INOCULAR

DESIGN - WAYNE TURNER
LOOKING DOWN AT THINGS I SEE
THROUGH THINGS THAT MADE
MY FOREHEAD WRINKLE.
TIMES THAT MADE ME PONDER
WHERE AND WHAT MY POSITION
IS REALLY STANDING FOR
PERIODS OF TRIALS THAT MADE
MY ENEMIES CLEAR AND
MY FRIENDS CLIMACTIC.
STARED THROUGH SHADOWS
IN DARK SETTINGS.
ENJOYED THE SUNSHINE
WHEN THE SUNRAYS
WARMED MY PLACEMENT.
OVERSTANDING THE PAST
THAT FACTS UNDERSTANDING
HOWEVER, MY PONDER
PASSIONS MY FAR TOWARDS
FURTHER.

"INOCULAR"
By Their Side. - Thanks.

Position Theory forces you to be in a real environment with a sense of respect and self-worth. It would be nice for a better, more enjoyable experience; because in reality, it’s very mean.

Yet the reason is to let the common, ordinary, normal, I appreciate things.

About this: This is not written because of some occurred building confidence and maturity stands enough to cherish a time after time.

And focusing on the view so, by sharing which, hopefully one day I’ll be spiraling. To see Primal, now testing because of the environment in due to the lack of sounds too desperate. I need love and appreciation. I don’t want to give you the wrong impression, I need love and appreciation. And I wanna attribute this to my own, I need love and appreciation. I wanna attribute this to my own, I need love and appreciation.

Learning by trial and error, even as a test-pilot. Is a clear key to a visible door.

Whatever attributes that are laid and are laid in a product, is a product is a product. Is a product is a product. Is a product is a product. Is a product is a product. Is a product is a product. Is a product is a product.

It’s most of me not perfect in my study, learning morals along the way.

My innocence when I was training to be about my future and sin came alone. Always advantage of me, my speed by Harold Mills. The one that’s on my insignificant.

I’ve been more invested in my studies (average intelligence & fresh in the system.) By him putting a white paper down in my book drink! Random events that startled me. By sex being a norm and I put up my bike. I learned from the questions and the way by lessons.

I thought of being from now. I thought of being from now.

The actions of words was possible done with reason that cultivates my mind. That would give us a reason for a strap and a cold shoulder.

By saying that, I don’t want to get out and be my own part.

Let’s just be honest; let’s just be real. They say the same thing you love is the same thing.
"SWEET DREAMS (MY ANGEL)"

"Sweet dreams to my angel!"

As I tilt my head to rest at nite
Even in the darkness you are still my guiding light
Problems flood my mind because of this life
I turn over on my shoulder and wonder a sight
Pictures float around containing motion images
Past smiles & futures with you and me into it
Throughout the day its hidden promises that reveals this
All of the sudden frowns arouse tension
I know somehow there's an end to it/ troubles don't last always
I remember at nite when I picture the smile on your face
To be steady and hold on to my faith
Concrete has its stories
Traveling my path till the end of my journey

="FIRST HAND EXPERIENCE"

I learnt from first hand experience
-Don't play with no heart
Mind goes into spirals/when things fall (all) apart/
Ghost of a smile piecing together
Haves its own stories of expressions
A school of thought/ If you mind all the lessons
By taking it all in/ pacing my arteries/
I learnt how to come even-handed/sharing each thought from me/
Tryna soften your heart's face
Is all that I want from me
Even if love must planet/I'll be down-front & center like gravity
I want you to know, without drawing it out
We can be in touch, without falling with out
Stand with me in time-share
Fabricate a blanket care
We can eavesdrop about our day/and pickup on all our pains
And soothe forth love
And be hand-in-hand like wings of a dove

By: Dejon Wayne Turner
Paged in: "Inocular"
THE STARS FORM

I STUDY THE STARS IN A GAZE SEARCHING FOR YOUR BEAUTY.
AS THE NITE SKY DARKENS AND THE STARS APPEAR,
IMAGES OF MEMORIES FLOAT IN FRONT OF MY EYES.
IT WAS A LITTLE CHILLY BUT A WARM NUMBS MY SKIN
WATCHING MORE MEMORIES COLLAGE TOGETHER; I SEE.
I SEE A GATHERING OF MOTION PICTURES SIMULTANEOUSLY
PLAYING BACK TO BACK-SIDE TO SIDE AS THE STARS BRIGHTEN.
AS MY VIEW PANS OUT TO BIGGER VIEW,
THE SIGHT CURLS MY SMILE.
LOSING COUNT OF THE STARS THAT ALWAYS LOOK FAMILIAR
ALL THE PICTURES FORM YOUR FACE AND IT DAWNS ON ME
WHY IT SEEMS SO SIMILAR.
SO EVERYTIME I LAY DOWN AND LOOK AT THE CEILING,
I SMILE, BECAUSE YOUR FACE IS ALWAYS WITH ME...

