"KEEP IT PUSHING"
FROM THE STREETS TO THE CAGES,
THE BLACK MAN STRUGGLES---

by: KAHEAL PARRISH
First off I send my deepest Thanks To Prison's Foundation, Marjorie, Nichelle, Erik, Lisa, Ric, (RIP) AJ Holmes, George, Mary, Katheal Jevon Parrish Jr; Lil Ricky, Lil Royal King, Rathsheda, Tiffany, Kryshawn, Shaece, Jauvon, Toya, Precilla.

And of course to Bruce Parrish (RIP)
A man will stand for whatever he believes in.
A man will have understanding to gain wisdom.
A man will know when to humble himself.
A man will know when to be aggressive, and will always have control over himself far as his destructive behavior.
A man will keep his word, and stay loyal to the cause.
A man will never shy away from his responsibilities, and will always know the difference between needs & wants.
A man will know his priorities and strive to have the quality of a probity trait.
A man will know logic and rational thinking.
A man will always show respect and demand it in return.

--A Man--

KAHEAL PARRISH,
"FROM THE CAGES OF THE UNFORGETTABLES SPEAKS"

(1) "A MAN"
(2) "THE FULFILLMENT FOR LIL KAHEAL"/ pg.#3
(3) "THE CAGE OF THE UNFORGETTABLE"/ pg.#4
(4) "THE IMPERFECTION"/ pg. #5
(5) "SO CALLED STORM OF LIFE"/#6
(6) "BIRTHDAY DREAMS" FOR LYNDON/ pg.#7
(7) "CRYSTAL PLACE"/ pg.#8
(8) "NEVER TOO FAR"/ pg.#9
(9) "MOTHERS DAY FOR ALL"/pg.#10
(10) "THE GREATEST GOD OF ALL"/pg.#11
(11) "SIDE STEP"/pg.#12
(12) "YOUR FLAME"/ pg.#13
(13) "THANKSGIVING THOUGHT"/ pg.#14
(14) "THE BIRTH(59)"/ pg.#15
(15) "YOUNG BOY SHOE'S"/pg.#16
(16) "MY FATHER, BUT NOT BY BLOOD"/ pg. #17
(17) "LOVE MIRROR'S"/ pg.#18
(18) "YOU MAKE ME BETTER"/ pg.#19
(19) "A YOUNG MAN"/pg.#20
(20) "LOOK & UNDERSTAND THE TOUCH"/ pg.#21
(21) "LET A YOUNG ONE SHOW YOU"/ pg.#22
(22) "REALITY"/ pg.#23
(23) "FOCUS"/ pg. #24
(24) "SECRETIVE MOVEMENT"/ pg. #25
(25) "SENSATIONAL"/ pg.#26
(26) "FREE AT LAST"/ pg.#27
(27) "SISTER SPARKS FLY"/pg.#28
(28) "IAM LOVED"/ pg. #29
(29) "SOUL SEARCH"/ pg.#30
(30) "PICTURES OF A MILLION"/ pg.#31
(31) "WALKIN A THIN LINE"/ pg. #32
(32) "KID'S DAY DREAM"/ pg. #33
(33) "IAM" (vol-1)/pg. #34
| (34) | "DRUM UP"/ pg.#35 |
| (35) | "POLITICAL"/pg. #36 |
| (36) | "BULLHEADED"/ pg.#37 |
| (37) | "FAMILY BOND"/ pg. #38 |
| (38) | "SHE'S NOT THE ONE"/ pg. #39 |
| (39) | "TRUST"/ pg.40 |
| (40) | "REMEMBER THAT"/ pg. #41 |
| (41) | "POWER STRUGGLE"/ pg.#42 |
| (42) | "STILL I RISE"/ pg.#43 |
| (43) | "SILENCE ISN'T LOST"/pg. #44 |
| (44) | "AGELESS DAME"/ pg. #45 |
| (45) | "REALITY CHECK"/pg. #46 |
| (46) | "WELLNESS"/ pg.#47 |
| (47) | "SHE'S THE ONE"/ pg.#48 |
| (48) | "THE REAL YOU"/ pg.# 49 |
| (49) | "INSPIRED BY"/ pg.#50 |
| (50) | "MY SON SHINE"/ pg.51 |
| (51) | "A WAY RAINY DAY'S"/ pg.52 |
| (52) | "LOYALTY FORGOTTEN"/ pg.#53 |
| (53) | "FORGIVING OUR MISTAKES"/ pg.#54 |
| (54) | "CALL IT"/ pg.#55 |
| (55) | "HEARTACH"/ pg. #56 |
| (56) | "MOTHER'S DAY"(vo.1) pg.#57 |
| (57) | "CLOSING THE DISTANCE"/pg.#58 |
| (58) | "LOYALTY"/ pg.#59 |
| (59) | "WHAT I NEED"/ pg. #60 |
| (60) | "THE LIFE IN PRISON"/pg.61-62 |
| (61) | "MY PROBLEM"/pg.63-64 |
| (62) | "THE LOVE I DEFINE"/pg.65 |
| (63) | "HER EYES"/ pg.66 |
Missing a part of you is a everyday struggle
But for once I can say, I'm more humble.
We all stumble juggling hot rocks before prison calls.
Once again we stand tall behind these grey walls,
knowing I hate this mandigo telling me to face the wall.
My hope is to cope, and not allow these cops,
to call Pops and tell him his son got knocked.
Leaving him to comfort lil Kaheal up the hill, becuz
of the real deal.
It's so real that she can't feel what his son may feel,
but can't heal the wound that's left revealed.
The meal that was taking from the baby beast in the streets,
we can picture what ended up his everyday feast.

