The Anthology of Poetry, Vol. 2
Written By
Michael Wayne Bryant
Preface

Welcome Back! to the Anthology of poetry Vol.2. I would like again to give thanks to the Prison’s Foundation for giving me this wonderful opportunity once again to share my literary work with the world. Unfortunately, this will be my last poetry book. So, I hope you will enjoy Vol.2, as much as Vol.1. I always look forward to any comments, so feel free to contact me by the address below or log on to the JPry.com E-mail list.

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Sincerely Yours, 

Michael Bryan
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Mad Thoughts

Each day is a hellish nightmare, causing me to sit and stare in to space as I think to myself what a waste.
I have no hope or faith and this life I can no longer take.
Suicide was my first thought, but I didn't have the heart.
Then, I blamed God for my pain that's when I knew I was going insane.
I feel like an animal locked in a cage, crushed by the pressure of my own rage.
Yet, I created this drama for myself and had the nerve to blame someone else, but this is what "mad thoughts" do, confuse you.

written by: Michael Bryant
10/14/06
New Year

A new year
brings new opportunities,
goals and dedication without
past stipulations.
Some say it's
just another day,
which is true, but it's
also a chance to start something
new. So, cheers
to you and all that
you do. For
myself, I stand
strong in my belief,
but I always leave room
to turn over a new leaf.
So be all
you can be and have
a happy new year from
me.

Written by,
michael O. Bryant
4-12-20
Priceless

I can't say enough about how important living is and giving is. For every single day, I take a moment of silence to get away from the world of corruption and violence just to welcome the sun with a smile on my face, giving thanks to God for creating such a beautiful place. Yearning for its beauty like the birds that rest in the tree's as I hunger for the opportunity to live out my destiny. For if I could, I would bottle up all of my experiences and might just, nah I couldn't. Its priceless.

written by,

Michael Bryant

2012-06
In the Fit of Rage

In split seconds,
your blood pressure will rise
giving you blood-shot eyes
causing sweat to pour from
your face. Then your breathing
becomes displaced as your
hands begin to shake.
This is the effects of anger
when it over-takes, then
suddenly violence takes place just
before realizing that you made a
grave mistake, because hindsight
is always too little to late.

Written by:
michael Bryant
2/8/07
The Thoughtless

written by Michael Bryant

41107

The Thoughtless,

take oil from your core and always
looking for more.
The Thoughtless,

dig in your flesh like poniesites
and blow holes in you with dynamite.
The Thoughtless,

steal and claim your precious metals
then sell them for a price on sight.
The Thoughtless,

Kill the trees and pollute the air
with chemicals and toxins
like killers for hire
just to build buildings
called empires.
The Thoughtless,

assassinate the animals of the sea
and land, with weapons of
violence in their hand.

I'm not flawless

Nor am I thoughtless,

but I must live with the shame in
knowing that humanity is the blame.
The Chemistry

what is a ministry
without a belief system or a tenet without
the color green,
you know what I mean I'm just speaking
logically and what is life without
goals or ambitions just
another hopeless mission.
Therefore you ask,
what is the chemistry? and I tell you
this even for me it is a mystery;
but it is always there as the
air we breathe.
For it is like the wound
with a different blend that blooms from
within beneath the skin that
possess great qualities of
peace and always
in harmony with the fabric of time,
combined to define something
that is neither here nor there,
but everywhere.

written by,
Michael Baynard
1-17-07
Poetry Is

Poetry is an ancient art formulated to produce thoughts from the deepest passions of the heart with all of the experiences of life wrapped into one then expressed by words until you done.

Written by:
Michael Bryant
8/13/07
The Energy Theory

Out of the abyss
came a rest
so small it could fit
inside a fist,
from a place
in complete darkness
before the universe
was created,
where its birth
can't be estimated
as it formulated itself
into pure matter,
something called an atom.
Then exploded and shattered
sending its particles
into the depths of
complete emptiness to
create a nucleus.
Something we call the
living into existence
with its construction still
perishing while beheading

Page One
its own generated heat
to ignite a substance
called light. Out
of the light came a spark
that turned into a thought
that created a
manifestation called creation,
but creation layed stagnated
until the capacity needed
of pure matter sent
the storm forth,
letting its nucleus project
light onto creation
giving it simulation
and a source of communication.
Creation then swam
out into the ocean of darkness
to cause something
called motion and motion
brought about
movement to the pure
matter, so it could
construct thoughts
into solid objects as it tumbled.
Even more tremendous life burst forth as a living organism from the core of this one seed to create a prolongation of itself called humanity.

Written By: Michael Beyond
8/28/07
The Man Behind The Mirror

I had rather been born blind
into a world where I couldn’t
see, because I hate the man
behind the mirror
known as me. With
a heart full of strife for
a fool and a soul dark like the
greatest depths of the ocean,
empty and hopeless, my
definition of beauty
was corrupted by the impurities
of my mind hidden deep
inside, but in time these
atrocious disciplines
me with a new sense
of direction. Now
that man behind the
mirror has a brand
new reflection.

