Behind the Walls of Society's Solution

INTRO

The story of a black man's struggle to overcome oppression, depression, and suppression all while behind the walls of society's solution. I ask for your patience and understanding that doesn't require you to stand on me to lift your self-up. It took dedication to stand in this fallen land, most days I wanted to give up but that would mean giving away stability to beat society and finally become apart of the solution and not the problem. Some days I lost all I fought to gain in the first place by forgetting what I was fighting for. The desire to change the past left me a gift to change the present.

Martin Luther King had a dream but I had a
Contents

Chapter 1 Who am I?  
Pg 2-7

Chapter 2 251/50 The Reason for my Insanity  
Pg 7-12

Chapter 3 Character Assassination  
Pg 12-17

Chapter 4 Behind the mask  
Pg 17-23

Chapter 5 Society's Revenge  
Rushmore  

Chapter 6

Chapter 7 Before
It was a nightmare. That one day we as the people will come together to build a better solution. I feel it will be as easy to accomplish as it is to ignore. Some of what you read is my lashing out angry because left with no rules to this game I gave up early defeated by my own lack of knowledge. I would like to thank those who even though I hurt and manipulated still believed in me when I didn’t believe in myself. I also would like to thank those people who were trapped in the solution with me that didn’t know, had no reason to care for this tattooed gangster and you still inspired me. Thank you Mrs. Gray when I was lost and didn’t know what direction to go you showed me a G.P.S. It was up to me to follow. To Mrs. Jefferson, I knew I gave you a hard time being a Sista and all but you played the part in my life I needed at the time. We can’t save the world Mrs. Jones we can only help some so they can help others and we all can change it together. I end this with peace proper education. Always, create. Elevation. Enjoy my story hopefully you will cry, smile and live on.

Chapter 1 Who am I?

Who am I? I would like to start this chapter with a essay I wrote called altered egos. They say it’s not who you are but who you answer to and what you answer to so who am I? I’m not
the name given to me at birth. I had no choice in what would forever belong to me. Don't call me Robert.
I rather be Robin Hood. Because by selling drugs to my people I was robbing the hood. God forbid you title me bubba because with that name comes crime, punishment, fear and distress. I'm ashamed to say while bubba committed crimes Robert was the one to pay. I'm broke and broken how can cash be my other ego anymore? He left with the presidents assassinated by hate. If you want me to respond whisper the name I must begin to answer to........ Black Starr!!
The name means more than the 10 letter could ever spell. Of course I'm black but that doesn't give me power. It only makes me blend into the night. What's power in being unseen if nobody knows your there?
I am the north star, big dipper and the little dipper when the sun shines they disappear. I battle for light with the moon and the sun if you call me and I don't answer know I'm blocked out by the sun and with patience my time will come. peace...

Poem #1

Good morning world
It's your brotha in the struggle Black Starr.
I'm dim to day and my feelings are far.
Freedom won't come soon enough
I speak of mentally and emotionally because physically
Life is getting harder in this cage I'm in...
Would I wish it on my enemy or my next of kin.
But money became my issue
When your broke even your brain can dis you.
Poverty made it stand it was destined to fail.
God didn't answer my voice and he was expecting my call.
I screamed louder to make sure I was heard.
My cry disappear with the wind and I got what I deserved.

Poem # 2 Freedom

Freedom from what?
Freedom from who?
If you don't know who you are that's freedom to you?
Everybody doing time it's the story of life...
It isn't much freedom if you ignore the Rights
Surrounded by closed minds
want to live forever behind closed blinds.
A free mind has no need to scream
Freedom becomes more than the choice it brings.

Poem # 3 Who am I?

Who am I? I don't know anymore.
I used to think I was special
then they closed the door.
I used to think I was welcome
then they swept the floor.
Who am I? I don't know any more
I had the world in my palms
But it slipped through the cracks...
And melted away so my vision is sad...
Who am I? I don't know any more...
I'm lost in a nightmare a prisoner of war...
Had the answers to the test...
Still failed to be the best...
So close but yet so far away...
Close your eyes and imagine my pain...
Tears to know who I was then they change my name

Poem # 1

Future

Staring at the wall to my future
Can see it but can't touch it's useless
Tryed my hardest to follow the laws of the land
But can't find success in quick sand

Need to make an apartment with Houdini
Ask him how to escape the hand cuffs of eternity.

Deep water ....... Cont swim

bag tree, small limb

Forever falling can you hear my voice?

I'm alone with out a choice....

