Behind These Walls....
Maurice O. Brown
Behind these walls
5/2/17
Book of Poetry

This is a collective book of poetry assembled from
the mind and heart of a prisoner from behind the
wall; This book of poetry allows readers a glimpse
into the prisoners life, retrospectively and presently,
touching basis on experiences from love to betrayal;
From poverty to religion, etc... I, as well as several
other prisoners behind these walls have stories to share
of our trials and tribulations; though, unfortunately
untill now have been unable to do so. However, once
again the good lord has made a way out of no way,
granting me this opportunity to be able to share
Fragments of my story with you, composed within
poetic verses from behind the wall.... 1 John 4:8

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Contact me via snail mail with any comments,
appraises or inquiries. Thanks and be blessed!
Also my first novel "The Quiet Storm" cominig
soon, so be on the look out for that also....

Maurice O. Brown
Introduction
A Poem For Mamma
To the strongest woman I ever known;
A woman whom has not only been my backbone throughout my life, but is also a part of my soul;
A woman whom raised three children on her own;
Gladly sacrificing her own throne to assure their house was a home;
You gave us strength and hope in some of our lowest times;
Assuring everything would be just fine, by emitting a bright smile and a twinkle from your brown eyes;
You taught us all the right things in just the right ways, to assure we were properly prepared for society;
And even though I mischievously disregarded those teachings, embarrassing you on many occasions, you stood right by my side not leaving;
Throughout all my struggles in solitude, I came to see that the one person that could be counted on outside of God is you;
You are my world, my everything, the everhoysous melody of which my heart sings.

Maurice O. Brown
What's her name
I can remember as if it were yesterday:
The way she touched me, the way she
teased me, the way she pleased me;
The way she looked deep into my eyes, her
stare somehow making me feel so good
inside, and always managed to send me
to the moon as she reassuringly assured
me between her thighs;
I remember collaborating, a moment of
pure bliss, Followed by hungry stares and
a long, kiss;
I then can clearly remember our brief
departure on that very next day,
After she'd captured my virginity then
sent me on my way;
I can remember assuming she loved me
all the way up until the day she pushed me
away,
And told me that I was far too young, for
her, and really needed to pursue someone
my own age;
Though I still to this day find it a bit odd
that I still can remember everything
about her, From her age to her personality,
to her hypnotic frame;
But there's this one thing of importance
about her that I can't seem to remember

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For the life of me, what was her name ....
Never Again

Never again shall I play a fool, allowing love to pretend;
Never again shall I naively lie down my argued
beckoning, love deep within;
Never again shall I render love anything remotely close to a friend;
Never again never again never again never again;
Never again shall I reach out blindly for loves touch;
Never again shall I assume there to be more to love piqued lust;
Never again shall I fret to rectify situations when the light seems to be rapidly fading, dim;
Never again never again never again never again never again....
Emancipation
Today is the day that I hang up my agony;
I no longer care to fight for you,
but only to go back to those times
when my days were as peaceful as
the heavens above;
I no longer want to travel in darkness,
I no longer wish to wonder why,
I no longer want to be deceived
I no longer want to live a lie;
I no longer wish to open up, but instead
have chosen to remain unexposed;
For I know that no one can enter these chambers, as long as the remain closed;
I no longer seek to know you,
I no longer care to understand,
I no longer wish to make amends,
I no longer wish to hold your hand;
I only wish to go back to those times
when my days were peaceful as the heavens above.
Oh how I truly long to go back to those times before I ever knew of
you, love....
Come back to me
Love, why have you forsaken me,
why have you chosen to lead me astray,
why have you captured my mind and then
Fleeen your own way;
Couldnt you see that I needed you to
stay and comfort me;
Love, oh love, come back to me,
Wrap your arms around me tightly so
that I wont Freeze,
Capture my stress and warriation,
Put my mind at ease,
Nurture these open wounds, so that
my soul wont continue to bleed;
Love, oh love, I beg of you, please,
Grace me with your presence once
again so that I may breathe...
For without you my love, there is no
me,
Oh please, oh please, come back to me....
Foolish man

