The Anthology of Poetry, Vol. 1

Written By,

Michael Wayne Bryant
Preface

Welcome to the Anthology of poetry. I would like to give thanks to the Prison's Foundation for giving me this opportunity to share my literary work with the world. The poems you are about to embark upon is the results of my life struggles, trials and tribulation's, but as you read them you will learn that even in the heart of chaos something good can arise up. By far this is the best part of me and my token to the world. So I hope that you will gain something from them that will benefit everyone on their life journey.

I look forward to any and all comments, so feel free to contact me by the address below or log onto JPay.com and send me your e-mails.

Michael Bryant

Augusta Correctional Center
1821 Estaline Valley Rd.
Crewe, VA 23430

Sincerely,
Michael Bryant
Table Of Contents
Chronological Order

Title's
1.) Saying Goodbye 10/31/06
2.) True Fact 11/30/07
3.) Planet Earth 5/14/07
4.) True Friends 7/14/07
5.) Whoever Said 8/2/07
6.) Can We Come Together 4/24/07
7.) Autumn Breeze 3/8/10
8.) You Are 5/15/10
9.) Red's, White's and Handcuffs 10/10/10

10.) Red's Bowls 3/11/12
11.) Well Powder 3/14/12
12.) Bird's 3/15/12
13.) Dear America 4/22/13
14.) Soul Anthem 11/11/14
15.) The Ark Of The Covenant 1/23/14
16.) Elixir The Mental Fixer 12/16/14
17.) Red 12/8/14
18.) Color Blind 3/8/15
19.) Words Of Wisdom 3/10/15
20.) A Ghost Of A Man 4/14/15
21.) Rhythm Of The Rhyme 5/6/15
22.) A VINTAGE IN THE MAKING 5/9/15
23.) The GET TANG THE GETTARDS 5/10/15
24.) Love Is 5/14/15
25.) Dead Mommies 5/14/15
26.) Vec-Tor's OF The System 5/30/15
27.) Broken Glass 6/24/15
28.) Potential 6/25/15
29.) Soldier's 7/14/15
30.) Dead and Confused 7/19/15
31.) SELF-INFICTED 7/19/15
32.) When My Eye's close 7/24/15
33.) A Second-Class Citizen 8/1/15
34.) When I Die 8/1/15
35.) The Flem· Flem 8/1/15
36.) ONE EXTRAORDINARY DAY 8/24/15
37.) Stripped 8/29/15
38.) Just a Drop 9/3/15
39.) I Trusted You 9/3/15
40.) Taking Nothing For Granted 9/6/15
41.) Flock OF The SwatCh 9/7/15
42.) Exclusive 9/7/15
43.) Throw Away People 9/10/15
44.) The Cabin In The Woods 9/14/15
45.) My Analysis 9/17/15
46.) Masquerade 9/17/15
47.) I Wonder 9/12/15
48.) Tempo
9/21/15
49.) Pure - Adrenaline
9/15/15
50.) Phantom Blues
10/9/15
51.) Life Amazing
11/20/15
52.) What's the Value of Life
11/25/15
53.) Diversity
2/6/16
54.) Face's
2/14/16
55.) Determination
2/17/16
56.) To Be or Not To Be
2/13/16
57.) Been Around The World
2/4/16
58.) Anonymous
2/24/16
59.) Change
2/25/16
60.) The Supreme
3/2/16
61.) Anticipation
3/14/16
62.) Kiss The Sky
3/8/16
63.) The Human Odyssey
3/14/16
64.) Just Anybody
3/14/16
65.) Sensory
3/12/16
66.) Drama Is
3/20/16
67.) Kusadasi
3/30/16
68.) The Poetic Master
4/2/16
69.) A Year
4/21/16
70.) Anything
8/25/16
71.) The Simple Life
8/25/16
72.) The In Between
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Release Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>73</td>
<td>The Seed Testology</td>
<td>8/26/16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>I Remember Now</td>
<td>8/28/16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75</td>
<td>Desperado</td>
<td>9/13/16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76</td>
<td>Last Train Up</td>
<td>9/13/16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77</td>
<td>Queen Bee</td>
<td>9/13/16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78</td>
<td>Smoke</td>
<td>9/13/16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79</td>
<td>Messiah The Cat in the Tree</td>
<td>9/14/16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>The Journey Within</td>
<td>9/12/16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>81</td>
<td>I See You</td>
<td>2/13/17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82</td>
<td>My Window</td>
<td>2/12/17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83</td>
<td>Shake It Off</td>
<td>2/28/17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84</td>
<td>A Love Theme</td>
<td>5/4/17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85</td>
<td>The Scale Of Justice</td>
<td>6/5/17</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
"Saying Goodbye"

Your death was a terrible time
for me those memories still
haunt me.
So many questions, but little
answers that ate me up like cancer.
I became emotionally and
mentally incapacitated, so
I was isolated.
It was too quick and sudden.
I never had the chance to tell you
how much I really loved you.
To me that's the biggest part
when a love one suddenly departs.
In a blink of an eye
somebody die and you never have
the chance to "say good bye"!

Written By:
Michael Bryant
10/31/00
Her presence in God's creation was a blessing
to man to be fruitful
and multiply in the land.
Her elegance is irrelevant,
but her essence goes without question in hand.
To have and to hold her
is truly a gift, otherwise
men would have never made it.
With a life line connected
to her baby, she remains stable
to endure nine months
of labor and
to show my appreciation this
poem was written about a
woman's dedication.

Written By:
Michael Beyard
1/30/07
"Planet Earth"

The sky, the land and the sea for as far as I can see, oh what beauty you hold century after century as you surround yourself in a cluster of stars and planets like a single rose in the garden of heaven. The universe is your mother and you are her child, so tender and mild. The sun rays bathe you in heat creating energy to give you a heart beat: You rotate on your axle with joy like a baby with a toy so consumed with excitement and always at peace. Your clouds liquidate the land with water causing the trees and plants to grow taller. You have mountain tops covered in snow showing the world how high you can go. You bear flowers of all sorts and colors, your vegetables and fruits are firm.
And sweet that provides for all of humanity, so thank you!

Written By,
Michael Bryant
5/14/07

grega
"True Friends"

I say thank you

to all of those who stood by me

in my times of trouble, your support

was nothing short of love as

my enemies just push and shoved,

trying to make me fall,

but thanks to your aid, I conquered

it all.

