The Heart & Soul of a Poet

Stanley Corbett Jr.

a.k.a. Knowledge G.
“Love is the Windex for your vision. Because love helps clarify your vision, it helps define your mission in life.” — Original Author Allah
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About the Author

My honorable name is Stanley Earl Corbett, Jr., but most people call me by my righteous name(s), "Knowledge G." or "Natural." I'm from Lexington (Lex-Vegas), NC. I am seeking to correspond & collaborate with publishers, poets, writers, & literary agents. Contact me at:

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The Heart

And

Soul of a Poet, Part 1
The Heart

Part 1
"If you’re a young man and have a lot of Heart, that means you have courage. But then you learn the other meaning of heart, which is Love." — The RZA, of the Wu-Tang Clan
The Power of Love

The power of lust can trick your mind.
The power of greed can keep you blind.
The power of hate can destroy millions.
The power of a lie can stop us from building.
The power of the mind can be misused.
The power of a fool can make many fools.
The power of death can take us above, but nothing can stop the "Power of Love."
Wisdom Body

I keep her in constant rotation because she reflects "GOD."
In Your Eyes

There's a priceless mine in your eyes
Where diamonds and golds are designed;
The heavenly place where time flies.
Is the beauty in your eyes
I know this isn't a dream,
When love was all that I seen.

Those pretty round eyes create smiles
That stretch longer than thousands of miles.
They brighten the darkest nights,
And could melt a mountain of ice.
They reveal particles of myself
I see love in them, nothing else.

There's a fire of love in your eyes
That warms the whole world,
And helps me see my reflection.
A world within a world.
In your eyes lives my soul...
And through mine lives your own.
Dear Queen

I'd rather let my pen cry before I conceal the thought of you in my heart. This ink is stronger than I thought.

In "Love," there isn't an obstacle between us. Imperfections are oppressed in the mist of love. Hear what your ears can bear...

In "Truth," we shine brighter than rays of the sun. Nothing outshines a moment of truth. Take a quiet stare in the inner face of my life...

In "Peace," stray objects won't enter our mist, leaving us absent of confusion. Envision a feeling we desire to know...

In "Freedom," we live to enjoy love, truth, & peace. It gives us the right to do as we please. Because it's a struggle to love, and without you I'm half of the man that I can be.
I Wish

I wish I could hold you in my arms ... forever,
Make them a place for comfort when you're stressed,
Or to direcQ of putting up with your daily life.

I wish I could look deep into your eyes ... forever,
Let my soul speak the parables of love to your mind,
Penetrate your body, and show you the way to eternity.

I wish I could be a friend of yours ... forever,
Light of my mind cherishes the beauty of your presence,
And extends beyond the heavens.

I wish I could just grow old with you ... forever,
Sharing all of my ideas, dreams, laughs, cries,
And everything we can imagine.

I wish I could give you all of my love ... forever,
Let it shower you with harmony, show you honesty,
And provide you with peace.
Tongue Kiss

Tongues come out of our mouths
And love wraps them together
The taste of ecstasy
Cemented us forever
We speak dry words better
And enjoy all of the treasures.
Divine Attraction

I was mesmerized by the touch of your kind words. They came out very seductively as I inhaled them deeply, almost putting myself to sleep.

Eventually, I put my thoughts to ease. But somehow, you slipped into my dreams...

As we exchange looks beyond the starlight, we further our understanding of life, the stars smile upon us poetically. It was a glimpse of affinity between two birds flying in purity.

I really seek to explore the sweeter things: mysterious treasures out of this world. (Smiles)

My gratitude for your hands is a beautiful thing, the thought alone makes my heart sing, the beautiful thing that's destined to be. We wait for life to unfold new meanings. I calm my mind to hear your thoughts breathing.
Unfilled missions keep us wondering...
for the moment of our coming.
Ms. Ecstasy

The night finds its way closer to us, but our love finds no end which puts us in a mediumistic trance. We cruise to the moon, while the stars watch us swim in the infinity pools. I saw love within myself because I found it in you.

All that is good in you shows a reflection of "Truth." The oxygen we breathe puts us in tune. Before I could see what was seen, feel what was felt, or hear my ownself... I lost my breath to a voice that moves me, which is a pleasing sound.

