Introduction

"Leap year's illusion" is a depiction of a forty year journey made by a young man. I barely remember. Funny as it tragic, many of the people who own credit are estranged or deceased.

Should those still loving, read this scribbles, they identify their indelible influence on my extra-ordinary adventure.

From coast to coast and border to border their memory is unshakable to me.

My regret is our paths may never cross again.

If they should read this emblazoned effort to convey a message I barely understand; understand it with love. As Walt Whitman would say or imply, Every thing is truth.

Publishing this book has been a welcome reflection of an elongated childhood spanning 54 years.

With it comes an apology.

Trading adventure for security has compromised my sanity. I hope these inscriptions will guide others to grasp tangibles.

A same thought is a safe thought, foreign to me.

Miguel D. Muñoz
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Illustration by Andrew Vang
Sanity, Leap Year Illusion

Clarity... not a constant
Sanity fleeting
Path invade
Momentarily disrupt chaos
Temp a trepidation balance
Dangles of cliffs
Evade in commitment's heightened urgency
Persuades Fear's mediocrity
Flatters ourselves
Depives Death at his door
Laugh...
Harbors its reflection of nothing
Mirrored within a stranger
Resembles silhouettes
Age and gone
Fear's folly reflection abounds
Leaves one lonely
Isolated
A search of a single soul
Makes no commitment
Leave a legacy of intangibles
Fears the touch
Obedience impelling
Cleansed by the purist of liquids unwashed
For on this existence, a desolate...
Go Away
1976

To love one thing to much as like the sun that never moves
like the thread that binds the twenty four breast.
To sample but a small taste of a sumptuous meal.
A slice of unbridled affection in a young man's past.
To shun, deprived youth in our vast unawareness of
a time that will pass...
Worlds away from reality
A refuge of passion while our globe revolve in the
vastness of infinity.
Some will stay while others storm the gates to adventure
Unlocking the secret of the ages.
That one lifetime isn't enough.
A limited time for a legacy of intolerance, to expire.
To despise my love to wonder.
That I loved her was greater, that I removed myself
from a life bigger than this house.
That I would not betray me to chance to myself
of emotion I did not understand.
To suppress an adventure that others could not
endure.
To defy my limitation as a boy but never to become a
man.
In wake of a story untold living within me.
That I would suffer for the work that build a
home and stay.
Having only enough time that selfish passion
1976

Ignite my every step,
As I walk away and leave, someday, to return to a
love of a life that true men bear
While what I think of is a dream worse around the bend.
That my feet have betrayed my sun stroked mind
for adventures that will never release me from
wandering in its wake.

To admire your plot of land as the sun sets a path
that calls.

For a moment, admiration of a walk that I was fortunate
to release my grip.
That I would be folklore in my own age; as the Uncle
that never was.
A distant memory of youth betrayed my selfish want
to know.

To encounter my presents with many cultures that can
sense I can feel.
And compliment them for I spent and 2 days wage.
To sleep outside their picket fence and dream of
ship that sail away.

To forget somewhere, something broke my heart.
That I must move and not remember. That something
once loved me.

And forget about my pasted
Enlightened by my menial labor that every thing passed
exists in my mind.
And how much is true as I drink my coffee cold.
My backyard is as my front and I must stop at
every shore.
To ponder what awaits at the other side makes me
smile, remembering the day she consented to
lay by me.
That I did not complete the promise that would de-
prive me, my poverty.
As I choose to take another step.
Not because this is my desire; my habit; my affliction
To remove myself from memory. From thought that won't
release me, but makes me smile, sheds a tear.
That none be wasted on me as I light dogs for my
Supper.
I fill my glass with beauty and laugh with that tear.
Remembering tomorrow uncertainty is my destiny.
That my only promised is there is none.
So we toast the day alone as uncertainty is enough
to ignore the chill of dawn.
That I am a Michael of Mikes in a parallel world
of redundant motion.
Much different then mine but the same.
That today I will not be hurt or hurt anyone.
But I am wrong.
Life infuses every emotion known to me and unknown.
1976

That I would step on a flower someone else planted.
That it was me and only me to take that responsibility.
Maybe some other day my body lays waste to fertilize
Accomplishing something to prosper from my ensnared
Deathless to those who think I'm free.
Don't know the law wants me.
For everywhere I go a crime is committed by someone
who looks like me.
And as the policeman passes
I take a deep breath and pass.
Looking, wondering in wait.
Freedom, sweet freedom?
It isn't always free.
A price for everything, but my dignity is complementary.
I'm from everywhere and nowhere, and adventure
is my staple diet.
The obstacle of a tramp with a scholar's degree
To inhale a song, that my days are like this
And as dawn daylight glistens change on the street.
Gold to the hobo with relief that yesterday's cough
has subsided.
To not linger a moment more.
Yesterday is far tomorrow as all days are the same
but different.
What will be, will be.
What a handsome pig not far from my plate.
But today I must live the dream.
The dream of coffee cakes at 6 a.m. ale.
Thumbing my nose at the arm of prosperity.
Out of reach from my abode.
Soon I will leave your street with satisfaction on
my breath.
Never to leave another bit of hay.
Hey mister, a few cents for a man with no sense.
Posturing a noble pose of corporate giants.
Captaining my ship beyond belief.
The perfect spot to lay my head and powder my
glorious fortune.
To deprive the world of me for the days selflessness.
As selfish I know
Must leave you in your grief and poise my posture
clearly.
Ah, yonder wane a battle.
To harbor my water or five cents please.
I does not matter.
I drink my wine from a horse's head.
Bay waiting in his shadow depriving Alice.
 Aside mister if you please.
No, I does not lay with hay but make my wage.
Hey, Fate, Sally bring me some wine and jiggle my change
for the next one.
1976