Now I know to appreciate

and recognize true friend's hand

will stick with them through

thick or thin, for true friend's

stand by each other until

the end,

the rest just crumble

and blow away in the wind.

Written By,
Michael Bryant
7/14/07
"Whoever said..."

Whoever said,
there was a heaven and hell
then died and came back
to tell.

Whoever said,
money don't mean a thing,
you think the poor feel the
same.

Whoever said,
to forgive is to forget,
but who can stop themselves
from remembering it.

Whoever said,
food should be free,
but turn around and it
change me.
If I eat then I feel,
if not, then I go hungry.

Whoever said,
what I said is true,
but that is to be judged
only by you.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
12/12/07
Can we come together
and forget about all that we know, I just want to hold you so I can feel the essence of life flow. Can we come together for the better and not be the worse, putting down the weapons of jealousy, greed and envy that make's our souls victims of misery and spreads like a disease not only in us, but throughout the world communities. Can we come together, because I know you feel the same deep down inside, but you feel ashamed so you rather lie than to even try.
Can we come together and share our tears that reflect our pain and suffering in this world, that makes life not worth living, but our love for each other is worth giving. Can we come together as rational human beings without all the disparities in color and just love one another.

Written by: Michael Bryant
12/06/07
"Autumn Breeze"

Watch the wind blow as the autumn breeze shake the tree's causing the leave's to take flight looking like a billion bat's flying into the night as the moon hold still in its place while the clouds roll by as if being chase, oh how beautiful it looks and how soothing the chill feel's across the skin, the last season of the year, just before it ends, for I do solemnly swear, to catch an Autumn breeze is very rare.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
3/8/40
"You Are"

You are the opposite of me,
peak beauty at its highest degree.
A candle lit dinner by the sea,
A memory that will last for eternity.
The Birds sing on your presence
As the clouds cover your head like an umbrella.
Your hair sways back and forth
Like winds on the ocean
From the slightest breeze that
Keep all our motions.
Fragrant aromas flow from your
Skin
Like a thousand kisses blowing on
the wind, dancing the dance of
Romance as we walk hand in hand.
For you are my woman
And I'm your man.
You are my everything and
much more,
Someone I love and adore
For evermore.
You are, you are, my shining star.

Written By:
5/15/20
"Bar's, Windows and Handcuffs"

Bar's, windows and handcuffs;
Bar's, windows and handcuffs;
as if this wasn't enough!
Bar's, windows and handcuffs.

taking a sip
from a poison's cup
is like contributing to
your own death, suicide to
your last breath.
Stripped to your bare essentials,
A worthless excuse for a
human being with no potential.
It's elementary
so you don't need a documentary
to see all the misery
throughout peasantries.
The mentally deficient,
so many to choose from
its like pets and pans
in the kitchen, something
here is terribly missing.
Bar's, windows and handcuffs,
Ben's windows and handcuffs, as if this were enough, Ben's windows and handcuffs. Try this out for instance, when waking up is no longer consistent and the sound of a whistle blaring with the jingling of keys brings you back to this sad reality, with flashlights sneaking you in the face like great spotlights on the middle of the night that will have you feeling up, tight as you try to regain your sight, struggling to shake the sleep and stand on your feet a task not performed easily, move to quick and you may become dizzy. Never the less,
all in vain,
for all that you see
is a couple of shadows
passing the door frame.
Beats, windows and handcuffs,
Beats, windows and handcuffs,
as if this wasn't enough!
Beats, windows and handcuffs.
The constant repetition
becomes malicious and
vicious as it starts
overloading your consciousness,
then you lose focus
slipping away into the
darkness.
The killings and stabbings
are no longer frightening,
nor the beatings or robberies that
become exciting.
You may gamble, drink,
get high on bare sex with
the gay guy cause only
the strong will survive!
the rest will die
mentally or physically
consequently all of this
should be kept confidential,
the conclusion is no
illusion its nothing less
than detrimental.
Beans, windows and handcuffs.
Beans, windows and handcuffs,
As if this wasn't enough!
Beans, windows and handcuffs.

Written by,

10/10/10

Pg 4 of 4
"Rainbows"

With their many colors,
Blue, Red, and yellow,
starting in one place
and, ending in another
that bends like a piece of rubber
to formulate a great
reachway,
some large and some small
then suddenly it dissolves,
but
just to have seen it
was a blessing in all.

written by
Michael Bryant
3/21/12
"Will Power"

Let your will explode
Like dynamite to ignite
your determination, where we all lack
patience, hold
strong mind face it.
For your will is like a warriors
shield,
trained to kill obstacles before they
have a chance to build
like a piece of steel that
never bends or break, nor pain or
suffering can overtake,
making the weak strong
and the strong stronger
in a world where you must
fight or be conquered.

Written By,
Michael Bryant
3/14/12
"Birds"

They fly among the clouds with little effort and float down like leaves from heaven, as they bring to the winds like a mother to her child making you smile. From eagles to hummingbirds they all travel across the world. They're amazing in every shape and size with those mystic peck black eyes, captivating me with their many colors and their style as if like no other. They live in all trees in any degree for God tender them every need. Oh, how Beautiful I must be just to fly free!

3/15/12
"Dear America"

what I'm about to say applies to everyone this very day.
Some will hate it
and others will debate it, no
matter what it can't be erased and
most be face. For a country that is
so great, its history is filled with
much misery especially slavery and
even though it's been many mean's
ago, I can still feel a great blow.

I suffer as if I was there, I can taste
9-11 in the FAA, its everywhere,
I can see the unspeakable methods
used to abuse and kill my
ancestors with and it is
something I can never forget.
More Blackmen, women and
children died than in any
war. None of them received
a metal of honor for their
bravery, all they
got was a bullet and a grave
with a handmade headstone out of
wood. A wooden cross, tossed
and tossed from strong winds,
the ultimate price for
someone to pay for the color
of their skin. Yet this
country wants to bury it
instead of acknowledging it,
and even though things has changed
with time, it's still fresh
in many minds. Slavery is
like a forbidden word never to be
spoken like a worthless token
a wound that still lies open. So
in order for it to heal this country
must break the seal of silence
and speak on this unforgettable
violence.

