Pages of a Poet

By: Rayvaughn Thomas
Introduction

They say if you want to hide something from a person put it in a book, because they won't look. I opened one up to shatter that perception into a million tiny pieces - I wrote one to reverse the cycle! To the creator of my soul I give thanks for giving me the creative energy to produce my first book Pages of a Poet inside the belly of the beast! Thank you to the person who told me not to give up because of you that I learned to do it on my own. Family, friends, and homies I send my love to you all! This one for Jamil and Del Rest in Peace to my real ones. Never give up, the only thing I say to the individual going through it - you live in you learn...
I could do no wrong in your eyes although at times I was as wrong as two left shoes but still in all you loved me. Anytime I needed someone to talk to you were always there to give me sound advice. You were the umbrella that sheltered me from the rain and the source of comfort I went to when I was feeling pain. Life as I once knew it is long gone. Because you're now able to blanket me with your warmth.

You are the most loving person. You taught me that it's not about what we go through in life that matters. But what we overcome. So I'll always keep a smile on my face when I'm going through trials because when God calls me home I know I will see your face again. Rest in Peace Grandma...
Dear Freedom

Did you know that slavery is sadistic? I am speaking, because as a child I fell under a statistic: they say one out of three of us is locked away. Dear Freedom, can't you see that I want you next time? The distance between us got me feeling like it's a hex on me. Many have died in your name, some can't Picture you contained in a frame such a shame. If you had grace I know you would be beautiful, but beauty has a mysterious twirl, that even the law of gravity couldn't hold down her ugly grin rising up to make a smile I notice a deceptive wink. I can't cry no more you left me, so now my anger Protects me. Freedom you know that there's a war in the world so inside my mind, I try to find peace, because outside freedom is deceased rest in peace Freedom.

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Stay focus

My only intention is to motivate you to be better than what others think of you. No matter what never give up or lose focus! Trials and error isn't the end of the world, so you have to use every situation as a stepping stone. If you take the time to look deep within yourself, intuitively the answer will show itself. Don't be just your worst critic, but also your best friend. Before you attain true success, you have to feel successful. Just because you in a cell don't mean you failed. Your cell is your crown, so wear it because this is where you became aware of being a king!
Chains can't change me

Even though the experience can be traumatic, I won't get1 dramatic, it'll break you if you can't maintain. So it does you know. I complain. I said these chains can't change me. They seek to crush my destiny up, and throw the key but how so when my state of mind is free...
Get up

What is death to someone who has already died. What is tears to someone who has already cried a failure can only be beat if you try. What is pain to a person that suffered the most?

What is poverty to a man that's Piss Poor, they say. Even it rains it Poor. My time to shine my time to shine my time to shine up! I've been down for so long that's all I see is up. A failure can only be beat if you try don't cry just try...
Its you again! The one staring back at me in the mirror. The one I face even when my eyes are closed; my eyes are closed I think back to the days I hated you! I don't know why, Forget the small talk this is what I need to tell you: who else beside me will pull you out of the shallow grave of ignorance? Nobody! So we have to use knowledge as a shovel Ray! How many nights I spent away from home? Too many...

6.

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Waves

Free us all i keep hearing the street call. Distant cries of family fade away. The day the Police Put the cuffs on me i felt my ancestor's insides. My blood dancing on top of the wave - screaming a forgotten song. I felt humiliation. I felt vibrations in my veins, and the truth was that i didn't know what i was up against. The Waves and sound of the mystic humming hunts me. Could it be a sign of disgrace or encouragement?
In love with the day

The thought of you i examine like an exquisite diamond no other eyes have seen, how do i justify the reason for loving you? knowing you'll leave with nobody, because at the end of the day you're just a day. Love in a split second. I foolishly believe that you will always be here, but you're just a day. Twenty-four hours filled with pleasant illusions...

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Ignorance

My intimacy with you gave birth to confusion. The insanity of a Black man caught up in the system trying to reverse the cycle. My nights are filled with rage confronting the concrete wall that talks—punching my knuckles bloody. After all, what is the meaning of self-inflicted pain? I love to see the shadows I once tried to stay away from. I became friends with. Black is beautiful, but my eyes were closed from years of miseducation...
who hasn't felt boxed in at some time
are another? In prison it's like the walls
close in on you. Seldom does anyone
escape the formidable jaws of injustice,
it chewed me up, and spit me inside
California Penitentiary's freedom cries
and knock out isn't given the slightest
attention. I wonder if comrade
George felt boxed in during his time of
incarceration. Letters are read in slow, and
when I write letters away to myself,
obody wants to hear me cry my louvs
so I realized that moment that
I had to look back, for to remain
passive is unacceptable to my soul.
Its only when you look outside the box
that you become free and no longer
boxed in...

