Poetry in Focus

by: Laurence Johnson
"Only the Strong Survive.

"Why is my life a constant struggle. Everyday and every night I am constantly trying to do good and I am! But nothing ever seems to go right.

Why do I always fail? Am I cursed or am I cursed? Seems life I'm working for the Reaper to take that long ride in his seat.

Why do I keep going through these struggles to succeed. I've learned from my mistakes. But what can I do to right my wrongs?

Is there anyone who could help me? Help me to see the light.

I'll try to maintain my composure. Striving to be the best man that I can be. And maybe one day I'll reach my goal of Building a Happy and Successful Family.

I'll all pay off in the end. Because I've survived the worst of the worst of situations. And no matter how many times I fail, I must always strive to succeed. Keeping hope alive. Because Deep Down inside I know that, Only the Strong Survive!"
"Scorn"

No wound is as severe as a wounded heart!
And no heart hurts as much, as a heart, that has been broken.
I feel like my heart has been stolen! I feel like my heart has been stolen!
If I could chose, I would chose to give it away.
To the one who takes my breath away.

A wound - how does it heal? Because I feel like I can't.

Never live again - I let it burn, And here it goes.
Burning all over again.

Excruciating pain, piercing me and taking my soul.

Scorn - since I was born! I loved life, But she didn't love me back. I showed her the enough respect, but it was not reciprocated.

And the complications are that my heart has collapsed and detached in the corner because I don't think that I'll make it!

I asked, 'Who needs a heart, when a heart could be broken?'

My eyes burn because I miss you.

I'm tired of staring at your pictures. When I close my eyes, I hear those days that I used to kiss you - Scorn.

Fragment of my brain are completely torn apart.
I guess that my love might well were not up to par.

When she left, she confiscated it and carried it off in a cart -
I find myself trying to recapture and recast, but
it's shattered — shattered in misery.

Smiling face back at me is only a memory and now history.

How I know that it's far fetched.
But I wonder — I just wonder if she's missing me?

I guess I am a fool.

But to be real with you, if I had the chance,
I'd choose to be a fool over you again.

Because if I have the chance to be with you,
I'd go through this same scenario all over again.

I love you, and swear that I miss you.
How often do you think of me and feel that way and missing me?

Missing In Action

Was it because we got used to the madness?
Not working it out and just pushing past it?

Still because I had so much on my mind,
But should the will to ask it?

Scared. I need a voice to you that I hope that I can

Keep

I promise I never give my heart to any other woman again.
Because if love is a cast then compare to you, every other woman is cheap!

And if love is a strength,

Then compared to you — every other woman is weak!
Scan and turn apart!

My past decisions weren't too smart.

But let's try it again.

Teach me how to love you all over again.
"So What"

The condemned in Hell want to vote. So what?
All people in prison want a 2nd Chance at Freedom. So what?

Prostitutes who are who are objectively insecure —
Are selling their bodies while searching for love.
But they have their priorities all messed up. But so what?

Our planet is dying from true gases and pollution —
Global Warming,
And everyone knows the solution, but refuses to use it.
Because you are more concerned about the Global Swelling
Of your own Bank Accounts. — So what.

The world desperately needs a Savior,
But no one willing to step up.

Am I the only one that cares?!
Because it seems like I am the only one that cares.

Because when I express these things that I care
So much for they respond with,

So what?!
"Am I Just A #?"

82138 is the official # that the state has issued to me.

But 82138 is no more than a # and does not reflect me — or my worries.

For I cannot live my life like this. Winter after winter, summer after summer,

I wonder;

Have I officially been reduced to a #?