KAHEAL PARRISH,

---
The showing of blemish imperfection
the mind that doesn't know any resting.
Oh! Traits that's incomplete reflecting down
KP's body of true gold, the mind that's unburden
now pissing in the Devils den, bold coming of age,
Hey! KP rise above the mean streets erase, and eradicate
your vulnerability and accept your unreliability.
Living with the imperfection is this message, who's lesson
of this imperfection?
Someones perception? Shit! KP, that's your fashion Bd, is
just asking. However reform act's is known for these young
Blacks that's detach from inner emotions, inner city head bustin
True imperfection blemish of mind body and soul.
So yes, your true lesson is real cold.

KAHEAL PARRISH,
Why do I keep living? Two reasons, and five words.
For the kid (KAHEAL JR) and myself. I reflect back
on the past and present.
The things I saw myself and others like me go through.
The struggle, to stop living that's the high road out
of this suppose to be pain.
It's just not in me to give in nor up and take a final
breath, who would I be failing besides myself? It would
be my family, and love ones that depend on me for my
understanding, compassion and good ear.
Who needs that courage, and reassurance sometimes that
things will work out.
Without that little bit of push some will fall apart,
we always need somebody to lead on, When the storm comes
knocking. And who's best to lead on, a person who is easy
rattle, or never experience and may buckle at the first wave
of trouble?? Or the individual who is confident in himself,
and may have experience this type of storm before??
Do I give in? NO! I don't give in! I stand and face the
trouble, and be accounted for. Who is not easy rattle by
this so suppose to be called storm of life.
A laugh a smile, wow it's really you?
Yes it's true, "Happy Birthday" to you.
Smooth as cotton candy. The windy day's
must Bow-down to you.
It's your day, make way, don't trip I'mma
clear the way.
Change must come, so they say. How long
must my young kid wait? Waiting is not
your cup of tea.
But, "Lyndon," Patience is the key! As a king,
everythings in reach, if not at your feet.
Dream Big, picture it in hand. You can reach,
the teacher said, if you can dream you can
succeed! Bow Down to no man; by no means!!!

