TRAUMATIZED

REFLECTIONS OF LIFE THROUGH POETRY......
FROM THE HEART & THE MIND

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In the past of many years she heard many truths. Some simple but most basic had for her heart and emotions failed to want to believe them as truths. Eventually you will have to get past believing your heart and emotions as you can deal with and accept the truth. So on this established basis when you can and do something great even I can't believe it too.

Leaping tarry is felt from a world flipped upside down a true deep personal metaphysical fallibility. The deep felt in consequence to the mind projection of formidability My mind fell within its harmony. For a true deep in an harmonic on life.

Fascinating revision shows one clue to the content of mindspace, just the intensity of the subject matter. Harmony levels show a connection through many different degrees but still on ability as to the justification of steadfast.......

I had a dream within a dream of joy and one. In deep it seemed that it one day lay to be. Vivid revelation amongst internal sight that one what I knew shall me. This vivid dream a proposition of hope and the. So in my stage of internal processes you feel the

Are you envision one connection to one day being reality harmony?

Through these trials and tribulations I hope much wisdom is stored in what came a time of much hard time and I can hold apportion to my adherence. With this logic through my

failures I may find success.
For those who struggle to get through the day. Not wanting to live life refusing to patched a sorrow condolence.

For damaged goods and acceptance these papers hard knocks and tears but could we of had it any other way.

For the lovely beauty that without any unjust to love and saged for kinds. An injustice would end too many fell a victim.

For academic metaphysic sombres, who defy what the world calls order. We refer the mourning of the butchery of death to the human spirit in life.

For those who hold relation and relate this book I made for you.

-Mr. Lee
America

America always needs money or luminous skin bright. America always needs miscreants or puritan feel pure. America always needs a cấpic. so an allusive feels true. America needs libitum to prove that we have liberty. America needs religion galore for milibilism to be holy. America needs more design to shed morality even dogmatism. America needs an insurrection for a coup de stat to find resistance. America made guilt so we identify innocence. America made money to show that happiness does exist. America made angry to prove we are America.

America always needs mortality to breed more criminals. America always push more prisoners to prove prisons stop more crime. America needed a depression so we could respect and have a halo gun. America needs aggression to show we have antipathy. America made devolution to show we have compassion. America needs drugs to show that we will react. America made the world to have entropy to show we have order. America needs death to show that they can dream. But now America made a wakeup call to show that were asleep.
Life's Axiom

Perfect in a boat in the Bermuda triangle. Flawless rendezvous with reality and circumstance at the helm.

Perfection is the dream of a condition called exquisite in midst of the perfect storm. Flawless in its purity but guaranteed to suit fate's gift.

Perfect even her passion seduction in the throngs of passion. Falsely elucidate in writhing torment with a reminiscence of splendid tears.

Perfection was my dream for my beloved now belated with proving just my pride. Beautiful was my stead in splendor with all good shall surely come.

For perfect perfection, firstly in unaided true now beginnings where made. Because if life was truly perfect then perfection could cease to exist.
I saw a movie on the tv that made me think of you. I couldn't watch it for I feel remorse and now I'm feeling blue. But I feel nostalgic, longing to feel your touch. Lamenting to this paper so it's crying for your love. Poignant cues my emotions, and tragic is the pain. The sorrow that hits home is I'm the one to blame. If absence makes virgins suffering, my souls conflicted in a vice. My heart has grown so fond, I need you in my life. I dream of you in my wake; wake with you in my dreams. Tasmanian and loss; you're constant. So it seems, too much truth at once is tragic. So I know I'll see you soon. I've become a man who can't let go moonstruck. I am a lune... I step out of my broken body and see its decrepit shell. I need to mend our bridge so I can leave from hell. I love and miss you so much, feel like I can't go on. Tragedy is what the night talks and never comes the dawn. Tale of never ending Mondays, so Sundays I reminisce. Despondent for Tuesday, begging for your kiss. Sometimes I caress and kiss your picture for its futile to be tough. Zapped is my torment, ten fold is the gust.
"Encouraging Moor"

He is seen beyond his green but doesn't have a big guy head. His face is like a father's girl's telling amongst the common people. He doesn't wear a cape and all experiences jig strap and tape. The nation are aware while holding compassion. Always quiet to listen, but never quiet to speak and joke. He does his work, no sights with faith and superstition with obedience. A tone of speech and story while preaching across his mind holds and integrees and its concern in project through the eyes. catalyst, wisdom, properly edited, no also has been around always analytical and cutting impatience and subjective human nature. He doesn't always love the same caper, for his language could take his breath and thoughts, inaudible and profound, as if displayed on a screen. His content and although his a bright success an actor. He can act big but will always get there in due time when you need him to be a big person in family so he doesn't act of longevity. He stands for what right and reasoning his pride and contention but his more patient. Halting his compassion even in depth and accomplished for his carvatin but not finish understanding with good cultivating growing as and wins but not overwhelming. Sometimes it seems to deceive with everything with him automatic. Projecting not just of character and profound love while being realistic and learning diplomacy. Although must are imprisoned some acts suggest he is a true individual. A man of no ilusion. White existence although presence create monumental impact beyond his personality. Most people wasted talent and success to live up to this but not a true hero. There is a hero and he lives amongst us every day in the treasure we give in his person. He in a process for his purposes and anyone would be blessed to be his partner. The result is a better place because he exists and it's a shame that we won't hear him, like him. He doesn't exist but still exists, although he rarely gets what he deserves. There is a hero who walks amongst us every day and you may call him Sir, but it isn't him. [End]
"Lay Your Life"

Her spirit a active, clamor lives, running wild.
Her lives in a song. But tragedy finds her.

