"The Luxury Of A Minds Slums."
By: Robert Villalobos III.
- Loyalty The Artistic.-
2017.

INTRO:
The Luxury Of A Minds Slums is a poetical book, that was created by Robert Villalobos III (Loyalty The Artistic). Villalobos wrote this book to encourage each and every human being to believe that in life anything is possible. The concept of the Luxury Of A Minds Slums, is to magnify the luxury that exists within us all. No matter if poverty, ignorance, imperfection, poor education, the Varrio (hood), or imprisonment may seem to be the slums of our minds. "We are all still gifted human beings." Therefore it is logical to state that, "Inevitable luxury exist within our minds slums." The key is that we just have to choose to want to discover that luxury and manifest it to the world. Although Villalobos is a young youth offender lifer, held by the boundaries of imprisonment in the state of California, "He recognizes that the luxury of his existence is boundless." Therefore he is the ultimate master of his own mind (crowned king of the döme = Kingdom). He is a true conqueror of his past faults, pains, imperfections, struggling life, imprisonment, and each and every obstruction that attempted to deprive him of successfully manifesting his artistic luxury. In this book, Villalobos poetically manifests all of the aspects that we as human beings have in common. From struggling with life, struggling to find happiness, dealing with love, appreciating family, systematic manipulation, hate within man, culture, God, pain, innovation, hope, dreams, and so forth and so on. Allow his poetical theme to take your central nervous system on the journey of your life, deep within the luxury of a minds slums.

To contact the author, write to:
Robert Villalobos # AE4241
Ironwood State Prison.
P.O. BOX 2199
Blythe, CA. 92226.

-Or-

Visit: Facebook.com/Robert Villalobos III
Instagram.com/@PrisonLuxury89
FOLLOW MY LEAD

As my thoughts begin to ponder,
my minds superior eye becomes unleashed.
The crown of my thoughts rapidly flow,
anihilating the fiction,
and progressing to be the conspicuous eye that you now see
on your T.V....
Unplugging the media
and the illiterate propaganda that attempts to
interfere with my psychological speech:
therefore have become the legacy of truth,
unclothing the wolf in sheep's clothing
in which bites with deceit.
Follow my lead in these ladder of thoughts:
as the pain of life bleeds
while I'm searching for the key that my dreams of freedom
sought, I'm elevating to succeed the restraints of these
false gods and dark dungeons with locks...
For multiple years I've wondered the universe
of my mind alone:
however, my minds inner wings broke free from these chains,
and arose this psychological island of stone.
It's all of these wounds that have caused me to bleed,
and it's all of the progress that defines
my inner machine...
The power lines in the slums of my mind
recaptured the streets,
as time continues to enrich my unique seed
of progressive luxury...
Therefore I've become the ultimate conqueror of my mind
with my artistic's and loyalty,
enclosed in these depths where we age year after year,
striving to discover the key
in which will eventually set us free.
Follow my lead...

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
28 YEARS OLD.
9-30-17

(This is the profound definition of the cover of my book-
"The Luxury Of A Minds Slums."
An artistic collaboration, when the luxury of a poets mind
collaborates with the luxury of a graphical artist.)

COVER PAGE DESIGNED BY: ARMANDO "RARE" HERNANDEZ
(Thank you for your artistic innovation in this book.)
PICTURE COVER BY:
Gabriel Villalobos, Yasmine Villalobos, and Del-fino Rubi

~ "THE LUXURY OF A MIND'S SLUMS"
THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

INTRODUCTION

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
A CREMATED EXISTENCE
INCARCERATED FREEDOM
THE THINGS THAT THESE EYES HAVE SEEN
MY GREATEST FEAR
THE MAN THAT INNOVATES
THE REINCARNATION OF THE NAPOLONIC
RUNAWAY SLAVE
AWAKE WITHIN THE SLEEP
SILENT NIGHTS WHEN THE WOLVES DON'T CRY
THE DRIED UP POND
AN EVERLASTING VOICE OF COMFORT
CHILDREN OF WAR
ONE OF A KIND
THE RAMIFICATION OF THE MAN THAT I AM
I'M NOT GOING TO STOP LIVING
WHEN I FINALLY MAKE IT
WHEN I DIE

TRUTH AND DECEPTION

INTRODUCTION

TRUTH AND DECEPTION
CRIES OF THE CITY (AZUSA) /
THE DYING RACE (MEXICAN REVOLUTION)
POWER TO THE PEOPLE
COMPLEXION (AZTEC & SPAINIARD=MEXICAN)
JUAREZ CHIHUAHUA MEXICO
D.E.A.T.H.
THE CHILD IN ME
JOYS AND DESPAIRS
HIGH DESERT TRUTH
F.A.K.E.

A HEART WITH NO BLOOD FAILS TO BEAT

INTRODUCTION

A HEART WITH NO BLOOD FAILS TO BEAT
OUR DAY WILL INEVITABLY COME
NO WOMAN ALIVE
MOM
VITAL NECESSITY (THE WOMAN I CANT FUNCTION WITHOUT)
MY BETTER HALF (PART.1)

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

IV
IF THEY ONLY KNEW
NO MATTER WHAT YOU'VE DONE
A MESSAGE TO MY INVINCIBLE FATHER
WILL YOU EVER LISTEN
DEAR POPS (*SPECIAL FEATURE*)
WHEN THE MOON DOESN'T SHINE
THE PILGRIMAGE OF A BROTHER
MOTIVATION (*SPECIAL FEATURE*)
MY BABY SISTER (PART.1)
MY BABY SISTER (PART.2)
NEVER FORGET
FROM THE WOMB
THE CAUSE
INNOCENT IN HER EYES
THE REFLECTION OF PAIN
IF YOU EVER GET TO READ THIS
WHEN IM GONE
MY INEVITABLE BLESSING
MY PRECIOUS STAR
MY BETTER HALF (PART.2)
HE'S ONLY FOUR

A KING AND HIS QUEEN

INTRODUCTION

A KING AND HIS QUEEN
NICOLE
TIMES WITH DANIELLE
ALL WE HAVE IS MEMORIES
I ALWAYS WANTED YOU
LOVE CREATED MY PAIN
INTERNAL KEY (PART.1)
INTERNAL KEY (PART.2)
IF IT EVER COMES TO BE
MY GARDEN OF ROSES
NO TIME TO WAIST
A BEAUTY AND A BEAST
FIENDING FOR YOUR TOUCH
KEEP ME WARM
A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING
THE TREE OF LIES
TEARS OF A BROKEN HEART
WHO KNOWS
INEVITABLE TIME
SOVEREIGNTY
ANGEL
LITTLE BABY IN A CRADLE (ADELINAS 1ST CHRISTMAS)
COMPLETE (PART.1)
COMPLETE (PART.2)
every humans wish
WHAT I SEE IN YOU
WHERE IS SHE

BONUS: THE REINCARNATION OF DEMISE "COMING SOON!"
*COLOR BLIND
*BE ALERT

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
SPECIAL DEDICATION:

This book is dedicated to all those who strived of reflecting their inner light(Gifts/Techniques/Talents) amongst this dark world that we live in; however, found it difficult to do so, or never got the chance to actually make it happen.

Pursue your dreams and never give up hope...

To my cousin/god sister, MONIQUE RAQUEL RUBI(R.I.P.), who struggled with cancer as a teen, yet still managed to keep a humble smile on her beautiful face...

To my grandma Ofelia(R.I.P.), to my grandpa DelFino(R.I.P.), to my Tata Super(R.I.P.), to my grandma Rosie(R.I.P.), to my grandpa KiKo(R.I.P.), to my grandpa Robert(R.I.P.) who never got a chance to meet me; to my grandpa Felix(R.I.P.), to my uncle Carlos(R.I.P.), to my uncle Short-Guy(R.I.P.), to my boy Taylor"DEMISE"Vallen(R.I.P.), to my loved ones that OD’d and died, to all of my loved ones that were murdered, and to all those in general that I loved dearly, but lost in my young life time...

This also goes out to all those that never got a chance to manifest their gifts, due to the struggle of life;

Those struggling youth, those beautiful innocent children battling cancer, all those battling illnesses, those in the dirt, those cremated into ashes, those in the pen, those doing life in the pen, those single mothers, those who had to give up their dreams in order to provide for their families, those who were gifted but lost on drugs that they lost their ambition, those who took their own lives, those who struggle with suicide, those who over came suicidal thoughts, those who struggle with depression, those who struggle with anxiety, and to all of those that are still striving to let their light shine on this obscure world...

Never Give Up! You are all "LUXURIOUS" deep with in...

I LOVE YOU ALL, UNCONDITIONALLY.

(This is also dedicated to all those that I hurt...I'm sorry.)

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THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
VI
SPECIAL THANKS:

My thanks goes out to "GOD" first and for most...
I know that I've been a hand-full, FATHER; However, your unconditional
love kept me going, even in my darkest of moments.
You never left me alone in this shady life.
Even when I fall, you lift me up; when I feel far from the common
civilian, "You remind me that the Bibles characters were far from
the common person..."
I think that's something that we humans often forget; it's not about
systematic perfection, it's about being honest with yourself, and
acknowledging that we can be better individuals and serve others
in a prolific manner.
I love you FATHER...
Thank you "JESUS", for taking my sins upon your-self, and for teaching
me what "REAL" is...
There's no man realm than you! I know that you rose and remain
alive, forevermore... I love you...
My thanks goes out to my mom, my pops, my brothers, my sister, and my
#1 sister in-law; you guys are what keeps me going; I wouldn't be who I
am without your guys love, loyalty, and support. I love you all...
Thanks goes out to my Blood-Line (The Family) - You all have
inspired me deeply; especially you tio Fino, tia Veronica, Primo George,
tia Monica, prima Melissa, Genevieve, all my grandparents, all my tias
and tios, my god parents, all my cousins, and all of you that have
been with me in these cold lonely nights (Even the ones that fell off).
Its in my DNA to love you all no matter what! I love you guys...
A special shout out goes to my loved one "Lil JOE" who was in
a tragic accident while driving in Texas; he almost lost his life,
but GOD pulled him through. He lost his wife in the accident and is
serving time for it at this time. He was a U.S. Soldier; the system
should have treated him, not just throw him away like trash, and
sentence him to an excessive amount of time. Never give up bro;
Thank you for our childhood friendship, you're the family to me. I love you...
My thanks goes out to all of my friends and acquaintances that inspired
me through-out my journey; both in here and out there (You all know
who you are)... I got nothing but love for you all...
Shout outs to AZUSA, CA (A-Town folks on every street), All L.A.,
702 LAS VEGAS, CORONA (CROWN Town), My La Puente Family, The SGV, M
East Los Blood Line, Merced (M-Town), My San Bernardino folks, and
even little oh Elsinore...
My thanks goes out to all my Human Activist, My Mexican Activist/
Chicano Activist, Youth Activist, Prison Activist, Lifer Activist, The
ARC Family, and all of those that fight for true equality and liberty...
My thanks goes out to all the women that inspired me to write
about what I experienced with them, during some of my most difficult
times locked away...
From my times with Karla while I was in L.A. county juvenile halls,
and the brief moment we got to spend with each other while I was on
the run (Shout out to your cousin Letty);
To Nicole (The Crown Town Princess), for riding with me even while the
FED's and Detectives were after me;
To Danielle, for putting up with all the pain that I put you
through;
To my Vanessa, for coming to me with the most sincerest heart
of joy and forgiveness that I've ever witnessed in my life;
To Rosemary, for always saying the right words that put a
smile on my face during these 24-hour lock downs, my times in
solitary confinement, and during my toughest moments in these resent
years;
To all the other women that stimulated my mind, in which led to the artistic creativity of these words that brought forth my inner luxury...

Although we've had our differences, I'll always value each and every one of you ladies... It's just part of who I am; I stay away from the hate, because love is more effective...

In addition to that, "A special thanks goes out to the Luxurious Woman that often circulates my mind, in which I'm still waiting to find in this present life time... Thanks goes out to all of those that passed on, in which I loved so much; the pain of losing you guys gave me the strength to keep pushing forward for a better life. Ima live this life out for you all... That's my word! You guys will never be forgotten!

Thanks goes out to the dedicated believers that always kept it real with me.

Thanks goes out to the Youth; I better myself daily to inspire you all to believe that you can all make positive choices, and truly fulfill your dreams no matter what any-body says...

My thanks goes out to the Artist (Legends of my Artistic) that inspired me deeply, and helped me get through this struggle with their artistic abilities;

Big PAC (R.I.P.), for inspiring me poetically and speaking to me about over coming the struggle since I was a child; you will always be the Top Don in my eyes—The Greatest Artist That Ever Lived...

Immortal Technique (The Truest (Revolutionist) Artist), for opening up my eyes from all the manipulation that I was blinded by (Thanks for that show you did for us in L.A. back in 2008—my last year out)...

BAD BOY (Marco Rojas)'Clika 1', for being the first Mexican Artist to inspire me while I was growing up in the gutter; thanks for writing me and for picking up my calls; we go way back, I love you for you brother...

King Lil G (L.A's Mexican Represenative), for making music for us Mexicans to relate to in this struggle of life (From the streets to the incarcerated scene)...

Drizzy Drake (THE CANADIAN BEAST), for always keeping it real, and for giving me the perfect dedications for all these ex's of mine...

Kendrick Lamar, Big Sean, K-Play, 21-Pilots, Lorde, and the Sons of Anarchy Artist, for speaking that poetical knowledge to the world...

Last but not least, thanks to all those artist (Musical & Poetical) who have taught me to follow my dreams, and to be my-self through my ART. "There would be no Loyalty the Artistic without all you artist."

Finally, thanks to all of those that wished the worst upon me; those who tried to assassinate me, those who hated on me, those who left me hanging during the times I needed you most; those who oppressed me, and those who told me that I would never amount to anything positive in this life...

It was all that negativity that made me believe that I can still follow my dreams, even if I was sentenced to life in prison as a young youth offender...

GOD BLESS YOU ALL!

I AM—LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC: THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS.

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
VIII
"THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS"

This section is dedicated to all those
that lived in the mind of slums...
However, discovered that they were meant to
be so much more in life.

I say Slums,
Because many of us have grown up
in an illiterate mind-set;
We've lacked education, hope, and immersed our-selves
in manipulation and ignorance...
However, the moment that we found our true identity
we came to discover our minds LUXURY...

It was then that we realized that we were meant
to be so much more in this life.
The Luxury of our mind is far beyond
the poverty and the slums that we've known all our life.
Therefore I strongly encourage you all to live out your
lifes greatest potential,
and rise beyond the slums of your minds...
We were created to be LUXURIOUS.
Never forget that...
Free your-selves from the inner dungeon, that life
often forces on us.
Despite my physical incarceration and my psychological incarceration,
"I STRIVE TO MAKE UP MY FAULTS,
AND I TRY IN MY OWN WAY TO BE FREE..."

(Inspired by: KAt ey Sagal & The Forest Rangers song,
"Bird on a wire"

The LUXURY Of A Minds SLUMS
“THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS”

A young man sits in the midst of his minds slums, as his central nervous system releases emotional chemicals that shatters his heart into crumbs.

He emphasizes of the inevitability that the end will come, but his curiosity triggers wonders, “Will Happiness Ever Come?”

The frame of his soul is pitch-black, so he feels like all this time his brains been locked in darkness, historically trapped, because since the beginning of time this is how “GOD” created man.

Like a bird cramped up in a cage with wings too big to be flapped, so is this young man.

Although he feels trapped in the dark, his potential to master his gifted art is stronger and bigger than the next generations of a life time existing on Noah’s Ark.

His potential was designed to survive life’s biggest catastrophes, in order to find his Inevitability at the core of his heart.

Growing up poor, hungry, and constantly frowned upon, he never knew throughout all his challenges he had this inevitable strength in him all along.

Had he known this, he’d climb his ambitions greatest building and conquer his vision, pounding his chest, like when the feeling of victory appears in the heart of King Kong.

Now that he knows this is the reality of who he truly is when he dreams big and stands strong, he begins to fabricate the first chapters that will begin the Legacy of his life’s greatest ambition, forever marking this world even when he’s gone.

-Dream big and conquer your visions; the sky is not the limit, because our ambitions/passions are limitless.

By: Robert Villabobos III
27-55004.
7-3-16

(Inspired by: Tupac's, "ONLY GOD CAN JUDGE ME")
"A CREMATED EXISTENCE"

The objective of life is that a lack of existence will come.

A cremated existence bottled up in a vase, like a jar full of crumbs.

One day we're here and the next day we're gone; walking and talking, then in a heartbeat, silenced in a crematorium.

Viewing life everywhere with the eyes of a living soul, but when the eyes of man are shut closed his dead body is disposed.

Captive in a cage with nowhere to go feels like a cremated existence sealed up in a bowl.

A bowl full of ashes waiting to be blown away; carpeting the oceans waves and dissolving in the motion of its pace.

At 19 I was left for dead in a torturous place; trapped in my own psychological prison while being enslaved by the state.

I'm ashes in a vase, but I was once just like you before my remains became ashes, stamped with the word, "CREMATE."

These words are a memory of my existence; meaningful and articulate, like the ashes of a cremated existence.

As they flow into the air, stand in silence and listen; because these ashes are my living words that enter your existence and reincarnate in your minds vision. A Cremated Existence.....

-I wrote this because being locked in a tiny cell often feels like a cremated existence bottled up in a vase. My imprisonment is symbolic to the cremation of a humanbeing that once existed physically on this earth's surface. The ideology of imprisoning a man is to cremate his existence in the land of the free-society. Therefore, as a man sits captive in a cell, he's like ashes of the dead sealed up in a vase. Though he's captive in a cell, there's still one way to be freed; as is the freedom of a man's ashes in a vase. When the ashes of a man are set free and blown amongst the wind, into the sea, his cremated existence no longer is entrapped in a tiny vase. So in the same context, a man imprisoned in a cell is set free amongst the beauty of humanity/society when his words are written/spoken into existence and enter the existence of mankind. That is the ideology of an imprisoned man being a cremated existence...

(Note: This doesn't mean I wish to be cremated after death, it's just a symbolic meaning to my incarceration.)

By: Robert Villalobos III  (Loyalty The Artistic )
27 yrs OLD.
8-3-16

Page 4

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
"INCARCERATED FREEDOM"

It seems to be that we're all lost people desperate to be freed, because we're all trapped in our own emotions, critically hurting.

The freedom I'm acknowledging, is the wide open doors, in which an inner path leads to a soul that's unconditionally happy. These rough roads have caused our inner wounds that bleed, like scars that grow old with us permanently. The ideology of freedom is worth more than extravagant luxuries, when internal incarceration is all that we're experiencing.

A series of entrapments can relate to a series of slaves held at force labor, like ancient Hebrews in Babylonian captivity. Incarcerated Freedom branches from the same root that sprouts from a seed of inner torture and the deprivation of uncaged happiness.

Since day one I experienced the cynics that broadcast from man's selfish mentality, because when my mother was pregnant with me at 16, her anxiety rubbed off on me, for all the affliction my father caused her while he was out committing sexual immorality. My mother was at home crying repeatedly, therefore the ripple effect of her inner tears immersed me, beyond each and every living creature that was baptized in the Dead Sea.

It's logical to say, "Since my fetus days I was molded together with inner pain, destined to express the mechanism of Incarcerated Freedom from a cement grave."

I'm physically and emotionally trapped in this cold cage, where wicked spirits crawl down these walls, like the black roaches in the tenement projects of my childhood days.

To decode the obscurity of these obscure ghost that I've seen, would change the way that you see life, the second my thoughts began to promulgate.

Therefore put it this way, I'll make it simplistic when I say, "I've been chased by witches at night in this place, and I've witnessed demonic spirits waking me from my sleep in the middle of the night when there's nobody else awake."

Although my inner connection with this spiritual realm only continues to inflate, I know that its best that I never give up and continue to pray; even when I've excepted the fact that nothing ever seems to go my way.

For as long as I could remember, I've always felt like an inflicted soul chained to the cynicism of a selfish weight, because the last time I recall, "I always felt like I was nothing more than a mistake."

However, could it just be that this is something that these demons surrounding my existence have been feeding me?

The indication of this question dripping from the energy of this speech, is strictly based on this reality: "Since the first time I've perceived evil spirits roaming my grandmothers apartment while witch craft was the Mexican routine, I picked up a King James bible at 6, and began reading scriptures beyond my understanding."

Though I couldn't comprehend what I was reading, I felt this inner peace that made my young soul feel at ease; like guarded children fearing nothing.

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 5
However, that same night I closed my eyes and these dark spirits entered my sleep.

In my dream I was in fear for my life, yelling, "Mom help me!"
While at the same time two witches were chasing me.
They tried pulling me into this dark hollow hole, but I cried and screamed in this nightmare of inner terror where souls internally bleed.
Since that day on, I feared the fact of reading the bible at night before I went to sleep, because I didn't want to have bad dreams.

My mama told me, "It was at that given moment that she knew something would always be haunting her innocent baby."

Till this day mama, these spirits still continue to haunt me, so I continue to read scripture after scripture and scream in my sleep to be freed.

It's this Incarcerated Freedom that my soul mourns for; freedom from all of this torture and misery that I've endured by force.
Sometimes I wonder, "GOD, what am I even here for?"
But as hard as it gets, I'm reminded that I can't call it quits, because although I grew up poor, my soul's been equipped with the luxuries of a soul that's excessively rich.
I just have to continue searching for this freedom of inner happiness and never stop until I find it...

"Forgive me GOD when I doubt sometimes. I'm just another Incarcerated Spirit searching for the Freedom of presence. The type of Freedom that's been withheld from me for multiple years; Freedom that only exist deep within; INCARCERATED FREEDOM..."

Dedicated to all those who have experienced the similarities of this inner mourning for Incarcerated Freedom. The type of inner freedom that Pac always spoke of.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
Loyalty the Artistic 27 years old 1-14-17

(Inspired by Music From The Sons of Anarchy; "HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN" by The White Buffalo and The Forest Rangers; "STRANGE FRUIT" by Katey Sagal and The Forest Rangers, featuring Blake Mills)

THE LUXURY OF A MIND'S SLUMS
"THE THINGS THAT THESE EYES HAVE SEEN"

The things that these eyes have seen,
will make the common feel like they've seen nothing.
The things that these eyes have seen,
are beyond broadcasting views on the sons of anarchy.
The things that these eyes have seen,
cause me to wake up sweating from my disrupted sleep.
The things that these eyes have seen,
have motivated me to never give up hope, and to seek success
on my path way towards destiny.
The things that these eyes have seen,
would cause my mother and my father to break down in tears for
the way that prison wounded me, permanently.
The things that these eyes have seen,
would make my ex's regret leaving me for their own inner greed.
The things that these eyes have seen,
is something that I would never want to pass down to my unborn
seeds, because its logical to say, "Daddy had to blossom amongst
thorns and tumbleweeds."
The things that these eyes have seen,
have caused my pupils to xray through death and internally bleed.
However, on the flip side to all of this, the appeasing things
that these eyes have seen,
have helped me understand the meaning of unconditional love and
everlasting beauty.

Its these things that taught me how to fight lifes battles
with integrity, humbleness, long suffering, and dignity;
to pray on my knees with belief in something much greater than
just me, in order to make the world a better place, regardless if I
was once found guilty for a murder when I was a teen.

Win or lose, I've acknowledged that I have the inner ability
to succeed, all because of the many things that these eyes have
historically seen...

DEDICATED

To the eyes that GOD created me with. Its these eyes that have
molded my heart and soul into what they've become.

Rain or Shine,
"These eyes have seen it all."

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY the ARTISTIC
28 yrs old.
5-7-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.7
"MY GREATEST FEAR"

My greatest fear is, to die alone with no true loved ones near.

The worst fear to face in my souls hallow mirror, is dying amongst a bunch of people who dont care whether my existence is present or whether it disappears...

My greatest fear- To die without knowing what true love feels like, because a life with out a loyal wife is like a child conceived with out life...

My greatest fear- To grow with out my family longer than I already have; watching the generations blossom as I stand alone in the trap of a demon thats pitch black...

My greatest fear- To never be able to see my future wifes egg's hatch, so that I could be the father I always prayed GOD would one day broadcast out of my dad, because as much as it hurts, my greatest fear was to never have the relationship I always wanted to have with my dad...

Suffering from my greatest fear, like dying and entering GODS presence and being told, "You're not welcome here..."