In a race to beat the success clock...

and its 50 hours ahead of my watch

Yes become Stevey Wonder and success was so close

Happiness is all I ever wanted the most...
It loves me it loves me not
I'm going to catch success rather it loves me or not...

Poem #5 No Where

I'm every where but I'm no where.
Trapped in a maze
A nice who's bad decision got him tazed.
Experimenting with my emotional status,
Left alone with their thoughts of me like a target practice.
Destruction comes before the storm...
But destiny is my lucky charm...
I'm every where but I'm no where
Saw the light at the end of the tunnel
The color got my vision started to crumble
Screaming in the dark hearing echoes of my heart.
I'm every where but I'm no where...
Here but I'm not
Must have gotten on the wrong bus
Because this isn't my stop.

Poem #6 lost

Lost in a world with no dreams...
Finding comfort in the mind among other things...
Life never gave me any promises
Caged up like animal with no common sense
Discovering a new world behind walls and fences.
Can you feel my pain? I'm breathless
One drop open ... one door closes...
Want to release my people call me Moses.
The of enlightenment comes in the form of poison Ivy.
and its deeper than the eyes can see.
Eternal life seem to be after me.
It comes while I'm sleep attempting to capture me.
Want to run but slow motion over power my mere
Hand cuffed to the possibilities of failed accomplishments

Chapter 2 THE REASON FOR MY INSANITY

I titled this chapter 5150 (The Reason for my insanity)
5150 is a medical term which means criminally insane, some say insanity is doing the same thing over again expecting a different outcome. But for a Caregiver Failure only teach you what not to do the Second or Third time before you find out how to solve a problem. Whoever came up with this definition didn't expect it to be questioned by a thinker. I think it was designed to scare the common criminal away from a addictive habit. I have been insane because failure was hard to chew, it was a half done park cheap biting into it made it bleed the blood of pain while I swallowed the blood.
I begin to plot ways to digest the meat. I could choose not to eat it at all and starve, or figure out away to make it possible but giving up isn't an option, am I insane?

Poem #1

Death got to be easy
if I told it die 3 times you wouldn't believe me
life should be better than this...
few thousand dollars wasn't worth my risk...
hurry up and stand still
now where to go and find to kill
think twice before you roll the dice
or flip a coin high and wait to pay the price.
never think about long distances...
Wander why that bluebird is so presistance.
Dont throw your future behind temporary gratification...

ToDJ is not a vacation
modern day slaver with out the underground railroad
only god can save you when you suffer hell's load.

Poem #2

I'm going through it right now
woke up crying with out a sound...
pain so deep I can feel it in my toes.
can't sleep to get away even my conscious is exposed...
somebody help me please!!!
haven't prayed in a while...
but now I'm on my knees...
Mrs J can you really save me?
I'm so selfish even my soul hate me...
The world around me is die with out a cause.
scared to go to sleep you can't put death on pause.
embraced it and became my pall bearer
carry the weight of the world on your shoulders
there's nothing small there...
want to lift the dead?
wait!! 200 plus 3 its over check mate...

Poem #3 voices

They called me crazy because I listen
do the voices....
some days it screamed so loud I didn't have a choice.
I got angry and demanded it to stop
thinking anger was the answer but it's not...
when your thoughts whisper suggestion
against your values...
take your time and slowly analyze
the bad news..
The bad news.
Never take your thoughts to court.
Don't play judge on your emotional report.
Black Stark here and I been through it all
most days I was just getting up from a fall.
long nights ... no sleep.
Insomnia wouldn't let me rest in peace
closed my self off to the world
Felt they heard my thoughts...
hoping they would crucify me on a cross.

Poem #4 I'm not who I used to be

I'm not who I used to be...
Not the same look so don't use the key.
Not the same person you used to see.
I'm not who I used to be.
Take a picture I will develop it for free
And mail it back to you so you can see it's not me.
I'm not who I used to be.
Why are you? Are you new to me?
Was the root but your not the tree
Left with the wind you once the leaf.
I'm not who I used to be.