Written by
Michael Bryant
9/3/07
Day Dreaming

Sometime,
when I'm wide awake my mind just floats away.
Talking me to places I've never been and showing me things I've never seen.
Oh, how beautiful it is to dream, suddenly I caught myself asking, what just happened?

Written By:
Michael Baynard
2/6/08
Time

What is time,
but the hands on a clock
that goes around and around
non-stop.
Never to be held
or even touched,
no not even that much.
Never to be seen with
a face,
color
or shape and can’t be
located in one certain place.
Then tell me why,
so many try to defy
time of its all
in the mind.

Written by,
michael bryant
2/24/10
Fear The Darkness

It's sneaky when it's crawling,
creepy when it's stalking and
only come out when the sun starts
falling.

Then it hovers behind you like a
cloud, reaching out as you try to
scream, but your voice becomes
silent like a bad dream.

You shake and shiver, paralyzed
in fear for noise it doesn't
make, but you know that it's
near and just before the
darkness overtake,
click,
who turn on the lights
on whose afraid of
the night.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
3/5/10
Sam I Am

Never gave a damn,
All he knew was the streets
And that's all he'll ever be. See,
He had a life full of grief, losing
His parents at the age of three and
May they both rest in peace.
He was sent to New York City to live
With his uncle Cee, but that wasn't
A gain just a shame to live in
Poverty. From that day forth Sam
I am never looked back and at
The age of ten he started selling
Crack. At the age of seventeen,
What was a dream turned to
Reality as he lived a life
Filled with luxuries. By
The age of twenty he was
Known by many with no
Remorse or pity his
Attitude was quite
Gritty, but that's how
He is living in the
City.

written by
Melba Bryant
3/1/12
Water Falls

Oceans,
seas,
and
rivers
deliver great lake's
of
stream's, creek's and pond's
to much to look upon
as the rain continue
to make rushing waters
from on high
come
crashing down from the sky
with that oh so familiar
sound just before hitting
the ground.

Written by:
michael Bryant
3/21/12
Irony

You see it in the movies and read about it in books, but you never become worried until it becomes your reality. Then it stabs you in the back, sending chills down your spine as it manifests within the mind. For its only purpose is when something strange can't be explained and that slang can play tricks on the brain, eventually driving you insane.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
3/3/12
Where's The Love

Obviously, people make life hard, when it's supposed to be easy. Complexity, complexity and more complexity. Where is the simplicity in all this mess? With hidden agendas surrounded by pretenders. Common enemies, envy and jealousy causing robberies and murder in the first degree. Why so much violence, it's no mystery take a hard look at history. What a tragedy that's gradually bringing humanity down like gravity, hear that sound "You make my love come down" but where's the love now? Exhaustion fills the hearts of most, killing dreams and hopes from the top of mountain slopes to your inner mast.

So, let your determination ignite like dynamite causing a chain reaction around the world to unite despite your color, its to help each other one soul
Shattering all thoughts of oril like glassy slow down objects in the mirror move to fast, lose touch with reality and you won't last.
The Butterfly Effect

I can't live in the past; it's already gone. I can live for the moment, but even that won't last long. I can only hope that my life will serve a purpose, because right now I'm feeling quite worthless.

It's damn if you do and damn if you don't, damn if you will and damn if you won't. Literally I'm dying within, but figuratively I just want to live. I'm in a place filled with shadows, each one fighting its own battle.

A lone soldier within the mind, ducking and dodging trying to stay alive, but all徒劳ous because in the end you still die. So don't ask why, because what's done is done. Just make peace with yourself until that day come.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
14/10/14
Spring Again!

It's winter end, spring again, but only for a short phase of ninety days then back again cause it's spring again. Bright colors, clear skies and dark shades to cover the eyes. Jackets and long sleeves no longer needed, short sleeves and shorts helps the body from becoming over heated. Rain feeds the greenery, changing the whole scenery as the temperature rises. Warm air will blow creating pollen to float as the mold and fungus will grow. When the heat looms, watch nature bloom. Beads will swing and the leaves will turn green. Insects will climb from their holes and animals will crawl from their burrows. Eggs will hatch and cocoons will burst, stand back mother nature at work!

Written by:
Michael Bryant
12/20/14
The Inner Self Apocalypse

Its pure power, in transforming,
the sound of killer bees swarming,
red lights flashing—warning!
You can't constrain it,
its insane.
This thing they call pain
set fire to your veins like cocaine.
Have you calling names and
doing crazy things.
That relentless beast
that feeds on agony,
causing nothing but harrow.
What's tragic is its
real you in reality, no technicality.
Trained in the fields,
dead melley or hamburger hill
and breathless as you may feel
Thank God it's not real.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
11/30/14
Every Friday night
the good men met at Christies,
a routine since they were teens.
A record unmatched
by any other guest and
their loyalty to one another
was more than just a journey,
but a quest.

