The Hearts of Men

Donald Dean Washington
Poetry book
Happy Mothers Day.

A mother's love is deeper than above,
and however much pain that she endure on this earth,
Can't explain in words her hurt.

She never give in when it's tough.
The labor that she goes though, and
The burden that is you, and me.

The woman is the reflection of grace,
and in her arms that love I can embrace.

When I feel weak, and can't sleep,
She then sing to sleep.

When I'm down with a frown,
She then lift me up off the ground.

When my heart all fails
then she is there to make me feel well.

And when I feel like that I can't think,
then she will give me a reason to believe in me.

Everyday is special, and everyday is a mother's day,
but I will give you this day,
and keep you in my space.
I'm Curious.

I'm curious, and it's dangerous if you don't take this serious. You got to keep your eyes open, and don't settle for less.

Give life your best in the future, and in the present. The past is the lesson, and only weak people stay stressing, no guessing.

Here is point blank facts, can you handle that? Man is blind, and living in lies.

Living like diseases, and can't understand off of reason. It's like you sell your soul for a pot of gold, but who knows how far do life goes before you go.

Study wisdom, and refuse to be a victim. You got to keep your eyes open before you stop breathing.

And that's why I'm curious, and that is my principle reason.
Don't cry girl, you put yourself through pain, when all that you have to do is maintain, and leave them suckers along when things seem strange.

I can't tell you how to live your life girl, but life is more than money, and nice trucks.

You spend the night in the clubs with different hands on your butt,

You don't feel like a slut because you are use to it.

I love you like a sister but you need to change, you don't hurt nobody but yourself with pain.

So you need to act your age before you fade, because most of these dudes running around with aids.

How can I not teach you but I wish that you don't just tell that faggot good bye.

He lost something special, and never did deserve your time anyway, so don't cry girl.
Los Angeles love.

These dark streets I hang out in with my closest friend, and associated ten.

Baggy jeans, and stolen gun with months.
I was a liar at ten, and in juvenile hall at ten.

Life have been a mess, and I have hardly got any rest.
I putted my mother through hell, and
I still wonder how did she make it through all of my hell as a child.

I was addicted to the street life, and fast life, and passing time high off of weed.

I couldn't see that I was hurting only me, but the people who loved me, even a staff told me.

Los Angeles love is deep, a love that I would keep, so lost is these angels that I see.
This is for my ghetto children that I want to see smile. Because the future is in your hands, and you got to think out your plans before you bend. Because every end has its own destiny, and you are in control of what you want to be. Don't waste your time why you are young but have fun, be intelligent, and not dumb.

So get your mind right, why you are still young, and enjoy the future under the Sun.

So much to live for, even if you fall though, but if you fall though, get up, and dust yourself off and give it your best shot. My ghetto children, you are more than you think, so don't drink but think.
Remind Me, life is short.

What are you sun, and why you don't give us half, but all of you sun?

Where do you go from here, and when you returns in the morning where do you come from?

Deep questions is these, and critical thinking I seek.

your light is so bright that it embraces my eyes. But remind me anyway about time, and how to gain my mind.

Let me not lose interest in you but also let me not forget

Remind me, that life is short so that I wouldn't lose awareness of what I'm living for.

To give all up in material thinking, and I become a spiritual thinker.

Remind Me, that life is short, so that I can love even more.

Remind Me, because obstacles is in my way, and pleasure is sometime blind like an unmark grave.

Remind Me also to pray.
We only get one chance in life as we live, and die.
How you choose to spend your time, will show if you cherished
or wasted it.

We only get one chance in life,
you either fight, and die or end up in prison for life.

Now lets go deep into the mind of two kinds of people
where they have brain washed you, to think that you is evil
its up to you now
to think by there deceitful.

How funny it is
how we waste alot of time doing nothing beneficial,
that is positive.

You fall asleep, and don't know what you was in need of.
If your body is cold, it can be your heart,
that don't want any part of disease that is in your heart.

Mentally blind, We live like slaves, look at the prisoners everyday
with no brain.

Living worthless like a waste of sperm.
Count day by day how many words that they learn.

Is any of them good or beneficial for your future?
Its like a suicidal child who plans out his own death,

and its like a disease when you can't turn back
You label yourself, and you believe all of that.
Life goes on.