Poem #5 I hate this place
I really hate this place
Because I'm so misplaced...
I'm Royality asking this is my des graces
will always seem to form a bad puzzle
Replacing them to gather daily make me dysfunctional.
I really hate this place.
I know I was even misunderstood
that ain't the case
understand to some is time demanding
Never had goals this time I'm planning
I really hate this place...
when I look in the mirror I don't see my face
I see blurry vision of a human race.
I really hate this place
I'm going in circles at any rate.
I'm going in circles at any rate.
had a choice to do right but now its to late.
Poem #6 The invisible man

Your job is to watch me
But do you Real see me?
I'm the invisible man.
Jinger bread get rid of me as fast as you can.
Every 3 hour you look for me just so you don't
have to look at me...
I'm the invisible man.
Dress me up in white so I don't disappear again.
Remind me every day that it's my past that binds me.
I'm the invisible man.
Can you find me?
My voice is my visibility.
Allow me to disappear again.
but you can visit me...

Chapter 3 Character Assassination

They replaced my intellectual property with a red
chain bag filled with fire hazards labeled with a
TOE tag for a dead body. My name was recreated into
a number that leads to the morgue making my mother's
son a gang member who is a drug dealing baby killer.
This fatherless child was a father, a brother, and a husband
and now he has a expiration date worth less than spoiled
food. He was judged by the color of his skin, the amount
of mistakes he made, and the people he embraced as family.
The one eyed devil shows acher who hopelessly pretends
to be what they feel it is to be, something they never
took time to understand. I question the world today.
What's more powerful bullets or the reconstruction of
self-prejudice? The answer is: Bullets Kill quick
But self - hate is like a drawn out death that sometimes is self inflicted. It was done to kill and thoughts could destroy. I would be Malcolm X detached by someone saying "get your hand out of my pocket." Dead in the eyes of my children killed by the same demon that created me.

Poem # 1 assassination of character

Witnesed an assassination
on my character and its trying my patience
Behind the mask of society judgement
my past bad decisions are ingraved in cement.
Now that I'm fully focused
I can't disappear from this dream. I chose this
I'm better than you think I am
Standing tall with a closed fist
You kill me with no regrets
Have to be mindful of your thoughts
They down grade me with no respect.
Razor wire cut my pride and soul.
Trevor Martin act got me denied of parole
Hate is not genetics
A lie is a lie no need for cosmetics.

Poem #2 0 6 Dad

Hello young brath and sistas
Where is your dad?
sold out to the Jim crow
But that's only half.
Of Father put you second to nonsense.
Can't save him but awaken his conscience.
Fall asleep on the world
and dreams forget to be important.
Why hate the world for want abortion?
Not the prophet but I had a vision this was coming
Everybody claiming victim stance
like the are a victim of something.
The era of the maury is over...
you are the father stand tall now that your sober.
Or let sun rapp, it up.
We building prison with our D.N.A. isn't that enough?

Poem #3 Black stare in ferno

almost died last night
Felt myself drift away because my future wasn't bright...
looked around to see everybody converging me to see death.
Seen the world in new eyes with my last breath
Drumb roll please!!!!
On the last thumb I'm deceased!
the message is getting stronger.
I'm losing it can't hold on any longer.
Mark, get set, ready, go!!!
on the last thumb my heart will explode!!!
Reality wasn't a friend of mine.
The illusion won this time...
then pride took control....
because the devil wanted my soul.
I'm not afraid of the everlasting
When it comes your skill crawls
While your spirit is multi-tasking
Insanity plays a major part...
Because I welcome deaths Remarks
It challenged I didn't back down
we played Russian Rilet until the 12 round
then death left with out a sound....

Poem # 4 Furzy

Both Furzy and poetry pour out my silence
Been quiet to long against all this violence
Don't let your body define what you can do.
Some times greatness comes out not knowing if you.
I had to open my mouth in public in self-defence
Society was assassinating my character in past
fence
The born universal truth
its my passion
To teach thinker to think
aneced for knowledge
helping them lose all their careless logics...

Poem #5

Woke up from a dream
but went to sleep in a nightmare
Seeing my past aggression daily
and I speak to them like hi there!!
but no one to fault or hold the blame
It was my bad choice I chose the flame
Living in red fire
mentally and emotionally melted all my desires.
It has no grey hound or bus stop.
I want to hate the system but I must not
lose sight by letting anger control
how this story is being told...