Love and compassion
was always first giving them
time to fleet. Then came in
discipline, patience and kindness,
they always had great timing. The
other too being generosity and
consideration was always late, but
that's another debate.

Nevertheless they were all there
with much laughter, joy and peace.
in the 1970s. They had much to be thankful
for as they celebrated and hit
the dance floor.

The music was pumping
and the crowd was jumping.
Then suddenly the music stopped and a glass dropped.

Just then, the double doors flew open and everything seemed to be in slow motion with a small gust of wind as the seven deadly sins came walking in.

All the guests quickly dispersed in knowing things were headed for the worst. Evil calmly took up seats at a nearby table and ordered plates of steaks with baked potatoes.

The dance floor was completely empty and the guest tables were clear as the good stood near. There wasn't a sound and if you listened hard enough you could hear sweet laughter on the ground.

Remember the tree of good and evil in the bible that's the key, these two have a long fought history. A rivalry passed.
on since the beginning of time
for the total control of the soul,
body and mind.
A battle of equal force
with God being the primary
source. Meanwhile, the good
returned to their seats not to eat
or refuel, but to keep an eye on
their adversaries.

Evil was becoming anxious
and losing their patience, but
hate told them to wait. The tension
had reached its peak for each of them
possessed a highly skilled technique
that was deadly and unique.
They decided to move first
and gave a word to consideration,
who then jumped up and did a flip
off the table scaring him and
borne while throwing stones that cut the
electrical cable.

The only light that loomed
was from the moon that reflected
off a spoon letting hate know patience.

Page three
was making his move. As the blade of his sword gave him a close shave. Just millimeters closer and his head would have been off his shoulders.

Then greed stepped out of the shadows, a tenth degree black belt in karate. Who then approached discipline, a Zen master who specialized in self-defense.

The battle began with a roundhouse kick from greed to the head of discipline. Who caught it with the back of his wrist and then drove it as hard and twisted, shattering the bone like a piece of glass sending bone fragments through the air.

Greed screamed in agony as he fell to the floor begging for his life as discipline grabbed him by the neck and choked out his life until nothing was left causing his death.
Seconds later a knife was thrown out of the dark that pierced steadfastly through the heart. It became an all-out war in the middle of the dance floor. The steel on steel speaks let up the blood, showing the sharpness of their blades, which sliced through each other in every which way. The gushing of blood stained the walls and covered the floor in red, in just a matter of minutes they were all dead. Except one, who remained standing in the blood-soaked room, reminding us all of the inner war we must all go through. Whether or not love conquers all is another brawl, but for now it is the end until a new dilemma within self arises up again.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
12/5/14
Else Where

I'm in love
with that fire that
consumes your soul, but
your eyes tell of another story
yet to be told. I love you with
all of my heart and not
just usually, but even when you
somehow act so foolishly. So I ask
myself, do you feel the same or
are you playing some kind of
mental game. Maybe I need to look
elsewhere, so when you look up and
I'm no longer there. It wasn't
magic, I didn't just
disappear into thin air.
You didn't care, so
I went else where.

Written By,
michael Bryant
12/14/14
Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

Yesterday-
  is the past;
  so that's where I let it be.
  why some of us hang on to it;
  best is the hell out of me.

Today-
  is a new beginning
  and for the moment we
  are all unwrapping
  where desires and secrets of the heart is
  constantly unfolding makes it
golden.

Tomorrow-
  is not here yet, so we live with no
  regret. So weep not, because yesterday
  is gone, today is constantly fleeting
  and to worry about tomorrow
  is self-destructing.

Written By:
Michael Beyonce
3/5/45
Problems

Problems, problems, and problems is there no end to his synonym of a pendulum that's slowly killing them with each swing bringing with it degrees of masonry and pain. So, who is the blame, because I've been beating my brain like a ball and chain, the results are always the same. Therefore, the one who complains is probably the one to blame.

Written by:

Michael Bryant
3/28/15
If Only for A Moment

I cling to it
with the greatest of love,
but it always fly away like
a dove. So amicably
in its approach as it ascends
like smoke, sprangning up like grass
just to be ripped from my
grasp. I know that I will
never own it, but I solicit to the
moment. Small like the grains of
sand that slips through the hands.
If only for a second, never
regretting its touch like passion.
Something I love so very
much, but never seems to be enough.
Yearning like a spark in the
dark to become a flame, its a shame
to think that I could ever change
anything for the moment is not the
prisoner of time nor time the
prisoner of the moment.

Written by
Michael Bryant
4/4/15
The Recipe For Poetry

All recipes call
for something, but
not too much just a
little of a poet's touch.
The manuscript is real, something
you can feel. Take a taste, yet be
careful not to waste and watch the ink
liquidate the lines that confine this paper.