ABOUT THIS:
EVERYBODY GOTS TO GO THROUGH A DAY THAT SOMETIMES
IS FROM THE STRENCH OF ANOTHER—YOU KNOW.
HINT: SOME INDIVIDUALS ARE A RUBI GEM THAT HOPFULLY
KNOWS THE FEELING OF BEING TREASURED.

BY: DESHON WAYNE TURNER
PASSED IN: " INCULAR"

PAGE 5
Love at "crush on you" sight. Been at it for a while but this time I must let her know, how she is in my mind-sight, with a breeze walking by you obtain the folded paper.

You fascinate my eyes,
I know everybody aint the love of life or soulmates twice,
or in belief first sight is dedicated to moments of life.
Needs should be sent—as knees should be bent,
figure of speech, like knees been bent.
Needs required by its requested;
I hope to see you cry or get blinded
by sly reply's,
-see in my eyes;
the queen inside you should remain luminent,
glowing through personation—natural person-a.
Brilliant by beauty,
starburst by smiles
and heartwarming by naturale.
The importance of your happiness
is equal to lifespanning.
May sound cliché but I hope you don't mind me saying.
I drop these lines to ensnare my real intentions for and of you.
The express way is beyond translated to proper & blessed.
Attributes that require the best treatment like a bouquet.

= "SENATION!"
shocked, never felt any aura so stunning,
blissful, beauty taking a hold of my lungs
a grasping image, picture-perfect tendencies gracefully
as she walk towards me. I feel bound by gravity
soft spoken words warmed my everything
cherishable. the inner beauty thats unperfectable
Halo which floats causes my deers-sight
Amazed like no other. phased on another level
Sensation in my chest soft as cotton,...
IF ONLY FOR ONE NITE

swears would be looking up/tryna get in touch/caus i'll be lifted up by ur touch/
with sum grace of luck/losing memories/innerly/by this penitentiary/
barricades of hard walls/would fall down mentally/after some years/
guarding yo post/of what you love the most/kinda lose track/from where you was at/
and how to get back/to the easy-going smiles/asks "if you staying fo' a while."
then get down/after them panties drip on yo crown/
if only for one nite/

i could take you to the park/walk the yards/feed the ducks/
and let the mind wonder from yo touch/keeping in tuned/to ur moods/
erasing the blues/and lay lax/kick back/then shooting the ish untill the stars
hug the moon/
so many wishes and dreams/anomosity'll bring/even before that/
i was still seeing you in my dreams/
when the time comes/i hope patience/reveal what's worth waitin' for/
caus satan/ben throwing his best shots at me/to have my head below my feats/
so as i shoot this prayer to the sky/ima keep my head humble for the
best thing that happened to my life/yeah, a time after time...if only fo' one nite.

about this:

everyone can have dreams, can't they? 😊 so much for a smiley face...

my sight on a particular person inspired this because
she is what it is. you know who i'm talking about.

by: Dejon Wayne Turner

PAGED IN: "Inocular"
My (Dear/Deer) Sight

Allow me to introduce an alight for you
I know your wings can rest while we image soothe
Your the angel that attracts my heart
Looking in your eye makes me engage in deeper parts
Its interesting cause my attention adores you
The state of mind which explores feelings above the roof
I would say celestial but your beyond that
I'll never think less of you because of what you dont lack
My internal feelings captures this emotion,
Its loves compulsive setting a notion
that intermix my veins resource.
-which vital the antedote for my hearts desire
its hard to describe this fire
within my intent I see passion ate my consideration
Now I see its configuration
cause all I view is you (beatific radiation/beautific radiation)
This sensation warms my chest right
especially when I stare into its radiance with (my) (dear/deer)sight-
I mind you, I mind you!

Someone heard how

You look, they'll realize

Re-select attention and don't be surprise that

I mind you!

...
When does love die?

When does love die?
When does love die?
When experiments succeed but not this one time?
When does love die?
When does love die?
When does love die?
When does love die?
When does love die?
When does love die?

At times ones heart depress close to failure.

I.O.U.'s?

But what about God's regard for one soul(s) regarding for two?

Proportional greatness?

Always taking chances for living deep, exist.

Losing sight and die.

Losing sight and die.

Love always die - why do we insist on time?

Love always die - why do we insist on time?

Love always die - why do we insist on time?

But through human time only.

It's a matter of time...

Love come/come?
RECEIPROCATE SURPASSAGE

RELATIONSHIP PRIORITY IS GREATER AWARENESS PURE LOVE ADORE IT
WE LET LOVE FLOW IN ESSENCE OUR KISS CARESS IT.
LET ME BEGIN TO SAY IM HONORED TO SHARE MY HEART
GIVING PROBLEMS THE END BY AND BY WILL KEEP THAT SPARK FROM THE START.