Edit by glamorous attempts
To promote rehabilitation but it doesn't exist

Poem #6 Before Self-destruction

Who am I? Do you know me?
I'm destruction waiting to happen
D-Day Hong Kong
Destruction after the bomb
World trade
Falling behind what the world made
Hurricane Katrina
Standing alone in the New Orleans Saint arena
Red or blue flow my colors
I'm a tall bandman I kill myself and others
Russian Roulette gun fully loaded
Seen my brain before and after it exploded
3.5 Floor Free Fall
He bungee cord I need you all...
misunderstood but can you please understand?
My life is worth less than a million and under
a grand
Ben Franklin with out the key
Black clothes with a hood and I'm hard to see
Dressed like I'm from Iraq but american apart of me
One of Ellis Island finest
With a Titanic mind set
I'm my biggest iceburg
Drawn before I use the right verb

Chapter 4 Behind The mask

Daily I deal with peoples egos they always feel
Their problems are more important than mine. They hate
Government Jobs but love money even if they never get enough.
The academy brain washes them into believing
Everyone in white are antrax and you never touch.
When I came up with this subject and chapter
I thought of all the people who are over us but half
can't even control their daily lives. Some feel they must
wear a T-robot mask or Wonder Woman suit because
she is wondering how a woman can have this much power
over a grown man twice her age. Sometimes I have to
bite my rage and begin to write on this page.

Behind every mask there is a demon and a angel,
When your emotional status depends on other people's days
you end up carrying their black energy. In this environment
I don't know why I will run into so in preparation, I
accept anybody. What's behind the mask? Join me while
I strip them of their identity and show a different side
of my own mask.

Poem #1

Wake up every morning
with a headache
so I get up to meditate.

and push my self just to move on.

Most day I wonder how I stayed strong
because pridefullness can make you weak.

Your mind must be self discipline so your body
can compete.

Seen bullies become prey
the hunter became the hunted just for one day.
let not your size or the number of Tho's
distract you.
when it's a against it still bad news.
if you choose to run
the chase has begun
this is the new safe prison
meaning do it discreetly so it's safe business
Disagree with the laws and turn your back
Better curl up like a ball and sing
while they attack...
instead of those who live here fighting for
what's right...
we fight each other for what channel the TV is on
at night...
I hope you'll pray for me
while people live in the land of the Free..

Poem #2 Behind the mask

what's behind the mask?
interrogation room 2-way glass
looking out to look in...
behind the mask
trial has to begin
what you see is what you get.
behind the mask
see I took a closer look at myself
to figure what I needed to change.
Only a number was so I have no name.
Money has less value in my heart.
Midlife crises still face sharks.
Lost 85% of what meant the most.
Say hi to the new me and prepare for a toast.
I'm from India.
Check my fak.
Before your bullets sink
in my chest and I bleed
the blood of a child behind the mask.
Do you hate me or the mask?
I'm bft waste management made from trash
behind the mask...

Poem #3 Catch me if you can

Catch me if you can
missing the meaning of my words on demand
played nice for a common cause
but the truth disappeared from the video
by the time it paused
You only did a back ground check
now I'm trying not to pass out yet
legally labled by polar
is the accountability of a toes job holder
Gray and blue suit became the mask.
Wasn't a criminal until they came to prison
but that didn't last
so many alter egos
altered for reason only she knows
the manic is depressed
can't live with life problem feelings on get repressed
pathology a child screaming for attention
the voice of self criticism is too much to mention
the pride can become a crack or a bomb waiting to explode
most time it doesn't last long enough to take off
their superior clothes.

Poem #4

Long night and the block is shut down
should be sleep but sleep wasn't around.
Thinking of all the circumstantial evidence. Just
for dead president/who meant more to me dead
than alive/ sold drugs to pregnant women just
to survive/ she said she wanted to get high/
I asked if the baby in her belly had a choice
I asked if the baby in her belly had a choice
to decide?/ see in this game emotion made you
to decide?/ see in this game emotion made you
to decide?/ see in this game emotion made you
too hard/the psychologist
that sells advice in the form of crack cocaine/
that sells advice in the form of crack cocaine/
that sells advice in the form of crack cocaine/
to get my service you had to buy a pack
when that came I some days I didn't want
When you came some days I didn't want to smile even if I put my money where my mouth was I hate who I became because I sold drugs But the streets have no rules and dead men play no dues Seen life less bodies that couldn't respond and I didn't care as long it was cash money with no refund

Poem #5 Just to please them

Woke this morning from a dream
A bunch of crack babies screaming Feed me/
Ten little fingers and they all need me/
See society defines this as easy money/
Can't stay away the zzz are coming/
Return off the children of the corn these leaves are burning/who are your mother? I don't remember face/I was dark that night I put money where their face went/ I knew you are like Freddy Krueger and can only bother me when I'm dreaming/but I got big goal and I need to sleep to achieve them/Oh I yet it their Just kid I can easily deceive them/ I know a magic trick with candy Just to please them/ close your eyes and count to one hundred
Please god wake me up. That's being hunted but I'm trapped in a daycare nightmare/using kid to influence my action you don't fight fire.