How many people came and left, Some left memories, why others are forgotten, and, some is cherished.

So understand this, life is more then you think and only a man with a small mind think small.

And it doesn't matter how much knowledge you got dog if you can't stay out of jail and be cool, the resort will be, you was either smart or a fool.

I refuse to keep on the same shoes, and be like a old fool.

life is much precious even if you have nothing, Can you see how the poor people value it, but pushing a basket, and get a 5.0.

Life goes on, we either learn or become dumb, So whose fault, it would be if you continue to stay dumb.

Aint its your fault, in whatever shoes you choose?
To the Courts.

Do God shows favor, and say that some people is better then others?

You is the judge, but you judge with a grudge like saying F**k us.

Are you pure in yourself, and have you never did any negative acts yourself?

Look at the pope, he shines like gold but is it his soul or are the people just sold a false story untold?

This to the courts, there was slavery the judge was lying to me, but this just a modern day slavery.

The courts don't want us free, because they are scare of what we may become, and think.

Far from weak, and in the military mind that we seek, the Courts fear these.
Life is a gift.

What is wasted, and what is gained, money you spend it, and life you live it.

What is more valued then living, but giving your service.

What can you be remembered by before you die, positive or negative?

What will you achieve before you leave? life is a gift but we don't see it that way.

We take it like everyday promised to us, and don't understand some people die from natural causes, and that there is a meaning in all of this.

Let time not pass you day to day without understanding it.

Life is a gift, and if you don't return the value of it, you loses it, by wasting it.

So think on this, life is a gift.
Brain Washed N*ggas.

Why do we hurt each other,
Can we ever get along like brothers?

We are the same color,
just different names, and mother
but come from the same struggle in this jungle.

Be careful how you judge though, Homie
you are no better than me, vice versa...
look at this stuff.

Oh, you sell drugs, where is the love?

Now you kill your own people in a different way
but same as the white man, so who shall I fear?

Brain washed n*ggas, ready to fight, and die for what?
Do you own that street, Ha, you even got tattoos of that street.

But I will tell you what,
your tattoos gonna be still on your body
but that street name will change over time

whenever the man change it,
Ha, bear with me brain washed n*ggas.
I see the man in the mirror,
I used to hate to see his face, and

I believe that's why jail was my fate.
I needed to love myself, and understand
the reason why we fail.

If you don't plan out your life, then
you have no plans to succeed in life.

There is a struggle and we must be humble
to escape from this trouble.

The man in the mirror I must embrace,
and see him face to face.

I must ask him to change himself for the better.
Change come from within, and
I must bring this dead way on end.

Open my eyes lord, and give me no more wasted time.
I observed that some of us don't get a chance.

So let me be a man and
play the hand of cards, that I was dealted.
So I ask the man in the mirror to change
his ways.
This is America's genocide that have been blue printed from Slavery Plantations, now to prison institutions, from slave ships to grey goose buses, from Shackles, now to handcuffs. This all was predicted from the beginning to the ending, - Ring the bells, - the sound of hell, county jails, and sitting in prison cells, who could imagine that they would fail?

The cards that was dealt was their to play, so who can escape from their own destiny, only two choices you have, to either be strong or weak.

Your foots is like history, so how can you believe his story? All these lies that we live in is like grief, and they wonder why their want never be peace.

Look at yourself then look at me, we want everything that our eyes see, History is straight lies,

Conspiracies, and genocide, controlling the human mind, you speak the truth, and you

Brain wash is another tactic to put drugs in our community, so that we can't make it.

Striped us from our identity, and left us butt naked, now you are living like a animal, like you can't make it on your own.

That's their strategy in the art of war, to make a man weak, you got to weaken his brain, and every thought that he have, make them seem strange, this is America's genocide to our brain.
My Appreciation.

Like a mother lion and her cubs,
my appreciation in the dark-times when being a thug.

My appreciation because your love never stopped waiting.
You put us first, and brought us to this earth.

Gave birth to a male wild goat, and
in my hands morals I held.

My appreciation even though,
We have people hating, and watching us.

Only when I do what's right,
then Society open up their eyes.