Heart in her mouth, flutes of scored changing.
Sharp words that cut Blended sound: least myth.

Master in suicide. Remove a edge avoid.
Cold winds of death. Banners through the black door.

Her response and her life, upon given birth.
Some fruits with no roots. Designed epitaph lenses.

No helmet middle and Generation instantly cared.
Night Catholic Adoption. An atheist damaged.

She steps an规则她若可能的挡风墙
Pain transcends her world. I hope ungenerously saved.

Never present of mind. Frame pensive groups.

Suppressed in dream. But everywhere it’s the same.
Suppressed in the mete. Suppressed entirely and free.

Do you ever fear when I eat, is there anxiety at the family
Perceived murders, truly, beyond rights per death dimension.
Not wanting to be part but bound to be part by the small part that doesn't want to be part. Three degrees of separation, depth sense, accommodation.

A tendering side from a poetic voice through a secular width through archiacistic fists. A broken heart tells a secret: A bridge to a sustained play for pain or string it can't rest through consent for its future is part of this broken heart the trust. Pure soul, congrua. The helix was static she didn't take

Pur the body composed the without a soul to rest in its splendor to a moment it will surges eccentrically life energy bound moves but it will occur. Body shorn to emerge

So through common in our life birth breath held with all gaudy ac splendorly it might choose. Born of radiate fate. Such a twisted slith of fate.

Empathetic to remainder of our secret removed to remain touching deaths born to love radiate realize she had, reduction, fading. Her dependence leads a serene improved script. A keen little killing little's grip.
End of Days

Chaotic and unruly days,
Envy night amidst nocturnal ways.
Life is fast good but slow when bad,
So will dawn ever come on the worst night you've had.

An exorbitant cost for the pious and immoral,
But arbitrarily much worse for those to decency's loyal.
Persecution to all, the wicked and the just;
Condemnation towards capricious man, cherubic sons.

Outlandish inhumanity to man unjust treachery,
Torturous to the amicable and neighbor who's friendly.
Indignant is the creator for incredulous ways,
Despondent and without mercy his formidable plays.

Longevity taken for granted ludicrously,
Because the sun always shines bright upon our feet.
With pity and snare passing sentence emblaze,
With gooseflesh you suffocating without the sun's rays.
- Weeping For You -

She become my night earth; spectra of plague. Incipient remainder. Through the window. I saw her smile. My sixth sense accompanied. My feeble fantasies transformed to overwhelming grief.

I've become my neighbor's past. Happiness taught. Always found in escape and never find an escape. Hindrance of the heart. My sought out device. Transformed to a remnant of bitter days.

She become my anonymous meaning. Utterly phenomenon. Broken glass never healed or good or could cut this deep. Reflection of mortality. My childhood aim of my whole life claims gone bid.

She's become my pogo piece; unfinished picture. Living in a dark hole to witness he’ll never be whole. Extreme agony of love. My priceless self. In Vinci's now plunged to a deep of tattooed ruin.

She's become my component teardown; innumerable life. Beauty and love are sick, make my world ugly and done. Hair of the dog. My mirror and my smile that become my sweet and fusion.
- Silhouette under a blue moon -

I looked up at the blue moon, and hearing for normalcy, Silver tongues calling,
like a killing lullaby. A fragile surface in a Mexican standoff via Tequileria. Banded
guns, Shanghai problems, problem solvers, just a man with his addiction and the guns still
smoking.

Never did I know what was important until I was bent of what I thought was
important. All in dust when lost in gained. Red bitter normalcy when blue moon fills the
desperado, an estimable test of integrity relinquish a mask of masquerade. Just a man in a
silhouette of what should of could of.

Cant live without what I'm forced to live without. Never seemed to cohere with
objectivity that somewhere, Obscured vision through the stage of the sequence through a mage
Motion of mistaken lord of the manner of complacent. Short note from the old west. Have me
shackled in the south.

I looked up at the pelican, blue light cast on dignity. Mandolines play a tune that
beats the beat of being beat. A tear drop on the course surface just a sad Italian song. What more
should have been is is and my blood runs blue. Just a man breaking off the rounds and re-
learning how to walk.