Poem #6 4 minutes

All I got is 4 minutes and 100 words to get to the point, I really don't know what you heard but I'm not that same has been gold teeth thing standing on the curve/I don't sell crack but I can sell you a verb, pore out my thought call it verbal abuse/Robbed Peter to pay Paul so we could get the truth/locked all the doors and made the studio a trap house/turned all the lights out/see I got hustle and flow/speak like the wind blows/I shh!! Whisper don't let my word slip out the window and evaporate into fumes on top of the microwave but disappear with all those lost souls like crime does pay, the radio will interpret what I say as promoting drugs/net bill boards of love/I paid my debt to the Justice department with no receipt/And for all its worth I will keep my freedom to speak.
Jury selection starts for Bluntson

Capital Murder Case
Arguments Still
Weeks Away

By SHANNON CRABTREE
scrabtree@leader-news.com

The Laredo capital murder trial of an El Campo man, accused of murdering two children, got underway Tuesday but it may be April before the first testimony is heard.

More than 700 people were called as prospective jurors in the case against Desmond Bluntson, according to a KGNS television report Tuesday.

The selection process, the Laredo station reports, is expected to take about five weeks.

That’s the same estimate released as Wharton County’s last death penalty case got under way in August of 2008. In that case, James Garrett Freeman was ultimately convicted of the March 2007 slaying of Game Warden Justin Hurst and executed last month.

In the Webb County case against Bluntson, he stands accused of using a handgun to kill his 21-month-old son and the child’s 6-year-old half brother on June 19, 2012.

If ultimately convicted, Bluntson, who has been held in the Webb County Jail since the day of the alleged crime, faces the possibility of a death sentence.

Last month, a Laredo district judge declared Bluntson is mentally competent despite his defense attorney requesting the case be delayed after saying issues had been uncovered during a psychiatric examination that he wished to develop.

In addition to the Webb County capital murder charges, Bluntson faces a Wharton County murder charge for the alleged shooting death of the children’s mother on the same day.

Brandy Carny was found dead on Dunlap Street in El Campo before the Laredo events unfolded. She suffered a fatal gunshot wound.

Wharton County District Attorney Ross Kurtz has said the local case will be pursued regardless of the outcome in Laredo.

Society Revenge

This is the reason for the chapter titled Society Revenge.
Chapter # 5 Society's Revenge

This chapter was created because of the death of a wife and her 2 children by her husband. It's a really sad personal story but I will share it with you anyways. Society's Revenge begin with a guy that was accused of murdering my aunt in a drug deal gone bad. He got away with it, the police covered it up and sent him to prison on a lesser crime. Why? I can only speculate that black on black drug dealers crimes wasn't the towns concern, or maybe there wasn't enough evidence. For whatever reason my aunt is dead with no conviction. A few years later he strikes again answering to the voice in his head because he never received any true help. Some problems can't be helped away they must be fixed. Yes prayer are answered but faith without works is nothing. This scared Fatherz killed his wife and kids in cold blood murder now the government must look at the problem. When innocent children are involved in a crime it becomes special victim unit then only then does the public demand Justice. Some say God kills the good and the innocent before he punishes the wicked. Society Revenge is my way saluting karma (may those children rest in peace).
Poem #1

The odds are always stacked against me preparing for me to lose when I'm trying to catch up. Society's always had the head start/everybody else is just next up/ the rules of the game are designed to be beat/ Failed thinking I was a mastermind attempting to cheat/no plans while chasing money and success/gave up on life over pocket change with much regrets/Baby girls getting older and I didn't watch her grow/I only blame myself never pretended I don't know/But don't judge me until you judge yourself/I didn't ask for this life it was the hand I was dealt/

Poem #2 Society Revenge

The world is getting crazy and y'all see the truth/that didn't stop that kid with a 22/Few years later/
his murder instinct became greater/
Daddy you a thief in the night/
how you burn your 2 kids and wife?/If pride is that powerful I'm weak/now your name is a curse to the streets/So you the godfather?/Karma a bitch cause god saw ya /
cost me 1 life
and your family is
all while screaming help me!!!
Some times we can over live life image
were are not on a football feild so that was a pratice
Scrimmage/ It might be a after life/
What if life doesn't happen twice?/
and I had one life to live but you took that right?
Played god the Father /
Now carry your cross!
while brother sister grandmother carry those loss. /

