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ODES FROM BEHIND THESE WALLS

"Introduction"

"You are what Your deepest desire is,
As your desire is, so is your intention.
As your intention is, so is your will.
As your will is, so is your deed.
As your deed is, so is your destiny.

(vedic text - Upanishads)

This book of poetry is about a prisoners experiences,
"my experiences, my life", at times it is not proper! some things
may or may not "exist", only in my reality! proper is a rarity in
here, so please take my art form as it comes, let it flow into
your heart and mind. Take a moment a see the world I live in
through the eyes of the prisoner. Feel free to contact me at
address below. I welcome your thoughts and insight.

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THUNDER

my lungs fill with water as you pull me under!
For you do your best to steal my thunder.

Yet I swim to the surface again and again.
I’m like a strong tree that sways in the wind.
Weary at times without any rest!
Treading water till the next waves crest.

Then the weight of the swell comes crashing down!
For you'd love nothing more than to see me drown.
Oh calloused eyes so blind to the fact!
That I've been and seen places most wouldn't come back

Freely I have roamed where they could not go.
So there is no way you can judge or measure the depths of my soul.
You see my strength comes from deep within.
Redemption fueled by years of sin.

And now I can merely look back upon you with pity in my heart.
No longer of the real world are you apart.
You're simply a prisoner with a badge who cannot break free!
A reflection of what once was that can no longer be.
Yes the machine has consumed you and it has done it well,
A permanent fixture you've become in this concrete hell!
So do as you will and pull me under,
You're not deep enough to steal my Thunder.

Pg 2.                     James M. Branham
Blood on the Badge

There is someone struggling, and trying to break free! that someone is just like you and me.

Though in gender and race we may not be the same, more likely we don't even share the same city, state or last name.

Yet We as Americans are all being strangled by the same deadly corruptive grip! Can You feel it tighten as our lives and freedom slowly begins to slip?

For this Great country we honor and love, has blood on the badge with time to kill. Hungry is the lower arch of the political beast and it needs its fill!

The average citizen has no safe place, no where to run! for long and endless is the barrel of the lawmans gun!

The target is sighted always on the poorest side of town, the target is sighted and taken down.

An oath taken sworn to protect and serve, yet for the cries of the poor no guilty verdict is ever heard!

Just a lifeless citizen laying chalked out upon the streets, just another dead suspect lying at the cops feet!

The clock is ticking and we are out of time, for there is murder on the streets with no peace of mind!

Simply brushed off with just a turn of the page. The chapters of INTERNAL AFFAIRS now tinged with societies hate and rage.

Little pink houses for you and me? not likely in the land of the penitentiary!

Equal justice for one and all? only if you decide not to stand to tall!

Darker and silhouetted is the figure for the man in the shadow with a finger on the trigger.

There is someone struggling to break free!

Someone just like you and me!
I know you hate me and at one time I also hated you, but the hate is
something I can no longer do.
That connection that binds us I must sever, no longer will I hate you better.
The toxicity of it all was making me very ill, bitter was the taste of this
jagged little pill.
Thriving on the tension and the strife, this hate had consumed a big part
of my life.
Fallen had I to a place so low, up was the only way left to go.
A nightmare from which I chose to awake, dignity and humanity had become
high stakes.
With each breath I try to rise above it all! A lot of the time I am barely
able to crawl.
A constant struggle each waking day, especially when I see what your eyes
have to say.
Overcome I must in order to live, though your hate is sometimes very hard to
forgive,
So I apologize this is something I can no longer do, but trust that I understand
how it has consumed almost all of you.
For I too was in the very midst of the prison’s political call, yet heed I must
to the curtain call.
The connection that binds us I must sever no longer will I hate you better!
CONCRETE AND STEEL

My heart is blackened so that it no longer feels! Welcome to the world of concrete and steel.

The air is thick with paranoia and rage for confined we are like animals in a concrete cage.

Gone are the memories that allowed me to care, one cannot feel if it isn't there.

Replaced with feelings I wish that I never knew, hated by many loved by few!

Facing each day just trying to survive for in here I am wanted dead or alive.

Each night I bow my head and pray about all my fears, yet the God I pray to no longer hears.

Left am I to my own demise, deaf are his ears to my pleas and cries!

Forlorn, fallen, left behind on the brink of insanity with no peace of mind.

Blackened is my heart so that it no longer feels, welcome to the world of concrete and steel.
The loneliness is felt from deep within to the very surface of one's skin.
It's at the beginning of the days start mixed with the very beat of one's heart.
A breath is given a breath is taken...lost to the loneliness never to awaken!

A prisoner's tears are given and fall silently to the night, unwhole is the spirit who wishes for flight.

Unable to overcome that which has no end. In times like these one only yearns to love again.

For the kindness of another dispenses the pain, gentle is its sunshine that ceases the rain.

Just reach deep, deep within for from where love starts the loneliness ends.
A Smile goes best with how beautiful You are, like the glimmer one sees of a midnight star.

How bright You shine for the world to see, permanence was the moment You shined upon me.

Your smile an honor, Your beauty a gift. For it is my heart and soul that they both lift.

You bring definitive perception to our love with Your gentle essence, My world has been Graced with Your lovely presence.

A smile goes best with how beautiful You are, so sensual, My lady, my midnight star.
DESTINY

Take my hand and trust in me, I'll show you a place called destiny. Though it is known by very few, it is where dreams of the heart can come true.

For the moon shines at its fullest with such a radiant glow, the kisses taste sweeter there when you take the time to kiss real slow.