The more ingredients, the greater the flavor
to savor. My cliché may long and sleek
is clever, but short and sweet just sounds
to be better. Giving you something strange a
magical thing? Like musical instruments
being played, without the strings made
of nightmares and sweet dreams.

I hope you enjoyed this
en-tre of edible mind.
Incredible words, so
magnificent not even
a remnant was
imminent.

Written By,
Michael Bryant
4/6/15
More Than Flesh and Bones

Genetics and cold fusion, laws of physics already proven.
Energy, the key to heat and the core of the human anatomy, as with every heart beat that causes the blood to flow from the head down to the toe, a cycle with no end until your decease. The brain is like a puppet master controlling everything without strings, from A to Z the entire chemistry in how we function in this vast galazy. Mode not just of flesh and bones, but of a soul that sits on its throne within the heart as it keeps us breathing, but for what reason. A spiritual journey senator heathen or just a sparkle in Gods eye, so why ask why just live them die.

written by: Michael Beyant
4.9.15
I bought a house
with a history,
seventy-five years old
that's three quarters
of a century. One house.
in the middle of nowhere
is a mystery, but without
the noisy neighbors
is a luxury.
The first night was scary
with all the strange and eerie
sounds, but it is said
that old houses have a spooky
way of settling down.
Sounds crazy, but it's true
for there is a lot of work I
have to do, like eradication
all the roaches, rats and
bats in the attic.
Then I have to insulate
the walls, because every time
the wind blow it feels like
an open window. Water proof
the roof to stop the
leaks that swell the floor
boards causing them
to squeak. Cut the tree
limbs that scrape against
the window pane every time
it rain and all the same
don’t forget about the leaky
faucets drop after drop
now stop or what about the
lights that blink every time
the phone rings. Kind of make
you think of a haunted house.
but if I didn’t know better,
I might have moved out.

written by,
michael bryant
4/14/2015
The Verdict

I stand
Accused of a crime,
murder in the first degree
and if convicted, I face the
death penalty.
The media has already
convicted me in the public
eye of society with no sympathy,
that's why I smile and stay
strong for my family, but these
court deliberations is mentally
defining while the prosecutor
continue with the psychological
framing.
A capital offense
means two lawyers for my
defense and although I am
innocent, my fight is diligent
like a militant.
So, just in case I'm
found guilty, this is for
the jury, a jury of my peers,
but what if I'm actually
Page One
Innocent, shouldn't that be your casting fees.
while the twelve of you are faced with a tedious mission based on the evidence presented to make a hell of a decision, life, death, guilty or not guilty.
The innocent don't always go free and sometime the guilty get the not guilty.
With my life hanging in the balance, let my words be more than just a conscious challenge, but a spiritual test within yourself before you convict, because there's no turning back once you render the verdict.

Written By,
Michael Bryant
4/14/45

Page two
It's a marriage ceremony in
the joining of two people,
the greatest of all sequels.
Partner's and lover's
joined, hand in hand for better
or worst, rich or poor or until
life is no more,
what do you think the rings
are for,
symbolizing where love endure
forever more. A sacred
ritual uniting one plus one
equal one, holy in all
scriptures and should
never be undone.

Written by:
Michael Bryant
4/23/15
Lies

Ocean tides constantly flow in and out, so do the lies that come out of our mouth. Every lie has a story line with a theme just as strange as it may be. It becomes enticing with a little reality bursting from the seams. There are many reasons why people lie, but the truth is none can be justified. Lies exist endlessly and multiply tremendously. It is a part of us more so than the truth, look around at the preponderance of proof. If this is true, then I guess all that we think we know could be a lie too.

Written by,
michael bryant
5/2/15
I don't want, the attachments to illusions that cause's so much confusion or the stigma of living life right or wrong in being over zealous or headstrong.

I don't want, any kind of association by any means. Just complete isolation so I can breath.
Who Am I

I am the good,
the bad, the happy,
the sad, the rich, the
poor, the successful, the
regretful, the criminal,
the thug, the crooked politician
swiping justice beneath the rug,
the nice fellow, the bank teller,
the drug dealer, with buried
money in the cellar, the murderer,
the monster, the sinister, the lover,
the hater, the pacifist, in vitro,
the sick, the feeble, the wicked,
the evil, the dangerous, the
strange as individual you
will ever meet, the one who
will kill you in your sleep, the
humble, the meek, the living,
the dead, its one of the same;
I'm everything, So who am
just one multiplied.

Written by:
Michael Bryant
5/5/15
Revenge

They say revenge is best served cold, but this one was burning hot. Where you become a victim of an unsolved murder plot.

No evidence on who done it or how they got away with it, because Karma don't forget and forgiveness wasn't in the manuscript. So, it must be true, be careful in what you say or do, because this could happen to you.

