation Reform Act)— he'll think you a Zealot of Iran's 1979, Shah!

And, what of 'Ole Bill's governorship of the State of Arkansas? No red fern here: he mandated all Arkansas

Terry Lytle (35)"Aesthetic..."
State prisoners to give blood — then sold it to the state's blood banks, flooding its system with highly tainted and corrosive blood. The only thing mass-incarcerated do converse on when it comes to Clinton? "He was that dude" — he got his dick sucked and everything! He got everything alright — if you think he only got his dick sucked — then you'd really be supplied with my audacity: he was impeached — his lying ass! — and dropped bombs in somebody's sandbox to create a National Crisis: the Commander-In-Chief, needing to remain in office, at such a (possible) Time-of-War...

Yet, these yard-monkeys (and that goes for the white-ones you call crackers, too!) — they spit and spew the propaganda, like a Bill O'Reilly spiel against drinking Pepsi! It's ludicrous, really, to entertain that Ms. Clinton could carry the women's vote — or! — that 'The Donald' is in bed with some Russian who — figuratively at least — sodomizes his own people with rigged electives, and treasonous dictatorship. Hillary forgave Bill: noble, but unstimulating. In these times of Lorena Bobbit (no pun intended) notoriety — bitches wanted Bill, "done! Just because, Hillary was going to be faceless, just doesn't cut American women's facetiousness: you know I'm on it, too! How many of you thought: I wish

Terry Lytle (36) "Aesthetic..."
that muthafucka would' about your own man, bringing a wet dick home?

Alright then!!! I ain't "Snapp": I got mad-loy, for the 'bitches.' Bitches, protect their young; they're malicious. I'm the 'Thug', but I'm crying—hate on bitches? Nah, dawg—ain't nuthin' hard about that... you niggaz already got me homophobic, pilin' up in the cell—Calling it a room!—eight, ten deep... and screamin' a dude told on ya... you told on ya got damn self, super-stupid motherfuckers—like it really take seven-a-fall, to kick a dudes ass! Ain't nothing real about that... and any 'co-signs'?! Man, you where you at in your life, by grand-design, ya manifested your destiny...

Besides, the Trump is a businessman—just as all those black-women-loving, men who sat around and wrote the Constitution: he didn't put all these black women on these plantations, overseeing a bunch of dumb goons—Clinton did... and the Black Woman's been condoning apartheid ever since—half of them, with white men: She says you call her 'bitch' when she don't give you your way, while she tells me, she's my 'bitch', she's 'got me'... because she's 'got' my kids; my life; my household—and she's got them; by any means necessary. Knowing I am grateful in my humility to my other half... Donald Trump, a racist? Nah, bruh...he's a

Terry Lytle (37) "Aesthetic..."
businessman... because even the Muslim knows that a marriage is a contract.

Half-way around the track, silently digesting the myths, the blames... you'll realize that public schools are nothing more than the preparation of our youth—black and white—for institutionalization. Mass-incarceration, for emulating all the stories of soldiers in the history books they teach from: being just as rebellious and anarchistic...

Chasing dead-presidents—in deed and action; in belief and thought... emulating men with the highest respect afforded them: 'The Founding Fathers'...........forget the script and labels and misnomer—Shakespeare didn't write this! It's your life... why not emulate highly respected ruffians... they even tell you on their death certificates........

'Trust In God'... just as any Muslim knows the hadith: 'Trust in Allah, but tie your camel.'

'The Yard'—its own curse; its own talisman. Sorcery so unearthly, so supernatural... the best necromancers are dumbfounded at the denial of its powers, its darkness and evil... Where, crimes and rapes are plotted and planned; schemes, born; hate—

"... my brother—yes! hate! is what fuels the passions of the damned! The elusiveness of compassion—love!"—for

Terry Lytle (38) "Aesthetic..."
and from his fellow being, has man in dire straits! We are brothers in arms—comradeship being the achieving energy of our nonviolent mass-movement... reaching our successive goals, our common purposes.

"Which is to be treated as men! Treated fair! And just! To be respected, my Brotha! That ain't no prison cell—nah sir! That is your own castle, founded on the six-point star it sits upon—just as awesome as the crowns we wear! Covering our holy locks, protecting our divinity and attributes... as the Wisdom goes to and fro, dread— to—dread; divine locks to dread locks... manifesting outwardly—Ras!-Ta-fari!—the combined energies of all tribes!

"Respect mother-earth! as if you stand on the motherlands of Africa, my brother! Stop eating meat! as the Savages do... the animals soul! my brother, becoming entrapped in your bodies—YOUR TEMPLES!—the inhumane nature, so overpowering... lusts farm! Darkness! Desire! Demonizing you—a Lion of Judah!—into a lion of a jungle... abstract; concrete... and asphalt, as any city street. This is NOT! Just—Ras!-Ta-fari!—there is no Justice in being servile to such manifest behaviors... remember the Zodiac. The Libra.............The

...balanced.......scale ................

Coming to you, lastly: "scale". Weight... for the weighing

Terry Lytle (39)"Aesthetic..."
of. Pros; cons. Dos; don'ts. Bad; good. Wrong; right... black; white.

You wanna know why you should beat your young-n'-s ass, all the way up the bus-stopping, steps? Just come to the yard—any day—when niggaz iz politickin'...

Author's Note:

"niggaz" is a derogatory; it is used as an imperative; acute critical, dire; it is its own weight; I, too, carry (as you will soon read...)

"yard-monkeys" is a descriptive; to behave foolishly:"monkey around", to "act up," "clown"

"crackers" is a derogatory; not the white-man's-cracking-whip, but an understanding; Crackers is just as brown/mixed, as niggaz is white...

Terry Lytle (40)"Aesthetic..."
Flashback
Here I ly, with hands entwined
Legs crossed; Mind is vexed, overwhelmed with time
One heartbeat, beating; Soul, unheard
Mentally drained, speak not a word
Body, lying; Alter of steel
The shell is crumbling, the wounds don't heal
Words to paper, thoughts enraged
Body: encompassed; Life: concrete cage

Where I sit; hands are cuffed
Legs shackled; "being still" is said to be enough
Drum-beat beating; Silent-rage so loud
Thoughts and energies: overshroud as clouds
As a jar-of-clay, becomes: burial mound
Clouds: darkness, consuming all that was boss
Nothing to practice; all, Universal loss
Contemplating questions? Strife, answers life

Here I stand; legs and hands: bound
Head: level; sight: seeing sounds
of two beings, warring; Nature's defeating desire
A pen's, engulfed by flame; A Spirit ascends the fire
As ashes upon an altar, become scattered like the rains

Terry Lytle (41) Aesthetic...
Drowning in the flood of waters: Tears wash away the pain...


Author's Note:

Previously published: “They Say I'm Bi-Polar”...
(and a lot of other things), p. 12-13

Terry Lytle (92) "Aesthetic..."
Terrorist Manifesto

I don't want to kill people. I want to kill people who terrorize people. Who terrorize the city, the streets. Who terrorize the idea of safe passage at a United States Postal Service... the P.O. box, and the strategically located hubs. Those, who instill fear in those who want to fly... airplanes, or life...

It is said that hate is the strongest word known to man. I don't know that. I comprehend it's being loves opposite. Which is why I don't know it to be the strongest: it is an emotional response; weakness—like spite. Therein lies the misnomer: for one would have had to "know" love—experience love—enough to even know how to hate. Also: hate is taught; it's not something you're born with... Allah Knowing best.

Evil is born. It manifests; becomes reality. It is one's disposition—ones natural tendency. Thinking... immoral, unethical, without principle—Machiavellian. Evil's not like a drug-induced fugue, whose delusion demands illusion and phantasm stay healthy, stay percolating: like its toxicity scorching angels— and devils—basking in the psychic effect... evil taunting, more demons... come. Further, a fugue... but not the habitual criminal's obsession for pecuniary gain—after all, the fugue is the predicate felons, major... poisoning his mind, body and soul with such a cocktail of psychosis, that not even the Alienist can decipher.

Terry Lytle

(43) "Aesthetic..."
the madness—psychopathic though it is.
The reputable is repulsive to the reprobate: where integrity rules his day, the reprobate—by his character—is corrupt, degenerate, seeking out anarchy and chaos. His thinking, its own symphony of destruction: his very existence demanding a state of war at all times.

He is radical, because evil isn’t a proffer—hever was. An evil person is foreordained to damnation. And as life proliferates, the reprobate sells his nihilism to the masses just as the proletariat trying to survive sells his labor.

Such a philosophy... is basic. It is the determining structure of being radical; a fundamentalist. Herein lies the disturbance: the fundamentalism—the strict adherence to a set of basic principles—becomes less and less a movement, an ‘attitude’, becoming only fundamental. Ethics and morality of principle... exchanged...

For principal. Principal: absolute; cardinal; chief; most important—grand. Predominate; first; foremost... tyranny operates under the same act. Tyrannizing the people—oppressively and harshly through autocratic despotism. Dictatorship as overbearing and unjust as any overlord. Such philosophy—however theosophically presented—is terrorism.

It is this... cruel, decisive coercion... that I want to kill.

Terry Lytle (44) "Aesthetic..."
Agent. Agent provocateur. Thespian—actors. Every single one.

Slavery is terrible—and just as filled with systematic use of terror and coercion, as any terrorists' antisocial manifesto. The fundamentalists—through terrorizing—are in active behaviors potentially enslaving us all...

Terry Lytle (45) "Aesthetic..."
The Indictment

Such is the reality I’ve been forced to live in... within the borders of our own Great Nation... penology—and it’s remedial therapy, evasive. Terrorizing, nevertheless.

Psychology will never understand the behavioral characteristics of individuals—and groups—whose psychopathic engaging is a psychogenic conflict: no psychodrama, here.

Within the confines of penal institutions all across the state of North Carolina—indeed, the North Carolina Department of Public Safety, Prisons—those individuals, those groups—have been allowed, per se, the very Department...

To breed degeneracy at such a rapid pace that the officials themselves will not survive even a remote and cursory view. The transparent assigning of the assimilated behavior—that they have, all-too-well, incorporated into their own duties—prescribes them just as lawless,—corruption, rampant.

It was the Roman poet, Juvenal, who said: “Quis Custodiet Ipsos Custodes?”—Latin—for “who watches the watchmen?” How ironic, that within corrections reform, the “juvenile” delinquent is the one reformers are most anxious and mentally troubled about. They, being concerned—have become just as troublesome; unsettled and upset; nervous; edgy. Reformers are such hypocrites: how can you “fix” something that isn’t broken—for it will—not—work.

Terry Lytle

(46) "Aesthetic..."
Label it ‘antisocial behavior’—forgetting!, they are characteristically immature—because they're undeveloped. The point of being undisciplined, is, most are just too under-developed to talk about being unhappy... at home. They are disconnected—the dysfunctional home, the root cause. By such confusion—identity crisis occurs. Yet, we throw them into further dysfunction... Terrorizing our Youth in youth authorities, ranches, homes, juvenile halls and training schools the nation over. Not satisfied with the ‘job securities’ petty thievery and junkie—addicts provide—the systemization of the next generations ‘roll-call’ begins: they are terrorized into ‘groups’; psychopaths too busy and underfunded to counsel them toward reform. Just as hate, criminals are taught the disposition: “who cares?”

With transparency of ‘The Watchmen’ revealing identifiable transmogrification—bordering on submissive compliance—such a yielding subordination!, fuels the indoctrinating of such socio-economic and political ideology that the question is no longer 'who'—but 'when'!

Why such an aversion to report; document; file—such easily distinguishable characteristics and marks of distinction i.e., tattoos, brands—is well beyond my ability of acceptance. These are Terror groups—and they’re indoctrinating our youth by the hundreds; ‘baker’s dozens, gone with the baker’

Terry Lytle (47) “Aesthetic..."
Yet, it is the Department who built one—of only two—“Supermax” units at Polk Youth Institution, housing the state’s most incorrigible ... with it’s most impressionable, however ‘limited’, access is said to be. In twenty-six years, I’ve yet met a prison-guard-janitor. Even so, it was the Department of Public Safety prison-guard ... officer ... that supplied tyrannical gang chief at the supposedly H-CON (high-security, maximum control) Supermax ... unit .......... with the contraband cell-phone (no pun intended) used to the terror of the public—indeed orchestrating the kidnapping and terrorizing of the senior-citizen father of Raleigh, North Carolina’s Capitol City Assistant District Attorney, who—professionally doing her job—gets undermined, and terrorized, by her own extended, public safety’s Department directed skulduggery and complicity with such a fundamental group of terrorists: an organized street gang, which continues to run rampant within North Carolina’s collective penal system.

North Carolinas, Department—and its security—questioned; so lacking; so treasonous—the gang cardinal was taken into Federal Jurisdiction, and is now housed at the Federal Bureau of Prisons, “Supermax”—underground-celled, in Oklahoma ... and terrorism proliferates, minions...
marshalling.
I used to be so insufferable in my insubordination,
I had to insulate my intrepidity...
But I adapt...
As I adapted to isolation, the plot began to intrigue me:
instead of 'breaking' me, I was intuitively becoming an inversion.
(Don't know what I mean—look 'em up!) For, the more I
examined, studied, my thoughts—the less pessimistic I was.
The introspection I gained was so overwhelming, insufficiency
ruled. Where I was once a gregarious individual—extroverted—I
became less and less social. Where I used to be—kinda shy;
introversion consumed me. Firebranding me, transforming my
interests towards the intellect: I wanted to know ..........
Which is how I know, I am not evil, not even "bad". I
dislike many things—but I get over it pretty quick... until
the next time I dislike it. But hate? Nah: it's an emotion—
which would, still, render me too weak to kill. And "kill", we
must: the circus, just as much at fault as the damned.
Even knowing—I had no understanding: I was able
to be perceptive, compassionate. In fact, self-evident was
my sympathy even then—numerous "fights", not my own—
were adopted. I could 'grasp', comprehend—I just wasn't
agreeable. That still, did not, form belief that life could be

Terry Lytle (49)"Aesthetic..."
reacted to: I wasn't crazy; I was attitude, undervaluing feeling. Sacrificing what I believed—and all I thought to be technical. I had no time for theories; they were conjectures, easily disproven. Einstein himself disproved his own theory (talk about being possessed with an attendant spirit: genius).

I wanted—needed—"concretes": I gave no place to anything abstract. I was open to facts; hard as the concrete and steel that I was in... if my shoes couldn't even be a barrier to the damaging effects of walking concrete floors, then fuck the buffers.

Solitude became disquieting: I was unhinged in the worst ways. Floods, assaults, cell-extraction teams—big niggaz! Them crackers at Alexander?! Many them motherf*ckas looked like the New York Giants frontline—not a blackface in the crowd. My agitation, restless. Apprehension, became insomnia became distressing became manic—then? Dissociated states of manic depression I hadn't experienced in years.

And not one motherf*cking request for help, to deal, was taken serious. I didn't just lose sleep—I lost weight. At Alexander: 142 lbs. — and this was at a time when Alexander Correctional Institution in Taylorsville, North Carolina was "the" mental health facility for the whole Western and

Terry Lytle (50) "Aesthetic..."
Mountain District.

Instead of mental health helping me, my requests were disregarded... and I was celled in their infamous 'control-status' unit from August, 2004 until approximately April 26, 2005... having had my medications discontinued by some assanine terrorist, fundamentally 'crunching' bed-space for all the new terrorism academies, disguised as: Alexander; Scotland; Lanesboro — with Bertie and Tabor City — along with the racist cesspool known as Maury, shortly behind them. It made no difference to these terrorists that I had been suffering severe mental illness most of my life, being hospitalized for psychosis. In fact, my being actively having sought out treatment — and being on medication while in society — and seven months of 'treatment while in jail awaiting trial or a plea... 'oh, who cares...'

But terrorism is superfluous (proliferatingly expanded, is its commonality)... the Department disregarded their own psychiatric evaluation! AXIS I, 304.80 Polysubstance Dependence Including Cocaine, Cannabis, Alcohol; 296.40 Bipolar Disorder, Type I; Most Recent, Hypomanic — prescribed, risperdal. I was 28 years old, suffering psychological torture... at the hands of the Department supposedly helping me; at that

Terry Lytle (51) "Aesthetic..."
time I had been in a segregated cell—all but ten days! Having gotten into a fight during those ten days, I had—still, twenty-six months, straight in the “hole”... and twenty-four months more—straight—coming........(Actually, more...)

While the ‘mental health unit’ was infiltrated and being overtan with terrorist, organized street gangs—I was celled. Today—2017—Mauery Correctional Institution is the same. Alleged to the North Carolina public, as a chronic care and mental health treatment facility—it is actually infiltrated with manipulating propaganda—so damaging—numerous ‘obvious’ red-flag situations, are overlooked—if not outright ignored.

The damaging effects on the massive population of truly diseased and defective inmates—not receiving the Services they truly need—is not knowable. There are too many variables; however, as the terrorism the gangs proliferate consistently keep the facility—as a whole!—in upheaval, dozens request protective custody—some, in hope of gaining a transfer, risking 6-months I-Con just the same.

Department personnel agitate the troubled minds and feelings of the disturbed... by their mutual

Terry Lytle

(52)“Aesthetic...”
alliance and joint effort, promoting their common purpose... of sacrificing safety and security, for the introduction of drugs and contraband into the penal institution— with gangs, terrorizing the sick and feeble... by terror. The introduction of such street-drugs as "Molly" (MDMA), heroin, crack, suboxin "strips"— even K-2 "Spice" and "bathsalt"— fear and paranoia becomes more severe... than even the most-potent marijuana could be thought to. Indeed, months go by, where you will— barely— catch a whiff of "pot"... such are the terroristic zombies— "Zoeted", more than any walking dead... out of their minds.