poem #3 common people

The public says I'm cruel and heartless because I
sell goods to the common people. I would be thing
on Wall Street if my good were legal. Rather have
me on any street begging for have of poverty food/
The world has created a new name for beggars
Communist, Karl Marx the socialist but who am I
to judge? I don't want your left over or angry
hand outs/ God forbid you pull your can goods
out/want to lock me up and throw away
the key/ then spit on my pride and making
a food stamp baby out of me/ Never ungreatful
I grew up on can orange juice and W. T. C cheese/
you can have that back I want to be rich please.
webster definition but I mean more than money/
deep pleasing in color or tone and you can
Never take that from me!! listen!!! when you depend on others to throw you scraps you get what the dice hit like Vegas rolling craps!

Poem #4 Born Innocent

I was born innocent/raised to be guilty/hated because I was filthy/played with poverty because he was my neighbor/conspired on society about our bad behavior/heard evil, saw evil spoke evil/does this make us equal?/Disagree with my words/I know they are lethal//Embalm the fluid from the common people/street knowledge rocks and cement/lost soul sold rocks as he went/locked in a cage alone with my thoughts/looked back at my chess board/wondering how I lost/my final destination/been here before I was born/just waitin'/but it doesn’t end/’how it begin/
climbed out of hell/with dirt in my fingernails/bring you the secret to over coming failure/Use it well.... !!!!!

Poem # 5

I got more enemies than friends/everybody bettin on my past like that where it begins
What about those long nights / watchmamma and the
devil have these long fights? Thank I'm bad now
Imagin how I could be / you would have given up
long ago if you were me / I was on the westend/
while you counting my next sin / fallen down shacks
and trashed out public housing / is this the public
idea of wel fare? / Toiet wont flush does that-
smell fare? /

Poem # 6 Facts

I end this chapter with the facts because the fact
that I am a product of all I speak of people may
still question my anger. I was doing research
for reseach to inspire me to write on subject that meant the most
to me. Every news paper no matter what city homeless
people were the minority slow becoming the majority.
my crimal addictive cycle begin to think what if
all these homeless turned to crime, because they had
to feed them selves when nobody else would? I challenge
the world to survey prisoners ask them why they chose
to commit a crime, and 80% of the answers will be:
money. I'm not saying its right but its it total wrong?
This next poem I'm angry please take my upbring
into your heart. I'm not telling any crazy man to
ban up and start a homeless civil war. This is
Really to those people who don't care why we commit crimes, but always quick to judge me on my actions.

19,000 people live on the street of Austin TX on any given night. 300 of those people don't have homes or shelters.

When I see people throw away food in anger and disrespect, many nights I would have ate your scraps just to replace the empty spot in my stomach where your trash and my treasure should be. I was prior to your priorities and you left me for dead. And street corner is where I begin to play at. It's also where that little boy who can't find for him self lay at/ Never knowing why he had to live like this/ or even a name for it/ see my mom taught me to stretch nothing as far as it could go imagine what you get when you plant nothing and let it grow/ They have this song called "nothing from nothing leaves nothing" & I proved that song wrong I took 2 nothing and made 4 something! This poem is to hearers who feel offended by a grown man swallowing his pride asking you for money/ After you swallowed Red Wine/ Reading The New York Times/ you
as I respect my people when they ask one
for times/ see they asked but I look and
sold the world a dream and a night made in
one book/

Chapter 6 Rush hour

You ever been in traffic where every things going
fast for many miles? You see people pass you up
speeding in a hurry to get where ever they have to
go. Some times you pull over to let them pass
because your net in a hurry to get home too
because your-net in a hurry to get home too
Screaming kids, nagging husbands or wives who feel
they cant do anything without you. This life is
always fast never stopping to smell the roses. Besides
and plants who can enjoy quiet time? Maybe just
may be traffic will stop so you can get 5 minutes
To meditate on your thoughts. Now imagine this;
All those peaceful thoughts replaced by people who
you have to listen to or your freedom is lost. Imagine
being at a appointment 5 hours early only to be
seen in the last hour. With instructions to use
aspirin for the non stop pain shooting through your
hand. This little trip in rush hour comes with
cold temperature while standing outside waiting on
some body to rush over to let you into a building
you rather not be in the first place. Their mood
will attempt to instice your already angry thought.
But you must control the feelings of being rushed
only to wait before being rushed again. Next time
you in traffic on Hwy 59 letting impatience
rule your common sense to keep rushing in
the rush hour traffic. Remember there is more than
one rush hour choose which one you would prefer
before you act...