True love reside there and only there for it never leaves, and the faithful prosper because they choose to believe.

They believe in what most in this world have chosen to give up on, yes from these unfortunate hearts true love has slipped and gone.

So take my hand and trust in me, for I know where there's a place called destiny.
FREE

If I spoke on how much you truly mean to me, would you embrace the moment and set me free?
Free from my surroundings and all its faults. Bringing the madness I've been sentenced to too a screeching halt!
For I have dealt with this pain over the years, varied remedies to overcome my fears.
Just me against the world and on my own, For I have been gone for so long my heart has forgotten where it called home,
And in my fellow man and humanity I have lost all faith, Solitude has now taken their place.
Trusting in no one to be sincere, betrayal is counted upon and always near!
Yet I search for a heart still, that wants and needs to be true,
For I am lost to a world there seems to be so few!
Freely I've spoken on how much you mean to me, will you embrace my being and set me free.
Oh how I yearn to be lost in the depths of Your sea's,
to have You hunger my love, hunger for me.

Trusting in all that You do, as I venture deeply into a
heart so true.

"Freely I am taken, I surrender my all! my love is yours
and only yours for it is You and only You that I have chosen
too fall.

No other could enslave me no other just You! For deep in
my soul I have always known, that our paths would cross and
my destiny shown.

Together we share a love till the end of time, two hearts beat
as one forever intertwined,

So hunger my angel as I hunger for thee, allow me to swim
in the depths of Your sea's.
EXISTENCE-2.

"No sympathy for the devil, no sympathy for thee!
For from what of this world are we truly free?"

The freedom that is disguised by so many tables! one comes to believe it is merely a fable.

Bared is the being against the storms. Sovereign existence to expected norms.

Changing each day to keep up with the seasons, Endured are the moments to find meaning and reason.

Fully lived and put to the test. The soul is worn for there can be no rest!

Eroded by time till existence is gone For from this world we all pass on.

Inner trenches deep Inner trenches wide! Wounds bleeding out in order to confide!

we are all led to places of light and dark, trespassed have they and left there mark.

side by side, hand in hand, defined moments that took there stand.

The essence of character never to be faint, discerned is the being wicked or saint?

To look beneath the surface of ones self we are not a hard find!

Jagged and jaded all at the same time.

For to thyself one must always be true. what the beast is to the burden is nothing new.

So endless is the darkness with milleniums to kill, drink with thirst of the light and get your fill!

Banished moralities the pariah must flee! The strongest link breaks the chains that enslave all of thee.

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James M. Brunham.
All tied to a place that we wish not to name. Yet within us all just the same!

"Judgement, Hate, Religion, and war!"
Existence shall settle its final score.
Like a thief in the night death comes and goes. For time doesn't stand still nor will it slow.

"No sympathy for the devil no sympathy for thee! Like dust in the wind existence is freed."
I have found myself wandering in places where the soul can get lost, found my way back, but at what cost?

Isolation is the frost upon a man's loneliness who lives only in the past! For of the present and future he cannot grasp.
Yet I reach and reach backwards and you're not there,
So pained is the heart when no one cares.

Off in the distance I hear the tolling of the bell, for I know you not though I know you well.

You are my eternal flame that I've lived and died for again and again, for I was meant to love only you in the very end. Found have I comfort in your shelter from the storms, the illusion of you is my only danger!

My arms have always sought to welcome you yet your love to me remains a stranger?

Your the angel I wish to wrap her wings around me till her's hearts content. Let your eyes speak to me of what's heaven sent.

My longing takes me on searches for you deep into the past and its darkest nights, my fulfillment awaits you for my loving is done right.

Am I so lost in the ideal that I've lived and known you in lives before? that I cannot pull out of the past and close that door?

Is my sanity the price that I pay for I'll pay whatever the cost! for if the illusion of you is as close as I get to you then in the illusion of you I shall stay lost.
The earth knows you well from days of old, unspoken truths lies that were told.

Century upon century has been spent upon the run, as you disappear before the splendor of the rising sun.

"BLOODLINE ROYAL, LINEAL DIVINE" cursed to walk to and fro till the end of time!

Oh HELEL how you shine so bright thus earning the title ANGEL of LIGHT.

You blenished heaven with a spiritual scar rebellious, prideful oh MORNINGSTAR.

The pit will be opened as the fifth trumpet sounds, and it would not be a first ABADDONS wings touched the ground!

So alluring, mystical, and hard to perceive, fallen prodigy meant to deceive.

Tempting the weak with your foul play, gathering the lost and leading them astray.

To a battlefield of for certain death, as an Angel cries out and fouls feed upon flesh.

Woe the time is short, the reckoning nears bound and chained is your destiny for a thousand years.

The Fortunate son who resisted a "Fathers love", marked for wrath by the Heavens above.

Lightbearer, dragon, Serpent of old unspoken truths lies that were told.
When I think of you from afar I often wonder how you are.
Do you miss me as I've missed you? or am I someone you just once knew?
Is the memory of us distant and fading with the years? no longer am I a absence that is missed with tears?
Does your heart feel heavy and pained without me? is your being no longer whole because I'm no longer free?
Do you yearn for my loving to make things right? does your spirit remain restless deep into the night?
Are my kisses felt that I send you upon the wind, are we still strong enough for each other, strong enough to bend?
Will your love's flame be bright enough to guide my way back home? or has it dimmed to the point that I am all alone?
Has my failures in life turned your heart away? leaving me to dark clouds and cold rain forever upon my days?
For us will there ever again be a promise of a new tomorrow? or shall they remain of only pain and sorrow?
When you think of me from afar is your heart left with just a scar?
BEAUTY

with the attitude of the universe it bends and sways. For beauty moves in such mysterious ways.