- Tolkien
This face aims at him; wants to run.
He wants to run; gives in the run.
There is the run; scene of cavernous,
scene of cavernous; dig in and flag.
Regret and fling; quite dead now, come.
This dead now, come; action dealt if you.
Actions dealt on your treatment; hell, listen swung.
Befell historic; swing's death fatigue syndrome swung.
Battle fatigue syndrome swung; reality of drought becomes.
If drought is becomes, where underchek, forward from.
Mercifully allusive, in the apparent of life. The basics of life start
on the product of a tear and then goes well beyond its focal point.
Can anyone ever, or at that point, we shall direct. Perform this autopsy
for the definition defined toward to me, for one self, or shall we?

First let me cut this paper for it shall say with
thy self opened out negligence shall find sight. With this paper of
ignorance we say its unravel to. Are the cognitive reaction it show a
cognition of reality. So after I pull the trigger this paper lies, shot, and go
my heart bleed this paper wise in. Communicate with one in mind,
I can see you to join. Do hope thus left cognizant we prevent the contumy
of doom?

All that I cherish lies stricken from I. Like a sadist
in a fit of rage in anger he taunts from I. Like a woman
scorn is their no end to this month. The prudent base of
blood pumping furiously consume her etiquette of wrath. Like
a bally crying with no rhyme or reason insanity I grasp avoid-
ing a sanitarium while psychopathic illnesses and melancholy
I grasp. Like a child's temper tantrum ostensibly showing its ins-
ulance now this hateful tyrant gives no play. With frenzy this
child bathes in the infancy of vengeance to revel your now dist-
raught life is no play. Like a white men burden that try as you
might are just can't let go. Too monstrous alright heavy one
can't trudge forward thus transfixed being stuck for one can't
let go. Like a judge thus presiding his gavel slams mercilessly.
Content to never forget my grand mistakes. My downfall disguised with shame purely local unforgetable to revisit my grand mistakes. Like a doctor during surgery prepared to announce that he can't find a heart. Sorry is the feeling now internally bleeding from the punctures wounding my once loving heart. Like a tapestry on the wall that you splurged when bought you don't have to look at it to see its there. Enthralled and mesmerized in its beauty taken for granted for now its not there. Like a priest whose curiosity was peaked he pronounces the words for your Eulogy. But because it's here defined uncharacteristically suspicious you surrender this paper to heads singing oops Eulogy.

Now my final point in life remains in doubt. The epiphany above me read to you. Can you possibly believe since given me this text clear night and opener as I sign it down. This entry armed my inner demons. So I ask of this crowd to give me a rest. Can you now finally know me to be in peace even after death?

Sent this paper covered pain and my breakdown to defeat. Answers are not insignificant since I secretly wrote this part. With a ballpoint in this paper and its various errors you would tear it apart for one finally through me. our times pragmatically out this side of any way. Can you rip this spot the paper any way. So in this sense a true judge or image to defined. Don't need in this autopsy for wouldn't you want to be? -[Signature]
Psychological Empire

Hypnotized and getting away in crucial psychosis as having and find solution of

My greatest companion is debt and melancholy. With an anterior life as who needs adhesion. With adhesion like that who wants companions. So they do produce incomprehensible children instead we like on through torment and anguish. But there is no such one should not feel because they companions and I estranged from the world. Anchorage is the only one as last in this land. When am I?

Punishment is punishment to defy inadequacy and create an equivalent. Steering others discerning self discerning all but then in time harmonically you with clairvoyance to on though deception is to yourself until be set wisdom provides through insight. But are reining in the listening delicious concept of truth. So those reduced have gone like then eye have应用 to scale an age

Problem is a set of circumstances. So feel terror power you have hope like feel despair power given but all hope. Fountains life is a sense of tapped state which all due clear before needed. Responsibility is a scрапп of so many. Individually opens and depicts life options.殄灭 knows process thoughts equivalent of infancy. Venerable insight shall find a path. Which path are you

Clouds humans take has felt two line can have two pain. Only human can feel companion for the mental fabric of guilt broken down in a decent person. Love is synonymous with breaking. Love is antonymous with wonderfull. Love is a riptap sense in a decent called destruct. Love is a specification of the heart called bliss. Human emotion is Hasten and gentle must exist it?

Standing returned like a constant employment grabbing all I even to think in. Where am I?

Who are you? Which path are we on? Human emotion in Hasten and gentle must exist it?

If you will regain consciousness in 3.2.1. (nap ofeyer)
"Garrulous Man"

I'm writing this at an early hour because this shit for the birds. Starting my day so early because I want the sun. I give him judging respect to even then. I didn't. I promise confrontation if they do. I'm any respect. A passing of my summer long, I'm always looking across, I see location and color with so quick as a glance. I've anched myself and loved one through my permanence. Content in this pain because I'm impious. Conscience is a trap that replays in the mind. Or am I just evocating to a grand design.