Pasquotank Correctional Institution's, Unit Three— the Eastern District's mental health, Unit— all the way back in '99, had one of the biggest marijuana operations ever noted— inpatient mental health, forgotten. In fact, the regime so powerful— one henchman got caught with two scissor pieces (a matched pair) that had been missing, over a year... while one had a key to the access doors for the plumbing chase: closet turned safe. For months! No supervising officer, the wiser... so they say.

Terrorism was more than unicellular at "The Tank" (short for septic-tank, known as the shit-hole it was) — whether
control status, segregation or regular population — they were all the same.

Except for one difference on Unit Two — the D.A.R.T. unit: two-man cells. While I 'evicted' — and helped move — two, three 'cellies' — "ass-bandits" were having a field day; and numerous rapes were "disqualified", by staff — terrorist, one and same. In fact, after having committed my own act of terrorizing, setting-up-the-sting on my 'questionable' (is he straight— or gay) "cellie" — robbing him, straight-out-taking — I kicked him out, too... and the unit management suffered me — or themselves — anymore, 'cell-mates'.

Falling further degenerate within the chafing cesspool of corrupt officials; days after graduating D.A.R.T., I was using drugs, selling drugs — directly tied-in to "the mob" on Unit Three; exploiting D.A.R.T. participants to my whims... even putting a poker-game down. And no matter how much the caring and pro-active inmate peer counselors complained, I was allowed about 100 days of insular destruction—D.A.R.T.— and recovering addicts, getting the show.

Terrorism, no matter how divergent I try to make it out; I was further instrumental in my 'insurgency', by creating other insurgents through incidental leadership. Friend became foe; cell-mate, victim... and the menfolk became engrossed in the

Terry Lytle (54)"Aesthetic..."
excitement of the day, not treatment... peer counselors hating me and the boys so bad for burning their 'community' down — some of them even quit.

To this day, I feel penitent about my reluctance to respect the same therapeutic environment I excelled in — making it my whole class without using — yet I have no way to apologize... no one... still disturbed by it though. Intricate; resilient. Rough, is the road of amends, sorrowful its sufferance... time, its process. Evil—nor hate—know no remorse, such as this.

Sometimes, the hourglass of man is mistaken for institutional property. In 1997, I suffered this illusion — at my own mind's discretion: after being released from an April, 1995 involuntary commitment, I was imprisoned in October. After being paroled February, 1996, I was imprisoned in August, 1996 — incident to incarceration, becoming 21 years of age in an isolation "segregation" cell: in a full psychosis (I, say, incidental, for Department personnel deemed such an event as one nonessential, removing the event from mental health records section of my outpatient field jacket).

I was sent to the state hospital — Dorothea Dix Psychiatric Ward, Spruill Building — for yet another psychiatric evaluation; court ordered to test competency. After only
three days, I am told by a roomful of "psychs" (at least five) that I am a "state-prisoner," "not allowed to be held at the Spruiil Building—it's for court-evals. of County inmates..." nevertheless, "you suffer as a chronic depressant—but are competent to stand trial; who said I wasn't?"

Being a misdemeanor, I was taken across the street to the state's only maximum security prison in 1996—Central Prison. Classification be damned, I was placed in the notorious K & O dorms, where, barely over the age of twenty-one, I seen enough savagery and terrorism to last me a lifetime: how could I forget such an institutional setting, for an asylum?

Terrorism at its darkest: rapes—some not; assaults; robberies—and drugs. No contact visitation: Department personnel, a study: not necessarily racketeering (a fair exchange is not a robbery); not exactly capitalism (the black market is not a free market). Still, a learning experience: being that, the gang epidemic had yet imploded North Carolina's system; cash—the almighty dollar—ruled: a $100 would get you a quarter; three, would get you an ounce... weight variable: what's a gram or two?

I smoked some of the "darkest herb ever," at "C.P.; one element of many, applicable to functioning... but just

Terry Lytle (56) "Aesthetic..."
as psychoactive and dark as the ‘scenes’ my eyes were seeing. Nothing—absolutely nothing—(not even Lanesboro) would be as dark a time as Christmas of ’96, behind “The Wall” which was right outside the window beside my bunk... all taped up—black trash bag, replacing missing glass. It was here I decided to be a killer...

I do not confabulate mathematical variables: I was a scared ‘kid’ who had witnessed enough, and I was boxed-in, literally; my bunk—top though it was—all the way in the back corner... not even in sight, and relying on time-passing tactics, as survival skills: up all night, sleep all day... with the exception of chow calls and bathroom needs (although, God’s honest: I didn’t take a sit-down for days).

In two things, are matters clear: hindsight, and irony. I don’t know what brought me to the attention of the ole jailhouse lawyer—maybe me being there weeks later, still running around in “greens” (clothes color, denoting: not a felon). Inasmuch as he observed, after a few short, choppy answers, he offered to write me a grievance—“guaranteed”—to get me back to my “camp.” He wrote it. I submitted it, late night. The next afternoon I was called to some office, sort of challenged on the audacity of writing such a Grievance... but, somewhat “ordered” to take it back, as they had got

Terry Lytle (57) “Aesthetic...”
me on the special-ship-out, tomorrow... December 22, 1996. But
I recalled my lawyer's words: "No matter what they say, you
push that grievance... "I walked out.

I went back to the Quarter—old Army Post, 025, now
New Hanover Correctional Center. I spent many-a-nights
cheatin' time, watching the blue-lighted runway of the
airport across the street. Again upstairs and in a back corner,
I've stood in that window for hours,

It was there, I decided I didn't want to be a desperado
anymore—such was the distaste of my many desperate acts.
The terrorisms of my own trespasses, haunting me. But what's
does a man do? As offensive and aggressive as were my attacks,
the transgressions were damaging my psyche. I don't even
remember looking in the mirror when brushing my teeth
back then... I mean, how am I to say to my psychologist:
"...um, look... I've been having some really self-disgust
issues... I mean, you know... I've been wondering about... like...
how many of the people coming home first, were the mom's... and
maybe had a 'toddler fresh from day care— and, now... she's 'freaking-out' everytime on the way home. ... so, she
takes the long way home... or stops off—almost daily—
visiting parents; friends; inlaws—wanting, no—willing! her
husband home first............ Or, the kids... how many have

Terry Lytle (58) "Aesthetic..."
I 'fucked-up', 'terrorized'...because they were the ones coming home first...to their home—their safe-zone!—and experiencing that type of fear: the unknown?"

Let's face it, criminology is just as mystic and baffling as addiction. It has a karmic convalescence as its gift, but its neurotic just the same. I still had twenty-eight pending felonies—in two counties; two separate judicial districts: consolidation for one judgment, one sentence—was not a bargaining tool. Especially in light of the fact that they were all committed while on parole...“I'm sorry; I need help—I want off the drugs...I just don't know 'how'; wasn't gonna cut it. The system's not interested in remorse': don't you believe it!

As cunning as any fiend, "the fix" was in for the knave I'd become. As satanic as any configuration of astrology, no Lucifer here: a 1600's Star Chamber could've been no more arbitrary than the hexagon on that county sheriff's car. Having been returned to the jail—after a brief converse to which the psychologist declared that I was "psychotic"—my life became just such a Shakespearean scene: I was paroled again January, 1997—right back to jail. It seemed that the only 'Morning-Glory' I was to see, would be my own countenance in that fixture on the wall... or

Terry Lytle

(59) "Aesthetic..."
maybe... one of the two skylights in the ceiling in the common area known—maliciously probably—as the "dayroom".

The hourglass still my gatekeeper, I went from being on an active sentence in one county, paroled to the other county, given a split-sentence, probation as well—and sent right back to prison: on parole, probation and in prison, all at the same time. The devil had me, even though I was trying to figure out a way to not be one of his minions... March 1997, reprocessing—and further institutionalization until December 1998. It was this processing admissions intake that my first D.A.R.T. referral took place, finally. Fifth time of diagnostics and now the Department decides to give help?

Don't you believe it: D.A.R.T. Program was a federal funding initiative, under the Clinton Administration, to secure more bed-space. Technically, I had four felony judgments and one misdemeanor at the time—but the convictions didn't matter to the Department, no sir! They wanted our (inmates) agreeing to D.A.R.T. participation so bad—they made us a deal: instead of refusing, if we went through the Program, we would get transfer to a facility of our choice—and in most cases, that

Terry Lytle (60) "Aesthetic..."
meant 'honor grade'!

But, Brown Creek was it's own cesspool: the Department had female personnel, prostituting for $50 money orders. (Not that they knew... maybe)

I wasn't into the drug scene: "208 Yard" was a whole world of its own; D.A.R.T. on one end of the building; the mental health unit on the other. Each, having four dorms, connected by one long hallway to the other. But having it's own yard was as much appeasement as D.A.R.T.'s mental health would get. Access to the yard, moreover it's canteen outside would be just as dysfunctional and traitorous as the Burger King drive-thru: nothing in life is ever going to be "your way". If it were so, you wouldn't be participating in such a conundrum as waiting for fast-food.

It was twenty years ago (this writing), but the terrorisms didn't change: neither did the concession of the unscrupulous staff: for a length of time you could spend your weekly limit, get money sent, and as long as you kept your account dry, you could spend a whole additional $35.00 — limit be damned.

Not into drugs, I sincerely participated in the D.A.R.T. program — paid attention to the terrorizing behaviors

Terry Lytle (61) "Aesthetic..."
and reactions. Today I know them as consequences—but, back then? Ego would speak: for every action, there's a reaction; don't start none, there won't be none.

Firefighting—managing, it didn't matter... I was barely clean, nowhere near sober... my thinking suffering such defective and irrational chimera that it was a daily task not to plunge into my own anarchistic and amoral terrorism. I "heard" so many peoples minds, their thoughts—that I heard peoples distinct voices talking about me....... while their lips never moved. Or worse.....while they were in conversation with someone else. I cannot count the times I have had to decipher the code of 'riddles' being said to me. Like Joe Satriani, I too, was "Flying In A Blue Dream"—mine was just melancholic.

It was here—at Brown Creek—that I was given my first concrete euphemism, the expression traveling at high speed—no stops."Casey Jones," Grateful Dead couldn't have withstood the effacing effects of my many cocaine binges—and not even a full man car would've comforted the rage I was enthused with, so intense was my indignation.

I was a little guy, but I was still a dude; hombre—man. There is nothing more tangential in my life, and I wasn't about to let any attack against its superlative stand. The

Terry Lytle (62) "Aesthetic..."
prodigiousness of such rage—stunning and wonderful as it is—was a Procrustean survival so prone, that I myself have wondered many, many times how its self-destructiveness didn't implode. I myself, I know it was only through the silent supplication of my spiritual imploring—impossible as I was—that kept the wolf at bay...

I was, still, only twenty-one... about 5' 8", 5' 9" maybe 150 lbs. This was my fourth incarceration that became my fifth—getting out on that parole—but the detainer stopping me from going home. Participating in D.A.R.T.; being attentive—and somewhat vigilant of my surroundings—I observed drug use; drug deals; witnessing fights and violence... verbal assaults. I was dumbfounded at one point—where our group peer counselor was divulging D.A.R.T. information to us—"tools," he called them—facts; when an unprovoked belligerence interrupted our settling so aggressively I wanted to yell and protest, kicking and screaming my protest into a vicious resisting of such passivity... for the peer counselor did nothing!

As I've said: I had no understanding. I had not the knowledge that such imperturbableness was an asset, not a character defect. My attempts to be impervious usually included massive amounts of cocaine, crack and alcohol—such toxemia rendering me mute. I just wanted to ..... engage him — to
mesh......to enervate and enfeeble him. I wanted to throttle him into submission, subjugating him......conquering his recalcitrant self-indulgence into a morass of pants-flooding urine.

In other words—I wanted to kick the piss out of him... me being knowledgeable of the fact that, in situations of bodily harm... incontinence was only a step away from death.

His disrespecting our group—my Peer Counselor—vexed me so! His terroristic obtuselessness—so presumptuous—had a casualty of war... 'out': absent the witnesses, he would've been collateral damage—plain and simple. This is just one of many, many times... I stalked my prey......only if the option presented itself, would I serve justice— for it is better to get away with violence.

Terrorism notwithstanding, the rumor mill had its own society. The camaraderie served as a social-science. No political major would ever comprehend: in prison, politicking wasn't based on any policy or facts; didn't concern itself with sensibilities or a political system— it was bullshit. “What he said” and “he said, he said,” was so abrasive to the common sense, that many a days I yearned, for an antipersonnel mine. My lust to eradicate such antisocial behavior would 'Catch-22' my ass into some of the
same antithetical antipathy complained of: terrorism. Yet such "gossips" are the oxymoron of all posterity. Disrupting ambivalence attracting the most militant—nothing military in them: there's not an ounce of self discipline where such inclination resides.

Prison politicking has acceptable double standards at their darkest; lacking knowledge, foresight and understanding, that the decline and stagnation of the penological community reverted at the hands—indeed, the mouths—of gossips, should not be surprising.

Chit-chat—chit being feminine; childish—(a 'pet' young woman) is trifling; said—in jest; mocking. Homosexuals are in a sexual identity crisis. Just as the juvenile delinquent resorted to the streets as a substitute for a father, the homosexual's behavior came from the same categorically "broke" home: his dysfunction at being glibby, was learned at the hip of his mother; gossip his crutch—and replacement—for his missing father.

Such truth is not chauvinistic. Being a scandalmonger is a learned trait that, through its acceptance, is being taught and indoctrinated into the masses' psyche... by terrorists. For the rumor mill in today's age of "inmate.com" is the cause of many being terrorized and violently assaulted at the hands of gangs—who, for their own hankerings—propogated the

Terry Lytle (65) "Aesthetic..."
conjuncture to start with. Terrorizing what they cannot control, terrorizing those they do not understand... contemptuous in their own misunderstanding, of how despised they really are—like incubus; terrorizing and oppressing their own kind, nightmarishly so. The Department’s policy: Prevent—Prepare—Protect..... Not even real.

Such gossips had a terrorizing effect on my life at Brown Creek: stories of brutal assaults and sly rapes only a hallway away in the mental health’s four dorms. I couldn’t believe it—wouldn’t allow myself to. But ‘benefit of the doubt’ has wrecked my senses; trashed my acceptance; shattered my trust many, many times. As quick as I was becoming, it was still what generated my dubiousness into a dubiety of the alleged ‘inherent’ good in man.

Gossip said, the peer counselor was ‘chumped’; I seen self-discipline worthy of any master—no slight to the Doyen, Bruce Lee. Gossip said, he was ‘scared’; I seen him turn his back to the impostor, such was his disdain.

It was the terrorizing gossip of assaults and rapes—compounded by a noticed black-eye (or two); a single; the mental health guys’ gambling—at a card-game outside; more than one petty lateness at the canteen line—all these—fueled my reaction... Where a comment made, began a one-sided argument.

Terry Lytle (66)“Aesthetic...”
The inmate was 6'2" if he was an inch; somewhat chubby, guessing 200 lbs. at the least, or nothing at all. He was Aryan-confused in his features: you know, the mythical blonde-hair, blue-eyed type. And one of those horseplaying types...

I don't talk; I don't play. I was too little to 'talk-shit,' and I didn't weigh enough to be playing with anyone, chancing them getting me down or besting me. In my mind—my reputation—'don't start none, there won't be none'....was as real as the blue of my eyes turning slate-grey. It wasn't—(still isn't)—fictional; no more than my yellow-white blonde hair turning brown. It's designation; nomenclature: no matter, by what name I go by—

I do not play.

So, when this Viking-of-an-inmate grabbed me from behind, I dropped—out the usual 'go ahead on now!' that even he knew meant stop fucking playing; instant is my anger.

But super-stupid inmate bullies are just as foolish in prison as you've seen in society. I don't like bullies; their brazeness and disrespect towards society haven't caused this dislike. It's their systematic use of terror, coercing with the threat of violence...just like gangs.

It was said, that he was a gang member—said, because it was a black (as in race) gang. I really didn't care. But I was practicing them D.A.R.T. "tools"—changing the

Terry Lytle (67) "Aesthetic..."
'people', of the 'people, places, things' first. Prison is a hard place to refrain from even the occasional use of marijuana: the monotony; the physical and mental distress—every where you walked was concrete, however dully disguised. The pressure and strain; the tension factor—on any given day, maxed to the limit... that stress, and its distortion..... becomes you.

Play? Hell nah, I didn't play: I wanted to kill terrorists even back then. My life was something like a Melissa Etheridge song: wake me up, when we get to 2001—that being my new release date—because I knew I was not doing that probation time..... which was my future—what I had to look forward to: 30 more months, and not even out yet. Such is the revolving-door, preached to the public.

As he applied pressure, choking me even further from behind in one of those wrestling moves that the wrestling businessmen, forgot to mention to the masses were nothing more than staged scenes and events in, what was really an entertainment business—my eyes watered, my face reddened...and I felt an anger that, today, I know only as rage.

I bent forward in sajdah (prostration)—angry and fast, snatching him up up—but not off his feet, like I had hoped. He's an estimated 6'2" to my roughly 5'8", 5'9" frame—he was just too long—especially his legs! With his 200 lbs.

Terry Lytle (68) "Aesthetic..."
on my back (I'm a roofer, nigga!), his "yeah, now whatcha gonna do?" taunt—and his dick!, on my ass!,—no matter how many barriers, layers of clothing between!, I dropped to one knee—heard a friend of mine say... "mahn... I'm trying to tell ya, you better let him up..." almost pleading in his warning—and filled both hands of his long, stringy hair—snatching down.....the blotchy-white clouds, trying to pull me under.

I felt the air rushing into my ears and his mouth hitting the top of my head—in reverse order of their actual occurrence.....such was the edge of consciousness I had been teetering on.