Slavery was more than just an
acquisition, but a condition that
has placed us in our present position.
Even when slavery ended a new
form of racism was implemented. The chains were taken off of us physically and place on us materially. They said we were free, but that would never be for if that was true then why did we have to go through so many trials and tribulations just to be a part of this nation. We helped this nation become great, we fought and died in wars right beside you and my skin didn't matter then. The fight wasn't worth one it was for your freedom, justice and equality. No matter how many of us die or how heard we try, we will never be seen as an equal in your society. Sometimes, I wonder do you really understand the realization of how slavery transformed us mentally, making jealousy our enemy.
Because of your hate a stake was driven between us, where there was once trust is now disgust. You made us believe that the color of our skin was a sin and with the help of time it spreaded to our minds.

So, how can we help one another, if we hate one another, which means we don't love one another makes it easy to kill one another, so there is no way we can heal one another. An explanation is not needed but an apology would be well greeted of it from the bottom of your heart, then a true healing process can start. It's not a matter of who done what or looking for someone to blame. This problem must be resolved so this country can continue to evolve.

Written By: Michael Bryant  
1/22/13
"Soul Anthem"

(1.) The mind is like a glutton,
    A shirt without a button,
    Open for human consumption that
    leads to mental corruption causing
    chaotic solutions.

(2.) Answers become polluted and twisted,
    Damn you bleak, sorry you
    messed it.

(3.) From demagog behavior,
    to criminal activity,
    for a second of heaven to a lifetime
    of misery.

(4.) What is sanity?
    when you speak of such insanity,
    humanity is like a canopy,
    Clothing you with lies,
    these are the horror stories
    that change lives.

(5.) I don't mean to depress you,
    but the truths is like tissue,
    wrapping up every false issue.
(6.) Sensitivity does nothing for the soul, there's nothing worse than watching a fool grow old.

(7.) How many victims has misconception created?
    Only the mentally strong shall be vindicated.

(8.) This battle is of spiritual principalities you can't see:
    No one is the enemy.
    Your fight is with yourself mentally.

(9.) The world can be like a Jungle sometime;
    So Rumble, Rumble young lion!

Written By,

Michael Bryant

1/11/14

Page 2 of 2
"The Ark Of The Covenant"

(1.) My astrological sign
   is one of the divine,
   Twelve in all when combined.

(2.) My element is fire.
   A tao, sagittarius,
   rages and Leo.

(3.) My soul as a spark,
    from "The Ark Of The Covenant"

(4.) The greater my intensities,
    the greater my desire to rise
    rapidly and gloriously.

(5.) I have no limitations
    for I am consumed by
    God's revelation.

(6.) Out of the ashes
    I rose like the Phoenix,
    eye's gleaming with small
    flames of passion screaming.

(7.) Drops of my mortality
    sizzles as it hits the ground,
    telling the universe that another
    soul has touched down.

Written By
Michael Bryant
4/1/23/14
“Elixir, The Mental Fixer”

(1.) I have no license
 nor the qualification
 to hand out medication,
 but the Elixir is The
 mental fixer,
 Not a drug, so I don't need
 certification.

(2.) So if you take a sip
 it's at your own risk.
 Even then deaths is less
 than one-fifth equal
 the rest in total bliss.

(3.) From the physical to the
 spiritual to a superconscious
 state of mind to a place
 not governed by space or time.
 A whole new terrain
 within the brain that
 not even a physicist can
 explain.

(4.) Where you don't eat, breath
 or sleep and how you exist
 as a scientific mystery.
(5.) The scenery is so dreamy
    its un-imaginable and
    The greenery & illuminates the
eyes making everything
    Tangible.

(6.) The scent of lavender hangs
    in the air like chandeliers,
as sheer blue skies reflect
    past memories by the years.

(7.) Crystal clear waters
    shimmer with the all so fine
    precious metals known
to mankind & a world
    that only last for a short
    period of time.

(8.) This my friends is better
    than any wine, its
    elixir time!

Written By:
Michael Bryant
12/01/14

pg 2 of 2
"Rain"

1. I love the rain
   in all its forms,
   drizzle, drizzle,
   or thunderstorm.

2. When it rain,
   I never complain
   because to me its all
   the same, mother-nature
   doing her work in purplying
   the earth and washing away
   the dirt.

3. Thunderstorms get my
   attention real quick;
   especially when the lightning
   hit and that thunder seems
   to never quit.

4. Quite cheerymg and alarming,
   but calmness do come once the
   down-pour its done.

5. The drizzle is like a chisel
   banging away, with a constant
   flow of rain that last all day,
   and lets not forget about the
   mist, so cool and crisp

By Lord A
that floats in the air
like vapors in the month
of April.

(2) Whether heavy or light,
dery or night, the rain
is always cold. That
seems to penetrate my
flesh down to my naked soul.

(7) The sound of rain
rattling metal, sings a
melody that soothes me
non-rationally, something like
the Holy ghost moving me
spiritually.

(8) It tests the enigma within
which threatens me mentally
to be in harmony while
constantly counting the drops,
but I often falls asleep
before the rain stops.

Written By:

[Signature]

Pg 20 of 2
4/18/14
"Color Blind"

More than ever we base life on what we see,
but that's not possible for me.
Fifty shades of gray is not my reality,
but more like one single shade of gray with no duality.
No color, that means no red, no blue, no green or yellow.
A condition since birth, but I still enjoy life for all that it's worth.
Never been a racist; nor could I ever be, and that's the truth.
Signed sincerely.
In my world, all I see are figures called bodies moving around me, the silhouettes of humanity.

Pg 1 of 2
So what's your excuse
for feeling the way you do.
What's the reason
for you hating him or
him hating you.
You never been associates
or friends, so where
did it all begin.
Passed on from the next of
kin to the next of kin,
when will it end.
Being color blind is
more of a blessing
not a defect;
better a lesson.
So I despise
those who haven't realize
the value of life
over color.
If it was considered
normal behavior,
I would have another
dread dashing labor.
“Words of Wisdom”

Stand in boldness
like a blade of grass,
then take solace in the warmth
of the morning sun grasp.

Be not ignorant to the
knowledge of self
those who are fear death.

Inhale the universe breath
then exhale the remainsce
of self.

Be as the wise
and keep your eyes on
the prize for God is the
best kept secret not yet
realized.

Be humble in your
rebellious beliefs and
stumble not just to grief
for the fruits of pride
brings no relief.

Show me perfection and
I will show you a fool
who can’t be resurrected.

By Lord
Temptation weakens the soul and for the price of an ounce of gold, many are sold.
To love nothing is impossible, but to love everything is your destiny of no obstacle.

Written by,
Michael Bryant
3/4/67
"A Ghost Of A Man"

I'm empty as a shell, dust in the hands so don't inhale or you will breathe me in.