The charm of your smile can affect the pilot on the runway, the bus-driver on the highway, and the mailman on Fridays. Not only that, but your mind...
itself is a natural aphrodisiac.
The gentleness of your affection is a beautiful thing.
So spread your beautiful wings
as "my soul" rejoices the thought
that increases the natural rhythm of my heart.
Spellbound, part 1 (The Heart and Soul of a Poet)

This
Harmony
Echoes

Honorable
Everlasting
Affection
Reflecting
Truth

Absolutely
Now
Divine

Strength
Of
Ulterior
Love

Overpowering
Fear
As

20
Personal  
Obedience  
Expands  
Trust.
Stanley Corell Jr.

Elements of Love

You'll never find love looking from the outside. That kind of love seems joyful and sweet to life. It makes you happy for the moment, then you become miserable. That relationship must be pitiful.

It takes an open-heart to see the amazing truth of love. The distance it travels is beyond measure. It's the highest elevation of understanding. A conquering force stronger than I thought...

Love is the energy that cultivates my being. It explained life to me with a completely new meaning. My heart is the instrument it vibrates to reach me. It produced a melody that made my soul sing!
The Most Beautifullest Creation (Dedicated to all Black Women)


Reality formulates our dreams
When we go beneath the surface of things
The force of nature draws us closer to each other
We're like two bumble bees searching for honey
Who later finds it within one another
My life-force is absorbed by your love
Naturally, you are settled inside of my heart.

I've realized all that life has to offer
Lives within your beautiful black skin — "BLACK QUEEN!!"
So listen to the song my heart sings
Notes gently blow like leaves in spring
All tender, loving & fresh as can be
Please, know that real love is beyond belief
The love that I have for you is concrete...

I've learned to live by living for you,
Living with you, and living through you.
So how can I live without you?
It's impossible!
Living with you only brings out my best
Even the thought of you leaves me speechless
You're the most beautifullest creation ever to exist.
Love Has No Limit

In the mist of this beautiful princess
My soul is taken away, defenseless
I love the smell of African incense
Living within each other makes sense
Anything else is irrelevant!

My love is written all over you
Every part of your body is a parable
I study you, because you are the truth
My Earth, My Moon, reflecting 'Light and Truth'
What would I be without you?

You are like chocolate to my tongue
A world that transcends space and time
A place to express thoughts, crazy secrets, & dark fantasies
You give me a natural high like stars charting the galaxies
Trying to reach the apex of the sky.
A Precious Jewel

I'm started by the mechanism of your ebony eyes
The way they sparkle, when in the sun, takes me by surprise
Bright enough to bring tears
The secrets behind them are light years.

I look forward to this precious jewel...

I go to bed at night only to awake in the middle of night
I know that's right!
In the middle of night
I get lost in the chemistry; my mind is exhausted
The solution to some of my fondest wishes.

My heart's desire is no more than a precious jewel...

I search for a hidden treasure
That will ignite the heavenly sky
That'll bring unlimited pleasure
To a man with "peace of mind."
Like a diamond that shines forever
I wake up and go to sleep with you in mind.

A precious jewel comes once in a lifetime...
Long Gone

If she's the one to bring moonlight at night
d_and a blue sky during the day,
then maybe I could predict the weather.

There would be no more showers, thunders, and lightening
strikes and hail would never break loose
on the surface, if a volcano doesn't erupt

She might not scream when temperatures start to rise,
then if the wind blows and the trees do not fall,
the climate would surely change, the clouds would

not rain, and sunshine will live, all day, forever, in our mist.
I did explore other grounds, and they were
useless to my feet, among my body, the quiet storm

was really nothing that I had
intended to deal with for a long period.
Call it even.

