Collecting One's Thoughts

Luke M. Arabzadehgan
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Poetry Book

Summary: Collecting One's Thoughts

is a collection of poems that I have written over the last 8 years. I finally felt that the public should see them. Perhaps they may sing to your heart...

Luke M. Arabzadegan/TDCJ-CID#-1316202
Michael Unit
2664 FM 2054
Tennessee Colony, TX. 75886

Luke M. Arabzadegan
Homage To Auwsat

Blessed Mother of time before memory;
Sacred guide of the ancients;
Holy savior of eternal grace;
Esteemed provider for those seeking;
Everpresent ear;
Passionate teacher;
Kind disciplinarian;
Loving protector;
I offer Homage to thee, Great Mother Auwsat!

Luke M. Arabzadegan
Homage to Ré

King of the Skies;
Bountiful provider;
Living testament of righteousness;
Amazing God;
Deserving of praise & glory;
Daily light of cleansing;
Calming parent;
Awesome creator;
Wielder of truth;
Sacred ruler;
I pay homage to thee, Great Father Ré!
HOMAGE TO ANPU

Guide to things forgotten;
Leader of paths unknown;
Guardian of sacred knowledge;
Esteemed protector;
Bearer of secrets;
Watchful shadow;
I deliver Homage to thee, Great Lord Anpu!
MORE THAN THIS

Daily there are things I miss;
There’s definitely more than this;
Currently reading & writing by light through the cell door;
No need to tell me, I know there’s more;
Born into a family that cared;
If one of us needed & another had it, it was shared;
What brought about this present state of being?;
Only the blind leading the blind, hence, lack of seeing;
Should I count off items one-by-one?;
Rather it’d just make me bitter when I’m done;
I’ve had enough times of wallowing in self-pity;
Heavens above know that wasn’t pretty;
Time alone is when I shed some tears;
Probably helped keep my sanity throughout these years;
Memories of past loves no longer seem real;
Once enough time has passed, how did they feel?;
Arguments, disrespect, various challenges, & strife;
Gods’ below, how much longer will this be my life?;
Envisioning better times provides a key;
One that removes the depression attempting to shackle me;
Freedom shall come some how, some way, some day;
Exactly when, who’s to say?;
Yet it’s the knowledge that there’s more;
Keeping me strong until they finally open that door.

Luke M. Aragziadegan — C —
THE FURY OF THE STORM

A hair’s breadth away and my senses are overcome;
So much going on that continuing forward is an error in sums;
Disregarding the responsibility given would be punishment indeed;
Eventual reprimand after reprimand I definitely don’t need;
Thus, through the threshold I go;
An emotional overload in store I know;
Oh, but I had no real clue;
Sensation after sensation assault me anew;
Your satisfaction denied;
You vent your frustration on me to the point I almost cried;
Angry words cast widely like nets;
I work hard to overlook your disrespect, hatred, ramblings, and threats;
Yet eventually I’m snared;
Caught up in it all shows I cared;
The careless way you’re speaking;
Brings upon the vengeance I now feel needs seeking;
Insane rage has taken hold;
Caution thrown to the 4 Winds makes me bold;
Battered and bruised from dealing with fury of the Storm;
Where lies the way back to the norm?;
Realization comes as an epiphany;
Best to collect myself and flee;
Enduring this all turns a new page;
For what has once been mastered no longer becomes a cage.

Luke M. Arashzadegan
THE ACHING HEART

Pain and longing have started;
Knowing there was to be distance between us smarted;
Watching you leave says my will;
Opening a door that emits a deep chill;
Burning cold radiates from an aching heart;
An ever sorrowing dart;
No part of me eludes its touch;
Heavens above, the agony is too much!
Send me a savior, I do pray;
A merciful soul to take it all away;
Restore the peace I once knew;
To regain such a blessing what must I do?
Minutes or hours upon end in a meditative state?
Perhaps various acts of penance would compensate?
Ancient and Knowing Spirits, Show me the way;
Reunite me with the light which brightens my day;
Presences whom lie beneath, I do offer you a voice;
Speak words of wisdom as I make my choice;
Grant that my mind and hands stay steady;
Thus, when the moment arrives, I shall be ready;
Show me the path I must take;
Steer me away from all that is false;
Please remove this sadness;

Luke M. Arashadegan
THE ACHING HEART (CONTINUED)

Guide me through the madness;
Give my sanity a chance;
Time with the one sought for more than just a glance;
This separation;
Causes such devastation;
Out of necessity I take in food;
Anything to alter this dismal mood;
Neither drink nor drug will remove your memories;
Their sensations so real, I'm knocked to my knees;
That which is above, or that which is below;
I pray you find me worthy to know;
Provide the means to make this torture end;
May you find the pity to let this aching heart mend.