Poem #1 Be all you can be

1... 2... 3... 4... Step 1... 2... 3... 4... Step...
and we Rockin on it 1... 2... 3... 4... Step...
and we back hack it 1... 2... 3... 4... Step...

Wait!!!! This isn't the army but you better be all
you can be! A cowboys on a horse with guns but
the week is for free! Remember "where the red
Feens grow?" Picture 7 of those dogs wanting to
sniff your clothes and the rock you Rockin on/
Isn't a Guitar its dirt as hard as cement better
keep Rockin on/
1. 2. 3. 4. Step 1. 2. 3. 4. Step
1000 degrees of sunlyn heat
If you pass out you might leave but your time
wont decrease! Green grass with a white cross/
For some its the only way out even then you lose/
State property with no heart beat! price tag on your
head your family can keep the receipt!
1. 2. 3. 4. step 1. 2. 3. 4 step

Go by 10 cell
No water and nowhere to run
Your cell has to #2 so what choice do you have?
None!!! When its cold out side blower come on /
Its hot we need them some thing wrong /
1. 2. 3. 4. step 1. 2. 3. 4 step.

Poem #2 Behind Bars

2000 a year to keep me behind Razor wire/ While I
die behind Red brick in a blazing Fire! They complain
about funds shifting from education and highways/
Your road are more important than my freedom and
rehabilitation is what the sign say/ We are your
Job security What's your problem / The prison is
90% of your town's population / We are the tourist
Sight (a bunch of monkey) and your occupation
Scared america will be come a socialist state /
Share your dinner with a welfare consumer for
rich people commie's to the foreword
Socialized date / Remember John Augustus, page 38
The Shoe maker who took care of Drunks who were in and out of Jail / because they were half in and out of hell / handcuffed to modern day slavery minus the Cell / there is a under ground care in low lady TX ask Clyde to tell /

Poem #3 Rush hour

How can I be rehabilitated while I'm still being hated / and the want to kill me with no thoughts of what they created / Tell me put these hand cuffs on / then beat me till I'm dead and gone / my word are deadly / and with the power of my vocabulary / I will stand against my adversary / The one who hold the camera controls the show / Tired of sitting here watching air planes take off / knowing a breath in the struggle take a loss / the war still goes on this enviroment is making us deranged / prison is destroy in our possibilities to change / I tried to love my enemy as I love my self / how is this possible when the enemy don't care about my health / everybody makes excuse why there action are necessary I didn't give me the same choice just how much my time carries / and they get no punishment for the same offence / protected by the almighty TOCJ fence / sorry mamma if I have a choice to
I stood against oppression no matter what it takes!

Poem #4 Rush Hour

I was sitting in rush hour traffic one day/ They rushed me to my destination like a herd of cattle only for me to stay 3 hours while people paid to do a job did nothing/ But if you think this is a highway or interstate/ get on a blue bird hand cuffed to a felon and wait/ Doctors appointments set for 6 AM/ I brought a book to wait for them/ only to hear about the club and who's shot their brother because he robbed the wrong husband wedding vows/ Told to shut up/ Don't get loud/ when every body heard what they were talking about/ please press pause on this nonsense!!! until I get my broken finger fixed/ you seem to think this job is it/ I claim you hate this life but your to afraid to quit/

Poem #5

Suspect spotted on Road #1 on the 2665 block of lady/ he is wearing a black hoodie/ if this isn't transparent it should be/off duty driving a sedan that not a police cruiser/ Josephine Baker or
Jordan who cares? / we did it to Redneck King / while the world stared / 10 shots Don coleone style / I less than his age he wasn't even behind a child/ taaa!! daaa! ta! ta!! I'm not loving it!! / young mc donald its a shame to see/ all these teens / slang in the street/ die before they changed their dreams / newspaper says he was awarded of the state/ what was his prize? besides bullets at a fast rate/ Ri. P lil homie I know you lived a hard knocked life / on to die alone on a dark night/ Just as I see / that this Justice system isn't for me /

Poem #6

on the corner 40 ounce old E/ handcuffs to oppression / is what it showed me/ mind wasted on past aggression / the caboose I can't co exist with out the conductor/ just lost and waiting/ no insurance and the hospital wont accept obama care/ of course I'm not patient/ cancer eating at my brain tissue / doctor says life from all the cocaine i miss used/ had no education because I always missed school/ the streets taught me that drugs can take away the pain if only for a little bit/ I chased that high hoping to catch just so I could feel...
Rehab after rehab/hands in the air for more drugs like Freed ac ab/one make Act! Damn! I don’t want no more of this! But the option of having to deal with these daily struggles is more important than Sobriety, bartender, bring me a double, then I can drink away my troubles!