And when his body weight was retreating off my back, I was mentally placing my feet; legs; back under me; spinning just as fast; swinging a quick succession of three punches (missing) and knee-kicking towards his groin so hard he would have dropped—had I fully connected. Between him back-tracking; and my awkward, unorganized punches, the balancing act was enough to connect—firmly grazing 'something'.....for he dropped his hands to his groin, knee-locking his legs.

Me saying, "come on muthafucka!"—him saying "let's go then"—wasted words—as my other friend standing there, joined in with the one standing there....."nah—nah.....hold up....."

Terry Lytle (69) "Aesthetic..."
Which was when I was exposed to the euphemism: “I was just playing with your ass—not my ass, but me, the individual.” I don’t fucking play!” I yelled, “EVERYBODY knows that, motherfucker!—You don’t be putting your goddamn hands on me either!” I screamed, charging in, swinging. I connected—and he grabbed me again. This time, like a bear hug—to loose to hold me..... and he says to me, “I’ll rape your ass!”

Me?

“You stay right there, motherfucker.....I’ll be right back.....,” cool; collected—and I went inside the building, to borrow loudmouths knife...

And the dogs-of-war frowned upon me.

Where two white ‘devils’ were ready to stab each other up...... loudmouth, who verbally assaulted my peer counselor—an individual with the five-percent nation—denied me his knife. “No, man..... I ain’t gonna let you do it. Come on boy, you America’s son—don’t do it.” Who could’ve known that his fumblin’-an-bumblin’, his stutter-steppin’...was the end of the more important thing—the euphemism; life, dealing a gambler a parable:

“No matter how many times I made my bones, there would always be room for one more.”

Not to be deterred, I walked off....going to tie my

Terry Lytle (70) “Aesthetic...”
lock to my belt. A penitentiary pistol at its finest, my intentions to beat blood from his mullet. I was gonna fill the air with the metallic stench of copper, replace the greasiness of his hair with the crimson tide of ‘blood-Roll-Call’, Thug On The Line! Not givin’ a Fuck! about witnesses...

Not many in life put their own work in. Me? I’d been working in tobacco fields with the blackest of men, since about ten: I’m getting-in, the mix! Besides—coming from where I come from, there’s no ‘rank’, no ‘next-man’—work, getting done by pee-wees: you put in your own work, or it wasn’t a bone.

When I busted loose out that yard door, I had the pistol out—pendulum swinging! Little did I know the significance my anger—my ‘courage’—would have on the rest of my stay at Brown Creek. For, muthafucka’s respect violence. Dudes was everywhere: being nosy like gossips—unmilitant. I don’t know what my facial expression revealed that day—but as eye-contact was made, dudes was busting loose like a bad Richard Pryor movie: as divergent as the crack smoke and flames that would almost take his life, years later.

The bully? Son was backin’-ass, halfway down the frontstretch of the sidewalk, when I broke-loose in the left-swinging curve. By the time I got to the core yard, he was missing in action altogether; me still hollerin’, “hey! hey, muthafucka!, where ya goin’!!!” at the top of my lungs, veins sticking out in my neck, big

Terry Lytle (??)"Aesthetic..."
as pencils.

A few picnic tables met me—full of people. The big, wooden kind, double 2X4 planks for benches—the wood, pressure treated green..... the card game jumping. Canteen line swinging; punks be-boppin' tricks on the side—"payoff" later—for cookies and cakes...a soda...an ice cream. Man, it musta been twenty, thirty people staring at me: T-shirt, shorts...no socks, no shoes...barefooted—"pistol" in my hand, the belt double-wrapped around my fist, its green weaving still fresh, stiff and firm enough to pass Army inspection—and still madder than forty hells.

You gonna 'hit' somebody, you do it, fast. If not, the adrenaline takes over your body...angry...loud—yet so silent...humming...going through you, like the idling of a diesel engine...vibrating, vessel of hatred becoming evil...rippling outward, demanding.........poisoning the atmosphere, affecting all.

To say it was quiet, doesn't examine; doesn't extrapolate. The silence was dense, deafeningly so: not even the shuffle of the cards made a sound. No wind, no rattling of green leaves on stubby branches; no flip-flap-flop of used styrofoam cups that littered the ground. Not even the 'swishshish' of the grass—too high—for institutional norms. People's mouths were moving...like a bad parody of Fireman Bill of In Living Colour—no sound; no voice. Something 'like explosive power and fused nudei had been released, and its 'radioactives

Terry Lytle  (72)"Aesthetic..."
had deafened the right to be loud, to be heard... to make noise........

Until the old black-man dealing the cards, broke the silence, like an Eskimo’s ice-pick cracking the ice, drilling a hole to his dinner: “He’s gone, youngblood... he ain’t wanting none of that there ya got.......... It’s over... go on and get ya a soda or something.” And his smile—the realness of it, the peace within it... man, he had me down home, surrounded by friends in a white man’s tobacco field that was supposed to be my step-daddy’s (almost-step); but wasn’t. Just another cracker’s... me, just another nigger—he stressed that ‘er)—exploited...

Twenty years later, and ole buddy’s smile still stands out to me—genuine as the last... but, search as I may—there’s no genuineness in my mom’s beau’s smiles, not a one. His obliviousness to joy, long gone when his ex-wife left.

I didn’t have any more problems after that. What—?! With me already looked at as if I was “crazy-as-fuck”—their words—and, having had chased that Sasquatch (who was conspicuously missing)—plus, my own grandiose and expanded elaboration to my group—well, I had an audience.

Begging for more, they sculpted like vultures in their precision, stalking for the next event. I just wanted to be serene. In my mind, days later, laying on one of those picnic tables, I was thinking that if such storms were gonna mark my life—then forget being a thug. I’d rather be back in those tobacco fields—

Terry Lytle (73)”Aesthetic...“
Somebody's!—for at least there, everyone was everybody else's equal. At ten years old, I had carried my own weight—no matter how sick I got—which I did for years, "sandbags" and humidity putting my asthmatic-ass, under saline and glucose bags many, many times. Barefooted in a tobacco field, eighteen-year-old boots, just the same...life, my own Vietnam. How I used to wish I could save them black guys—men, all! Battling their own demons of alcohol and addiction... not even paying child support on his kids; Shirley, my older sister's best friend... who played softball together under Shirley's stepfather's coaching—a town cop... her brother, being someone me and my team bought drugs from during one summer...while their daddy—Payne—taught me about stamina and constitution, in his labor. Down south, tobacco fields made men: I'd seen some 'bad mamu-jammuhs' be pure bussy with a 'mang-load', and to this day, I have no respect for anybody who can work—but don't.

"Inmate.com" (the gossip) talked up his busted lip—not that any punches connected: it was the crown of my head that smashed lip into teeth when I had grabbed the two handfuls of hair, pulling down. Which, ironically, was why he was backing-ass: blood was filling his mouth, like a broken valve stem putting air into the atmosphere. He wasn't running, he was trying to get to a mirror, check the damage.

When he looked back outside, he seen a very pissed-off

Terry Lytle  (74)"Aesthetic..."
young man...with a lock in his hand..."Heart," he said to me, days later, while I was laying on one of those picnic tables. "I seen you had heart...and man, you know...it just wasn't worth it..."

he was explaining his fold to me...

Just like the black man dealing the cards said he did..."Old Coon reading the land, three decades of "learning," me with none. With experience like that—why deal cards?

To eat, of course...picnic table his tobacco field; his players, stalks of tobacco ripe for the cropping...and hellin's like me, his fair entertainment: bringing back memories of his own toughness, his own heyday of menace. Thirty years ago? '67? Shit, there were no locks, no pistols...knuckle and grit; backbone. A man was a man—no questions.

Today, his mirth is lost on me—where such a "grizzle" as I was, then, strutting like a bantam chicken-hawk of Looney Tunes worthy-ness could ignite memories of his own forays...I was happy too obliged. The grit, just as granular and grating as the fields' rocks and sand coarsely underfoot—damning the stormclouds prediction of rain. Thunder-lightning—music and smiles, to our bronzed and salt-streaked faces...tobacco-field memory, escapists.

They say, be careful what you long for...so imagine my surprise when a mad, angry hurricane reached inland as far in as Weldon and Seaboard, the summer of '97—sending me to local farmers' tobacco fields, standing the leaning stalks of

Terry Lytle (75) "Aesthetic..."
tobacco back upright? We were still just a bunch of niggers to them—coke and a hoo at breaks; chicken boxes then in the place of prison bag-lunches. We were lucky we had our own "roadsquad" (CW9) water-cooler of water, or we’d’ve dehydrated. Not really—but you get my drift. For 704 a day, imagine my disgust with these crackers expecting me—us!—to be jovial about being in their tobacco fields on a Saturday? You ever seen an inmate sweeter than any field hand, run from a snake in quicksand-like dirt, wearing them heavy ass steel toe boots? Yo, fuck Saturday; my lying-ass had a visit...

And how about this the Saturday they go to a REAL Christian farm, where "Mister Joe" (Q. Citizen) is thankful for the "hope" (the way he pronounced "help") buying the boys a pack of cigarettes (each one) and pizzas for lunch? Man, I tell ya... the Beauty in the Struggle...

I eventually got paroled again—December, 98. After 28 months of continuous incarceration, and a dozen different types of psychiatric medicine combinations, with the likes of: paxil; risperdal; buspar; zo-lift; halddy; cogentin; depakote; trazadone; zypraxa; bendaryl... I was worse! My descent into the pharmacopoeia, at the hands of the Department, was just as terrorizing as Saddam Hussein’s mustard gas and anthrax weapons—chemicals, all the same.

I was told, "You need...", when it came to compliance with Terry Lytle (76) "Aesthetic..."
any given medication regimen so much, that I started to believe it myself. The enclosure that surrounded me was stifling. But the corral that the Department had encased me in was vicinage to the “hood” that I was prone to run to—vice the medicines’ substitutes.

There’s an old saying in the halls and rooms of AA and NA I used to bounce off of: you are either going to medicate—or self medicate—vice, being your scripts. I wanted neither: I was sick of doing time, and tired of being psychiatrists’ side effects experiment. They truly did not understand that their rough and ready tactics with their dispensary were just as damaging—and damning—as any open air crack mart: until something, some type of combination, “worked,” I knew I was doomed to failure.

But I didn’t know how premonitory such a mental warning was to prove true; when my parole needed a home-plan, I went back to the farm—there isn’t any tobacco in December. Ten days before Christmas, a savage, thirsty, demon-of-an-alcoholic was released after 28 months...

It has been said that, when a man has no future, he runs back to his past. Four different living arrangements; three different “homes”; one hotel; four counties; two girlfriends; thousands of dollars... and 60 days later I was back in the county jail—parole terminated; probation activated. Thirty months, the Department calling me home home... just as homicidal, as suicidal—and having

Terry Lytle (77)”Aesthetic...“
to deny it all over again.

I've told you about these 30 months within this 'indictment.' Pasquotank, D.A.T. But what's not written is the specific facts about the Department's model—and its pattern.

Pretty much the whole 30 months, I was prescribed zoloft, neurontin, and zyprexa—the zyprexa increasing in intervals of 2.5 mg, all the way to 10 mg in less than 30 months (as 3 months were in jail).

And, as I wrote: from Craven Correctional Institution's psychiatric evaluation, to Wayne Correctional Center, Pender Correctional Institution, and back to Pasquotank—after being denoted at Pender, from medium custody to close custody—I maintained, pretty much the same diagnosis: bipolar disorder. Same medications; same diagnosis; numerous doctors. At the minimum, one psychologist and one psychiatrist per facility, makes 8 different Department-employed mental health specialists.

Whereas, I now INDICT the Department... Neurontin is for epilepsy, and was being promoted as a treatment for bipolar disorder by Pfizer, with its subsidiary, Warner-Lambert, pleading guilty to 4 two-felony in 2004, being penalized $430 million dollars. (www.peoplespharmacy.com)

In addition, Zyprexa is for schizophrenia, and was being promoted as a treatment for bipolar disorder by Eli Lilly, in which increases of the risk of heart attacks are serious—
especially in the frail, elderly people who suffer dementia: penalized $1.4 billion dollars, where United States Attorney, Laurie Magid said, "Eli Lilly completely ignored the law. The company wasn’t even FDA approved to market it as a bipolar disorder medication.

Paxil—which was replaced by Zoloft—is what the Department held me on for years. And, with a cocktail-combination of Zoloft, all the way up to 200 mg at one time. Paxil was fined $3.4 billion dollars by the IRS in a tax-dispute; $400 million dollars by the Justice Department for off-label marketing and withholding side effects.

I suffered such “salt-peter” at the hand of Paxil and Zoloft that even after months of not using this “medicine” I was still debilitated...while the company easily-afforded these fines.

The Science is in: the mind does not fully develop until age 25. And, Mental Health isn’t an Exact-Science, so why would the Department pump a youth—in his most significant stage of development—and his mind, with numerous, upon numerous, ‘trial-and-error’ Chemical Cocktails?

It took massive amounts of alcohol—and cocaine, to "fix" my prowess—not to mention marijuana and crack. But my "strength" was back. No other experience in life is more demeaning than to be sabotaged as such. Exchanging, chemicals/effects for

Terry Lytle (79) "Aesthetic..."
chemicals, at the costs of 'necessary' chemicals—such is the chemical imbalance, as a bipolar disorder. When you add being predominately incarcerated since the age of 16—17—and pumping these medicines into me—isn't the Department indictable? Especially where no drug intervention was even a part of his 'correctional' incarceration, until his fifth imprisonment? Where the terrorizing and torment to his psyche—his actual development, his sexuality and his prowess of such; why hasn't the Department been indicted?

The United Nations has condemned placing anybody into a solitary, restrictive housing, segregation setting, stating that: "...it is a form of torture if placement lasts longer than 15 days." So, when I was 17 years old and imprisoned my first incarceration, I was tortured—correct? For I was segregated (without any disciplinary) for approximately 45 days. Due to bed-space and its lack-off, I did diagnostics intake with several other inmates who were "processing" with me—arriving on the bus the same as me: from "the hole!"

And that incident in 1996, where I got held in the hole until I took the medication? Of course, it was torture: why else would it be removed?

And, what of being "removed" from all medications—even with an involuntary commitment, and being on outpatient treatment;

Terry Lytle (80) "Aesthetic..."
in fact being on some type of bipolar disorder medication within the Department from August, 1996 (before turning 21) until August 2001 (right before turning 26)—yet, being removed from all medicines in 2003? While in segregation? For months—totally paranoid and distrusting of staff? Doing administrative segregation, disciplinary segregation, ION, MCAH from November 1, 2002 until May 2007—42 months, straight—with no bipolar disorder or depression medication—wasn’t that torture? Where at Alexander: I was assailed by two officers (Johnson and Hamby) while handcuffed behind my back? Where Lt. Corbett-Moore handpicked the biggest officers for a cell-extraction team—and submmitting to the handcuffs again—had them run roughshod on me, not once, but three times? Wasn’t that torture? Where I was chained up and shackled, worse than any Christmas—past ghost—wearing washed thin boxer t-shirt—no socks? Wasn’t that torture, where, taking place right after Christmas and New Years—in 2003, North Carolina was experiencing one of the worst snow and ice seasons? To have my socks removed, in such cold—torture, or no? Where I was strapped-down, with seat belt like straps—across my chest; waist; legs (right at my ankles) to a cold steel bed frame—no mattress—no covering, and left...
strapped down, from approximately 8:30 p.m. until after 6:00 a.m. the following morning—breaking protocols and numerous Policy and Procedures—wasn’t that torture? Where it was so cold I never went to sleep—and couldn’t urinate—torture, yes? Where, when the relief platoon came on at 6:00 am, and still being strapped down, was denied breakfast—and the hot coffee that was served with the meal—and, still, the platoon sergeant didn’t make it to my cell until around, maybe, 7–7:30 a.m.—where then, my feet were so cold—and the game-playing staff: waiting in fact slumbering at the mouth! to tell me “breakfast meal was served—and already gone”, even though the sadistic mother-fucker looked in my cell, seen me strapped down—all of that! but my feet were so goddamn cold—I only asked for socks! Torture, yes?

What about when that officer—Robert Johnson—poured consumed Copenhagen-type snuff from his back-pocket-bottle all over my food? And I had to kick the door for 15 minutes—straight—just to get the sergeant back there? Torture? What about when that sergeant went and got me another tray swapped out—only to have officer Robert Johnson serve all three meals the next day of which I wouldn’t even take into my cell, going hungry for the day, in fear of being poisoned—would you call that, torture? By the way, “inmate.com” says he’s a sergeant now. Just having heard that—and the

Terry Lytle (82) “Aesthetic...”
possible threat of ever being transferred back there—isn’t that, torturing—to a manic depressant?

What about, when at Lanesboro; being “upgraded” to MCON, the very next morning—afer lunch and breakfast being a bag, transfer-meal the previous day, being correct—what about that? Especially when I asked the officer about what is the problem, and he says “fuck you, then!” and walks off—only to come back with 3/4 officers; spraying not one, but two big cans of mace—you know the kind, that straps on the side of their leg? Pepper spray, solid that it comes out rusty-brown? When I was given the wrong special diet (I haven’t eaten meat in prison at all, since the millennium—and was already on Soy Milk, then, as a Religious Diet)—and sprayed with this stuff—two cans—cell clouded up with the OC, of the spray? When, I am documented: ‘Asthmatic’, at one time being on pulmocort and albuterol inhalers; torture, yes? Where, spraying me—specifically—in my groin area, my cock and balls “on fire” —for days afterward—torture? Imagine the smile on my face, when inmate.com said he’d been stabbed? Imagine the silent victory, where—being sent back to Lanesboro after losing trial on an habitual felon—I observed that same, click (minus the, indeed, stabbed agitator) being fired—walked out, one by one? That—waiting, was its own torture.