But when I'm wrong, no hope, they find.
That means, no teaching, no helping,
and no lesson but oppression and stressing.
But still here is my appreciation, like a butterfly
slowly waiting to grow, and rise the nation.
False teaching and man made doctrine,
it is all invented to blind you and keep you from you.

Religion is a gang and my plan is to show you
that you is greater then how you think of you.

The true Jesus is a revolutionary and
this Jesus is not scary.

The true doctrine of Jesus is to lead,
and follow no man.

The true revolution of Jesus is in your hand
but washed down by man.

Observe yourself also seek yourself,
There is nothing greater in this world then you.

Obedience and discipline will belong to you this hand,
The true Jesus is not this magical man made image
but the cosmic sphere in which that is given but hidden in you.

The true Jesus revolution is against Government authority,
So don't believe everything you read and none of what you see.

The true Jesus is all in the veins and at birth the nurse
has tried to make him lame.

Deep understanding you need in this,
before you believe in this.

Man can believe in anything
but first start believing in you and me,
the true Jesus.
Forgive Me.

I saw the look in her eyes, and it was like the grace of God's reaching out for her, to bring her back to her love ones that she lost.

And to heal that broken heart that she holds,
So many loose holes in this rope that I hold,
don't know if I can make it through this night

but the light glows even in the dark night,
So give me light.

I'm like a candle that don't even go out, and
like a wise man who doesn't run his mouth.

forgive me, when I brag,
it just that I can't help it when I'm sad.

Give me your time, and spend some time with me on your mind.
I wish we could change time, and take the wasted time,
and erase, and plus not too much luxury in life like it's a race.

What do you think, aint that probably one of
and patience more, then me.
but wait,

put down that drink, and forgive me.
Real love.

You don't love a person because they buy you things, and tell you fine things.

You don't love a person because they acknowledge you or find friendship in you.

You don't love a person because they give to you, and you sure don't love a person because of there words, that's all false and make believe love, that is called selfish, and not sacrifive love.

Real love is this, trust and believe, and patience in every eve.

Believe what you say, and encourage you in your faith, and hope to see you with a better fate.

Will sacrifive all for you with no complain, and always tell the truth.

Real love have no limit, but more motivation, Real love, would like to see the best for you, and real love believe all things best is best for you, and hold no evil against you.

Real love is always true, and real love want never stop loving you.
Listen to the sound, and see the visions of thugs being chased by bloodhounds.

Now listen deep to the sounds, and
See slaves being chased by bloodhounds,

You can frown, but that wont stop the terror now.
Its an open door, we all are poor but dont see it physically
because Spiritually we are blinded, and all is doing time here.

- Unbroken

Look in my hands, and see what I'm holding,
my life story is unfolding.

You gotta stay focus on this unbroken road,
and protect your soul from these dudes.

Unbroken, still in hope this world, that we live in.
Can't hide from the troubles, but can solve the troubles,

daily is our trust, so pray to God to keep the fear out of us.
Unbroken is the love of God, nothing is high or higher than the love unbroken.

Stress have no power or advantage over you.

- Unbroken -
My closest friend who can I think of
when these people label me a thug, and wanna see us all on drugs.

I know that I owe a debt to society,
but they also owe to me,
because it takes a village right,
to raise a child.

I didn't see no smiles,
when my mother had to run for miles
to feed nine months.

My closest friend,
I still don't judge,
but I do my best not to hold a grudge.
You are my best friend
when the streets
tried to destroy you, and you was strong, and carried on.

You impress me, because
I flee the drug scene,
to become a queen.

That's good to see,
because only the strong seek, why the weak stay on their knees.

My closest friend, and fan,
if we can, lets hold hands again, ha
I'm just playing,
Joke on you.
To My Unborn Seed.

If I could change things, I might have changed somethings about myself, like my past mistakes, and the troubles that I created.

But most of all, I wouldn't waste another minute of my's, and regret. Somethings happen, and who is to stop them.
This is to my unborn seed, be clean, and seek another true, but you will always be one of me.

To my unborn seed, blood is in my eyes, and that clay when I told cry, I forgot about time.
Alcohol was in me, but that is what I needed to forget about me.