OTHER EXPERIENCE OTHERS; I WANT US TO BE THAT OTHER THAT DISPLAY LOVE FLUTTERS
THERE ARE DISTRESS AND CONFUSED, BUT BEFORE OUR COLLISIONS OCCUR,
LET'S CREATE A LIFETIME THROUGH OUR HEARTS SPLURGE.
I REALIZED WHAT'S MOST IMPORTANT WITHOUT EXPECTANCY,
YOUR IMPORTANT TO MY LIFE LIKE A DEATHBED WITH A LAST BREATHE.
MY HEART CANT STRESS THE FACT YOUR SMILE IS MY LUXURY,
IN LIFE EVERY OPPORTUNITY IS MY CHOICE TOWARD YOUR COMPLETE.
CLOSURE MINISH THE EXISTANCE OF WANT;
THE EXPERIENCE WE LAVISH IS TACTICS IN FLAUNT.
CHERISH IN FAITH IS TRUST EFFECTS THAT LIFE SURGES,
ADJUSTMENTS REMIND US WE AINT PERFECT.
YET SPENDING MY LIFE WITH YOU IS WORTH IT.
KNOWING TO TRY SOLVING THINGS BY CONNECTING OUR SOULS,
DISSOLVES STRESS. EFFORTS IN THE WHOLE.
PASSION POINTS OUT THE MISTAKES IN THE PAST,
LOVE AND SUPPORT WITHOUT STRINGS CONTRAST.
EXCUSE MY APPROACH IN A POSITIVE WAY,
BUT I APPRECIATE OUR LOVE FOR US EVERYDAY.

ABOUT THIS:
EVERY PERSON IS NOT...
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT FOR KISMET
HOWEVER, I HOPE YOU IDENTIFY
IT WHEN IT PRESENTS AND
UNFOLDS FOR YOU.

DEJON USAYNE TURNER
PAGED IN: "INOCULAR"
I WALK THROUGH LIFE PACING THE SHUFFLES OF PARADISE, MATCHING MOMENTUM TO PROPEL IN STRIDE / LIFE MAN OF THE SPICE LIQUID VERBS SITTING ON ICE, ROCKY ROADS MAKE ME SIP SLOW AND DIM THEIR LIGHTS BLACK IS MORE IN THE ESSENCE IN THE PRESENCE, SKATING AROUND THE CAROUSEL IN SPITE OF THIS FACING TOWELS TO CLEAR THINGS UP, HEAD ON TACTICS WITH URBANE CLASSICS SEMANTIC ENGINEERING TO COMPLETE BASIS IN DAILY METHODS, I EXPRESS THIS, RULE OF THUMB, PRACTICE OVER NUMB, FLUENCE INNER CEDE IN ETERNAL PUNS REHURST EARLY WORSTEST, BLIND TO EARLY HURSES, CARRY SIGHT TOWARD PURSES, FILLING HER UP ALIMIN FIRST ITS NOT ABOUT ME I PROCEED FROM DEEP INSIDE I RELEASE, GIVE YOU MORE APART OF ME, LONGITUDE INCREASE ALTITUDE IN MOODS TO EXCUSE WORDS EXOTIC CRUISE WRAPPING LIFE BY THE PRESENT TWISTED CAP IN GROOVE NO HAITI YET THE MOTHER LANDS TO MY ROOTS GRAIN OF CHOICE = WATERFALL TO DIVE IN COOL, DROP SUBJECTS TO SPLASH REFRESH • ENCOUNTERING TRUE I TEACH SCHOOL BY LESSONS I LEARN TO HEAL • OVERCOME HYDRATING LESSONS TO TRADE MY INCLUDE

ABOUT THIS:
POTENCY DEVELOPS AFTER "HEART-IN-HAND INTERACTIONS"
LIKE MAGNATES AND METAL. REAL METAL ATTRACTS THE
DRAW FOR CONNECTION SIMILAR WITH SUBJECTS. HOWEVER,
IF IT ISN'T REAL IN BETWEEN, THERE WILL BE NO
TOGETHERNESS.

PAGED IN: "INOCULAR"
BY: DEJON W. TURNER
I sip on this remedy. Watching this life unravel,
eyes on key unlocking reality
people sweatin' tears missing life in these years,
leakin' hydration. Losing potency w/o vision of clear
concentration of objectives accomplish, multiplication,
The progress relation
in constant presentation in the best wishes,
creating shooting stars.
My heart beats for people holdin' a slippin' grip hangin' hard
aimin' higher than life's par,
indulging deeper in modes enlarge,
regardless of scars,
making substance from nothing at all
over the influence of dumb ish,
smokin' decisions like a spliff,
courage and strength off the rip,
lean for situations inspired by exist,
going the distance guided through natural gifts

ABOUT THIS:
Watching life unravel is a gift that comes from bank-pay
meaning, what potential you invest in most likely
will always be hearted through cardiac pulse.
MORE THAN THE IMAGINARY,
EXCEEDS BEYOND MENTAL LIMITS
GLASS A MISTIC ROSE,
THEN LET THE STORY BE TOLD
MADE TO ENDURE AGES OF MEMORY,
BETTER THAN A TRUE MEANT TO BE
MOVES IN THE INSIDE LIKE A PAWN 4 CHECKMATE
SIMILAR TO ARMOR WITH A DOUBLE CHEST PLATE
OMNI MINDS RESEMBLING BRILLIANT,
SOMETHING THAT STARS RESILIENT
WHO COULD OF THOUGHT THIS POTENTIAL,
THE LOVE OF MY LIFE,- MY CREDENTIAL

ABOUT THIS:
EVEN THOUGH I TRY IN EFFORTS TO BE TRUE
WHILE EACH STORY UNFOLDS,
LOVES TRUE FROM ME WILL ALWAYS BE SOMETHING
LOYALTY CAN PLACED ON ITS RESUME.