Terry Lytle    (83) “Aesthetic...”
What about, where—still at Lameshur on MCI—over three years straight of segregation. I break my hand on a Friday afternoon fighting with the guards through the food-port door; I don’t go to any medical for three days? Torture, yes? No sleep, the pain so great; hand big as a baseball; green-black-blue-purple in color—the calcium leaking, causing a knot, noticeable to this day—torture, correct?

And now... being subjected to torture, where an inmate was laying on his bunk beside mine (40 months in medium custody, not so much as a fight) with his dick in his hand, a known “switch-out”—while I am asleep?! This known sexual deviant is violating the United States of America in Congress, Public Law 108-79, Prison Rape Elimination Act of 2003 whereas Congress made the finding that: Section 2. (3) Inmates with mental illness are at increased risk of sexual victimization....As many as 16 percent of inmates in State prisons and jails, suffer from mental illness...(13)... Farmer v. Brennan, 511 U.S. 825 (1994) the Supreme Court ruled that deliberate indifference to the substantial risk of sexual assault violates prisoner’s rights under the Cruel and Unusual Punishments Clause of the Eighth Amendment. The Eighth Amendment rights of State and local prisoners are protected through the Due Process Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Pursuant to the power of Congress under Section Five of the

Terry Lytle (84)"Aesthetic..."
Fourteenth Amendment, Congress may take action to enforce those rights in States where officials have demonstrated such indifference.... (14) ... (15) increases ... the rate of post-traumatic stress disorder, ... and the exacerbation of existing mental illnesses among current and former inmates; (15) ... (5) the rate of post-traumatic stress disorder depression, ... and the exacerbation of existing mental illnesses among current and former inmates, contributing to increased health and medical expenditures throughout the Nation; and further: Section 3. The purposes of this Act are to— (1) establish a zero—tolerance standard— STOP.

STOP: Survey; Think; Options; Prevention. Is it this torture, as well? A known sexual deviant, naked under some-type of covering, with his dick in his hand, mastur-bating.................. and I woke up, turn to my left—and that is what I see... and in my reaction, I kick him square in his eyes—kicking him off the bed...

And get charged with a B-21 assault, and supposedly get 10 (ten) extra points, for an institutional violence ... and immediately put in restrictive housing—while the perpetrator was released immediately back to the terror of the inmate general population... being a Nationwide Law since 2003... no Zero Tolerance here: isn't this terrorism? Torture? Isn't this mental anguish, suffering? To be placed in the hole, July 16, 2016, for reading—and protecting—from

Terry Lytle (85)"Aesthetic..."
any possibility of prison rape, where, under the provision of State of North Carolina, Department of Public Safety, Prisons Policy & Procedures Chapter F, Section .3400, Titled: Inmate Sexual Abuse and Sexual Harassment Policy, .3405 “The North Carolina Department of Public Safety is committed to a standard of zero-tolerance of sexual abuse and sexual harassment toward inmates, ... by inmates.” Where .3406(a)(1)(c) Inmates’ right to be free from sexual abuse and sexual harassment; where employee training addresses: (F) Common reactions ... and; .3406(d)(A) Inmate Education specifically provides: (i) Inmates’ rights to be free from retaliation for reporting incidents of sexual abuse and sexual harassment—isn’t this torture? Where is the Department’s zero-tolerance?

Torture, yes? Where I am put into segregation; charged a $10.00 “Administration Fee”; found guilty—and-told-to-plead-guilty; denied any PREA investigation; any counseling; having written not one but two Administrative Remedy Procedures—addressing one to the Superintendant (North Carolina’s equivalent to a Warden) and absolutely being denied; and, provision of Policy & Procedure not forthcoming, writing to the Director of Prisons to no avail; somehow, through an underhanded backroom deal—with NO notice—demoted from medium custody to close custody (as the offense and Disciplinary Hearing Officer could not demote); transferred to that terroris...
academy, where a murder is still under investigation—and a murder of a female sergeant takes place months later, denied any Case Management in numerous requests about "why am I being denied a PREA investigation?" And—only after declaring a hunger strike—transferred to the Biggest Cesspool of Undue Familiarity and Staff dysfunction, here, Maury Correctional Institution; where, with absolutely no disciplinary, forced to be housed in close observation—otherwise known as 'Modified Lockup'—where I witness numerous stabbings and staff, turning- of-a-blind-eye; isn't this, TORTURE?!

Where, having been in some type of restrictive housing since August, with no disciplinary, I repeatedly file requests—only to receive my next weekly account statement, showing a subtraction of $10.00 (Administration Fee)—this, in October?!

Where, sending further requests, I am advised that I 'pledged' guilty to Assistant Unit Manager, Derrick Shields—who, when confronted, has the gall to tell me he 'looked out for me, gave me 30 days SUSPENDED—yet I'm still in 'Modified' Lockup' and am expected to remain there until December? Isn't that torture? Where, all I would have to do, is stay out of trouble for 30 days —yet, I've been in segregation since August 24, 2016—allegedly pleading guilty, in October?! (Are you crazy?!)

I know, I am being tortured: I never was charged with any

Terry Lytle (87) "Aesthetic..."
disciplinary infraction—but do you?!

The Federal Bureau of Prisons released a report in January, 2011 (months before any of this) that states: “…as a matter of policy, we believe strongly this practice should be used rarely, applied fairly, and…It is the responsibility of all governments to ensure that this practice is used only as necessary—and never as a default solution.” (www.themarshallproject.org “Report and Recommendations Concerning the Use of Restrictive Housing”). You do remember that the United Nations “condemned” such, recognizing it as a form of torture if…longer than 15 days; you do remember that, don’t you?

Where, again, numerous times, ask about the PREA—to no avail?!

Congress made the findings: that (Public Law 108-79 Sec 2.13) “States that do not take basic steps to abate prison rape by adopting standards that do not generate additional expenditures demonstrate such indifference. Therefore, such States are not entitled to the same level of Federal benefits as other States.”

Torture, yes? Unless North Carolina spends money (additional expenditures), they will not receive money. Seeing as how Congress passed this Act in 2003, and North Carolina’s current Inmate Sexual Abuse and Sexual Harassment Policy wasn’t issued until 8/24/2015, Superseding Policy of 1/1/2014—it stands to reason, its:

Terry Lytle (88) "Aesthetic..."
((still) 'all about money'; the State taking the Feds to the cleaners.
Where, said Policy orders:

"3406 PROCEDURES"

(i)
(ii)

(i) All staff are required to report immediately any knowledge, suspicion, or information regarding an incident of sexual abuse or sexual harassment that occurred in a facility..."

TWO separate Administrative Remedy Procedures; not to belittle the disciplinary package itself, where 3 inmate witnesses made statements, I made my own statement, and a video exists—which are maintained for five years. And now, through your prolonged fight against this unjustness... you've learned all these rules and laws and policies and procedures—TORTURE, yes? Torture, terrorizing. At the hands of the very Department who is supposed to be—by United States Public Law—helping you with your mental illness, NOT debilitating it.

Yes, indeed, terrorizing and torturing.

To where, there is only one logical question: why hasn't the North Carolina Department of Public Safety, Prisons, et al., been indicted? Especially when this indictment is true...easily ascertainable through their own files and records...

Such action, would be through an Audit...

Terry Lytle (89) "Aesthetic..."
An Indictment (by Terry Lytle)

To The Readers Of The Charlotte Observer:
(on the Series Of Articles, Reporters Gravin Off, Amec Alexander and (Elizabett Larkin(?)) have done, on prison corruption)

Hi. My name is Terry Lytle... and my life is in danger, at the behest of the North Carolina Department of Public Safety, Prisons employees. Through lack of training, negligence to the duty owed inmates — and personnel — goes undisciplined and unreported. Many lives — including the women and children, that are your wives and daughters — the mothers of their own children — are in danger of abusive violence, and terror through the direct involvement of corrupt prison officials — that, as we now know with the reporting of Alexander Correctional Institution and Lameshoo Correctional Institution — runs the gamut of all personnel. From the regular ranking officer, to Superintendents of facilities and medical personnel, negligence of staff in the performance of their duties is virtually rampant — hampering all divergent efforts of choices towards change.

I was at Alexander Correctional Institution, 2004 — one of about twenty on the bus leaving Southern Correctional Institution's I-CON unit “opening” Alexanders, August 2004 to be precise. Compared to the I-CON cell at “Tray,” where at least there was a stainless steel bench and table, a small shelf for your hygiene, and collapsible Terry Lytle (90) “Aesthetic...”
hooks to hang towels and wash-cloths(keeping down the mildew), the scenery at Alexander was especially bleak for me. All of that, was missing; with the bed almost on the floor. I suffer from a mental disease; bipolar disorder. Probably have, my whole life, but it wasn't until I was involuntary committed, that I found out.

I was 19. Had already been to jail six times. I'd also been in a North Carolina prison, twice by then. I wouldn't see prison two more times before I was old enough to buy beer, turning 21 years of age in a segregation cell at Neuse Correctional Institution while in a delirium from marijuana I'd bought on the yard. Because of my mental health, I'd been placed in segregation; staff were told I was having a psychotic episode; I was told I would not be released from segregation until I complied—and agreed to—medication protocol that contained haloperidol, an extremely potent anti-psychotic.

I was also subjected to disciplinary action: the report said I threatened staff; what I said was, "please don't touch me; I'll go with you" to wherever the Sergeant wanted to take me. Instead, he said something over the radio—and I was surrounded by a bunch of prison guards...

I was in the medication line, trying my best to figure out why the nurse was trying to give me someone else's medicine, a green tablet and a smaller white tablet; I took two blue tablets, not these.

Terry Lytle (91) "Aesthetic..."
Come to find out, my medication had been changed without telling me. I was, maybe, two miles from Cherry Hospital in Goldsboro during this episode. Through court-order, I obtained Department of Corrections (now, DPS) mental health records pertaining to me, as an inmate, up-to and including year 2001. This whole "episode"—even the fact of me being given meds—has been deleted. The disciplinary wasn’t. Kind of like being told “bipolar disorder” when the actual diagnosis at Johnston County Mental Health Center was: psychosis 898.90. And I quote: “The patient’s psychosis has cleared and it was [the] opinion of the undersigned as well as the team that this probably had nothing to do with his substance abuse and was a psychosis for other reasons and then drugs.” That’s the same thing I tried to tell my trial judge in Raleigh. It’s in the verbatim transcript.

Just as me reporting to the courts about the entire 1996-1997 (parole violation time) mental health entries missing: it’s in a verbatim transcript as well. I reported numerous abuses while at Alexander: I once had, an unheard of, two Administrative Remedy procedures, i.e., grievances, filed at one time. I was the first reporting the dog-leash attached to the handcuffs: I had my whole 10-cell pod, sign it. Even sent ‘cries for help’ to various newspapers as Terry Lytle (92) “Aesthetic...
diverse as ‘The Sun’, in Durham. None of us ever heard anything—and the cruel and unusual punishment didn’t stop as long as I was there, up to April-May, 2005.

Just like nothing was ever done about staff assaulting me—on camera—with my hands cuffed behind my back... while an other guard stood idle in my cell, watching.

I wrote the News Observer; the Director of Prisons—a grievance. Even wrote the North Carolina Prisoner Legal Services.

I was subjected to disciplinary action again: the report said I assaulted staff.

I even had all my property taken—mattress and blankets also. Was handcuffed to a padlocked waistchain, shackled. My cell water was turned off.

Do you know how cold it was in Taylorsville, NC on January 3, 2005—the date of the incident? What about February 24, 2005, when the facility handpicked the biggest brutes, personally exercising their will that night to use them as a ‘cell-extraction’ team, just to assault me: I had submitted to the cuffs again behind my back. Was even chained to the cold-steel frame, stretched out on my back... with nothing on but a washed-thin boxer shorts, and T-shirt.

That ‘cell-extraction’ team came in on me two more times that night, in that “new” cell, never moving me again, only chaining me—and leaving me chained—to the bed, about twelve hours straight, well into the next shift at 6 a.m.

Terry Lytle (93) “Aesthetic...”
When that sergeant came into my cell around 7:30 a.m., I had already "missed" breakfast—it being served, promptly at 6:00 a.m. But I wasn't thinking about food or breakfast... so when he asked me, "you alright?" I replied, "... socks... can I have some socks?"

To this day, I am not in any cell—any place!—in these North Carolina prisons, without at least one extra pair of clean socks (I've hand-washed a hundred, if I've washed one).

And I live with fear of those reactions by DPS prisons staff even moreso, now. I was at Lameshboro Correctional Institution from approximately April, 2009 until March, 2013. That was my second time being there, as I did M-CON there, '06-'07. I was there, as corrupt officials continuously engaged in contraband smuggling of drugs, tobacco, alcohol, cell phones—even pornography. There were too many too write, instances of staff favoritism and undue familiarity with gang members, especially blood gang bangers.

I seen it; witnessed it. I, myself benefited from the loose-association of a known gang member: where I was caught with two pounds of tobacco, the write-up said "two small picks"—I think I did 10 days in the hole! The same Unit Manager—Jeffrey Well—who allowed the conspiracy (orchestrated it, in my opinion) that killed Wesley Turner September 28, 2012.

When I got back to Lameshboro, Superintendent Rick Jackson was in the process of "resigning"—such term, used belligerently. Then, the video being...
ordered "destroyed"... and the S.B.I. investigation; where Sergeant Stephanie Miller only did her job, getting harassed and falsely accused of things unbecoming of an officer, was her thanks. All-the-while, various sergeants and unit managers getting deeper, in their mutual alliances of contraband, favoritism, and undue familiarity with gangs... setting the pace towards a senseless murder. (This paper couldn’t hold all the things seen.)

For, without Mr. Wall’s undue familiarity, “Boy” and “Julio” — even “Rabbit” — wouldn’t have even been on the yard. As a matter of fact, the disciplinaries they all had recently been getting, should’ve put them on a control status, a highly-likely M-Con status.

Instead, they were so convinced of Wall’s protecting of them, they attempted cold-blooded murders, surveillance cameras be damned. Succeeded in one.

The same was going on at Bettie Correctional Institution: I made it into the facility with an 8½ ice-pick type shank I brought with me, in my property, around the first week of August. Bollo, I was the only person in that pod who didn’t gangbang; so who told the “police” about the icepick? You know it just as good as I: why was it the same Sergeant, the same officers, of all three searches? Within 30 days?

While the pod smelled like a Ganja-festival, in a smoke-filled bar at that! Nobody else getting searched either. Not by any rotation.

I seen with my own eyes, the recently departed Terry Lytle (95) "Aesthetic..."
female Sergeant, help an old male Sergeant who was being assaulted—herself, them being assaulted—while other officers did nothing: in fact, in my 30 plus years, I had never seen staff response to a Code 7 so sluggish—and the inmate was just showing you what his hands was about! Imagine: the damage, had he been armed...

Nevertheless, the grapevine—"inmate.com"—says the same "standing around" directly contributed to her being fatally assaulted again—in response to a Code 5 (fire) at that... how?! How can numerous Department of Public Safety staff be so "hush-mouthed" about a co-worker who risked—indeed, lost!—her life for her co-workers?!! A Code 7 is "officer down" officer being assaulted "officer needs assistance"—the recurring theme, "Officer."

Forgive my tirade, but these are the "officers" who are also responsible for your sons and brothers, your uncles and fathers’ Safety, whom distinguished attorney Harry Payne identified as "one in five" having "a diagnosis of mental illness." (NEWSOBSERVER.com, 1-21-2017) He also said, "we... must begin speaking our truth to the hearts and minds of others." He said, "our condition must be personalized, given names and faces."

The sad reality is that Jack Nicholson’s vociferous accusation, "You can’t handle the truth!" may be a sad reality North Carolinians must face, seeing as...
how, only one good man has come forth: Mr. Harry Payne. In a prison of approximately 1,500 men, that "1-in-5" breaks down to 300 inmates.

Yet, I am at Maury Correctional Institution — alleged to be a Mental Health/Chronic Care facility. One Unit holds that approximately 300 inmates; that leaves a whole another 300-man Unit; a 150-man Unit of a heavily gang-infested "death trap" known as Upper Reg; the Lower Red Unit segregation — another approximate 150; a 64-cell Control Status Unit; a 4-pod, 32-cell TDU Program, and a 504-man medium custody unit connected to the back of the close custody building (in itself its own "death trap"), just as Lanesboro's is...it isn't called Terror-Dom for nothing. Gang members go to — and for nothing. Gang members go to — and for nothing. Gang members go to — and for nothing. Gang members go to — and for nothing. Gang members go to — and for nothing. Gang members go to — and for nothing. Gang members go to — and for nothing. Gang members go to — and for nothing. But then again, I've been reporting staff undue familiarity and favoritism towards gang members for a year. This newspaper's Gavin Off can affirm that — just as he can affirm that other inmates and gang members can affirm what I've been saying all along: Maury is just as deadly, just as violent as Lanesboro — and severely infested with validated, known, and recognized active gang members. Where else are all these stabbings coming from? All the cell phones? The tobacco and drugs? 

Terry Lytle (97) "Aesthetic..."
There’s not a ‘dirty’ "C.O." (old terminology “correctional officer”) this side of Greenville, ‘doing business’ with mental health prisoners. They are, however, doing business with gangbangers playing-the-system...while those of us who really suffer continue to suffer.

And we’re doing it at a prison that has had so many Code 4’s (inmate assaulting inmates) and Code 7’s (inmate assaulting staff)—in the last two weeks, that I’ve last count. I continue reporting numerous instances of staff favoritism and undue familiarity: only to see the same gang members getting the same favoritism, from those same unduly familiar staff!

I’ve been reporting it since September of last year, have factual documentation, as of January 2019, I have even filed a TORT Action with the N.C. Industrial Commission—on file—since April 20, 2019: a TORT Action where you must exhaust your Administrative Remedy Procedure to Step 3 (which I’ve done, at least twice), To NO AVAIL!