It has the enchantment of a sunset or the splendor of the rising sun, and nothing compares to a beautiful woman as she's holding the barrel of a smoking gun.

There is a magical power that lies within, one in which we all wish to befriend.

It stirs up meaning of life within us all! For we all need to be beautified by her call.

Like the Valkyre that lifts the soul of a lifeless man, her beauty brings him to life with just a touch of her hand.

Beauty has conquered. Beauty has destroyed! Beauty has shaped the man; beauty has shaped the boy.

It can be as silent as a sinful look of bedroom eyes, or the mixture of a heartache with a touch of goodbye.

It's as delicate as the dawn's silence calling out to me, for in moments like this beauty sets me free.
TO FAR GONE

which way is right which way is wrong?
How do we know when we are to far gone?
Feeding our desires with all that we yearn! Till there is no soul left nothing to burn!
Just time on our hands time to kill, abusing moments of lifes free will.
We travel the roads to eternity which have no end, asphalt darkened by mortal sin.
Clean is the conscience when you're to far gone, which way is right which way is wrong?
On a cold November's day you were born, not your typical winter's day for it was out of its norm.

The sun shined just a little bit brighter and the sky was more blue. Your existence coming into being made an old world a bit brandnew.

On that day my life was touched and forever changed. For your birth brought entitlement to my name.

Before I'd just been a man merely destined and sentenced to Hell! A Forgotten Soul in a prison cell.

The drifter who drifted to far from home, A stranger to You who remains unknown!

For the miles that separate us are distant and far, to You my greatnephew I'm like a grain of sand in an hour glass jar.

Yet my love for you is there felt deeply in my heart, For seared upon my being is ELZ's mark.

So now I stand from where I once fell, crestfallen no more in this dusty old prison cell.

For on a cold November's day my Greatnephew was born, and briefly a smile was given to a man who's forlorn.
My heart has succumbed to these lonely years. Drowned it has in a river of tears.

My soul is fading my body is so weak! Warmed by the salt that falls from my cheeks.

Hollow without love forced am I to live! Imprisoned with the best of me that I have to give!

For the loneliness echo's from near to far! A body is webbed and worn by tattoos and tears!

Yet there is still a beat that beats inside of me, pounding fiercely never to be freed.

Time is pain, and pain is time, so lost in it all I'm caught up in its binds.

The feeling cuts me deep, deep to the bone. For cursed is the heart that beats alone.

Surrendered have I to these lonely years, succumbed and drowned in its river of tears.
CHEAP GRACE

You may of fooled others and even fooled yourself, with the lies you tell of your spiritual wealth!

For I have seen behind the veil that is upon your face, and there lies the facade of cheap grace.

The whole time you portray the role of doing God's will, while attacking my faith with intent to kill!

Perhaps it is forgiveness you feel that I am not worthy of?

From the God you have chosen to worship and love.

Have you forgotten that we are all born into sin? It is the curse that is upon all living women and men,

So freely you have chosen to wallow in the mire! Cleansing your soul with eternal fire!

To the daggers you send I bare my chest, for of the wicked there can be no rest.

Willed is the darkness that hungers with no end! Cast upon thee is the serpents grin!

Yes I have seen behind the veil that is upon your face, and there lies the presence of cheap grace.
Your love has left me so far behind! So lost am I in this moment and time.

Remembering us when we was brand new, remembering us when I was awashed in You.

Will you ever find me once again, spooky messages will you send?

The kind that just appear and let You know love is real. The synchronicity we were able to see and feel!

For we together at one point made a decision to never part.

To never turn our backs on one another's heart.

I still believe true love never dies nor can it be erased! and within me there will always be a trace.

A trace a beauty defined only by You! for the beat of the universe will always be and remain true.

Your love has left me so far behind! So lost am I without you in this moment in time!
Our pain comes forth from the deep, yet from the pain he felt he is now free. So hard for us left behind to comprehend what has come to be.

A life is now gone that had so much to give, barely begun and so short lived.

Though never from us shall he part for the memory of Jacob is carried in our hearts.

The very essence of his being to forever remain, an imprint upon our souls loves gentle stain.

Living through us in so many different ways he is heard in our laughter or the words we use and say.

Eternal is our pain though the tears will dry. Hollow is ones essence when our souls still cry.

Moments remembered moments spent together for within our hearts Jacob lives on forever.
Broken Wings

When demons rise up in my mind to sing, from the sky angels fall with broken wings.

Dreams of peace are quickly washed away as the darkness takes over the passing of the day.

There can be no denying what I am feeling or seeing! So raw is my existence every inch of my being!

Silence fills the world as my soul sits and cries. Southward are the winds that dry the tears of my eyes.

As the hour becomes late and dusk has come and gone, I sit quietly as the lullabies of the night serenade me with their songs.

The moonlight stalks me with its powerful glow. Our energy is one as we move with a natural flow.

There can be no false hopes of who I might be or could of been. For conceived was I from a moment of sin.

When demons rise up in my mind to sing, from the sky angels fall with broken wings.
DARK HORSE

From the grim and grit you rise and fall. A dark horse beckons and you heed to its call.

Steel pricks the skin a blamish of red, the warmth of euphoria goes to you head.

East your taken to the land of Nod, Enslaved to it all Yet you feel like a God!