The actual significance of a diamond within sand,
is certain to a, o undetected by the eyes of the blind man;
For how can this blind man bring, himself to give this diamond what it truly needs,
when one obviously cannot appreciate what their eyes fail to see;
A fool, he reaches for the duller diamond and attempts to mold it into what he needs it to be;
sadly unable to distinguish the difference between sugar and feces;
Months later the brighter diamond abandons to richer land;
hysterical, the fool screams out, for this was not a part of his plans;
Turning swiftly he runs back to the spot where he'd left the duller diamond, reaching his fingers into the sand; only to realize that this precious diamond had migrated to richer land;
Why God why? the fool inquires as tears run down his eyes;
startled into silence when a gentle voice to him, as if within the wind, and said to him, "child;"
do not fret now, for if you'd understood
the significance of this diamond, you
would've been a man;
but instead you rendered her a fool and left
her lying, within the sand in wait for you;
Now you've become the fool and she resides
within better hands and has no need or space
For you;
Oh what a fool you've managed to prove;
Oh what a fool, oh what a fool....
Apologies
Forgive me my love, For all the pain that
was caused;
For all the time that was wasted,
For all the things that were lost;
Forgive me my love, For all the tears that
you've cried,
When you demanded to know the truth and
I chose to tell you lies;
Forgive me my love, For being so inconsiderately selfish;
For not taking advantage of a heart that was
so selfless;
You gave your all to me - I in turn gave my
all to the streets;
Returning, only temporarily to please you
between the sheets;
Knowing, Full well that you needed far more
than a few hours of me to be complete;
Then standing there confused when you spoke
of your need for me;
And when you screamed you couldn't take it
anymore and you were leaving me;
My heart hit the floor, my tongue crippled, I
couldn't speak;
I felt I'd Foundated something, that was
special - truly unique;
Though surely this was in vain.
Painful Memories

I never knew of love before I met you;

I'd actually grown to assume it didn't exist;

But that was long before our first conversation,
our first session of love making, and our very
first kiss;

Amidst these few things, it was also the way
that you showered me with concern;

And that concern has ignited a flame within my
soul that still continues to burn;

And even though you're not here with me, I still

Can feel your presence;

I still can feel the love we made,

I still can feel your wetness;

I still can hear you call my name; I still can

Hear your breathing;

I still can feel your body shake and a limp

While beneath me;

I still remember when reflections of you
Would emit sunshine in the midst of the

Heaviest rain;

But now that you are gone, those reflections
Bring me the most disturbing pain;

Pain, when I think of someone else peering
deep into your eyes;

Pain, when I think of someone else getting,
deeep between your thighs;

Pain, when I think of you reciting someone

Maurice O. Brown
else those three special reserved words;
Pain, when I think of the fact that I was
never able to give you what you deserved;
Pain when I opened my eyes to realize that
I'm the reason why our situation was unable
to work,
Pain, when I think about the fact that I drag
a perfectly loyal woman through the dirt;
Pain, when I think about the fact that I never
even tried to comprehend your worth;
Pain, when I think about the way I blatantly
mishandled your trust;
Pain when I realize that a phenomenal
unity was taken for less than such;
Painful, Painful memories now, whenever I
think about us....
In us we have better days
In my picture of perfection, none of us are imperfected;
Not one of us knows to be lost, to be betrayed or deserted;
We all share an energy that gives all joy in each smile;
And our chemistry is reciprocated as if a moment is a while;
However, that is my longing, that is the breath of my soul;
In reality we have known Pain and betrayal and to be cold;
So we have met in a state which requires loves healing;
We have met as loves advocates, to hold and console a heart in hiding;
Be there for me, I will be there for you,
Never too little or too much;
Let us strive to be caring, thoughtful, gentle in voice and in touch;
Certain that God makes no mistakes— all works to our good always;
We have been granted love anew, gray skies turn blue,
In us we have better days....