Lies, illusions, stimulations, evil, discomfort,
lust, pain, agony, and frustration;
the effect of an atmosphere that made her grudge,
hate and lose hope.
Summer Season: the peak of beauty which seems pleasant and leaves the land dry like a desert.
Long Distance Love

Rescue me from all of the ignorance surrounding me
Restore me with a taste of your love
Take me to a place beyond the stars
Place me in the middle of your heart
Teach me the language of soft notes and speechless sounds
Be my extra hand when I'm down
Share my eyes, "to see what I see."
Preach a religion of "universal" love to me
Within your skin is a cure for this disease
The sickness of needing and wanting to be loved
I find myself in the shadow that divides us
All of our thoughts are within each other's head.
I smell the secret of your perfume
It's this natural high that keeps us in tune
We express attraction powers of the Sun and Moon
Then begin to make love to one another
Or is this just a strong desire for your company and comfort?
Lost Love

Lonely Woman!
Do you care for love,
My love
Are you deaf
To my wisdom?
Set Neferu (seat of Beauty)

I was staring in the earth's atmosphere
In stepped love and out went my heart
I seen heaven in a reflection
of the true and living G.O.D.
I am at "peace" with the forces surrounding me.
New Spring

Carefully

I watch flowers grow
at the break of evening
smelling the fresh air.
while birds gesture
to nature's beauty
in "Divine Order"
they fly along the day
of a touching sky
with trees for comfort.
Spellbound, part 2 (The Heart of a Lion)

This
Harmony
Echoes

Heavenly
Electromagnetic
Atoms
Radiating
Truth

Over
Fear

Anywhere

Light
Is
Observing
Nature.
Crying Inside

Are you that ugly to hate for a man to say you are attractive?
She came back.

She left me and went to him,
left me hung on a tree limb,
had she lost her sense?
But... she came back.

She claims to be sick and tired,
love is what she desires,
and all that she seeks to find.
But... she came back.

Women lust for my child,
love my smile, cherish my style,
and this time they got me now!
But... she came back.
Brown & Sexy

The door to my soul welcomes your heart
Emotions melt into beaming smiles
My affection sweeps you off the ground
The moment you caught my eye...
I was informed of the secrets
that endowed nature to show its beauty.

The beauty that bounds me...
Adding to my scars—is your love—
Which makes them dissolve
A worthy heart spells out "LOVE."
Instead of telling you what "love" is,
I'd rather show and prove what it does
My love...

The very thing that can't be measured
It's like discovering a treasure,
that will last forever...
That magnifies our bodies as we spiritually develop
All of this energy purifies my mind,
and keeps me so alive...

Therefore, I'm confined in the ink.
that propels this pen to open up,
and pour out all of my love.

So why fall in love — when we can express it —
through vehicles that drive us to ecstasy

Tell me that ain't "Grown & Sexy."
Life Is Love Within My Heart

My heart is a place, "full of love,"
inhaling the freshness of the air
I speak with my heart
from here, to there, or anywhere...
My heart has a desire to be fare.

My love is "extending life" that shines
between layers of the blue sky
with no room for lies
as beauty manifests through my eyes
My love will take you by surprise.

My life is "pure energy" of GOD
passing through all states of matter
The moment we felt so odd
bottled up feelings shattered
My life has seen love forever, after.
So, God Loves The World...

O' how, I would love to see a night,
When evil does not take flight,
And all people live to do what's right.

O' how, I would love to see the day,
When kids could go outside to play,
And not worry about getting hit with a stray.

O' how, I would love to see the devil,
When no one speaks to his level,
And he slowly begins to tremble.

O' how, I would love to see a bond,
When everyone join hands & arms,
And let the fire of love keep each other warm.

O' how, I would love to see a smile,
When there are so many frowns,
And things in life upside down.

O' how, I would love to see a time,
When no men or women cry,
And nobody lives to die.
O' how, I love to see my light,
When it invades the darkest night,
And brings forth a new life.
The Heart of a Lion

I roam this jungle fearless
I'm far beyond what you expect
I don't identify myself with devilish things
I walk in the footsteps of angels: my beloved ancestors.
No tongue can quote the words deep within my heart
My true nature brings forth fidelity
that ensures nothing but prosperity.

I recognize things as they are not how they appear
No, I won't settle with the idea
of dying to live...
When I know that we live to die.
There's not a damned thing you can do about it,
but sit back and enjoy the ride,
fight the tide, run and hide,
or stand up with some kind of pride.

I reach down in the depths of my soul
only to find that extra push
Boy, I've walked through many sandstorms
My silence upon a lot of things
screams at oppressors in their dreams
I was born to be free.
So I'm only a slave to "ME!!"