No more worries no more pain to your soul and being the devil lays claim.

Lost in dreams to the realm of Sin, the needle is now your only friend.

For the streets are all hustle, games and lies! Silent are the heavens as lost souls cry.

Death always close and lying in wait! For a lifeless corpse is a dopehine’s fate!

Cold to the touch so blue in the face! One fix at a time a body goes to waste.

From the grim and grit you rise and fall. The dark horse rides as you heed to its call.
INNER SANITARIUM

Silent is the lucidity and so unfound. To the reality of
life I am no longer bound.

Left to the inner reaches of my mind, lost is the perception
of both space and time.

My company is kept with the voices that I hear, specters of
memories that I most fear.

Breathing the hurt exhaling the pain. I often question whether I
have gone insane.

To the shadows of my heart I do confide for the raven softly
whispers suicide.

A dance with death one final embrace! Existence desolate
my soul laid to waste!

The gallows call out to a half empty grave! From thy own
hand and noose I cannot be saved.

No road seems to be left that I have not traveled upon.
Everything worth anything seems to be long gone.
Silent is the lucidity and so unfound, to the inner
Sanitarium my reality is bound.
EXISTENCE becomes a mere whisper upon the wind. As if to emptiness it must transcend.

Like the "ANCIENT" that falls to the forest floor when no one is around. So silent yet thunderous is the crashing of the sound.

An epic moment lost to the fulfillment of time, as if erased for no one to find.

For the years come forth to wash life bare, footprints left that are no longer there.

To the universe a heartbeat is given just as a breath is taken. From the depths of slumber death begins to waken.

A mere whisper is harked out upon the wind embraced by a sea of emptiness it willingly transcends.
A full moon shines upon the changing of the tides. For the hunters become the hunted when Beloved Diana rides.

host to the night sky the screech of an owl as it disappears in flight, with the call of the wolf the enchantment is set right.

magical energy fills the air with a humming sound. on this night to the Huntress I am forever bound.

Then I saw her emerge from the forest Huntress of myself, her hunger richer than any mans bounty or kings treasured wealth.

As her bow drew back there was a calm stillness upon her face. Her arrow let go mortality soon to be vanquished, gone without a trace.

Pierced was my being and I fell to only be subdued to the Fight. To the Huntress I now belong Beloved Diana ruler of the forest night.
There is a solitude of pain staring back at me. It has become so common in all that I see.

Rebel souls who have lost their way. From the beaten path they have drifted and strayed.

Hearts hardened by so many wrongs, sad and driven they continue on.

Destination unclear and remains unknown, for the tears they have cried have turned to stone.

Left to the cold unsheltered from the storms, so shapeless are they to expected norms.

A deadwood society, rage in a cage! Captured in a sense so sets the stage.

To new found freedoms of a lesser such, emotions run cold and icy to the touch.

Unshaped and lifeless like a potter's clay. In order to survive the passing of the day.

There is a solitude of pain staring back at me. For tears of stone are all that I see.
TOWER GOD

Tower God, tower god what do you see, as you sit high upon your throne and look down upon me?

Empty is your soul never to be filled, power is your high with intent to kill!

Your lightning bolts crack and fill the air with a thunderous sound, crimson is the color that soaks the prison yard's ground.

Shallow is the breath of a dying man, oh mortal God in high command!

For behind these walls of life and death you're in control, one pull of the trigger and death takes its toll.

Few will mourn the victims that you fell and some are marked by your wrath live to tell.

Tower God, tower god what do you see, as you sit high upon your throne and look down upon me.
I am the want the lust the naughty need. Upon Your filthy desires do I feed.

I am everything society tells You not to do! All that You yearn for and wish to come true.

For I bring upon the wetness You feel between Your thighs, I am the image You see when You close Your eyes.

The deep dark secret that is fueled by lust! The one You think of between each thrust!

I am the taste upon Your lips as Your lover expires! The one taboo for which You fear to openly go.

my fruit is forbidden and ripest upon the tree, one taste conjures up the side of You that no one is allowed to see.

Existed have I for centuries and walked through thousands of years. Born was I from the first conscience thought, "I am that guilty fear!"

When You go down on me You'll never be able to get enough, for I'll give it to You gentle and I'll give it to You rough.

Tie You up good so tight are my hinds, I am all that You wish for and yearn to find.

So creamy and warm so sweet is my flow as I fuck Your mind long and slow.

Often in secret You've slipped through my immoral door, Your shame laid to waste as You beg for more!

I am the want the lust the naughty need, and upon Your filthy desires do I feed.
The cries of the damned I hear them well, as echo off the walls of my prison cell!

Their torment fills my thoughts with every waking breath! Draining from my life what sanity that I have left!

Shattered souls! residues of men most will never know. Haunted by the past the future must forgo!

For the prisoner death is something not to be feared! we are cursed by the shackles and chains that keep us here!

The lives we once knew never to return. Regardless of the yearning for our freedom that in our hearts burn!

Enslaved to a jungle made of concrete and its jungle laws!

For we are now animals without merely the hooves or paws!

So haunting is this stark reality for I know and live it well.

I've become the torment and cries that echo off the walls of my prison cell.
Searched have I through the years, waded chest deep in my fears.

Struggling just to keep my head above it all, for in many a battle I have taken the fall.

Wars have been won, battles have been lost! The scars that I wear have come at such a high cost!

One look into my windows and you'll clearly see a soul so marred that it should not be.

Strength was found deep within to just carry on. From one worn torn battle to the next I have forgone.