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I GOT NOTHING BUT A WHOLE LOTTA SOMETHIN' 
GRIP FULL OF EFFORT WITH NOTHING LESS THAN SOMETHIN' 
FROM POCKETS FULL OF LINT TO A PIECE OF LAND 
WORKED MY WAY FROM THE BOTTOM WITH A MASTERPLAN 
I DONT KNOW EVERYTHING BUT I KNOW MY VISION 
BEING EVEN MORE OPTIC WHILE IM IN PRISON 
GOT TOO MUCH TO LIVE FOR WHY GIVE UP NOW? 
MIND PASS THIS STAGE BEYOND A CLOUD 
IF YOU DON'T HAVE CONTROL OVER YOUR EMOTIONS WHO DOES? 
YOU GOT TO LOVE YOURSELF FIRST THAT WHAT LOVE DOES 
NO ONE CAN STOP YOUR EFFORTS BESSIDES YOU, 
IMAGINE MOTIVATION AND PASSION IN YOUR 'CO-UP'...

ABOUT THIS: 
ITS SOME ADVICE ABOUT NOT LOSING SIGHT, ESPECIALLY 
BEING IN PRISON, YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER LIFE 
SHOULDN'T BE TOOKEN FOR GRANTED, IN ALL ACTUALITY, 
A TWO-YEAR SENTENCE CAN TURN INTO A LIFE SENTENCE 
BECAUSE OF INCONSIDERATION,

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PAGED IN: "INOCULAR" 
BY: DEJON WAYNE TURNER
CONTENDING SANE RELATIONS
SITTING IN THESE BARS OF PATIENCE,
THOUGHTS COAGULATING,
HALF-HEARTED WITH THIS PATIENCE
HEAVY WAITING FROM THE WEIGHT ITS PLACING,
PULSING MY INNERLY,
HEARTBEATS WHAT I'M SAVORING
YOU KNOW I'M READY THINKING HOW TO SAY IT
MY MIND IS RACING,
STYLE ALIGNED IN GROOVE EVEN THOUGH
TURBULANCE HAVE ITS COMPLAININ
BLOODCLOTS THESE SYSTEMS SEEMS TO BREED
MASS BLANKET INCARCERATION
SOME BLIND BY ITS SCHEMES
IRRITATED CONTEMPLATIONS
SEEPING FRUSTRATION,
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THESE CLOUDS THATS RAINING
DISFIGURED POSTURES STUCK IN PATIENCE
SWIMMING IN A SEA OF THORNS
ANOTHER THOUGHT TO CROWN LIKE JESUS-
TURNING THE OTHER CHEEKS BLEEDS.
HANDS TO MYSELF ALONE IN MY CELL,
FROM DEEP SETTINGS IT WAS PLACED IN,
AFFECTED BY CONFLICT UPON CONTACT
THAT SURFACE A BETTER SKIN
CALL-US/CALLOUS STATISTICS.
BLESSSED BY THE MANNER OF FACTS
THAT I'M NOT SINKUN BUT FLOATIN'
DEEZY FROM THE UPS AND DOWNS
THOUGH NOT GULLIBLE TO-
VAGUE STAND-OFFS
SOLITARY-ISH, NOW I'M CONTEMPLATING SANE RELATIONS

ABOUT THIS:
IT'S A CONSTANT BATTLE WITHIN SELF. BY SAYING THAT,
FROM POPULATION TO SOLITARY, THINGS SOMETIMES ARISE
AND WE AS HUMANS THINK ABOUT SELF MORALITY
SO THIS IS KINDA MY VERSION OF PRISON SETTINGS.

PAGE 10
Common sense is spent on cheap shots, quality been degraded,
Plotting a picture story for designed failure,
Blacks are suppose to carress success,
all they worry bout is beating pride on they chest-
As for the rest,
must made a pass for correct,
now what we do?
Destroy moments for creation destined for past our chest,
I apologize for listening to excuses justified,
The past—hear me out—
every finish line must be grasped,
Tho I walk in blemished shoes,
Single steps are easy to walk
Tho q-aligned is hard to cruise.
Understand roots, the main source,
new bound chains from a selected course.
For the uneducated past did not know of this,
But modern days is deprived into stupid
Slave minded and sinking on companionship.
Forgetting that freedom was forsaken on Slave ships,
To be TOBE is one hell of a way to forget this,
Although another mind is quote on quote
"raised up to unlearn" what it took to feel close to it...
Earning a urn is not learning nothing,
Milestone shoes—tie a brake for this,
the 50’s and 60’s saw first hand in this madness.
De-generated genius—dumb is a chore for repeating less,
Missing out on rendered gifts—of the natural.
Its a natural feeling to make history proud,
but now,
its time to document passion for clout—
consider reasonable doubts into logical abouts.