The power of love lies within me.
I seek the infinite patience of truth.
I stay humble in the midst of thunder.
If the world crumbles, I still won't stumble.
I am not disturbed by all of the evil that I see being expressed through people.
There's nothing that I can't capture through truth and love—
they are the legs holding me up.
I Feel Like A Kid, Again!

She makes an angel in the snow.

The frost curls her little hands.

I lift her in my arms,

Protecting her from harm,

Showing her that I care.

My heart is moved by her smile.

The smile of a golden child.

I look in her innocent eyes,

Embracing her feelings,

And desires to be loved.

She looks just like her mother.
Kids are the best thing in the world.

I kissed her little cheeks,

Providing her the warmth,

And loving she deserves.
Best Friend

Momma, I'm just taking a moment
To let you know that I appreciate
All of the love, and concern you've shown me.
I'm blessed to have you in my life.
And I'd rather not live without you.

It was you, who kept me in motion,
Within your dark vast ocean,
And brought me to the surface.
My love welcomes you with open arms.
I'll always keep you close to my heart.
The thought of your smile keeps me sane.
The Soul

Part 2
"The Soul is the power which a living body Possesses." — George G.M. James

"The Soul is a product of GOD." — The RZA,

Of Wu-Tang Clan
Knowledge of Self

How many times have you tried to fix life? But, how can you fix something constantly unfolding itself? It is the life within you that manages all things. Therefore, it must be allowed to flow through the vessels it occupies. Yet, all I see is—dead ears, dead eyes, and dead minds.

The underworld is where I reside.

Who Am I?
Knowledge will always be the foundation for change, and change is only necessary for me to be aware of existence.

I am measured by my motion, but this same motion leaves me with all kinds of labels. As I "think," I change! Doesn't it take motion for change? Or do you just misunderstand nature?

I strive with a purpose, and live to learn all things this life may bring, by living in accordance with one's nature everything is seen.
A moving magnet can generate negative energy. Which tells me a lot about my enemies... And the worst one is my own ignorance. Some of my darkest ways were destroyed the day I felt the "Glory of God."

I was born a slave and made to be illiterate, dying for spiritual upliftment. Building my faith on the facts found within. One's ability to see dependents on the habit of looking, listening, learning, and observing. As I awake "divine qualities" within me that exist...

My intelligence manifests through sounds behind these clouds. Knowledge is food for my soul that enables thoughts in my mind to grow... In a world where hearing supersedes thinking, because many "think" what they are programmed to "think."
If God comes through his spirit
        let his spirit cleanse your mind,
If change comes through time
        let time be for your reflection,
If growth comes through knowledge
        let knowledge be your nutrition,
If peace comes through understanding
        let understanding strengthen your vision,
If trust comes through loyalty
        let loyalty strengthen your relations,
If love comes through affection
        let affection soften your heart,
If strength comes through affliction
        let affliction bring you closer to God,
If life comes through death
        let death be a natural cause,
If reality comes through enlightenment
        let my light fulfill your dreams....
The Soul of a Warrior

Yesterday, I was made a victim of this injustice system.
I turn in an unknown direction
to gain a rightful position.
The rage within me increases
when I think of substances, skepticism.
Tomorrow dies in my conviction.
My presence is consequently downsized.
I've cried so much that I can't help but to smile.
Even when my back is against the wall;
I still fight for the cause.
While my body drifts in the wilderness...
My mind observes the whole universe.
As the future reaches backward,
it only alters my perception of reality.
Which is really the consequences of my past.
The Magnificent Man

In the twilight of his intellect cries a man's soul.
Feeling like it's trapped in the silence of a wall.
Dirt invading his brown eyes.
Feet looking at the skies.
Only if he could fly, fly, fly like the birds.
Surely, he would leave this world behind.
He's more than a few words.
And what a label cannot define.
His mind is an endless source of power.

In the light of his eyes cries a man inside.
Who lives in a world of his mind.
Many have tried to downsize his mind.
But no matter whom or what he will rise,
Over the mountains he strives to climb,
Under the radar he tries to hide.