Luke M. Arashadegan — 9 —
More Than It May Seem?

Amidst a pit of vipers do I dance;
Caught in my movements, they are lost in a trance;
Every moment allows another breath of life;
Spinning, twirling, grooving, all another dodge of the knife;
Energy expended comes from no endless supply;
Foremost in my thoughts is, when will I die?
Fangs with paralyzing venom are a part of my fate;
Eager serpents ready to pierce my flesh, though unknowing of the date;
Actors on stage, we move to our places;
Worry heightens my awareness, now do I witness the desire in their faces;
Who to pray to for hope?
Some god, goddess, or entity must be merciful enough to provide a rope;
The music guiding my body isn’t meant to last;
Why does the urge to surrender take hold so fast?;
Faith is tested in times such as these;
Nerves on edge, weak in the knees;
So simple just to give in;
Would it really hurt to let the predators win?;
Sure the initial pricks would be painful;
Yet the blissful numbness hardly disdainful;
The desire to keep breathing guides my body to twirlings;
All the while, my mind is whirling;
Absorbed in woes, I miss the sight of the rope ladder descending;

Luke M. Anadzadegan — 10 —
More Than It May It Seem (Continued)

Shouts from above bring home the reality my dire worries are on the verge of ending;
    Weaving toward the greatest prize;
    No comprehension dawns in their beady eyes;
    A daring leap breaks the spell;
    Scaled forms converge, as I fearfully yell;
    Adrenaline pushes me quickly forward;
    Each coiled lunge gains no reward;
    Hands lift me from a treacherous end;
    In a state of shock while body & mind begin to mend;
    Hours, days, & weeks fly by;
    Lost in an unknown high;
    Times alone and in the dark;
    Will the thought often spark;
    With all that's remembered, along with all that it may seem;
    Was it really more than just a bad dream?
SEPARATION

“Come out with your hands up,” I see guns drawn;
My face pressed into a wall, a hand on the back of my neck, frisked for weapons;
Hands cuffed behind my back;
Guided into the backseat, the car door painfully pins my knee when slammed;
This begins my separation;

Eventually placed in a cell;
Sleep overtakes me;
Awake, I worry constantly;
Bitterly weeping;
Life so chaotic;

How to turn back the clock?
Thus begins my separation;

The sentence rendered;
I’ve fallen through a hole with no visible end;
Nothing to stop this descent;
The gavel slams;
Enter the all too familiar smoldering rage;
Thus begins my separation;

Smiles shared initially;
Tears shed while visitings;

Luke M. Aradzadegan — 12 —
SEPARATION (CONTINUED)

Love expressed;
Strength shown;
Goodbyes said;
Thus begins my separation;

Mail call;
The good and bad news given;
Letters qut to the side;
Plenty of time for reflection;
Perhaps while slumbering I'll dream of better days;
How to end this cursed Separation?

Luke M. Anabzadegan
THE STRANGER

A man in white;
Covered with a misted light;
Appeared from nowhere;
Wearing an expression without care;
The thought crossed my mind;
Is he troublesome, or perhaps kind;
To my surprise, he read my thought;
And replied, “I bring peace often sought;”
Surprise and awe were exhibited on my face;
I thought, “Could this being return peace to its place?;”
He stated, “I offer you tools to help become calm;
Listen and learn to acquire this soothing balm;”
Lessons followed as time moved on;
Soon I wondered where the sorrow had gone;
Love replaced hate;
Stupidity absconded for an enlightened state;
Depression held no appeal;
Joy was all I cared to feel;
All too soon his instructions did end;
Yet thanks to his guidance, life had begun again;
I spent some time thanking this being with all my heart;
His wisdom and understanding made me smart;
Before I went on with the rest of my days;

Luke M. Arabzadehgan — 14 —
The Stranger (continued)

He gave me one last task, pass on these ways;
No longer blind or lame;
I began this chore with no shame;
I never learned the stranger’s name;
Though I am glad to have met him all the same.
BRANDI, DEAR