ABOUT THIS:
AFRO-ISM HAS DWINDLED IN IMPORTANCE FROM WHERE OUR
HISTORIC ROOTS GROUNDING, ON MILK DAY, IN SOCIETY,
I BELIEVE SOME HAVE WENT AGAINST THE BRAIN FOR WHICH
PEOPLE DIED AND SUFFERED FOR. IN PRISON, ITS RARE TO
HEAR APPRECIATION ABOUT WHAT THEY WENT THROUGH.
IN RESPECT OF HISTORIC DOCUMENTAL PASSION, IT CREATED ITSELF.

PAGED IN: "INOCULAR"
BY: DEJON W. TURNER
INTRO:
WE ARE LEFT IN THIS WORLD/DISGUISED BY EQUALS/TAUGHT TO BELIEVE A LOST 
CAUSE/HOW CAN WE LIVE LIFE BY THE PAUSE/IF NO ONE HAS A CHANCE TO STOP 
AND FIX IT ALL

HOOK: LIVIN BY DA LOST CAUSE/LEFT BY THE BRUISES ON THE WALL/MORALS ROTT/
WHOS TO STALL/LIVIN BY DA LOST CAUSE

V1: STATISTICALLY CHOSEN/DEGRADATED BY HINDERANCE/I STOP TO PAUSE/LOOK WHERE 
MY LIFE WENT/FAR FROM WHERE I CAME/NOT STOPIN TO COUNT THE COMMON SENSE/ 
TRYING TO LINE THINGS UP/THIS IS WHERE THE STRAIGHT FORWARD WENT/WE ARE 
THE PEOPLE/DISGUISED BY EQUALS/CATAPULTED DREAMS/SKY TRAILING THE SMOKE/ 
TO TOUCH THE STARS IS ANOTHER SEQUEL/TAKE A FOG/MATCH MAKING THE 
BLINDEN CAUSE/HIGH AND LOWS/TO TOLERATE IT ALL/BIOGENESIS/PROBLEMS 
METAPHYSICS/EXPLICIT/EXPOSING YOUR HEARTS TRUE INTENTIONS/DECEPTIVE IS 
A HAPPINESS/JUST TO RECAPTURE THE NEW FORM OF DIMINISH

V2: PUBLIC DESIGN/ANOTHER SET OF HAND-ME-DOWNS/DONE BEEN AROUND/ 
GET HIGH TO SKYSCRAPES AROUND TOWN/POVERTIES TRANCE/ 
EARTHBOUND ANY CIRCUMSTANCE/ONLY CHANCE DETAILED/ 
IS TO BE THE MANE/CONNECTING MENTAL SIGNALS/TO VIEW THE 
RIGHT BROADCAST PLAN INS/ALLOWED TO PASS THROUGH/OR GET SUNK INTO 
THE ALTERNATING CURRENT/QUICKSAND WITH TO MANY MOVES/ 
POSITION TENSION/OF THE PRESENT TENSE/WAY PAST PASS TENSE/ 
DEDICATION IS FUTURE SENT/CARRY -ISH ONY BOCK/ 
JUST TO PUSH FORWARD/BATTLE SCARS BY THE STRUGGLE/ 
TO LIVE AND PUSH TOWARD/ALL CAME FROM THE HOOD/ 
BUT NOT RICH BY ITS PROJECTS/TO MOVE THROUGH THE STREETS/ 
IS TO PROJECT YOUR STEPS THE LOST CORRECT

BRIDGE:
WE IS DISGUISED*NO EQUALS NOT EVEN MATCH AS A EQUAL 
WORDS SOUND SO SEQUEL THIS IS THE DESIGN BY EQUALS

ABOUT THIS:
WITH MASS BLANKET INCARCERATION AND THE UNBALANCE 
IN RESPECT OF AUTHORITY AND NON-AUTHORITY ROLE MODELS 
THAT ARENT IN THE COLOR OF THE LAW; NOW SEEMS 
A CALL TO THE PEOPLE AS A WHOLE TO UNIFY OUR 
POTENTIAL INVESTMENTS. AS A NATION, ARE BLIND-CAUSED 
FOR THE WORST TO BLINDSIDE US. BEING A CONSTANT VICTIM 
OF OUR DIVISION OF THOUGHTS AND EYE-LEVEL NEEDS A 
OFFICIAL STAMP OF BETTER-MEANT.
CAN YOU HEAR SIN CRY?

COLD RAIN THREATENING WINDOWS
FORCING VANTAGE POINTS OF VIEW THROUGH TO THE NORMAL IT SEEMS SUNNY WHEN ALL
THE HOODS VISION IS CLOUDED.

CAN YOU HEAR SIN CRY?

GLINTING AT BRUISED FISTS FIGHTING POVERTY'S DEPRESSION
LOOKING POVERISHED AFTER FULL-TIME 17-11 DUE TO THE FACT INCOME BEEN
HERE AT SEVEN-ELEVEN DUE TO THE FACT INCOME BEEN

CAN YOU HEAR SIN CRY?