Never losing his crown, but undermined by pangs—
That'll die for his throne!
He knows the difference between reality and a myth.
But to him myths are starting to form realities.
Honorabe

Under the sky lives a Supreme Being.
If you could see into the life of his own,
then you would know
that in the mind of a man
like myself
perfection is guaranteed.
I have an appetite for finer things.
My heart is a place of quiet reflections.
Blessed in the field of love
precious like a new born.
In the absence of my presence I am restored
through the remembrance of my greatness.
Echoes of The Almighty Creator

Always trust in "The Almighty Creator."
Trusting "Me," is where you'll receive perfection.
I strengthen the existence of all worlds.
Travel beyond the surface of measurements.
I also sustain your temple.
Everything derived from "Me" must return.

Please, don't think your return will be the end of "The Almighty Creator."
Your return will be the end of your temple.
Regardless of whom or what "strive for perfection."
While molecules form atoms to be measured.
They still are a part of this world.

I rule the world...
Everyone shall return to their true nature which will not be measured,
says, "The Almighty Creator."
I will Protect, Perfect, Guide, and Shine through your temple.

For my love & life is within your temple, and is nothing like this material world.
Because material things don't bring perfection. Once they gone, will they return? Yes, only to "The Almighty Creator" that enabled them to be measured.

Truth isn't a perception or measurement. Don't get fooled by the glitters of the temple. True guidance comes from "The Almighty Creator." I manifest throughout the whole world. Return... I provide you with my perfection.

Exercise the powers within your mind for perfection. An idea without form can't be measured. Mentally, you can return to the essence of your temple. There's no doubt your mind can create worlds, says "The Almighty Creator."

I live in your temple. My "perfection" is a gift, until you all return. The world listens to echoes of "The Almighty Creator."
In A Night

In a night of quiet storms
Trying to confront the sound horns
Sad cries belittle this dark mourn
My nerves are intoxicated...

In a night that always creep
I strive to stay on both my feet
And cherish the air I breathe
My mind is agitated...

In a night as dark as death
Let not the walls crush my chest
Before I lay down to rest
My soul lives for salvation...
Too Little To Be Heard

I'll never accept the good without the bad.
If it wasn't for my trials & tribulations
I wouldn't be the strong man that I am.
It makes me smile to see that I've overcome
so much, with so much more that awaits me.
I'm prepared to face any challenges that come my way.
I'll be standing on truth... something this world could never conquer.
I search deep within myself for strength and power.
In the depths of my mind I've discovered great things.
Too many to be told.
If expressed they would only get misunderstood.
Which wouldn't surprise me at all.
Most people speak with their tongues, anyway.
I walk amongst the living dead....
May I live?

May I eat to live?

May I live to give?

May I live for the kids?

May I live to set brothaz free?

May I live to stay sucka free?

May I live to wake those asleep?

May I live to teach?

May I live with peace?

May I live my dreams?
Be Real

You say you real, but what's real?

Someone that'll rob, steal, or kill?

Or is it a mean Ice grill?

Being real is beyond what you desire and feel,

Because a lot of things you desire and feel ain't real,

What you desire and feel is a fragment of your imagination,

so upon your belief you try to find faith...

Can a man 'be real' without faith,

Or if he doesn't acknowledge change?

No, because life is subject to change,

And change strengthens ones faith.
I ignore

I stick to the roots

That carries the seeds

Of a beautiful tree.

You can piss on the tree,

Try to contaminate the seeds,

But you can't shake the roots.

While you pull on the roots—

I continue to plant seeds

That produce trees.
I Still Shine

Is it my attitude towards you?
Or is it the presence of my smile?
Is that why you wanna see me down?
'Cause I'm walking with my head up
While you walking with a frown.

Is it that my humor upsets you?
Am I who you want to know?
Or do you just wanna see me lifeless?
Dead, dry, and Decomposed?
Face full of tears and stress,
with tears soaking my clothes.
Don't want to listen, then why are you paying attention?
Prend to be my friend, when you really an enemy.

You can drag me down a dirty road
with your filthy, hateful lies.
You can keep praying on my demise
with your filthy, evil mind.
You can stab me in the back
with your filthy, dirty knives.
You can turn your back against mine.
But still, like stars, I'll shine.
How Long Will You Mourn

You know that with a war comes a good fight, and darkness cannot get away from light. You refuse to get caught up in the hype. You are already stereotyped... But sometimes it ain’t about what you like. Yet, you don’t need nothing that’s worthless. You use your power to show your purpose. Unlike those who are not mindful. They seem to like having on their blindfolds.