KAHEAL PARRISH,
Crystal place is no different from any
Human Being, if Crystal struggle too
much for her to handle.
Tell her to look far and beyond the
norm of her own pond. And she'll see
deep within as clear as day her true
place.
Crystal, who am I to speak what's crystal
clear for you to believe?
I'm just one man to where there're unlimited
after me. Crystal my dear it's no limit to what
you can achieve.
This is your place, Crystal you're more human then
I can ever be. Crystal, you give me life to march
for, to Crystals place, so make haste.

KAHEAL PARRISH,
Love that's never too far,
I vow to stay the long haul.
While cleaning off my windows
for the perfect picture.
We perceive like a widow.
To stand not fall, to love not stall;
to care not change, to save not drain.
To build for our everyday rain, it's a
word play, but I mean every damn word
I say. A love that's never too far!!!
So much you done for the one, never left me
hung we appreciate all that was giving.
The encumbrance you endured for the one to be
here. To rise above the sun. Mother's Day is
alway's suppose to be fun.
You're there even when we lost, on a boat without
a paddle following our own shadows. In waters that's
shallow.
Drinking from my Mothers soul of knowledge, Mothers Day
make us happy, no back mouthing showering love on her who
help make us from nothing to something.
This is Mothers Day just for all!!

KAHEAL PARRISH,
Special praise for the only greatest God of all, eventhough my focus was short sighted. I above all rose with the out stretched hand, of our Lord. To withstand, and endure the hail-storm, of every front. Like a blunt blow that dazed, even me at my largest. Nevertheless the strenght that's regain, I'm not even fazed. The only greatest God,although before our time and still present like steel. Refined further then the mind can perceive. It's Gods will and man hope, that he will receive, and achieve what's for us to receive.
Peacefully calm, in the warzone!
Elated around, so many elders back home.
Back on my own, in the land. Where you
can roam, stuck up flips can't hide nor
ride, what type of brothers do you like?
Brother's that ride high roam, and do their own?
Stand larger then life, even under those bias laws.
Flaws, like insecure broads!
These are underline laws respect a true vet, it's
nomore reaching for the teck.
Spectator's on the sidelines waiting, for a dime
hanging from my line.
All is fine, this young Macc, so Bless can you do with less?
Fucking with me that's your bet, side step the rest.

RAHEAL PARRISH,

pg.12
Sparks fly high, your flame is lit,
The fire, so bright under night lights.
Stars shine through at anytime.
My sight is on point, you game?
My thang the flame blaze, leaving
Nothing, but "Maze".
Life change

Too bad no popping wine, and eating swine.
Your flame in a place, where nothing's fine.
Hi! Kaheals my name placing you as my Valentines
With hugs and kisses, and no wishing!!

KAHEAL PARRISH,
Thanks for your unselfish thought's, 
which brings you back, to some selfish thought's.
That makes you wonder why, some are selfish lost?
But however, you are your unselfish "Boss".
Pretty- Please, take me back to my unselfish thought's.
Where I stand as the unselfish "Boss",
that's not the selfish lost.
Giving back to the unfortunate tossed, where
should we stand without our thanksgiving thought's?
Perhaps, on somebody back burner, somewhere lost!
Ms. Donna,( :)look these are my splashy thanksgiving thought's.

KAHEAL PARRISH,
Push, Push! And breathe, there we go yes, that's all you hear and see this is the scene of the birth. The worst has passed at last, the birth was worth the wait eventhough late with endless pain, and suffering. Releaved from a baby cry that reaches the limitless sky. It's nineteen fifty nine. The fifteen of November.

Into the world the baby girl will alway's remember Marjorie Elaine Holmes, is her birth name. Born into the fame of GrandMother flame. She takes her rightful place with a grand stand, and produces four of her own.