Forgive me my sins, Father, because I swear that though I was many things in this life of despair, my hopeless soul still kept hope in you even when I cried as a child, when life never seemed so fair...

My greatest fear- To suffer from frozen emotions, because the hole in my heart is deeper than the depths of a cold ocean, that not even a mothers warm huggs could direct my cold heart into a susceptible motion...

My greatest fear- To kill and not feel, and still be able to say that I'm not psychologically ill...

My greatest fear- To die before leaving my mark on this earth, so that the world could understand that I was concerned with their pain that internally hurts...

My greatest fear- To return back to the dirt without seeing lost sinners in my life convert...

-MY GREATEST FEAR

Dedicated to my Greatest Fears that haunt me each and every day of my life. This is harder than you can ever know; compressed with demons that prey on my soul in this cold dark dungeon. Although it gets hard, I got faith that I'll conquer my greatest fears! AMEN!

BY: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
27 Years Old
12-6-16

THE LUXURY OF A MIND'S SLUMS
PAGE 8
"THE MAN THAT INNOVATES"

It's a scary thing, imagining Pac resurrecting from the forbidden cremated ashes of a luxurious hood-king, and deliberately speaking to me through his urban poetry.

Delivering an old soul from the Renaissance history, to find a home in the mental capacity of a young man existing in 2017.

Therefore to ramify this resurrection, "I'm a man slipping through the immaterial cracks of Machiavelli's off-springs, combined with the roots of a gang-related family."

Slipping through the cracks of darkness, a pierced vision is born; although death is possessed in every artist, life continues to be at stake when it takes its form.

Since myexus days I was formed in demise;

A lust child to the root, only promised to inevitably die.

It's a hard-knock life, in which my mind personifies,

because when you're caged in the belly of the beast,

"You're straining at the core of an enemy's life."

Our enemy in this case, is not a bullet with our name;

Nor is our enemy any other human being with a different pigmentation, or of an opposite race.

Our enemy is the presence of an obscured death, in which is constantly in front of my face.

However, at times we're just to illogical to realize the presence of this disfigured character that only awakes to annihilate, because we're hypnotized by the depths of a concrete grave.

Therefore my only opponent in life is this existence that is absolutely capable of putting me in an obscure grave;

In which I indicate, "The only enemy of life, is death with no grace..."

Take a step in my shoes and try to understand me, if you dare to feel my unbearable pain.

This pain stings so much as I'm living day after day in this systematic place, that sometimes when I'm up late, I contemplate on how I'd rather die than to continue doing life in a malevolent cage.

I see the lies on the media and the children dying of cancer at an early age.

In observing this, I begin to remind myself that I was created to experience this massive heartache, because it's this pain that motivates my soul to strive to make a positive change; Even if it means dying for a good cause, for being the one that my former gang blames.

However, if I do die, for elevating this cause beyond the stars that rise amongst a hood that exasperates,

"Mama don't cry, because GOD always promised me that I'd be okay."

My goal is to innovate and discover a comfort that's beyond these systematic religions that man obviously creates in order to corrupt the innocents brains, so that they can grow with rage, in which comes - from being blinded by man-made racism and hate.

So now that you've acknowledged that majority of us have been enslaved by darkness, shackled in psychological chains,

"You'll come to understand why we depend on GOD for inner strength to teach us the Beauteousness of life, in order to change our cursed ways, and follow the only peaceful way (JESUS)..."
But as we know, there will never be peace in this day of age, because peace will only come when the earth drowns in the tears of the angels and saints.

Although this peace resides in the fate of all mankind drowning in holy rain, before I die, my destiny is to machinate an escape from all of this encumberancy and hate;

Learning from my mistakes, and making it my mission to collaborate for success and change, before I'm immersed in the death that life equilibrates...

Like Machiavelli and Pac, "I too am the reincarnation of the man that innovates."

-The Man That Innovate$ *(Niccolo Machiavelli, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Robert Villalobos III/LOYALTY the ARTI$TIC)*

DEDICATED

To Niccolo Machiavelli, Tupac Shakur, and all the Innovators in life.

(As the Earth circulates in one direction, we have the discretion to redirect the motion that it goes in; That's an Innovator.)

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY the ARTI$TIC
28 yrs old.
8-9-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
"THE REINCARNATION OF THE NAPOLEONIC"

The sun dives into the earth,
and flames blanket my soul.

A Napoleonic foot soldier entered my spiritual dome, first; then the interior of my characteristics failed to quench, like eternal burning coals...

Though Napoleon was once unstoppable,
time unfolded and he suffered defeats.

However, this reincarnation is acknowledged as unbearable,
so its impact entered my soul to unleash the victories that time said were destined to be...

Imprisonment was set to demolish my inner retreat;
a prisoner of war is what the demons proclaimed.

Although Im compressed, my thoughts anticipate in a dome of LUXURY, like the anticipation of Napoleon dethroning the royal families of Spain...

However the difference is that I'll never lose,
because victory travels through my VILLALOBOS veins.

Its in my royal blood and roots,
to fight until my luxurious mind is the only thing that remains sane...

This WAR-ZONE can deliberately drive a soldier insane,
so I must aim for progress in my strategic pursuit.

Like Napoleon, they wonder, if I'm a villain or a hero rising from artificial flames.

However, amongst such disputes, I broadcast my mental recollection, in which indicates that I'm just another soldier refusing to lose...

A chosen KING that GOD crowned in the fashion of prison blues, based on the fact that I strategically attack my challenges first, like front line Napoleonic troops...

DEDICATED TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
AND
MY FRIEND DEMISE (RIP)

THE REINCARNATED NAPOLEONIC WILL FOREVER BE UNSTOPABLE...

BY: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
Loyalty the Artistic

28 years old
5-1-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 11
"RUNAWAY SLAVE"

Every body's talking about the city that they came from/
Im talking about the penitentiary grounds that I was raised on/
From the city slums,to dark dungeons/
A slave to the system,so I run-away like eruptions/
A runaway slave that my mama made free/
Like the once free Africans,before the Europeans took them over sea's/
In the ghetto,we were all once happy little kids/
Till our hearts started bleeding excessively/
From the wounds,inflicted by the families we grew up with,
that lived on the other side of the street/
That's when we hit thirteen,and became forbidden friends,
bred into arch enemies/
Enter the scene of an undeveloped seed/
With a pistol in the tiny palms of a tiny hand thats sweating/
Full of anger and anxiety/
That's the scenery of Mexicans and Blacks gang banging/
Murder first degree/
L.P.,Y.A.,on the way to the penitentiary/
The cycle of manipulation-How we all entered into slavery/

-Im a slave,institutionalized by a systematic grave/
-Locked in a coffin,with a conscience thats awake/
-Im a slave,institutionalized by a systematic grave/
-Living through my death,like a runaway slave/

A slave,Locked in a coffin/
Choking and cough'in/
I cant breathe,My mama said 'death aint no option' /
Pop's bought me gloves at four,and said,'Homie start box'in'/
So I hit em with a one,two,three,four combination/
Facing death,incarceration/
The reaper,locked in the basement/
Chains on my body,so I got no circulation/
They say rehabilitation is a misstatement/
So I simplify the basics/
This is torture and hell reinstated/
Locked like a slave in a cement grave,where death is partaken/
Death inflated,
by the misery of a slave trying to escape this psychological placement/
Everythings forsaken/
Going psycho in the mirror,cause these tears,'I got to face it' /
Till I shed enough liquid out of my sockets and pores/
And drown myself in a coffin from the underground floors/Till my conscience aint awake anymore/
My minds going back and forth/
From an illusion to a dimension,knock-knock-knocking on heavens door/
Cause I feel like Im Dante Alighieri in Purgatory,with a demon in my spinal-cord /
(The runaway slave/I got a demon in my spinal-cord/) 
-Im a slave,institutionalized by a systematic grave/
-Locked in a coffin,with a conscience thats awake/
-Im a slave,institutionalized by a systematic grave/
-Living through my death,like a runaway slave/
Rest in Peace Afeni Shakur
The moment that you've been waiting for, has come to its existence/Inevitable in its course/
Standing in the sand, bright as the sun, at the sea's shore/
They can't keep your son away from you anymore/
Cause you've annihilated the struggle of death, and entered heavens everlasting doors/
(Rest in peace Tupac and Afeni Shakur)
-Im a slave, institutionalized by a systematic grave/
-Locked in a coffin, with a conscience that's awake/
-Im a slave, institutionalized by a systematic grave/
-Living through my death, like a runaway slave/

-I thought the worse torture I've felt in life, was going through the pain my parents put me through as a kid.
My moms never being able to understand my afflicted soul, and my pops pushing me far into the sea to drown, the more I tried to swim closer to him.
However, that was until I got sentenced to life as a youth offender, and came to the understanding that, "Life in prison was the fundamental explanation for mental torture..."
Life in prison as a youth offender meant fabricating demons and illusions of paranoia in your mind, because you have no clue what the future has waiting for you.
You begin to feel alone and cold within a dark dungeon, where hope seizes to exist. The fact of never knowing if you'll ever taste the luxury of freedom again, and only knowing that you might die in a cold place where true love doesn't exist, will cause you to develop psychological stress disorders.
It's like I'm enslaved in my own mind amongst the darkest of times, trying to find a way to escape from this psychological entrap'ment. So what do I do, I adapt to the strategy of a runaway slave. I escape through the luxurious path of writing my artistic music and poetry. I escape through the hope that only GOD can adequately give me. And I escape through the positive visions that my mind projects to my inner conscience.
I got to escape the manipulation that the dark times fed me, in which my mind ate up. I got to escape the manipulation that I soaked up from the hood, the pain that I inherited, and the aggravation that exist with in my young life.
As a slave comes to realize that he was created by GOD to be happy and free, he than comes to understand that the torture his slave master has put him through, is absolutely contrary to the destination of his life. Therefore he begins to run away; He hears the racial slurs and the echoes of hounds barking viciously, as fire torches illuminate the pitch-black woods.
However, all of this only motivates him even more, "To keep on running and running", So he's defined as a runaway slave, because he never stops running. That's how I feel in my mind - "A Runaway Slave."

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 13
Dr. Martin Luther King once said, "The ultimate measure of a man is not where he stands in moments of comfort and convenience, but where he stands at times of challenge and controversy..."

Our fashion of standing strong in prison, is by escaping this mischievous mental torture that arises within our thoughts of discomfort...

That's what makes us the ultimate man - A Runaway Slave, with hopes of finding inner peace. The type of peace that is only found in GOD/JESUS, the illuminated light of positive hope at the end of the tunnel, and our inner gifts.

I am a runaway slave, and so are many others just like me. The type of runaway slave that makes an independent decision to get up and runaway, in order to get so far in life that he's able to establish a new life for himself, amongst a new world of luxurious freedom...

- THE RUNAWAY SLAVE

DEDICATED
To all of those that have experienced the fundamental meaning of mental torture.
However, never gave up and made it their divine right to get up and runaway; With hopes to find peace.
Only in, 'The Luxury of a Minds Slums'.
Free your selves...

Inspired by Tupac Shakur when he reflected the ideology of The Rose that grew From Concrete and the ideology of being a Don in our own Minds... Machiavellis off-springs.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY the ARTISTIC
27 yrs old.
5-3-16

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
"AWAKE WITHIN THE SLEEP"

Poetical in my theme,
like Pac brain storming Biggies dreams.
Awake within the sleep
of a man dreaming for peace,
Martin Luther King...
Captive in this scene,
Lincoln set me free from this slavery.
At night in L.A.,
you could hear the blood scream
from the stained concrete.
Awake within the sleep,
and all that I see is,
dead bodies on the streets, deceased
to gang banging.

Rest in peace to Carlos Moreno,
my uncle Snoopy got killed in Pomona at 18,
in 1993...

Then Bad Boy Rico was on the pay phone talking,
and died at 14 in a gang related shooting...
Sad to say,
but both took a bullet straight to the brain.

We've all had a time,
in which we fell and drained;
Awake within the sleep,
visualizing GODs tears drain,
falling down on us as rain...

Until a time came for me to sprout,
like life over-rising the darkest of grounds.
The Luxury of a Minds Slums,
where my poetical vernacular is found
with an artistic sound...

Awake within the sleep,
my thoughts have been all around;
From Vegas to Los Angeles,
A-Town shout outs
AZUSA-I do this for my town.
The first one from the city articulating thoughts that are profound;

Now the whole citys turnt up,
like when hit em up came out.

Awake within the sleep,
deliver me my success, like Napoleon Bonaparte
fighting to receive the luxury of a crown.

Dreaming awake testing hard grounds,
so I told myself,"Ima go out and get it myself."

Awake within the sleep,
"I want it all before the lights are turnt out..."

Dedicated to the awaken conscience amongst The Luxury of a Minds Slums, when it enters the dimension of its dreams...

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
25 yrs old. 2014

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.15
"SILENT NIGHTS WHEN THE WOLVES DONT CRY"

Silent night when the wolves dont cry; however, the mourning of the moon is the nights only reply. A time at night when the stars come down like rain from the sky;

A lone-some spirit, because no one ever seems to be close by. Holiday after holiday spent alone in this dungeon of mine;

How I wonder what a normal life would feel like...?

Sometimes I close my eyes and visualize spending a holiday with my family; free from this cell that suffocates my central nervous system so tight, that at night I feel like year after year prisons sucking out the illumination of my life...

Therefore since the light in my life is beginning to go dim, Could it be that the world will never find me in this lonely season that I'm stuck in??

The star's rained down so heavily, that I found it excessively hard to swim, so its evident that this is either the beginning or the end.

Will I allow myself to sink to the bottom and slowly die, or will I flow through these severe depths until I rise??

An angel of death always attempts to be-friend my weary soul in these lonely nights, but the company of life reminds me of what it feels like to conquer my fights...

The rain pours and a drop lands in the palm of my hand, as I stare into the reflection of its inner diagram, I visualize a future of hope where a bright chrismas tree stands and little children are thanking me, calling me dad...

My pores are open and my flesh is wetter than the oceans moisturized sand.

I'm sweating in this vision, until a beautiful woman grasps onto my hand and reminds me that if I remain strong during these silent nights, "This is a future that I can inevitably have..."

Here I am, back to the reality of this silent night; all that I see is cold concrete walls, where even the mice that live in them have a family to hold tight.

Its at these moments - when the wolves gather in silence, because they mourn to the inner cry of a prisoner that has no body by his side... On Christmas night...

-Silent Nights When the Wolves Dont Cry

Dedicated to all those who have spent christmas nights alone...

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
Loyalty the Artistic
27 yrs old
12-25-16

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
PAGE.16
"THE DRIED UP POND"

Carma is a bomb shell, exploding in mans face;
   In which we reap what we sow,
      in this circular place.
When I was on the run,
it seemed like alot of loyal ones rotted fake;
   I miss you's turned into go away's,
      and I love you's transformed into hate.
Federal Agents were at my door,
   the second I was awake;
Held at gun point, saying,
   "Young man state your name!"
   However, I suggested that,
"Im nameless from this day on..."
Because all that lives on,
is my legacy left in the hearts of the ones
   that I never did wrong.
Truth is, the rest is long-long gone,
Therefore my letters and pictures became like
reptilian fossils barried by the earth,
in a dried up pond....

-The Dried Up Pond

Dedicated to my Legacy on this earth

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY the ARTISTIC

27 yrs old.
June. 2016

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.17
“AN EVERLASTING VOICE OF COMFORT”

The world can hear the melody of the soft wind blowing a red hijab amongst a surface of existence.

Its rhythm is living words and peace beyond limits and resistance.

The Taliban shot her in the head to silence her passion and ambition, but that bullet in her head only made her succeed in making a global difference.

She’s the voice of millions that are scattered around the universe.

A hope to women and children that never knew education, but were once bounded by a curse; with an academic thirst.

She’s Malala Malia; a voice that spoke freedom and equality for the silenced and the hurt.

An everlasting voice of comfort...

-Dedicated to Malala Malia, who comforted many lives with her voice of courage; A voice that will forever exist amongst legends. I wrote this in my cell, at High Desert State Prison after acknowledging her superlative courage. She will always be an inspiration in my life.

Long Lives the Voice of Legends.

By: Robert Villalobos III
Loyalty the Artistic
7-31-16 (27 years old)

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
PAGE 18
“CHILDREN OF WAR”

Who out there can hear the many bombs coming down on the cities of beauty, where the cries of children echo from the East.

Innocents scarred internally by the destructions of men who can’t come to understand peace.

Another beautiful life subtracted from life as a mother prays 5 time on her knees, “When will there be peace in the East?”

Children deprived of sweet dreams, because all that’s being displayed to their fragile mental capacity is the comprehension of fear, as nightmares of explosions and death haunt their mental processing while they silently sleep.

This surface underneath the sun and the moon has been crying out for, “Recovery.” In this sense Recovery means divine peace that only the “GOD” of humanity can sufficiently bring.

Complex in the mind of a middle Eastern child after he/she’s conceived from the womb of a mother that screams, because he/she entered the volume of thunderous sound waves, as his/her innocent pupils witness a spiritual beast broadcasting demands in a man that orchestrates an explosive device and watches it unleash on impeccable families.

These clamorous sounds are ear splitting, so the ear drums of these innocent lives are pierced, as the life in them is deceased by an act that another man mimics, from the demons that dance with the devil, in his craniums cerebral screen.

What’s said is done, and a man as myself in a cell can only continue to pray and write on, as I pull out the piercing stinger from the disasters that stung me deep in my soul, where everyday concerns continue to dawn.

As I pursue in following the path that “GOD” set in the lineage of my palm, I speak for these Children of WAR that are silenced in a grave, unable to breathe on, to converse with this world about their young hearts deprivation, the moment they were struck by a bomb. —GOD BLESS THE CHILDREN OF WAR

-This is dedicated to the beautiful Children of WAR in the Middle East that lost their young lives to the inhumane acts of men with explosives. This is for the children living in these WAR ZONES traumatized by the bombs that have already claimed a high percentage of their innocent generation. And last but not least, this is for the families and loved ones of the Children of WAR (The hard working fathers, the dedicated mothers, and the families/friends). My vision is to be a VOICE for the Children of WAR that the world seems to not hear. If we orchestrate a master plan, we can help reach out to these poor innocent souls. So as I continue to collect the tears of the Children of WAR that drench my soul heavily, I’ll continue to drain their tears on this earth’s surface until the people acknowledge that it’s raining excessively.

By: Robert Villalobos  (Loyalty the Artistic)

8-22-16 (27 years old)

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 19
"ONE OF A KIND"

The reality of being me is that I'm one of a kind;
My innovation will leave a legacy that only I could have done in my life time;
Life will continue to multiply however,
'I will always remain,' "One of a kind."

DEDICATED
To every unique life that has been created on this earth.
"I am proud of my identity, because I am one of a kind."
Therefore,
"Who can replace me?"
"No one."

-One of a Kind

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY the ARTISTIC
28 yrs old.
8-9-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
"THE RAMIFICATION OF THE MAN THAT I AM"

As I drift upon artificial time, I see that the child I once was has evolved into The Man That I Now Am.

Illogical illusions once contaminated this child's brain when the truth was falsified and facts were too difficult to understand. Until one day his brain cells were tired of starving for knowledge and began to circulate a command to rebel against his minds inadequate academia, revolutionizing his thoughts for a positive stand; a Man-Child reincarnating the living spirit of a logician, deeply grounded on a soldier's surface, opposing negative oppression.

As he dethrones the seat of manipulative individuals that strategize to achieve success by emitting manipulation through words of fiction, he comes to realize, "This stand is The Ramification of the Man That I Am."

All his life he felt locked in a psychological prison, because dogmatism strangled his soul's diagram of one day being able to reach success as a young poor Mexican. But he opposed this dogmatic frame of thinking when he was immersed into history and reality, perceptively uniting his inner abilities (Weapons) as a young man.

The sacrifice of "Jesus" and the love of The Father is The Ramification of the Man That I Am.

The unconditional love of my family, my people, and my freedom fighters (True Revolutionaries), is The Ramification of the Man That I Am.

The Blood line of Brown Berets flowing through my vain is The Ramification of the Man That I Am.

The Power to the People Movement emitted by The Black Panther Party is The Ramification of the Man that I am.

The profound words of Immortal Technique and Pac echoing in my mental state as I stand bold in this struggle, is The Ramification of the Man That I Am.

The invincible smiles of strength on little children fighting a cancerous disease, is The Ramification of the Man That I Am.

The knowledge and Wisdom I've received from True Activist, and the unity I've perceived of The People who solidify their minds greatest strength to stand bold together in times of oppression and struggle, is The Ramification of the Man That I Am.

And the pain I've experienced, the tears I've pored, the affliction I've experienced, The wounds I've carried with me from childhood, the scares I've been imprinted with, the streets of poverty, the enslavement(torture) I've experienced in prison, and all the things I've done/ seen/ and felt in this life, is The Ramification of the Man That I Am.

-I wrote this to let The People know how much of an impact they've had on my young life. Both good and bad have molded this Soldier that I've evolved into. Without Oppression, Poverty, Affliction,
Torture, and Scars I would have never known what it felt: like to suffer and to be deprived of normality. All of that taught me to never give up and to fight for what I believe in. Even if it meant having to go days without a meal, being beaten, and being frowned upon. By the Grace of “GOD”, I am who I am today. Without that Grace I’d be dead or lost in a manipulative scene. So I thank Oppression for what it’s done to me, because without that Oppression I wouldn’t be The Man That I Am today (A Leader). This is for you Oppression, to see that you couldn’t break my Spirit and Soul. And this is for you FAMILY; from my Blood line, To my Spiritual line, To my Revolutionized line, and to the two men (IMMORTAL TECHNIQUE AND TUPAC SHAKUR) that spoke knowledge to me through a head phone speaker in these times of confinement. I Love You all, because you’ve all made my character/ Identity possible.

-The Ramification of the Man That I Am

By: Robert Villalobos III
Loyalty the Artistic
8-19-16 (27 years old)

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 22
"I'M NOT GOING TO STOP LIVING"

Some say they love me,
some say they hate me;

Few want to save me,
while many want to assassinate me.

However, "I'm not going to stop living..."

My mother often worries,
as I'm lost in these depths;
Life can seem crazy,
when it seems like everyone's trying to take your
last breath.

However, "I'm not going to stop living..."

Stepping into my shoes is deliberately a nightmare,
because I'm always watching my back;

Is it paranoia or is it fear,
as I hesitate to dance amongst the melody of a
demons laugh.

However, "I'm not going to stop living..."

Belly breathing to keep my cool,
because all that I see is catastrophes;

Journeying through a dark life with an attitude,

"Who do all these shadows belong to,
in which are constantly after me...?"

However, "I'm not going to stop living..."

My thoughts told me to write a book,
in order to discover my slums inner LUXURY:

I begin to focus and take a look,
because it's obvious that I'm being stocked

by the obscurity of my enemies...

However, "I'm not going to stop living..."

I live in this cell,
and punishment deprives me of peaceful heart beats;

Since birth I stepped into a living hell,
its no wonder why I've developed the most severe

anxieties.

However, "I'm not going to stop living..."

On my cell block,
most of us grew up to be screw ups;

Now all we hear is steel doors slide and lock,
so we fear rehabilitation when they tell us that,

"We have to open up."

However, "We're not going to stop living..."

I'm dying to live and I'm living to die,
but it's like I know that I'm bound to succeed;

Living in death got me 26 to life,
drowning in my own sincerest apologies.

Apologies for what happen to Georgie, and for becoming a virus
that destroyed his beautiful family.Although I know sorries will
never bring him back to reality, all I can do is strive to
orchestrate a stragety that will help the next generations,
and restore the damage in which I've emitted on society.

Therefore my only words of purity continue to be,

"I'm not going to stop living..."

DEDICATED TO LIFE

BY: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III (LOYALTY THE ARTI$TIC)

28 yrs old. 8-26-17

"ONLY GOD CAN JUDGE ME"
- TUPAC

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUM

PAGE 23
"WHEN I FINALLY MAKE IT"

I'm staring at the stars as they fall down,
entrapped in the dark and constantly forsaken.
At a time when I could use LOYALTY, it wasn't around,
but I'll never forget that when I finally make it...
They say money breeds fake friends,
disloyalty in the womb awaiting conception.
Therefore why did they tell me, "We're friends until
the end?"