Believe me, I don’t lie.
That truth is my deliverance, to the wealthy that shares
their basket berry bush with me.
The thorns, never to prick their fingers and bleed.
Red is your from your shopping cart.
Gives me another moment to recreate myself in the
likeness of the herd.
No crucifix for me, or penny for my plate.
That I would shout, I exist! and wait for silent
acknowledgement.
Ah, to breathe with gusto that your virgin would
deliver me.
Only for an instance, and leave you with child.
For the rodeo pursue and a clown must meet horns
to enthrall the crowd.
To hide in a barrel for a buck not far from my
thumpster.

To hide the wounds that make me mortal.
A bottle of beer to liberate me from my beaten libido.
Here comes the clown!
Here comes the clown....

As your children will wear the suit that fits to tight.
Sires under your roof shed come of age.
And adored himself waiting to release the bull in your
chapel.
With the illusion, the clown is never lonely.
But speak to me with a forked tongue because your truth is not for me.

The lion roars in my stomach, awakened by his greed.

Set the sand and a kind word, ill-afford.

To practice what I preach, simple,

No lecture will you get from me.

Because I practice what I preach...

Which is nothing

And nothing is what I may be.

What I am,

Pitch me to wake me from this dream.

Of sunny sky where fire jump in to my pen.

Meadows filled with windflowers, bake Sun for me in the sun.

Sleeping rocks across the pond for eternity.

And fat Sally shakes me to wake

Her thirsty will not hesitate.

And time smile, silence touch will and be denied

Always remembering, everything is truth

Mission does not lie

That I owe your share delivered an demand

For the price of a song and leave.

That Christmas in summer is a relief

To have stay would have never revealed to me –

the more that is me.

To never stay in cliche – destiny.
NO THIRD SECOND

Release me men of war,
Wage your evil deeds elsewhere
Distinguishing your nasty presents-
Through thoughts that encumber me.
Life drips through these fingers.
Manifesting your malicious acts
Lie awake, betraying brothers...
Dressed, celebrate the day
Your serpents surrender to their lives
Participating in precious pain games.
Rest the might fearing no dark
Liber, adorning your demon
Hating myself for life-
That breathes only in my sleep
To quell the angry beast
Like nightingales of my youth
That sing soulfully to me.
Spy on the man I've become
Sitting alone in a child's world.
Happy birthday to me
I turn to yesterday tomorrow
Exhasing madness of the day.
For the future of what not to become
Afraid to mean for I will age-
Without rhyme to shoulder laughter
At the man never to be.
To see myself in light of levity

Remembering Father's truth of silent destruction

Never to say the words...

Peace devoured at every breath

Another senseless flight young fellow

Aries early for the occasion

Dreams of victory

Wine and move on.

Or stay in defeat, eternally.

And when the moon lies down

Will they attribute me to anything

That I have not moved a step.

As only a second has passed

Hoping to last

That I may breathe another tick.

To burden the world with dialect

Searching for a truth that sting.

That I am a coward.

Always fearing to dream.

Disappointed; my gift to others.

As failure became close friends.

Sicken them now await the fall.

Walk a trial of tears.

Fear days that looks like these.

Look like me.

Lucky never to see.

Another tick.
From Composers that could feed generations,
And your fields, so meekly bestow,
Your song, that country we lorn,
For the horizons glorious east.
Further, ask, among the borders of
demons of science to find motive and opportunity,
That they would remember, govern mankind.

Yet the past may tell the future.

That is what we should declare.

That was not our goal.

The bitter of our mind was not our goal.

No vista between verses

Having vista between verses
Who don't rest votes
Having no visits between verses
To breathe with no visits of the night air
That our children will see the sun
Till the day we can't afford to breathe
No visits

Miguel A. Munoz
CREED

Some have given all for another unlasting peace,
Never to know the future for love once unbound,
In memory of those before them
They have answered he all Mothers dead
When young men take to arms
For issues they don't understand.
In the name of a freedom embodied by rules
That would take your rights and imprison,
A youth never to be regained
To make their own militia -
For profit or gain
With a discipline of indifference -
To those that would stake claim to their bounty
In patriotic form -
That those who would cross them
Pulling crime scene tape across their corpse
For another fallen hero society discarding
Bend together in poverty -
For another angry generation
With no meat on the table
Slices bread waiting, wanting and taking
What other call just rewards
As a warrior heart beats
Into the chest of hungry children
Who take love where he gets it
Outside your moral morals
To find a home
Look upper by peers
As a friend of a cause
That fills his belly
His soul
His heart
I pledge allegiance to the street
And sleep when you awake
And when the sun goes down
It's your property we take