 Alone! Her tone doesn't alter nor faulter. The joy from hearing the eldest son recapitulate the rebirth of her birth to recognize, and pay-homage on her fifty-second Birthday. Also, rejuvenate your rightful place as your son BlackQueen, and reflect on the change of many faces, tastes, and places of fifty-two. It's so true, no blues!!!
Peep this and kiss this, I'm broke like a young boy without toy's walking, to school in XJ-900 shoe's. 'Cause Momma, played by no rule's. She made a fool, and thought it was cool. 100% true!
My head bowed feeling blue, mad at the world cuz, it's true.
Earl living pain stricken like Popeye's, chicken. Wishing this year we make christmas. What would you do in his shoe's?
Pay close attention and listen there's no praise in this kitchen, while the down fall of his shoe's meet concrete, it's quieter in my streets.

KAHEAL PARRISH,
My Father the one who adopted me out of love,
like his own blood son. Pops, you know I won,
eventhough we not blood you flooded me with
nothing, but real love.
You took me in your home and let me roam.
even after my moms was so wrong, you showed me,
where to stand as my own Blackman, you never turned
your back while stacking yo racks! Under them circumstances
I stand tall as a Blackman. Wherever I'm at an that's a fact.
So let me pay "Homage" that's due at this day an age, before
time fade. This no faze my love and respect for you is a
blaze of eternal fire, that won't be stopped let me drop
my poem in hope it finds it's way home, and you embrace
these thought's with open arms, and no scorn,like
being reborn...

KAHEAL PARRISH,
You make me founded, and more grounded!
Without enough fortitude, and space. Yes!
My own special proficient heroine.
You make me better then old heartaches,
you eradicate more pain then I can comprehend
In a (tunnel) so narrow with blinders on.
You have the eye's of an owl, perceive what I
fail to see. You make me stand profounded,in
this land of the unfounded.
You make me want to be better then ever before.
You make me better!

KAHEAL PARRISH,
BEGIN OF PAGE

END OF PAGE
Wasteland of your brain you movin so fast
like a gogo train. Reflectin back looking
at "Mecca," Beautiful as lady Rebecca.
Come home baby, you not alone I'm holding
online through this phone, can you feel my
heart beat? African drums blowing through the streets
beats of the trumpet, I'm trump tight as the aftermath
light, shining through like this is the afterlife.
like before there was a Christ, like before there was
a mental heist.
They looked and saw this shit is nice better then your Chinese
rice.

KAHEAL PARRISH,
You promised much, but not nearly enough.

The moral here is that you must do the work.

You are not going to make it easy when the real

toil of living it through and learning from it.

You must be willing to put in the effort.

A day of hard work can be a great benefit.

You must never hold back on your efforts.

You will get more from life if you give your

best.

I hope this has been helpful.
"REALITY"--

Reality one on one hook line
eye pop wine drop, line long gone.
Here I stand alone, cage bird,
mind down trodden hidden in
my reality fortitude. Where young
dudes catch this real blues, reality
one on one hook line, I grab the juice.
Make my move, erase the unwelcome knot inside
the cage cell, it's so hot, I stop, take a breath let's
loose these undeniable blues.
Real dudes sit undaunted while caged in, him you
know by his realest of moves.
With the mental up grade to change the rules.
Reality one on one hook line,
I made famous with this rearrangement, however I can't lose
with my reality dude.

KAHEAL PARRISH,
Lost my focus past 1100 and reading.
That is going to ruin your potential with
Getting only one chance in the final exam.
Remember, the test one test, without a test,
not one test, over the rest of the year. And, most of the time of
this is where we start with your. Without it,
these things is still part playing in this style in
everything you have and in its own. For those
children, it's important to think of break down your
blocks to it and look beyond this. You want to read
in sections of notes. Break it down with another concept in
both the test you and test.
Moving in shadows, concealed even from see through windows, mirrors reflecting self-reliance. Secretive business never left revealed surrounded by these underhanded bandits, band-wagoning, to unravel the next man's meal. These skills produce secretive movement, this is the secretive blueprint. Sucka ducking the establishment, inarticulating the code of silence in this environment. Refining my close mouth concealing, preventing the fakes to skate using this real shit.

