Listen to me, "Me Voce:" is just another book laced with every emotion. Even my love is intertwined in this book. Every poem is an intricate weave of emotion. Anger goes to Sorrow to Love to joy to Anger to Hatred, etc. With this book, there is no collecting your barings. Once you enter, hold on. There are no breaks, only constant motion. Up, down, Left, right, Down, Left, Left, Up, Up, Down, etc. A continual gosder that you have no control.

Pages 8-20
Poems 8-10

Permanent
2250 Parkland Dr
Lakeland, FL 33811

Current
Marion Correctional Institution
P.O. Box 158
Lawel, FL 32663

Date Finished: 8 August 28th 2017
Welcome to a Beast's thoughts where pure evil's confused, and the Seven "Deadly" Sins have a house of perplexity where Love clashes with Anger and Sorrow wars with Rage. Where random is normal and normal is just plain rude where monsters of all breeds can come to stay awhile where pen, paper, and tongue are the weapons of choice where Fallen Angels adored Demons ask and Angels scorned "The Poison of Life!"

Enter at thou Sole Desire
Listen to Me!

Fear
Fear Fear Fear
Fear Fear Fear
Fear Fear Fear
Fear Consumed Me
growing up
Fear of Anger and Hate
Fear of Repression and Love
Fear of Darkness and Void
Fear of the Unknown and Partial
Fear of Fear and itself

No, No, more
to go to that pill
'twould be fear
again!
Nullus!
I shall naught
That is why I chose
Who I did.
That is why why
I write
That is why I snapt
on Who I did
That is why I choose
to be a Nightmare - to some
That is why I Love
Who I do
Why I threw my
heart out Blood!
Wine RAW!
That is why I'm
discovering myself
That is why I Gave
to the Darkness!
That is why THESE
Exist.
Screw them!
I write what
I want.
how I want.
Because I want
The boy unlocks
the cage.
Rise Beast!
Thou art Needed!
Come Forth.
Out of the
Cage of Silver.
Step out of Fear.
Dear Beast.
Ye are me
and I too.
Come now.
Let us be the
Nightmare.
Naught "Play" in it.
Yet be it.
Ha!
Take that Snake.
I fell in love with the Tiger.
I despise the Monster.
We are the Nightmare.
I shall save you, my Queen.
Hark! Hear my Voice.
Raise over the Mountains.
Over the Hills and Plains.
Over the Cities and Towns.
To you, my Regina,
Worry naught.
The poison of life
Shall naught get you!
Yet a simple request,
My love,
May I have thy poison,
My Tigress?
What of thy antidote?
My Aphrodite?

Fear relieth me naught!
Fear consumes me naught!
Audi me!
Audi me!
Listen to moi!
Fear for none!
Hell for Lucifer
I am Mo
I am Beast!
Hear me!
Listen to moi!
The Child Screams
The Adult Yells
I shout
Hear me!
Listen to moi!
All Love for me Regina, (Tigress)
All Rage and Anger for Serpent
All Sorrow and Pity for None!
All Anger for the Monster.
Listen to moi!
Heart extended out
My love is for you
Head in a bow
Thoughts rush here and there

My love for you
All I can do
Thoughts rush here and there
Because of my Queen

All I can do
to show you my love.
Because of my Queen
My heart races

To show you my love
Mine only goal
My heart races
'Twill Death Come Early?!

Mine only goal
To make you happy
'Twill Death Come Early?!
I shall fend off!

To make you happy
What dost thou wish?
I shall fend off the masqueraded scum!

What dost thou wish?
Every Gem on Earth?
The masqueraded scum
shall fall from their "throne"
O, my Imp, hear me!
I shall rip their masquerade apart.
May I have some help?

O, puppets, hear me!
Enjoy thy last days on thy throne.
A hard fall for you!

What shall ye do?
Ye must listen to me.
Down ye shall fall.

Shall we take a pause?
To understand what's to come?
Or, for naught to say?
I shall naught apologize.
I shall naught stop.
Untill my jobs done.
Darkness wave and all!

What is it ye wish?
For me to stop?
Ye are crazier than I?
Well, I'm no puppet.

For me to stop.
Are ye dreaming?
Ye are crazier than I? Well I'm no puppet.
Shall I cut your strings?

Are ye dreaming?
Nightmares to come.
Shall I cut your strings.
And have ye fall?
Dandy

Pushing for air
Pushing for light
Where am I?
Some odd void,
Perhaps?
Close
A prison of flesh
A prison of guilt
Pushing for a way through
Pushing for a way out

I am the beast
I breathe
When he writes
I see light
When he strings phrases on paper
I am always here
Pushing against
My fleshly prison
Never resting
Never quitting
Bayton

Daddy

Breakdown of breakdown, Me Vocem

The Mansoftened

"You fear."

The Child's eyes
went wide.

Anger conquered

"What?! Me?!
What could I fear?!

The Man never thought

"Rejection"

at the word

the Child recoiled.

"Never say that word!"

a Hiss was all he could

manage

a Sad Smile

dominated the Man's

Face.

"Art thou naught

the Haunted Moon, dear Lad?

The boy's look intensified

"So you see?

O 'Brain of the Tumb'?

The man sighed

"See what?

The Child's eyes held

a Unique Anger mixed with pain

"Why I'm writing somuch.