Hollow like a piece of a human being. As I gaze at my own reflection, I can't believe what I'm seeing. A dead man walking, soulless that means lifeless like a zombie, no heart, no beat.

But it wasn't always like this, I got served up a bad dish called malice and prejudice.

Now I am just as useless as an old car in need of a host, a ghost of a man exiled to a foreign land to die on my own all alone.

Written By:
Michael Beylouf
4/14/45
Rhythm Of The Rhyme

Soon, a lemon on fire, but sweet like honeycomb
deserted from eyes, I love through the words they will
bring you to take right out of your mind to play wild
sweat as you shirk into your bone in the middle of the night
make you think as you sink into your sound of your soul,
and watch the words that will come
such a masterpiece that will
cause to be, by the flames of each something
and seek up as you from behind to play wild...
"A Vintage In The Making"

Antiques is something people keep, but what about the words we speak that seep's into our consciousness as we sleep. A pedigree of seeds planted into our minds that grow like grapes on a vine manifesting mental pictures of all kind.

Fast-forward, stop now play then rewind as syllables drop into formation to form words into sentences called communication.

Simply exquisite and divine with only a glimpse of a mintage in time.

Written By,
Michael Bryant
5/9/15
“The Grit and The Grind”

The grit is the rough and rugged from the walk of time, breeded in pride with only the will to survive. That is the force of the spirit that lies behind the mound.

The grind is the particles of life redefined, broken down to its last compound, reformed and reshaped, so make no mistake, the grit and the grind was meant to make us all great.

Written by:
Michael Bingham
5/20/15
"Love Is"

love is  
the passion that burns  
in God's heart, the light  
that came FROM  
the dark, the reason  
the universe came to be  
that gave birth to the  
earth, then humanity;  
the ruler of all dimensions  
from start to finish;  
love is love with no competition,  
definition unlimited  
a force with no description;  
the key to all states of  
realities, the seed of reasoning  
and the power of hope in believing;  
that's what love is and  
the greater it will be  
throughout  
profanity.

Written By:  
Michael Bryant  
5/14/15
"Dear Momma"

When our eyes met one that very day it was a
miracle in every way up to and beyond
the month of May. But since this is the
day set aside and recognized that
means one more to realize three
hundred and sixty-five that
you still alive as my love
for you will never die, words
can't explain the way I
feel about you and all of
the things you still do
with a love for me that
has always been
loyal and true.
You held my hand
when I was a child.
You watched me grow into
a man and even though I'm grown
now I can still feel your touch
that's why I love you so very much,
because you never let go and as we
continue this journey together along the way, I just had to stop and say...

Happy Mother’s Day!

Written By,
Michael Bryant
5/44/15
"Victims Of The System"

It's a shame to see so many youths fall through the cracks. This isn't a movie you can't stop the reel and rewind life back. A nation of youths under attack, so many tears and no turning back. Drugs, alcohol, gang banging and throwing up gang signs while mothers crying cause there sons dying in the streets, bloody sheets, black bags and tee tags is what it's going to be and if they survive it will be an even greater cry. This is the system and the youths are the victims'. Juvenile detention no program prevention so where's the government intervention. Mom's and Dad's got to get involved and go the extra mile in raising their child. Teach them, because the system won't reach them and the...
Streets will only beat them.
Into someone you no longer recognize, lost in the system. Another life jeopardize, victim.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
5/31/45

By:}

rg2072
"Broken Glass"

Shards of broken glass lie near a window not yet broken as past incidents are no longer spoken. Anger in the form of a fist, consists of a force upon impact causing the wood to splinter and crack. While the window pane reflections show's one's perception, muddy waters become clear when still no deception. The sound of a violin symbolizes the ballet of life all over again. prone to bend but never to break like glass for picking up the pieces is a thing of the past, because emotional ties scatter like broken glass.

Written By: [Signature]
6/21/15
"Potential"

The potential for manifestations is infinite and its possibilities are unlimited. For every star in the universe, so is our choices galloping upon the planets like wild horses, turning anything into something and making space out of nothing, summoning thoughts out of nothingness and filling the mind with substance, the brain cell's submit like hostages as it crave for oxygen, but the soul holds the key to all realms of reality, where the flesh and bone's are three dimensional, the truth is solid and imperishable, because here lies the greatness for potential.

Written by,
Michael Bryant
6/25/18
"Soldier's"

Soldiers
fight for freedom,
Justice and equality.
They strive to stay alive
and with fear they don't
compromise, shoulder to shoulder
they stand to protect this land.
Whether you care or not, with every
shot a life is lost, but that is the cost that
a soldier pays so you can live free another
day, at home or abroad, they stand
till waiting for that call to arm's.
Where enemies threaten our well being
these brave hearts arise to the occasion
with absolute dedication. For our
soldiers are strong and highly
skilled as the rest of war is
very real.
To tear down
good, rebuild broken
hearts will heal,
soldiers will die
and soldiers will
rise and for
soldiers many
will cry.

written by:
Michael Bryant
7/16/15
“Dazed and Confused”

Dazed by the phase of ordinary days,
Trapped and barricaded in our minds,
Surrounded by loud music of space and time
while awaiting a solution to the chaos and pollution, parallel dimension’s resistance tension

Einstein and his brilliant invention, a divine intervention, but is it too little to late
for something so small so great, radioactive
and waiting for something to happen, but to confuse to lose, yet so nice and smooth
like a genuine chess move.

Written by
Michael Bryant
7/7/25
"Self-Inflicted"

I feel possess by a python
Never been famous, icon.
My addiction is self-inflicted,
mental state controlled by drug of
prescription, evidence of self-
mutilation certified mental
patient. Suicide I tasted, but I
never died, yes I'm insane and
hunting myself as the aim.
Exeuses fell like the rain,
Universalization, no one to blame
to much pressure cause
Radical measures. The
header I pull, the less I
gain, the weight of life
is an ounce to a grain.
my self-esteem is through
the floor, agonizing
pain to the core with
no will to live anymore,
but I forgot to mention
that my words are full
of contradiction!