KAHEAL PARRISH,

(P)
Sensational love outlasted, street life outblasted. Sensational unmanaged, nonconventional bread winner. Traditional clout, influence by my own paper route. Sensational love, self taught, release from the vault, alleviate her pain, elevate her game. Would she ever be the same? Passionate, unrestrained, glorious in her own lane. Beauty so flawless, she's allowed to flaunt it, sometimes like a wild flower, exotic; she's exceptional, sensational love that's mastered.

KAHEAL 'PARRISH,
Under water thrashing bright lights flashing,
the birth of an under weight, outlasting.
The confinement of the womb, until freedom
at last find you, or sun to shine through.
Free at last, as the lights flash through
this mission is the life I live through.
Free at last until the bright light finds you.

KAHEAL PARRISH,
"SISTER SPARKS FLY"

Candle light's night Bars fully loaded stars
this shit is going to go far.
Big Birthday's about extenting arms paying homage
to your young age special day's not late on the stage.
Where's the rage from the over flowing Patrone's?
Yes, this nite is priceless it's better then Christmas,
leaving you speechless blowing out candle light wishes.
Getting all the lovely kisses.
Sparks fly, bottles pop candles blown out wishes rise
to the sky, minds gone off patrone.
Party live wishing you Happy Birthday for the Nineteenth time
This Bro 12 line, time after time you rise to best bigme, lilme.
Stay strong long after candles blown pass midnite.
This kite fly high land a kiss with Big Bro best wishes
Nichelle, listen keep your mind focus have a grand day,
while the sparks fly!!!

KAHEAL PARRISH,
The hearts been lost, some what crush,
With enough air to self-rise.
The heart is priceless, it's hard to
trust the heart that makes a fuss,
darkest souls that surround our soul.
Search our heart, and see why our heart
is so cold. Big enough to with stand the pain.
You saw once a ladies heart that's big as a
gold statue search her soul, and you can see
why she become so priceless in my own
search of souls.

KAHEAL PARRISH,

pg. 30
Vous êtes le chef de la police municipale.

Lors de votre passage à la Mairie, vous avez été informé par le maire que la police municipale devait effectuer un contrôle de proximité pour vérifier l'observance des mesures sanitaires liées à la pandémie de COVID-19.

Vous avez alors décidé de mettre en place des contrôles de proximité dans les quartiers de la ville.

Pour cela, vous avez réuni une équipe de policiers chargés de procéder à ces contrôles. Vous avez indiqué aux agents de police que leur objectif était de sensibiliser les citoyens à l'importance de se conformer aux mesures sanitaires et de les aider à respecter les règles en vigueur.

Vous avez également précisé que les policiers devraient observer les comportements des citoyens et intervenir en cas de comportements non respectueux des mesures sanitaires.

En conclusion, vous avez salué les agents de police avant de quitter la salle du conseil municipal.

Vous êtes satisfait de la manière dont votre équipe s'est démenée pour assurer le bon déroulement de ces contrôles de proximité.
Undaunted by these steel bars,
just picture me behind these brick walls.
Peep this Ms. I'm caged in like, a dog,
tryin to jimmy my way out, hard as it maybe,
walkin a thin line.
While watching big and small dudes get stuck
on the line (yard).
With steel like bone crushers, to the back or
the spine. As I speculate, and wonder why?
I come to a point in here not to judge nor
condemn these spermicide species. But keep
my distance, and know a spade.
Call it like it is, the realist of this
business while walkin a thin line behind
these brick walls and steel bars like a star.
"KID'S DAY DREAM"--

Younger than most, running around cart wheeling rolling in the bigwheel, trying to conceal Momma's big deal, which alway's get revealed, That's the rawdeal. This my five year old pipe dream let's go ahead, and get some Icecream.
While mom blow off steam, becuz she is beautiful and supreme pushing for her American Dream. This is my five year old kids day dream, I beam like it's my birthday, naw I'm just in a day dream.