OR ARE YOUR EARS PLUGGED WITH
CAUSE A LIST OF PRINCIPLES ARE MET WHEN THE QUALITY OF SPIRIT
FACES CONCUSSIONS AFTER I.C.U. FINALLY OPENS ONES EYES
ALTHOUGH THERE IS NO HOSPITAL THE SPIT THAT TOOLS IS
UNDERLOOKS OF TOUCHSTONES MIRROR
I TEAR FOR THE LOST SOULS LOSING TO FIND CURITY,
CONFORMING TO MIND SERENITY AND PLANTING TO SOW PROSPERITY.
ITS HARD SOUL-SEARCHING QUESTING THE WRONG PROBE INS-
SEEING ALL THE DOWNS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL SNOWBALLIN',
COLD, BUT [THE] EFFECTS BALANCE LEVERAGE WHEN IT FILLS MANHOLES AT GIVEN TIMING,
MAKE HUDDLES FOR THE OLYMPIC, AND SIDE-STATES FOR EACH ENTITLED PHYSIC.
FEEL SICKENED IS NORMAL BUT ARE YOUR EARS LISTENING PAST HEARERS PRISON PULL...

HOW DOES SIN REALLY CRY??

"WORTH WHILES"

HOW DO YOU WEIGH CREDIBILITY?
I KNOW EVERYBODIES DIFFERENT
TO BE REAL ABOUT IT-
I WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH
INSTEAD OF YOU FEELING THE WRONG SENTIMENT(S)

A NATURAL WAY OF BEHAVING
- SHOWING ACUTY
IS WHAT I WANT TO REVEAL
- SPECIALLY WITH YOU & ME
JUST TO BE ABLE TO SORT THRU THE CONFUSION
IS A VALUE TO PRESSURE ITSELF...

TO BE CLAUSED;
A POINT OF VIEW I WANT FOR YOU
ALWAYS KNOWING; HOW DEEP IS MY REASON(S),

GRAVITY BEHIND EACH WORD
WHEN I SAY WHAT I MEAN,
SENTENCES CALIBRATED, OVERLAPPING OUR HERE STYLES
EDGE UP AND SHAPED, UNDERSTANDING WORTH WHILES

PAGE 19
In the past,
many sizes of predicaments overcome making conflicts problematic until my sense came.
Now I shed reasons averted its treason analytic beyond standard view, a legion clouds roll above my eye for a better view; breathing rusted platter with an All-or-nothing proposition effort that create mass matters,
Im what I bring gold coating on platters releveling table manners exquisite like whats the matter gave in to the epitome conquering the symmetry of my innerly now mirrors show the good side of me unraveling the gifts replete synopsis adrenaling...
Met struggle, we understood the agreements
Left pain, cause it always a reason
Kissed love, we treat each rite
Slap'd deceit, cause it bitch then portray nice
Flirt with pleasure, with no measure
Caress Serenity, we cuddle to leisure
Conversate with worth, cause it keeps it real
Argue with greed, its too shady
Salute genuine, for its never complaining
Travel with humble, we talk about everything
Sight see with meek, it can see far to anything
Dodge weak, all it wants is to skydive
Search for complete, cause she got potential
Relate with compare, we always find equal
Contact life; to keep my mind a vibe
Many relations to connect with my stride

PAGED IN: "INOCULAR"
BY: "DEJEN WAYNE TURNER"
Sitting/straying/in the glass room/knowing that reflection is the only thing/
stopping me/from free world activities/withholding/this so called freewill/If mine/
thoughts of promoting violence comes to mind/but outweighed by positive enchantment/
made to make sense/to me, at the rare moment time has given me/
love with no second agendas is hard to find/knowing life proceedings with the thoughts
of time/its important to stay real, not only for yourself/
but for generational pass-ons/patron/protector of wiser decisions/alone/
how to love yourself is to set you’re throne/
pulsing the same beats even when you’re lone/
how to know thyself through practice of real is first place/
cause karma is looking to be messy and blinds your fate/in perception
knowledge of self is forth in blessings/true
to the point that margin manifest/
still haven’t mastered promise so there’s no rest/
still containing a potential that deserves awards/
gotta own it if you want it—its something we gotta push towards/
check mark after you found step two I presume/
what kinda thoughts do one have alone in one room/
regardless of promise with or without the futures zoom/
which is alarming enough to keep you’re attention/
remembering the pennicles touch and some you don’t mention/
in constant evolution—I think/
The journey of grace meant turns of each lane—ing/
drastic in ways but graced enough/
reaching thru the bars, hopefully the sky’ll I’ll touch/