Marching across my fields of addictions, my ship sailing the stormy seas of life's afflictions.

To the very brink that there was nothing left, laid was I upon death's door taking my last breath!

A moment so profound with no time left to kill, I had looked into the abyss and it stared back at me with eyes as cold as steel.

Caught was I in a selfmade snare, and only with myself could the blame be shared.

The enemy was I with which I had to settle the score! This was now to become a one sided war.

I was now brought into the heart of the ugliness in which I had lived. Reflections of the places within in which there was nothing left to give.
Troubles and Fears

Those parts of me sacrificed in order to survive, dead and long gone no longer alive.

Deeply my lungs filled as I breathed the darkness of my past. My future uncertain and possibly a place that I would not last!

Yes searched have I through the years, only to find myself hidden deep within my troubles and fears.
Embraced by the moment to most that is left unseen. 
my heart is pulled in deep as it splits at the seams. 

So intoxicating is your beauty and gentle vibe, our eyes meet 
and it's just you and I. 

Then I am left to repair these feelings for you that I feel, 
with each stitch upon my heart I am pulled back to what is 
real! 

Each time I see you walk away an emptiness fills this void 
of pain. I'm then left with the stabbing of my heartbeats that 
pound on in vain! 

This reality so ice cold as it stares back at me! For if 
you stayed out from the blue you would not like what you 
see. 

Yet I freely give in to this moment that by most is left 
unseen. Because each new stitch upon my reality is a reminder 
that your presence splits my heart at the seams.
Hello, addict. How are you? This is anger and I had nothing to do.
Just thought I’d drop in to see how you are doing. I’ve been thinking we could team up and bring this fool to ruin.
Surely recovery is not your thing? I’m there with you so I know it doesn’t numb the pain!

We need to bring him down into loneliness right where he belongs! I wonder if he honestly believes we are truly gone?

Hey, remember the time we all almost died? Overdose mixed with a touch of self-pity ‘Suicide’!

“We were so close yet so far away! Perhaps again on some dark and dreary day?”

We just need a little more help come next time, so we cannot leave insecurity or helpless far behind!
They’ll help us push him right over the edge, and then we’ll all be “dead, dead, dead”!

It has to be very soon for in recovery he’s getting stronger by the day. I were kept in our place! Soon we will be gone our existence erased.

Well, addict take care and call me when you’re free, for there is no rest for the wicked or personalities like you and me.
REFLECTIONS OF HIM

Reflections of myself from within, For I have bathed in the pools of my own sin!

Pulled into memories of darkness in which I am never alone, This old familiar place where I am very well known.

You see I've been running and running, but I'm just not that fast! Will I ever escape "Him" or who I was in my past?

Tossed and turned on a wind swept tide, Lost with myself, I am unable to hide.

"Face to Face we are both able to clearly see," that I am "Him" and he is me!

So restless is my soul weathered and worn! Yet I continue forward tattered and torn!

Shadowed by "Him" every step of the way, He walks silent and insidious with nothing to say!

It is very conflicting when you only have yourself to blame? The primal part of you that will never be tamed,

My past runs deep like an old battle scar, regardless of where I go regardless of how far.

He's there holding the treasure I seek called peace of mind, The treasure that I doubt I'll ever fully possess or find!

Reflections of myself within, reflections of myself for I am "Him".
Who will save thee from thyself? Who will hear the banshee's wail?
Addictions that I have in which I shall never be freed. Numbing my existence fulfilling a need.
Embraced is the suffering in order to understand. The many complications that surround this shadow of a man!
For there has been days that I have lived and days that I have died! My laughter mistaken for the internal tears that I've cried.
Each step in my walk silent to the world for I walk alone. A desolate heart that drifts so no place is called Home.
Just as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west. Endless are my miles for there can be no rest!
The MAN in BLACK sold is the line. Enslaved to my demons that help pass the time!
They drag me back to the comfort of where I belong. Muffled are the cries of moralities. Rights and Wrongs!
Married to a darkened past the world has made me my wife!
Branded as the Hag says the scars worn for life!
Enslaved to bondage thy flesh is my own, the master and slave have found their home!
Together as one as thyself from deep within the banshee walls!
CAPTIVE LOVE

She stared defeated at the deep blue sky. Held captive by love and yearning to fly.

No longer was she able to smile and sing for someone had chosen to clip her wings!

Helpless she lay where she fell. Her vows had become a prison cell,

condemned now to wear shackles and chains. The very moment the ring was placed upon her finger her whole life changed.

Independence and freedom brutally severed! By the simple promise of forever.

One can only wonder if the Heavens even heard the sound? As an angel's tears fell softly to the ground.

Shattered existence! Dreams torn apart! Only to be carried upon the winds of her broken heart.

So my friend take the time with the angel that You love! Allow her to soar the skies above.

Admire her beauty as she spreads her wings. Listin carefully when she softly sings.

Star lost in her eyes just a little bit longer for with free will love can only grow stronger.

PG38. James M. Branham.
CAPTIVE LOVE

Show her that she's your heart's desire, that the
purity of her beauty burns the embers of your fire.

For true love can never fully be embraced, nor the
feelings one feels when they fall into its grace.

Defeated she stared at the deep blue sky. Held
Captive by love and Yearning to Fly.
ONE MOMENT IN TIME

One moment in time brought us together, what took only a brief second seemed like forever.

For you I lived through my doubts of love and conquered my fears, so many life times I have lived just to get here!

most of the journey that led to you was tracked up hill, in order to feel these feelings for you that I feel.