To my unborn seed, sometime we must think, and breath on the lease that we need, that is to live on the lows, and hope for the highs in life.
But be determined to be something, and strive for it without any break, and break old ways, and learn.

To my unborn seed, it may not be as good for you not to see the world then, and wait for the next time of birth, because of the timing of the earth.

To my unborn seed, roots, or blood of her's, but strengths of my's.

That is special, and this is to my unborn child, I can't hate my girlfriend because of her judgment, that she sentence you to death,
and gave you no time to even see the world or yourself. I forgive her just like you would.

To my unborn Seed.

Donald Washington
Look around and pick up these tears off the ground.  
But they can't be remedied, maybe in another lifetime, but not today.

Look at the frown on her face, do you have the strength to change that?  
Like a loner, nobody is home there.

Dark alleys, and prostitutes like Sally.  
A man bleeding to death, six shots took his life,  
and now eyes closed.

So much pain that woman is bearing,  
that she killed her own children.

That man have a tip on his shoulders,  
because of his homelessness  
So he burned down the homeless shelter.

That little boy is nine year old, but  
hope that he was dead and

that little girl is only sixteen  
and spreading wide open her legs for money.

That married couple have no sense of true love,  
but only on how to get over.

That gang member is so blind,  
看不出自 the victim himself.

That man didn't know the meaning of treating women,  
because he was hurted by one.

That rich baller in that bentley got out to show off on a bum,  
and lost his life by a knife, true life.

My last notes to you, die for what you believe in but grow  
and strive for more than you know.
I want never hurt you again.

I promise not to call you a b***h, and leave you sad.

It hurt me to see you crying,

and all of these mistakes that we makes from trying,

I want never hurt you again,

by calling you names, and causing you this pain.

I will be patient, and considerate
instead of ignorant and speaking nonsense.

I promise not to make you cry,

and not to think that your words is all lies.

I want never hurt you again,

and I will embrace you as my dear friend

that is the only one that I have until the end.

Take my hand,
I promise to be a real man,
I want never hurt you again.

CA STATE PRISON
FACILITY B BLDG 5

[Signature]
Girl, you are perfect in beauty, and
look better than a model in a movie.
No makeup, and no powder on, and
your looks is my power, and more.
You don't need no wig, and marvelous
is your lips.
So pay attention to your gift, and
understand the beauty in this.
Make no exception, and
accept nothing less of this.
No exceptions,
I propose before you the truth,
So understand the perfectness about you.

Make no exceptions,
looks can be deceiving,
So you need to think of reality,
make no exceptions,
when it comes to real beauty, and
love as a reception,

Make no exceptions, and understand sex as a weapon,
because beautiful is your looks that change everyday,
and more beautiful, and great is your face.
There is a revolution that first start with inside of me, and I must flee from the old me.

This revolution first started in nothingness, when I swam across dark waters inside of my mother's womb, and her womb introduced me to this wound.

Revolutionary is a step for a man to stop being Scary. We must grow, and mature in order to be better.

Trials, and tribulations there will come a time where a frown will replace them.

But if the waters is deep, try to hold your head above them, and give your eyes no sleep.

The brain is a greater machine that even Albert Einstein seen.

Revolution can be confusion if you have no reason for it.

Lead the way, and leave a trace, so when you leave this place, people will see God's grace.
Plan the way of your life, and don't give up, alright?
Their will be losers, and haters, but pray that you will escape them.

Be caution in the path of life, and use your eyes, alright?

Know your friends from your enemies, but don't give in to any means.

Plan out your life, and keep what in front of you alright?
Did you get that line?

I believe it was a riddle for your mind.
Because in time we grow,
So why keep what's in front of you broke, ha.
Did you get it now, or are you too down?

Plan the way, and put a smile on your face, alright?
Plan out your way, and give hope to your dream.
Plan the way.
Mind Control Tactics.

The tactics of the mind behind these enemy's lines,
is to observe your time and pay an attention to every eye.

Their tactics is this, is to make you trip and trip,
and become disease, so please see this.

Mind Control is there tactics in Controlling your mind,
they do this from time to time in prisons with inmates,

See by numbers and days,
they control your love and hate.

The prisoners is victims to this mind control game,
and feels no pain,
because they are lamed to know this mind control game,
-physician and nurses play-

Mind Control is not only with an planted chip into your brain,
but also, hands can calculate how to enslave and

fool your brain.