What NC DPS personnel has done, is show gang members our grievances (not just mine); tell them what we are doing; advise them of what we further divulge in confidence—which directly results in numerous assaults, robberies and stabbings—in a "supposedly, therapeutic environment."

Instead of "manning-up", DPS attempts to overlook—or flat-out ignore—the congruity of: gangs and "Aesthetic..."
Mental health, will not “mix.”
Instead of telling you that, just as John Nash (“A Beautiful Mind”), could recover from the direful aspect of schizoprenia — we do recover. Yet, they’re gonna try to tell you, “he’s still suffering... acute symptoms...”

Indeed, suffering Post Traumatic Stress Disorder—that you North Carolina Department & Public Safety, Prisons—have created, and keep me incarcerated within.

Where no amount of “speaking our truth,” “our condition,” has found Administrative Remedy. With a motto of “Prevent. Protect. Prepare.”

Where is the Transparency? Concerning Maury Correctional Institution? In fact, all close custody facilities—“million-dollar-prisons” they’re called. Yet, Scotland, Laneseboro, Maury, Bertie, Alexander—every single one of them, has willingly sacrificed at least one father, son, brother, or uncle to gang violence.

Even an Officer... A mother of children at

Terry Lytle, diagnosed with psychosis
at age 19, still suffering manic depressive disorder, has been incarcerated all but 7 years since he was 16; he is 42 years old now, incarcerated for the 8th time. He now suffers acute PTSD as well. (Written, September 18, 2017)

Terry Lytle  (99) "Aesthetic..."
FACTS!

In State v. Bonilla, 209 N.C. App. 576 (Feb. 15, 2011) the trial court instructed that:

“Terrorizing means more than just putting another in fear. It means putting that person in some high degree of fear, a state of intense fright or apprehension...”

Terry Lytle (100) "Aesthetic..."
Now... for “Only The Ladies"

Terry Lytle (150) “Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)"
Only the Ladies
Terry Lytle (T. LYTLE)
Only the Ladies
Terry Lytle (Terrence Wayne Lytle) AKA, "Cowboy"

"...a gentleman never tells..."

What you are about to read is, Provocation — explicit; sexual; lustful; erotic. It is amatory: no amateur, I...

"Love", is defined as: attraction based on sexual desire" — at least that's what the third definition says in the Merriam-Webster's Dictionary & Thesaurus. So, you know what they say, never underestimate the power of three; which of course, "Love" is: "Magic", more powerful than anything I have ever experienced.

I did something different here: I left-off 'dates' written (for obvious reasons)... and, "Shorty"? The capital "L" is for you. Today is August 5, 2017... Welcome to my cell:

Terry Lytle # 0252576
Maury Correctional Institution
P.O. Box 506
Maury, NC 28554

Terry Lytle 9/o Jeanie Lytle
9160 Pittman Rd.
Selma, NC 27576
A gentleman is simply a patient wolf.

—Lana Turner
"Experienced"

We're just "peons" in the sandbox of The Most High's Grand Design......
But you're a Princess (I can tell by the love I see in your eyes)
Which means...
You are a loving vessel, bursting at the seams...
And I get anxious, because I'm experiencing your energy
when you're on the scene
Beautiful...
Quiet...
Humble...
Loving, and Warm
You are not the norm
So very attractive...
I have to ask——
"Lady... if you'd like...........
may I ask....... you, to dance?..."
"Read It Again"

You had me, when you smiled...

(Think! about that...)
A woman with a smile like that—
Can be a beautiful, loving Mother to our kids...
Always forgiving, always understanding, no matter what the wrong that they did

A mother with a smile like that...
Will always be a loving Wife, cherishing our bond, committed to our life
Together, through any storm or weather... (or strife)

With a smile like that, you're not just attractive—"You're Contagious—
You will forever, stage us
On how real love could be
Would be
Should be—Is! .........So, how about it?
Wanna get married...
and us, have kids...

Terry Lytle (5) "Only The Ladies"
“Old School”

I don't know when the world forgot about it...
As young as I am... I haven't...
I'm "Old School"... when it comes to that...
I want to Romance ya... so why would I forget...
The intimacy... of the first time...

It's, THE biggest, Public-Display-of-Affection... for, the selection is simple...
Woman...
Man...
Touching...
Allowing all the Creative Energy and "Sparks" to Travel back and forth...
Continuously... so silent (yet, so loud...)
For, who can silence the sound, of the old-school Between me and you?
It's kinda like the pipes... on an old-school Chevelle - or, 70's fastback Mustang... we could be in tonight...
With the backseat, bigger than me and you...
(Maybe) at the Drive-In...
Terry Lytle (6) "Only The Ladies"
(Come on climb in)
Respected...
Admired...

The Old School...

So: "Why doesn't anybody hold hands anymore?"(?

Terry Lytle

(7) "Only The Ladies"
"Love"

Not easily defined
Not bought, not sold
It's not angry or hurt
It doesn't get sad or sidetracked:
it cannot possibly forget
Love has...
    Personality
a Bride... it's a Marriage...

A light...

It can be one's medium,
one's muse...
A smile,
    The Soul's news...

Love has valor (maybe that's what that 'V' is about)
    a, laughing victory
    a, bemused bout...

I cannot tell you what love actually is:
I just believe I feel what it is not...

Like...
When...

Terry Lytle (8) "Only The Ladies"
I am within three feet of you and I feel so blessed...

Or...

How...

I see you, and...

Even if you're not smiling and don't even see me...

I smile...

And...

When...

I picture you in my mind,

maybe one less, of a million times

Where...

You are smiling—well, the only comparison is the canopy

of stars I wish we were sitting under...

Plus,

there is the paper and pen

that are used hundreds of times...

A day...

A week...

A year...

To give expressions to feeling and emotion (and about, how

we got here...)

Because,

sometimes...

Terry Lytle (9) "Only The Ladies"
Love's beat within is wanting to restore...
the beat without...
For, love does define what belief and feelings are about...
Because...
When I am unable to 'set' to task...
Or "take" to class...
I grasp, the pen...
Love is the answer for...
the Questions I, still, ask.

Terry Little (19) "Only The Ladies"
“Personality”

Hello, Miss—?... “Personality”.............
I don’t hardly ever see you any more........
And, you’ve been missing from my mirror for quite
a few moments now........
But I seen you tonight....
And you were so bright...like a shining light of a
beacon,
'for this "Storm" I'm going through....
That I seen myself, in you...

Because, with your Light...and joyous smirk
(I KNEW! you knew, I was a hopeless flirt)... You made me smile...
something comparable to a boy
at his favorite Aunt's house............

I was wanting to tell you how Beautiful you
are, just because...
you care...

But...
I didn't want to seem "Fresh" with all those people
there...
And seem, covetousful...........when there's so much more
respect here...

Besides...
Terry Lytle (11) "Only The Ladies"
.........if I have invented ‘covetousful’
as a word........
I’ll still seem, “that criminal”
to the judging of the world........

With that, I’d be OK—because that would mean
we’d be alright........
Because the undercover racists missed
the ‘Black’ and ‘White’ ...
I’m not really good with words—
it’s hard for me to lie, I’m so shy..............
But I wanted to tell you
Thank You,
And that you were a sight for sad eyes......
And, “Ms. Personality”?
Don’t let noone trouble you, for your task ...
Because,
Allah Knows!, you’re at the top o’ the class!
Where,
even surrounded by demons,
You sift the sands...........
within imprisoning glass...

Terry Lytle (la) “Only The Ladies”
“Bride”

You know why I wanna kiss you?
Because it’s more intimate than sex...
Eyes wide open, noses within one inch of space
Inhaling each other’s breath...
that intermingles like
scents from candles
In the unseen ether of grace... It’s, Fate...

Four shade-less windows, no curtains over our souls
Bodies, present...
our touching still on hold...
Communication, soundless
not a voice to a word
I know that you know, we allow that to be our verb...

“Why do you hesitate?!”, screams desire so loud
Because this concerns love...
lust is not allowed.
With a gate of steel between us, I apologize for my blight
Butterfly kiss the air, before we depart from each other’s sight
You, driving home...lonesome; me, another restless night
Where, intimacy between man and lady...
Are it always affairs of black and white...

Terry Lytle

(13) “Only The Ladies”
"Marriage"

As your candy-breath, shreds
shatters every darkness around me

I realize,
we're not even holding hands...

Which then,
reminds me
That the night has just began...

And...
That...
I'm,

Nowhere without you
And, for the life of me...

I do not know what comes over me

When, in...

Solitude, I write...

It's like... an unheard whisper → "I love you"

A lyric...
In the night... where,
even separated...

A marriage is still bound

by The Light.

Terry Lytle

(14) "Only The Ladies"
"Eyes Know How"

I like you... and,
I know why...
It's your eyes.

It is said, that the eyes are the windows to the soul...
Yours are dark (just like mine)...
There is pain, there... hurt
I see, fearful times, where you were so scared...
(I've been there too)
There's not a lot of difference, between me and you.

I see........... Desire...... the will to live........... and love

You,
wanting to help, and not hurt...

I guess that comes, from experienced harm...........
Your eyes attract me, more than your body...
This, you know (because I haven't actually "seen" it)...
And our conversations are so limited...

I'm locked up...
You? (hardly ever around)
But, I like you...
And your eyes know how.

Jerry Little (15) "Only The Ladies"
"I Want To Know..."

I want to know what you're looking for, because...
there's no other reason for you to be here.
Believe me when I tell you, you're that beautiful, black...
Because I don't see color, with your fine ass... top o' the class...
So... what are you looking for? Because...
your smile's so attractive...
It erases the fear (the questioning) in your eyes...
And your stance, when you stand (like that)... Well...
It's so provocative.........I just wanna wrap your legs around the back of my neck.
Kiss your thighs... while I

  tongue-fuck you good (like I know I can)...

I'm the brother of your ex-boyfriend...
Kith and kin... Come: "shoulder ride", like we're South African...
I was born in a desert... don't comprehend? I'm Arizonian...
What I got, will ignite the dynamite...

between your legs

When you said, "Can you come back in 10 minutes?" I didn't know...

So... I want to know — what're you looking for?... Ticketmaster,
at your door: "mustache ride", last ticket's yours...

Ima grown man... boys play games...
Terry Lytle (16) "Only The Ladies"
...I mean what I say..........remember—
"Sexy—I want you", so I gotta know!
"What're you doing here...because I gotta know, what're you looking for?"

Yeah, I seen you last week......looking like a cake(that I'd eat)
Twice, I thought you would melt me with your eye
contact and your smile...(it's "been a while")
But it's still hard to make "Cowboy", soft enough to mould.....
"Shorty," I'm the type of killer that your momma wants!,
you to marry...
I'm too old to play games—"What're you looking for?"
Kids play games.......boys join gangs—I'm standing in

my own pair.......Momma didn't buy these
(It's too much "money" here)
Where you work...is my lair.......Still, the wolf
Looking down on the sheep...(that's whis been paying for that

icecream you eat...) I don't need all the fan-flare.......Baby, I got soldiers
on deck...
Loyal to the money, like I'm gonna be loyal to your

panties...
Get at me; I'm nasty......."What're you looking for?"

Terry Lytle (17) "Only The Ladies"
I'm a grown man, boys play games...
"Sexy"?— I want you (gotta have more)
So...
"What're you doing here?"
Because I gotta know... "What're you looking for?"

So, don't trip ... and stop with the stuttering...
You know my name...

I told you: french-kiss your body, like all those ice cream sandwiches.....

Treat you ... like a handful of sticky fingers...
Love you, even when you're mad... still hold your hand (with all that water-weight)

Still, tongue-fuck you when you're bloated from... having your cake (and eating it, too)...

Body, close— in an all-white neighborhood ...(if they can’t then fuck ‘em; I don’t need to be there)
Killers kill, "Cowboy's" never tame—who needs fame ...........

Love’s for real...

"Tammy? I'm not playin' ...
We're watching each other, wanting the other ...
Stay interested in me, OK? ... Like I told you, I'm happily divorced ........ So, I
Want to know ... what are you looking for?

Terry Lytle (18) "Only The Ladies"
"Tryin' To Trigger..."

OK, "brown pants"... am I even in the ballpark? ... I need to know...
I told you... I'm shy...
That first day, when I told you
"Yeah, you kinda got it going on..." (about your looks? Your body?) ....... honestly,
That was just our energy... because THAT does not happen when I first meet someone...

It doesn't...
But don't think that I was playin'—
I wasn't...
I'm just tryin' to keep my desires on the leash...
(I'm women-FREAKY, in the streets...)
Had 'em pulling their own hair...
Reminiscing me there...
One even bought me a truck ("Player o The Year")—
Go figure ......... All the ways, I keep it moving.
And I'm trying to trigger...
You
Your heart... your emotions...

Terry Lytle
(19) "Only The Ladies"
Does this make sense? (or is it a calamity?)
You can write it down... and hand it to me...
Bring me back down to gravity (is what this is).
Miss, I was missing you today...

Terry Lytle  (20) "Only The Ladies"
"When Our Eyes Meet"

March 26th ... say, 2:30 in the morning...
And you've ran across my mind a time or two...
Causing..............my thoughts into a focus............
Of you...
I see you........... clearly............. in my minds eye...
       and I know.........that I......ve,....
Fallen in love.....................
With you, and I don't know how...
Don't know how we got here—how I!, got here...
You haven't given me any "yes" signs......
(Not really...)
And I feel silly.................. wanting to, romance
       you(from afar)... I'm 'behind bars'............
But..............everytime I see your eyes.............
Everytime........................................
When our eyes meet, my heart skips a pace.......!
Like when you see your child getting off the school bus;...
Like that............. and, almost always...I hide my smile...
       the happiness you bring, just by showing up... well...
You see?... As shy as a school-boy, trying to ask........
"Do you Dance...?"

Terry Lytle

(21) "Only The Ladies"
"Au Naturale"

I like you just as much without the cornrows... au naturale...
Let me put my fingers thru your hair,
as we compare the ways...
"...determined by nature"— sounds like me: Lady,
I wanna date you...
"...of or relating to nature... not artificial..."
That's you: your Thesaurus is missing the word
"fickle" (have you craving pickles)...son-you-up, witha 'T..."
"...uncultivated, untamed, wild..."— Now see,
That's us... being 'uncultivated' is just as 'untamed'
and 'wild' as your smile (my desire)...
"...crude, native, raw..."— see how they describin'
Sex Acts to 'em all...
"...undressed, unprocessed, unrefined, untreated..."
Back to your Crown—
'Queen', I can sex you, kneeling... I don't need
to lay you down...
"...genuine... honest... real... sincere, true..."
Without the cornrows, there's still you...
"...ingenious... naive...", never take advantage
of you...
"...ingenious"— "straightforward, frank"

Terry Lytle (22) "Only The Ladies"
"showing innocent or childlike simplicity"
Oh, here we are... the candidness of... mystery...
Let me make love to your mind... undress you, sexually... starting at your toes... Entertain you, intellectually...
(All calls on hold)
Getting "...raw...", "...untamed... and wild," wit'cha, fine ass— as I'm on my knees(I know what'cha need...)
I luv it!, the "...uncultivated..."
The "...crude..."
The "...native..."— I bet you taste better than the smile of,
"Make sure you spell my name right — with a capital L..."— You telling me how, was... sexier... than...
"The Letter L"(my favorite program on Showtime...)
Still on my "names"(and knees)... while you, stand... Making love to your mind, as I sex ya... with the same thing...
"...raw..." "...genuine...", "...honest...", "...real...",
"...sincere...", "...true..."
Who?? Richard Gere?!— John Legend?! — "Shawty"
I'm... ...
"Cowboy" you...

Terry Lytle (23) "Only The Ladies"
"All Apologies-A letter"

Damn...I need—want!—to apologize. For yesterday...well, actually earlier today. Because it's, technically still Thursday...

Somewhere...here.....

You came and checked on me.......and I am feeling like such a slug for not appreciating you...I have plenty of excuses—but that's not me, today...

What I'm trying to say...is I admire you...your work ethic...your dedication, even when we are such—well, you know 😊...I admire your beauty...you are a Beautiful person, so attractive...you even draw the sexual parts out...

People—women!, with personalities are very...provocative to me...You, excite me...I am interested in "People of Interest" and you interest me...because I can tell you this: I am very attracted to you...

I acknowledge you, too...You were still fine...Your eyes and smile could melt the sun! Besides; honest-to-God! I had been wondering how your "natural" hair looks(nice!)

Plus, you had that coat on—I was digging that!—you may not realize it, before that...well, it made you that much more attractive(the allure)...

I want to find out about you...your likes and dislikes...your vulnerabilities and weaknesses...and, wholeheartedly

Terry Lytle (24) "Only The Ladies"
I'd embrace you and your strengths... I want to see you with your baby... in your bare feet... booty-shorts, no bra (no panties)... I wouldn't care if we stayed "only friends" forever... as long as you would accept that... the things I am writing... they're my way of saying—hey, I'm bashful when I talk... but let my pen speak, because this is my way of telling You how attractive you are.

I couldn't say 'em... not at the beginning... I like you so much, I don't want to scare you away... I am attracted to your femininity... but we'll save this letter, until another day...

Be blessed...

And safe...

Peace

Terry Lytle

(25) "Only The Ladies"
"Escape"

Damn! I like that... REALLY like that!

Let me tell ya...

I was “mindin’ my own”—you know, just wastin’ away in this big warehouse
With all its echoes...... its noise........ when I heard a voice:

“I pay my own bills, I make my own decisions.”

Damn!,

what a way to reveal the schism I’m living...

(But thanks for the vision)...

Whitehead (that’s “black” — I want “that” (your pussy’s phat—fatter than a peach!)... Brown-skin, back that!