When they fell off my team the moment I was sent off
to reception...
Nine years later, I'm way passed nineteen,
locked up since a kid now I'm twenty eight.
When I finally make it, all of a sudden they'll claim
that they've always loved me,
however I have an elephant's memory, so I'll never
forget you two face snakes...
Its always personal, but I can't say it's a grudge,
if only they knew what I've been through in this
place.
Who knows how things would have turned out if they had
shown me some love,
but it is what it is, so I must say, "If it wasn't for
your broken promises and fake smiles, I wouldn't have
been the successor I've become today..."
I always said, one day I'd make it in life,
despite my circumstances and the lanes of people
that have split.
They'll remember that I was a hidden star in the
dark awaiting a time to shine;
the moment when I re-enter the depths of their frozen
consciences...
Here to reminisce on the lonely nights I've spent,
hundreds of miles away from those that have betrayed
me as a kin and a friend...
I continue to tell myself that life goes on
regardless if my inner souls cold and naked,
because I'll be clothed in warmth, with or with out
them, "When I Finally Make It..."

Dedicated to all those
who loved me like no other when I was free from
this imprisonment, but forgot all about that
love - the moment I was, "Locked up - in chains..."
I told you all, "I'd make it one day."

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
Loyalty the Artistic
27 years old
1-14-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMP

PAGE 24
"WHEN I DIE"

A tear drops from the depth of my eye,
as my soul contemplates on the day when I die.
Memories traveling at a great speed while I'm laying
on my spine;
A vision of streams, as the very few real ones are
crying.
So many acquaintances I've come across that have
turned out to be fake;
Plotting on my life anticipating a death date,
claiming to care, but slithering through my heart
like deceptive snakes.
Deception rises from the grounds of the earth,
as it rotates amongst a spiritual dimension that's
been fabricated in hate.
A picture pierces my last imagination that evolves
in my brain.
An angel of death crying out my name,
as the Grim Reaper navigates towards my way.
I always believed that I'd be so much more in life;
not just an other poor child from the ghetto with lice,
failing in school, because my only way to succeed
and graduate each day was by gang banging and packing
a nine.
A dog eat dog world led this fallen star to do life
in a prison where every day circumstances educate
with crime.
However it isn't my time to go just yet,
because an angel drizzled from the skies and said,
"You got so much more to accomplish before you
take your last breath..."
Just know that when I do die,
the thought of my death was something that always
weighed on my susceptible chest...
Although I was a born sinner,
I was chosen to leave my mark on this world before
my calling to be baptized in the nature of
every man's death...

Dedicated to my last day on this earth
(When I Die)

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
Loyalty the Artistic
27 years old
12-4-16

(When its all said and done, and the tears are flooding
my funeral grounds, say your last good bys to me while
the words and melody of "HEY HEY, MY MY" by BATTLEME
is echoing through your guysis ears...
I LOVE YOU ALL. I was never a bad guy.)

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.25
"TRUTH AND DECEPTION"

This is for all those that have lived
the reality of,
"Life's inevitable Truth and Deception..."
Being that I've fallen victim to deception,
I find it to be my duty as a human being and as an innovator,
"To exalt the truth..."
You were all meant to be Victorious...
That's the TRUTH.

The LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
Prosecutor: Graffiti fight led to stabbing

George Hernandez died after street brawl 2 years ago

BY TAMMY L.MCCOY
For The Californian

A dispute over graffiti ended with a Lake Elsinore man being fatally stabbed and the accused killer fleeing to Las Vegas, a prosecutor told jurors Wednesday.

"The young man sitting at end of the table brutally took advantage of a man, murdering him ... for no reason at all except to show himself to be tough and strong to his friends," ___ said during his opening statement.

___ then pointed to the defendant, Robert Villalobos, a bespectacled 21-year-old on trial charged with first-degree murder.

The case is being heard in Superior Court ___ courtroom at Southwest Justice Center in French Valley.

___ was stabbed twice in the back during a brawl that erupted on Torn Ranch Road on the night of Aug. 28, 2008.

Villalobos faces 26 years to life in prison if convicted of murder and of using a knife to commit the crime.

Defense attorney ___ told jurors there were no witnesses to the actual stabbing, no DNA evidence linking Villalobos to the stabbing and no motive.

___ involving several people, including ___ and Hernandez.

"You will hear that ___ story changes as he learns what the prosecution's theory is," she said.

"He is trying to divert the attention from himself."

___ said some witnesses will testify they saw Villalobos and he was not doing anything.

"The one person who saw ___" she said. "___ has every reason to deflect the guilt away from him."

On the night he was stabbed, ___ and two of his friends went to ___ Lake Elsinore.
June finds man guilty of first-degree murder

Lake Elsinore, March 7, 2012

By ALISHA McCARY

The Hoopla

Terged could face 20 years

The California

3rd Force Working to make it easier to track and

city's Safruit

Murder shines light on

THE LUXURY OF A MIND'S STORMS

graduate Griffin
"TRUTH AND DECEPTION"

As a teen I always wondered how real life can get, but I've come to realize that this is how real it can be. I'm lost in a serpent's odyssey, where Satan has an extremely tight hold of me.

Giving in-to my sinful habitability, led to dark steps in a cold place, where evil is the majority of those who are held hostage in a demonic captivity.

I've seen what hopeless intentions can do to humanity, when you feel out of options and giving up hope is the last thought left in a man's mentality.

It seems all of my young life I chased the deceptive glory on the streets, where we as youth take the wrong lead; inculcated to rebel against police and rival enemies, captivated by the illusionized misbelief of what we thought we were created to be.

Though it's sad and true, this is the manipulated hostility that misleads GOD's children into the womb of destruction and mischievous negativity; like lost faith drowning in the tears of GOD, after we've committed blasphemy continuously.

I'm walking through the devil's gutter trying to escape this misery, because the diabolic filth is slowly killing me; like a detected disease that spiritually polluted my body intentionally.

I begin to think, "How could I hide it if it's something that the eyes of GOD can see?"

Lord, I prayed to you as a kid, yet now my mindful thoughts have drowned me in sin; lost in my thoughts and in my complexion, "Where did I go? Where have I been?"

These false manipulative directions led to an abusive realationship, where final breaths are taken; now here I am giving in to the demons of Satan.

I'm so lost that at night I cry and feel like screaming; a saddened soul, that feels neglected, like an orphan that can't help but to cry.

Please talk to me while I still have this little time, because the truth is, "This deceptive toxic flowing through my veins is telling me that I'm going to die."

Suddenly CHRIST said, "For GOD so LOVED the world that HE gave HIS only begotten SON, that whoever believes in HIM should not perish but have everlasting life (John 3:16 NKJV); Do not be afraid, only believe (Mark 5:36 NKJV)."

Why are you so fearful? How is it that you have no faith? (Mark 4:40 NKJV)."

My thoughts began to be paralyzed in my own mind; however, my physical body began to strive.

GOD has been a witness to all of the times that I've sinned and lied, yet HE still has not left my side; No matter how many times I fought against this love with my instincts of humanized pride."

CHRIST continued with, "For there is nothing hidden which will not be revealed, nor has anything been kept secret but that it should come to light (Mark 4:22);"

I have not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance (Luke 5:32);

If any one desires to come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow Me (Luke 9:23 NKJV).

For the Son of man did not come to destroy men's lives but to save them (Luke 9:56);

I was naked and you clothed ME; I was sick and you visited ME; I was in prison and you came to ME (Matthew 25:36)."
Sometimes we feel excessively far from the love of GOD when we're in deep need, so we run to sexual immorality, violence, drugs, and money for a cure to our impurities.

Until a time comes in life where there's no where else to run to, like running into a dead end where suffocation makes it difficult to breathe.

I've realized that the only one with open arms is CHRIST; Forgiving me for every evil deed I use to proceed, even if I felt that I reached a point of no return, based on what I've allowed manipulation to do to me.

I use to think that I came from a deceased tree, in which led to me giving up on my hopes and my dreams.

Such mismanaged thoughts led me to an enclosed penitentiary where living souls roam around like zombies, because I thought that I would never succeed.

At the age of 23, my grandfather O.D'ed and never over came his deep sleep, so I always believed that was the reason why my father was caught by a disability so drastic, that he was unable to speak to me and tell me that he loved me.

However, what can I expect, when my parents were only 16 and 17, learning how to raise a baby.

A child never forgets all that he's seen, so I grew with the intentions to be a menace to society like the stories I was set to believe of my family's gang affiliation, that made history artificially.

This is my life told on pages, artistically; A factual parable set in modern speech, so we can fight for GOD's children; Rescuing them from the large capacity that blinds their innocent lives, holding them hostage under the devil's wicked slavery, like the reversed birth of death-produced into worldly tragedies.

Some may wonder what it feels like to be in the shoes of a young lost soul, deceived by the corruption of an illusive world.

Although many teens have lived it at one time, some lived worse than others, coming from a broken home, or even so lost in starvation, stranded in the cold left to die all alone.

All of my life, I prayed that GOD would take control over my ached spirit, and lead me to the open, where life doesn't feel so inclosed.

However, by the time I was 13 years old, I gave up on praying for my parents, and I let go of every inch of hope that I once use to hold.

The life I chose led to demonic peers, where darkness is produced, because death is all that I see in the mirror.

Drastically drowning in youthful tears wondering, "Honestly, how did I get here?"

You see, so many kids are dying every day, because they've been misled into an illusion of false promises, in which distracts them from utilizing the unique ambition built in their young souls.

The type of ambition that was meant to strive daily to live a life for GOD, magnificently equipped with the ability to reach their dreams, by manifesting the gifts and talents our CREATOR built deep within all of us, as mankind...

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 30
However, the idolatry of the man passes down to the next generations, rout in a specific direction, to contaminate the souls of GOD's innocent children.

This deceptive cause is the most logical reason to determine why most of our youth are growing up with so much pollution in their hearts; delivering them to closed caskets and prison institutions.

I lived this, so I believe GOD has allowed my heart to keep pumping in order to reveal the truth, how the truth to our deception has misled His children.

Planting a seed of death that begins to grow into a root of manipulation, but dies before it becomes a plant that over-rises the dirt.

Imagining the idea of JESUS expressing the depth of hurt, reflects the image of his children being led away into a satanical curse.

We were all meant to be so much more; returning to the love of CHRIST, with a sincere passion to convert; leading the struggling youth that are being hypnotized down a path that is being followed reverse.

Please open your eyes and begin to innovate, because when I was served with JESUS' word, this is what I heard,

"Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth (Matthew 5:4, 5);
Whoever receives one little child like this in My name receives Me. Whoever causes one of these little ones who believes in Me to sin, it would be better for him if a millstone were hung around his neck, and he were drowned in the depth of the sea (Matthew 18:5, 6);
For the Son of man has come to save that which was lost (Matthew 18:11);
Even so it is not the will of your Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish (Matthew 18:14);
For by your word's you will be justified, and by your words you will be condemned (Matthew 12:37);
Come to Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest (Matthew 11:28)."

-GOD Bless the Youth

DEDICATED
To the struggling youth. Never give up hope...
May we who have came out of the same manipulation be an inspiration to the next generations.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
23 yrs old
6-17-12

THE LUXURY OF A MIND'S SLUMS

PAGE 31
"CRIES OF THE CITY"

The night falls and darkness creeps,
demons cover the city walls like graffiti.
Another body lying dead on the street,
the code of silence echoes the complex cries of the city...
Mothers mourn and begin to scream,
"Is this hell or is this another war-zone?"
A reply from the sky said, "This is the Belly of the Beast, based on all that I see is faces on blank T's and names written on tombstones..."
Some say the evil in the city is out of our control, because the existing disease is the hood.
However I say, "With GOD anything is possible, even if the dark spirits continue to prey on the good..."
An other young kid lying dead, oh what "A" night.
Premeditated bullets pierced his head, as dark spirits wage war against the spirits of light...
Staring into the eyes of death, many tend to panic and fear.
Walking through the valley of death where my homies took their last breath;
My soul steers to the target in order to annihilate these demons that stand near...
I often stand in this cage and begin to contemplate, distinguishing the venom from the snakes and the REAL from the FAKES...
Many fail to comprehend these tears that the city articulates when the day breaks and evolves into the darkness of a ghost that roams around late...
Therefore I continue to ask GOD to show me the way, because the cries of the city indicate the reason why my streets are covered in Blood and Rain...
When will the manipulation ever stop in this mischievous city of hate, where angels collect tears in a bowl for every soul that enters an early grave...?

Dedicated to all those who died on the dark streets of evil, in The City of AZUSA , CALIFORNIA...
I rebuke you satan, in the name of JESUS!

BY: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
27-Years Old
1-28-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS PAGE.32
"THE DYING RACE" (MEXICAN REVOLUTION)

Here I sit another day washed away by the institutions rain, in which holds us captive like a deadly animal held hostage in a cage. Solely based on part of societies anticipation that, "We're too much of a risk to ever be released to the streets." Constantly judging us for the way we think and breathe Blinded by hate for inmates, so a pictures painted of envy for everything that they took from me. Burglarizing my freedom and confusing me mentally to believe that it's completely normal to live a life without my family.

Sometimes I ask "GOD", "Who can ever understand the speech that I speak, and the sorrowful pain in my heart that's trapped in the dark, praying to be freed?" But not even a psychology industry could ever understand me, physically or mentally.

Someone once told me, "Living in a cell is like being alive in a grave, fatally (; The articulation of Immortal Technique);" The fact is, "The systems quick to point out our mistakes and take away all of our hopes and dreams. Like ancient slave owners monopolizing human beings for the filthy greed of corrupted money." We're like modern day slaves that keep the government paid, as we fill up the cemeteries and penitentiaries, based on the fact that my people could never come to a peace tree in prison or out on the streets of poverty. Like a dying race that fails its destiny for the evolution and goes extinct.

This reality of life causes our young "RAZA" to give up hope and disbelieve that we as MEXICANS can honestly succeed.

At the age of 23, my grandfather OD'D and never overcame his deep sleep. So I always believed that was the facts reasoning why my father was caught by a disability so drastic that, "He was unable to speak to me and tell me that he loved me." But what can I expect when my parents were only 16 and 17 learning how to raise a baby. A child never forgets all that he's seen, so I grew with the intentions to be a menace to society. Like the stories I was set to believe of my family's gang affiliation that made history, artificially.

This is a section of my life told on pages, artistically. So that we as Mexicans won't continue to mislead our people into the large capacity of negativity; blinded in the toxic of a man dying in illiteracy.

Pancho Villa, Emiliano Zapata, Cesar Chavez, Che Guevara, and even The Great Martin Luther King had a dream to reach victory. And I as a young Mexican incarcerared by the evil of humanity, unable to reach the sky at this time like a bird with no wings, will continue fighting until the angels of death kiss me on each cheek and drag me away from this hateful hostility.

But until then, I'm promoting MEXICAN REVOLUTION in true loyalty. So that we as one can break free from this slavery that's been killing us slowly and painfully; like a mother who lost her child to a closed casket that lies in a sunken dirt hole six feet deep. Like wise to the mother that lost her child to the verdict of a maladaptive jury, destined to rot amongst the perplexity of an institutional facility, perpetually.

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 33
-When I wrote this, I thought of the excessive failure that exists amongst our MEXICAN RACE. We often manipulate our people to believe that their purpose in life is to indulge in the negativity that’s promoted to them (criminal and gang activities). We cloud up the minds of the innocent and encourage them to believe that killing a man makes them a man. We allow our people to be sold into a systematic cycle of slavery, filling up penitentiaries and cemeteries. Sad to say, but most times when we see one of our own (MEXICANS) making an effort for a positive change, we’re quick to ridicule them; striving to bring them down. Like the old saying goes, “We’re like a bucket of crabs.” When one crab is trying to climb its way out of the bucket, many other crabs are trying to pull it back down. If we continue to function like this, we will inevitably be remembered in history as, “The Dying Race.” My Revolution is to stand up against this virus that exists in our culture. I encourage you all to dream big and conquer your visions. Never give up hope! True Revolutionaries oppose manipulation and ignorance. When somebody tries to cause you to believe that you’ll never positively succeed in life, rebel against that false accusation by simply not believing in their words of illiteracy and believing that success is inevitable. Let’s begin this Revolution by emitting life to The Dying Race.

DEDICATED TO: "GEBROLE" (DTP)

By: Robert Villalobos III

Loyalty the Artistic

2-21-12 (22 years old)

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 34
"POWER TO THE PEOPLE"

As the world circulates in its circular motion, I’m constantly contemplating thoughts that reflect “Power To The People.”

Assassination and hate is the climate that continues to be our atmospheres sequel; so I’m trying to visualize through the dark with Stevie wonders, “What happen to Power To Our People?”

When I say people, I don’t mean our cultural beliefs or biological pigmentation. I mean the fundamental principles of humanity in its divine creation.

Because truth is, underneath our skin, beyond the ideology of descending from Aztecs, Spaniards, Africans, Caucasians, Asians, or any other nation of people, we all exist under one capital identification—“Human.”

We were conceived the same, we bleed the same, and we will all inevitably stop breathing the same.

But why is it that we continue to promote hate and inflict pain to one another every second, every minute, and every day?

I must say, “This is a question only a circle of human activist can answer, because humanity is the only answer that will annihilate this obstructive beast, with adequate unity and change.”

Another susceptible heart mischievously investing its limited beats to take another’s away; driven by the vindictive adrenalin that escalated to an action that precipitates.

Unnatural deaths blanketing our communities, is symbolic to a disease that conquers life, like a genocidal outbreak.

People dying on the streets because they wear a badge or because their minority race.

We lose one of our own to these unjustifiable debates and automatically believe that the emulation of justice is to diabolically retaliate.

But this weakens The Power To Our People, because our communities continue to deteriorate.

Today I prayed for an innocent little girl that watched her father die right in front of her face; assassinated in front of his family cause the officer claimed that he was reaching in towards his waist.

Such a beautiful heart scarred at a real young age; my only hope is that this little girl evolves in love and refuses to be captivated by the addiction of hate.

The attribution of my poetical theme is that we solidify love and peace amongst a unified army of human beings: fighting actively for Power To The People, reflecting the emulative strength of hospitality in humanity.

Page 25

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
Neither political powers or violence can cure this parasitic disease.

But we as People have been given The Power to cure this sickness through superlative abilities existing in our physical appearances and spirituality.

Exploitation to one another is derogatory; it is contradictory to the blessings “GOD” created us to be.

So in order to succeed, I’m proclaiming Power To The People, all cultures and all colors standing firm in Unity. —Power To The People

-This was inspired by The Power To The People Movement, established by The Black Panther Party. I’d like to dedicate this to the young man that was murdered in front of his family in Minnesota; his wife, his daughter, and his family….This is also dedicated to the families of the assassinated officers in Dallas, the family of the shooter, and to all those who have been inflicted by these unjust tragedies. We are one—“Humanity.” Let’s make a difference. As an old Black Panther once said, “We don’t hate people because of their color. We hate oppression.” So continue to fight for peace and equality my freedom fighters…Power To The People

By: Robert Villalobos III Loyalty The Artistic

7-8-16

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
"COMPLEXION" (AZTEC & SPANIARD = MEXICAN)

Staring at my own reflexion, I wonder, "Who am I?"
I've been told all of my life that my blood line descended
from Aztec roots, but why is it that my complexion is excessively
white...

Growing up color blind in the ghetto under the street lights,
I could of sworn in plain sight, that I was as brown as the dirt
stuck to my black Air Nykes.

Confused why Mexicans seem to have the complexions of every
other nationality;

From Brown, Black, White, and even Chinese;
The wonders of curiosity continue to be, "Why do we all look
so different in my family and in my community, yet we all speak
the same language and logically understand that we all have
Mexican blood flowing through our blood streams."

My mother was born in Mexico, pale as Snow White, and equipped
with beauty;

My father was born in Los Angeles County, tan as the beige
Kakis gangsters use to wear in East L.A. during the sixties.

It took some time to figure out this complex mystery of my
oxymoronic identity;

Until I received the key answers that defined the reasons of this
complexity...

Half of our pale identity invaded our brown identity, and
created us (Mexicans) when Native American women conceived half
bred Indian and Spaniard babies.

In which created a new race that would be recognized as
Mexicans, in history;

Descending from the combination of Aztec and Spaniards,
transforming a language from Nahualt to Spanish, every time
that we communicated fluently.

Now I understand my complexion, and why my heart pumps the
strength of a brave Aztec warrior, that even when he's up against
the odds, he refuses to fail.

We come from two types of people, a lullaby that I'll tell my
children as they evolve from a Mexican cradle...

-Complexion(Aztec & Spaniard=MEXICAN)

DEDICATED TO MY MEXICAN PEOPLE;
WE see our family circles and come to realize that we don't
all look alike, in which can make us feel indifferent, bitter,
of confused. However, understand that our pigmentation
(Complexion) is different from one another, because we are a
combination of people. The Spaniards came to the land of
the Native Americans (Aztecs) and realized that luxury
existed in this luxurious land;

The City of TENOCHTITLAN, in which was located on Lake TEXCOCO
in Central Mexico (near present day Mexico City).

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 37
It was at this time that the Spaniards invaded the land of the Aztecs. The ramification of this invasion was, "The creation of us (MEXICANS)."

Mexicans were conceived by the integration of Aztec and Spanish roots.

Later in time, the Mexican people welcomed run-away slaves, in which consisted of all different types of nationalities. Those who were in need of a warm plate, a safe zone, and a place to call home were accommodated by the Mexican people. Throughout the years we evolved from Aztec and Spaniard roots, to just about any other nationality.

Although we are people of many, we are still Mexican People. Therefore just as our Mexican ancestors embraced many nationalities with love, and gave them a place to call home, let us follow in their loving steps by doing the same.

Being proud to be a Mexican and annihilating the hate for others...

(Note: Indian is a misused term when using it towards the Native Americans of the Americas. History tells us that Christopher Columbus incorrectly called the Natives Indians...

He was aiming to reach India, but ended up reaching the Americas...

That's how the idea of Indians in the Americas came to be...

Therefore when you observe the idea of being mixed with Indian and European blood, know that this is why they call us Mexicans, Indians and Spaniards...)

BY: ROBERT VILLALOBO$ III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
27 yrs old.
8-27-16

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE. 38
As the mothers begin to sob,
Fathers are breaking down;
Searching for daughters that are lost,
Mourning for a single sound.
The more they pursue with hope,
Hopelessness broadcasts in their brains;
Young females lives continue to be revoked,
Yet a nation of strength remains in faith.
Deserts are full of death in Mexico,
Because flesh dissolves in its dirt.
Although misery can cause one to let go,
The families of the dead unite with belief, like believers in a spiritual church.

Juarez Chihuahua Mexico—known for my roots native land,
The location my family traveled from, until they reached East L.A.
However, this land is also known for its murderous clans,
In which young woman are raped and murdered, buried in the soil that's a stranger to the rain.
A surface that's fertilized by the heat of a deadly sun,
Where the undergrounds echo the numerous shouts of decomposed souls that are calling out for those they loved.
Predators fabricate missions to abduct innocent females no matter the age;
Like a pack of hyenas with the taste of blood in their mouths, hunting for prey.
The families suffering these losses continue to say,
"The government isn't doing anything about this abominable disgrace,
So we continue to search for answers and pour out our souls when we pray."
It's critical to soak in the reality of this unbearable pain;
However, in Juarez Chihuahua Mexico it's something that continues to happen each and every day...

Dedicated to the numerous females that were kidnapped, tortured, raped, and murdered in Juarez Chihuahua Mexico.
This is also dedicated to the families of these victims that have suffered the pain of dealing with their losses.

My prayers go out to you all in Juarez. Many little girls, and young women have been abducted from their homes and after the worst of things have been committed to them, they're buried in the haunted deserts of this land. Some are even burned till death. There have been multiple dead bodies that have been discovered; however, there are many bodies that family members still seek to find every day. Due to the multiple deaths of these young females, little girls are growing up with deep fear in their hearts, based on the fact that at any given moment they too can fall victim to this cycle of torture and death. The civilians demand help, yet their government fails to accommodate to their needs.

As this message gets out to the world, hopefully people acknowledge the devastation of this location and innovate.

God bless the people of Juarez Chihuahua Mexico
BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III (LOYALTY the ARTISTIC)
28 yrs old. 4-14-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
"D.E.A.T.H."