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Reciprocity
I still find it to be amazing, the way you
huna, in there with me through all I’d been
faced with and all that I’d taken you through;
even when I inane degraded you, calling
you some of the worst names possible, you
just smiled to me ever so calmly;
you’d always come across to me as the
thoughtful and considerate type that
would never intentionally shamble anyone’s
soul, and I truly loved you so;
though, far too many hurtful experiences
from my past left me too afraid to really
let it show, or let you know;
though, out of consideration, I will let you
know this for your own benefit;
sometimes in this life, our greatest strengths
can be just as much our greatest
weaknesses;
love must be reciprocated or simply holds
no relevance;
Reciprocity has proven to be the backbone
to the maintenance of warmth throughout
relationships,
so whenever you shall choose to extend
your heart to next, be sure to look for this;
Reciprocity....
Bridges
I am a firm believer of all things happening for a reason
Like sunshine cast down amidst a bad season
All things were meant to be, we just have to find the meaning
Then once we've found this meaning, we must never stop believing
I truly do attest that there be purpose in our meeting,
We may just be two blessings in disguise amidst gray skies
So let us stroll together down this path that leads to refine,
And build upon a solidified foundation that will remain one of a kind
Aligned with trust, consideration and unconditional love throughout the darkest of times
A path that leads to me becoming your bridge and you mine . . . .
Closure
All I needed was closure to exonerate my soul;
But you’ve refused me this exoneration, denying what I needed to know;
Continuously discombobulating, luring my mind into an atmosphere of boggling suspense;
When all I needed to know was if this thing was really meant,
Why couldn’t you have just been honest and told me so;
that you were incapable of loving me the way that I loved you, and had preferred that I ap,
I needed to know; I needed to know; I needed to know;
so that I may’ve finally liberated my soul;
of all the hurt and anguish that I’d been left to encounter over the years;
In the beginning, all it took was a letter, a thought of you, or the sound of your voice to enhance my spirit allowing me to breathe;
but now those things disturb me badly; Why do I always long for things that may never be attained;
things which are so fiercely desired