Brandi, dear, I'm so far away from you;
I miss you like crazy, it's true;
From the moment we first met;
Our destinies were joined;
You may not have known;
But I claimed you as my own;
Though we may be apart;
You're always in my heart;
Know that you stay on my mind;
As you're one of a kind;
My sister was wrong to leave;
When I learned everything, did I ever grieve;
For the way things went;
Oh honey, but you in diapers was heaven-sent;
To know & raise you is a gift;
A child such as you gives one's spirit a lift;
Why, you're a lady of the 1st order;
Your kindness knowing no border;
Continue to grow and love life;
May you never be a victim of pain & strife;
Although despite all my well wishes;
Life serves up some hard dishes;
So I promise to you that I'll never waiver or stray;

Luke M. Arabzadegan — 16 —
BRANDI, DEAR (CONTINUED)

To help you, I won't delay;
I adore you, and pray you always keep me near;
Brandi, my pretty baby, my love, my dear.
A Poem Of The Mixed Variety

Mother dearest, I offer you a poem of the mixed variety;
To pay tribute for the times of gladness, sadness, love, & anxiety;
Going back to the earliest of years;
When you changed my diapers & calmed my fears;
On to the beginning of school;
Where you made sure I learned the "Golden Rule;"
Time passes and the little boy learns scholastic success;
Through your intellectual guidance he overcame all tests;
As life goes on he's now a little man;
Thanks to stories read by you he understands, "I think I can!;"
Some hard years go by;
But he learns when you're with family it's okay to cry;
By embracing your strength it becomes a brighter dawn;
For once again, "life goes on;"
A young man is on the scene;
Swears to know it all, but is nonetheless very green;
Your steady discipline kept him in class;
Various tools of the trade made clear there would be no free pass;
From there the days of the adolescent;
Became evanescent;
Then there were times of oddity;
Filled with despair & madness, sadly;
Despite how stress grew quicker;

Luke M. Arabzadegan ——18——
A Poem Of The Mixed Variety (Continued)

Our bond of love grew thicker;

Were it not for you, I'd have gone insane;

Because of your influence does a grown man remain;

With joy & propriety;

Do I present this poem of the mixed variety!

Luke M. Arabzadegan
THE ONE IN THE MIRROR

Where does one hide;
When pain never dissolves inside;
My state of being seems pulled in different directions;
Although this is not a by-product of my heart's reflections;
Locked inside a ragged cage;
Each day that passes turns another page;
I spend time reviewing my mental diary of affliction;
Yet understanding the cause remains outside of my jurisdiction;
Lost in this realm of hurt;
Interaction with others is curt;
Better to keep it simple, be kind;
Instead of giving others a peek at what they could find;
Judging inquiries of concern isn't hard;
Just smile and give them their card;
It's only the one in the mirror;
Whom is always near;
With him there's nowhere to run;
Keeping things cloudy, when you really need the sun;
Though despite my troubles, and the adversity;
I'll overcome everything, just you watch and see;
Because what he doesn't know is that it's already done;
When it comes to this fight between us, I've won;
Steady kept down, but never out;

Luke M. Arabzadegan  —20—
For victory is mine, without a doubt!
WHAT ROLE WILL I PLAY NOW?

(For the book, Clash Of Civilizations Over An Elevator In Piazza Vittoria, by Amara Lakhous — Written from the perspective of “Amedeo,” before & after his accident)

Coming to the land of Italy;
I remade myself into the man I am presently;
Someone patient, loving, and kind;
Most different from the old me others would find;
I married and made love to a woman who now haunts my dreams;
How I miss her smiling face it seems...;
People around me have considerable woes;
Yet I do all I can to ease how it goes;
Those in power are sometimes swayed;
With words of reason & peace, their harsh judgements can be stayed;
Why am I now the victim of change?;
Couldn’t a more dastardly soul have been within range?;
Since the accident, I vaguely remember my name;
Who is it that decides the rules of this game?;
How is it I don’t know the woman claiming to be my current wife?;
Where did the Fates get such a cruel knife?;
Nonetheless, this lovely lady has my vow;
So I’ve been asking myself, what role will I play now?