(Alot of people say we're infatuated with death;
   We aint infatuated with death.
   We speak of death,because its inevitable.
   Therefore we live to tell what is to come to every living creature
   on this created earth...
   Do I believe in life after death?
   Of course...
   However,I have to face this earthly death,
   before I can get to the next life.
   Its a step by step process...
   Im only being REAL.)

They say never forget where you come from/
   So I say,"I NEVER FORGOT WHERE I CAME FROM"/
Daddy who-banging,mama stuck on drugs/
   Baby brother in his crib,crying out his lungs/
Grandma showed me GODs love,and said,"STAY AWAY FROM THUGS"/
   But them thugs were the family/
So I said,"GRANDMA THATS US"/
   A kid starving for a miracle,with my head looking up above/
Till truth became deception/
   Like fallen angels drowning in lust/
Grew up on the block/with a glock on stock/
   And my pops blew my thoughts/Every time him and my moms always fought/
So the ammo in my brain said,"POP!POP!POP!"
   Cause it never seem to stop/
I escaped through music/Like a spirit from a body that rots/
   Thought I lost my mind,when my cousin MONIQUES casket dropped/
Till I seen her flying in my dream with an angel flock/
   She put me on the spot/
Like,"ROBERT,YOU BETTER NEVER STOP!"/
   So I aimed to the sky/Like Pac,before he got shot/
I do this for Delfino Rubi,I do this for my grandma Rosie/
   They with GOD/
Cause even though you died,I aint ever forgot/
   My family thats gone,and my homies in the dirt/
Like Demise,who got shot/
   I remember my roots and the ones that died /
The modern day John Apple Seed,growing a tree to the sky/
   The soils in my heart,and the seeds exist in my mind/
Passion grew with dedication/
   Watered by afflicted tears when I cried/
Im the light to this generation,that believed in the lies/
   That captured their souls/Like demonic parasites/In a mind of surmise/
The first angel to fall,took a 3rd down with him/Over pride/
   Pride will assassinate your vision of dreams/So guard your eyes/
The homies twenty-five,sent to Death Row/You know what they say,
   "THE BLIND CANT LEAD THE BLIND"/
So dont follow the crooked spine/Cause at the end we all die/
   (Dedicated to the struggle of living to die...Thee Inevitable.)
-This is a little piece of my song-"D.E.A.T.H."
   BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III(LOYALTY the ARTI$TIC)
   27 yrs old. 2016

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
"THE CHILD IN ME"

As a young man, I often find myself tugging with the good and the bad that exist in my identity. I begin to stare into my prison cell mirror and all that I see is a person that came in to this prison cell as a boy, yet now is a man covered in Ink.

It's during this moment that I want to cry, but my harshness struggles to allow such tears of definition to flow from my eye sockets.

That's when I come to realize that my tears are literally imprisoned, just as I am; silently waiting to be free'd from this diabolical entrapment.

I then began to roam through the depths of my pupils, and discovered a child that was curled up in a dark room, shivering in tears, because since his infancy days he's felt alone in life.

That's when I come to realize that this little child is me, in my moments of neglect and depression.

As much as my man- hood may deny that reality, deep down inside I know that little child still exist within me.

However, the question is, "Will I ever see that child rejoice in happiness and comfort?"

The answer is, "Yes."

However, that yes comes with significant weight behind it.

Significant weight meaning, responsibility; such as fully surrendering to GOD.

The reason being is, because it is only in surrendering that this lonely child will ever be able to dance and run free on soft grass lands, amongst the strength of the sun, conspicuously shining upon him...

It is only than that I'll be free.

-The Child In Me

Dedicated to the sad little child that I was growing up;
No matter how much I've aged, when I stare into the depths of my eyes in this prison cell mirror,
"I often find that little child that was deprived of a happy childhood."

When it's all said and done, "It is only GOD that can set me free from this hollow hole that exist in my heart."

Thank you GOD for the blessings that you have blessed me with in this life, in order to get this child in me through the darkest of times...

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY the ARTISTIC
28 yrs old.
6-27-17

THE LUXURY OF A MIND'S SLUMS

PAGE 41
“JOYS AND DESPAIRS”

Is there anyone out there to give an ear to my Joys and Despairs; the Joys of knowing your all still alive living life, but the Despairs of counting my fingers to see, how many still care?

This morning a little bird tapped the outside of my cell window, with a message wafting amongst freedoms air. It read, “Dear Prisoner: They love you so much that their scared.” So I said, “Scared of what?” The bird flipped over the paper as I stared in shock. It read, “Scared of the over flowing tears that may never come to a complete stop.”

They say that when you’re taken away, the ones you left behind often wonder the same. So they feel it’s best to distance their selves from the possible affliction and pain, beyond arms length. But people like me, enslaved by the captivity of the state say, “If only they could see and feel the thoughts we battle every day.”

The complications of a prisoner, “Wondering who still remembers he’s breathing in a cage, not dead in a hollow grave.”

Suddenly my finger counts going down, “Because the ones that I love can’t seem to accommodate to these words I often articulate.”

Though I’m invincible in my nature like the courage of a crowned lion refusing to break, inside the depths of my soul, beyond my pride, “Emotions are still awake.” An indication that no matter how hard my heart has gotten from these lonely years of incarceration, deep inside I’m still a human with superlative expressions. Human enough to feel beyond these allegations, and strong enough to fabricate this incandescent love for all the ones that I’m inevitably missing.

So if you’re out there with a guilty conscience confession, realize the velocity of life itself and have the courage to cross the intersection, in order to reach back out to the ones you almost forgot in prison.

Life on earth is “Too Short” to not cherish the priceless bonds of unique chemistry us as humans have created.

-Hebrews 13:3 “Remember the prisoner as if chained with them- those who are mistreated- since you yourselves are in the body also.”

-Being incarcerated, many tend to forget about the mental torture we experience daily. It’s sad to say, but some of the closest people to us are usually the first ones to forget about us. The people who swore that they loved us unconditionally and promised to go to hell and back for us are usually the same people who fail to understand the mechanism of love and fail to understand what keeping a promise truly means. This wasn’t written to fault anybody for our incarceration, because one must take full responsibility for one’s own incarceration. However, this was written to magnify the hearts of those who
are incarcerated, “So that those who have forgotten could come to realize how much it hurts the incarcerated to be forgotten...”

“Dedicated to all those who went on with their lives

and forgot all about me.”

By: Robert Villalobos III
Loyalty the Artistic
10-29-15 (26 years old)

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 43
"HIGH DESERT TRUTH"

It all came to be in two-thousand and fifteen,
When a part of me would begin categorizing you.
They say a conscience is disabled when it feels guilty,
However, the truth will always remain as the truth.
Stranded in the desert where life became a point of no return,
In which my thoughts became dehydrated from the love that's never near.
Everybody swears that they're so concerned,
But since my first day in this High Desert, I felt neglected by
most of my kin's and free peers.
Tears drop from my eyes, because the deserts heat burns,
It's no wonder why my hearts condition is critically severe.
They say that they love me, but I say, "You still have a lot to learn."
The reason being, is that you're so clouded up by your own lies,
that you're unable to love me with a mind that's clear.
All the broken promises and all the I love you's,
eat at my hearts interior frame.
It's in this High Desert where I've found much truth,
Because a persons true colors always comes out when another persons
Tears shed acid rain.
From some of my kin's to some of my friends and girl friends,
They all promised me that they were in it with me till the end.
However, the second I got sent far beyond their souls inner lens,
The giggles resumed amongst themselves, as if I was already dead.
In this High Desert truth, I'm forced to make my bed in the
shadows of death,
Because since I've been stranded on this mountain, I feel like my
Funereal already came and everybody and their fake tears already left.
In this life of mine, these concrete walls suck the life
out of a prisoners chest.
So to simplify my concept, "We're like dead birds with clipped
Wings piled up in a nest."
The significance of a bird, is the will to be born free;
The identity of clipped wings, is the inability to spread out our
natural hopes and aims for our dreams;
And finally the purpose of death in a nest, is the reality of
the inner expressions we often feel in this periodic state, of
systematic misery.
Only in the High Desert truth, where all those who once ment
the world to me, left me hanging and disappointed me...

DEDICATED

to all of those that promised me the world while I was
hundreds and hundreds of miles away in the treacherousness
of the High Desert heat.

Although they failed to keep their promises, I'll
continue to be the loyalist that God created me to be.
From my family to my friends and girl friends, this ones for
all of you that fell off the team during my High Desert times.
Let the truth be known because now I know where we stand...

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALITY the ARTISTIC
28 yrs old.  6-25-17

(Inspired by: Drakes, "KEEP THE FAMILY CLOSE")

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUM

PAGE 44
"F.A.K.E."

Love and happiness is easier said than done, because fake love and condemnation is all that I feel and see...
The I love you's turned into, "I hate you."
And the I miss you's turned into, "Who are you."

But the truth is, I've been down so long that smiling faces and fake love are inevitable, because a person's true colors always comes out when it rains...
Therefore,
I just contemplate on it all and still shine like, "A King..."

DEDICATED
To all those fake people who showed me fake love—straight up to my face...HAAAAAAA!

(INSPRED BY :DRAKE-"FAKE LOVE")

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
28 yrs old
8-18-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 45
Without the blood that flows through my veins, I would fail to exist on this earth's surface. Although I've made multiple mistakes in my life, and although I fall excessively short from society's ideal expression of perfection, "I AM WHO I AM."

The LUXURY OF A Minds SLUMS
Robert Villalobos

Robert Villalobos, 19, of Lake Elsinore was arrested about 11 a.m. Thursday by members of the FBI’s Inland Regional Apprehension Team, said Riverside County sheriff’s spokeswoman [insert name].

She had no details about Villalobos’ arrest or how he was tracked to Las Vegas and did not know when he might be extradited back to California.

Riverside County prosecutors have charged Villalobos with murder in the Aug. 29 death of [insert name], who was stabbed during a [insert location] in Lake Elsinore, according to court [insert name].

**Fight ends in fatal stabbing of 20-year-old man**

Man involved says it was prompted by anger over a crossed-out graffiti tag
LAKE ELSINORE: Man arrested in Lake Elsinore homicide

Robert Villalobos was found in Las Vegas two months after the stabbing.

By JOHN HALL - Staff Writer | Friday, October 26, 2006 11:50 PM PDT |

Post your Comments  Increase Font | Decrease Font | Email this story |

LAKE ELSINORE — A man wanted in the nonlife-related stabbing death of a Lake Elsinore man two months ago has been arrested in Las Vegas, authorities said Friday.

Robert Villalobos, 19, of Lake Elsinore was arrested about 11:45 a.m. Thursday by members of the FBI's Inland Regional Apprehension Team, said Riverside County Sheriff's spokesman

She had no details about Villalobos' arrest or how he was located in Las Vegas and did not know when he might be extradited back to California.

Riverside County prosecutors have charged Villalobos with murder in the Aug. 29 death of [redacted], who was stabbed during a fight the night before on Ninth from Ranch Road in Lake Elsinore, according to court records.

When police were sent to that area around 11:30 a.m., the group had already left, but deputies soon were notified that a stabbing victim had been dropped off outside the emergency room at Inland Valley Medical Center in Wildomar.

Robert Villalobos

The victim's family could not be reached for comment Friday about the arrest, but have previously had lived in Lake Elsinore since he was 10 and was the oldest of three children.

Family members told he attended Temescal Canyon High and graduated from Orange Continuation High School.

They said he moved around a lot, including at times to Palmdale and at the Lake Elsinore Outlet Center.

On Sept. 4, an affidavit requesting an arrest warrant for Villalobos was filed in Riverside County Superior Court. A judge issued the warrant the same day, records state.

In the affidavit, Sheriff's investigators summarized some of the interviews conducted with witnesses in the case.

Two of the men interviewed told homicide investigators that they, a woman and Hernandez all went to a home on Tems Ranch Road to look for someone they believed had "tagged" another friend's home, the document states.

"They said they did not want to fight with him and had only wanted to talk to him that he was being disrespectful," Merrill wrote.

But a fight broke out and [redacted] punched the man on the ground, the man told investigators. The others saw that he needed medical attention so they drove him to the hospital, the document states.

Villalobos said in the affidavit that he had been in Tems Ranch Road who told him he had treated Reyes to the ground. The man said he then went to his brother, who was fighting with the two men who had arrived with [redacted], according to the document.

"As he turned to help his brother, he saw Robert Villalobos running past him in the direction of [redacted]," the document states.

[redacted] was dn in the car containing Hernandez as it drove away, the man told [redacted] He added that he did not see where Villalobos went after the fight.

"What did he ask the man why Villalobos would run?

"Well, probably because he stabbed the guy," the man answered, adding that Villalobos often carried a pocket knife.
"A HEART WITH NO BLOOD FAILS TO BEAT"

The thoughts of a son begin to regress on the difficult moments he experienced as a kid.
Was my conception a curse, or was my arrival to this earth blessed the second I took my first innocent breath??

Fabricated by the immoral team work of sin, so was I destined to lose or was I destined to win..?

The answers I seek for the questions that I send out of my heart and into GODS presence, as I sit in this imprisoned dungeon...

I was once lost seeking to be found, but my mother couldn't comprehend I had my fathers love never seem to be around...

Anxieties erupted in my young mind, so I always felt like I was suffocating myself amongst a dark crowd, but I put on a fake smile and acted as if I was just as normal as any other regular child...

Till I grew and I grew, knowing I'd be here writing this to you, because part of adequate healing is expressing all that I've been through;

Admitting my issues, taking responsibility for my actions, and expressing the empowerment that gave me the ability to no longer hold the past against you...

Without pain and affliction, strength seize to exist, so though I never got to reach the opportunities that I wanted to reach before this torturous imprisonment, I'm thankful to have lived long enough to receive this acknowledgement to give you HONOR AND RESPECT...

HONOR, for conceiving me, and RESPECT, because no matter how many times you could of neglected me, "You Never Left."

Imagining my life without you is incomplete, "LIKE A HEART WITH NO BLOOD TO PUMP, IT FAILS TO BEAT..."

Therefore if it fails to beat, it seize to exist, and its as dead as a statue signifying what may have use to be an existing being, but now is nothing more than a dead memory built from concrete...

Sometimes I think, "Is this all just a dream, and I'm waiting numerous years to be awaken from my sleep, or have I really received what time has permitted to me, and reality is that I'm living my dream with a susceptible conscience that fails to sleep??"

Whatever it may be, I know that I'll win, Because I sense that my visibility is now a rock, prodigiously conspicuous, whom an other rock conceived...

My mothers incandescent nature is what allowed me to be the strong man that you now see...

Without you mom, there could never be a me...

Your reputation as a QUEEN is established at the root of my royal heart, as an everlasting legacy...

The QUEEN of my heart that gave me the ability to strive to one day be a crowned KING: Dominating my fears and conquering my futuristic goals that I've always aimed to achieve...

Therefore now as a KING, I salute you with HONOR and

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.49
RESPECT, my beautiful motherly QUEEN,
"Because a soldier in you is inevitably a soldier in me."

-A HEART WITH NO BLOOD FAILS TO BEAT

Dedicated to my beautiful Mexican Queen-MY MAMA!
No matter how hard we've had it,
"We will continue to push forward strong..."
Just as a heart with no blood fails to beat, so
would I fail to be the man that I am today, if it wasn't
for you..."
When it's all said and done, remember, "You've always
been my every-thing..."
I will forever be in debt to you...
I LOVE YOU MOM

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
27 Years Old
6-23-16

THE LUXURY OF MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.50
"OUR DAY WILL INEVITABLY COME"

Many years have flown out of my hands, and many feelings have developed that are now gone. I came into this a boy and woke up a man, however though I've evolved, I still continue to miss my mom... As calm as a lamb, I've endured very much, mistake after mistake, chastise'ment has caught up. My wounded soul is sinking, in need for a crutch, a point in life where only a mother's touch could lift a sons spirits up...

Baby pictures of who I was, dissolve in my pupils; immediately, such innocents has caused me fear. Has what I've become determined the predestination of this innocent baby's sequel? The answer is Yes, "Because all I see is me, as I stare into the depths of a prison cell mirror..."

All of my mistakes have followed with the sincerest of sorries, and all of this hate has taught me the mechanism of LOVE. Although I'm restrained by the pressure of captivities boundaries, we'll re-unite again, because GOD told me that, "Our Day Will Inevitably Come..."

I know that when you think about me being gone for so long, your soul cries inside, commanding your spirit to never give up and to continue to hold on. And I know that when your mind visualizes me being released from this dark dungeon, you thank GOD for that vision, because all you ever wanted these last nine years was to hold your other son... I promise you mother, that I'll make it back home to you no matter how complicated this journey has gone, because GOD came to me and said, "OUR DAY WILL INEVITABLY COME..."

Dedicated to my Beautiful Mother

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
28 Years Old
4-22-17
Loyalty the Artistic

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
"NO WOMAN ALIVE" (Can take your place)

I know that I havent been the most perfect son;
Talking back to you while I was lost on drugs...
I was always convicted
that what I was doing was malicious;
tears dripping down my eyes,
asking GOD for forgiveness...
My only thoughts,
"Oh, Lord, get me out of this,
because demons have became my contacts and I'm losing my
vision..."
What Im doing isn't right,
suspects always look suspicious;
I can't lie to my mom,
even when she's just fish'en;
Who am I fooling,
she's been there done that, before she went christian.
All of the sacrifices that you went through just for me,
struggling and put up on welfare
just so I can eat...
People laughed at you,
but your only focus was your baby...
My dad broke your heart,
but you remained a loyal young lady;
You had me at 16,
yet still strong as can be
with a heavy burden to carry;
A little girl with so much courage,
no matter if life looked scary.
You worked minimum wage,
just trying to get paid;
A baby crying in your arms,
while still trying to focus on school grades...
I owe you everything,
for all of the times that I kept you up so late;
You're the rescue in my life,
when I'm in need to be saved...
GOD created you so divine,
no matter your flaws and no matter your mistakes;
Therefore, forever in my eyes,
"No woman alive can ever take your place."

DEDICATED TO MY MAMA
Thank you for all that you've done for me.
I LOVE YOU

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
26 yrs old.
2015

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 52
"MOM"

As a baby,
I always stared deep into her beautiful eyes;
Not knowing who she was yet,
but factual thoughts crossed my mind
that this woman carried me for nine months and gave me life...
    My first word was "MAMA"
and I then came to realize that she was the one
    GOD blessed from the sky;
    To be my mother
    and produce the heart that I carry inside...
It seems that no matter how many times I fell and cried,
you were always there to comfort my wounds
and heal the painful frights...
Teaching me
that blood only hurts when you keep it in sight.
    Though pain entrap's itself
    in our hearts when times are hard,
    I see the sorrow in your eyes
    when we have to say good-bye and depart.
    But even though your first baby
    may seem excessively far,
    know that I'll always be close to you
like the beats in your heart, that create such beautiful art.
    A beautiful loyal mother is who you are,
    and who you'll forever be;
    Like the never ending oceans, that are covered in pure beauty.
I always think
    about how I grew and became life in your belly;
    Coming into this world, while you were pushing and shouting.
    By all means,
    I believe that we'll meet in eternity;
    Though they say we come and go alone, I see the reality,
    defining that - "I'll always be in you, and you'll always be in me."
    A strong bond,
    that's uniquely complete;
    Combined with love, to succeed through the dark times
    and reach victory...
    Don't cry for your son,
    because he's locked up in this penitentiary;
    Remember when GOD spoke to you and me, and he promised to
    bring me back home as long as we believed the words that were
    preached, when we were drowning in our own tears, in deep need...
    Truth is, "He brought back the joy that we thought we'd never
    feel or see."

I forever love you mom, with the everlasting type of love that
will never reach an ending. So always picture me free with peace,
like visionsing the baby that I use to be, happily crawling to
you on my knees. Because in all reality, I'll always be that same baby
you carried and gave birth to when you were only sixteen.

Happy Mothers Day, Mom! I love you so unexplainably; However, I know
that you understand me, because you carry the same heart and
feelings as me.

DEDICATED TO MY MOM
BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III (LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC)

24 yrs old. 2013

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
"VITAL NECESSITY" (The Woman I can't function without)

Night and day as I sit in this place, my heart reflects the emotions of how I went astray, as a naive delinquent lacking the capacity of humorous ways...

Like understanding a mother's daily struggle just to raise a boy to become a sophisticated man, equipped with the knowledge to be successful one day...

Birthing a cub, created to become a Lion crowned with a destiny to innovate; The sun went down and the tears of the angels poured amongst our harmony in rain...

The thought of you giving me life through an umbilical-cord blows me away, because I ate what you ate; Therefore, I ain't what you aint "Never a weak person, because my mother's invincible, internally unable to completely break..."

You're the strength of the sun, that brings light to the darkness, and dries up the rain that attempts to sabotage the warrior you made...

The woman that gave me life, completely worthy of defining unconditional love and over coming all of life's hate and strife:...

Like an eagle that brings food to her nest - She chews it up, than opens her mouth and feeds her chick...

In the same context, I fed off your hope when I thought this was it, and you looked into my eyes and said, "Baby, this is just the beginning, I didn't create you to quit..."

Though scrambled in complex, you're always capable of illuminating my dark frustration and sadness, with appreciation and happiness...

Looking into your eyes is like an epic movie broadcasting my years as a child, with everlasting memories; Reminding me of the sacrifices this woman went through as a young teen, carrying a baby...

Acknowledging not only the pain that you inherited when physically birthing me, but also the pain that you experienced after trying to raise me perfectly...

The effort you put into your motherly duties was out of this world; Like a dimension beyond human efforts, ethereal in its great degree...

The gravity that you sustain in this heart that you produced, causes me to pause from all that I'm doing; Thinking of your unconditional love when I led astray into the wilderness, struggling to be free'd...

However, this isn't about my struggles and this isn't about me, it's about the superb woman that's equipped with the ability to always bring me strength when I'm feeling weak..."

You taught me what love really means, and you gave me a reason to live; In the darkest of moments, you motivated me to seek the light and to be worlds illuminated, instrument...

When I seen the curses with all its wrecks, "You seen it different and reminded me that I was blessed..."

Now as a son with understanding and intelligence, "I see that your works have left me impressed..."
You're a victorious legend in my heart, with the gift of life's beauty, out-shining the rest with your divine conspicuousness...

It may have taken multiple years for me to fully comprehend the sacrifices that you made; However, as a sophisticated man, "I now understand why you did all that you did, and gave all that you gave..."

All along when I hid my emotions from you and ran into a dark cave, "You were that light at the end of the tunnel promulgating your essential love, like the evocativeness of angels at heavens gates..."

Although my naive actions took me away, and I allowed my pride to put me in this torturous place, thanks be to you, "That I've learned to out-grow this cage, and refused to allow animosity and hate to be a factor that keeps me detained..."

From a man to a royal woman, and from a son to an honorable mother, "You're the one who implanted the strength in my might, in which you mother, I will always love and appreciate..."

DEDICATED
To my vital necessity;
My Mother...
I appreciate all of the priceless things that you've done for me, mom...
I love you unconditionally...
Happy Mothers Day

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
26 yrs old.
2015

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE. 55
"MY BETTER HALF" (PART.1)

As I aim for the future I begin to step into my past,
Sometimes I wonder what happen to me;
Though I've made mistakes I acknowledge my better half,
Suddenly I remember why I fight daily to be free.
From the moment that I developed in your womb,
I felt a comfort that became my soft spot;
It was at that given moment that I fell in love with you,
Because when a fetus is in a woman's womb, its mother's love is
all that it gets...
You helped me develop and you helped me breathe,
When I came out of you cold and naked you kept me warm;
Though I failed you at times you still believed in me,
Even when I was up against the odds drowning in this storm.
My baby sister was later conceived,
The moment I seen her she triggered my heart;
She's the other half that I consider the good in me;
Because when ever I slip and fall her spirit picks me up when
I'm lost in the dark.
It's a hard knock life they often say,
One day we're here and the next day we're gone;
However, I say; "Although I may be stranded in this concrete grave,
It's my better half that keeps me invincibly strong..."
My better half, meaning my sister and my mom;
The only two women that have the ability to stare into my eyes
and keep my exhausted mind calm...