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because of past pains...
Why am I left to do time for another man's crime,
When all I wanted was to alleviate your hearts ache with the feel of mine;
Why do I have to search so far to find,
which through the promise of karma should already be mine;
And why do I feel as if I'm losing, my mind;
All throughout these days alone, I fight to maintain composure;
As lost as the blind inside, until I'm finally given closure....
If only in my dreams
My heart dances wildly, as I witness a tan
angel, upon white clouds, pulling, at a
golden harp strings;
Her fingers moving daintily, thus, sending
sensations throughout my being, that can
barely be contained with each note that is
played;
I long to be within the peace of her
circumference, regardless of the distance;
Thus, clarifying her consolidation in the
fulfillment to the cry, within my heart that
has been missing;
Her aura captivating as I've never encountered
as beautiful a presence in all of my days;
Her eyes hold the color of the bluest sky, with
pupils the color of gray;
Her golden hair hangs in thick waves, the
color of the harp that she plays;
Her halo brightens as she opens her mouth
to hum a tune;
Her breath pervading, the scentless air with
the smell of honey dew;
Her hands reach out toward me, beckoning,
me to come nearer;
Though as I begin to walk in her direction
she vanishes mid-motion
I awakened minutes later, angered at the
Sight of a prison scene; 
Her presence had felt so real, 
how could this all have been just a dream; 
I cannot win for losing, in this life, that's how it seems; 
Closing my eyes tightly, in frustration, I set out to find another sleep; 
capturing this peace again some way; 
even if only in my dreams....
Walk in my shoes
Look deep into my soul, and tell me
Can you feel my pain?
Not even the least bit, for you, yourself
have never lived these things;
But yet your so quick to judge me
and so quick to call me names,
but if you'd traveled only a mile within
my shoes, you'd probably be doing, some
of these same things;
using, some of these same drugs and
holding on to this same afuядe;
running, from this same tragedy, while
trying, to locate the best road-map to
feeling, happy;
committing, some of these same sins and
drinking, some of this same gin;
subverted by poverty and headed for this
same pen, if you had only taken a walk in
my shoes....
What's in that Place
Dad, when I first gained wind of your incarcerated absences, I immediately began to feel shame; I honestly began to assume that me and my brother were the reason for this phase;
Did we do something wrong, daddy, to cause you to feel some type of way; And if not, then why weren't you there for us to assure us that you loved us, and to aid my mom at teaching us many things;
Why'd you choose to continue committing crimes and doing time?
Didn't you know that it was corrupting our youthful minds?
No, you couldn't have; for you'd rather have been there, weren't here, and apparently didn't care...
Though, regardless of the fact of your apparent not care attitude and not being, there
I have one question for you, of which I've unfortunately never been given an opportunity to ask you face to face;
So I'll ask you now, daddy
What was in that place?...
Still haven't forgiven myself
As I sit here today, reflecting on my life;
A life of unfortunate hardships, senseless crimes and wasted time, alone, with an intelligent mind;
I brace myself as the tears of regret slowly make their way from the crevasses of my hardened eyes;
My whole life I've felt as if my spirit had been demented, and I couldn't quite understand or fathom why;
But one thing, I could fathom was this;
I chose to travel down this path which has led to my being, viewed the hardened criminal of which I am labeled today;
I chose this....
I chose to be a thug, and use drugs and bust drugs, seemingly not giving a fuck about the mishaps or the consequences that would come;
I chose this....
so despite what society has to say in attempt to alleviate my shame
And regardless of the fact that several say I shouldn't blame myself
For several mistakes made throughout my trials thus far in this life,
I still haven't forgiven myself....
Calling Your Name

I find it really difficult to express the ways I feel inside;
Too many years of disappointment lead to reclusion that has motivated me not to want to try;
I’ve heard so many peoples cries, but not a teardrop left my eyes;
Untill I heard my daughter died, and this is when I lost my pride;
I cried as if I were a newborn baby;
Pleading with the Lord to spare her and to take me;
What had she done Father, to deserve this type departure;
She was such a beautiful, innocent girl, her life was merely starting;
Some things I’ll never understand, for one, your mysterious but perfect plan;
A plan that has managed to rip upon my heart and soul,
Enquifing it with dark and cold;
I’m truly lost Father, for what I seek I do not know;
I’m in the dark Lord, so tell me which way do I go;
I’m humbly on my knees, willing to give up everything;

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Please touch my heart Father, for I do not like what I've become;
open the gates to me;
for as I am, Lord, I have come;
answer me as you've promised;
For this child here is calling your name....
Mercy and Truth
Tears drop from my eyes into a lake Full
of frozen tears;
All fallin on the inside so noone will know
they're there;
Steading, walking, with my head high, so
noone can sense my fears;
Cause people take advantage of a man
when they see he cares;
They say we don't deserve to live
They say we should die here;
They treat us less than humane, and they
don't understand fair;
They feed us less than children, sendin us
to bed with weak minds and achiny stomachs;
And there, everynight, I push up lengthy prayers For the day that my savior shall cometh;
And take me from this wretched place,
A place that's Full of so much pain;
Where for speaking truth a man gets
beaten relentlessly as a wild animal
being, Forcefully tamed;
Helplessly succumb by the feel of shame,
Trippering stagnation within a mind that
perhaps will never be the same;
Humming, the bluest blues of Billy Holiday