Maybe it just have my pen in my hand while my feet in my mouth. Maybe my hand in my arm and my going south. Maybe my foot in the space and their blood in my eye. Maybe my head in a blender and my hands are tied then trying to make bread of I would that seems senseless. Maybe this is all possibility in I'm being garrulous.

Life sure isn't fair but who said it would be. Sometimes right is wrong and the blind can see it's a twisted world with meaner blood. Sometimes life is clear with a blood and though much spline I try to find any pity. Sometimes the best laid plans are wrong. Much eloquence is played through my sonnetics. Much elegance is displayed through my commandments. Much is to be said in a small notice. Much is to be ignored through my sonnetics. I try to study words like a true philistine. Be a strict disciple, nothing is left as it seems.

Comprehension of life ends with the great paradigm of people evolve with the tears. Life is a lesson of learning all the way to the grave. Life is pain and we all the way through the tears. Life usually ends on a beautiful day or can definitely start at a tragic end. The matter of your reason and logic the outcome will depend. I miss what I love. But am learning to love what I miss. I cannot take my hate but close this with a kiss.
"Time of Dark"

When the lights go out I can't sleep at night. I believe it's mostly because I am uptight. My thoughts run rampant in time of dark and I never seem to get comfortable in this tiny cot. In the wee hours of the night I wonder inside, is someone who loves me thinking of me. So many bad thoughts come to mind, I can't lie it can bring a tear to my eye.

Now sometimes good thoughts come to mind. A grim grimmick is disturbed. Peace tranquility laden. I try to imagine future thoughts in my head, person, but to my dismay my thoughts tend to change the next day. I think about the girl of care of fun and hope upon where it is true. In lockdown, I worry myself. I'll never be shit and my life will be a pity. I've eaten type dreams. I wasn't destined to be, happiness is all that I wish for me.

The road ahead is long and jagged with jagged cliffs. I hope I don't slip and fall off quick. I want you to keep this for times of long and maybe to play during still look back and say since my time of youth. I have surely changed.

Nick 06-06
Motivational 1.0.1

Motivational 1.0.1 ch lay, pep up my fellow inmates let's start the day. I know this life we living ain't great, but we do better than most E1s got brains.

I know the traps we eat ain't shit sometimes but we got commissary so we eat right. Fuck these crab ass mitchers in this bitch, for in this cell we act as if we're kin. We're gonna hold our heads up high like men for when we get out we'll get shit straight.

We got loved ones going through them with us, and that thought are so hell will toughen us. This place exist in only E1 try motivate us untill we join the real world. Now read this poem when you feel down for shit will be right when they let us out.

Keep your head up!!
"Stranger Reflections" -

I see all these smiling faces around me; what's their to smile about. I see all these people laughing; laughing as if their life isn't in doubt.

A myrmidon far as with pious indoctrined relentless of shape. Stare is not, for suffering paints a finger thus blame.

Hither and thither great sympathizer as lonely soliloquy is this cloud. Afternoon showers pronounce guise wist from its rain now renown.

Longing for the ocean gills breath air and I'm thirsty to drink. Longing for the city in the graveyard where desolation thinks.

Wraith bath I detaineth hoveth beholdeth meeteth spreadeth hearth be-fall Ghostly assurance finethness equiveth approach eth blesseth wingeth breath regal.

The fire counts its money with each crisp and cackle and finds worth in the ash. Soaks slither and rattle finding prey in the grass.

Trickly winds ask who when and finds its worth when you answer. A stranger looks in the mirror as I'm staring back at you.

Charmed dungeon is the curse in a dead mans eye. Cockatrice is the gaze transmigrates if defied.

Dancing can enthrall you its hypnotic; mesmerized is the dance.
But back to the beginning maybe there isn't much less about.

Maybe I'm a cheater or nefarious in my ways. But we live in a life of innuendo. Don't get your insidious cynical plays.

Debased may be my point but above is the blade. As tact is to people and full of shit are their claim.

So this is why it's easy to smile and mock while laughing at the elegantly put, smarmy, isn't my nature, pathos is my bound.

Interspersed are visions, eclectic I paint. Hyperbole is ostensible your aptitude to put together the words of this book.

Mondeau, stick you stick if you can gain and step sense throughout claim. Euphemisms about, maxims, and paradox didactate this fame.

So speak and shall listen or listen while I speak. But dichotomy is quite. Bombast may be my writing but in awe or odious. You should be of my heart.

Now hence of my longing for miscreant were my ways I begin to see light though the haze of my shame.

So from the right hand I eat and the left I learn bow From the left of my brain I react and the right is my bound.
decidedly, I suggest.
to whom it may concern,

I'm bleeding bleed you can't see for its all internal. Hemorrhaging and swelling apoplectic disorder. When sun and you said what my melody is sky. Tomorrow see my thought, maybe I'll be done soon. Empathy and Empowerment isn't my active for I feel like murder. My mind feels the last from sitting on the black lounge. Sublime is the death of an enemy I hold dear. Revenge I choose for my splendor.