DEDICATED TO MY MOM AND MY SISTER

I wrote this poem just for you two. No matter how difficult
this life often gets, and no matter how dark half of my heart has
gotten as I was growing up in pollution, I always take for
consideration, that you two have always been my better half.
You two are the good in me. No matter how much I have
messed up in this struggling life. In this struggle I often
find myself slipping into darkness, however, immediately my
mind reflects the image of both your faces, and suddenly I'm
calm and again. It's you two that help me get through
these difficult times that I'm in. Even when you two don't
write me that much. I'll be out there with you two one day.
There's no similarities in life that I can come close to,
like the bond that I share with you two. We have the most in
common. For one, mom, you gave me life, so it's your life that
molded me into life. And two, I share that identical life
with you sis. All around we share the same circulation of
life. I thank GOD for you two. My better half. There's no way
I'd succeed in life without my better half existing in
the depths of my GOD fearing heart.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
27 yrs old. 1-20-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINION SLUMS
"IF THEY ONLY KNEW"

If they only knew what it felt like, would they change their ways, or would they be contoled by fright; afraid of the tears and the pain.??
I've been hurting since my day of birth, drowning in constant affliction;
Sometimes I wonder if I'm cursed, because all this time, no one ever seem to listen.
I remember when I was five,
my parents were both lost on drugs,
so I'd sit alone at night and cry, wondering if GOD could hear me from up above.
A hollow hole developed in my heart over time,
as I searched the depths of life for love;
However, the hole only evolved as I stood in a line, waiting patiently for my turn to be loved.
Therefore I say, "If they only knew, would they finally understand me, or would they still fail to comprehend the truth, and continue to be blind to this hole in my heart that my soul see's??"
Since an early age,
I was destined to feel neglected and thrown away.
However, this emptiness can only make me stronger, as long as I don't crumble or break.
Every day I thank GOD that I'm awake, even if I know that my day will pertain in standing up against a heavy wave;
If they only knew what it felt like to be drenched in the rain, maybe they'd see better and stop causing me this pain...
IF THEY ONLY KNEW...

Dedicated to my mom and dad
(During the times when they left me hurting in this place, as I wondered and prayed).

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
Loyalty the Artistic
27 years old
11-20-16

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE. 57
"NO MATTER WHAT YOU'VE DONE"

All of my life I grew up with pain,
Multiple wonders clouded my thoughts.
Fear and anxiety developed in my brain,
It's sad to say, "But you developed alot of it, pops."
Although you often pushed me away,
I stood near with hope, trying to connect the dots.
Hopes of seeing my father express his love to his oldest son
one day,
Because one thing I learned from you, was to never stop fighting
for the things that we want.
As a kid you abused me emotionally,
And as a teen— you continued to restrain your love.
I grew up feeling angry and unworthy,
However, I've always loved you no matter what you've done.
Even though as a kid you pierced my soul with so much pain,
I never allowed my pain to fully look at you with complete hate.
You made me feel stupid and you spoke to me with shame,
Reminding me that I wouldn't amount to anything, as you threw my
artistic writings away.
It often became a wonder, in which at the time I couldn't
adequately explain;
The wonders of why you'd lecture my dark praise, yet you glorified
the thugs in our family and you worshiped your gang.
In the fourth branch that grew from a tree of mean-mugs;
I guess suicide at eleven felt normal, when all you see is bullets
and drugs, as you're searching for love.
I used to go to Elementary thinking that I was tough,
And when I was questioned about my future by my teachers; I said,
"All I want to be is a straight thug..."
I often would wonder why you and mom drank so much,
And I glorified your image, so I grew up stealing all of your guns.
Sometimes I contemplate on how I evolved so calm,
Because my thoughts were wild and out, the few times that I seen
you hit and cheat on my mom.
Holding it all in became my down fall,
So I crept the grounds of juvenile, like a ticking time bomb.
I know that it hurts to hear this truth from your son,
But holding it in is suffocating the breath that exist in my lungs.
Despite all of the bad, you worked hard and you were a good man,
So I'm thankful for it all, because it all made me who I am.
Now I understand what to do and what not to do with my unborn
children that are waiting to expand.
However, no matter what you've said and no matter what you've
done in the past, "I'll always love you and I'll always be proud
to call you my dad..."

DEDICATED
TO MY DAD

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY the ARTISTIC
28 yrs old.
7-31-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.58
"A Message To My Invincible Father"

Thinking of the good and thinking of the bad; 
Yet, over every circumstance, "I remain a loyalist to my dad."

Ups and downs we seemed to always have,
but now that I've matured and I begin to look back,
I've come to realize that your disciplinary helped me mature into 
a sophisticated man.

Sitting alone in this empty world, I tend to hear somebodies 
whispers; is it GOD speaking logics, or is it my dad crying to all my 
baby pictures...

From an innocent child, to a prisoner; The system labels us as 
nothing more than a criminal and his visitor.

If only they knew the struggles life forced us to go through, 
they'd realize our invincible connection and honor the truth;

How when we were kids, you mourned that one Christmas night, 
because times were hard.

However, not even panic attacks could break your strength, 
while GOD's angels were at guard.

Though the inner lies tend to fault you for my situation, 
the truth is, "It wasn't you, but GOD who allowed this incarceration."

The Lord himself knew this would enlighten our realization;

Building up the bridge we broke down, inorder to touch bases and 
construct our loyalty, love, and communication.

I once had a dream, where I was locked in a basement and an 
angel with keys said, "In three, freedom once again you'll face it."

There was a dark window that I could of ran to with hatred, but 
in the dream my brother Gabriel told me, "Hatred is out of the 
conversation. Do as the Lords angel commanded, and that key will free 
you from this temporary placement."

I was clothing myself in all black, full of anger and desperation, 
but now I realize that humbleness and obedience is the only 
prolific alternation.

I've cried out to GOD, with frustration, full of impatience, 
because I was thirsting for my father's love growing up, slowly dying 
of a psychological dehydration;

Influenced by loneliness, captured by my conscience apprehension.

However, the pain was worth it in the end, because it taught us 
how to grow in strength, amongst these allegations.

The anticipation that we reap what we sow;

A son and a father with a broken bond, under the same roof, in 
the same home.

Now the sons trapped in captivity alone, and his fathers 
losing control, when he reminisces on that innocent child that 
he use to hold;

How he'd look into that baby's eyes, expecting a brighter 
future full of growth, never assuming that the system would 
cause grief to his child's young soul.

A soul that he helped create to be strong as a lion roaring 
in a jungle, inevitably unbreakable.

Thanks to you dad, I've understood that I'm fully capable 
of mastering the most difficult, because I was equipped with the 
adequacy to be surmountable;

Through the hope of GOD implanted in my living soul, to 
sabotage all obstacles.

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 59
Had life been different, I'd never be the soldier that I am today, equipped with the adequate strength to stand on my own and leave behind a life involved with gangs.

Breathing in the pain and learning how to fight for my life, before I suffocated from the devil's whispers, severely piercing my brain.

Though a man is forced to fight to survive behind the system's gate, a man experiences the reality of wanting to win;

Like a fighter entering the octagon, and testing his strength;

Fighting to regain what GOD took, and taking the time to appreciate all that GOD gave.

One thing I've understood, is that we all make mistakes, but its the wise ones that live and learn from them, with anticipation of what the future inflates amongst the strong hands of GOD, where a simple choice can be the motive that helps a man acknowledge the importance of his life's sake;

Like you once said, "No one ever said life would be fair..."

I see you at times in my dreams lost in the alcohol's toxic for all of the despair.

You may have thought, said, and done things you would never imagine to creep up the path of your minds stairs, but the true grace of GOD is so strong that nothing in life can come close to compare.

So he gave you four children of a unique breed, to illuminate GOD's love and bright glare, through their passionate lives, "To show you that he hasn't gone anywhere and that he still cares..."

I once visioned your fathers prayers from the sky;

A young man looking down with tears streaming down his eyes...

Watching your every move as you adapted to a fatherless life...

He spoke to you, but you found it difficult to comprehend the echoes of his mourning, unable to reply...

So he asked GOD to bless you with four little lives, to help you realize that he's never left your side, and even though you can't see him, "He's been there the whole time..."

His love reflects from your children, produced through the abilities of your beautiful wife...

This is a message given to me, destined to be delivered to you, so that you fight to win, even when the devil's doubts say that you'll lose, in fear that you will one day realize this honest truth;

Seeing that all these years you've had armies of angels fighting for you, in order to reach this appreciative salute, manifested through the words of your son, in which are inevitably living proof..."

DEDICATED TO MY DAD
I LOVE YOU

ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
26 yrs old.
2015

THE LUXURY OF A MIND'S SLUMS
"WILL YOU EVER LISTEN"

My words begin to speak into existence, but will you ever listen?
Theres only so much time till they diminish, so grasp on to my words before they wonder off and go miss'en...

Drink after drink, its killing you slow, so I begin to think, "How much more time until you leave me in this world alone..."
The thought alone forms my tears; my throat begins to form a knot.
You always told me, even when I'm afraid I can't fear, because once we fear thats when our hearts panic and stop...
But how is it that I'm not suppose to fear, when I'm viewing you in a casket.
GOD knows my questions before I ask, so I hear the breeze of the wind saying, "Ask it."
LORD, I ask one thing, "PLEASE SAVE MY DAD."

For many years I cried alone, because I was a young child the first time I pulled the trigger.
All I want is to have you around when I come home, but theres only so much life left in your abused liver.
Please dont be the one to die before I come home, because you'll leave me lost in the dark wondering what to do.

Although when I was a child you hurt me and made me feel alone, know that, "I Never Hated You..."
How I wish upon a star for my father to one day be filled with godly ambition, and live the life of a sober christian.
I'm traveling through the depths of the skies on a mission, to stand on this flying star in order to fly into heavens gates to ask GOD for permission.

However even if I stood at heavens gates with a fishing pole seeking answers, fishing in a desperate fisher mans position, the question would still remain, "Will You Ever Listen?"

Dedicated to my dad.
Its another weight of stress weighing on my heart daily as I stand here compressed by concrete walls, thinking of the parasitic addiction thats killing you slowly inside. My only hope is that you receive the strength GOD has in store for you, in order to conquer your deepest weaknesses... Dont let your addiction take you away from us (your Family), more than it already has. Stay Strong Pops! I LOVE YOU...

BY: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III (LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC)
27- Years Old
THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
1-22-17
PAGE 61
"DEAR POP'S"

When I was young, me and my pops had beef/
18 years old kicked out on the streets/
Though back at the time, I never thought I'd see a smile on his face/
There's no man alive that can take my pops place/
Suspended from school/ was scared to go home/ I was a fool,
with the big boys breaking all the rules/
Sheed tears with my little brother/ Over the years we were
poorer than all the other little kids/
And though we led different paths/
The same drama occurred in the past/ When things went wrong we blamed dad/
I reminisce on the stress I caused, it was hell/
Hugging on my pops from my jail cell/
And who'd think in elementary at an innocent age/
I'd see the penitentiary one day/
Running from the police, in the fast life/
If pops caught me, he'd put a wippen to my back side/
And even as an alcoholic dad/
I finally understand, that it wasn't easy for a gang related dad,
trying to raise a son to become a better man/
You always were committed/
A hard working father in the sun-heat, tell me how you did it/
There's no way that I can pay you back/
But the plan, is to show you that I understand/ You are appreciated

-Dear pops,
Dont you know that I love you
-Dear pops,
I can never place another man over you
-Dear pops,
I appreciate you
Although my shadows gone, know that I will never leave you.

No one ever told me that life was fair/
But all through-out my childhood, I felt that you never cared/
Demonic voices echoing in my ears/
"Annihilate that love for your pops, cause the truth is when you were
hurt and scared, the coward was never there"/
As a kid I use to think thoughts out of neglect in my mind/
Like, "If my pops passed away I wouldn't even cry"/
Because my anger wouldn't let me feel for a father that became
a straight stranger/
I was told by moms that I was wrong and heartless/
But all along, I felt like I was searching for a father that was gone/
I hung around with the killers and thugs/
And even though they loved to bust slugs and slang drugs/
They always showed a young homie love/
When you kicked me out I started really hanging/
I needed money of my own, so I started slanging/
I use to say, I aint guilty pops/ While slanging dope out of my Little
Caesar's job/
Because even though I sell weed and rock/
It felt good paying $200 a month for the closet at your spot/
And bringing pizza to the table, when both yours and my tio Alex's
kids stood up waiting for a box/

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
PAGE 62
I loved paying rent when the rents due/
Despite proving that I can be a "C" from the hood too/
Becoming a man, is something I always wanted to prove to you/
But I was a teen, running out of time on the streets/
Because since elementary my only destiny was to become a man on my own in the state penitentiary, with a life sentence hanging over me/
I swear at times, I just wanted to die, If you only knew my misery/
But what helped me, is that you never left me alone, because you cared for me/
I remember the times when you used to come home after work late/
Working hard for hours, to put food on a hot plate/
You always worked with the scraps you were given/
The type of father that made miracles every Christmas and Thanksgiving/
But the world got tough when you were working all alone/
Trying to raise a family of 7 on your own/
With a bad ass son stealing the guns from your home/
Over all, there's no way that I can pay you back/
But the plan is to show you that I understand/

-Dear pops,
Dont you know that I love you
-Dear pops,
I can never place an other man over you
-Dear pops,
I appreciate you
Although my shadows gone, know that I will never leave you.

Pour out some liquor with my tears as I reminisce/
Cause through the drama, even after I got stabbed/
I can always depend on my dad/
On the run for a murder, but you still had my back/
And when I was locked in the hole, feeling hopeless/
You said the right words that can get me back on focus/
When I was locked up in juvenile hall as a little kid/
To keep me happy, there's no limit to the things you did/
Though there was a lot of hurt in my childhood memories/
As I sit here in a living hell where I've watched some of my closest homies die and bleed/
I still reminisce on all the good things that you did for me/
And even though I act crazy/
I got to thank the Lord that you made me/
There will never be enough words to express how I thorally feel/
You never kept a secret, always stood real/
As much as it hurts, I appreciate how you raised me/
And all the unconditional love that you gave me/
I know when I committed this crime, It hurt you to see me age from a kid to a man in a concrete cage/
And the pain only got worse, the day you seen me behind glass in the hole wrapped up in steel chains/
How I wish that I can take all your pain away/
But instead you're use to saying, "It is what it is" and drinking your pain away/

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.63
Im sorry pops, for the killer I've became/
Its like I lost myself in this cold blooded murder game/
However, now I can honestly say,
"As a strong young man I've really changed"/
Never in my life did I think I'd end up this way/
Now I understand why every time I stare into the mirror,
I always seem to see your face/
Cause good or bad, Im a split image of a man that shares my same pain/
It was once said, "If we can make it through the night there's a brighter day"/
I promise everything will be all right if you hold on/
Its a struggle every day, but we got to roll on/
And there's no way that I can pay you back/
But my plan is to show you that I understand/
You are appreciated/

-Dear pops,
Dont you know that I love you
-Dear pops,
I can never place another man over you
- Dear pops,
I appreciate you

Although my shadows gone, know that I will never leave you...

DEDICATED
To my Pop's
Through thick and thin, rain and shine
good and bab, cursed and blessed
"I love you through out it all..."

(This writing was inspired by Tupac's song that he wrote to his mother
Afeni Shakur, "Dear Mama." Listening to Dear Mama led me to write
this for my pop's... It was my Father's Day gift to him, as I sat here
in a prison cell, away for the ninth Father's Day in a row...
All credit goes out to Tupac Shakur. Had he not wrote Dear Mama,
there would be no Dear Pop's...)

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
28 yrs old.
5-26-17

THE LUXURY OF A MIND'S SLUMS

PAGE.64
"WHEN THE MOON DOESNT SHINE"

As I ponder through the depths of time, artificial memories begin to broadcast. Where to go when the moon doesn't shine?

Year after year I realize that my life is fading away fast... Its during these times that I feel the ripple effect of neglected love;

Only a prisoner locked away knows exactly what I mean. When our backs are up against the wall thats when we look up above, but who am I fooling when the moon fails to shine amongst this incarcerated breeze...

A tear from the skies eyes drops into my hands; GOD, is this you speaking to me in these dark times? Oh, how complicated life can get when it feels like no one understands;

Its during these nights that my soul mourns excessively, when the moon doesn't shine...

However, no matter how dark it continues to get, I remember that I have loyal ones behind me. Amongst these nights I reminisce on that loyal gift;

The day GOD blessed me with you on February tenth nineteen-ninety-three. When they took me away at nineteen and sentenced me to life, I remember the tone in your voice when you wept and cried.

The devil himself tried to abduct both our souls with manipulation and lies, but GOD reminded us that before we were in our mothers womb, we were called to be soldiers of Christ...

Although it gets hard knowing that at this time I cant be there by your side, I continue to look to the dark skies, imagining your illuminated life setting the spark in my heart when the moon doesn't shine.....

DEDICATED TO MY BROTHER GABRIEL

-I wrote this poem just for you. In this life of mine, it often gets so dark that I feel like Im going to slip when hope seems excessively far. However, its during those times that the LORD speaks to me the most. He reminds me of all the things that JESUS did for me, and he reminds me of the blessings he gave me- YOU...

I remember the day mom had you and they let me in the room; immediately I was silent and calm, because you were sleeping in moms arms. Thats when mom said, "This is your brother"- and I said, "That's mine!" Just thinking of it gets me tearing up as I write this. You were my first gift of life in this world; my first sibling. I was no longer alone in this world, because I had you. My little brother. So when I speak of the moon when it fails to shine, know that its a symbolic meaning to my life when I feel deprived of happiness in this dark place that Im stranded in. Your existence is what brightens my heart during these moments of darkness. I love you bro! Stay shining for me out there. I'll be home soon!

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
Loyalty the Artistic 27yrs old 1-20-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
"THE PILGRIMAGE OF A BROTHER"

Here I sit surrounded in my vision,
Severe in my depths grasping the tears of my eyes;
It seems we all live in a moment thats temporarily risen,
Visualizing the day when our souls will one day rise to the sky.
Journeying through the concept of time and distance,
Engraving the answers to all the what if's and why's;
Aggravation is a parasite in a soul thats building up patience,
At least thats how I feel in this pilgrimage amongst distance
and time...
For all the years we lost my heart mourns with blood,
Because I'm trying to trace the foot steps that my tears
wiped of track;
Like a wave washing away the foot prints that we created in love,
Their lost in history, as are the years we'll never be able to have
back...
Although I can't step back into the past,
I can promise to make the lost up to you;
And although you grew up on me so fast,
You'll always be my baby brother that only grew...
Watching you grow from the deep hole that I dug,
Is like watching my life fly by at the barrow of a gun;
Its severe in its presence, like the shortness of breath appearing
in the depths of a mans lungs...
These weights that are locked at my wrist seem to cut the circulation
from my blood,
Reflecting the concept of being cut off from having the ability
to hug the ones that I truly love...
This seems to be the reality we're forced to live now,
So beyond the pouring rain and dark clouds, I'll continue to search
for the sun-shine amongst the wishes of a trafficking crowd...
The day I find it, will be the day that I make it back out,
To the little brother that I left in the world as a young child...
The child that has became the young man that continues to
inspire me and make me proud;
In which I'll forever love beyond the galaxies and astronomical
sounds...

Dedicated to my baby brother David
Nothing can separate my love for you; not even the
distance and time of this long journey that I've been traveling in
for multiple years...
LEARN FROM MY
MISTAKES.
I LOVE U

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY the ARTISTIC
28 yrs old 3-13-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.66
"MOTIVATION"

One drip, two drips, three drips, four.
Red liquid blood on the floor.
Draining the life out of her tired soul,
easing the pain on top of the bruises on her heart.
She's always alone in the dark,
she sought extinction without pain.
Depression isn't obvious, but suicide is.
Her pain nobody sees, for she was always
grimacing at life in empty joy.
Depression was overtaking her,
hers mind yelling at her that suicide was the way
to her freedom.
About to cut the thin skin deep to touch the
blue vein that will eventually turn red,
the razor paused.
Just then when all hope was lost,
you appeared in the hurricane mind,
you found a way to find her through the long miles.
God has made a way for you to rescue
her heartache.
You were the reason why she continued
to stay.
You have saved her soul, and so have saved me.
You are the reason why I am continuing to stay.
My knight has escaped the bars,
my knight has flew in the dark to help his
sister escape the prison of death she was
trapped in. He freed her. And left the demons behind bars.
You have became my motivation.
I now know that I am not alone,
not are you.
We can fight together,
we can support each other instead of being alone.
Let us stand our ground,
we can win this battle.
We will break out of this prison. Together.
For you have became my motivation,
and motivation I have became for you.

Dedicated to my big brother
Robert Villalobos irl (Loyalty the Artistic).

* By: YASMINE VILLALOBOS *

6-30-17 THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
(My baby sister wrote this for me, to explain the struggle she was going
through, while fighting her own inner demons. At a time when all seem
hopeless and reaching a point of what felt like no return, I came to her
mind. It was at that time that she began crying more. She knew that it would
destroy me inside had she committed suicide. My countless letters of deep
encouragement and our profound conversations began to rewind and play over
in her mind. It was then, that I became her motivation.

When I was a child and contemplated suicide, due to my shattered soul and
life, "She became my motivation to stay. I love you sis. And I thank GOD for
you. Thank you for not leaving me alone in this dark world.
This is dedicated to all those that took their own lives and all those that
struggle with living. Your life is beautiful, remember that. You are beautiful.
"MY BABY SISTER" PART 4

As I sit here and begin to think of that little beautiful baby that she use to be,
a path of tears begins to flow down my eyes and down my cheeks.
The memories of treasuries,
like when she was 3 and use to always depend on me.
However, my baby sisters
no longer that baby that she use to be;
She's turning into a young lady, soon to be 16.
If only, if only,
I could be set free from this prison captivity
just so I could hold her in my arms
like that baby that she use to be.
No matter the time and no matter the years,
every time that I stare into her aging eyes,
"My baby sisters still there."
Don't ever think that for all of this time that
I've been gone that I never cared,
because truth is,"I cared so much that it made me scared."
Scared, of what I'd do to anyone that would treat you unfair,
or anyone that broke your heart,
leaving you shattered and despaired.
No matter the distance and no matter the time,
I'll always be here for you,
"Like the stars in the sky..."
Im here in the day, but I tend to stand out at night.
A significance of my loyalty,
"Protecting you from the dark troubles in this life."
Your big brothers always here baby girl,
to give you advice and hold you tight,
because no matter how fast you may grow on me,
"You'll always be my baby sister until the over-all end of time."

DEDICATED TO MY BABY SISTER YASMININE
You'll always be my baby girl.
I love you beyond limits...
You're my motivation,
ever forget that.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
25 yrs old.
2014

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 68
Another year to count down, where I find myself still out of reach from my baby sister; Held by limited bounds, unable to be around...

The thoughts that circulate my mind, create images of a young man crying inside, because he's searching lifes depths for his baby sister, but it seems that she's too hard to find.

Not because she's lost, but because he's come to realize that his baby sister's no longer that child she was before he became institutionalized...

As he's grasping into the air, it seems that his baby sisters no longer there.

So he falls to his knees bursting in tears, afflicted by the reality of being gone all of this time, amongst numerous years.

A young man with regrets and empty hands, articulating his sorrow into art, so that one day his sister will come to understand.

Understanding, that it was one mistake that he made as a naive teenager, in which enslaved him in a cage; Away from the beautiful baby sister that he thought he'd be around to help his mother raise...

It takes a solidified brother with a courageous heart to manifest his pain, and do the best that he can from an imprisoned grave; To love, cherish, and appreciate his sister, as if he was present with her each and every day.

It's like arms reaching out of a prison cell, but iron bars are in the way, "So it becomes difficult to see clearly with cell bars in front of your face."

As a tear sheeds down his eye, trailing down his cheek, he catches it instantly in his palm, and blows it away into existence, consistently.

A message of consistency to his baby sister, indicating that her big brother is still committed to his brotherly duties, foreverlasting...

To walk away would be blasphemy; Therefore till this day I stand strong with integrity, "Loving you unconditionally, fertilized by our ethereal memories."

Although I may be captured physically, and although you may be evolving as a young lady, due to times velocity;

They can never capture my hearts emotions, broadcasting heavenly-Like memories of a big brother protecting his baby sister from falling and scraping her knees;

From the time that she learned how to walk, to the time that she first asked me to push her on the swing...

When its all said and done, reality is that no matter how far away I may be, "No systematic authority on earth can ever come between you and me."