Luke M. Araszaedgean — 22 —
ADDICTED TO YOU

What in the world am I to do?
This feeling is something new;
It burns, yet I want more;
Chills that permeate my inner core;
A love so powerful it freezes my brain;
Joy so intense, I’m driven insane;
Every aspect of you I see;
Is the true meaning of beauty;
Substances I’ve used have gotten me high;
But the level of affection I get from you makes me wonder why?
However we interact, I feel complete;
Nothing from you involves deceit;
When we touch, I feel the level of power;
Sensations so strong they last over an hour;
Don’t get me started on the love that’s made;
So much pleasure, it never seems to fade;
Oh baby, it’s true through and through;
I’m addicted
to
you.

Luke M. Aradvzadegan
THE WAYS YOU HELP ME

There are simple ways you help me;
    One’s that eases my mind, you see;
        It’s nothing exotic;
            Or even exotic;

    For starters, you take the time to write;
        And for someone doing time you are a light;
            A beam of warmth and sincerity;

    That envelops and relaxes, thus, bringing me glee;
        Then there’s how you give me a peak into your life;
            A much different & welcome outlook from this strife;

    One’s own thoughts begin to suffocate;
        Thank you for the fresh air, it’s great!;

    Intelligence in here is not a common trait;
        Yet with your wit we can relate;
            Both of us have health issues;

    But joyful words expressed keep us from tissues;
        The cute stationary makes me glad;

    Helping me overlook fools that make me sad;
        Before I got your letter today, I was mad;

    Now, thanks to your positive attitude I feel mad;
        From the bottom of my heart I express my gratitude;

    You positively change my mood;
        Making monotony flee;

    Is one more special way that you help me.

Luke M. Arabzadegan
PAIN

Distance from each other is for the best;
Discord amongst one another goes with all the rest;
There's longing and sadness;
No form of gladness;
A perpetual state of monotony;
Seems to have affixed itself to me;
Colors, sights, sounds, & tastes hold no appeal;
Existence is moment by moment, but it feels unusual;
Drifting is the current mental state;
Best I acknowledge my heart's fate;
Your heart belonged to another from the start;
Guarding myself would've been smart;
I thought I was ready;
That I'd accepted there was no going steady;
Learning new levels of anguish from the Fate's apothecary;
Has been a difficult load to carry;
Thoughts of you bring tears to my eyes;
This only acknowledges what others did realize;
Through enough time I became that fool whom was captured;
Sold to do your bidding yet nonetheless enraptured;
Forsaking all thoughts of reason, just to see your smile;
Generally clueless, and in denial;
Though it could be said I'm a victim of love's game;

Luke M. Arabzadegan  -- 25--
PAIN (CONTINUED)

You were upfront & forthcoming, therefore it’s not you I blame;
My thanks to you for these lessons earned;
Misery and despair have now been learned;
One day of happiness is all I’ve sought;
Preferably before becoming distraught;
Comfort may eventually come through another’s embrace;
Yet I do not eagerly seek a new face;
For now, pain & I are the best of friends;
Continually sharing each other’s dividends.

Luke M. Aratzadegan
UNCLE TED

My Uncle on my mother’s side;
Is an individual in whom I have pride;
His friendship I hold dear;
His words of comfort help me overcome fear;
He’s tall & stout;
His wisdom will lead you on the correct route;
His attitude is kind;
And he holds an old world courtesy you don’t often find;
Even when giving correction;
He proceeds in a calm direction;
His brain remains in charge;
Yet he uses his heart at large;
In his company I find no wrong;
Much joy & laughter is shared all visit long;
I thank you for being around;
With you I’m safe and sound.

Luke M. Arabzadegan
THE JOY YOU GIVE ME

The joy you give me when you write;
Gives me much more throughout the night;
The presence of your letter makes me smile;
Not just because we haven’t talked for awhile;
When I hear from you I know I’m in for a treat;
Good or bad news, it can’t be beat;
You offer kind words and your love;
Both gifts from above;
You understand my rage & pain;
With sympathy, you bathe me in a soothing rain;
What did I do to deserve a Woman of your worth?
You’re an angel that walks the earth;
You’ve been my friend again & again;
And I hope our friendship lasts till the end;
Pictures of you are a window to beauty;
Yes indeed, you are a cutie;
The time you spend in each letter you write;
Is never in vain, for it brings me a warm light;
Your words of comfort remove despair;
I know that if you ever need a shoulder to cry on, I’ll always be there;
I’m in your debt, don’t you see?
For one way or another, I must repay the joy you’ve given me.