They don't need no technology to mind control you or a chip,
but the truth is near their lips.

Mind Control have been here before Computers, and technology been here.
It's all in the brain and word,

So let it be heard.
About the book

This book of poetry have a true meaning of life, and its struggles, and it can teach a youth how to be prepare for this game of life. And to always keep your head up, because things does get better.

This book shows the up, and downs in life, and teach us that we must be patience in life, and to forgive other people for their wrongs, that they have done against us. This is a book to read, base on its knowledge of the pain that we all endure in our daily living. It can teach you to humble yourself, and learn from mistakes.

This book are made for those who have even seen the ghetto hood, and those who have been their, and feel the pain. This is for even the prisoners to read who is trying to mature, and find there path of life. But all people can read, and enjoy it, because it is a living proof of the ghetto angel's survival. Still breathing.

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Dedication to People who try to help us to succeed in life.

You can know who these people is by their present, and helping hand. They don't have to be seen. I have been in every man shoes somewhere down the line. I have lost a mother, and have seen the eyes of the dying, and couldn't cry but hurt. I have touched the hands of death, and been close in that place. I have did time free, and as a slave. I have known famous people, and the worst in life, that they call us, criminals. I have shooked the hands of famous rappers, and talked with one and even a basketball player from Chicago Bulls.

I know that only God can save us, and give us hope by the people that he put in our life, also every breath don't come around the same way twice.

But life those have a chance to give us again a chance, to succeed. So to me, and for me I see that is no way for me to not take that ride, to be a success in life, because by talent, their is strength in those who humble themselves, and go for what they know, and that is, never look back, but keep forward, and success is on a straight line, so never look back.

I believe obstacles, and trials is to make us strong, and with a strong discipline mind, and body.

So I will be all that I was created to be, my full potential. You shall do the same.

Much love to y'all people around this world.
Today in this day of age, there is a big lie, and their is a pure truth.
The lie is about those who call themselves brothers of Freemasonry, and the rose.
I write this about the biggest lie, and why President George Washington was beheaded to
death by nurses. See there is the Ancient Masons, who was George apart of.
Now in these days, of age there is the modern masons, which cover up the truth.
So in this book of my's, I must give you a truth, and this truth is revealed
Now here is how a true Mason is chosen. By all disciplines of mind, body and soul.
I want to reveal something for this world of chaos, and its rulers,
we are now in the days of Freemasonry, and the Illuminati is in your body.
My homeboy Tupac RIP got really killed for that word Illuminati mean to kill
They are the true Nazis too. Also here is the Freemasons motto Ordo Ab Chao > Order out of Chaos
Masons. They want to police the world with real live officers, and control the people.
These are not true Masons, but cover up of an group like the Nazis. Even the Nazis was
fake masons of an order. Remember people are being Controlled like robots. Remember this is
a time of chaos, and you must watch. There is many groups being Controlled by the powers
of this world. Awaken and be ready to awaken the beast. I will give you a clue.
You are the beast. How to awaken your third eye, is the beast. Its time for hunger.
I will now give you some thing. See you want to give more power to the police,
security agencies, and military, and Do what the public to demand you do it,
then ensure there is more crime, violence, and terrorism and then its a Cinch to achieve your aims. Once the people are afraid of being burgled, mugged or bombed,
they will demand that you take their freedom away to protect them from what
(Ordo Ab Chao) Freemason's motto order out of chaos.
Create the chaos and then offer the way to restore order. Your order,
But to the truth. There shall never been any police first of all.
Because nobody is or shall have power over the next person,
because that brings greed, and pride, and make that group that
have power over you feel that they is god. So nobody shall rule
anybody else, or Slave, and jail them. That is the true story of my
brother Jesus Christ, my fellow brother, and rejected mason.
Its time to take power out of Government hand, and take out the enemies
nation wide. Its time for real revolution power to the people.
Respect, and honor only our people in this struggle. no officers
deserve that respect and once they take off their uniform at
home, remember people they act like they are human but they ain't.
If a Government can run them, and rule them like robots with money,
then they are just as guilty as the Nazi citizen in Germany.