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She stands in front of my mind’s eye in complete nudity rubbing up against my curiosity. Placing her finger on my lips to silence any attempts at describing her naked beauty, if she was in the Garden of Eden, God wouldn’t have asked her to put on clothes for the truth her body exposed; she displayed the most pleasant and formidable things one could hear and then stared with captivating eyes looking inside mine’s if I had what it took to put her story in a book and I looked her dead in the eyes, and said I do, promising to tell the mysteries with unscripted truth...
I remember when we were sent to Juvenile Halls only way we were able to talk was by making beats on the wall. Coming up with rhymes to pass time, D.I.T make a beat on the wall, and I listen while he spit a flow talkin about how the game's so criminal: "Lost my money in a dice game im just tryin to get my paper back". We was young but beyond our age, D.I.T you was supposed to be on the stage i tell you the facts everlasting, wish one more time I can hear my bro laughing and even though you gone, I keep the good times inside the Pockets of my memory we all miss so energy. I'll never forget getting sent to the halls and being next door to you i can still hear you making beats on the wall no struggle was too much, and no matter how far away you still stayed in touch...

12.

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Eyes of contempt masked behind judicial duty; it never occurred to him that we are Prejudged and Stigmatized since birth. He probably never step foot in our world to scared and blocked by Preconceived notions. You Place twelve Juror's in Position to decide the course of our destiny, and they don't even know we exist. You Peer into the eyes of the accused with Condescension showing no remorse for your background that is a horizon of fire and brimstone the hell on earth! Your People interrogate our dreams, so before you slam the gavel take a look at our life without being blinded by contempt...
The ones on lock, men and women.

who told you that your inner beauty wasn't worth being seen? who told you that your smile didn't break chains, i got love for you, because we all caught up in the system. who told you that when the days march ahead that you would be forgotten? who told you that your kids didn't miss you, or don't want to hug and just be with you in the unconfined moments of peace? who told you that the pain was unclear in your eyes, because to me the message is clear your all victims in a foreign land. but children of the most high. i want to tell you something love doesn't die, so whoever said your not worth anything is a lie.

14.

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A Sojourner

A sojourner in the land of misery
Suffering a silent Pain - Suffering through
Seasons of sunshine and rain a Sojourner
Since sixteen, I been knew the system was against me. A Sojourner journeying
through institutions skating on top of frozen ice I call that skating slipping
Catch me if I can millions have felt this slippery ice beneath their feet
Entering my veins flowing like the blood of life, inside me since birth I was
destined to be a Sojourner...
where i'm at

The distance between today and tomorrow how far away is my destiny because where i'm at they try to freeze your soul like ice at the threshold of conversation. where i'm at, the People of thought loved you fade away like shadows when the sun goes down. Tell me, where do you find your strength when the Pain seem to never lessen.
Black lives matter

shot down in the middle of the street,

blood stains dried as the sun came

up, they wonder why deep point of

mistrust they see in us. I don't think

that they care about black faces, because

the truth is that they don't! Let us

care about ourselves, the effort

stitching up scars on the soul

reopening at the thought of a sick

system not adverse.
When I look inside your eyes I see Paradise
guarded by the gates of hell - Angelic cries
in the distant the sun turned red while the
birds flying in the sky fell then the moon
appeared beside the sun, and its color was
black my soul feels like a tug of war
between good and evil, I can't turn my
back because I'm in to it the hill I
climbed is to steep to back down my
Pride won't let me back down - I see dark
figures ascending up, it can't be real but it is
the hands I see reaching out to me are loath
No! It can't end this way - but sadly it
just might...
hypothetically speaking

who says we can't play with the hypothetical? never take being who you are for something that's meaningless. if you were me then the love you have for your family is real.

females stay pulling at your belt loop seriously. unfortunately, you've spent many years inside cell blocks when you call home to your homie's you tell them it isn't shit - but it really is. so if a shoe fit wear it, but remember it won't be easy, because you from the streets that's filled with sleazy people! if you were me you would want the best for ya bro - if you have one. if you were me your life changed when d.j. and jamil got killed. you use to have a warm heart, but each year it gets colder. if you could i would love to see you walk a mile in mine. but this is only me playing with the hypothetically...
Vibe with me

Sharing creative thought we clicked the first time we talk Past filled with Pain i sense deep repressed emotion when listening to you tell me the story of your life vibe with me and see another side of a convict with time that'll boreak the strongest spirit but i refuse to give up vibe with me as i soothe your brain with words of encouragement never seeking to hurt you or i know you been through to much or i can't run me off i felt you tonight we first talked you told me through eyes of loneliness that you are a hopeless romantic you love hard but the men you attract to you in the Past couldn't see your true worth nor cherish it vibe with me and see the difference in my approach...

20.