Written by,
Michael Bryant
7/17/15
"When My Eyes Close"

When my eyes close,
the light goes pitch black
as the subconscious backs track,
the mind switches back and
thoughts become a race track
that attack like vandals, close
doors without handles, barrier
cells scramble to form mental
pictures in sporadic flashes, but
to dramatic in fashion, so vivid,
so real! You can feel the clothing
of light become colorful scenes
of dreams or nightmares filled
with screams. Then suddenly
everything serene, no more dreams
only beams of the spiritual
me is left, one breath away
from death as the smell of
rose petals progress the nose,
but only when my eyes are close;

Written By:
Michael Bryant
7/31/15
"A Second Class Citizen"

God divided the Red Sea,
but what divides humanity?
A second class citizen, what a
messy of a reality that I thought
was history, but obviously
I was blinded by my own mind
where no love of any kind will
I ever find, I'm no animal
just an ordinary individual, see
touch me I'm physical.

Written By,
Michael Bryant
8/12/95
"When I Die"

let there be a
celebration of my cremation
or a burial of my flesh
and bones
followed by a line
of mourners,
but Jesus warned us,
so cry not
for the plot of the story
as not to worry,
the soul don't cease
to exist with the last breath,
that's only a physical death,
for my essence was
never in question
sealed with God's blessings,
as the spiritual me
ceased,
my memories I
leave in your presence,
cause I made it to heaven.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
8/4/45
The Flam-Flam

It's tragic how I now game,
but you a willing participant
so cohere the blame,
when I flip a card or roll
the dice many are entranced,
but that's the glitz and the
glamour of the fast life.
Money come slowly, but
leaves quickly, my hands
move too swiftly leaving your
pockets empty, a game of
finesse, Buddha bless, not
checkers or chess, I make
a living doing this, money
hand over fast, skills of
a perfectionist, now pay up
you owe me twenty for just
reading this.

Written By,
michael Bryant
8/4/15
"One Extraordinary Day"

If rated, it would earn one hundred percent, a day that seems like heaven sent, perfect in every sense as if it was meant to be just for me. tailor made from the finest of fabrics, a moment in time so fantastic, absent the chaos and tragic events that usually plague the present with prayers of repent, but not today, for today is one of those extraordinary days but come tomorrow, I must turn the page watching today fade away, causing tears to fall from my eyes as I can only wish to it good by.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
8/24/15
"Stripped"

Bare essentials are the building blocks for elementals. Vacancy means rentals small like a pinto, smooth ceramic down to the bone. That's tasteless, odorless and formless as a baby born in its nakedness, lost days of apocalyptic never been a materialist, can't stand it, soul stranded clinging to nothing—see empty handed.

Written By,
Michael Bryant
8/29/15
"Just A Drop"

I'm just a drop of water
Don’t pay me any mind;
I fall from the sky all of the time, there are millions of me contained within a cloud, as I float about I may just stop and let it all out saving the land from a severe drought, a source of life to the mouth and when consumed I become seventy percent of your resident as well as the planet, I liquify and regenerate all life, without me your reality would be nothing more than cosmic dust in this galaxy.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
9/3/15
"I Trusted You"

I trusted you with my heart, but you let me down. A dream turned into a nightmare, life upside down, struck by a poisonous dart of your vicious intentions. I rather been eaten whole by a shark and my death never mention, you ravaged my soul with lies leaving me covered with flies, now looking into my eyes I have already seen, see what you done, death without a gun, you ridiculous better, the work of a lethal injection, a cannibals of a woman that caused me to stumble, even now I don't wonder as my soul roarlike a howl in the jungle, but now humbled I just play the hand I was dealt without anybody knowing that her murder is what I truly felt.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
9/3/15
"Taking Nothing For Granted"

I live with no regrets;
ey every second as precious
e as I make the best of it;
never spilling or wasting it;
slow and steady never chasing it.
My idea of life isn't
crooked or slanted;
nothing is taken for granted.
So I tell you every day in every way
that I love you just in case I suddenly
pass away, leaving no doubt about
what came out of my mouth,
because there's nothing else I need
to say, every opportunity is
utilized, solid in thought
crystallized, every breath
realized until this story
called life is finalized.

Written By
Michael Bright
9/4/15
"Flick Of The Switch"

From zero to sixty is clockable, but from
curious to grossidious is unstoppable,
one on the brink of being diabolical,
confrontation methodical, yet practical for the reasons,
but the mentally deranged
is undetectable, transparent
if foreseeable nothing
short of unpredictable
No tell-tale signs
only victims left
behind questions
of who, what
or why
is
established
in a situation where
people die is tragic, but
fortunately for society this
is a thin portfolio of a seldom
seen scenario.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
9/7/15
"Exclusive"

This is for the triple eye minded.
Not the spiritually blinded,
and very rarely will you ever
find it though.
Hidden deep within your
own confinements,
seek not, want not, essence.
The size of a dot, light getting dim,
outcome looking game.
Nevertheless, its all a quest
of the shrine of the power self,
a token of the unspoken hidden
wealth, where few are chosen;
ancient dialects remain frozen,
mountains so high one must
demb through the slopes of
ignorance just to fine thyself
behind the mind, one throne,
one creator. All alone with the
whole truth written on stone.

Written By:
Michael Beyonist
9/7/95
"Throw Away People"

The value of life
doesn't come with a price,
People are put through hellish conditions
just for spite, the poor being the
sacrifice, money is cash,
the less fortunate being trash,
No regards for creation
throwing away people like new
sacrification, plantations
of slums and ghettos
war without medals,
laughing and grinning
at their stupidity, openly
and without pity, in treating
to a few chem-tries as your
fight for humanity, but
being rich isn't the problem,
its your rosenity.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
9/20/15
"The Cabin In The Woods"

The candle light flickers
as small drops of water trickle
from the holes in the ceiling as
shadows form on the wall.

From the glow, the breeze, from the
cracks feels like an open window.
wood. In the fireplace burns slow,
ground, covered in feet of snow,
stranded and nowhere else to go.

water, partially frozen and
barely flowing, cabin is full
of miscellaneous, but nothing
edible or life sustaining. The
accumulation of dust means
years without a human touch,
sun rays seep through the holes in
the sack cloth that hangs from
the sill and fills the room
with the odor of mildew, shuffling
to an old rocking chair that sat
in the corner gave me some peace;
rocking myself to sleep to suddenly
being woken by someone brand on
my shoulder. Written By: Michael Bryant
9/14/15
"My Analysis"

Chapter after chapter
I've been writing in this book called life,
never with a pen, words out of
sight, mentally heard. Written
never typed, experiences - some
wrong, some right, choices and
consequences turn into
verbal and physical responses,
motivated by the character
I play in this movie I live every day
and getting up in age makes me
afraid that I might be turning
my last page, but the fact
is no matter what happens after
the page of the worst, know this,
life is full of bliss like a sweet
dish of a long good night kiss,
a memoir of memories that I
will never forget.