Sadism at the passion have pervaded in this line and on the target all talk time. Love a mind frame to inflict pain and its own bar. Maybe I'm disoriented but I am you as my animadversion today for I'm ready to play. Wretched patience had gain in my picture I feel ready to pop and I'm not full of love. Permanently awaken for in rage and sick from distrust.
- Unnecessary Battle -

Walking blind through a conspiracy's path,
a indurate warrior with ambition taming his intend to overcome.

Best intentions making a fool's folly,
what reality transcends. And his desire, too narrow and the same.

A pragmatic mind with one direction,
seeking triumph but confounded for it is unknown as to what victory procures.

Misconception in his weary he has brought,
Fought confusion embraced with so much love and pain its taping of the heart.

Burning principles through shame in his indignance,
though this is the only path that shall bridge his route of truth.

What other options does he have to contend with,
Seeing clearly through the desert but still lost in devastation.

Looking for the oasis for it must a place to drink,
a wounded warrior where dehydrated always chasing a mirage.

Behind in the wasteland sits his unguided bone,
Why did he ever come to battle in the desert for he was safe at home.
I see myself, try to talk to him, he won't listen.

Envisioning my young gorgeous fun-loving self and his habits, which I shame.

I'm a poet with a pad so let me write a few lines. Boozygum was my nick name, but I was a true slob. Mirrors corroding with best. Exposition of consequence, insane, huckering, rigged up expeditions, imperialistic indulgence, all deduced in convincing manner. Erotic exorcisms of salient profanation. Rigorous evil endings. Historically written in farms through wooded beginnings.

I'm a poet with a blank canvas, or let me paint you a picture. A lifestyle of speculative drug habits, was intolerable, don't be a lunatic on my doorstep. Tomatoes of devotionalism, convivial, huckering, prodigal extemporaneous, massive substance abuse, all partaken in sober maim. Painted canvas of consumable degradation. Sherb many endings elegantly painted in gut through lovely beginnings.

I'm a snoop with a capital bell or for posthumous green protection. Recollect once tenses, apprehension through ether, fierce. Postulate your Century for ever and the same. Conurbation of mending tunic, gentleman dress, tempting salacious coy, celestial greenings, all titling an exorbitant warning. Exhilarating indulgence in pressed treachery. Desperately dictatorial endings, plausibly prophesied in angst through mine beginnings.

But young men fled our winnings from a contradiction of hypocrisy.
Just a White Lie

White lies blossom into dark truths. White noise all around us. Dark truths surround us. Simple pleasures turn into scandalous habits. Simple pleasures all around us. Scandalous habits surround us. Just a discreet white lie about scandalous habits.


A calamity now compounding discrepancies to a life of deceit. A life of deceit now defines us. The calamity now becomes our lifestyle of immoral that controls us to make our truths deceit. Deceit East hide us. Our immoral lifestyle of deceit is chaotic just a calamity that now condemns my life to decay.

Now living a life of chaos that has created nothing but misery. Misery taking its toll to defend us. This chaos overwhelm us. So everyone with misery that agony just an ache of pain and despair. Pain and despair outrage us. Nothing much left but outrage and malfeasance in the capricious person. Chaos consume the person of whom we are known anymore or wants to.

A white lie creating just
a lonely tormented soul waiting for death release.
"Terrible Beauty"

She has terrible beauty; a gift and a curse.

Beauty so naught no one death not atone.

Beauty so guilty elegy can't compare.

She is brain of such high intellect its quotes not good.

Provenance around nee poet flowering but misunderstood.

Spellbound to rice and some, body of expense.

Superficial nothing but seduction it sings.

Dystopic attention, fake premium testament as truth.

And has treated as a princess paid off.

All permissive eschatol defeated for beauty price.

Undiscerned to her as silicon bought to triumph stage.

Love becomes iron mouth afraid with tyrant fist.

Sent to the core of civilization was her price.

Beauty so guilty to create a mule pin.

Beauty so slightly links past a present start.

She has terrible beauty—hindrance that she can't understand.

She has terrible beauty or fire it creates both sad and despair.
- What is this? -

He is so obsessed with his destination that he is removed from where he stands. Trying to conform long term progress to a short term goal is like an oarsman who plays by ear. Rigmarole is malleable when a timetable propagates progression and succession. He is off his rocker when reality is a throw in his side.

...do it wrong so idiosyncrasy that hedonism leads to helpless apologia and duplicit dreams. Happiness that once was becomes so bliss bless its life finding a crack in the backstack and chasing ghosts. It becomes a lifestyle of chasing your tail and hunting skeletons. I hate to burst your bubble if you didn't know for how is your inexplicable disclaimer.

If I change my attitude when things go wrong with people think I am lucky when disaster strikes. Am looking for a better path Abandonment of self so farewell polishing or rewriting my own. To match and reason my desires or soundness for an intuitive leap. When my wings are clipped, I'm on skin on pace seeming done, open and close.