Written By: Michael Bryant
5/9/15
Racist

They plague the earth like leaves on trees, a mental disease that’s ruthless as a psychopath with no sympathy. Twisted individuals hiding behind tinted glasses like spouses in a movie classic. They hate, because they just do and don’t need a reason to kill me or you. These are the people who represent the ugly face of racism and by their nature feel superior over your existence. As sick as it may sound, this is the reality of what’s being spread around. A poisonous mindset that is a risk to all who exist.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
5/9/45
You are the perfect representation of my imagination.
For the eyes don’t lie as I realized that I missed my calling because my lips upon yours is where they should be falling. Undressing you with my eyes, I became blinded by the beauty of your hips and thighs as your nakedness reached out to find the binding of my hands upon your breast which I did not hesitate to seek your twin mountain crest, causing salvia to trickle down to your heaviness saturated by your natural moistness. Gracefully penetrating you with my penis and exploded like a rocket taking off for Venus just to wake-up and realize I was dreaming.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
5/3/16
Serenity

I wrote mental pictures called stanzas like Michael Angelo painted on canvases, then barricaded your thoughts in emotions and put your ability to think in hypnosis. Just before switching gears, causing you to slip into a state of unconsciousness leaving your body stranded without a purpose. This is the legacy of my pedigree covered by a canopy of foxtails.

However, described, you will awaken feeling cool, calm and energized, not realizing you just been mentally screened by a great narrator.

Written By: Michael Bryant
5/15/45
Ghost Writer

My name will remain unacclaim, because I don’t write just to entertain.

It’s the words that deserve your attention, so powerful and relentless.

Nevertheless, I am one of the best at manifesting words into sentences, relishing the mental gift of digest.

Elementary, so take notes on the documentary of the century and the last of my epitome.

Written by:
Michael Bryant
5/29/45
Beat The Drum

When you feel like
your life is done,
Beat the drum.
All anger and frustration flow free;
Trust me I know,
Beat the drum.
The impact of your hands beating down
on the canvas drums creates
a vibration that creates
a stupendous sensation;
Beat the drum.
When your saddened by the woes of life
and overtaken by the
strife, don’t give up just
fight; Beat the drum;
Beat the drum;
Beat the drum;

Until your hands get tired or your
lifexpirer, because your
heart still beats with
the same desire of the
ancient past that gone.
them the power of
endurance to eat last.
So get up, dust yourself off
and don't take life so
seriously, but have some
fun (like starting now).
Beat the drum.

Written by:
Michael Bryant
6/14/95

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Spontaneous

He approaches me. But is unsteady, chest heaving from rapid breathing.
Another dead body lies cold on the road, as cows rack away on the concrete, weak stomach feeling nauseous.
Partick must become hysterical, mindset no longer lyrical.
Interest becomes miserable.
Accordingly, overwhelmed by the negative, frustration leads to exaggeration.
Can't focus no concentration. Patience as heard to come by no understanding for senseless drive.
Situation powerless events happen continuously.
That makes life so spontaneous!

Written by:
Michael Byers
6/16/75
Here Today, Gone Tomorrow

Just yesterday,
I was a baby crying
and now today I'm just an old man crying.

I sometimes wonder,
where did all the years go.
Now I just sit and stare
out of the window, sometime
I even cry without asking
why or without a care.

Just happy to see the closing
of another year go so gently
and silently into the atmosphere.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
6/28/15
My Sanctuary

My sanctuary
is sacred and holy
within my own
reality.

My sanctuary
is resting down in
love and compassion,
totally relaxing
and everlasting.

My sanctuary
is a place of complete
blessing and harmonious,
but many don’t
believe in it.

It may sound crazy,
but my sanctuary
is amazing and
every heart
there is a safe
haven.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
130145
The Scenario

Picture this, a screen play to fast for the NASCAR speedway. Nickle's and dime's, old religious scrolls and shrines. Twelve in all when combined, the zodiac signs. Insolent behavior, Jesus the savior, God the creator, tales and fables. Eminent danger, Boarder patrol or Texas Ranger. Foreign delinquent coming more frequent, an evil kingdom headed for destruction. All is relevant, be benevolent, get belligerent and show ignorance. While scholars search history for ancient lie's and conspiracies, hypocrisy and military secrecy a government agency. Nuclear explosion, political slogans; despite life and its obstacles to know God is not impossible. The opposite of
logical, become angry and hostile. From the physical to the spiritual, it's all in the scenario. Where dreams become schemes of no reality, angels and demons fight for principalities. Now, flatter me with your jittery gestures and dissertation of explanations on life. What's wrong or right; the should's and should not as if I forgot.

Written By
Michael Bryant
7/3/15
The Tree Of Life

It was the thought
that brought about the seed.
Which was planted in the
dirt of eternity and watered
in love that grew into a great
tree of prestige.
Its branches produced
the fruitage of life
with delight, but the leaves
of the ego created a world
of strife with no sympathy.
Now, like a common cold
every soul is faced with
this common enemy.