You’ve got it... and flaunt it... in less than five,

I’m a — sucka— for—luv... with your mind...

(Not that I mind; seeing... you’re thick—thighed)

Without, eye—balling the behind — but you said,

“I don’t trust anyone”...

Damn! An angel, come to earth... first female one, seen (since birth)... “Brown—Sugar”... let’s shake the earth... May I ask?...

just one dance?...

Because fate and destiny aren’t just words... It was

Terry Lytle (26) “Only The Ladies”
meant! that I heard...
Sugar-Sexy-Eyes, let “Yes”...
  escape your lips...
  (so I can plant tu-lips, to hips...)

Be!(Your adverb)

Terry Lytle (2.7) “Only The Ladies”
"Depth"

When I looked into your eyes...you almost made me fall in love...
Seriously..."listen"...
They were red (but not glassy)—and I wondered...
Had you been made to cry?
Or, more likely...you were tired, from a long night with a fretful baby... (maybe)
Then again...with thighs like those, maybe your man was doing something that was curling your toes...
I wonder...
Because your eyes had depth to 'em...Sincerity...Peace...
I could wake up to you—and a houseful of screaming kids—every day...
Just as long as you don't cry, "Sugar"...
Because, just as with the depthness...
The sadness is deep...(and you're so sweet)
So...
get some sleep—not that you need it!
You're naturally sexy...
Like a pecan pie.....begging me to eat...French-kiss your body, from head to feet
Prettier than sunrays, after a quick thunderstorm—

Terry Lytle (28) "Only The Ladies"
(that's your smile)
And the way you gotta look-up, when you meet my eyes... that's
like, true love (without ever having sex)
Something like... a hundred texts...
Baby, I'm a "vet"... and you're the Jet, that takes me higher...
Just listen to my pen: "Good morning... Did you rest easy?...
How did your day begin?"
"Did you miss me?... Don't diss me... No, you can't kiss me", you
respond back—
Dang... (I'll maintain)... but,
I bet your lips taste better than honey...
And, your kiss?... It would taste like, bubble-gum and
happiness... Bliss... Bliss...
It's your smile... it makes you, "Like That!"
And, I promise you...
Relationship or one-night stand...
You'd always, be able to .......... reminisce... that,
I'm...
all...
Man...
(Sincerely yours, "The Pen")

Terry Lytle
(29) "Only The Ladies"
And then she had a T-shirt on, with the word ‘Love’... But that was yesterday... yet, another fire was set today... (I bet, that’s the part of the job she hates...) Where hate rules the day, communication is nil, and grown-men act like kids... Real kids... like ignorant, baby goats... (I wonder if they’d choke (all the smoke) or eat beer cans, like I’ve seen ‘em do)... Running outdoors... sound the alarm... Cowards! Fussies! (*Code 5: Fire Alarm*) Cry-baby bastards, looking for a mom... (Just “listen” to the hate.........) But she had a T-shirt on, that said, LOVE... So maybe it’s me that... never hollered “fire...” I mean, what is life... without sex and T-shirts that say Love?

Terry Lytle
"She Brought Me Books"

And then... she brought two books. "Cowboy For Keeps" and "Ceremony".
Seriously, confusing me (? maybe, ask?)...
Because this isn't a Western, but a Romance...
"Love Inspired" series... ("Sugar"? → Me?!..)
I enjoy, romance... The Chase... The Hunt...
I'm a hopeless romantic... as patient as a gentleman... → "But? are you sure?"
I'm not trying to play you... no games, no lies... But, I want it for keeps...
Sweepin' ya off your feet... Carry you underneath the threshold
Of our Soul... I promise, I'll marry you....
All the kids, ours...
I'll be, hand-in-hand with you
Touch you, hold you, smell you, hug you, kiss you, taste you, love you...
No question, just you... I know; I'm sure
See, I... I've, fallen in love with you...
And it's, so right... I just know... it's out of my control... (I'm anxious!, until I next see you...)
Bringing me books... Smile, "Shawty"... "I Do"... love you...

Terry Lytle
(3) "Only The Ladies"
"Choose New Authors"
(she wrote.......

"Shawty?"— If I do that.............it'll be me!
Because I'm convinced, the world needs vibes
of sex & love..............with no glove...
(Do you wanna be, married to me..... or not?)

Insha-Allah, we're gonna make some babies......
Let my pen, be our audience.......We can change
the world,
Me & you............ This thing between us?
It's stronger than you, or me... that's how I know
when we touch?....................It's gonna...
Be..... unknowable(like God); Real(as only Love, can be);
Dependable(where the man should be)..................
Honest; Sincere; True;...I'm only, beginning.....to
count the ways....I'll...
Love...

We've gotta at least, try... no misdirection... No lies.......Our
Energy will let us, see..........Us........while two books
collide............to the floor......
And, "The Pen", writes......................While we create...

Terry Little
(32) "Only The Ladies"
"Breathless"

Is the only way to describe it... you took my breath away...
So provocative, so erotic... Had me wanting to ask
"Baby, is that for me?" just like that... I don't know...
but I wanted to french-kiss your baby-fat... butterfly-kiss your ass-cheeks with my eyes...
While I... STAYED!, tongue-tied between your thighs...
Yes, I'm doing this from the back...
"I wanna do this, naked... in a roomful of mirrors...
see the ecstasy on your face, while I get you in a...
pat-down-stance... hands, shoulder height... head
slightly tilted down -- eyes closed, bottom lip being bitten
so as, no escaping sound..."

Breathless...
This is how you had me...
I just want to return the moment however long you'll let it take

I don't usually do this... (I've only done it twice in my life)
But, I promise... if you'll just kiss me and take a shower
with me first...

I'll...
Slowly........... drag my tongue up between your ass...

Terry Lytle (33) "Only The Ladies"
eat you (out) from the back... like you was the first!, of four wives...
Have YOUR pussy, begging you!, to let me........
give it more... my,
Tongue-damage; it's so sexual... you finally realize I told the truth...
French-kissing your body...
Taking my time, around your skin dimples...
The wetness of my kisses, fillin' in the stretch-marks...
While I, bury three-fingers in your pussy (the warm-up for my firm grip)... as I man-grab your eyes...
As we kiss......... Breathless........
Mouth.... to.... mouth.... our eyes still locked...

Then you mount me... while I still stand (6-pack abs)...
... holding you...
Where you're leaning back, the length of my arms...
... one holding each side...
One foot, petite... locked under each knee-cap...
Sugar-spread, exposing your clit... as you grind—
And, I drive back........... with rhythm... taking our time (you, knowing I can hold you all day...)
Eyes... to eyes... me, placing those three fingers in ...

Terry Lytle (34) "Only The Ladies"
Your mouth...

heightens the explosion... yours... ours.........

Leaving us... Breathless....... for just that moment (because you're "realing": we came together)... And then.......... we breathe...

(Knowing we can get in trouble for this, if caught..)

Terry Lytle (35) “Only The Ladies”
On January 29, 2017 I was in the 'hole'—in the 'politically correct' adapting prison system of the State of North Carolina—newly labeled "Restrictive Housing" (while I was blinking)... It was still a fuckin' madhouse: imagine 48 isolated prison-cells, behind steel doors, not bars: cell-pod shaped EXACTLY like a coffin: (two tiers) 81 (bottom, odd cells) (top, even cells)

Door to hallway

My cell was LA-31, fourth from the back. The noise, by itself, would drive you insane...

So, needless to say, I stayed on the radio when it sounded like the argument before the shootout. But my mind is..."racing", in situations like this: The noise triggers it....triggers me, into all types of hectic, aggressive, abusive, violent scenarios... and, every now and then, a song's beat will take over; be the muse. This next one is one of those instances...

It is an old-school, cassette-tape-and-a-single-deck-type, of mental imaging...to mix a "home-track" with "Queen B" hittin' the ad-libo (I think it's 'All-Night', as I haven't heard it since)

Terry Lytle

(34) "Only The Ladies"
"Emotional Scars" (January 29, 2017)

You say you've seen my scars...
Oh, how you lie..., All night...
You've felt my body, yes... but your walls repel the love... No sight...
As my muscles mould to your skin... my heart gets serrated by your touch..., All night...
As beautiful as... you are...
The jaded disposition... stays...
Things'll never... be right... no matter, the night...

(a refrain)
We'll never be better again... I'm unable to stop the blame...
Damn, why'd you do this... The resentments don't change...
If life is a gamble... Then love is a war..... I don't want no more.............

You say you've seen me...
Maybe it's true... tonight...
Feels like you miss me... who's right...
My memory is the scar that, ... all night...
Resembles insomnia... to write...
Mimicking writer... through the night..., All night...

Terry Lytle (37) "Only The Ladies"
I won't do it again... The blame-game, maddens me...
Who said, "do this"?!! Resentments wash tears, like rain...
There's no, living gamble... Love, leaves... the game...
As scars you haven't seen...

Call, all night...

(As further evidence→APPLIES 😊)

Terry Lytle (38) "Only The Ladies"
“This Is How You Do?”

A month, day, year @ 1:42 a.m. — and this is how you do? (Are you another one of “them”) ........... be in love— Make me! fall in love... then, fall back? And it’s crazy .......... like, how you sent somebody else .......... twice...

To do what you’re supposed to be doing ..................

This is how you do? ....

How, when you came .......... Looking me in my eyes...

Telling me, so powerfully .......... that you would ...........

have my baby... that you, Wanted!, to ................................

that you were in love with me, but couldn’t keep going through this.....

Even though we had ............ (more than once)

I was glistening ...... like wet sugar spilt on a table ........

The scent of you, driving me to ‘insanity’ .......

all over again

I say these, in retrospect ....... But you know them,

all the same ...............

It was my! name you moaned ..... with each thrust, each downward grind you gave back....

Both of us

Lost .......... in sexual bliss...........and, a kiss...

and orgasms............

Terry Lytle (39) “Only The Ladies”
holdings, touchings

Eye to eye

Your wedding band, still...

Vows long gone as I've come into you,
again and again

I should've known, this is how you'd do

Terry Lytle (40) “Only The Laddies”
"No Longer Breathless..."

As I write into the night... provocative disposition...
I guess it's another 3 a.m. fight...
Restless (although, all I can think of, is if you sleep well...)
I didn't take a shower... The only thing between me
and your smell, is these boxer shorts (thinking up an
excuse, to take 'em off)...

All I've got, is "TIME"...
You sure you're strong enough to keep going thru this?...
The wait... it is........ it's own torture...
It's own... punishment...
Which is why,
I'm no longer...

Reality sets in... and, Lady -
Baby -
"Boo -
"Sugar -
Sexy... it's, depressing.

Terry Lytle
(41) "Only The Ladies"
“Sleepless, Quiet Night”

How can you NOT KNOW I miss you?
This isn’t like, when... I kiss you
and I’m shoving my hand down
the front of your pants...
Roughly...
Urgently... desperately, as you
moan into my mouth, grind
into my hand...

So wet........................................

How can you NOT KNOW I miss you?
The way you,
Roughly...
Urgently... desperately.................. unbuttoned
my,

Butterflies........
Shoving, and pulling.... Pushing down double-boxers
and all...

Devouring me in your mouth......... (your throat)........
Grabbing my ass with your free hand...

Slamming........ face....

Rubis.....

This isn’t like, when...........

Terry Lytle

(42) “Only The Ladies”
You were
Swallowing... girth... width...
Bringing me to the point of oblivion...
How can you NOT KNOW I miss you?
When you backed me, out of your throat... pushing,
Slowly... until your arms locked straight... Then,
You stood...
slipping your own pants down......
no panties "Damn!"
"Hurry"... you whispered...
And when I came... and you came...
until your legs...
wouldn't...
couldn't!
stop shaking...

Then when...
I used one of my boxers, to...
wipe you... clean... and you took 'em,
Reached for 'em... sat on 'em......
As you "pushed" me out of you...... (so wet!)
Grabbing "ME!" ...... pulling; tasting (yourself, all over me)
One last time...
Saying, "Hurry, someone might come...

But I...
Terry Little (43) "Only The Ladies"
"Sugar!"
So wreckless

This isn't like that
Those times
How can you NOT KNOW...
That

until I see you,

I suffer

Sleepless.. through quiet nights
Restless... about LOVES blight
No appetite, but hunger just the same... How can you,

NOT KNOW
That...... the way you, seduce me
Use me...

is just as bad as
any drug

I've ever done... and
couldn't get
enough of..

Terry Lytle
(44) "Only The Ladies"
“Don’t...”

You're everything I'd like to talk about, but don't...
I'm the guy who cares, sacrificing all the joy, happiness I feel...
By not bringing those feelings... to the topic of my conversations...
I'd never sacrifice you... even if I moved on...
But that's not exactly what I mean, 'K?... I want to move on, as in...
Away from this "madness"/chaos; this "circus"... but,
Me? Speak to "clowns"? "Shawty, don't be nervous—
I don't do it... Sad to say, I've gotten used to it...
"Put me on blast"... has a preface,
"Don't"... I once told you that I was gonna
file 'nother 'suit... With,
Three prisons, thirty-eight names... I never blamed you...
Even though... Miss,
"Spell My Name Right... With A Capital L" (is the title to my next book)
I wouldn't -- couldn't! -- do that... throw, you... under the bus?
(even the next books, between us)
I'm trying to... Romance you... as only I...
Know, I can (please)... because, as a man
I'm working to earn your trust... earn...

Terry Little (45) "Only The Ladies"
It's what I'm giving......(the hardest part, of being a man)

trust

Just wait........until you see what it took................
The choice...
The imaginings...
The want...
The wait...........as I,

Keep fighting & searching for an earlier release..............

date? (say "yes")

Because, when it comes to "blast..."

a 'Cowboy,' don't...

Terry Lytle (46) "Only The Ladies"
A note...

...and then there's the times I'm listening to Country music.

This next one, was "built" from a line, within it, that I read in a card a Lady-Friend had sent me...
I was reading that card, while listening to the wickedest guitar (i.e., "good") I had ever heard in a country song.

"Nighttrain" was that song. The tempo is the same; the male vocalist is the same... but, the female vocalist? If I'm not mistaken, there's a distinct female voice in one of the background singers... Distinct. And her unmistakable impression should be "heard" here.

Terry Little

(47) "Only The Ladies"
Said...

I'm still the one you run to...
I hold you all night long...

"You're the man I lean on...
"You hold me until dawn...

I'm letting you cry it all away...
Bitter and resentments, drowned by the next day...

"You are strong... my shelter through a storm...
"Now I know...
"Cowboys are not the norm...

I told you, I'd be standing here...
Patiently, maintain your comfort...
Let the pains disappear...

"I'm still riding with you...
"But, Cowboy there's so much fear...

This background music's, chaotic atmosphere...
Has us both, now... living with pain...

Terry Lytle

(48) "Only The Ladies"
Are we gonna, continue running...
Kim... that's not a train...
The white lightning flashing... you scream my name...
While thunders, roaring...
I see your tears, there should be no shame...

"All I need, and so much more...
So what are you waiting for...
(Country Song)

There's........so many things I want to tell you
I just........don't wanna put up a fight
There's........so many things, that if you knewed them
you'd probably think I ain't right
But........what if I gloved-up, and held you...(oh, we'd be up
all night...)

Past........the morning light...
Then, in.......pillow talk, told you.........
Invite you to all my hells........
Would that darkness, enfold you........
Like, black petals on a deep-dark rose........
And I'd........
Still be the one to behold you...(even though, you'd probably
be gone...)

I guess that's the way, it shakes up when........
We start, righting all our wrongs.........

(Chorus)
I... didn't wanna hurt you(I've never been this mad)
I...
Didn't once desert you(I've never been that bad)
I...
Didn't ever curse you(That, would've been........too, sad.....)

Terry Lytle (50) "Only The Ladies"
I...

Couldn't ever.......twist her (after all that.......we've had)

It's not.......hard to keep the ink from drying
Tears wash it away like rain.......Somehow.......the pain's not dying (missing you's become a game...)

I'm.........
So distracted, from all of the tryin'.......Phoenix from a flame.......Life seems "stopped" without you.......Mirrored glass, within an empty door.......This.........pain's not sold in stores.......I........

(Chorus)
Never did hurt you (I couldn't get that mad)

I........

Couldn't even desert you, I've.......never been that bad.......I...

Still stop, and won't curse you (I guess, I'm just too sad.......)

Yeah.......Why, try to twist her.......(what, of what we've had...)

Terry Lytle (5) "Only The Ladies"
Couldn't walk away - Couldn't ease the pain....... 
I...
Doubted you, like sunshine ........ on a cloudy day (maybe rain ........)
I...
Was always with you (even when it was another round)
Hallowed ground ........ 
Ties...
My ........
Heaven is lost without you ........ hell is not my home ........
I ........ made mistakes, about you
I ........ had been gone ........ for far, too, long ........
(Sigh)
There's ........ no, erasing my nights without you ........
This ........ is not a poem ........

(Chorus)
I...
Didn't want to hurt you, I've ........ never been that mad ........
I...
Never once desert you, I ........ couldn't be that bad, I .......
Didn't ever curse you (that's just, her ........ sad ...) (Sigh)
A wo—man's ........ still ........
a man.

Jrerry Lytle   (52) "Only The Ladies"
"The Pill"

I woke... in a grey room, this morning...
And as reality set in, I realized: I had lost
lose you...
Because, I'm awake in a cold room...
Littlemore, than a caterpillars cocoon...
And the nurse is back..., asking
"Are you alright?"...No-...
Take a nap...Go...