...is it like truth in Reagan to trend lightly on travel backburner. Incompetent beings are always keen to please but it's hard to defend against truth in Eddie. A protagonist can be a person who studies excellence or a operator with sophistry and workage. Is this solvable or just present or just rhetoric unless you use semantics.

This is the parody of life. This is reality south. This is a parable or a religion of sweet nothing.
"Matheus - day Cadence"

Total care and compassion when I evoke pathos is her resolve.
A true nurturer with a heart of gold this is my Mom. Always the altruistic who never palliates for she loves her son and has much heart. Going way past her nine-to-five for her job's on overtime its after dark. Entropy and disaster is my fortee that I renew. Constantly my life is in disarray and I'm ashrew. Your inspiration and devotion through the years is more than honorary. My sentiments brought forth to you is tributary. Nothing ever said or done can gain equality of your love. Unconditionally states your love and you go above. Although in fractions and recalcitrant this cynic is astute and always can perceive one's nature and motive is apparent when a false facade is relieved. When a person is stripped to the reality of their true character desire will bleed. When novelty or pain is apparent predators come to feed. So with bleeding desire this sagacious herbivore holds velociraptors back. Through kindness of austerity she will find the fact. Never has she lost faith in me although I may seem incorrigable. She has kept firm footing when hope seems deplorable.

Let me play with some words like a word scramble to find a code. This paragraph is a breakdown of this mode. "Mind over Matter" is her didactic so you can see what it abbreviates. Add an e to mother and rescramble the more relates. Add an e to maternal love is "Ma eternal." Turn the r around for an anagram "true alma" in maternal. "So can late, nap later" is an anagram for she's twice as paternal. I could try more but I'll end this I've hit my quota. Anything that's pejorative is a misnomer.
So I now want to end this like a simpleton but with a kiss. But at the same time I want this mellifluous. Abbreviating Kiss I'll say "Happy Mothers day you are the best. Thank you so much for being here through my distress. You're a hell of a woman and I love you. I look forward to better days. I'll see you soon."
Where did that memory go from that once vibrant fun spirit. Staying the
domination of giving over domineering psychological cliches about judgment to
this cruel judgish abrupt of meaning diminished and non-existent as devoid as it
comes, in demand unreasonable for most to want to find belief in. The comfort found
through this apparent logic. Structure of more comforting must be sought!

So through the lifeline of humanity this in an escape to the obvious means
ending safety of life and death or we must wrestle and contend the meaning of human
upcoming from both humanity in trained with gone through religion to later story
of splendid illusion purpose to make death more adaptable to its handling of inevitable fate.
Growing this philosopher also would find it easy to find and well -read textbook into sociological
order through phile of affably. Human mind not only come certainty and shown but
will be an enigma and hypothetical as possible to find ways to cope. Basic examined instinct
in works of exercises.

Survival instinct go with the meaning through otherwise, care, and gender but present
still the same logic. All again. As survival instinct but the more完成了 a human
shall present tort, the mere money and his acceptance it center. Photo for the story and
the meaning of tragedy must as sometimes can reach an end. A head on shall find
stand. This with you to the highest doing shall been endured of photo... The truth remains
are only shown to those who walk a studied plain. So if you know one who walk amongst
this plain eye should satisfy that which you justify. But now if you don't when life pass
with death and you can take with it to comprehend grasp you just believe and tell
yourself whatever you need to. Life is difficult enough without believing whatever exists you
during the commands of death. So it more easier open that when of they died they got what
they seek deemed to be end of earn your beliefs was right.
"R.I.P. GLENNNA"

I saw you on a trip but it never left town. I took notes during the trip, with my notebook open. Sugar cubes were clipped into a tray, and ice cream was given to you. This is what we do. On the kind of madness we bring about for this.

My philosophy holds tight in an esoteric way. Longitudinal speaking, you could only speculate. But all this life, this is what I mean, if we can still with any abandon, the common sense shall prevent. Some sort of madness can lead to madness, for a reason those are many for you to relate. On an even horizon, we shall see the horizon. Someone held to the 20th century, our kind have packed up our all. Nothing wrong. The course of true and shall still. Like a will, we once, really enjoyed.

Euphoria bittersweet in the case in a god. Although all would hold some hope that one could hold some hope that one could not. A relationship, like, to a hook, like.

Speculative but, although, critically true, all the held between us, grade for grade. I amended you don’t let the colonnade lift off the track, since it’s a very trip that you can’t come back. The environment, grand by athletic account. Directed the train tracks were strong without. The debt had running and prepared to trip out. Taking the final step to one month, the jumbe route.
An on and off relationship so painful as it sounds. Heartbreak and grief with others was evangelism done. You won a true friend who can recall I loved you but circumstances we would never be. For your proposal, you stayed on my team. But you declined me with a silence to a deep wound. Still I forgive you but it remained incomplete. But we did live that a life was lived.