Written by,
Michael O'Bryant
9/14/145
"Masquerade"

One face with many expressions raises a series of questions, a mirror reflection of emotions that can change in a blink of an eye. It looks to be genuine, but personified into a lie to hard to deny no matter how much we try. So many cover their free with masks to meet the task at hand, but fake hearts are quickly exposed that crumble like sand. Faces that never remain the same in a game of who is who is instance. But this is true in all that we do, consistently putting on faces of deception about always fall through and sometime people will see the real you.

Written by:
Michael Reynolds
9/14/15
"I Wonder"

I always wanted to see what others see in me, because what I see is not how things really be; making the idea of myself a twisted reality that I don't quite understand, because if I did, I would know that I am much more than just a man, but more like a grain of sand on the beach of God's great plan that seems so insignificant in such a vast universe, makes me think to myself, what did God create first?

Whitney Bay, 9/12/16
Michael Bryant
I like my tempo smooth,
A trendy groove with a flow
that won't let go.
A pedal to the metal type
of half note that begins
with a violin intro to a single
Piano key note followed by
my lead, the maestro.
Signaling for the symphony as whole,
while my hands compose whole
notes into sound, swaying
melodies lifting you off the
ground, flapping and turning
you around just before gently
setting you back down,
But its not over yet, because your
about to get the eighth to the
sixteenth note, the gold crown
of music that's guaranteed to
have you standing in ovation
and elated in a dramatic
fashion, because you just
witnessed another classic.
"Pure-Adrenaline"

With every breath my breathing becomes more erratic, lungs expanded like a rubber band, spastic, creating energy called static, more oxygen I get to have, sweat forms on my brow leaving puddles at my feet, body heat raising the humidity, muscles become tense, and rigidity, skin moist and glistening, tendons and ligaments twitching from the quickness of my agility, from density to the intensity of my stamina is phenomenal in its ability to endure more, extreme stress on the core, with an ounce more of pure-adrenaline, just a letter to my competitors, take heed from the editor.

Written By, Michael Bryant
9/15/15
"Prison Blue's"

How can you deliver me,
if you can't see all the misery
poured on me or the overflowing
of pain with the forgotten ones.
Father's, brother's, Uncle's and
soul's, it's a test of true sincerity,
but without loyalty becomes a
better sweet memory between
family or friends, where time don't
only heal wounds, but dry up
relationships like cocoons of dried
bones called fossils of colossal
of devastation so where's the
motivation, no communication
becomes feelings of hatred, I tried to
explain it, but your comprehension could
not sustain it, so your thoughts became
targeted, separated by miles of
thief and payment, years turn into
decades that constantly chip away
family ties as love one's begin to die,
funerals multiply, no more tears you
can't even cry.

Written By: Michael Bryant
10/4/45
"Life Amazing"

Here we go with the ego
or maybe it's the pride that
arose from a side view either
case a poor choice of taste,
Life is never a waste divided
we stand separated by
the seas and land, life is
amazing, but humanity don't
understand as twisted
thoughts chop off the hand
of morality leaving love stranded
causes fist-fists, mental
rip tides sweep aside the
ability to think realistically
in-time your compasion to human
swuck dramatically, you become
the focus of you and when
that happen there's no limit
to what you might do, yet
even in the darkness of our ignorance,
life is amazing and forever
more magnificent!

Written By,
Michael Bryant
4/12/2015
"What's The Value Of Life?"

This ain't wallstreet
life isn't a commodity
trying to make a profit,
interest rates keep dropping,
phantom of the opera,
people disappearing,
black market
everyone's a target.
So, what's the value of life?
afraid and scattering like mice,
I guess human trafficking is
a right cause no one willing
to fight and being sold
for a price, then ask
yourself what's the
value of life?

where murder is more common
than a cold and gold is
appreciated more than the
human soul if life exists:
death will unfold, hearts
of stone don't sympathize.
stocks and bonds
on the rise, the truth
is yet to be realized,
while the poor seek as hope, but
whats the value of life?
Reality ignite 
likely promote
Camouflage killers roam the night
seeking the lives of those who
seen the light, dignity and
prestige, don't exist and
tyrants rule the lands
with an iron fist,
So I ask you this, what is the value
of life?

Written By,
Michael Bryant
4/1/25/15

pg 2 of 2
"Diversity"

change is inevitable, beautiful and incredible.

The quest of evolution at its best, perfectly manifested and hand-crafted by the master himself, where the unlimited supply to meet the demands of the universe comes first.

Written by,
Michael Bryant
2/6/16
"Face's"

Can't put a name
to all the face's,
but I love them all
like exotic
Places.

Never been a racist,
I see God in them

No way for an atheist;
Look at what God created,
So holy and scared;
All
equal without discrimination,
So nobody owes anybody an explanation.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
2/17/16
“Determination”

All I need is one shot
the size of a dot, a small
 crack or tear in the seam
 and watch me turn a
 nightmare into a sweet dream
 cause all I need is just
 a little bit of luck
 I can take any story and turn
 it into a more plot
 a bestselling book all the
 way to the top, just a
 speck to be correct from
 a science project to a
 billion dollar object,
 there's no stopping it
 up and down like
 hydraulics, my determination
 is flawless.

Written By: Michael Beyant
2/7/16
"To Be or Not To Be"

If to be
is just to exist
that is ignorance,
for the greatest of all
wealth is the awakening
of self,
because
the reality
is spirituality
and that's deliverance.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
2/13/16
“Been Around The World”

From the great lakes of the United States, I swam to the ports of Singapore to the clay huts of Ecuador, then across the Red Sea to the meridian just to see the blue waters of the Caribbean. Barefooted I traveled the hot sands of Niger to Zaire, no passport to enter, Malawi sent back to Zimbabwe, had to work my mojo in the Congo just to get to Fiji before I was deported to Chile, fell in love with Bolivia, but I got a wife named Syria, neighbors in Liberia next door to Algeria, to the white sands of Pakistan then rode the camel like a mad man to Afghanistan just to meet the native people called Africans to a ceremony of the Sudanese chewing the cocoa leaves.
hypnotized by the light,
what a ride back to the
shore side.

written by
Michael Bryant
2/15/16
"Anonymous"

my identity is anonymous, I have no name, but I'm not ashamed for all that remains is the artifacts of whips and chains, haunted by the foul odor of decaying flesh and blood stains, anonymous for centuries that's the mystery of my ancestry slavery crossed out of history shows no sympathy and anonymous as it might be I'm the man "G" in God's legacy so off you know God Then my identity is no mystery but to the ignorant I remain anonymously.