KAHEAL PARRISH,
I am who I am comfortable in thy own skin,
Black and I am Proud.
I am the "Malcolm X," Reaching out to the brothas' and sisters with my own twist.
I am the "Dr. King," with my own dream, not oppress by the powers becuz of my own intellectual.
But free in mind and spirit.
I am the change "Obama talks about, who found his pen to express his pain. I am the million man march it's just I am marching a million or more words with my pen in this life time to reach the younger one's after me.
I am who I say I am!

KAHEAL PARRISH,

pg. 34
D. D. D. McClellan,

Commanding General.

...
Wellness is the opposite of illness
without going through illness there's no need
for wellness.
It's my business to have realness my ability
to feel the heal of my illness. When some ain't
well with their flakiness won't stop me from waking
and saking no faking.
When I know it's best for the rest of my taking wellness
to a elevated level, travel in time rewind back when
I was a teen off thunder bird wine.
On the nine hanging, and not training my mind toward the
time to shine on my perfect line. Blind toward realness of true
wellness with the hope of being fine.
Discipline my mind until I comprehend wellness and know how
to live well with happiness.
DAY ROYAL BAY.

As I made my way,
My journey was slowly told,
On many many days,
As I walked by the sea.

The sun setting would mark,
That one day near my life,

May 1, 1840. A very fine day.

The sun setting on the sea,

May 1, 1840. A very fine day.
"FORGIVING OUR MISTAKES"

FORGIVE Robbery of the soul, cold steel press against the grill.
Bread in the duffel bag please, .44 mag.
will make sure there will be no posturing
forgive us for this steel press against his grill
But clear space. Don't try to give chase, forgive the robber's of the soul. We're the last money takers

clearing space, without haste.
In need of forgiving for our takes, will this be our last break? I'll forgive us for our mistakes.
"CALL IT"

Play mate in the land of the takes
My life of those high stakes.
See the snow falls? That's life on stall,
what you didn't know? Yes, my balls,
of words is more closer than your loyalty calls.
Weak spit send it to the tricks, peep this loyalty
should be over royalty.
I'm her record player, even better then the record
player, the mixture of flips.
Like onion dip, and nancho chips, I'm just on the
hunt for my realize chips.
Once in my sight you can call it good night,
That's why, they call it the sting ray, it's my place.
Heartach take first wind
first wind take back seat
heartach replace my change
pain in my eye's you'll see.
Bow, and arrow sticking
out my spine, this is my heartach
revised. Arrow shot from center field,
through the heart.
Is this what heartachs like?
Yes, only the one's that's close,
This is heartachs last breath.

KAHEAL PARRISH,
Keep it Pushing

The Blackman Struggles

"MOTHER'S DAY" (vol. 1)

Mother's elevate our mental frame
to understand our long game.
IN this land of the suppose free
from our birth until our last day's
we pay homage to our mother's and their
mother's. Who is our grannies on this special
day of the year, feel no fear because she is the
one we can count on until her last breath.
The love is real genuine no flaws her love is
unconditional she is flawless, and she will alway's
be loved & missed if we are not even physically present
These are the words of a son who alway's pay homage,
and glorify her on her special day until my last breath.

KAHEAL PARRISH,

PG.57
I came from the womb to embrace every part of my parts, and place stuck in this place of the destituted moving around trying my damnest, for a unheard solution!

"what I need"? Is now restitution.
True restoration outta this place
The environment of the despondence peeking at the despise in their eye's, despite my restraint to maintain the unfounded influence of my captive's.
what I need is the better part of me in a place where nothing is safe.
Give me the beauty, heart and soul and I'll show you the way.
Show me the true loyalty, over Royalty and I'll be the rhythm that makes your heart skip a beat.
what I need is to be loved & never forgotten when boxed in.
what I need is you.

By: Kaheal Parrish

Pg. 60
"The Life in Prison"

The life in prison one of fratricide the killing of your own! Lost to society. Some wander around lost in their own stupidity while I use this time as my own foundation. Built on solid rocks for my mental marathon. Like Maya Angelou. This is my phenomenon. Standing tall with two feet down taking everything in. Moving & maneuvering around road blocks & fake setbacks. Using the Mind to out fox four walls. I'm boxed in, but it's not my end.