I don't question the universe nor ask why, all my answers are there when I look into your eyes.

I see my life full of happiness and years of healing, times of laughter, times of feeling.

one moment in time brought us together and now two hearts share what is forever.
my soul wept for you today and my body yearned for your touch! ever so softly a teardrop fell from my heart, because your existence to me means that much.

emptiness fills the air that my lungs try to breath, because the love that i feel for you i shall never be freed.

i cannot even move forward and allow another to take my hand! i'm trapped and caught up in you for i only wanted to be loved by you and to be your man.

i often wonder what you see when you look at me from afar? do you feel the wounds of my broken heart, do you see them shaped into a permanent scar?

i would give my life for you without a second thought! instead my being is left living isolated and distraught!

i will now carry the memory of you until of this life there is nothing of me left.

for i could live a thousand lifetimes and die a thousand deaths, and my soul would search the distant shores and sail the stormy seas. just to be fulfilled once again by your touch, because to my existence and broken heart you mean just that much.
FORTY YEARS LOST

Forty years in this wilderness of life wandering alone.
Forty years lost in this bag of bones.
When I look to the mirror what did I see?
The reflection staring back was no longer me.
Out of touch and disconnected with who I am.
A lie unto myself nothing more than a sham!

Legacy and life had become high stakes, what man had
made it was time to unmake.

Standing steady never losing sight, correcting my wrongs
and making them right.

Crawling across my fields of stone, battling demons
that were my own.

Savoring the pain as my blood soaks the ground! Praying to
be free from this person I was bound!

Breaking the chains one link at a time, clearing my
conscience, freeing my mind.

Victory the only option as I conquer the strife. For
this has become the fight of my life!

Searching for the light to guide my way, mastering my
domain I shall not stray.

Forty years wandering the wilderness and walking alone.
Forty years lost in this bag of bones.

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James M. Branham
EBONY MOMENTS

Images of ebony skin so soft to the touch, moments of her beauty that mean so much.

Yes upon my heart you have left your mark and without you the world is so cold and dark!

Emptiness now rains upon my soul! No longer am I a man who is whole!

At a time in my life when I needed you most. The essence of you now haunts me like a ghost.

Defined is your beauty that brought me to my knees. So sweet was I on you and willing to please.

Time everlasting that brought us together, blemished by separation it goes on forever.

Dreams in your absence to lift me up high, so "lost" in the softness of your loving eyes.

Carressing your body in the moonlight glow a taste of your lips as we kiss real slow.

Caught up in the moment but so very true, deeply I yearn to once again find you.

At times life can be so hard to even begin to understand.
Just know if you are out there that I'm still your biggest fan.

You never have to search far to hear me say, you'll always be my lovely day.

Images of ebony skin so soft to the touch, moments of her beauty that mean so much.
Standing at the edge of loneliness I sent out my plea,
And merely an echo came back to me.

Now the days come and the nights pass slowly by. To the
echo of loneliness my soul gives a sigh.

For each breath taken my heart beats alone. My being
weakened to the core of flesh and bone.

Faced with reality the walls close in. So empty is the echo
reflecting lifes end!

Led to a place of no return. I watch as both ends of
the candle begin to burn.

Existence pained and mortally scarred! In the
distance an echo is heard from afar.

As the darkness surrounds so hard to escape. Bound am I
sealed by fate.

At the edge of loneliness I sent out my plea, shadowed am I
by the echo that now accompanies me.
If I asked you to bring forth the warmth of your love to get me through my days, would you cloud up on me and walk away?

For if you did it would feel as if I was in a blizzard of heartache with nothing more than the memory of you to hold. While my heart beats slowly froze and were left out in the cold.

If I told you that the deepness of your personality touched the innermost reaches of my heart, and that upon this ragged old soul you have kindly left your mark,

would you cloud up on me and walk away? Leaving my feelings to lie in a shallow grave, and forever cursed to the darkened storms of eternities nights and days.

If I asked you to help me catch the tear drops that had slowly fallen from an angel's eyes? And to solemnly put them in a bottle as the fairies of old do with the stardust that falls from the milky way skies. Would you cloud up on me and walk away?

leaving me to stand alone in a meadow of angel grass as stardust falls silently from a midnight sky and the fairies of old sing to me a lonesome lullaby.

If I told you that your beauty is so tantric it seared into my very being, and that your energy is so powerful it is all I'm feeling and seeing. Would you cloud up on me and walk away?

leaving me to only the residue of your essence, as the ghost of your beauty haunts my ever living presence.
If I asked you to come chase the fullness of life's laughter as it danced upon the seas that have no end? or to lend me a helping hand if I had fallen so I could continue upon life's journey once again, would you cloud up on me and walk away.

leaving my existence shipwrecked on a deserted island where only the echo of your goodbye accompanies every part of my night and day.
ROADS TRAVELED

Roads have been traveled with twist and turns. A being has been etched from all that I have learned.

Some days have brought laughter, some days have brought tears. Moments of courage came forth in my times of fear.

Healing has showered upon me when there was only pain, days have brought sunshine in the midst of rain.

Strength was given in order to overcome death, when life just seemed to have nothing left.

Experiences have taken parts of me never to be gotten back, pieces of me missing that fell through the cracks.

There has been company kept and secrets shared, for I have ventured to places most wouldn’t dare.

In the deep of the night truths have been spoken and lies have been told. I’ve been to the crossroads and left with my soul.

There has been times that I have taken and times that I gave, lives have been ruined, lives have been saved.