Luke M. Aratzadegan
Little Known Good Friend of Mine

There's a little known good friend of mine;  
Quiet in stature, yet her presence does shine;  
A conversation by phone or pen;  
Fills me with laughter again & again;  
Always bubbly and full of life;  
She's the cure for boredom and strife;  
When you're sad or in pain;  
Her happiness washes over you like rain;  
Definitely a good listener & very smart;  
Thirty minutes tops, and she's in your heart;  
Considerate and kind;  
I tell you I'm fortunate, for she's a rare find;  
How to repay a love such as this?  
Is an answer I often miss;  
What's grand, you see;  
Is that she's family;  
As close as a sister and brother can be;  
Is how it is between her and me.
Another Day

Today has gone by fast;
Them 24 hours sure didn't last;
Sometimes the days drag by slow;
It's these days you pray would go;
Occasionally it is a great day I don't want to end;
But before I know it, it's gone like the wind;
Then there's the days that make my heart break;
These tend to take forever, as I ask what will cure the ache?;
Some days are utterly boring;
When they occur, I'm tempted to do some snoring;
On days of envy I do realize;
With bad decisions come a sad surprise;
Last but not least, are days of hatred and rage;
Both by products of living in a cage;
All move in their own way;
Incarcerated or free, its just another day;
Loss And Devotion

With the sad news of your loss;
I'm sure your heart & mind are nailed to a cross;
In this time of separation and pain;
It seems everything's been taken from you, nothing left to gain;
Gone are all thoughts of pleasure;
Tears fall from your eyes without measure;
Sorrow and rage cloud your mind;
Where is the peace you seek to find?;
Sadness has left you in doubt;
All is swirling inside making you want to scream and shout;
What to do?;
Who to run to?;
Before your thread of sanity snaps;
Look no further for someone in whose arms to collapse;
I will hold you in your time of need;
Do all that I can with speech and deed;
Not just during this time of heartache;
But also times that are unbearable to take;
More than a lover, I am your friend;
Unlike the many, I'm here 'til the end.

Luke M. Arabzadegan

—31—
TIME WELL SPENT

Could time well spent be a passionate embrace?
Or hanging out at your favorite place?
Maybe a letter written in haste?
Perhaps the love of a food's taste?
The caressing of your body?
Discussions with someone naughty?
Watching something good on T.V.?
How about seeing a movie?
Singing alone in the car?
Drinks at a bar?
Time on the phone?
Being alone?

Many other things you may see as time well spent.
When all is said and done, it leaves you wondering where the time went?

Luke M. Arabzadegan
WINDOW

Inside my mind, there is a window;
It's a lovely place to go;
Through it I see different places;
Sometimes there's faces;
Where will I focus my attention to;
Past, present, or future could do;
Should I view someone I know;
Maybe somewhere I want to go;
This glass can show things from different points-of-view;
Another perspective makes things new;
Revelations follow, if you choose to see;
As to what was, what is, and what could be;
The imagination's a powerful tool;
But don't let it rule;
Live, love, everyday be cool;
Show them all your no fool;
Viewing that which goes past;
Occasionally the images do last;
Use the sights for reflection;
All the better to bring on correction;
What does your window show;
Whatever it may be, guide it, that positivity may grow.

Luke M. Arabzadegan —33—
DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL

Agonizing torment;
Unbearable weight, stealing life's breath;
Panic claws at my mind;
Madness whispers seductive promises;
Grief steals warmth;
Utter anguish, is your end in sight?
An epiphany dawns;
Comprehension becomes a soothing balm;
The Dark Night wanes in the light of the new era.
Beautiful Baby

Buried;
Burdened;
Bewildered;
Bored;
Broken;

Brought by Baby;
Bravery;
Broadenings;
Beatific;
Broadcasting;
Beauty;

Beloved;
Blessed;
Bubbly;
Best;
Beautiful Baby!

Luke M. Arabzadegan

35
Confusion

The day began;
All needed for work at hand;
Sustenance acquired;
I shake off being tired;
Time to take the usual route;
It’s a short commute;
Usually little stands in my way;
Minor hassles, but that’s okay;
Arriving at the usual doors;
Heading down the same floors;
But today the routine did change;
Leaving me to feel a little strange;
I was told, “I was not needed;”
To which, a small part of me felt cheated;
A message was passed, but not received;
Another day off, yet I was not relieved;
This slight is an intrusion;
The certainty of day-to-day replaced by confusion!

Luke M. Arasazadegan   —36—