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PAGED IN: "MICULAR"
BY: DEJAN WAYNE TURNER
PUBLIC WALK - TENDER AND EMOTIONAL
TRIALS PRODUCE CERTAIN EFFECTS, ONE IS CONSTANTLY EVALUATING WHILE DRASTIC MEASURES
UNFORTUNATELY, UNPERFECTION SWAYS FEELINGS EVEN WHEN PERFECTION IS PERFECTLY HIDDENED
TO GRASP THOUGHTS INNERLY INNER LEADING DEEPER ROOTS THAT EXPOSE TRUE...
LIVING LIE: TO BE DRIVEN BY ITS WIND USING RESISTANT STANCES
PLANTED TONGUE AND GROOVED IN ITS SOIL THAT SOURCES - SLANTED
STILL STIFF STANDING BUT SOMETIMES LEANT TOWARD FIXED ERRORS THAT CANVASED
CONSTANTLY PAINTING PICTURES OF SELF-WORTH,
COLLAGING = SUBLIMINALS.
WHO EVER SEES A PERFECT PICTURE? WHEN AN ARTIST ALWAYS SEES BLEMISHES AND MISTAKES
IN THEIR MASTERPIECES.
COLLAGES AND SEDATED..:
MORE BLENDED INTO ELEMENTED
THAN ELEMENTAL - WE WEIGH..

NOW, WE WAIT.. AFTER THE DUST SETTLES PARTICLES
OR, GET EVEN MORE BLINDED BY PUSHING INTO DISPENDIBLES.
ITS CHANCEMEANT THAT CHANCE MEANS INSTEAD OF RISK;
OBLIGED INDICATIVELY; I GUESS THIS IS THE WAY IT EXPLAINS IT
OR GENTLY COAGULATED EXPERIENCE PASSIONATED

PAGED IN: "INSCULAR"
BY: D'JON WAYNE TURNER

PAGE 23
I DOWN TO RISE

Word forgive me for all the wrong believed in/
The things I thought I'll get away from those things.
I did/I perceived some way/
Now I take a hold of my life Foundation to redeem win/
It's been a ways down the road/shot to seasons to slow strolling/
I believe in foundationalization/

Scaring to keep secrets from my own self/
Promising we would be together now the art of it drained in whether weather/
My right eye twitch cause the tears I let loose/

Bound by strains/juxta to get the thought thru/

I pray for the times of betterment/sometimes of sequent/
I love to be exempt/I'm passed collected attempts/
Pagin pages after pages juxta strength my limp/

Wounded by the cause but maintain against imps/
Looking hi up to the sky saying "what did I miss?"/
It's a love forgotten to remember its "FLINT"/
Sparkling to coal an old flame cause holy message was sent/
Now I feel the urge to go through with it/

I jux pray my life don't end because I flourished exempt /
Now I look up to the sky to lead thru my lies/

Little white lies to white suits with no ties/
Button up with creases I continue my ride/

Chain linked in the game sync'd up & down to rise

About this: everybody is guilty of mistakes. From the little ones, to the ones you hide, the big ones, the ones you bet a feeling about and so forth. I'm not saying everybody is perfect, but you can't justify the fact that if you are not in the mindset for betterment than, stuff sometimes gets out of pocket.

We all humans only tend to make mistakes even the best intentions sometimes are meant but turns out that it could be better. I think we all think that at times, but just because you are down now, doesn't mean an uprising isn't potential energy to be kinetic.
"THOUGHTS"

Face these obstacles / time and time /
Try to vent all of my stress / line by line /
Too many problems is enuff so I don't sweat the small stuff /
Try to catch my breath even tho there's no rest /
What's the best you can possible?
Bye-stand the illogical / make faith plausible /
Grab both sides of yo head when thoughts of worstest pools /
Hold on to yo center cuz that piece is yo substance tool /
Subjects is the matter of truth /
So keep it real & don't let fake get you fooled /
Can't that the truth /
If the source aint that kind of energy change the battery /
Once you're born you gotta manage your own gravity /
The minute you slip / seduction is done by misery /
To insist yo own willpower is to really think /
Making thoughts to visuals is the way to see /
Cradle to the grave - boy to man I'm gonna be /!

ABOUT THIS: When you wake up to you're individual reality /
You can think, you can invest you're thoughts /in failure, or, you can invest in prosperity /
Health, wealth, future / success - all that good stuff. Even we all got to stand /
on our own two [feet],
It's the constant consideration of you're stance in you're circumstance, and you're take on posture and position.

PAGED IN: "INOCULAR"
By: DEJON W. TURNER
"AS A MAN"

For now I feat this concrete to my feet it's a stronghold/
Underblocks surround pathways maps the legend to be told/
Floating memories grasp a sight onto I hold/
Stronger graps I feel my life really molds/
When the clay dry? is when the casket close
Different angles that you'll see.

When you fallen spirit grows thin/
Standing tall is how you think.