DEDICATED TO MY BABY SISTER YASMIN
I LOVE YOU, SIS
NOTHING IN THE WORLD CAN EVER TAKE THAT AWAY.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
"FROM the WOMB"

Night and day I live in pride,
Day and night I'm fighting to over-come.
My distance leads to an isolated life,
But what am I to do when fallen angels are bumble bee's
in which they've already stung...
Bumble bee's and butterflies is a myth,
Because all that I've been seeing is flying vultures.
Living a life where Denise tends to be so humorous,
So finding an escape route becomes apart of lifes culture.
Of course inorder to win one must fight,
Battle after battle I'm feeling like a King.
Though my fight against lifes oppositions is

to survive,
I'd be lying to say,
"Love and happiness never came with a severe sting."
Each and every day, life pokes at my wounds;
As the clock ticks, the clock assumes
that we're all headed for doom.
However, my logic of life is,
"Each day that we're alive is a blessing from the womb."
My prospective of life,
After the womb.

DEDICATED TO MY SISTER YASMINE,
IN WHICH WE SHARED THE SAME WOMB...
REMEMBER,
"NO MATTER HOW DIFFICULT OUR ANXIETY AND DEPRESSION GETS,
EACH DAY THAT WE'RE ALIVE IS A BLESSING,
FROM THE DAY THAT WE NAVIGATED FROM THE WOMB."

I LOVE YOU.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
28 yrs old.
8-10-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
"THE CAUSE"

-Sometimes I got to pause, when I feel Im getting lost/
-Falling into the pit, trying to hang on/
-Is there an angel to catch me when I slip and fall/
-Im trying to stay strong, fighting for the cause/

The cause: My mom, my family, and most of all GOD/

Paddling along the spiritual streams of Babylon/
Shackled in chains, like Mandela hurt, but fighting to stay calm/
Because the rage is like a lion in a cage, feeding off
vegetables and chicken broth/
Tortured losing weight/Muscles wearing off/
And they wonder why I snap like a croc, when the hunger doesn’t stop/
Im hungry for freedom from this misery/
Like a Jew being beat by a Nazi/
Ribbs poking out the side, literally starving for answered
prophecies/I don’t just speak the logics of history; I make history/
Through the realities that many never felt or seen/
The echoes in Mary’s screams, when her Son was hanging from a tree/
-Sometimes I got to pause, when I feel Im getting lost/
-Falling into the pit, trying to hang on/
-Is there an angel to catch me when I slip and fall/
-Im trying to stay strong, fighting for the cause/

The cause: My mom, my family, and most of all GOD/

Im going through so many dangers and fears/
Dangers of my weaknesses and fears of changing in here/
Shifting gears, because the fast life I live /Seems to always
cause my little sister tears/Oh, GOD/Why do I always seem to get lost/
Behind these concrete walls/Stranded in solitary confinement
every time I fall/To the systems temptations/stranded in the grip
of a lion’s jaws/Im in the belly of the beast/Trying not to pursue
in breaking these laws/Its a challenge locked in the system/
trying to follow GOD/My little brother told me hes willing to die for
this cause/Knowing out of 4 kids, I felt the worst of pain/
Under dark clouds that continue to shower my days in rain/
He challenged me to be brave and do the same/Like him and my little
brother Dave/My little sister always saying/”Robert, dont ever let
go of faith”/Battles in my brain/That this cage is my fate/
All I’ve ever known was life on the fast lane/Gang banging, fast money,
and retaliation with a gun or a shank/But who am I to lieto
myself/And say I dont want to change/Most guys in prison call all
their ex girls snakes/But maybe Vanessa would of stayed/If I stopped
slinging dope just to stay paid/And humbled myself to the point that I
wouldnt have to avoid having to survive off these food trays/Served
by Cal-state/I fasted for years for a christian woman like her/But when
things got rough, I fell back into the curse/ Vannex, remember that dream
with the 3 little birds/I anticipated that you were an angel I didnt
deserve/David said, even if I make my bed in hell, GODS still there/
So I observe/these strong profound words/My little brother David
just told me he’s becoming a youth director at church/My dads still
crying in his drunkenness/Cause losing me haunts him the worst/
So maybe if he drinks it off, the memories of me no longer there
wont continue to hurt/

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.72
I keep fighting, Moms keeps crying /Damb, we put her through hell, pops/
But she keeps on trying /To satisfy us all /But we're all still blinded
and lying /Each day that passes by /We're just slowly dying /
I'm losing breath as I speak /and rap from a prison cell block /
Time flying into another dimension /From this earthly suicidal clock /
Cause adapting to its ticks and its tocks /Is a guarantee cost to see
our hearts come to a stop /It hurts /But its eleven a clock /
And my bunkies sleeping up on the top /So I'ma tone it down a notch /
And pray for strength to change /As I talk to GOD /

(Father forgive me my faults; Give me the strength to hold on and fight
for this cause... Amen)

-Sometimes I got to pause, when I feel I'm getting lost /
-Falling into the pit, trying to hang on /
-Is there an angel to catch me when I slip and fall /
I'm trying to stay strong, fighting for the cause /
The cause: My mom, my family, and most of all GOD /

DEDICATED
To the cause.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
26 yrs old.
2015

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS' SLUMS

PAGE 73
"INNOCENT IN HER EYES"

Its a real thin line between love and hate,
Some dumb me to hell,
And some await me at heavens gates;
Even if Im far from living well.
    Am I a demon or am I a saint?
Will I blossom or will I cry?
    Whether Im both,according to the image the system paints,
I was always innocent in her beautiful old eyes.
    Confusion is an obstruction we all conceive the second we're born,
Where am I?Im lost...So I reply with a deep cry.
    I was destined to succeed,but Im a rose amongst thorns,
Restrainted by their needles,so Im tempted to stick my arm out to
say good by.
    If I allow these needles to creep through my veins,
Im seventy-five percent more likely to die.
    What would you do if you were me,with eight struggling years
of heavy chains?
    A tracks appearing on my arms,while the angel of death is
wispering,"Its time to be mine."
    Im climbing a mountain of broken dreams,
But at the top my grandmothers yelling,"Keep trying and fight!"
    Swimming through my sins,as I travel through the streams,
Im drowning in toxic,guided by a spirit that roams around blind.
    I remember what my pops told me,
Some days I was stupid and some days I was as sharp as a knife.
    Maybe if I was stupid I'd be free,
Because my sharpness persuaded me to take another mans life.
    Im immersed in darkness,searching for the sun light,
Pain is a ripple effect that suffocates my heart.
    Although I may have been innocent in her beautiful old eyes,
She understood that I was another young soul stranded in the dark.
    Temptation is a sickness that haunts me at night,
But I've been told that we've all been born fragile and sick.
    Thank GOD that I didn't cure my sorrow with a needle that
directs black lies,
Because I'd be another young life that fell victim to a hot fix.
    They say in life you only make a few real friends,
I guess Im alone now,because I just found out that my real friend
fell out and died.
    While the man next to me is best friends with a full syringe,
Im alone as I cry,because although I took another mans life,
"I was always innocent in her beautiful old eyes..."

DEDICATED
To my Grandma Ofelia;The most innovating friend I had in my young
life.You helped me believe in myself since I was a child
and you always reminded me that I was capable of anything.
Thank you for being a part of my life and never judging me.
It hurt me to lose you while I was caged in this tiny cell;
For a second I thought that I almost lost my mind.However,your
love implanted in my heart kept me whole.I'll miss you,
until Im present with you again.Rest in peace as you live
forever in my heart.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III (LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC)
27 yrs old.  10-16-16  THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
"THE REFLECTION OF PAIN"

I've been through so much pain,
and I've lost so many people that I love.
Saying goodbye is the hardest part,
when you're forced to depart from the ones that
you unconditionally love.
Life continues to go on,
however, the pain stays still in the heart and the gut.
Pain is often too difficult to bear,
but I often feel that anything is possible when I've
comprehended that my god sisters neither here or there.
I'm afraid of what I might become when I look into
my future with a deep stare;
However, pain only reflects that I still have a heart
that cares, and I'm not as cold as the system declared.
They always say that life isn't fair;
Well if you ask me,
"I declare that life wasn't fair the day my cousin
MONIQUE died, and lost all of her hair..."
When she died at sixteen,
I swear I cried like I lost my own life.
Now I comprehend that wounds are permanent,
internally bleeding trying to cope through the night.
When you died MONIQUE,
I screamed, "GOD are you there??"
It was at that moment,
that I knew I opened a door to a different dimension,
because my call was so blare.
The circulation of affliction and anger confused me,
and I blew up like deadly chemicals running on a short
fuse.
What can I say,
I was just a wandering soul searching for clues.
However, before time runs out and its too late to
choose between what's right and what's wrong,
"We must refuse to lose to hate, or to the dope that's
cooking on a hot metal spoon..."

The reflection of pain, when these severe wounds
were all that I knew...

DEDICATED TO MY COUSIN/GOD-SISTER
"MONIQUE"

This life has been excessively hard for me to pull
through with out you. However, I've managed to get through
these depths of inner wounds. Since we were kids I always
felt that I had a duty to protect you from all harm,
because I knew that the reality of living in this earth
was dangerous. Then when you caught cancer so young and
died, "I felt like I let you down." However, I know that you'd
hate to see me so lost in life, as I was when you left. So
step by step, I pulled myself together. It was because of the
conversations we had with each other about GOD, that got me
through. You led me to GOD, so thank you, MONIQUE.
Although you're resting in peace, you're forever alive in my heart.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III (LOYALTY the ARTISTIC) 27 yrs old.
THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS 10-29-16
"IF YOU EVER GET TO READ THIS"

It's a thin line between the Truth and a Lie,
I just found out that you exist some where out there.
In other words-realistically speaking,
I've been living a lie the whole time,
because through out these hard years you've been
no where near.
Truth be told it kind of triggers my emotions,
for years I've taught myself to survive and swim.
Had I not,I'd be another dead soul floating in this
cold ocean,
if only,if only I had known where you've been.
All along, the man I called grandpa wasn't my blood,
not that it changes anything at all.
Because if anyone, he was a perfect example of
unconditional love,
and he always kept my spirits up during my hardest falls.
However all this time I had no recollection that
you exist,
until the day my grandpa died on me.
My grandma told me the whole story how my mother was
your kid,
but she was forced to go back to her husband, based on
traditional beliefs.
For a long time I wondered why my complexion was so
light,
because everyone in the family doesn't look like me.
However, now I've come to understand why;
My biological grandfather has been nothing more than
a stranger to me.
Sometimes I wonder if I passed you up before, not knowing
you were a man that beared fruit from the same tree.
These are the things that ache my soul and make my
throat sore,
because I could have passed you up in my life, not
knowing you were a missing part of me.
I'm sure you're an old man now,
I just hope this gets to you before you pass on and
desend into the ground.
Even though I don't know you,
I love you and you're dearly missed.
The thought of never getting to meet you,
boils my blood and makes me want to curl up my fist.
However, over all, acknowledge that I now know that some
where out there you exist. Consider this a little message
indicating my LOVE for you, even if you never get to read
this...

DEDICATED TO GEORGE RODRIGUEZ

(my biological grandfather that I never got a chance to meet)
Around 1971 you met my grandmother Hermelinda in Mexico City. Later on in 1972, she
gave birth to your beautiful daughter that obviously was an ideal reflection of you.
That beautiful woman is my mother. Evidently, my mother finally explained to me the
reason why I inherited hazel eyes because you had them. I wrote this with hope that
your spirit will receive my words one day. Until that day comes know that I'm searching
for you. Only time will tell if finding each other is meant to be.

1-7-16 27yrs old

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III/LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
"WHEN IM GONE"

Some say its best to express our-selves before we die,
A logical statement is that life on earth isn't long;
So before that day comes I want to speak my mind,
And tell you girls that I'll take your love with me even when Im gone.
When my heart stops beating and my flesh turns cold,
Remember that your love gave me hope in this struggleing life;
And when my eyes lose its vision and shut close,
Remember that your love brought life to the depths of my eyes.
To think how life turned out,
I often wonder how I got this far;
Traveling through the dust of the clouds,
Trying my hardest to reach the stars.
The dust of the clouds indicates this imprisonment that Im in,
And the stars that Im fighting to reach indicates the fact of
being with you two;
Although it gets difficult, I promise that I'll win,
And I promise that I'll make it back home to the both of you.
I know it's going to take some sweat and tears,
Before I can reach my two beautiful stars in the sky;
But when its all said and done I promise that I'll be there,
So promise me that you won't lose hope and disappear from my sight.
It seems all of my life people abused my soul,
Since my childhood days I cried out for help;
Though many things happen to me your love kept me bold,
Like my two guardian angels catching me each and every time that I fell.
So remember how both your hearts kept my heart invincibly strong,
As I struggled through the night of my life striving to reach dawn;
Because those days going to come, when all that there's left
to remember is our love for each other,
THE DAY WHEN IM GONE...

Dedicated to my cousin Anita and goddaughter Audrina

I wrote this poem specially for you two, so you can both understand how much your lives mean to me. Its only logical that we're all going to be gone one day, so before that day comes I want to reflect the love in my heart towards you two.
My life changed for the better the day GOD brought you girls in my life. So when you're sad, just read this poem and remember how much your cousin and nino loves you. 
I'll always be here for you two, even when I'm gone.
I LOVE YOU BOTH

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY the ARTISTIC
27 yrs old
1-20-16

THE LUXURY OF A MIND'S SLUMS

PAGE. 77
"MY INEVITABLE BLESSING"

When we were kids we stood together like a team,
my fights were your fights and your fights were my fights;
Together we always seemed to over come anything,
even when one of us cried and the other was there to wipe the
tears and calm the frights.
     I often wonder how GOD brought us so close,
     but I guess its just our destiny to be unseperable;
     At times when I feel like Im stuck in this alone,
you always seem to come to my rescue,like a blessing thats
inevitable...

If I could fly to the sky and bring you the stars,you know that
     I would,
     and if I was rich ,I'd make sure that you never had to
work again;
However, its obvious that I have no wings,so the desire
does me no good,
     but I could promise to be more than a cousin,and be
your loyal brother and best friend...
     Im so thankful for this invincible chemistry that we've
formed in truth;
Sometimes I swear we can take on the world,as if we were both
bullet proof.
     This is my 9th Christmas away,and it gots me burning like
a short fuse;
     How I wish I could buy you the world,
     but as of now my only gift to give is,
"This love that I've developed in these 27 years for you..."
     I LOVE YOU ANITA...

DEDICATED
To my cousin Anita;
You've always been like a big sister to me...
     In which I can never forget...

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
27 yrs old.
12-10-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.78
"MY PRECIOUS STAR"

My precious star shining in the sky,
I wish upon so high to be with you soon;
These years have flown by so fast that my heart tends to
shed tears and cry,
Although my heart pumps off afflicted wounds,
"Your love illuminates my heart beyond the strength of the moon."
Since the first day I laid my eyes on you,
I knew there was a purpose, for GOD putting you in my life;
Your smile alone has always helped me pull through,
even when my circumstances became pitch black, and the sun
failed to shine...
Over all, you're a blessing that poured down amongst these
times of dark rain,
because when I was soaked and cold, you made me feel warm
inside;
At times I felt lost in my own thoughts, but your existence
kept me sane,
so forever I'll be thankful to GOD for making you the light
on my path, that guided me through the times I felt that I
was going blind...
When they took me away I felt hopeless,
because I knew there was a possibility that I'll never be
a father.
But that all changed the moment that your amazing mother
dedicated you to me, during these difficult times when I felt
like an animal waiting to be slaughtered.
Truth be told, you're one of the closest feelings that I've ever
felt, when it comes to having my own daughter.
So today I'll give you my gift of love and tell you that,
"I love you unconditionally, my beautiful god-daughter."
I LOVE YOU BABY GIRL

DEDICATED
To my god-daughter Audrina

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTI$TIC
27 yrs old.
12-10-16

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.79
"MY BETTER HALF" Part-2

As I aim for the future I step into my past, sometimes I wonder, what happen to me? Though I've made mistakes I acknowledge my better half, suddenly I remember why I fight daily to succeed. From the moment that I developed in your womb, I felt a comfort that became my soft spot.

It was at that given moment that I fell in love with you, because when a fetus is in a woman's womb, its mother's love is all that it gets.

You helped me develop and you helped me breathe;
when I came out of you cold and naked you kept me warm.
And though I failed you at times, you still believed in me, even when I was up against the odds, drowning in a sorrowful storm.

You've always guarded me even before I was conceived, no wonder why the moment I seen your face, you triggered my heart.

Forever you'll be the other half that defines the good in me, because the times I slipped and fell, your conspicuous smile picked me up and led me out of the dark.

It's a hard knock life they often say,
one day you're here and the next day you're gone.
However I say, "Though I've drowned in past pain, it's my better half that keeps me strong."

My better half, meaning my mother; the only woman that has the ability to stare into my eyes and keep me calm.

-My Better Half

*Theres no closer similarities in life that can come close to, like the bond that I share with you. We have the most in common; for one, mom, you gave me life. Therefore its your life that created me into life. And for two, I will forever share that identical pattern of life with you.

All around we share the same circulation of life. I thank GOD for you, my better half.

Dedicated to Monique & Paula
(I wrote this for them; from a daughter to a mother)

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
4-22-17
28 yrs old

THE LUXURY OF A MIND'S SLUMS

PAGE.80
"HE’S ONLY FOUR"

He’s only four and he’s already felt the things I’ve never felt before. His tiny heart is weary and his eyes are so tired, “I see his little eyes getting sore.”

The confusion of wondering why these things are happening to him seems to cause his tears to pour and pour. He thinks to himself, “Why do I have to feel this way? I’ve never hurt anybody before, and I’m only four…”

As he cries for his mother’s touch, her heart ripples with affection at its core, because the doctors won’t let her hold her baby while the procedure drives its course.

It’s said to be that, “Her baby’s been diagnose with a rare cancerous disease.

He’s losing his sight, so it’s becoming impossible at this time to see the reflection of his mother’s beauty standing at his side crying silently. Though she’s crying silently, "GOD" hears her cries and reminds her that the start of this chemotherapy is just the beginning of his early victories.

As his nature unique indomitable power annihilates this toxic virus that’s trying to weaken his little body, his heart begins to pump stronger and stronger, like the forces of warriors fighting.

Though it’s hard right now when catastrophic events are real, I’m speaking these words into existence, “He’s only four with cancer, but by Your stripes he’s already been healed.”

-1 Peter 2:24 “Who Himself bore our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, having died to sins, might live for righteousness — by Whose stripes you were healed.”

-This is dedicated to baby Geo and his beautiful mother Danielle. I know its difficult facing this pain that you two are experiencing at this time in life, but I want to encourage you both to stay Bold. Know that through “Jesus Christ’s” stripes you have already been healed, baby Geo. Being an innocent child, life may seem confusing at times when your experiencing undeserving pain. However, "GOD" is on your side, and I believe that you will conquer this sickness...

Keep Fighting Baby Boy... You’re always in my prayers and I’ll always be here for the both of you. I LOVE you two.

By: Robert Villalobos III

Loyalty the Artistic

7-20-16 (27 years old)

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 81
A

KING AND HIS QUEEN

This section of my book was inspired by the thoughts and feelings I've experienced with these women...
   From NICOLE, to DANIELLE,
   to ROSEMARY, to VANESSA, to KARLA, to SERINA,
   to a mysterious WOMAN, and to the IDEAL WOMEN
   of my life's deepest inner passion...
   Better put, "THEE IDEAL WOMAN of my heart and soul..."

Some poems don't have names on them, and some indicate that you know who you are.
   That was purposely done for you women to put the puzzle together,
   inorder to know who I was thinking about while my MINDS inner depths was pouring out LUXURY;
   something of a kind that you women never felt...
   What can I say,
   "I'm just a KING searching the depths of a woman's heart, inorder to discover my QUEEN..."

The LUXURY OF A Minds SLUMS

PAGE. 82
"A KING AND HIS QUEEN"

They say time is a gift given by "GOD", set with limits. But It’s on us to be sedulous and come to an understanding of how to cherish that time with the ones "GOD" put in it.

Realizing all things set a significant purpose, obviates doubt and illuminates my soul with hope on this surface. Like growing up in a cell, inflicted by artificial curses wondering to myself, "How did time become so worthless?"

Until a time came when a glare of light sparkled through a tiny crack, in a moment so spontaneous; as if a seraphim broke into my cell and blessed me with a gift in which motivated me to be pugnacious and ambitious.

The gift of a beautiful woman, sophisticatedly loquacious, with living words beyond basics. A vital necessity that enlightens my thoughts with a living conscience, appeased with the invigoration of her hearts majestic concepts; worthy to be meritorious like the last one standing in a ride or die contest...

You’re the sweet seduction to my taste buds like rich honey pouring out of your pores, equipping me with evocativeness of your sensual pleasures, produced to be a vital necessity to my soul, no doubt; like an epic traditional ritual to my conscience and emotions that I can’t function without.

The utilities of your incandescent nature is superb, an adequate sensation flowing through me in an adrenaline expression; like an internal key unlocking the treasures waiting for that perfect woman to be crowned as my QUEEN, with the crown I’ve been guarding sufficiently.

I was far from emotions, but you taught me how to manifest love, by me just being me... Love over comes All Things, like my loyalty and realness inevitably setting you free from any fake theories or false beliefs. Any guy can make assumptions when he speaks, but only a REAL KING with dignity is capable of all logical things, "Like loving and caressing a woman from her head to her feet, and for the characteristics of her unique personality."

Together we’re like energy and growth combined as a team, destined to invincibly succeed. My hormones trigger in the depths of my sensuality when I imagine your luscious touch adapting to my body, causing irresistible energy to erupt, like casting a rock into a calm lake and watching the waters ripple across in opposite directions, until their too far to be seen.

In essence, my touch will rock your world until you fall asleep, yet still aroused within your tender spots, infatuated in your dreams; drip dropping all night like a faucet with a leak, streaming down into a sink. Though to grow, indeed seeds have to sink, but at this moment my duty is to have your heart floating with passion, in a prolific odyssey.