Your courage to remain in a world confused. But the faith and I lost with an eye defined by my memory then thought to play this refined. Many nights I think of you my heart still finds. It is where I played in the reality congruent. What a shared life is but that our midst in the form you are with the chance and instinct of think of you often upon the dismembered fate. I cherish our pictures and the deep mark which cannot fade with the strength that I could never make anymore. When we don’t see you and miss you from a life of great. But now she plans with anguish and conjures.
- Seeing Clearly -

A deep needed feeling of longing, I need to be filled. Perpetual
pines on empty. Sometime of inexplicable men.

I'm just trying to keep my head above water.

This can't be heredity. Acts of righteousness towards me happen
unjustifiably. Euphoria desperted by the cynic.

I'm just trying to keep my head above water.

Life is passing by as I watch. Viewing reality through tattered
perceptions, for grandeur you northward. Stopスキルて its count just

I'm just trying to keep my head above water.

Headhunted to night camp of infinite perception, they met crying of inward
Mentor hearkened of to myself. Apparent deep mind thought.

I'm just dozing with my head under water.

- And E -
A - Real - Dream -

I can't distinguish in this for real or a dream. I look over at my Man with confusion and my love on me. I wadded my face close to address with twisted contortion within parceling outward. A problematic expression melts with demonic incision of a psychic mind. Randall words in confidence state own insanity, as I sway with against banishment. I'm in jail, then I'm free. I'm speaking, then I'm free. I am then, near to dying, now. That I'm free, please let them not take me back there. I beg you. Nick I'm here and at any gym. Trying to ascend my bedridden for bedraggled. I know she knows not but I succumb to my feet. Her lips didn't move or towering into here through poetry. Just one of a many splendor of impotent antichrist then evident. Staging still people come and go advanced from the to the room. Another impregnation but no when it weights in what it's worth. My more look at for self in flute and any go talk to that girl who stems at gym with such a deep. The tragedies amongst sorry dust here because I know that face rote which stems directly through me. Deathly unusual, deathly quiet, deathly evident, deathly stems in this beauty for see. It's dead in life. To see according tell you the projection of my life is still through impregnation. I wanted night to believe, of me the pride and such of love innoceent and can like I'm the fugitive I am. The hand spread me, forgotten I am marked as the bands of hell give Clare. Through coming surf and green lengths I run through the court and poised its surf. Fast back and forward and decision. Claws the oarsmen give Clare. My face curved in list I try to slip and the blanket drawn it grip to tension. Racing program of reality harvest is faster than realization in every case of regret. In reality, death grip ever squadrons engulf. I'm back in my cell and swallow that swallow of guilt among. Confusion unfurled my face looks dead with its cause inside for how I am destined to lose. Deadly my hope and gravity to wise petulence of really. And seek for another dream of dream kind. My praying recounts.
"Heresies & Godesses"

I shrouded in deception through the pagan mist, obstinacy seeks truth. An endarkenment of speculation through labyrinths of ignorance. The truth in many ways is accidental accounts to what the seeker seeks to find. Emboldened theories, with a brazen contortions, like a linguist's rambler, a wise man, dirty beard who speaks of cleanliness. A spit of man spitting blasphemies, guarded falacies. A church's truth in a pseudonym, a paradox & closed minds but released to few thinkers. Our headed home engulfed to decline entendre. Scntmism hidden dependent with perpetual blindness making hollow aged recipients. Religion being the longest standing oxymoron.

Holding a rose, truth from the green beguying forgiveness my compass. Cycling the game from witchcraft via fortuitous perception. Saints with open eyes though the mist. Even present godlessness being beauty and pure possible back upon earth's soil. Reform my justice seeking true femininity which we mastery lost through decimation. Bishops and priests should resort to corporal mortification for truths vigilanteism. Seeking guidance of the universe through perception, the sun through re, our future through prose. I see my nation through nature. My mistake as mistake. How though hope I hold hopeless. When truth game cast away my arrows. Perpetual the shine through. Even when the stormclouds cast angelic from the heavens. Let it shine, let it shine. Let me be humbled for these loved ones, a man who shall not more. Oh pagan godness, serenity and fortune find me the...
-ADULTRESS-

I have a reason only some seem chat: accidental trip to hell.
She the bent of our dance moment; she seemed to be it all.

Ripples of sensuality roll of as slick as sweet. Slide pumping hard a lust I can’t forget. Such quivering and desire a man can not explain. Any words I find upon would surely sound mundane. And in all of this is just a minute tale. Let me rewind for the reasons that I made.

She’s such a vibrant thing; my eyes glued with such allure.
In raving, this beauty; she animates me do enthralled.

All my desires for the future and life that is now lies deeply even as distant to our own purposes alike. All five senses are enlightened I need to touch and taste beyond the skin. Mercurial to my poison, my heart is awed within. And I can’t think of anything she is the confines of this desire. With this spell she’s put upon me everything else is contrast.

She’s such a vibrant thing; my eyes glued with such allure.
In raving, this beauty; she animates me do enthralled.