Written by,
Michael Bryant
7/12/45
Bona fide

It was written by the dignified.
Washed in holy water
Rashed and certified.
Many died, but only one
was crucified.
Never realizing the
words spoken, the masses
lost focus. Pages were
torn from its book over the
ages by demonic hands of
hatred. Only scattered paper
of human remains exist.
Like a sweet kiss of Authenticity
and one hundred percent of
simplicity. Resurrected
because it never died.
Bona fide.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
7/19/15
The Struggle

The trouble with life is the struggle of the fight you never win, over and over again. It's like being molestly torn apart by demonic hands in the dark, no Noah's ark only the high seas of miseries attacking you spiritually. You scream out for hopes of amonstly, but your voice echoes in the valley of duplicity, for travesty creates reality that brings about the finale.

Written By, Michael Bryant
7/21/15
Progress

Every little step
is a plus
that lives within all of us,
add it up and
call it calculus.
Where mindfulness
is relentless as physical
fitness is in our
pursuit of happiness.
For the
reasonable and emotional
is like
checks and balances
being subjected
to selfishness with no awareness
spells thoughtlessness,
but nevertheless
its progress
and nothing less.

Written By,
Michael Bryant
7/26/14
I just cry about it

I have tried to hold it in,
but it just keep coming back
these emotions of mine
crashes something, but tears of
commotion in my mind.
I deny not in what I see,
for the pain and suffering
of this world really affects
me, so I just cry about it,
yea, I just cry about it.

I turn my head in regret;
but these prickly hairs on my
neck won't let me forget. We
could talk about this forever,
but still would never ever no
matter how clever we may be,
understand the God in humanity.
So just continue to fight the good
fight until you die, so just
cay about it,
Yeah I just cay about it
and thats no lie.
Zenith

Every day,
we face the threat of regrets,
a spiritual famine of mental
challenges that needs to be
balanced.

Where deluded morals turn
into elusive plays hidden in
the depths of illusion. Oh, what
tangle web we weave, nothing but
confusion. For enough is enough to
the point of no return and at the
crossroad of the soul is where I recall
years.

Written by,
Michael Bryant
7/30/15
to die in a endless
endless fight.

Written By
michael Bryant
8/3/25
ProblematiC

Assume the position
from the streets to prisons.
Reckless citizen, no hope
for transition, mind over haul
Demolition,
argumentative,
never relent less, no
comment, actions
speak louder than
words, no logic.
heart demeant,
like a chemical
result in hate,
Hell bent on actions
that will seal your
fate.

Written by,
Michael Bryant
9/13/45
Reminiscence

A moment in time
being held at the present,
stories and secrets once
lost in the desert of the mind.
Seek and you shall find, knock
and watch it turn back the hands
on a clock, consciousness clear and
solid as a rock, deja vu all over again.
But consequently this is just
reminiscence something like pretending,
because every story has an
ending.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
9/14/15
Imagine This

If the mind stops,
you think not and reality
becomes a blank spot. Kinks
in the kinks of creativity, no
stimulation causes dead
motivation, no exaggeration
and no need for concentration
or focus without imagination
life is hopeless.

Written by,
Michael Bryant
9/16/15
My Finale

It's been well spoken
even better said,
ink depleted and
seldomly repeated,
a configuration of sentences
transformed into phrases
called paragraphs,
a book filled with pages,
literature at its best,
but when compact calls for less,
A scholastic archive of
opinions generated on paper
from antonyms to
synonyms from a mind that willing
them, a trinity,
but to me its just plain old poetry.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
9/23/15
When tired of standing
  take a seat and when tired
  of laying stand on your feet,
  but when tired of breathing comes
  no relief.

No surrender,
  because in the game
  of life there's no losers
  or winners, a situation
  viewed critical outcome pivotal,
  but livable and when
  taken to serious causes
  delirious feelings of mixed
  conviction and the only relief
  comes from total submission.

Written by,
Michael Bryant
4/14/25
We Don't Exist

You think that love
you feel, food you
eating or air you
breathing, think again
because we don't exist.
Blinded by ignorance
and seeking spiritual
delusion, but who
are we kidding? We
stumbled into the land
of the forbidden, where
a lie is like a snake.
And fools get bitten, we
don't exist and if you
think so show me where
it's written, I insist.
but you won't find it,
because we don't exist.

Written By: Michael Bayard
1/26/16
Stagnation

No motion not even
A motion, not logical
To speak nor impossible
to be when all life cease
to exist not dead, but
frozen in God’s consciousness.
A thread that hangs on
the well in the hall of
eternity, a collection
of memories over centuries
and millenniums to infinity.

Written by,
Michael Bryant
2/31/16
So Tired

So tired
of waking up in the
middle of the night with
bloody knuckles from a dream-fight;
So tired
that I no longer have
the strength to pray;
So tired
I can't even ask God
to take the pain away;
So tired
I can't even cry
just want to close my
eyes and hope to die;
So tired
that I just want to rest
in peace, but the question
on whether I gave my best
just keeps on tormenting me.