The effect of things caused by their mind corresponds to the agony and cries. You don’t have no time to debate. That same hater could be a motivant for something great. It should make you laugh to hear such a fool that don’t even realize when his lips move. The same ones in your face turn around and laugh when you catch a case. That’s all good for those that don’t know better. Because the man within shines, forever...
Keep On, Keep On

The more we climb, the more we rise
Each step is an adventure
That leads us above the clouds.

The more we laugh, the more we smile
Every thought is nourishing
The living soul within us.

The more we feel, the more we touch
Each feeling comforts the ones
We love with security.

The more we look, the more we see
Everything in our lifetime
Evolves to higher degrees.

The more we see, the more we free
Each form of mental bondage
Only makes us wonder, why?

The more we live, the more we die
Every breath is a mirror
Of a limitless bliss.
The more we dream, the more we wish
Every day would manifest
The potential of our minds.

The more we strive, the more we shine
Each trial & tribulation
Brings us closer to GOD.

The more we keep on, the more we keep on, keeping on....
Tears of a Struggle

Incompleteness is the outcome of my thoughts. For all that I've gave left me with nothing But a head full of worries. Somewhere, there's an alternative to this adversity That's trying to rob my soul...

Impatience, like the wind when it blows. And when the wind goes I begin to know The reasons for its coming.

Many call upon "GOD," But few choose to be "Truthful." So their prayers are not useful To themselves or anyone else.

This is for all those praying on my death, no one can stop this "creative force," nor its "unlimited power" within me.

What lives through me is born, again. I sacrifice tears in rememberance of my family & friends that ain't here. Yet, so near to my heart and ears. Even when I strive to keep things all inside— The sparkles in my eyes will never lie.
Soul Clap

Shall I present a few of my fumbles?
My ego forgot that I had a brain.
Yes, my pride was alive, unlike lumber.
But now, I loll in a spiritual plane.
Laugh at my ego when it gets jealous.
Which use to enjoy life of the refined.
Did I forget to mention rebellious?

"Knowledge of Self" really cleanses the mind.
Anything else is like fog in the rain.
When I observe the essence of life in me,
The spiritual insight removes my pain.
My true identity is "Self," complete.
Spiritual upliftment is all I need.
To express the blessings of "Love and Peace."
A Thin Line Between Life and Death

I find it interesting when maturity invites me to capitalization.
I have no time for stagnation.
I’ve been down to long not to rise.
You can hear it in my voice, see it in my eyes, and know that I’m tired of all the cries.

Can a fool see "The Fall of Mankind?"
For those that don’t see, will see, in due time.
I will fulfill that which is meant to "BE."
Many have a desire to be "free,"
But fail to seek what it means to be "FREE!!"

Following
Righteousness
Equals
Eternity...

For I’ve endured things
that only a sure man could bear.
Lord! Knows I’ve had my share
of lying, cheating, stealing, beatens, etc., etc.
The list could go on almost forever...
Yet, it stops as I begin to master parts of myself that caused such events to be birth on the "Surface of Truth." My deepest thoughts are like roots of De'ja'vu. I search deep within the cosmos for health, slowly taking away my breath. I am caught in between this line—— The line that divides life and death.
Spellbound, pt. 3 (The Soul of a Warrior)

This

Harmony

Echoes

Strength

Outflowing

Unlimited

Light

Over

Fiction

As
Wisdom

Activates

Real

Righteousness

Inside

Our

Realm.
Memory Planes

God, if you would turn back the hands of time
The events shall feel your presence in air
Through the mind love ones remain together.

We relive each moment shared together
If they could right the wrong hands of time
Their lives would correspond with the fresh air.