Chapter 7 Detour

This is my favorite part of the book where I get to freely write my poetry and go anywhere my mind takes me. I make this chapter last because the first are serious and sometimes we must find ways to exercise stress relever. Enter my Detour where I play with my words pushing out my thoughts. Sometimes It’s not what you say but how you say It that makes a difference. This prison is also my Detour my words will have more than one meaning and takes you in many direction. I remember how my love for Detours Begin one day it was attempting to traffic drugs from one spot to the next. When I seen flashing light, I panicked preparing to stash or throw my drugs when I see a sign saying Detour. I really didn’t understand what it was saying in the hood we don’t see to
many of these, I noticed a arrow pointing left but the last thing I wanted to do was travel extra miles out my way. But I follow my first mind and went on the detour, as I passed I could see the high way police were pulling cars over searching them. This blessing began my love for detours...

Poem #1

Hi Kids,
Do you want to go to prison like I did?
Get a brick of dope
And ask the judge for the highest bid.
Say bye to your freedom and don't look back,
Give your life away behind a sack.

Now will be your welcome place mate/
Motel & they leave they light on/
Picture red brick all your rights gone/
Like-count'in Numbers?
Count the 8 that replace your name/
They'll take it all and keep the change.

Poem #2 Forever abandon

Live in my Illusion
Hopefully you will reach the same conclusion
reality isn't realistic/
Here then gone before you missed it /
time isn't really time /
no words spoken i'm a mime /
fixed values with no morals /
but i've been working on my smile /
haven't frowned in a while /
perfection is a battle i choose to lose /
not trying to be the devil i just choose to crusce /
my life has been a night mare /
it was dark in this strange land and there had no lights there /

Poem # 3

as i spin / light becomes dark again and knowing
is the ledge of sin / my culture becomes my freedom
my friend / Born in a month / died before my time
come / mental rebirth / ate a demon fetus and
begin a universal curse / while smoking havanas
filled with Bob marley / return of the first
Amendment Ebonics / from the black
epiphany of the new world / The motivation
before me is more important than what's behind
me / hypno tic equilibriums / with un stated
assumption of a differentiated program / That
My friend.
They want to give me 20 or better.

Poem #4

Only decompose our dashiki, arool! And dehumanize our children confusing them to dress sexual.

To appreciate our values.

Individualism and class acculation with the attain
Poem #5 End this chapter

Let end this chapter with the respect for ourselves
Love you like nobody else / change is about action / not the same unless there a reaction with much passion / I love you young brotha I give you my all / but I cant stand in front of god when 
daddy calls / our kidx need us but were not reliable / and our reason are not worth dying for / Yes we all had it hard and the streets dont show empathy / It was me against the world before I had any body with me / at my best when its verses the devil looked at the ground long enough to get on his level / mamma said I was bad / like my dad / then I met the stranger and had to laugh / I'm very temper mental / ate at the bar then tipped with my pistol / seeing xall die behind nothing / fainted / crying / tears in my face are frozen intime / Rapped them in duck tape before I put them behind me / Bright light on this stage trying to blind me / Little flip made free - with style / brought for the hell just hit pedal / period / end of sentence / The end: the same way I begin it /
If you pay close attention to my poems you will have 
me question myself about who I am. The crazy part 
is nobody has ever asked me. They always make Judgement 
on my failit fs, Failure, and accomplishments. Here is why 
I am from my mouth spoken through my mind; my name 
is Robert Barnes. I was born 12-30-84 in a half wax point 
of houses in ElCampo TX. I was rushed to the hospital to 
be named, cleaned and pushed away. As a child I could never 
get enough to eat I was always hungry. Even now its not a 
physical hunger but a mental one. I’m a workaholic who 
cant stop until the Job is done. This had led me to boot 
camps, Jails and a few prisons. I have made more 
mistakes then I have accomplish things. I am the brother 
of civilization born to shine my light. At birth the 
doctor slapped me twice on my behind and with the same 
hand on my left cheek. Some say its the touch of the devil. 
I say its an angelic demon good verse evil. I was once 
a product of my environment now it has to grow with me to 
meet my needs. I no longer dance the tune of the devil / 
its the snake I’m the snake charmer. Here is to the 
beginning but first goodbye. The End.