Until then, I guess I'll be

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"Liberated"

I feel as though my heart has endured too much, even something odd years old,
I can express and articulate Emotionally how it feels
To struggle

Emotionally — Helplessly and desperately attempting to get my parents to notice me
How do you expect me to feel love when it doesn’t exist
No more,
When MLK Day metamorphosed from a Civil Rights Celebration — into a Gangsta Show,
To hopes that Religion can save us

But I don’t hate HCR because SHE has bastardized Peace, Progress, and Prosperity
For Murder, Mayhem, and Destruction

What do you expect me to feel pain or relief?
When the media and society has equaled played an
Instrumental role in desensitizing me?
Attempting to compel me to feel this thought what I
see and feel is not actually real

As though the American Government hasn’t stood
Me up and illegally thrown away the keys
So until Lady Justice decides to show her face
I’ll be sitting inside of my cell praying that I’m free
But I am free — Spiritually."
Life is strange.
Have you noticed that I am in excruciating
And extreme PAIN – Mentally and Emotionally?

My soul is on ice, and in isolation.
Have you noticed how long I’ve been waiting?
Stop hating on me – I don’t deserve you hate,
I did not earn it.

It burns and it’s now your turn to have it.
Take a moment to take notice.
Don’t just drink it.
Take the time to smell the medicine.
Don’t just drink it.

Major and catastrophic events are taking place.
Nations and things are falling.

Households are collapsing.
You will either rise or fall.

Take notice.
"See Negrozing my People."

"No! Nah, Nah—You can't be Serious!"

The Misson, who keeps more then he gives.

You'd rather steal from me then to allow me to give charity.

I would have learned donated given, and then given.

Again—My Friend. If you would have allowed me to and contacted your sin.

Isn't it strange how I invite you to

Salvation and how you invite me to the Fire

For too engulfled and consumed—In to,

This socially brainwashed and breeding culture.

You measure the program that they do to program you.

You allow them to and tune in to their tell a vision.

I asked you what your purpose was?

And I place no blame, but it is still a shame.

That—you have no clue.

And are comfortable with that.

Stop Negrozing my people!

And Tell me: I am not a Negger, Negro or a Nigga!

For that is too small of a word to call me!
"My Hearts Heart"

Son, You are - No the Heart part
of my Hearts Heart

I could not have imagined
Before you - That I could love
a person to this degree,
Or to this extent.
Therefore when I realize it, I was
Compelled to produce it - in print.

My soul glows when you are in my presence
All unspoken thoughts fade away.
And like clay molded
Love is molded into shape.

I think that at times
That I love you even love you
More than I love me.
That I love you more than I love
Myself.

From the Very Start Son,
You were always in the Heart part of
My Hearts Heart.
I love you Son."
"INSTITUTIONALIZED"

My youth is gone! I haven't lived a day of my 20's. It honestly feels like I've been locked up for a whole century. Days are passing. How am I still lasting? Bragging - about how mentally strong that I am? ... Damn! The Devil is still laughing — even though I've stopped bragging, and even though I've stoppedragging The Madness...

My spirit is passing. While my flesh is decaying away... I've realized that I have been castrated and am now Institutionalized! It is not something to be proud of as to smile at. Only something to fear... With one day I pray that I bounce back...

Prison after Prison! Sorrow after Sorrow! So unkind! My Mother has even intentionally or accidentally abandoned me. Knowningly or unknowingly... Release all of your remaining Fears! Here! Here! Here and you it seems suddenly clear! I am Institutionalized! And this is nothing less than an Institutional cry...

I used to wonder why, individuals would suffer and seemingly lustily say that, I'd rather tell myself than to serve life in this place. And now, after serving sentence to life in that place, I understand why they used to say what they say... it may seem like its getting better... May! I tell you that, getting worse! As I was cursed with this curse before my natural birth. Afflicted by the thoughts, feelings, and actions of those who came before me..."
Is she a Queen?
Is she a Queen? — How could she not be,
When even her Very Hair Defies Gravity.

Is she a Queen? How could she not be,
Her Hair — Naturally forming the shape of a Crown
Strong, feminine and deliberately genuine.
Nothing is obscure or hidden. Reluctance is forbidden.

Right now and Right Here. I must make things
Transparent. Clear.
You can vigorously place your hands on your hips. Roll your
Eyes and smack your lips.
And you can pull your neck in protest — while being
Upset.
Yet and still, you are still my Queen!

Is she a Queen?
Beautiful Black Woman — Embrace me but Hate me!
Come Dear Love, don't fear me.
Beautiful Black Woman can you hear me?