Written By:

Michael Beynon
21/07/16
Outside The Box

So dramatic
like politics and aristocracies,
airport delays and bad
habits, the whole
universe is yours so reach
out and grab it, touch the sky
and feel the fabric.
A new day begins with
sun beams as the birds songs
God, the King, so merciful
and mighty with only a thought
in the instance of a passing
breath, the in between
not behind the scene,
because there's nothing else.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
2/6/16
A Passing Thought

Just a while
before they fade,
Just a glimpse
then it's gone away,
Never here to stay
back and forth
like waves across the
bay. Thoughts
that's what they are
that comes and goes,
some dense and others
shallow as they hang
on the gallows
waiting for the end
just to fade away once
again.

Written by
Michael Bryant
2/23/16
No Proof of Life

Mouth gagged
so I can't scream,
alive or dead. I might be.
Wrist and ankles
bound with tape, face
down on a metal plate,
scarred, cold and blindfolded.
Whispers of a light conversation,
hands and feet numb from the lack
of blood circulation, filled with anxiety,
somebody please talk to me. A hostage
situation, police central command
exerts patience as the family
looks on anxiously, but the
cell never comes.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
2/11/15
Change

Yes, I'm an addict addicted to bad habits, alcohol and drugs I got to have it.

Yeah, I know it's a temporary fix, but it takes me away from the bullshit that's why I'm always looking for the next hit.

I know I need a change, but it's so hard to explain, so much rage and pain that I just want to get away, no blaming just changing along the way.

Written by, Michael Bryant
2/24/16
Blessness

Don't be alarmed
when you hear this,
I'm in the state
of blissness,
mental happiness
and
physical fitness
surrounded
by the aura of God,
where the soul
is the witness.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
3/5/16
Suicidal Tendencies

I was mentally distraught,
but you heard me not.
I told you my name,
but you forgot.
I called you many times,
but you paid me no mind.
I was drowning in secrets,
but you threw me no life line.
So out of despair,
I cried, hoping you would care,
but I finally realized
that no one was there.
And I did what I thought
I would never dare.
So, I’m no longer the object
of neglect, but rather
the subject
of regret.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
9/13/16
A Dangerous Mind

Backstage is taking the back seat in your reality, seeing what you see in doubling.
A spectator in the arena of your thoughts, trying not to get lost in the drama of your mind. Where your heart is filled with black clouds of hate, that's why it's always night and never day. When it's rain, it floods your brain with all sorts of crazy things. The aggression, depression and low self-esteem make you hurt others or yourself by any means, but in no way apart of my reality, because I'm behind the scene.

Written by: Michael Bryant
8/16/16
Wake up,

because I'm just trying to
get you to see that your
mentally asleep making your
reality nothing more than foo-ray.

Wake up,
Before time seal your fate
for the truth is solid, where
lies crack then break.
So please wake up,
because fool's can't be
convinced. Now its
your turn to exit the pool
of foolishness
or continue to swim
in the bliss of ignorance.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
9/20/16
The Crime Scene

When a crime has been committed, yellow tape marks off the crime scene no one admitted. The first on the scene is the forensic team, who outline the body in chalk. Then pictures are taken in the dark under ultraviolet lights making physical evidence more visible to sight. Color coded cords with numbers mark off the blood spots, click, click more camera shots as white sheets soaked in red stains cover the dead remains. Then the coroner enters and makes his claim, but the real question is who would do such a thing.

Written By: Michael Bryant
9/23/14
Breathe After Breathe

Life starts
with a breath
and continue breath
after breath until death,
where nothing is taken
and all is left.
The
bald

Is the serum
that will set you free,
for fools let their ignorance
guide them mentally.
Where only the truth
can bring you back to reality,
for death awaits in
the valley.
Fear not and forget not
the verse of the bread
and wine.
Open your mind
to the words of the
divine, sweeter than
pure honey or grapes
on a vine.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
2/11/17
Never Been In Love

I never had the chance to prove that I can be true or the opportunity to hold a woman's hand and say I do. Those emotions never came into play, but that's not to say it won't happen someday. For now, I can only imagine, some say being in love is wonderful and mystical as magic, but others say it can be a story ending tragically. Where broken hearts come and go in the traffic of life's flow.

Written by:
Michael Bryant
2/23/27
I cry, because I did not understand what it was to be a man. I abandon my life like a sinking ship and watched my emotions drown in it.

I cry, because I did not fight physically and refused to swim mentally. Therefore, I died spiritually.

I cry, because I should no longer exist, hollow as a cocoon after the butterfly has left it.