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Heartfelt

How is your heart? It's beat I haven't felt in ages it seem. How is your heart? Positioned on your left side thumping with rhythm, I will put myself there so many nights I remember speaking to it while your soul rests in the Serenity of love. How is your heart? It met with mine, one night under the moonlight faithfu. How if placed inside my hands, would you trust me with it? If you fear me letting go - just remember I gave you mine along time ago...

21.

Pages of a Poet
Poetic Giant stepping over clouds underneath me—salvage my pages for all ages to come drink from the water my mind spills out deep thoughts of redemption. For the forest creed selective vision; don't close your eyes to vision to pick it up or drop it is your decision. I left you to ponder for some time. I left you, but stayed near even in my absence...
Suspended from school running the streets with fools. You look inside my eyes and warn me of what will come if I continue to walk this path you said. Ray: "You gone learn the hard way!" I disregarded the heart to heart conversation. Assuming that, I knew it all even. First trip to Juvenile Halls, I went to jail to change. Inside that cold cell I heard your voice in my mind—saying Ray: "You gone learn the hard way!" The same cycle repeated, I got out not feeling defeated. I went back to the same crowd smoking my mind into a cloud distorted my visions, distorted my dreams...
As the narrator of my life, I tell the story
with no games or gimmicks; The bricks
that I stack to make a house was
Placed on Shaky Foundations, My faith
made me believe it would stand, My
Faith made me believe that the home was
Were my heart is bitter sweet is what I
would tell you if you asked about the
Content of this story, Young Shetty
Boy looking at a cup half full, but
On the outside looking in you would see
No cup, Invisibility.

A Quality Perfected by only a few.
Paradoxical Perception Perpetuated by Trash
Shame in a Nutshell; It was really game.
It's what really made my name, and gave
me a story to tell...
I see blank Pages as expressions of sorrow of your time; I ask to borrow, I can't let your Potential go to waste, so I hope you don't mind me writing on your face. Before I came, you were just a Sky, but my words add rainbows and now, People ask how are you, its never the same blank look. How long have you been alone without the warmth of words? You probably seen many People, but no one cared to give you life and a reason to be read. Why are you hiding your face? I know that all the attention you get once I am finish is going to go to your head, I'd rather it be that way then a blank stare. Now you have a face, so smile at me!

25.

Pages of a Poet
Keep Pushing

Driven by tenacity swimming against the strongest tide never giving up! When I fail I get back up the race is never over. The critics never sleep I see success at the end of the tunnel, But I know getting there isn't going to be easy. Many distractions but that's to be expected. My eyes are on the Prize mine so focus. Mistakes I made in the past chase me into the future; but I'll never stop pushing forward. I will always wear my crown and not drag it on the ground. Because I'm a natural born winner!
So Called Flaws

Please take a look at my so called flaws and understand that this is what lead me to Jail. A perfect time for Perfection to take place, it can happen at any Place. Please take a look at my so called flaws, and witness a man who has change his world by altering his Perception making the Pages a Poets as -they- be free. Please take a look at my so called flaws; I command your focus! I command you to command yourself to be better and not scared of your so called flaws! So Please take a look at my so called flaws I'm calling all Jail! Please take a look at my so called flaws I don't mind the critique, and if you thought I did your energy is weak - Please take a look at my so called flaws ...

[Signature]

27.

Pages of a Poet
Lost hope and distorted dreams i cresspath with a lair森 a vision of her love essence...one spoke...and i gazed with wonder. Things inside my mind i held back with thoughts of one day being able to match her love...
Without You

I recognize and appreciate your beauty much more when they took me away from you, being away from you made me feel like the world turned cold, and as I sit back and silently count my heartbeats it feel like the rhythm isn't the same when away from you. Being away from you take a toll on my soul. A women compleates a man so truly she is his best friend. They think these chains can break me, but my natural design is knowledge and strength. I shine like the sun! (Babe) I find myself in a dark place, the only comfort is seeing your face. I notice the way you take your time Perfecting yourself for me the beauty is picturing you having my seed and watching it grow lovelly being away from you is colder than snow...

Pages of a Poet
Poetic

I wrote this Poem about you because to be honest/everything about you is Poetic from your own unseen beauty disguise as Pain i see beauty inside you. Even when mad or sad. We constantly beat ourselves up for feeling inadequate but our flaws aren't really flaws imagine living life seeing the best in Yourself? It's because i'm so close to you that i feel like i'm talking to myself at times. Everything about you is Poetic from the way you speak from the top of your head down to your pretty feet...

30. Pages of a Poet
They say life is a bitch, but were you listening when she asked why you call her one? Stare at the sparkling freckles in her sky-face wishing to see and her mysterious blush. They say life is a bitch but weren't you the one begging her to give back the stolen Promises of yesterday?