Maurice C. Brown
in search of a change;
Nights steady getting colder as I stumble
over the plains;
Family love and support alleviates, though
ever slightly for their being, so far away;
Plus they're in the midst of a well earned
summer, no need to selfishly drag them
into my rain;
Instead, I'll pull on my hoody and strap up
my boots;
And continue traveling, alone in the physical
in search of mercy and truth....
Rainbow in the Sky
You probably are most certain you see
me, as I witness you from afar;
You don't see the tears that Fall from my
eyes; you are such a beautiful falling
star;
They degradated and violated your essence
and spirit; a need for love calling your name;
Believing, love to be so close that you
could feel it, left you to blindly pursue
your shame;
And what about me, am I innocent?
Men are raised to behold women vulgaristically;
I picked the flesh from a man; took a dollar
and gave a penny; Father please have mercy;
Understanding has liberated, but I am now
a man that so few can see;
My flesh will perhaps feed a many;
I will be that penny til my physical leases
to be;
So let me tell you what I've learned by way
of having, lost most everything;
We need to check our roles, pursue the best
of goals, a heart lives to sing;
A heart can't sing in isolation,
it takes love of life, self, family and
community;
It takes a road of edification-making.
every interaction the best it can be;
And every little girl is the seed of a
woman; Hillary Clinton and Michelle
Obama;
someone's daughter, sister, niece, aunt,
teacher, leader, guide, friend and mamma;
And our little boys are the other half of
the equation—we need raise them
carefully;
In order for anyone to contribute to a
nation—he/she must be respected by
society;
some say get in where you fit in,
I say gently proceed your way;
let go of all that keeps you stumbling;
tomorrow is a brand new day;
And every human should respect humanity—
the cost of inhumanity is too high;
I gotta respect others if I truly
respect me;
wisdom is a rainbow in the sky....
Driven Insane

Nothing ever changes here, everything seems to remain the same;
In a place where you no longer feel respected
and can't help but feel like neglected;
Most of those who'd vowed to be by your side
have slowly slithered off in the midst afar to hide;
And the disillusioning reality of truth begins
to manifest that their promises to you were all lies;
As you reflect in the late hours of the night,
tears exit your lonely eyes;
You've just gotten word that your wife's been sleeping with another guy;
And it's not so much as the fact that she was sleeping, around that upset you, because you didn't exactly expect her to remain celibate;
But it was merely the fact that she was sleeping, with your relative;
Most everyone that you once held faith in
appears to be dispersing, with the wind;
And you begin to assume that you may just be your one and only true friend;
Years of suppressed hurt and anger mix
Forming a heartfelt rage,
And self aquittal becomes the primary thought to ending the pain;

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reclusion has threatened to ratify you insane;
As thoughts of hatred towards all who've deceived you parade manically within your brain;
You've begun to devalue life, because to you,
your own has gone down a drain;
A hopelessness has conquered your wounded heart, leaving you to feel nothing, but shame;
Thus, rapidly you become more and more acquainted with the affliction of darkness, thunder and rain;
Running blindly towards the fire, meeting the devil in the flames;
Indeed, finally driven insane....
Behind these walls

Behind these walls is where you'll spend some of your most loneliest nights, meet some of the most triflinest people, and see some of the most senseless fights; Behind these walls is where misery and stupidity lurks on a twenty-four-hour basis, and where you'll encounter a million different personalities and see a million different faces; Behind these walls is where an ink-pen becomes your main source of connecting with the streets, and where it's best to move in silence and very seldom speak; Behind these walls is where I constantly pray, and though I sometimes question his intentions, I still believe in him and allow him to lead the way; Behind these walls is where you'll loose a many friends and family members to the struggle; Behind these walls is where vultures swoop down and befriend you just to see what they can pick from you; Behind these walls is where you'll stay coaxed in like an animal, and where grief and anxiety will eat you alive like a cannibal; Behind these walls is where you'll wish you could turn back the hands of time; Behind these walls is where you'll fight
Constantly everyday with yourself 'just
not to loose your mind';

Behind these walls is where you do not wish
to be;

Behind these cold walls of silence is where
my choices in some form or another have landed
me....