I cry, because I have been living the life of a fool in not realizing that I was still very much alive and if that wasn’t true then explain these tears falling from my eye’s, that’s why I cry.

written by:
Mecha Bryxand
2/8/17
Since the beginning of time you have concocted an evil scrimmage on the peoples mind. All the calamities and miseries of humanity you have placed upon this shrine. You gave it a name and for everything bad it took the blame. Yet, its your evil desires and deeds that cause each other hearts to bleed. Where covering up your devilish intentions is why this myth of a devil was ever invented.

Written by,

Michael Bryant
2/28/27
Technical Difficulties

Sorry, but life is full of technicalities, laws, rules, policies, shortcomings and fallacies. Attacking our mental state with assault’s and batteries, causing unconscious casualties. Tragedy after tragedy, misery on top of misery, this is the totality of the rivalry between insanity and madness. Where the gravity of the human reality is nothing more than vanity.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
3/9/17
We

We see
what we want to see;
Be what
we want to be and believe
what we want to believe.
We hate, we love,
we discriminate, we judge,
we give, we take, we kill,
we create, we destroy,
we rebuild, we hurt,
we heal, we idolize,
we demonize, we laugh,
we cry, we lie
then we die.

Written by,
michael bryant
3/9/37
Flawless

Perfection was never the question, but Flaws causes insurrection creating problems of all kinds within the mind, because Flaws is not the problem, it's the way we try to solve them. Flaws don't define us, it only causes us to redefine our true selves. So forget not avoid Judge not. For everything that has been or will be created is perfect for a purpose and nothing that exist is worthless.

Written By,
Michael Bryant
8/23/17
Greatness

Greatness can't be weighed in pounds or ounces, like gold or measured by material wealth to have and to hold. Nor by accomplishments of any kind, a false perception of the mind, believed to be in all that we achieve. Greatness is the seed of humanity in all degrees of creation. For it is always in the making, manifestation after manifestation, so welcome to Greatness.

Written by, Michael Reynolds 2017
A Matter Of Opinion

Beauty don’t exist, it’s a myth a matter of opinion. Just words rolling off of the lips or perception on top of perception with no ending only questions with no beginning. True beauty comes from within and within is where it remains, because it can’t be recognized or described much less explained.

Written by, Michael Bryant
20/23/17
They say it's a thin line between love and hate, but what about fate or mistake, or small minds, great, it's all open for debate.

The good, the bad, the happy and the sad, it's all one of the same. So, what is life, if perceptions don't mean a thing that come and go like rain surrounded by clouds of question marks. Crazing spots of ignorance in our intelligence, for our presence is a limited existence, where death is always consistent.

Then you die, is it all irrelevant, if so, why?

Written by,
Michael Bryant
401 29 157
The Life of a Clown

"Happy they may
or may not be, but
this is the only reality
that we see.
Never considering
their sanity, love one's
or family. The
peasant is just a despise
that hides what they
really feeling inside.
Their clothes of old
shows no true perception,
only a dull reflection
of acceptance when
things are put away
at the end of each day;
it's the smile on a child's face
that reminds them that
their life is not a waste.

Written by,
Michael Bryant
12/31/17
The Hustle of a Lifetime

Never will you ever find a hustle quite like mine. I hustle thoughts from the mind, not nickles or dimes. I entertain like dice entice gamblers, sips of Vodka on the rocks the mind scrambles. In this game hostles live or die, clever as the devil or wrong. Solomon was on closed eyes. Nothing, but the truth no lie, just another hustle on the rise.

Written by:
Michael Bryant
4/17/17
Name: Thebess

Season's change
for nothing remain
the same, the reason
being nature will explain.
Death will come and life
will go, again will fall and
rivers will flow. Nights plus
days become decades as hours
of color turn gray and simply
falls away, but nonetheless life
still ends as it begins with only
a breath.

Written by:
Michael Bryant

14/7/19
Dare To And Conquer

Woe
to the generations
that will come
and go.
For many
will fall victim
to this foe.
It only takes
a second to have
you second guessing
and believing
in a misconception,
where a lie
is commonly accepted;
The truth is usually
rejected
and
in most cases never
corrected.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
24/8/17
Never Free

The reality of freedom can't be felt through the physical, but only tested through the sweet reality of the spiritual. The pivotal understanding of our existence that constantly meets resistance, causing wars of all kinds. Fighting and fighting trying to break free, just to be blindsided by the reality of having this body.

Written By: Michael Raynard
94/123/97
My mind is like a large room with seven doors and each one being a mystery out of its own curiosity. Where one of the seven was the entry, but which one I have no memory. As I paced the floor, I touched the knob's of each door looking for a sign of any kind. Before I realized that my mind was playing tricks. For where there were seven doors is now only six. The reality was simple, I had already walked through it.

Written By: Michael Beyoncè
September 17th
Day After Day

Each day begins when the sun ascends, raising the heat by degrees.
While shining its light along the surface, just to see a new day of nature breathing, where the descent is just as serene.
When the day light begins to decline losing its shine as darkness creeps into night, and begin casting shadows along the way, the closing of another day.

Written by:
michael Bryant
4/1/1917