I wake, in a dark room...
The yellow walls, blistered grey...with
shadows of blue...
Feels like...I've died to you...
Never read your words...never hear your
complaints...never hear your voice!...
The nurse is at the door..."Here's your pill"
Take it!...
It'll be...better...if you do..................
Because, you're locked in a...grey room...
Where,... all of hers are blue...
As cold as...a...stone heart...hard as a...
chiseled face...
And where a, ..."Cowboy"...never runs away...
Then the nurse, asks,"Do you want your med?..."—No...
Keep the pill...Go...
Because even...a Cowboy...knows...Living, isn't...Everything...
Living, isn't...Everything...

Terry Lytle         (54) "Only The Ladies"
“Out of Sight, Out of Mind"

I miss you..................I miss the way
You invade,
    my mind..............my thoughts...
My thinking processes...............The way
I could,  
    at will............write dozens of lines
No matter the time(day or night)............... 
Now,
I know “Out of Sight, Out of Mind”  
    is real...........

And, I don't like the experience...

Terry Lytle (55) “Only The Ladies”
"Where Is She..."

I wonder............ .I hope,
She's safe...
Did she lose faith?
Forget?............ How am I to explain this,
When I'm not at liberty to say who
she is.....

Man, if Life were an Anxiety!
Then this is what that is...
Bruh, I miss her smile
The way it lights up her eyes...sunshine,
on my grey days....

With 9305 of 'em
I'm sure there's at least a 1,000 shades
Besides, she's got me,
remembering...younger days

Terry Little

(56)"Only The Ladies"
"Connected (Psychics)"

I want to French-kiss the scar on the inside of your thigh...
The left one (no lies) Look me in the eyes...
I'll marry you, in your sweat-pant-shorts with the pockets...
Lock-it, with love...
Think .................. Yes,
I know...
As your denial, grows
Our bond ..... is
Something like, a magnetic
Electrical storm
Smacking...
Psychic...
I had a premonition that
That was me walking our daughter down the aisle
When you was on my right, me in all the hardware...
Pardon me, Beauty...
I don't mean to stare...
(As you do it, too)
That's the psychic-connection
Between me & you...

Terry Lytle
(57) "Only The Ladies"
“Now, You Know...”

I love you, Now...
You’re, sexier than an undressed secret...(I keep it)
You know.......My
Respect...
Feelings...Emotions...
Thicker than the ocean I pull my words from...
All thanks, is Allahis(may He forgive, my plots)
It is, all about you... somewhat...
He’s first................Now, you know...

Terry Lytle (58) “Only The Ladies”
“Quiet (come)"

You and me together—we make the perfect storm

Pen
Paper
Mind
Time
Collide...kill...escape...receive...
Rage
War
Scream
Scold
Mold...melt...combine...hold...
Patience
Breath
Conceive
Touch
Blink...feel...tone...kiss...
Release
Download
Uptake
Scan
Hypomanic...euphoria...sex...bliss...
Hurricane
Thunder

Terry Litle (59) “Only The Ladies”
Tornado
Rain
Come...cum...coming...cum...
Sweat
Rub
Stick
Grind
Wet...damp...tears...pain...
Bold
Lights
Candle
Fire
Heat...squeeze...rotation...blame...
Shambles
Crumble
Melt
Grow
Coming...like a quiet storm...grinding on me...
Hey girl...that's my eyes...on your skin...
Go
Drive
Walk
Fly
Cry...cum...release...feel...Unfold...bliss...nirvana...mine...Quiet(cum)

Terry Little  (60) "Only The Ladies"
“Mother’s Day”

I’m doing what I can, to time this right
   But I’ve got four clocks in my head driving me crazy...
With two in my soul (that’s mine and yours, Lady)
It’s kinda hazy, but I can see thru the clouds
One clock is my time, another is yours
Then I’ve got four more...
Family...
Kids...
Distance...
And, a hard decision...
Lady, I know... Love shouldn’t have to be such a schism...
All the “What ifs...” and “I don’t knows...”
My mind stays steady, because there’s not many Beautiful
   Personalities or loving hearts in the world...
I just want to keep learning, from this Beautiful girl...
How my heart keeps changing, for the better
While building poems, from all the letters I take
   out of the confusion in my mind...
I love you... Happy Mothers Day... I wish I was there...
   To Enjoy Your Time

Terry Lytle

(61) “Only The Ladies”
"Consume..."

Lord, Please! Don't let this place make a worse me...
I've got family! I've got children!, that I want to see...
Before my life slides right past You, perhaps You could
give me some breaks?
I know I seem rebellious, as if an excuse is an acceptable
mistake...
But I couldn't have got the lessons, without coming to the
school...
Because, inside—or outside—there's still a set of rules...
How could I have been so conscious, yet living a lie...
Like how, when a woman is called a whore... but she's just
trying to survive
There's no such thing as compatible "tricks", where the girl
is really a kid...
Lord, Please! Don't let this place make a worse me...
I've got family! And a girl-child, that I want to see...
Lord, Please! There's a woman that waits for me...
Don't let the streets

Consume me

Terry Lutle (68) "Only The Ladies"
“Sand”

You’re something like a roommate that I don’t have...
Imagine the reality...
A thought...
An image... a song... a breathe... rain...

As the raindrops hit the puddle
Like a thousand blinkin’ twinkle Christmas lights
I realize that, it’s just another metaphor for
grains of sand

Of time...
Somewhat of
an emotional landmine

Terry Lytle  (63) “Only The Ladies”
"The Watching (T.W.)"

I wanna, french kiss ya body, Babe
From the back of your neck, to the bending curves in the back
of your knees
I, am, him, Baby
Give you what you need
Still lay ya body down, working a 60 hour week
Once in the morning, then late-night
rock that ass to sleep
With your knees locked, over my shoulders (hold her)
over and over! (Turnin' over, slower)

Body contact
While your eyes, is watching me watch you...
Nasty-man... I might be, hot sweaty-sex (sweet)
But,
my eyes is open...
watching you, watch me...

Terry Lytle
(64) "Only The Ladies"
"Wanting To Be There..."

There's this lady I know...but hardly know
I think about her all the time...she makes me smile, as she
is that something I've put on my mind...I want to be with her...
in her company, us both smiling and happy...Watching T.V., or
listening to music, or taking a drive—me at the wheel, of course...
Even at the house, outside...me all sweaty without my shirt on,
cutting the grass with a push mower in shorts—so she can see
all my muscles ripple, while she plants a flower or two, or pulls a
weed... Or, just enjoys the sun, under a big straw hat sipping on
a big cold glass of iced-tea...And, while we're shopping for
groceries—me paying all my attention to her, not even remembering
what the cashier looked like...Driving us out to the country
even, down the long path to the secret pond...Taking her fishing,
killing all the snakes I see; first...and making love to her on the
hood of the car—the heat from the hood just mild enough to
feel good on her bottom...as I spread her legs wide, so I can
stick my tongue in her, taste her, putting my mouth on her...
rubbing her juices on my mustache...And, late in the
evening, as she's already asleep in her bed, and I walk
thru, dimming the lights, checking windows and doors, making
sure everything is safe...secure...before I go...

But then decide not to...and sleep on the couch...

(Lady, I think about you in even more ways, life ways, not

Terry Lytle (65) "Only The Ladies"
just sex ways. I'd love to take you fishing, for real. I just want to "misbehave" with you—just you... let us "misbehave," like two kids in love..."

Terry Lytle  (66)"Only The Ladies"
“A Better Man?”

A better man?...........
I'm about as good as I'ma get...a
Better man couldn't come back home this strong...
That still don't change the fact, that the love's all gone...........
Like leaves of trees, that fell last Fall...before Spring...
Left me, to time...beating me down like a blackjack dealer, set
at 21...
Reminding me...of a nineteen...so long ago...
Two girlfriends, and a cheatin' wife, such was life...
She, too...wished, for a better man...laying down
Beside me at night...a, better man...

Terry Lytle (67)"Only The Ladies"
“Find Me In The Dark”

A floods a fire,
Tears have
No name
Bitterness is the fuel
Anger revolves
Don’t feel, no pain
The water’s, oh
The paper
The heat, burns
The page... Doesn’t dissolve the rain... Couldn’t crash, these
Fears
So sudden is, the displacement... What’s in
Your basement...
The bottom of, your heart... (Is there, a, spark)... Then,

How’d you find me
In the dark?
How’d you find me
In the dark?
How’d you find me
In the dark?........... Oh, how’d, you

Find me, in, the dark.........

Terry Lytle (68) “Only The Ladies”
A old cowboy sat down at the bar and ordered a drink. A few minutes later, a young woman sat down on the stool to his left. She turned and asked, "Are you a real cowboy?"

He replied, "Well, I've spent my whole life on ranches, breaking colts, working cows, going to rodeos, fixing fences, baling hay and doctoring calves, so, yes, I'd say I'm a cowboy. May I buy you a drink?"

"Thanks," the woman replied, "but I should tell you I'm a lesbian."

The cowboy looked puzzled. "What's a lesbian?"

"Well, I like women. I spend my whole day thinking about them. As soon as I get up in the morning, I think about women. When I shower, I think about women. When I watch TV, I think about women. I even think about women when I eat. It seems that every meal is a reminder of women."

A little while later, a man sat down on the bar stool to the cowboy's right. "Excuse me, but are you a real cowboy?"

"I always thought I was," the cowboy replied. "Is that not what a real cowboy is? I'm a lesbian."
MAURY CORRECTIONAL

2017 BLACK HISTORY ESSAY

Third Place

Terry Lytle

Signature

Terry Lytle

(220) "Actually...(they say I'm Crazy)"

Date 2/4/17
“Lust At First Sight”

I want to walk in your room—your life—while you are asleep...
See if, you’re asleep on your stomach... Rub my rough hands on your back...
Your ass...
So that, you turn over and the callous of my hands rubbing across your breasts, causes them to react to me...
Because, this is about you... Your needs...
As my mouth takes in one of the buds that became droused by my touch (my other hand still on your other breast)...
Rubbing, ever so lightly... Squeezing, in sequence with my teeth... slowly, gently, biting down on your other (enough for massage)...
Bringing it more erect in my mouth... suckling breasts, mouth to chest (wishing to be your lover) As the scent of you (the musk of you)—
Your aura Consumes the oxygen we breathe... Eye-contact, doubled (you, knowing!, there is no other) Just me (already knowing...) While my mind is on all the days of our future... You whisper,

Terry Lytle  (22) "Versatile... (and Angry)"
“Make love to me...”
(and then)

Our tongues cautiously dance...
Slowly...
Passionately... as the heat of our union, consumes us like fire.................
With ecstasy... orgasms... and tears in your eyes joyfully; happy; serene... for now, you know there is! Love
Sacrifice of wants, for your needs, your strengths holding you, until the moon rises & sets...
Our first new day, in all the Glorious Light of the sun...
You realize (maybe)...
For the first time, that... you are not alone, not ashamed of...
or hidden...
or used, on another’s time...

And
New tears spring forth, with such a moment of clarity
That you ask... “Is this real; are we here?”
Silently; internally... you know (“damn; Love...”) And you grab hold... hug; squeeze.... Tell me,

Terry Lytle (222) “Versatile...(and Angry)”
“Never, let me go…”
(And I whisper, “how can I... when I wrote you here...”)
My arms, encircling your waist
Our eyes, inches apart... “I won’t”
For...
“Whatever I do,
you can do...’K?”
(I got you, ‘Ma Petite’...)

(‘She Architect’)

Terry Lytle
(223)“Versatile...(and Angry)”
“Steps Of A Stairs”

You walked into my life, heartbroke and in pain...(you wear it well)
Each step, was like a ‘shedding-away’... of users abusers; masks... and despairs...
Sixteen steps, that was the stairs(have there been sixteen lovers, promiscuously, there?)
I've NEVER been SO interested in one's life story...
And I don't know what to say, to get a conversation started................

You, exhude

sex...
Super-attractive, in your skin
your body
your hips
your eyes........

I can only imagine if kissing your lips would be different...
I've never been with one, so 'LOST' to their pain
So much, still being lost...(while, so much, slips away)
You ever met a man who "knows" (That's me)
You ever layed eyes, on a silent-super-man? A,

Terry Lytle (±21) "Versatile... (and Angry)"
Hero for years?
You ever seen 'THE ONE', who you!, just knew
Was, the one?
To...

not

cause tears...

Who was...

Not

one to fear...

That...

would still

hold you...

As your past's damage,

Become undone...

Who'd whisper, "just hold on...

(because 'love' is better, left unsaid)

As your Soul, has Body...

it tells what it is...

Searching... (Momma's been gone..)

You, needing love... Life is not a song

Terry Lytle (225) "Versatile...(and Angry)"
(You've been, hurting...)

...for far, too, long)

Permanence...
Stability...
Endurance...
Hope...Home...Rest...(naked, chest to chest)
To entail where we've been (no guessing...)
"Anything I do, you can do", Remember?

A roof over our heads...
Happy...
Safe...
Peaceful (to grow...)

It'll show...

The question isn't, "do you want to heal; escape the abuse; rise, above, the muse" But, to be accepted? (Past, and past alike?)...No more, demons no more, verbal abuse no more, fights)
Then just imagine me there...

because just like the stairs...
I'll elevate you,
Supporting...
as you make it to me...

...here.

Terry Lytle (226) "Versatile... (and Angry)"
“Imagine Me, Momma...”

Walking through the door, walking so confident (that it’s almost obscenely cocky)
You, hollering, ‘Lord!, have mercy! Child, how you get here??!’
But loving me all the same—
because my smile got you to smile...
And it’s beautiful that there’s no pain.

Imagine me, Momma...
As I, cockily continue my stride towards you
Smile: so big (because I’m happy to, finally, see you)
Throwing my arms around you, as I bend down to hug you
Squeezing you so good
That,
Fever, headaches, body-aches and chills
Leave you (running into me)...
My embracing arms, as we cry tears of joy
for the sadness and depressions we’ve bared.

Imagine me...
Holding you, in a hug so long, that your body leaves you...
Dumping all its pains, into the engulfing flames of arms (stronger than them, chains...)

Terry Lytle  (227)“Versatile... (and Angry)”
My back, harder... (than plantation plains)
My damn (and, wing-span)
Holding back...
Generational rains.

Imagine...
Our hug lasting so long — that when
I pull you to your feet... the world
and its "Colorist,"
is gone...

Tears; joy
Heartache; growth...
The pen,
as it waxes poetic, firm
Another love-lesson, discerned... another Momma’s heartache
burned
In the arms of a son, who is hers
(but not her own)
Who, loves... accepting all the pain...

And, by the way? Momma?
You seen Sadiq, today?
Nah, he’s not behind bars...

Terry Lytle (228) “Versatile... (and Angry)”
See...
that's why we came over—
I got him outside, in the car...

Imagine...us, Momma—
Two sons...
Because...
that's who we are...
Writing how much we, “Love ya...”
and showing such big kids we are!

Terry Lytle (229) “Versatile...(and Angry)”
"...brainstorm"

But who am I to rhyme?
My heart, beats
to the life of crime...
While my eyes, shed tears of shame

(Listen!)

Incarcerated, keeping me incompassitated
This terrorization (and torture) is outdated
Legalized slavery (checkmated)
See all the past, in the present?
This how I live? ...publicly hated,
just because I'm in prison?
While the...
chaos of destruction
Bangs
the masses into a schism...

But, who am I to rhyme?
My heart, beats to the life of crime.
While my...
Eyes shed tears of shame.

Terry Lytle (230) "Versatile... (and Angry)"
“Saddle...”

I'm not sleepin' on ya
I'm creepin' on ya
You're my style
You're my speed
What I want, what I need
What I like...
where I lean...

I told you I was coming—
as you see, I mean my words

(Cowboy, the verb)
Action, without the lies...
When,
a Cowboy, meets girl... a Locust among the butterflies
As they swirl around my world... something like a Tinkerbell
To my Peter Pan mural...

Terry Lytle (23) “Versatile... (and Angry)”
"...Bags"

I got my mouth... all over you
That's, my mouth... open,
on your knees
Snail-kisses, all the way up to your thighs
Slowly, I divide...
Lightly, I tongue-tie.............

That's,
your hands... in my hair
Curls around your fingers, as I take you there...

You,
Grind me, into you...

That's, my mouth... all over you...
Your skin, as I master you
Tongue-tied, as I ask for you...
Slowly, I'll cum........
after you...

Terry Lytle (232) "Versatile... (and Angry)"
Short-breathes...as our lungs lose sight
Lustingly, we match our sighs...
You...cum, as I french-Kiss 'Clit' (the best)
Hard-breathes...while I climb, chest to chest
My eyes, lost in yours
Buried........ deep, all in you...
Kisses, on your lips—Igniting more: I got this...
Infatuated—give me our dance, then...
I,willed our chance........Syn'
Locust, like diamonds double-stitched in my vest...
Riding like a cowgirl, this "CowBoy" chest
Gladly!, I said...
(I'll take you hand in hand, anywhere)
Happy, when,
in public I'll see you smile
Proudly (at me)
Family: My Last Mile...
"No Trouble - Only Pain"

We don't got the trouble\But we still got the pain
I tell ya...
We don't got the troubles\But we still get the pains

Too, many wonders
From too, many years
Tears, to pain... It's a jungle out there
Bricks to bars... Is there oxygen somewhere
I need to breathe\Can't see a brother, anywhere!
I don't got, troubles\Only I've got, pain...
Heartaches insane......