Why I'm pushing myself?

Why I'm Stressing myself?"

The man sighed, again.

"Why none understand you?

Why you are afraid of the Beast?

Yet, Love him all the same?

Why you write everyday?"
Why you push to dive in that well?
Why you continually dive in the one thing you think won't reject you... the Darkness?
Why you crave love?
Why you-
The Child slapt the Man
"Shut up!
Just shut thy mouth!
Say another word and this pen goes into thy throat!"
The Man smiled, melancholy
"What?"
Anger scaping away
Sadness creeping in
"I see her name every day.
I hear her Voice every day.
I can't stop thinking about her.
My Love won't let me"
Tears formed
The Man stood
"Just let it out slow, yet this needs to come out."
Anger flared
"What of you?!
"The Man tallhed gently to the boy
"Now's naught the time."
The boy's tears flooded
down his face.
"What happens if
I just snap this pen?
If I just...
wast it?
What would the
repercussions
be, O, wise one?"
The man was shocked
and showed it.
He tried to answer.
Yet the boy held
his hand up.
"I would loose her
to some
Scumbag
that would
harm her,
Emotionally
or physically
Scar her.
I would loose..."
He now looked
the Man Dead
in the eyes.
"Oo, myself
in myself,
Naught just her
but me....
You."
"Twas it bad
he actually knew
the boy was right?
was it even worse
he felt that
the boy was right?
He didn't know,
'did he?'
Come
The Child led
him to the Beast's
Cage
"Fear control
me
the Child whom Never was.
Fear shallnaught control
you,
the Man whom could be!"
Anger took over in a Flash
so quick it shocked
even the Man
"No Longer!'
No more!"
Akey was raised
from a grave
Purple and Black
the Grave blazed
Inferno,
mirroring the Colors
the Beast stood
eyes void,
pulling color in
evaporating even
Light.
The Child grabbed
the Key
Baxton

Desp'tly

"Never before would
I have written my heart
out.
Never before would
I send my very
thoughts out.
For all!
Never before
would I have
Let the Beast roam!"

The child unlocked
the cage
The child smiled
"No more"

Anger lingered
"Never again!"

14
No blooded veins
as I was away
in this shell.
Cold blooded games
my life.
Misfit in a cage
Freak on a leash
Monster in the Dark
Wine of life
in a golden chalice
on an arm
of a throne
Silver crown
Amethyst stones
raised on
Seven spokes
Purple Black key
on the highest spoke
an equal mask
a bear mask
a man mask
a "Angel" mask
a "Serpent" mask
a chain of events
Earthquake
Watch, now-
Pillars they fall
Stones fly
Six Amethyst Stones
Shatter
one hits the key
the floor splits
Onyx-Amethyst-Lava
the bottom.
Buaxton

Dowdy

The Key Opens
the Cage
Misfit Unleashes Freak
They Grab Monster
They Merge then Split
The Child Strolls over
to The Amethyst-Onyx
Throne
The Man behind him
The Child whom Never was
drinks the Wine
The Man whom could be
Puts the Silver-Onyx
Crown on
Sits in the Amethyst-Onyx
throno
The Child whom Never was
Stands to his Right
The Beast that will be
to the Left
The Man Smiles
then edges back
to a Smirk
"Let the games begin!"
The Child whom Never was
handed the Man whom could be
the Golden Chalice Full of Wine
"No blooded Vains
as I was away"
he drank the Wine
"Cold blooded games"
The Man merges with the Child
"My Life"
He grabbed the scepter
Baxter
Dowdy

From the Beast
"Will you saw
my mouth shut?"
A smirk formed
"Am I insane?
What is sanity?"
The Golden Chalice
Filled with Wine of Life
I took a sip
"Weariness of Words
to begin!"
216-729 294!
Let the Games Begin!
Me thou Nightmare!"
Ah!
Hands being shined!
Too much writing.
Yet Naught Enough!
Too many Nightmares.
Yet Naught Enough!
Lay in a Grave every Day.
Rize out Every Night.
Stick thy Pinky Fingers up!
Chop them bastards off!
Watch it spit up
Like a Drunk Man.
Laughing!
Welcome New Comer!
How's thy stay?
Mind the
Shere Lack of Foo.
Shall I leave it alone?
Sore.
For now.
After all there
It's much to do!
much to do
Till the End!"
Hear my Voice
O, my Queen!
Hear my Love
For you!
Hear my Poetic Voice!
Come now!
Audi me Nunc!
Listen to me!
Me Vocem!
Will thou just
hear me?
Just listen to me?
Listen to me.
Shouting my Love
Screaming For You
Yelling my Emotions
Anger!
Hate!
Sorrow!
Love for you
And you alone!
Would ye want to meet one such as me?
One whom
Love Lightning
and Adore Thunder?
Whom
Love Night
and Hate Day?
Would thou even wish to meet one such as Ely?
One whom
Lay's on Darkness' Lap
Whom Love Dark?
Whom Loathingly hate Light?
Even a Unique one
Such as thee?
Would you wish to meet one whom Love Nightmare
and Chase Dream?
One whom Thinks
"Bella Morte, Bellum Vita."
Whom
Is a Misfit in a Cage,?
and a Freak on a leash?
Just don't ask to pick my brain!
(It may pick back)