Thoughts of love ones are like breaths of fresh air
That confines "The Heart and Soul" together
Does this life belong in the hands of time—

If the 'hands of time' and air move together?
Soul to Soul

My Soul is a Universal Soldier.
Warm rays of sunshine moving swiftly.
Graceful to all Kings and Queens.
Complete. Correct. Cautious. Selective?
A fourth eye.
Gentle. Bright and lovely within a beloved altitude.
And did I say "lovely?"
Magnificent.
A lion roars through a jungle.
Didn't I say "Universal?"
My Soul is a Universal Soldier.
Always on guard
Born Ready.
Soul to Soul....
Trapped

I've spent too many years bundled.
Beaten by the tears of my struggle.
Everyday is a tussle,
with cartoon characters,
want to be hustlers
Dispossessed by their own muscles.
It seems like when I walk everything crumbles.
Try to jump in my shoes you might stumble.
I keep memories for my own comfort.
To the world, I'm just another number.
I yearn for simple things.
Fresh air, cut grass, and blue jeans.
I could name a million things.
Sometimes the rain even troubles me.
I fight for sovereignty.
A portion of me lives in society.
I strive for better days.
But I still can't kill this agitation.
Because the other half of me lives in my imagination.
Awaking Behind Bars

Strangers looking for souls of their own, grown men crying, requesting help for no reason.
The prison walls left behind these bars crack open and the lights awaken me with an inspiration that sees my cry, pulling me out of darkness, unobserved and timeless.
Blues of a Prisoner

I can't remember the last time I seen the sun. But if the blue sky walks this way, it might help me reconcile with society. I find myself going in circles to a place where nothing is complete.

In this environment you try to find peace, but it's like trying to compromise with the walls. Scenes of my trials strike vividly. Society could never harmonize with my experiences. I proclaim truth, so I expect Death any moment. Many have no strength left for resistance.

The sound of chains shakes many souls. While everyday, "I live and die for a 'cause."
No one is judged by universal laws. Until Karma touches the souls of the injustice that was brought or made known. We can all right our wrongs. But some dogs don't find their way home.
Tears of Joy - dedicated to "George Jackson"

I can't say I know
what it's like to walk
in the shoes you wore.
People talk about this life,
but you were ready for war.
You made it alright
to destroy these Devils
with a pen or knife.
Life is a trip within these lines.
Reaching for your mind
takes me beyond time.
The real shows the roughness.
A man of steel
can't be broken by injustice.
but injustice can be broken
by a man of steel.
Rest - In - Peace, "George,"
the pain is real & never void,
so I write with tears of joy.
Ice Cold

The man shouted, "This block of ice is cold."

He was lost in the emptiness of time.

While praying for the end of solitude;

The man gained gratitude. The solitude was helping him maintain for the meantime, but this block of ice is getting colder.

This block of ice left others froze, some cold. Who needs a block of ice for solitude?

I know it's only a matter of time.

Time doesn't have a mind, a block of ice isn't solitude, and if you think so, then your ice cold!
Stanley Corlett Jr.

Solitary Confinement

I am undermined by those that imitate the rich "slavemakers" of the poor. Who prey on the poor, brainwash'em to the core, and kick'em out of the door. Stupid. Ignorant. Coincidence.

What's the difference? In their eyes "truth" is never minded. They distort my kindness. Everyday trying to take my sanity. Treating me as if I am not a part of humanity. They won't take my true identity. My "true identity" is "inner peace," which is "Divinity."

I've tried to relive the past. But I still can't escape the scars. I'm far beyond their dogmas. They plot on their own reconstruction. The very ones that live & die for destruction.
If it rains I'll get a little remorse.
'Cause I've been through hail of all sorts,
back and forth....
My Own Enemy

Those devilish thoughts

Done hurt me so much more

Than my enemies.
Politricks — Dedicated to Crime

I heard you pay a big price
    And may even take a life,
So it was you who dimmed light
    And tried to make it seem alright,
I laughed when I first met you
    Because I thought you was cool,
Which is not true
    Because you played me like a fool,
I cannot forgive you
    After all you put me through,
I cried from the taste of you
    Now I hate your sour truth,
I let you deceive me
    To believe you would set me free,
But you rock'd me to sleep
    And then buried the key,
I can't believe you turned
    To leave my whole body burned,
With nothing earned
    And all of my folks concerned,
I thought you was all fudge
    That wouldn't make a budge,
But you held a mean grudge
    Between the law and Judge.