"Life in Prison," can be some real hard lessons. Some would call imperfection the blemish on my character. The time I walk through these steel bars! Concert walls. So many done falter, plus fell from slave like mentality, state like delusions. Don't make this your illusion. My vivid picture painted. The boots I stand in, segregated by Social status, and Race. I face as I'm boxed in! Strive to ride for what I believe.

Relieve the self-destruction! With mission in Social education, and less disruption. Create one of the elevated mental frames to withstand these Mental war games. Battle cries while engaged in this intoxicating back breaking, breath taking environment, who's whole "purpose." Force submission that's not scripted in my mission. Listen; "Life in Prison is not what it's cracked up to be,
"The Life in Prison"

easily fooled and misconstrue by these simple minded Dudes. Mad becuz I sag with so much Swag.

My Purpose, that's complex to explain when you create your own lane. Blame being a product of my environment for my demise, give credit for my endurance under Pressure for my self-rise. Misguided, and easily influence in Prison while leading without direction or substance in your everyday interaction. Something I buck since I emerge into the light, out of this Pit of "Hell," The life in Prison, I dwell in, but not contained. Mentally, freedom I regain

By: Katheal Parrish
MY PROBLEM
BY: KEHEAL PARRISH

My problem from the beginning to the end, what I observe and perceive, the path I proceed, is it in the right or wrong direction? Why I'm flexing? When I don't have the correct answers to these questions. Mental blocks, Trust forgotten in self vulnerable at a time when everything's lost. Nothing adding nor coming together like I envisioned. My problems I haven't solved nor a hand was giving while I'm in need. Shit! Is that the truth, or hot air to fill in the space? Face facts, I'm in a dark place. Lock and key, what I need? Everything! What you mean? It don't take a rocket scientist to see. My needs. Wait! I guess she thought I was easily mislead with physical attraction at times just distractions. I'm running in circles trying to make sense with no sense. My problems, I blame no one. Once upon a time I searched for the right line the perfect picture, but forgot nothing humanely is perfection that's what we strive for and we all come short. What I perceive the next perceive differently. I pick, she choose. I accept, she reject. I reject she accept. Round and round we go. Cut to the chase I don't chase but replace in the face of her running in the opposite direction.
My Problem

what I see and hear my attentiveness and observation, is acute I make 0 mistakes. My problems, my issues, my pain, my gain, my experience my learning.

By: Kaheal Parkish
"THE LOVE I DEFINE"

My love your sparkling personality I peep
At your feet and being, who would I be kidding?
If I didn't see what it is for me to see and retain.
I feel what it is for me to feel, your beauty I embrace, and I am quick to lace you to show you off and how to flaunt it, yes you got it within your heart, and your outer parts. However, the outer beauty do not define you, it's that lovely inner beauty that highlight, and showcase the allurement that draws me into your personal space. Yes I can't deny that I am spellbound, attracted, and captivated in your sparkling green eyes and lovely sexy beautiful face. I can imagine how the whole plate look, full of colors that's bright and light for my wonderful taste, with everything coming together like paste. Woman don't let this be that last chapter of our race, because the chase just begun for a lifetime of love.

By: Keahal Parrish
"HER EYE'S"

Her eye's that's so bright and light that I see,
Deep within her soul, I want to be,
Her eye's, that's so beautiful, that even you can believe. Her eye's that saw so many things even we can't comprehend.
Her eye's that bless me with joy and happiness. I don't shed a tear.
Her eye's that burn that fire within my soul. Her beautiful eye's I see. Her eye's I see to embrace another part of love to me. Her eye's!
Do that mean we are one, and the strong team?? Her eye's which done came to mean so much to me. Her eye's I can't go without. You know Her eye's, becuz, they are looking right back at me. Her eye's!

By: Kaheal Parrish