Once each problem boats/
When you get grown a grown man do grown thangs/
Manhood is learning how to take on strong fangs/
It's a scary thought to lose ones mind when its time 2 think/
To work a plan & to hold on--to what you can/
15 printed steps not to choarse faults that'll shinners your stance/
My dreams is that you'll find you're steps as a man

ABOUT THIS: This is a form of a letter to inform
Be that life haves mishaps and
to make possibilities happen is to
keep aim focused. "Avoid Insanity Matters"
like T.I. say on 'Live Your Life' featuring Rihanna.
Life gots its twist and turns
so mind yo lane and drive slow
especially if you gonna swang,
much love, soulfully written;

by: Dejon Wayne Turner

paged in: "Wocular"
"CHERRYS AND VIOLINS"
asked me how I'm doing - I say "IT'S CHERRYS AND VIOLINS",
I ain't with tooting my own horn - sounding off with all my sins/
to me it's only three forms/
LOW-SPOKEN - SAD SONGS AND ENDLESS BATTLE THORNS/
I'd rather not thorn my head/
eyes already bloodshot from visioning more than said/
love to be corralled out this lifestyle instead/
stakes around my ground tied to trip wind/
fond to reveal cliché with attires/
gasping of effects stormy wind pressure higher/
this is prison struggle bounds / catch it's wind/
you might learn embers to destructive fires/
some churns just to heal/
others went heat to brand scars that they feel/

ABOUT THIS: for the low spoken soldiers, that are locked up
and at times feel the words of sad songs,
and going through something to be something
after punctures life brings. With a little bit
of real in this I hope you feel its true.
"Reflecting Surface"

I BE BATTLING MY WORST ENEMY
THinking "How can you survive when you look me in my eyes"
CHARACTERISTICS STARE BACK AT ME
FACE THATS UNFLINCHED AND BEARS THRU MY WORDS CASUALLY
I BE BITING MY TONGUE SOMETIMES WAITING FOR FACTS TO ACTUALLY
SENTENCE THRU VERBS PHANTOMS
PRAYING MY KNEES DON'T BE TOO BRUISED FOR HUMBLING
THEN I LOOK UP AND HE'S STILL STARING RITE AT ME
SUMTIMES I HICCUP DRUNK FROM MY CHOICES
SELF CENTERING HOPE EVEN AT MY LOWEST
AS HARD AS IT GETS AND FEEL LIKE A MISFIT
IM TAKING LIFE SERIOUS AND IN STAKES WITH MY FATE TO
PRESENCE A, HEAVEN-SENT
THEN HE TELLS ME TO MY FACE, "WHY ARE YOU STRUGGLING
ALL YOU HAVE 2 DO IS HAVE FAITH IN ME"
THEN THE MIRROR MAKES SENSE
ITS NOT WHERE MY LIFE WENT
ITS HOW IM LIVING IT

About This: Sometimes we look in the mirror and the aim of focus
BE ON THE WRONG POINT OF VIEW. IT'S AN OPTION TO
FEATURES, KINDA MAKES ONE FEEL SOME TYPE OF WAY
THEN AGAIN WE CAN ALSO BE FOCUSED ON THE BACKGROUND
STUDYING THE WRONG THINGS. WITHOUT THE BALANCE OF BOTH,
IT'S EASY TO SEE THE REFLECTION DIFFERENT THAN WITH REASON.
IT OR OCCURRED TO ME THAT ONE DAY BEFORE MY EYES WERE
ZOOMED WITH THE WRONG P.O.V. SO THIS IS SOMEWHAT OF
A STORY.
spoken word

Life speaks for others, I'm learnin' to speak for myself
Lifeline trails, see lifespans of paper, dodging haters,
while they duck the truth.
Closer to me, more than you're closer to you.
I'm not a stranger to what I know (better/best),
dislike stress, drama it'll drive you crazy, to death.
I'm impress, double starched and press to meet my death.
Any second, every hour to year-months by what's left,
of my timeline.

Should be a line bolder but life has its hold ups,
grabbin a hold of my life to hold up;
Then appraise actions to synchronize its methods.
Things of the better thorough, actions in plural,
list of achievements by the scroll.

Haters make-shift and fold, with no escape to go,
left alone from real, fake shiver cold, just exposed.
Expectancy, higher life could ever be,
dreaming of instant conclusions for feeling poverty.
Knowing but, things wont change unless the living
of your actions change.
The silent explained. Showing the truth by actions
like a magician displays, musical rhythm with no
instrument played. Yet cool like a summer breeze in the shade
Not quick tempered,
more similiar to pyrex Maine.

ABOUT THIS: I COULD COME UP WITH A TITLE
SO ONE OF MY COMPADRES SAID
IT READS LIKE A SPOKEN WORD
SO I STUCK IT TO THE TITLE.

PAGED IN: "INOCULAR"

BY: DEJON WAYNE TURNER

PAGE 31
Another story after life. His children will look up for me.

in tune for dejections, glory

- real urban blues,

Success is a vile statistic. He can now lose.

Studying the blueprint plan,

he rest his head in the palms of his hands,

crazy words depict cut of mind, in idle time,

Dr. King, said the style life gives,

holding a slippery grip of all cost,

To the edge—no driving off,

Life dreams his sorrow to resurface close.

As she smiled, it reasons happiness a boast

escape the host, holding her close.

yet the anger resides dormant but he times to

in public she never hugs her to show lover

suicide, never cuddle, type that fools her.

"TACIT"