Every woman on earth instinctively carries her — for
What she naturally possesses.
From the Tip of her Crown to the fullness of her breasts.
From the curve of her hips to the shape of her lips.
From the start of her eyes, to the depth of her skin.

Is she a Queen? How could she not be.
Her even her Very hair defies gravity.
I'm running inside. Captured in my blood.
I've tried and I've tried. Yet, can't prevent myself of the irresistible of becoming institutionalized.
Cry!! For what! That doesn't solve or resolve anything!
And emotional stress has become a very natural thing.
Sing! Nah, I'll sock that to the birds and the sparrows.
I'm enraged but still mellow.

Who cares for me?! I guess that I only have God because the world has rejected me.
To my family, how did you weigh and allocate love, justice and reality. How did you distribute your time?
My son is in the world suffering daily, which only adds to my crazy.
Again, my son is in the world suffering daily, which only adds to my crazy.

What's important to you. Your 14 calendars have passed but you didn't even notice and you showed it!

Am I cold? No! I'm actually hot. Because I hit directly and accurately dead—right on the spot. On point! Of what actually happened. Am I getting what actually happened?
Actions speak louder than words. I've heard a lot of words, but seen no actions. Have you seen me lately?
Nevermind—I'm institutionalized.

I'm glad that you never made promises in my cause to hold on being positive. And that is precisely why
This next part was emphasized and mentioned:

I am institutionalized. And I reside in
An horrendous and inhumane place.
Do you even ponder on what I go through Day by Day?

As I sit away, like nothing, in my 5 by 9 cell. This hell, as I watch the clock and marks off the perpetual consecutive days, months and years that I've spent away. Have I been forgotten? Do I even exist?

Why ask yourself this am I institutionalized?

Look him up and throw away the key?
For what? What harm I actually done to deserve this. Our Freedom has enslaved us. Starting from the tip that the food chain — why do so many of you with power refuse to use your brain?
Because you refuse to see the other. Because you have been reluctant to raise your Just public.

Whether or not you realize it, you have caused on created the conditions from which to forever be,

Lost institutionalized.
I Dear Ken, 21

Yeh, I've seen U.

But dear Ken, since then, 5,110 days has passed by.
The day that I can feast my eye on you cannot
Come too soon!

For we have been robbed of many years.

Since I was kidnapped,

Though my Love for you is still intact and unmatch,
I feel so distant and detached from you,
Mentally and emotionally — To the Core.

Feeling like I don't even know you at all more.

And it seems like life has out of spite,
Stripped me of my Natural Birth Right!

The mental pictures that I have taken of
You and stored away,
Deep down in my happy place.

I am incapable, unfortunately, of getting close
to U.

Why, Because I feel like I don't know you.
Disclosure

I reluctantly gaze, from a thousand miles away,
At your light
I've seen your light, and it was definitely shining
Your light shone upon a dark light and inspired me to
Brighten.

I love you and thank you — because you as
A fickleness have been my very form of therapy
I love you for what you represent
Honestly, I didn't know that there were people like you
That even exist.

I'll continue to be guilty until given innocent False impressions, as I serve these sentences.
This is my verdict. Triup.

Why is everyone playing politics?!
Integrity doesn't exist.
Poem

"New Life"

From a heated moment of passion the art
New life was created, and presented itself.
A new life without stint, without stain, and without the
Brainwashing of the brain.

A life, whose moral fiber hasn't eroded away from her struggles.
A new life, whose innocence hasn't been stripped away.
O how I would have watched you from afar — and looked at the
Blessing that we created.

O how it melts my heart to see you laugh, and
how it absolutely offends my heart to see you hurt or to see
You sad.

With your new life, I have been introduced to a new
Type of Love,
That I can't fully articulate through speech or writing,
Or even through expressions —
Because it is so very profound
I have understood — intimately,
The height and the Light of the "Right Brothers."

If I had one wish, it would be for you to have to shed a tear on to feel pain.
That you never feel hopeless or enraged
For you to never feel instead of displaying
I wish you love, joy and blessing forever!"