Written By: Michael Bryant
21.22.12a
"Change"

If you want change, then make it, and habits break it, but don't mistake it as easy, believe me, money have tried and money have died. In the process, some by suicide from all the stress, others got arrested, we can bare witness to this, but starting now failure is not an option, it's your willingness and your need to succeed that will set you free, taking commendable is making a stand, because change is nothing if you do nothing, so the plan is to do something and that something is being methodical in putting down the drugs and the alcohol bottle.

Written By,
Michael Bryant
2/25/20
The
"Supreme"

I'm just a silhouette
in God's dance - a
pirouette, a gleam in his
sunbeam, the little me within
the big "G", but without the
Rhapsody in Tying RELIGIOUSLY,
but I practice the truth
seriously and whole heartedly,
with integrity and honesty,
that's the best part of me.
And together we are God's
recipe, the ingredients
of his existence, every breath
is the evidence, nothing is
irrelevant, so Hail to the King,
the always and forever,
The Supreme.

Written By,
Michael Bryant
3/21/16
"Anticipation"

Damn! Its killing me, but I love it like a novelty, like an authors delight. Topology, all this anxiety got me on the edge of my seat, feeling jittery, sweating and watching anxiously, while thinking consciously about the other possibility. For expectation is like a wishing well but who will kiss and tell, some will succeed and some will fail, what then when reality settles in will you break or bend, twist or turn just another hard lesson learned, that happens over and over again, a fifty fifty blend with a different type of end.

Written By  
Michael Bryant  
3/4/16
"Kiss

The

sky."

clear blue skies
cause me to squint
my eyes to block out
the sun's light,
just to open them to
the night, bask, cool
and crisp, looking up and
blowing the moon a kiss,
a slight tease of
a breeze shake the leaves
on the trees, jealously, do I
sense a storm in security.
That's why I kiss the
sky, emotional ribbons make
the clouds cry to hear the
echoes of my hellos
just before I say good-bye, this
is why I kiss the sky!

written by,
Michael Bryant
3/8/16
"The Human Odyssey"

A Testament of one's journey, a story with no allegory, the uncut symmetry of a flawless legacy, described in a pedigree of abstract realities, the sediments of thought based upon the Rudiments of life, where we only live as is and never twice, the human colony of Biology, yes!, the odyssey is what we be, a trinity of life, death and God's infinite energy.

Written by:
Michael Bryant
3/23/2020
"Just Anybody"

Everybody is somebody
someplace
even if you know nobody
cause
everybody is everybody
so
anybody can be somebody
but
no one can be everybody,
because
the same, what is the only one,
so
who's who if you ain't you
and
I'm not me, so how do I
define
myself, that's easy call me
Just anybody.

written by,
michael bryant
3/22/16
"Sensory"

The sight in my eyes
keeps the fires of desire
burning within my heart
and
the touch of my hands
against the surface guides
me through the dark,
as
my ears let me hear the
slightest of sounds, alerting
me to any danger lurking
around,
for
my sense of smell gives me
directions, imperceptible
and
make corrections when
necessary,
just so my tongue can savor
the taste of the fruits
of my labor.

Written By,
Michael Bryant
3.4.14
"Drama Is"

Drama is -
being suspended in time with
much excitement twirling
through the mind.

Drama is -
our physical vibrations moving
on high, now picture life without
this said reality.

Drama is -
the groom or bride in a marriage,
and our love for it is like a baby in
a carriage.

Drama is -
mental intoxication with sober
complications that leaves us trembling
from all the adrenaline.

Drama is -
turning another page in the book of
escapades, the how we die, the how
we live and how we destroy then
rebuild, all for the thrill.

Drama is -
buzzing suspense as our cause of protest,
because we won't live without it, knowing
its damage is permanent.
Kundalini

She is the beauty of the night,
the secret lore of my life;
Oh, why do you hide from my
sight for you are the passion
that burns in my desire to
spiritually rise higher.
Few has laid eyes upon
her elegance, the queen of
inner dominance with a heart
full of love in great abundance.
She comes and goes as she pleases
with every breath that flows
through my mouth and out of
my nose as she grace my soul
with her presence and when
we embrace its heaven,
stimulating the seven points of
my chakras, causing my body to
shake and shiver from her
energy, while leaving me
dreamy-eyed, but not
surprised.

Written By:

Michael Bryant

3.30.16
"The Poetic Master"

When my eyes close,
my world becomes two-fold,
a platform for my dissertation
of words in a world where speech
is not the form of communication,
where I compose and utilize
words into sentences, the nemesis
of making you feel this takes
a realist not a gimmick,
but a true artist who writes
from the heart of his soul
and takes delight in the essence
of God that greets like a gentle
Rose in the garden of the mind
surrounded by weeds on a vine
that wants it to die, but
It survives by the weapons of
the divine, the pen and the paper
developed skills that appears
unbelievably real and becomes

Page 2
In totoicated, by the forces
of his blood, that spills upon
the pages of what he feels.
The lost of the lost
born under the seventh seal
and the right hand of God, that
wrote the book of the dead
with a mono-spear of thoughts
reaping down on his head,
he offers his words to the
world, as sweet rapsin bread.

Written By,
Michael Rejent
4/24/14

2 of 2
"A Year"

A Year is

Twelve months with

Twelve names, Twelve astrological
signs means Twelve symbols that form

A chary, a 360º degree
cycle, Fifty-two
weeks, seven days all

in a line equals Three hundred

and sixty-five with the four seasons

in mind just before

it renewal, except

when it takes a

leap every

Three,

plus one day, four years

then its complete

and

what a year it will be!

Written By:

Michael Bryant

4/2/16
"Any Thing"

As we go about our day
anything can come our way,
from this to that
all in a blink of an eye,
somebody will be born and
somebody will die, but
who's to say which way life
will sway, the ifs,
and's and maybe's are all
possibilities of melodies,
Here today gone tomorrow,
smiles of joy or tears of sorrow,
The poem of expectation
has no gain, for
anything never stays the same
and everything is
guaranteed to change,
as to what that might be
is between you and
destiny.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
8/25/16
"The Simple Life"

I
have hopes and dreams,
but
the reality is I settle for the
lesser things. You know:
food, clothing and shelter
and whatever else.
I may need the basic necessities
nothing out of greed.
because I fell in love
with the simple life,
only a slice not the whole
pie, just enough to
get me by.