Miguel D. Muñoz
Robinson Sauce

We looked through like eyes
We touched like dreams
Embraced similar visions
Pioneered perfect worlds
Pounded Philosopher Kings
Intellectualized simplicity
Defined Purpose...
Put rest to our world
Salvaged Humanity’s woes
Allowed evenings to sleep
Rambayed Prohibition
Smoked Turkish cigars
Scorched politicians-
While reasoning with hate
Domesticated evil
Rendered dividends-
For a new economy
Basked in profound luxury-
That tomorrow affords-
Another day
Goodbye, my old friend

Miguel D. Múñez
One to another

He was a better friend to me than an enemy.
That I'd lose to fight for respect of a world
without reason.
To yield a sharp tongue and hone my mind
for steely quarry.
To better substantiate my plea, to a world that
brings me to his knees and could call you a
foe is only cause. I call you friend.
Never to leave me without argument to reason
to the world— that I know you— and to this
and we can trust the deed, that our world
will be better for we did not concede.
So, I lay my sword at your feet, that you
would strike me. As I would do the same
for you, than make you weak

My friend

Miguel O. Morinon
Would you know me
From the outside looking in
Would you know me-
For my clothes are worn
Would you speak of me-
When you spit
To cross the street-
Or avoid me when I pass
That I am a collective of minds-
That have touched my spirit
That every blessing bestowed me-
Brings me to a knee in thanks
That I sit beside you in church
And break my fast with a prayer
That I like my water pure-
Though I sleep on a park bench
That my christian name is Michael
Like the Arch Angel
I watch your streets
That your children would be safe
From people who look like me

Miguel D. Munoz
Things are not always what they appear to be.

So, if something is not what you thought it would be, don't let it upset you.

Think before you act.

And never give up hope.

Whatever the situation, there is always a way forward.

Don't be afraid to ask for help.

And remember, sometimes the smallest things can make the biggest difference.

So, keep moving forward, and never give up.

For nothing is impossible with God.

And remember, even the smallest acts of kindness can change the world.

So, keep spreading love and joy wherever you go.

And always believe in yourself.

For you are capable of伟大的 things.
My Morning:

Nothing to make her smile. This is the instruction of my mother. I went to write a notice.

Lucky person who can laugh herself with simple.

My mother is all her appliance is complete.
The Squash

Throat: Squash when times are good!

Throat: Squash when times are bad!

The Squash is good
Never to part the Seas

If I could step in the past only to reflect on what
my future could be
My tomorrows would seem bright unburdened with
superfluous strains of envious ambition
To run through the world with satisfaction of the
day as my senator
To meet life’s challenge undaunted by apprehension
of failure
Motivated to run from despamgag thought of
annihilation
As attrition’s battle field would rule my youth
Reeling back to exalt in the winning race
Unnumbed by responsibilities, aging issues
Attain’d by tokens of accomplishment or fame
To chart my boat with merry merchants
direction for new shores
Hurling obstacles while abandoning purpose
of power
Only to control the moment that feeds my youth
While players reap for profit they will never
On empires that will never part the seas
stay young

Miguel D. Muñoz
Nipon Wall
Intrinsic change
For a new confederacy
Courageous, mutant souls
Retro fit and rebuild
Diluted from warfare
Pulls flesh from wounds
Wallow, wisher, deed decree
Details walls
Long, forgotten, silent horror
Corruptibly incoherent
Transfix a nightmare
Dwelling by dreams
The bulimic feast
Wanes life’s desire
Inviting distraction
Arise, depleted
Unfinished anguish
Ordain with purpose
For new found land
Erupt in anger
Rustle the Demon’s tail
Breath devouring rage
Quells a silence
Inspires peace for a day
The fire, unquenched
Deflower the age

Miguel Muñoz
It has everything to lose,
Trust not the flower
With calcified loss
Consuerve advetures
Trust not the air
Reach out to still waters
Remove the caps
But trust your heart
Feast not the critic
Immorse
CALIFORNIA CORRECTIONAL
HEALTH CARE SERVICES

Health Care Appeal Assignment Notice
First Level HC Appeal

Date: 5/23/2016
To: MUNOZ, MIGUEL (AY9507)
H3-159

Tracking/Log #: WSP HC 16040469
Appeal Level: First
Due Date: 6/28/2016

This acts as a notice to you that your appeal has been assigned to the Health Care Appeals Office for response. If you have any questions, please contact the Health Care Appeals Coordinator at your institution.

If you require further medical assistance, please use the “sick call” process by completing a Health Care Services Request form, CDC 7362, to request an appointment with a clinician to address your concerns.

Sanda S.
Health Care Appeals Coordinator
Health Care Appeals Office