When I say, "You’re my ethereal gift" know that’s truthfully what I Mean. My royalties as a KING are to build an unbreakable kingdom with a beautiful QUEEN, in a ride or die seen. **As iron sharpens iron, so a KING sharpens his Queen.** Developing together, we’ll conquer anything and make history. Stay strong and clothed in loyalty! I Love You Baby! -A KING AND HIS QUEEN. (Dedicated to that special QUEEN)

By: Robert Villalobos III (Loyalty the Artistic) 2015 (26 Years Old)

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
"NICOLE"
-The other night I had a dream about you/
-Writing love letters like we use to do/
-And things aint ever been the same for me/
-Since the last time I said good by & kissed you on your cheek/

-I fall asleep & all I dream about is you/
like you're established in my thoughts/there's no me with out you/
Thinking of the good times & thinking of the bad/
but the truth is, you're the best pain that I ever had/
Romeo & Juliet had a blast while it last/
gone out with love, even when swallowing the pain of being stabbed/
They say, it's a fact that soul-mates attract/
so I'm trying to comprehend why every time we say good by,
you seem to come back/
Dreaming of your beauty gots me off track/
so I react, in our own dimension/like this present division was never mentioned
Writing love letters, healing each others affliction/
your girls warned you that I was a bad boy, but you never cared to listen/
And still loved me like no other, looked me in my eyes & expressed it/
realized what I had, a sophisticated girl, with a divine effection/
The only one ever capable to own my attention/
it's easier said than done but we did it & made it fun/
Talked all night till the rising sun/
how one day you'd be the one to mother my daughter & son/
Had our times when we'd argue & hang up/
"Forget you! Look what you've done!" /
"Call back like, "Ay, I'm on my way..."."
Sexual appeasement & making up, like two rabbits in love/
And even though life goes on/
Im running memories, like the greek legacy of Marathon/
Remembering how you were quick to nibble on my lips, as your pants slipped off/pleasuring your body to what ever love song that came on/
Taking the risk to act like I left/
sneaking back in/hiding in your room, making it spontaneous/
Three a clock in the morning, we're back at it again/
waiting for the sun to set/lying to your parents like,
"I just walked in"
Then later we'd lay in your bed/your head on my chest/
laughing at it/like no we didn't/
We alienated robotic romantics, because this was our fashion of
being romantic/
(now you got me singing)

-The other nigh I had a dream about you/
-Writing love letters like we use to do/
-And things aint ever been the same for me/
-Since the last time I said good by & kissed you on your cheek/

-Damb, just thinking about last nights dream/gots me wanting to fall back asleep/into the dimensionality of my dreams/

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.85
Cause when I wake up in the mourning, somethings missing/  
that's you not being at the side of me/  
Nibbling on my ears, whispering your imaginative fantasies to me/  
how you'd tear me up in a second, like a female lion feasting for meat/  
That's that snap-back in your genealogy/  
must of got it from your mama, "Shouts out to Kathy; beauty creates beauty"/  
We promised we'd ride till the end/despite costly decisions & friends/  
trying to hold us back/thats exactly what we said/  
Committed till the end/until distance forced itself between our relationship/  

Crying your self to sleep, with migraines in your head/  
while I was full of emptiness, watching my tears drop all night, like a broken faucet/  
The excitement we had when you took that pregnancy test/  
missing your period for the second time had us stressed/yet full of spontaneous excitement to receive GODS blessed message/  
My hollow reminiscence/you're with it if Im with it/  
and Im with it if you're with it/  
But things didn't go our way, like an unexpected miscarriage/  
that's when my life became a blur & you met that fool through Peril/  
Time went on & you gave birth to your beautiful baby girl/  
lost me but gained the whole world/so its fair game for all that it was worth, when you gained her/  
You wrote me when she was in your stomach/I was happy for you, but it still hurt/cause that was something we always said we would share first/  
Till I ran out of blessings & luck/stuck in 2008, while oh boy beat me to the punch/  

So much for the master plan/ but I still call when I can/  
picking up when he's gone/cause even though he's your babys dad/  
deep down inside, you know whos your man/  
Talking to you when you were in the hospital, after laboring the princess that you had/  
I cried when you almost died/panic attacks/so I prayed to GOD fast/  
like, "GOD forgive me for my past; keep her alive, dont do me like that"/  
cause how can a heart function without its better half/  
Remember your 18th birthday, when I took you to Disny Land/?  
watching the fire works spark in the sky, holding hands/  
on the real that was a pausing moment for me, that time can never have back/  
"A memory that will go with me to the grave when I take my last breath as an old man"/  
(and you still got me singing)

-The other night I had a dream about you/  
-Writing love letters like we use to do/  
-And things aint ever been the same from me/  
-Since the last time I said good by & kissed you on your cheek/  

DEDICATED TO NICOLE  
It took for all of this that happen to us, to be set in stone, in order to acknowledge how much you truly meant to me. Even when I try to forget about you, "I cant..."  
For some reason I always find you in the depth of my dreams, mourning.  
I'm still trying to figure out what it all means.  
Whatever it may be, just know that you'll always be a true blessing/  
that time took away from me.  
All I ever wanted was for you to be happy.  
I hope you found it, girl, because you deserve it...  
BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III  
Loyalty the Artistic  
JAN.2015  
25 years old

LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

(Inspired by: Drakes, "MARVINS ROOM")
"TIMES WITH DANIELLE"

Since my childhood memories and desires,
You were always that special one;
The depth of your smile was an unquenchable fire,
Its no wonder why we could never say,"What we've begun is
officially done..."

From babies on Easter to just two kids at Castle Park,
You were always the girl that I loved in my past;
It's impossible to deny your beauty when I search the depths
of your heart,
Like the times I'd stare into your eyes,during our visits behind
glass...

No matter where time has taken us,
Its habitual for you to always think about me;
Thinking about you is never enough,
So I'm constantly trying to catch your image floating amongst my
ethereal-dreams...
Life's obviously been a challenge for us both,
So who can ever question our LOVE;
I've always been the one that you loved the most,
Because all I ever did was prove to you that I was worthy of your
trust...
I remember when we were young and we used to talk on the phone
all night,
I'd always try to get you to sneak out of your house;
However you were always distracted by the frights of mights,
Like,"My parents might wake up and they might find out."
All I could say is,"Don't doubt;"
Baby I promise it's going to be okay;"
You would try to explain your-self,
Because you were too much of a good girl to let your integrity
break...
It was that good girl in you that I desired to permanently
be with,
Truly Danielle you were divinely one of a kind;
As I stare at your pictures you're the one that I continue
to miss,
Oh how I wish in my mind that we could do it all over again
a million times...
Reminiscing on the times we'd literally plan out our future,
And you'd tell me,"One day baby I'm going to have your kids;"
However,as time went on the affliction only got deeper,
In which we found our-selves in a desolate moment full of
emptiness.
Remember when I use to sing LOVE CREATED MY PAIN,
And you'd blush up,because I was the first to write a song
about you;
Nobody else ever made you feel that way,
Because only I had the ability to make you smile,even while
being in a prison visiting room...

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.87
IF I could go back in time, "I'd change a lot,"
And I'd make you feel like the only woman that mattered on this earth;
However dreams and memories is all that I got,
So please forgive me for all of the pain and for failing to make it all work...
Its factual that theres only so much that I can do now;
Yet the fact still remains, "You-Danielle, I can never live without."
Although our chemistry is our vital connection,
Becoming "Whole Again" is a beautiful sound;
However, the question is, "Will ever again see the mechanism of our love, before we're both deceased in the ground?"
As I was searching for an answer all I found was this written amongst the sky and the clouds:
"ONLY TIME CAN EVER TELL....."
Therefore know that all I ever wanted was,
"To comfort your heart, and be the reason that you lived your life with a perfect smile..."
So smile for me baby girl, as I sit here thinking about you, beyond these hundreds and hundreds of miles...."

-Times with my precious Danielle

THIS ONES DEDICATED TO YOU DANIELLE
You already know what it is.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
28 YEARS OLD
7-22-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 88
"ALL WE HAVE IS MEMORIES"

Time is inevitable and death is lifes closest friend; Happiness is known to begin, but it doesn't count unless it last until the end...
A shattered heart between two, creates emptiness; Like a neglected child left to be an orphan in a cold dark den.
Reminiscing on the past only continues to cause my mind to wonder, "Where have you been?"
A question that has grown with me amongst these nine years in the depths of a forsaken pen; Where memories and wonders are all that one has left...
Its wonders like this that only you and I can adequately comprehend...
I remember my days locked up as a juvenile delinquent, when you were all that mattered, because the thought of your beauty was rated at double digits when it came to ratings between one to ten.
The part I loved most about who we use to be, was the fact that even though you were an innocent girl from the city, you understood that my bad boy identity drove you crazy...
The type of crazy that you only see on movies, about the struggle and truth in dedicated love stories.
If you ask me, I'd say, "Our history is beyond the things you read about or see on T.V., because our chemistry is the reality of what it means to define unique intimacy..."
Memories that will inevitably go to the grave with me...
Memories that over flow my soul like priceless luxuries;
The type that make me feel rich internally, even if my poor souls been damaged inwardly...
Memories that I can recollect, inorder to remember why I titled a section of my book, "A KING AND HIS QUEEN..."
The type of memories that help me over see the amount of years I've spent in the penitentiary, because the thought of them make me feel eternally free...
Its these memories that direct me amongst the dark, when I feel its impossible to see through it all of my misery.
Memories of you and me, with all the what ifs and what I always wished we could one day be.
I remember when you told me to come over, because you felt that you were ready to give your virginity to me.
However my stubbornness kept me on the streets with a nine millimeter pistol, gang banging with hate and slanging dope to quench my thirst for dirty money...
I swear if I could go back, "I would go back immediately."
Who knows where we would of been, "Maybe happily married with our own little family..."
Babies with daddies hazel eyes and mamas perfect smile and caramel complexion, in which demands attention the moment it appears in a visible scene of a minds luxury.
My interpretation of this scene, is a feeling I describe as inner peace; even if its a combination of dreams and memories.

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.89
Just imagine a little of you mixed with a little bit of me; perfected beauty evolving from the bond of our inner seeds. They say perfection is impossible, but I see perfection each and every time that I visualize your beauty giving birth to my off springs...

I remember when I used to rap and sing over the phone to your cousin about how I felt towards you, back when I was sixteen.

Now it's June two thousand and seventeen, and my boy just told me that he heard you were asking about me. Hopefully this time we can have each other for keeps, because as of now, "ALL WE HAVE IS MEMORIES..."

BY: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
Loyalty the Artistic
28 years old
6-4-17

Dedicated to that girl that always had the ability to wander through the depths of my mind; creating superlative memories that will go with me to the grave.
You know who you are...

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 90
"I ALWAYS WANTED YOU"

Beyond this distance
and beyond this time;
You've always illumined my existence,
and you've always been the catch in my eyes.
Though we've seperately evolved,
and though we out grew the future we drew;
I considered you a gift from GOD,
and I always wanted you...
A bad boy reflected my identity,
and my character had no replacement;
However I found myself captivated by your beauty,
because the echoes of your hearts waves were so contagious...
At a time in my life you were the only,
excessively perfect in your characteristics;
multiple years later here I sit reminiscing
vociferously,
re-calculating your bright limitless existence
that my mind defined as heliocentric...
Its a hard knot to swallow knowing that you're
gone,
and its afflicting pain to live in this truth.
However,you've always been that special one,
because like the universe revolves around the sun,
"My thoughts continue to revolve around you..."

When its all said and done,know that,
"I Always Wanted You..."

Dedicated to that beautiful smile that was
once the center of my life...
You were that HELIOCENTRIC -sun center of
the universe;every thing revolved around
your beauty,like the planets
and the stars revolve around the
suns beautiful illumination...

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
Loyalty the Artistic
28 years old
4-17-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.91
"LOVE CREATED MY PAIN"

Loves driving me insane,
    Love created my pain;
    I'm missing you every single day,
    Baby, I just want you to stay...

It seems that me being locked up is distracting
    your dreams;
    I'm so full of pain that I just want to be free...
    Blood flowing through brain,
    Driving me insane...
    I pray, pray, and pray
    For a release date some day...
    Truth is,
    Loves driving me insane,
    Because this love created my pain...

DEDICATED
To Danielle

(I wrote this song called Love Created My Pain for her
    back when I was fighting my case in the county jail.
    She was getting ready to go to boot-camp,
    because she had just enlisted in the military
    to join the U.S. AIR FORCE...
    A combination of wondering if I'd ever make it back out,
    and wondering if she'd ever make it back from the military
    collided within my mental.
    So I began to write this song for her...
    After going over it a few times in my mind,
    I went out to our visit prepared to sing it to her.
    It was the last night visit behind a thick glass window;
    Just me and her...
    I sang these words to her, and hummed the melody
    to her, as my fist beat on the window.
    She started blushing and fed me a facial expression of
    joy and grief.
    The song was long, but at the time this was all that I could
    remember...
    My ultimate goal was just to put a smile on her face before
    she left to boot-camp, and reflect how much I loved her,
    for all the love that she ever gave me;
    Especially while I was locked up,
    fighting a murder case,
    of 26 years to life.
    We were just kids back then, thinking nothing could ever
    separate us.
    Smile for me... This one's for you, girl.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
19 years old.
2009

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
"INTERNAL KEY" (Part.1)

Dear GOD, show me a sign, because at times I feel emotionally disturbed and blind.

As I'm staring at the stars, I begin to wonder why...

Why is my heart often frozen inside?

Could it be that I hid my internal key in the depths of the sea, and now its just impossible to find??

Some tell me that I have a thick heart, based on the fact that I often isolate my affliction in the midst of the dark.

Its evident that I've allowed the depths of the ocean to deliberately swallow the key that I've tossed beyond limits under the stars.

Now here I am staring at the stars, wondering where could you be?

Where ever you are, know that I've become George, full of curiosity; Wondering and wondering, "Where these severe wounds and tears of significance will eventually lead..."

For a moment you thought that I didn't care, because I left and let you do your own thing.

However, the truth is, "I cared so much that I found my-self drowning internally, as I was searching the hollow latitude of the seas, hoping to find the internal key that has the ability to open the sealed gate to my limitless sensibilities."

The question that often remains to be, "Do I have to find you or do you even care to find me?"

What ever the ramifications of all this may be, maybe one day I'll come to comprehend the reasons why I allowed you to slip through my dreams and disappear from the interior of my heart, before I was awaken from my sleep.

You once said, that no man ever truly appreciated your inner beauty, until you met me;

Remember that dream you had, when we were at your grandmas house, and you were afraid of what I might see, being that you didn't have your make-up on and you were struggling with your insecurities?

So you turned off the light and got mad at me, but I still followed you into the room just to be around you, and immerse my-self in the comfort of your company.

It was then that you felt GOD revealed to you my true identity. An identity that was excessively understanding; Uniquely different from every other man that you thought was the key to the luxury of your hearts forbidden intimacy...

The funny thing is, you experienced this all and I wasn't even free.

We started from lined paper and conspicuous words spreaded out with ink, eventually discovering what we'd fabricate, emotionally.

To the point that one day you got so lost in your feelings, that you led me to believe that a solidified relationship could be a possibility. Based on the fact that with GOD there's no impossibilities.

I was a kid from these gang related streets, raised in the darkest penitentiaries, and you were a college girl that annihilated her past and converted to christianity.

Therefore I bonded with you in this passion for CHRIST, in hopes to see what fruit the angels would reap from two wounded spirits that were searching for the same thing.

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE93
Until one day the key slipped so quick, in which I tried to grip the frame of its existence, but the multiple tears that dripped caused us both to lose grip; That's when the inevitable spoke and I dugg my-self right back into a dark ditch.

As I opened up my hands, my brain captured an image of a beautiful key that was only meant to disappear into a watery mist. Could it be that I'm shattered in my mind, confused, dying slow inside like I'm emotionally sick...

9-1-1, GOD send me heavens paramedics, because I've been praying for an answer; Articulating my soul through words and music. Truth be told, my intentions were never to hurt you, VANESS; I mean how could I, when all along, "You've always been one of the best..."

The only devoted woman that brought me the GOSPEL, and righteously immersed the head quarters of my limitless heart, beyond its depths. For once in my life, the beats in my heart felt relieved of stress; As if an anchor of inflicted wounds was supernaturally yanked from my chest.

I remember when we first met, "You confessed all of your trespasses, so I decided to take you serious and give an ear to the story of your life," as I earnestly listened.

How much more can I confess the luxurious reality of being richly blessed, when I've felt the reality of thinking that I was destined to die alone in this imprisonment, within the jaws of a cold cell covered in obscure cement.

I prayed for a moment that an angel would be sent; Although you were far from perfect, you were one of the truest believers that I had ever met.

A sophisticated spiritual woman, in which I felt deserved all of my loyalty and respect, and that's exactly what I did.

So much respect that I never spoke to you in a sexual sense, nor did I ever attempt to rush you into a kiss.

Now I'm staring at the stars wondering where that all went...

It's evident that GOD gave me this blessing and allowed it to be taken away.

Some times I wonder, "Was it something I said, or was it something that I forgot to say.??"

I visioned my mind in the clouds, and my heart locked away in a grave; In which displayed a theme of pain, as I watched our burnt letters spread out amongst burning flames.

Therefore my words became ashes, and they flew away into time and space; Beyond this present existence, centuries away.

I'll never regret all of the loyalty that I gave, but I do regret having to feel this way.

So now that you're able to read about how you became my internal key, unlocking my feelings after Nicole and Danielle as you attempted to turn the knob slowly-"You can finally read about how much you were beginning to mean to me..."

I guess now I'm just waking from my sleep, in which the ideology of reality awoke me from my supreme internal dream.

Now this is where the concept of us leaves me; staring at her pictures, dear GOD, just give her a little wisper, and let her know that I'm always going to miss her. -MY INTERNAL KEY

DEDICATED TO VANESS

BY: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III (LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC)

25 yrs old '2014'

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE. 94
Another leaf falls from a tree,  
a season of inner emotions begin to rise.  
My hearts locked mourning to be free,  
because GOD and I know there's only one woman in my life that  
I can honestly say has always been capable to be my only  
internal key.  
Complex thoughts formed appeasement and pain,  
the flow in her eyes begins to speak.  
My love for her knows no limits like innumerable grains  
that are defined as sand amongst the shores of the sea.  
All that I feel seems to be trapped,  
so I search through my soul and begin to contemplate.  
We've allowed our worries to fabricate a gap,  
until today's given moment when GOD brought you back into my  
life as an answer to the multiple times that I prayed.  
Sometimes I wonder, "In the future where will we be?"  
The thought alone triggers the depths of my heart.  
My souls visualizing my conspicuous internal key,  
so my love can fulfill GODS will, like the life of all life  
eexisting on Noah's Ark.  
They say ones eyes is the entrance to ones soul,  
so I begin to journey through the beauty of your eyes.  
A woman that brings me hope is centered at your pupils,  
its no wonder why you've always been my angel in disguise.  
All I've ever wanted was to be the Fire to your Desire,  
appeasing your needs beyond the average degree,  
so Im articulating the image my heart see's  
when I stare into your existing beauty,  
in which reflects the only woman GOD created for me.  
The woman that was predestined before the earths formality  
to enter my scars and wound's that spiritually bleed;  
inevitably setting this love that exist inside of me,  
foreverlastingly free-  
My One And Only Internal Key.

Dedicated to MY INTERNAL KEY

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III  
Loyalty the Artistic  
1-31-17  
27yrs old

THE LUXURY OF A MIND'S SLUMS

PAGE. 95
"IF IT EVER COMES TO BE"

As the wind comes and begins to blow
I begin to wonder,"Where will life take me?"
For many years I've mourned alone,
Because my heart has always seem to travel through its
beats on empty...
Oh dear GOD, how much longer do I have to feel like this?"
As time continues to tick and tock repeatedly
the taste of appeasement I continue to miss,
because my taste buds are dying out like Moses thriving to
reach a land full of milk and honey...
I've been told that I was predestined to succeed,
despite my failures and childhood stress.
If success ever comes to be
I'll begin to thank the heavens for this GOD fearing
woman named "Vanessa..."
In my times of affliction she stood near,
reminding me that despite my circumstances, I was loved
and blessed.
Its this woman's heart that taught my hearts eyes to see
clear,
even after our disputes and the times we both left...
FATHER, we left what you created to once be in the
year of 2013;
truth be told; it was hard for us both Lord, to bond during
those moments of fright."
If our hearts desires ever come to be,
I promise that I'll never again let that blessing
disappear from my hearts emotional sight...
Its in these times that I take a deep breath and stare
at the skies,
wishing upon a star to feel that happiness again.
At any given moment we can vanish and die,
so before that day comes,"I'm going to allow my soul to
vent out all that its been holding in."
Why should I continue to sit and wait,
If the reality of life is that "We're never promised
tomorrow?"
I want you to know that it has always been my heart's
passion to walk with you during your spiritual trials
in the rain,
and be the friend you always dreme of having in your
moments of sorrow...
No woman alive has ever made me feel this way,
and I know by me just articulating these words its
excessively hard for you to swallow.
However I have to make my living words a priority before
I descend into my grave,
because as I've stated,"We're never promised tomorrow."

THE LUXURY OF A MIND'S SLUMS

PAGE 96
Beyond your failures, and your souls tears and scars, I wonder if you truly know how special you are, because every time that you enter the depths of my thoughts, my visualization of who you are is...
"An angel in disguise that deserves beyond the moon and the stars."
As I continue to cherish you for who GOD created you to be, whether you appreciate it or not, it will always be impossible for me to deny who GOD created me to be when it comes to cherishing you internally...
Even if you're not alone today on Valentines, my mission is to still put a smile on your face and make you feel happy and appeased, because in my eyes, you're reflection was the light at the end of the tunnel that I once strived to reach...
So when it's all said and done and I'm in front of you standing free, know that you have always been my answered prayer, "If It Ever Comes To Be..."

Dedicated to Vaness
Even though we've agreed to go our separate ways, and came to the conclusion that what we once had is long gone like time itself, desolving in the winds; I will always be grateful for the times we shared during my most difficult times of imprisonment.
Beyond these words of past feelings you will always be my friend.
I wrote this for you because you sincerely deserve it.
Take it as a gift from GOD;
I'm just the instrument reflecting the sincere appreciation you deserve.
"Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me." - Matthew 25:36 KJV

BY: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
Loyalty the Artistic
27 years old
2-1-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 97
"MY GARDEN OF ROSES"

As I drift through a luxurious garden clothed in beautiful roses, images of a queen with various poses projects the screen of my mind, amongst a peaceful smell of roses. Her love salutes my heart's rhythm, indicating that she's at my service to fill in the emptiness that exist in my heart's conscience.

I want to leap in this garden of roses, but I'm nervous, so I tend to mismanage my faith in love, because I'm losing focus. However, as this garden of roses begins to blossom, I come to realize that a significant purpose is sprouting at my heart's surface. The same fertilization of pleasure and ease that fertilized this garden of roses, is fertilizing a new life in me.

She planted in my heart begins to proceed in its development, magnificently; the more it pursues to grow after each heart beat, intensity begins to spring out of my sensibility. I see a future queen walking towards my throne of love, over flowing in sincerity and beauty. She bows a knee, and I'm blown away by her humble heart and amorous conspicuity.

That's when her desire dawns upon me, and I begin to perceive that she's been waiting for centuries in this garden for me to be the gardener of her heart, because her heart was meant to be my kingdom, and destiny chose me to be her king.

The reality was set in stone since the very beginning, when this garden was first planted with the seeds of a rose's irresistibility. Who would have known that one mistake would be the reason that two detached souls would never be able to become whole...

The many tears that flow down from the eyes of a young boy and girl, indicates the sorrow that flooded their once planned world to live an ethereal life as one, inevitably inseparable. Though the wind blows, we can't see the direction that it goes; however, we know that its still there, where ever it roams. In essence we define the inevitable, based on the unique spot that no-one else can own, in which our hearts will forever hold.

When I'm awake she the existence in my thoughts that my heart articulates.

And when I'm asleep resting upon broken promises and fantasies too far to be reached, she's the reason that I dream.

She cried herself to sleep the moment that she excepted reality, because truth be told, "She knew that never again would she be able to hold onto me."

This isn't what I thought my life was supposed to be, but I acknowledge that GOD never implicated that love would ever be easy.

The aspect of life, is that it continues to go on. We're born, we live, and then we return back to the breath of GOD. So before we enter the future of an inevitable existence to come, and our souls are far from this earth, permanently long gone, know that no distance or time could ever come between these superlative feelings, because my heart continues to hold on to the inescapable path that GOD inscribed on our palms...

Dedicated to my inevitable soul-mate out there roaming the world.

You know who you are...

By: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III (LOYALTY the ARTISTIC) 27 yrs old 2016'

THE LUXURY OF A MIND'S SLUMS

PAGE 98
"NO TIME TO WAIST"

My heart beats and the ripple effect of my thoughts begin to circulate; Like the ripple effect of a rock being skipped amongst the above surface of a lake.

The velocity of time is traveling at an excessive pace, so as Im staring at the clock while it ticks and it tocks, I come to realize that there really no time to waist...

Anything could happen to us girl, and we could die any day; Therefore its my souls deepest passion to say,"I'm here to dedicate my time to your name(______)"

I close my eyes, imagining your beauty in my life as Im drifting away to ,"FIRE & DESIRE" by Drake...

It feels like Im Ryan Gosling in the Note Book, so please dont pause. This moment and just let this love story play.

Its accurate to say,"You've never had a man like me in your life, because never have I attempted to discriminate."

Someone questioned my fate and said,"You could have any woman you want, so why attempt to settle for a woman that you havent even seen in multiple years, face to face?"

I said,"Because from what I've seen in her so far, is the answer to all of the times that I prayed, and there's no time to waist."

Not too many woman have had what it takes to ease my pain, when my soul tends to ache from all the devastation its experienced in this life that never promises the next day.

One day we can fall asleep and die in the last moment we had with each other, failing to be awaked.

Therefore why wait another day to draw closer than ever baby,"If you and I know there's no time to waist..."

I want to be the one you come to when you got something on your mind, or when you're just frustrated inside and feel like balling up and crying;

Because I promise you that I got what it takes to renew your emotions and make everything all right...

When you feel alone in this world and doubt plants a negative seed in your mind, remember that you got a loyal soldier by your side.

However I need you to follow my lead in this battle baby, as I stand against your demons and put up a fight.

The world may look at you as any other woman, but honest to GOD girl,"You're my angel in disguise."

When I stare into your eyes I see my path way home, and a completion to my future life...

And even though its a little too early to jump to conclusions, I can honestly say,"I've drame of making you my wife."

We're only getting older baby girl, so lets just stop waisting time, and come closer than ever until our hearts are fully combined and solidified.