Written By
Michael Bedard
8/25/16
"The In Between"

It's that tiny gap of nothingness
that happens so quick, very
few will ever notice it,
complete emptiness and absolute
stillness, where only the soul is
the witness.

That split second of silence, peace
and tranquility that lies between
every action and thought of
humanity,
It is said to be the place where our
true selves hide its face behind
the clouds of the mind.

But if you seek, sunshine is what
you shall find.

[Signature]
Matt Bright
8/25/16
"The Seed Trilogy"

One day,
I was walking home
and found a seedly so I
planted it in the back yard.
out of curiosity, months later
it grew into a garden,
so I gave the food to those
who were starving and they
fed their children until they were
grown, then sent them out, but not
alone with a pocket roll of
seeds to be sown. They
planted them here, there
and everywhere. Now,
millions of years old
those same seeds feed
the entire globe.

Written by
Michael Bryand
8/26/46
"I Remember Now"

If, there's no such thing as death and my flesh and bones are truly not alive,

Then tell me why I try so hard
Not to die and if this is true then everything else about life might be a lie too,

making me not really me and you not really you like fictional characters in the play of the mind,

for it is written that I am a soul of divinity but spiritually blind with no memory of my holy ancestors, lost and confined to space and time. Yet, in the pit of my stomach, I do feel something that I can not comprehend, it's like a fire burning from within, a sensation of flames thrusting from the top of my head as beams of bright lights beam from the chucks in my skin, this is the beginning of the end or the truth being born again.

Written By,

Michael Bryant
8/28/16
"Desperado"

Your head pressed for the material things so your gain come by any means, you right for crumbs like city peck burns, looking like rats in the dark for the bare minimal makes you a criminal, because forever crumbs take whatever they can find, a pitch black state of mind, need the sign, but there it goes again, that feeling from within backing you to another "Dead End".

Written By:
Michael Bryant
9/4/3/16
"Listen-Up"

Take heed now.

Listen to your parents
And the elderly.

Because experience pays the salary
And nothing is gain without a mutual
Exchange that's the reality in
Receiving advice that might
Save your life, so spare
Yourself of some trials and
Troubulations and in time you will
Learn to have persistence, so
Listen-up instead of complaining;
Because common sense is
Looking while ignorance
Is growing.

Written by:
Michael Bryant
9/13/46
"Queen Bee"

They call her queen bee, because she leads the colony, born under royalty to a force of an army that is totally dedicated to protecting her every interest, where making honey is the business, and the rest is the same as theвориес. Attack the hive, and you will see their loyalty to survive or die, this is the side of nature we don't normally see, where there's no discrimination, just equality.

Written by, Michael Bryant
9/13/16
"Smoke"

The smell is so evident
that you would say it must be
weedy, but it's the words I wrote
that burn like leaves,
giving off clouds of white smoke
that I inhale as I read, causing
me to choke. I can't breathe
as the page set ablaze, but to
high to be extinguished, because it's
the powers within me that ebullies
the mystery of life like
ashes at my feet, blessing
my soul to the harmony
of its destiny.

Where ignorance is easy to
swallow, makes it hard to
enlighten me to follow as deeps
trekkles up my lips
like sativa, but
I don't bother to wipe my mouth,
because the truth is worth
talking about.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
9/16/2018
"Me and The Cat in The Tree"

Yes, it's just an ordinary tree, but it is special to me, because unlike people, this tree listens wholeheartedly. Whether sunshine, rain, sleet or snow, I come by daily to say hello, but on this particular day there was a difference in the energy flow.

At first, I thought something was missing then my eye's caught the new addition, sitting on a branch dressed in black fur with green eyes and a loud purr. It stood its ground and so did I as we locked eye to eye.

Movement on either end and a war would begin. I wasn't afraid, but this cat was strangely brave. I screamed and yelled, but it wouldn't be chased away and his eyes looked as if to say, I'm here to stay. I became exhausted.

I took a seat beneath the tree, then closed my eyes for a second, and guess who was sitting next to me. Mr. Friendly.
the cost from the tree as I quickly realized this cost was not like me, lonely. So, I just let things be and in time we became a family, me and the cost in the tree.

Written By:  
Michael Bryant  
9/4/71 to
"The Journey Within"

Two million miles to greaLand
surrounded by mental wastelands;
A reality
we must all face then
as I descended
again to hell again, I failed
again, so I must die again
just to rise again to
find the inner path
again, so let the
Journey begin again from where
I last ended then, not to
sin again, damn
I did it again!

Written by:
Michael Bryant
9/22/96
"I see you"

I see you trying to hide, but
the eye's you can't disguise.
I see you watching me watch you
as if you don't know why
like the sun watching the moon in the sky.

I see you watching every moment
of life cause your essence
is love with a smile of delight.

I see you like I see the universe,
the last of the last and
the first of the first.

I see you through all the flesh and bones
and beyond the mind,
you, all holy and divine.

I see you as I see myself, because
the truth is there is no one else.

Written By
Michael Bryant
2/13/19
"MY WINDOW"

From my window
I can see nature unfold,
And season's change—from hot to cold,
While clouds roll by like crimson tides
Yielding to the sun in the sky, watching
Her rays bathe the shrub's florid
Trees with energy raising the dead
to a beautiful garden,
a picture perfect scenery to see
Life in motion, waiting
Up to the early morning
Dew drops on to the sound commotion of
Children waiting
At the bus stop, the barking of dogs or
A cat's meow, birds singing in harmony
All bring back some childhood memories
With the pouring of rain sending that down the drain's as the wind blow
Rustling the dead leaves
All from my window.
"Shake it off"

shake it off like a champion,
growling like a panther,
sing a song like an anthem,
scratching and clawing your way back
bouncing like a ball telling life to take that!

Written by:
Michael Bryant
2/28/17
"A Safe Time"

Quick as it come's
Quick as it leave's,
Destiny
is the tree that
bore the seed's
And
hate is the soil
that nurture our
need's, but
death is the gardener
who
pluck's the weed's.

Written By:
Michael Bryant
6/4/17/2017
"The Scale Of Justice"

Even in the midst of all this madness there is a balance called happiness, that heal the hearts of those filled with sadness, where hate rule hearts of fools that resign, but only for a short period of time before love re-take it's claim.

Written By: Michael Bryant
6/5/14