Love and lust have been enjoyed and for the other both have been mistaken. For that alone many hearts have been broken and left forsaken!

There has been dreams dreamt that I shall never see in order for others to come to be.
Wrong have been committed against me that I will never forgive. Some grudges in life need to be held in order to live.

My scars are worn to show where I have been. For my remorse is heavy and the weight of my sins.

A soul has been enriched given meaning and reason. For life has a way of leaving one seasoned.

Roads have been traveled with twist and turns. A being has been etched from all that I have learned.
SHATTERED WINDOWS

Oh shattered windows eyes to the soul, the rivers to my lovers heart no longer flow.
So blinded are we and unable to see, the way that love is supposed to be.
The meaningful things about us that we once knew, now seem so very few.
Gone are the moments to we cherished, discarded by the wayside and left to perish!
Torn in two our love was brought to an end, tossed are the pieces to be scattered upon the wind.
There was an undertow of life that became too strong,
How can something so right could of gone so wrong?
For the death of love is almost always ego and pride, now in each others hearts we can no longer confide.
Unfulfilled is our destiny together, pricked by the thorn upon the rose! For separation is the road in which we chose.
Two scorned souls now lost to the night, both unwilling to humbly do what's right.
Within the universe there now lies an unbalance of love and hate, which has now become the masters of our fate.
The rivers to each others hearts no longer flow for darkness now only shines upon the windows of our souls.
The colors of life a prisoner sees reflects of a time that he was once free.

So lost he gets in a field as the tips of its tall grass moves, and sways. Gently he remembers a time of better days.

Sometimes his lungs breathe deeply the salty air as a powerful wave hits the golden coast. So cherished are these colors of freedom that crash upon the moments in life he yearns for most.

Decades come forth. Yet cannot erase the taste of his first pinkish kiss. Fondly his heart reflects upon the rainbow of a first love and the sweetness of its mist.

Tightly his mind grips onto the colors of lifes memories fearing they'll fade or stray! For the grey shades of these prison walls battle Fiercely to erase them with the passing of each day!

So solitary is the black he must wear right up to his lifes very end! As his sentence brings forth the years of loneliness he must breathe in.

The separation from loved ones is woven together with sadness and touches of pain. Seldom does he speak on it to another or ever try to explain.

Steel and concrete are the colors that flash heavy upon his heart and mind, sweeping up on him surrounding him with emptiness and fear, for safehaven is not an easy find.
DAILY COLORS A LIFER SEES

The final colors are of the prisoner who lays rasping for his last and final breath. These colors so vivid for they are all that a prisoner has left.

Colors as a prisoner like myself see's some very sacred, others tainted and cheap. Etched are they upon my existence these colorful memories that I must keep.
LONE IS THE WOLF

He runs in the shadows, though he seeks the solace
of light. For his sorrows run deep and belong to the night.
A child of darkness he has always been, wrapped up tight
in a blanket of sin.

Never to change what once was or what will come to be.
From thy true self one can never be free.

Lone is the path that has been given for what most fear in
life makes his worth living.

Host to the night from it’s comfort he shall not stray. The
moonlight shines down upon his fur so full and grey.

Seasoned is the wolf, and long in the tooth, brief moments
of lucidity bring him peace, and keep him aloof.

He cries out from the shadows seeking the solace of light.
For lone is the wolf whose sorrows run deep and belong to the
night.
Once upon a time there lived a boy that was meek and mild.
Once upon a time I was that boy a loving child.

Often I reflect as the man I am today, who I’d be if in that little boy’s world I was allowed to stay?

I ponder at times on the memories that we share, like falling through a rabbit hole in my far away stare.

I don’t try to fight it and to the present I don’t hold on, one minute I am here the next I’m gone!

The sun is warm in the past and the breeze is mild, such simple things taken for granted as a child.

A young boy’s careless laughter travels upon the wind, days were filled with adventure and the stars in the night sky had no end.

Never again since those magical times have I felt so free. Says the man I am who visits the boy I used to be.

Times of innocence when life was simple and meek, oh these long ago moments I now seek!

Familiar as they may be in my heart of hearts I truly know, physically it is a place I’ll never again be able to go.

A childhood place that will forever remain once upon a time, a place that rests easy on this old heart of mine.

Moments of the past that I will always hold dear, moments of time spent as man with a boy so full of laughter and cheer.

So often I sit and wonder who I’d be today? if in his world just for a little bit longer I was allowed to stay?
Come and Gone

The picture portrays a Father and Son. For better times have come and gone.

Their love and laughter frozen in black and white, long ago moments lost to who was wrong and who was right. So many years have now passed them by leaving them to wonder and question why.

How they drifted apart from there to here, Allusive is the answer and so unclear.

Both lost to an ocean of stubborn pride, pulled farther from the truth by an emotional riptide.

So they search, they seek, and try to find, precious memories lost in time, memories that somehow got misplaced, memories that the winds of time somehow erased.

The picture portrays a Father and Son for better times have come and gone.

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James M. Brancham
Your Smile

Your smile came upon me like a warm summer breeze,
like fireflies in the night it danced and teased.

This shambled life that I lived through error and trial,
led me to an avatar with the most beautiful smile,
our worlds collided with a thunderous sound just as
should be when two souls meet that were meant to be
bound.

You sparked the moment with a simple hello, I was so
caught in that moment by your external glow.

So heavy was your beauty as it pushed against me like waves
upon the coast. I knew right then to my heart you are what
mattered most.

The clarity of my vulnerability and fear of rejection! Is
the sacrifice made and given freely for a taste of loves
perfection.