Brotherhood's for loyalty - where my brös at?
Al-Islam is the poetry - where'd you buy your lies at?
Ahmad, and the Kitab - where's your minds at?!!
T is for the Troubles - another strike-out at bat...
Panic At The Disco - where's Pete Wentz at...
(because we've got everything in-between)
This the middle-course ... Alayhi-Salaam, Imam Ali...
Modified-lockdown\Trying to squeeze me
Half my meals\They bread-and-cheese me
Smoke\Mirrors\and Lies... That's what mental health
and Shields' feeding me

Terry Lytle (234)"Versatile...(and Angry)"
Because we... Don't got the trouble\We got pain
Another cycle of write-ups\"Give 'em ninety more days"
Who pays?
Who plays?
Who pays to play? Because we don't play!\Or pay to stay
Guns stay cocked\Stress, on overload (at the sound o' the door)...
Ratchets stay locked\Traumas, on maxed-out (compromise is out) I'm on, Blank-Out
It does no good, to scribble\Or reach out
Police is dirtier than dirt... get the bleach out

Because, there's...
No trouble\Only pain...
Drinking angry coffee\Pissin' like rain...
a desert thunderstorm
Institutionalized, dorm...
Code 7
Code 7
Code 4
Code Blue\'Cause we...........
Don't got no troubles...
Only pain...
Bars...... to...... bricks...... (Does it\Ever\Change?)

Terry Lytle (235) "Versatile...(and Angry)"
"Tears I've Cried"

...I've cried, one
Feathers of a peacock
Teardrops of pain-drops
One misinterprets the other
Darkest-darkness, is
Too many truths, to fall back on
I...

Soldier...muddy in the rains, shall stalk the pain...

Tears I've cried
Feathers...to ink dots
Words...to a page
Battle-hymns.....

If I've cried
Muscles, to bones...skin, covers scars
Another heart, too wearied.....too.....far.....from home

Black dots, of a tear drop
Multiplyed in-to, one
Bottom to the top
A, rooster's map: building blocks... become
Stumbling rocks
Crumbling, into sand......Under sandaled-feet... Trying
to reach the top
Watchman's watching-watches
Time never stops... Soldier on,
I... remorseless man
For the tears, that I cry

Terry Lyte  (236)"Versatile... (and Angry)"
"World"

In a world of concrete and steel... No grass, no trees...
No blues, no greens... Everything's,
Grey wash, like a tattoo...
Dead leaves on dead skin (Ink's the only motion)
Black as the ocean's, deepest sepulchura
(Whose God can save me)
There's no life here - everything is stagnated
Air, on Re-cycle
Water, on Re-course... (Flow back, to Source) revived
through strife (minus the trash...)
Casting crowns, like Fallen kings... men, still of Troy...
Many held (sufferage) Agape, as if boys
(like drummers on a limb)
The, angering-loneliness....... saddens them
Man, still "Cowboy"
Story: running from World... with things, written
Many, survived... unheard.......
Tears, fighting the crying... only to die

From the madness of escape

Terry Lytle (237) "Versatile... (and Angry)"
"I'll..."

Have you laced-out in wild-west garb\God acknowledges my presence\With eye-contact and an almost imperceptible nod...
Which is, the equivalent\To a, triple-click\Forehead\Chest kiss

What?
You thought I was gonna dress you?!\You're hexed!
Like a bloody tampon\Getting bombed in Saigon, by a yellow-skin Vietnam-chic\(from too many dicks\)
Something vexed...\\Muthafuckas is pullin' from all sets\Like the gangs, gang-bang\Gettin' f**ked by four or more Son, screaming\"hatrag on the floor!"\(same as a whore)\.....
And I thought you was classy, with that\Secretary look\in glasses
Come to find out?\You're just a fickle bitch, satisfying the masses\That'll jack to you...

Damn!!
I'll kick myself in the ass\Before I'm caught with you in my ride
Tongue-tied with a quick-slide?!\Not on your life!
I go, wide glide\But your pussy's like a, wet-slide\No sides
Imagine, that?!\When I...
I'm about 8" long\And 2" wide\And still, I ain't bittin'\warp?!

Terry Little (238)"Versatile...\(and Angry)"


Didn't have to give you up, as a bad-wap \ You're
daily-exposure...
There's no, closure...
Mad-jackers/ Sold you / OUT!

Me??
I'll still be priming/ Like a big-dick horse
I'm, Soldier
(I told ya)
Stormtroopin' to my own beat...

To the sergeants and
lieutenants/ That HO ya...

Terry Lytle
(239) "Versatile... (and Angry)"
"Sluts"
I had to take a couple weeks\ Needed to get my mind right
Before we turned this pissin'-fight\ Into a shank-fight
Because you vampires, is leaches\ Just like the nurse, with her
spike-bite
You don't want nothing\ Hiding behind your badge, like a crooked
cop
I label you: "Somethin'!"\ Like chickenheads, hunting
Something like\ That fat ass, Rick Ross-cop\ Dirty bitches, riding
The other sides, cock\ Need to, 50$-plate ya\ See can 9-shots
be the ending that ate ya...
I hate ya...
You're a dot, with 3 kids\ Two babies-daddies
And one's up north\ In prison...
You a schism\ Like a, booty-banger's bitch\ Checkers is for
kids
I'm on a bid...\ Don't clap, because I clap back
4-fi, spittin', like a cobra's dick\ Bitches make me sick!
C.O., tricks\ Herpes, and H.I.V., vicks! (Do the math...)
There's no science... (Just cock-knockers and silence)
Y'all bitches burning up the hood\ Before these ass-bandits
even get home!
This ain't nothing new\ Funeral parlors on your dome...
(I think I'll keep my dick in my pants, until I get home)

Terry Lytle (249) "Versatile...(and Angry)"
“(Let Me In...)

You wanna stand\Like you the man\That’s gonna battle me?
I’m Taliban\I’m not Stan\Blood’s on your hands\Can’t no white-boy, see me
Killer’s kill\Can’t never be tamed\Who the fuck gonna body a G?

Cause I’m (“All The Way Up!”)
Krunk, live\Like a kick-box, pushing twin 12’s
Getting pumped, by the Blaupunkt\(or, the Pioneer)
(“All The Way Up!”)
Flashing back, to tan Timbs\38 ratchet, back pockets
Wearin’ black brims
And you wanna stand\Like you the black-Klan
Hating on a white man\Justified: ‘Cause I can’ Sound’ like, a yard punk
(“All The Way Up!”)
I’m Taliban\Assassined Stan (and his fans)
I’m based-coke…
Cooked-crack\I’m gassed death\Crystal-meth
Optimus-Primed\I’m that Diesel…
Red-light\Too right\As your girl, rides Tongue-tied\Screamin’ she’s
(“All The Way Up!”)
Let me in\Like a bacaphin\Doing, back-spins…off tha Charts!

Terry Lyttle (241) “Versatile…(and Angry)”
"Freestyle"

You're shorter than the fuse that my anger resides on
Don't need a hype man, I'm more laid back than the hairline
you're wishin' on (It's been gone)
Harder than the steel rim that you all have been pissin' on
(Urine wetting your pants, for far too long)
I go........Cowboy, like Shawty goes Commando—
No drawers...
Pages are stripped bare
No cause, no fours
Uncomparable is the parable, about the truth of my pair...
Almighty, on the attack! White skin, assassin's stare
Predator to the prey
No paws... no cares
I cut off your heads, like the devils that brought you near...
Stickin' up the Ciphers (One mind; one eye; One Love; One Lair...
Like the Lion of the Jungle) Your girl's imagining me there
I'm somethin' like a Saigon bomb that your girl's been
nuttin' on...
Dick's wetter than the panties that her phat ass been
clappin' in... Her
Clits, slicker than the buttered bread in my pocket
Harder than a rocket (filling her socket)
I'm the Mechanic—shes SO! ratchet...(her legs? Unlocked it)
Look at the gutter, that my wood left—you're done!
Still at my door, begging some...

Terry Latte (242) "Versatile...(and Angry)"
Got her eating off the floor!
Another chain gang hustla, got her eating off tha floor!
(Off tha floor... off tha floor... off tha floor, off tha floor)

I school 'em, as I levitate
My dawgs don't got broke paws!
Dominate and elevate
My hunnie, hesitate NO MORE!
Crowning like a rooster, screaming back door...
Smocking crumbs to the floor
Your wife's still, acting like a whore

Lyrics is unkind
They not sold in stores...
(as I)

'Mic the masses, from inside a cell door...
Dick in my hand

Crowning

Back door!
Back door!
Back door!
Back door!

Terry Little (213) "Versatile... (and Angry)"
“One Bullet...”

One bullet One gun One glove One life
One love One strife
One bullet One gun One shot One kill
One love One bullet One gun One way...

My say They saying, ride the beat But this is Cowboy street
My way All days Got pounds of mad heart, for the weak
Don't sleep Don't woof That's blood, dripping From my teeth...
Devil in the playground Got us buried alive
And just as Nasty Nate One mic ........ for One life
One love One strive
I got my brim to my brows Dodgin' the jakes
Shades tight So the masses don't see, what I'm looking at
One bullet
One gun One glove — where the body at?!
Because we ain't toe-taggin' noone
They done And get done, like a Yankees pitcherstriking out whole teams
Treat you, like an ice-fiend Triple beam, Assassins Wolves eating the sheep... Because we

Terry Little (844)“Versatile...(and Angry)”
(got)

One bullet  One gun  One glove  One life
One love  One strife
One bullet  One gun  One shot  One kill
One love  One bullet  One gun  One way...

No sign-language  No stacking
Death in, Death out  Rockin' black flags (Wild West
Where we body at? Whose got your party's bat?
No hat  No gloves  One love (put ya bitch to sleep)
One life  One strife  Dead presidents, for dead wives
Because it's...
One bullet
One gun
One shot
One kill... (I've never seen a yellow wolf) Eminem, can I get a deal!

Yellow is for chickens  That a wolf, kills
Ima Phoenix from the flame  Firebomb your mainframe
Substage your game, with the spotlight in my eyes
as the masses see the killer inside...
From blue  To green  To grey (slate-cold, as they say)

Because I...

Terry Lytle  (245)'Versatile... (and Angry)'
(got) Mind control

One bullet | One gun | One glove | One life
One love | One strife
One bullet | One gun | One shot | One kill
One love | One bullet | One gun | One way...

To dispose of a body...
Two bodies | Three...
Four bodies—Whaa! | Bases is loaded | And there's still more
Cocked, and coked | Single, for four | Six months, to a door
A double, for a seven | Max-Con, no more! | (H-CON couldn't handle no more)
Kinda like your whore | I deep-sixed ya pitch
Couch, kitchen-counter, washer, dryer... dining room
floor...... Pussy was so good, couldn't ask for more
Because I... (got)

One bullet | One gun | One glove | One life
One love | One strife
One bullet | One gun | One shot | One kill
One love | One bullet | One gun | She's done!

Terry Lyle (246) "Versatile... (and Angry)"
“Deadly Deserts”

Darkness! Rage! “On sight!” Screams the cage
A silent, kill! So loud! Maury’ll, become (another burial mound)
Lies! Deceit! They’ve, compounded the murder...
Should I assassinate? Must I take it further?

It is, nothing \ To kill
It takes, strength \ To let live
Even a man’s own brother \ Need be, shedding the snake ……
off of his skin

No! kith and kin \ No! righteous brothers—No! not one
Brother-enemies \ Give; to get \ And … take \ take ...
Frenemies, I forsake ………
Mutual bonds, undone

Just as a scorpion \ You only feel poisoned
There’s no rattle to tell \ Like there is, with the snakes
Department of Villians \ Cesspool like a lake ……
But, just as the warrior \ My conscience is clear
Mongoose killing cobras \ There’s no lions here
Like animals of a jungle \ Everything’s dead there…….
Not a soul ……
Only glares …… Walking dead’s; compare

Terry Little (247) “Versatile … (and Angry)”
"Nil"

If I choked on my rage — it's still!
My hands...
Bound & tied — predator at bay...
There's no, 'Solution' ... that's not Life: a predator is never!
'At bay' ...
For the rage is a centrifugal force, self-contained
At the will of my own Heart
There's nothing hindered, nothing held back ... it is only
My desire not to hurt, not to harm
(Something like a doctor, without the charm)
Like, double-sashes of silk; binding ... Yet forbidden ...
For who can bite the experience of survival?
Cancel-out ... self-preservation?
Not even the wolf-narrative can silence the kill, of living
Only pessimism in an optimistic world is more choking ...
Rage ...
Hands...
Choking...
Biting...
Such is the cipher, of nil ...

Terry Lytle (248) "Versatile... (and Angry)"
"Strife-Life"

If you bring it, I'ma sling it......
Stay strapped, homey...........
If you bring it, I'ma sling it......(I stay strapped homey)

Hit ya like a spliff Strife-life!
Fill tha room with smoke'I don't take, as you choke...
Subliminal ether
Don't play ydself! Them ain't no homey's! They using you as a screen
Manifested oppressions, have dogged-out the scene
Disrespecting whole teams...
What-do-ya-mean, you can't see it?! This is, Strife-Life You pussies is stealing beans!

(Check it!)
One day you bang
Next day you pray....
But that's O.K.
I'm alright
Surrounded by
Nūr Allah's Light (Divine White)
Two hammer's at a fight
Rhymes is like...
The life that I write...

One day you bang
Next day you pray....
But that's O.K.
I'm alright

Terry Little (249) "Versatile... (and Angry)"
Surrounded
By the Nur-Allah’s Light
Divine White Two, locked hammers... (Strife) in a fight...

Move, when I move
Never a feature, for cats wanting
something to see
Like a G by the old-school standards
Mafia-right Hammers-tight (Killers Kill, can’t never be tamed)... and you
brought a knife, against 2-Pistols?! And you, Right?!!

Hah!
Imagine that\ Witta bloody fingerprinted blade, under your

own cap...

Dogs is listening, too, ya! Hearing you whine
This ain’t no punchline! Your ass is mine (callin’ me, “whiteboys,”

“rednecks,” and “racists”

Toe-tag your ass, like y’is a fascist! Back-pack ya, like a

choked-out body...

Bled-out, like a long-ride\ Pussy (You, run dry!) Sourer than, stank-pussy (on a hot night) In the club, no
glove

She’s a, wet-slide! Blacklight

Grindin’ on her ass, as she smacks back

Ridin’ on my dick, like Janet Jackson on a xxx flick

Jerry Little (250) “Versatile... (and Angry)”
I said, ridin' my dick like Janet Jacme on a XXX flick
That's my dick! You taste when you kiss
So
Bring the ruckus | Puppy
Cause I'm,
real ugly | With the slingin' of lead
As handsome as I am | The homeys, KNOW!, you as good as dead!

One day, you bang | Next day you pray...
But that's O.K. | I'm alright
Surrounded by | Nūr | Allah's Light
(Divine Light)
Two hammers at a fight | Rhymes is like...
The life that I write...
The life that I write...
True life, that I write...

If you bring it | I'ma sling it........
I stay strapped honey........
If you bring it | I'ma sling it (True life, honey...you don't know me)

Terry Lytle (251) "Versatile...(and Angry)"
(2) Shoot first \ Answer no questions, later
Cowboys on his horse. There is none, greater \ Leaving all
gossip, to the bitches; the haters
The games made for killers \ Not the pee-wee’s and game
players……
I’m comin’ for ya \ Even if it’s your home \ Armour piercers
straight at your dome
Transform \ Settin’ fires to all microphones \ 40 calibre chrome
Hittin’ ya ass up, like the whore that the Pharisees stoned……
Busted shots \ As you, drop ya phone
Look at how the crowd stares \ Girlz getting wet, imagining
me there……
I do this shit for fun \ Ink-pee’ into a gun \ Like a
Mongoose clipping cobra wings \ Face-off, with Pop-Hop
And rappers that only sing … Not allowed on the corners
of any hood
Getting laid the fuck out \ Ifin’ it’s not understood……

One day you bang \ Next day you pray
But that’s O.K. \ I’m alright
Surrounded by Nur \ Allah’s Light (Divine White)
Two hammers at a fight
Just as controversial as the lyrics that I write……
One day you bang \ Next day you pray \ I’m alright; Allah’s Light
paves my way……

Terry Little (252) “Versatile…(and Angry)”
3) The mood is hostile / My savagery, on overload
Single-cell, observation / Exiles on down-mode
Hands is nice / Knuckles is eye-cutters / Sharper-than-ginsu..... I,

Don't take orders / So there's no one to listen to...
The deaf, dumb and blind / Still following a dead man's dream
Spy vs. Spy / F.B.I. is tearing down teams
Eye vs. eye / Mind is machine / I can do the math
16 men / Team vs. team...

Cats is plottin', just the same / Keep stabbin' 'em all, doesn't change the game
Because dudes is still hopin' / That today, the Feds came
Prison-made gangs / Surround me all day
Mommas' and Auntsies' is hurtin' / Children got it worse
Baby's-mommas' is sluts / Pussy-burnt / Herpes curse
Get it how you live / Ain't the same as running game...

There's no such thing as tomorrow / When ya livin' is dieing
today...

Angry & aggressive / There ain't shit else to say...

One day you bang / Next day you pray...
But that's O.K. / I'm alright / Surrounded by Allah's Light...

Sad reality / The life's that I write...

Terry Lytle (253) "Versatile... (and Angry)"
“Back Page”

As I transform into action, I am centered. Wherever the prison express takes me—be it cell change or transfer—I am free... the prison, its own prisoner. I have taken the initiative; I remain diverse... my creative expression, more about the rehabilitation, of self. Through the information received, I continue to educate my senses, my intellect... so that I may understand opportunities available, to change; if nothing else, to comprehend them.

I've never been to Ithaca, New York, although I've watched a movie about Attica... more than once... I must've been no more than eight, as it was when my family was living in Georgia in '82. One of those insomniaeic nights, suffered, even back then... Alone, watching T.V., with the volume down low. By myself, in a living-room big enough to hold two of those prison cells, you'd've NEVER!, convinced me of being my home more than half my life... well over a quarter century.

Indeed! Such is the individual who has lived his life for the summer... like a TRUE Arizona Sun Devil, banging away on the rooftops, nothing between him & God but air... cerebral, like the cortex of the burning sun.

Pen, now my hatchet... as I exercise my mind, still in isolation.