There's no time to waist baby, and all I want to do from this point on, is make you all mine... Happy Valentines!

Dedicated to the woman that completes my time in this life.

By: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III (Loyalty the Artistic) 27yrs old/12.28.16
"A BEAUTY AND A BEAST"

She's a beauty that flows through the depths of my conscience, transforming the way that I constantly think; visualizing your luxurious touch feels like the presence of heavens sent, humbling the soul of this savage beast that exist in me...
For years I've felt like I was destined to die alone, because a pitch black hole is all that I've ever known as home. My heart pumped blood so cold that my veins stood stiff as they silently froze.

I'm the beast that was never excepted in this world. They said, I would never amount to anything in this life, so they threw me in this pitch black dungeon and enforced 26 years to life in prison on this heavy heart of mine. Frowned upon by the cops that attempted to put a bullet in my spine, so that I'd never be able to appease the desires of my future wife.

Instead I over came their diabolic plot and fell into a place where the sun never shines.
I always told myself that I would never settle down for anyone, because every one felt too fake to trust.
My heart grew with the intentions that I'd die alone, never understanding what it felt like to truly be loved or ever being able to love.

Until one night I fell asleep and entered a dimension so luxurious.

As I stood in the dark, a beauty walked towards me, like light reflecting the perfection of a beauty so amorous.
All it took was a smile that I never seen and a soft ethereal touch, then the hole in my heart was sealed and the beast in me woke up.

I often wonder how a beast like me could change so rapidly, by experiencing a unique chemistry with a beauty that fought through my nightmares to master my dreams.

I guess that's why it's sufficient to never say never, because if a beauty can calm the heart of a beast, anything is possible between a beautiful woman and a man that's been systematically raised in a penitentiary since the age of nineteen.

The indication of a human being with the heart of a beast, but in the eyes of this beauty, all that she sees is "Perfection and Peace..."

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 100
-As I stare into the depths of your unique beauty, my mind began to drift into a vision and suddenly these words circulated my mental as I stood captivated by your beautiful reflection...

The combination of your sense of humor and your superb smile illuminated my hard heart, like a bright candle dripping hot wax in the midst of darkness...

It felt like I entered a brief dream and realized how such a delicate woman like you could make a beast like me feel excessively at ease deep down inside.

That's something no other woman has had the ability to do...

Maybe it's GOD, maybe it's the presence of His angels, or maybe it's just the power of the chemistry that my soul feels when your evocative beauty enters the visualization of my mind...

What ever it is, just know that I love the feeling of its ethereal existence.
I need that unique peace in my life. That's me just being honest...

Dedicated to my BEAUTY
(The Beauty to my inner Beast)

BY: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC

27 Years Old
12-16-16

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 101
Staring at your pictures of beauty, my soul begins to erupt.
You got what I need, truly, no wonder why I'm feeling for your touch...
In my eyes you lack no perfection, all around you complete the ideal.
Your touch triggers my souls deepest effection, because you're the woman that makes my life feel fulfilled...
When I stare into your eyes all I see is my Future;
growing old with you is something my heart desires.
Even amongst the rain and cold tempatures, my LOVE for you lives FOREVER like an unquenched fire...
Although I find myself out of your sight, know that my soul mourns for you so much.
As I stand here alone tonight, my soul knows nothing else..."TO CONTINUE TO FEEL FOR YOUR TOUCH..."

Dedicated to that IRRESISTIBLE WOMAN

BY:ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC

27 Years Old
1-23-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.102
"KEEP ME WARM"

Standing in this dungeon all alone,
my heart begins to lose its form.
It changes from flesh to stone,
so I wonder,"Could you be the one GOD sent to
keep me warm...?"
All my life I searched for hope and change,
but the further I got my soul found itself alone.
Traveling through clouds of constant rain,
hoping to be kept warm inorder to crack this heart
of stone...
Everyone's greatest fear is to die solely lonely;
The thought of passing up love is fear itself.
Therefore take this opportunity to cherish me
and hold me,
because being without your touch is like poison
to my health...
Altered by the darkness of my pitch black world,
indicating the ramification of what made me so cold
as the Antartics hard ice.
I'm searching for a diamond that I can hold and
never let go,
so that I can experience a luxurious warmth that I
never felt before in my life...
As the days evolve and the years continue to pass on,
I'll sit here in the cold waiting for you to keep me
warm before my life is long gone;
remembered in the hearts of all those who reminisce
on my words forever inscribed in a poem or a
song...

DEDICATED TO THE WARMTH OF MY SOUL
The only woman that has the ability to keep
my soul warm in my coldest of moments in this
krazy life of mine...

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY the ARTISTIC
27 yrs old
11-18-16

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.103
"A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING"

As I stare into the depths of her image, my soul clenches and my heart skips a beat...

The beauty in her soul knows no limits, like the grains of sand that exist amongst the sea...

Sometimes I wonder if she knows this her-self; has she ever had a man to speak to her like me, or is she a beautiful dimond that's still waiting to be found, as I travel through her conspicuous beauty...

I see the pain gasing from her eyes, shes been emotionally hurt and abused over and over before.

The thought alone boils my blood and makes me want to fight, because I'd go to war with the whole world just so she'll never have to feel that pain any-more.

Drifting through her memories to give her a future of peace, I acknowledge her wounds and I'm no stranger to them.

Let me be the medication that heals your soul internally, because just like you when it comes to my parents I often feel so far from them.

I might be alot of negative things in the eyes of society; a menace, a felon, and a convicted murderer locked in the dark.

But in all reality, I'm just a wounded soul, baby, fighting through my wounds daily, trying to find a cure to my heart.

The moment I heard your voice flowing through my ears, I felt close to that cure; until I stared at the reflection of your illuminated beauty and realized that my cure was already there.

It's rare to say that, "In my past I've felt this way."

To be honest, I've had many women in my life, but no innovation has ever taken place...

I guess that's why they say there's a first time for everything under the stars where God created man and woman to share a bond that not even the darkest of skies could break.

I'm sure we've both been through journeys with two face snakes and fakes.

However, there's a first time for everything, "So today let me be the real one you've been waiting on to illuminate your heart and make you feel superlatively beautiful each and every time that you hear my name..."

There's a first time for everything, baby girl... Remember that...

Dedicated to the woman in pain

BY: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
(Loyalty the Artistic)
27 years old
12-9-16

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
"THE TREE OF LIES"

Down falls another leaf, 
out comes the rise of my eyes. 
Empty words echo amongst this cold breeze, 
as I stand watching this tree of mischiefous lies. 
These leaves have a meaning, 
and significance combines with this tree. 
These loose leaves define the lies that she often speaks, 
and the tree is this woman's deceptive personality. 
When she speaks to me, 
my heart turns cold, 
Because it's obvious that she's already been deceived 
by a snake that's wrapped around her fragile soul. 
She broadcasting this serpents spirit, 
falling victim like Genesis' first woman Eve. 
A melody of lies, I continue to hear it, 
as she's eating forbidden fruit from a dishonest tree... 
My Mother always said, "Women tend to fall in love with me."
But I say,"These females always come with a price, because nine out of ten define dishonesty." 
Therefore my soul tends to pay for it when I'm captivated by the night, at a time when the moon fails to shine... 
I often say,"I've out grown the wickedest of pain." 
However, evil voices always seem to be the reply. 
Sometimes my anger can form its own flame, 
burning inside for every spoken lie... 
Leaf after leaf a pile begins to rise, 
so broken promise after broken promise, 
"I'll be here raking these leaves that deceive from a tree full of lies..."

Dedicated to all the women that lived off of their lies...HAHA!

BY: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
27 Years Old
2-3-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
PAGE.105
"TEARS OF A BROKEN HEART"

A scratch creates a hole in the heavens above,
so the tears of the angels fall down in rain.
This alone defines an error amongst broken love,
when the tears of a broken heart begin to translate...
In this life we can all some what relate,
because no matter our complex pigmentation,
we've all experienced similar pain...
Its logical to say,"When the heavens reflect
the tears of a broken heart, the surface of the earth is covered in the sorrow of a rainy day..."
No matter how many times I've been let down
I enter the dome of a brain that educates;
taking more steps forward than backwards,
learning from each and every mistake...
No-one ever said, letting others in your heart would be a piece of cake,
because the destiny of love is to experience a heart break...
Where have all the Romeo and Juliets gone?
The ride or dies and the Bonnie and Clydes??
It seems that when you're traveling through the tears of a broken heart, LOYALTY is hard to find, because the tears of a broken heart were influenced by broken promises and lies...

Dedicated to the tears of every broken heart that fell victim to the pain that comes with LOVE...

BY: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
27 Years Old
2-2-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 106
"WHO KNOWS"

My thoughts begin to freeze,
as images of us are frozed;
Wonders of what we can be,
but all that I can say is,"WHO KNOWS...?"
It seems like all the women that I meet,
are destined to eventually come and go;
However,when it comes to you,"FOREVER"is all that Im
visualizing;
Yet,all that I can still say is,"WHO KNOWS..."
Your words set my body at a high degree;
Im assuming thats just what happens when you no longer
have to hope.
Hopes of finding a woman that makes my life complete;
In which only your piercing eyes have the capability
to fasten and hold...
Staring into your eyes is an odyssey of
our hereditable genes forming their own colonies;
Simply put,
"A foundation of never ending intimacy,in which our
off-springs will always remember as an
epidemic legacy..."
Truth is,
you got me feeling like The BACHELOR on ABC,
"Finally finding thee woman of perfection,
to unlock my heart and soul..."
I express this,
because out of all these women in this world,
"You're the only one that I could see myself giving
the final Rose..."
However,
all I can continue to say is,
"WHO KNOWS..."

DEDICATED
To that sophisticated woman
with those piercing eyes;
In which reflects the illumination of,
"My Future."
This is just the beginning,
"WHO KNOWS WHAT THE FUTURE COMPLETELY HOLDS IN THOSE BEAUTIFUL
EYES OF PURITY..."
I've come across many women in my life,
yet none have stimulated my hopes of LUXURY,
as you have...
I guess thats just what patience blesses us with,right.
"FUTURE HOPE."
-HO WHO KNOWS...

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTiSTIC
28 yrs old.
8-17-17

THE LUXURY OF A
MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.107
"INEVITABLE TIME"

I know that the years have passed,
and I'm still unable to be out there to hold you.  
Although time is inevitable,
as it comes and goes;
One thing that will always remain the same is,
"My unique love for you..."
This love that I feel towards you is
so deep that not even the oceans can compete.
When the rain pours down on me
in this systematic institution that I've been
held captive in,
the love that I have for you ripples in my heart
and I'm reminded that I have a million
reasons to smile...
Suddenly the rain begins to dry up rapidly
and the strength of the sun begins to emit light
in this enclosed dungeon that I've been
locked in;
Illuminating my soul with your etherealness...
It's at that given moment
that I'm at peace within my hearts depths,
and I acknowledge that you're one of the reasons
that I remain
"UNBREAKABLE"
in this challenging life of mine...
When these doors inevitably open up again,
you're one of the most important individuals in my life
that I want to be welcomed back home to,
in which I call, "INEVITABLE TIME."

DEDICATED to the one I'll always love
waiting for me in the depths of inevitable time...
You know who you are.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
27 yrs old.
2016

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.108
"SOVEREIGNTY"

The sovereignty of your beauty is divinely top rank,
So I'm wishing upon a flying star for you to stay.
I begin to contemplate on the interior of your perfect
sense of humor, and I think to myself,
"Who can ever take your place..."
You're everything that I ever asked for,
So I assume that this just may be fate.
They say that relationships come and go,
in which we can both say from past experiences,
"That's something that we both know."
However, at this moment I can only hope,
That you're the one that sticks around for me to
Love and Hold...
Love doesn't come easy,
Yet neither does anything else worth dying for in this
world...
I feel like an explorer searching for diamonds and gold,
Because for multiple years I searched to find a woman
equipped with your soul.
Now I can honestly say, "I'm done with my searching
because I have you to love and call."
The storms can come, and the rain can continuously fall;
Yet I'm determined that I'll evolve stronger than before,
Because I'll always have you through out it all.
My sovereignty beauty amongst them all...

DEDICATED

TO my Sovereignty (The superior of them all)
You know who you are, girl.

ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
28 Years Old
7-27-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 109
"ANGEL"

How often do we get to say,
"An angel was born in fall season?"
I witnessed this gift today,
The second she appeared on earth breathing,
A beautiful child created to change the world,
Manifesting love through her heart and her soul;
To remind her beautiful mother that she's not alone,
because this angel was created to console her mothers priceless soul.
As her mother stares into the glare of her babies
adorable eyes,
She's filled with this unconditional comfort that she's
never felt;
The pain of carrying her child for 9 months amongst
difficult times,
Over-flows her heart with appeasement and love,
the day a c-section was emitted and this angel came out.
A conspicuous woman on her own during pregnancy,
Obviously scarred her heart with severe pain;
However, truth be told, this woman's equipped with independence
and integrity,
So she'll always be worthy of my respect and praise.
And even though I met her while she was pregnant with a little girl,
It's a sincere pleasure to say,
"I would give up my dark world, just to be apart of their
etereal world..."
Serina, don't ever let anyone play with your beautiful heart,
Because diamonds are meant to be cherished, not mishandled or
broken apart;
So now that you know this,
Whenever you're ready for a real king,
"I'll show you what it feels like to be cherished and guided
through the dark;
Cherishing you like a diamond in the hands of a jeweler.
that knows how to handle the beauty of a woman's artistic
heart..."

Remember trix's are for kids, and this KING aint no kid, baby girl.
So when you're ready to enter the luxurious presence of
a KING, holla at me...

DEDICATED
To my friend Serina

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
27 yrs old.
10-30-16

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.110
"LITTLE BABY IN A CRADLE"
(Adelinas 1st christmas)

Dear little baby in a cradle,
my heart goes out to you, at this moment that I pray;
Although my circumstances continue to be fatal,
I hope to be able to hold you one-day...
You see, for the last years I've been gone,
Imprisoned as a child and systematically raised to be a man...
For years I searched the dusk, hoping to reach dawn,
so maybe one-day you will see my heart for what it is,
and be able to understand...
I know you're a bit too young to comprehend my intent's,
but don't worry, one-day I'll tell you the complete story of my life;
For now just continue to smile and enjoy your moments of
pure innocents,
and when the time comes you'll begin to realize,
that I'm not only your mom's friend at this time,
but someone that you'll be able to depend on until the end of time.
It's an honor to write you this poem that flows with a pen,
directed by a unique heart that's divinely articulate.
There's a first time for everything little princess,
so let me be the first man in your life to wish your
beautiful self, "A Merry 1st Christmas."

Merry Christmas baby girl...

DEDICATED
To my friend Serina's baby girl, "ADELINA."

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
27 yrs old.
12-10-16

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE 111
"COMPLETE" (Part.1)

The only thing I ever wanted in life, was to be whole;
To be divinely one with a special unique woman;
To be needed and truly loved back,
beyond the universes significance...
What greater feeling is there,
than to need and truly love that special woman you fell for,
and to be needed and truly loved back by
that special unique woman...
Its priceless, limitless, and innumerable,
that my whole life is worth being with you until the absolute end...
That's how much you mean to me baby;
You're all that I've ever needed, wanted, and drame of loving one-day...
Without you, I'd never be complete...
Because just as oxygen makes life complete,
"Baby, you're what makes my life complete."

DEDICATED
To the one that makes my life complete...My true love.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY the ARTISTIC
26 yrs old. 2015

"COMPLETE" (Part.2)

Sophisticated in your features,
Therefore when I stare deep into your eyes,
"All I see is my future..."
Its simple for me to say,
"You fulfill all of my wants and needs..."
The last chapter, in which now makes my life complete.

DEDICATED
To the fulfillment of my heart.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY the ARTISTIC
26 yrs old. 2015

THE LUXURY OF A MIND S SLUMS

PAGE.112
"EVERY HUMANS WISH"

This life is just a preparation for the next, but how great is it to know that you were loved before you left...
(Theres nothing better than to be able to love and be loved back, unconditionally...Thats every humans wish.)

Dedicated to every human.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III (LOYALTY THE ARTI$TIC)
26 yrs old.  2015

"WHAT I SEE IN YOU"

I want you to see what I see in you;
You're such an inspiration full of beauty and light created by GOD...
The integrity that titles who you are,
and all that you stand for is divinely priceless;
Like treasures in heaven,
amongst GODs angels...
When you speak/write your words into existence,
Its like life itself,
amongst a created surface of intellectual beauty...
I admire you for who you truly are,
beyond your imperfections and hidden scars;
Because when its all said and done,
"Your hearts reflection stiched up my dark heart
and illuminated my soul when I thoughtI would forever be ripped apart."

Dedicated to the conspicuity
of your inner beauty.
You know who you are.

BY ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY — THE ARTI$TIC
26 yrs old.
2015

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.113
"WHERE IS SHE"

As my pupils lie at the center of my eyes, I seem to ask a question so deep, that when I stare into the heavens my vision pierces the skies...

Wondering, "Where Could She Be...?"

Beyond those visions, integrity and loyalty sprouts like a flower amongst the night, manifesting through the characteristics of my incandescent wife.

Although I see her clothed in everlasting light, it seems that the glare at the end of the tunnel gets further and further every time I conquer each fight just to get closer to the woman of my life.

Therefore it's only natural that I get down in my emotions and spirits with my guard lifted, like an army surrounding my heart, arm distance from anyone that tries to get near it or in it.

In my heart there's a throne and a royal crown awaiting that superlative woman, however only one size fits; strictly for that soldier that's capable of making it through the fire, refusing to call it quits.

The soldier that became stronger than she was before she entered the fires surface.

The pressures of life determines a person's capabilities, like standing grounded on the surface, taking on the strongest of winds.

A woman that's invincibly confident; that even when life throws obstructions at her, she refuses to flinch.

The unique woman that doesn't talk a good one, but expresses it through her superb presence.

So real that not even a life sentence can distance her love and loyalty from the supreme bond we've created, beyond the simplistics of being stuck between barbed wire and chain link fences.

Her tears of definition are an adequate inspiration, in which solidifies the manifestation of our diverse fabrication, combined amongst the solidarity of our solicitous characteristics.

Survival exist within the attribution of our ethereal chemistry, beyond limits and boundaries; that not even the existence of the universes gravity could keep up with our down to earth velocity.

When I'm awake, she's the existence in my thoughts, that my heart articulates.

And when I'm asleep resting upon broken promises and fantasies too far to be reached, she's the reason that I dream...

However I seem to ask the same question repeatedly, "When will I find this superlative queen?"
Im searching for that suremountable heart, to unlock its depths with this internal key that rises from the passion of my souls inevitability.

Time is of the essance when your're searching and searching for a treasure equipped in luxury.

Because life is too short to live with the regrets of passing up what we could of been, instead of acting on the opportunity to speak life into existence, sufficiently fabricating what we can still be...

However, once again my words are no mystery, because my words continue to reflect three simple words of curiosity, "WHERE IS SHE?"

Dedicated to that perfect woman out there in the world, thats destined to make my life complete

BY: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
Loyalty the Artistic
27 years old
3-4-16

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.115
BONUS:

*Look out for Loyalty The Artistics next poetical book: "The Reincarnation Of Demise"
COMING SOON!

The next two poems are a brief glimpse of the artistic words of Robert Villalobos III (Loyalty The Artistic) in his next significant project, "The Reincarnation Of Demise."
A poetical book that is dedicated to his good friend Taylor "DEMISE" Vallen;
who was shot to death at the age of twenty...
Loyalty The Artistic hands his pen and paper off to the living spirit of his friend "DEMISE", as "DEMISE" enters his LUXURIOUS MIND and speaks life from the dead...

*Poem .1) "COLOR BLIND"
*Poem .2) "BE ALERT"

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

PAGE.116
"COLOR BLIND"

Entering the latitude of ones mind,
"Is it Biassed, is it Pro-Confederation, or is it Color Blind?"
Shackled at the core of my life;
my spirit and soul withers up and down the frame
of my scoliotic spine.
Whipps on my back, yet no legislation proclaims a fine;
my assumptions of political ties are completely different
from the way that our founders taught us how to
socialize.
How do we inhale Liberty and Equality,
when our Constitution was framed by these incollaborate lines:
"DISTINGUISHMENT FULLY CAPITALIZED..."
Therefore the inner being
stereotypes before it decides to socialize.
Have we all just been immersed in one big deceptive lie?
The truth of this deception,
is strictly the beast of hates paradise;
fatherless in this deception,
in which this truth dissolves in sight.
Growing up without freedom,
is like birthing emotions that only stay confined inside;
therefore we project our new born minds,
to follow the movement of Frederick Douglass,
father of the Civil Rights.
Im Dred Scott
coming from a Mexican blood line;
therefore freedom is mine.
So in the same essence, "I must continue to fight."
Opposition is a must when discrimination is in tact,
like Homer Plessy opposing the Separate Car Act
and challenging bias-ism with his complex complexion;
being that he was a white man,
yet one-eighth of his DNA was conspicuously black.
They denied me facts and told me,
"You off spring of a wet back, scoot to the back!"
However, the back of success is far from my
psychological grasp.
So Rosa Parks spoke to me in a vision that hatched
and said, "STAND UP! And refuse to be pushed to the back.
If hate wants your seat so bad, tell it to take a seat
on your lap, so you can rock it to sleep
and put it back in its diabolical trap;
foreverlastingly capped.
No way out,
so forbidden opportunities can become free;
now make that a historical fact..."
The ideology of this math,
is that pigmentation is just a blanket
covering our souls inner cracks.
Deep inside, our existence functions the same
no matter if we're Mexican, White, or Black.
Therefore I remain Color Blind,
no matter if I have to be detached from this
political hate that I've observed from man,
because when its all said and done,
"All of us will eventually have to take off our colored mask..."
(The inevitable is that we will all answer to GOD, not man.)

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS
Page 117
Color Blind is dedicated to all of those that struggled for Equality, Liberty, and Peace...
From those who have struggled in ancient times, to those still struggling in this modern life.
It's evident that the lies about color can be mischievously utilized to manipulate the human mind.
Therefore I remain Color Blind, when it comes to such hate, racism, bias judgment, and illiterate segregation...
When it's all said and done, "There will be no inferior race, nor will there be an inferior pigmentation."
The Confederate days are over...
The days of radical racism is over...
And the racial segregation days are over...
Now it's up to us to continue annihilating this inhumane disease, so that there's much more hope for the generations yet to still come...
"Do Not" be fooled by hate, because he who hates is a fool."
Remember that!

INSPIRED BY:
"I am not only an American slave, but a man,
and as such, am bound to use my power for the welfare of the whole human brotherhood."
-Frederick Douglass
A letter to William Lloyd Garrison, Feb. 26, 1846
And
"Strange Fruit"
By: Katey Sagal and The Forest Rangers
Featuring Blake Mills
And
MARCO ROJAS
(BAD BOY FROM CLIKA ONE)

BY: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTI$TIC
28 YEARS OLD
9-4-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS

Page 118
"BE ALERT" (The END is coming)

Staring into the night sky,
Messiah do you hear me;
Studies of Planet Nine,
planted revelations at the seed of my eyes...
Scientist and Prophets begin to combine,
wonders of what's to come next;
Dissecting the words John the prophet left behind,
trying to puzzle it all together before the coming destruction
of Planet X...
History proves that World Wars have left behind signs,
in which lead to the Apocolypse;
Yet we refuse to listen and live our lives blind,
forgetting the significance of witnessing an
American Eclipse...
Awaiting the bloody sun,
as many disregard blessings and choose to believe
in luck;
I'm anticipating the coming SON (JESUS),
because on September 23rd, 2017,
the planets in Revelation 12 are prophesied to all line up...
If you don't believe me,
look it up your-self;
I'm just another species,
here to tell this generation that the signs of the end
have already fell...
This is acid rain pouring down,
so open up your eyes and cover your-selves;
They say it's mathematically impossible for all of this
to not be the beginning of the end;
Therefore be alert my foes and friends,
because we're living in the times when Truth and Deception
will collide and the Messiah will inevitably
descend...

Inspired By - "The Sign"
(A film in which Pastors and Scientist collaborate about
the signs of the coming end...)

DEDICATED TO MANKIND/HUMANITY

BY: ROBERT VILLALOBOS III
LOYALTY THE ARTISTIC
28 yrs old.
9-14-17

THE LUXURY OF A MINDS SLUMS