Your smile came upon me like a warm summer breeze, like
fireflies in the night it danced and teased.
FLESH TEAR

Tearing at the flesh for I search to find, pieces of you that seem to hide!

At times I wonder if they are even really there? These pieces of life we supposedly shared?

So I tear at the flesh till I bleed with pain! I tear at the flesh for I search in vain!

I try and reflect on a time that we once knew, A time I felt something towards me and you.

Yet everytime I come up empty, isolated and alone, For I can't remember a time in my heart you ever made yourself at home!

From my world and life time and again you chose to tear away. Perhaps that is why I tear at my flesh to this very day!

They say from the tree the apple doesn't have far to fall? So is it true then it is better to love and to of lost than to of never loved at all?

Tearing at the flesh for I search to find, memories of a mother's love that seem to hide!
CARPENTERS CROSS

Today a thought was given will my soul be spared? For endless are the miles with a cross to bare.

Open to the elements is my coat of shame. It was cast and forged in Hells fiery flames!

Piece together by fleshly Sin, for the fallen and I have long been friends.

We all have a dark side inside of thee, we all have a choice to be enslaved or freed!

In the end truth finds its final resting place, and with ourselves we stand face to face.

Yes the darkness calls like a long lost friend, bedeviling from afar with its black toothed grin.

So enticing is the beckoning of its call for in the game of Salvation its none or all!

One or the other must prevail when the battle rages between Heaven and Hell.

A thought is given will my soul be spared for endless are the miles with a carpenters cross to bare.
TAINTED STAIN

my only wish is to be able to replace the Tainted Stain. I cannot erase!

my days are plagued by the wrongs of my past, my nights are filled with memories that hauntingly last!

The road to redemption seems to have no end. Eternal is the fire that fuels my sins.

I try and I try to no avail! Yet I am never able to balance life scales!

Regardless of how many good deeds that I do, in my own heart and the world's they seem so very few!

I am the punisher who keeps punishing himself. For better or worse in sickness and in health.

I'm married to the battle that comes from within, and we shall destroy one another in the very end.

For the brand that's been placed upon me I'll never break free! Nor from the man the world needs me to be!

For without me they'd just have to replace the tainted stain the just love to taste!
ASCEND

You descend upon my world with kindness in your heart.
So much about you I wish I was a part.
The known, the unknown, the yet to be seen.
Your swagg
So smooth, primped, and green.

It takes all that to get through the day, in a place like this
that is so dark and grey.

For I've looked into your eyes and caught a glimpse of pain,
and with your head held high your smile remained.
The smile of an angel that banishes the dark, the smile of a woman who has left her mark.

It's embedded in my memory, entrenched upon my soul! It shined down upon me as I looked up from a deep dark hole!

Because your beauty and being reached deep where most can never be. A place that doesn't come easy and the scars are not free!

Your smile descended upon my world that is so cold and dark.
So deeply it touched me and ascended from my heart.
I love you's

No more I love you's of long ago, for of them we no longer know.

Faded from heart, a stranger to thee the beauty of it we can no longer see.

Our love set adrift till nothing was left! No more I love you's from this place of death!

Reflections of us drowning in a lake of lies. The memories ride on the lows and highs.

Revisiting the pain relinquished I fall, from what once was I slowly crawl.

Shared is the blamish scorned is the mark, hearts weigh heavy for both played their parts.

Roles lived out the characters have died! Two souls woven to the past, together they are tied.

Bittersweet moments flutter upon the wind, scattered ruminates that have no end!

Both enslaved to what went wrong to what we once had, No more I love you's from a love gone bad.
SPECTER REMAINS

Of all the things to never perish and die, was the love shared between you and I.

Never has a moment in life been so profound, as when our loves pure crumbled to the ground.

Rare and celestial like a super nova, burning bright then it was over.

From your memory I try to refrain, for the residue of it is tinged with pain.

So sweet yet bitter oh fanciful lover! like the dahlias bloom of many colors.

Yet return to your ghost I always do. The specter of our love is a reflection of what remained so true.

A graveyard love carried to the very end, so haunted am I now by what should of been.

Of all things to never perish and die, is the love shared between you and I.
ENSLAVED TO TIME

A King held captive and enslaved to time. Pain is the moat of his existence for he yearns to find.

Beauty that is deep such as you, for the kindness that You are is so noble and true.

Surreal is the moment he gets lost in your eyes, precious is the hearts trust in order to confide.

For the flower of love blossoms from a deep rooted seed, Destiny is the fulfillment of that very need.

Without one the other could never come to be, so to beauties essence the King sends out his plea!

Hear this call come quickly to vanquish the dark for the arrow of loneliness is swift and seeking its mark.

Oh painful years how slowly you have passed on by, said the King who awaits a Queen reply.
I SAW

I saw them cut you down from your open cell door! I saw them pull out what would be a life no more!
I saw them pushing and pumping on your chest! I saw them try to save you, but there was nothing left!

I saw the resigned look in some of their eyes! I believe I almost saw an officer cry!

I saw the genuine hurt and pain! I saw this from those who didn't even know your name!

I saw also the fakes and frauds, wearing a smirk as they put on how much they care about you facade!

I saw them write reports and wrap up a crime scene! I saw all this as inmates cheered a Sunday football game!

I saw in my mind's eye your loved ones being told how you had died!
I saw myself give your Mama a tissue as she began to cry!

I saw you later that night and I knew this could not be!
I saw you in my mirror and knew a stranger remained with me!