Truly this is amazing she puts this book surrounded she’s around. Women only need to understand if it suits them then and now. Nothing else seems important for all she can seem to want. I need her, and she needs me as we can proportion. God this pain has a purpose let me set it in stone. New chance in the season or let me scrutinize.

They come as we truly sway; eyes swinging defended as pathetic.
Stay away from this kind of woman, she defines the word converse.
And I think about what I thought I should be thinking of making him great at the place I should be at while thinking of when I thought I should be when the conductor of the home I should be taking you full with the thought of how you handled and now are changed the director of operation. So I think of you I thought going with in the library of thoughts again the found of entire filled lungs. I shall be able to think in such a way I want.

Common sense sought to find poverty of effort though towards the fangs of scarcity be the order I can not change and do I have the memory to know the difference in compartment noon through the acceptance. Accept the coat I decide through the accept once to accept this bit my hand be held to position of drawing without a strength for gage of breath through skin.

Polluted air to any at least we breath with representation gages. Anything into though diffused danger also still content the quality of death as suffocated. Still anything am I and not at filling the same else blundered to hold of under ask to that of a portion of more important line in how did I fell off as to wish in how do I shroud the cares this fell off of. Stacks of life gone by so numerous of aches do they not

It is an apology of some adding up always in a cycle with resemblance of a pod chain. So get so be eaten he constantly battle with the same as his in triumphed or a bucking. But now even a bucking doesn't succeed without a defense mechanism towards survival. So even though he doesn't mean the melody of flesh will he still not bite back in defense?
Transmogrified

With one foot in the grave that knew no foot out. That scene helps shape left that one my two armed. Touch lightly that fellow and try to be calm. Simplicity can drive a fist then forward here this imposter might proceed within I the fellow. Bonds is not the word for a foot in the grave as go lick through thy foot shall remain. Ignorance holds steadfast more her with shame, drowning thy grave inward less blame. Sinfully while band to practice with a foot in the grave in the conversion of parole that his internal shifting of hands. Count in adjourned for guilty I find myself promising in your name and panting on cross-prevention of pain.

Deity all this direction of pools every trowed to grown for how to go on until in am time. Never living on the water don't break here. Falling off, he scratch now inside them when the girl shall depict physically broken on a pedestal for a money triumph'd, charge we die and the legacy of torment no engaged. A tragic shall we money to agree a blind that bent for the side depth on each pin in the grave our place it won't hide for blood withing line of this world. Saggi equestrian crest. Sia mol, inquire, gain grip. Thirty heads held adience at a talk then sat dying down in a lot unintentionally much demonstration contain remembering a game of replay. Transecution has broken holding fiction and force torturing twist through the age inside of your brain. The head small, ear world have seen huge incredible this locale for a grave thus defined.

Your actions soon measure our democracy per say for communion maps out thy trends as directed from birth this way. Concurring people there terrors within my grise point. Willingly shifted theconfigure of my structure the grise at once about. She in a forlorn horizontal my内科 they lay for was in dirty these entities get me play. Whether to long on to ensure and justice congregate in kind and belief. Atheist's paste. With reciper sending the field and planar storm about while holding.
a spiked runeth through single damns run about. We are forgotten we a run and
shows face in spite of the art run and I hold at my side follow me Using push up
my wisdom shows intelligence the song of a snake. For only by knowing a man can
withhold its checks most looking with sake may he. Thou shall and remain and which
direction it move to the grave. Fortunate though affection of self I can smell the deceit, my
friend and mercy less as are within confined thus complete. Complete in my whole from
the grave to the end with tranquility my live within shall besides it indeed.

So where this desire is now not the inside but natural stand by a window
watching destruction of feeling through the door of storms out my house. Tears drop in
my eye with a hand on my head an empty as agony woul deny not death. So much
destruction and death through the world of the world will I see rest in peace no continue
this felt. With many eyes elucidating and knowing this passion detached any body
broke down after mind but wanting remain. All flowers dried petal, falling from
deth, my glass off the desk don't reach me my jet. Unbearable pain it hurts to
grow and teats eyes perceiving and presence or his course confound this fact
should men is a driven as man should not due to make ignant it would be the
cemetery but traumatized I shall stay.
"Better World -"

Much happier lives amongst this world of man create, all as if all expectations made by the holders can only stop short of grandeur amidst a crush of expectations that lay beyond all, as if desires of man become fulfilled of wants. In degrading or degrading ranks she pass life toward direction of man. Male in a nature well set and all same expense to play in regards of a covering nature. Oxygen by doubted and happiness comes to pass such a nature of existence man that I feel commoner distant.

But then I wake up!

Regardless of the fees or stations upon society we can serve as if equal amongst them playing field. Nothing told in corresponding and I reply with an authentic social nature. Living each other as two great minds that although don't think alike, can still find a shift from mentor to apprentice, apprentice to master. The barriers of not only social classes remain non-existent but economic status as well were all just equal such in an equal level of perpetual vision. No one gonna judge except or wish to see environment of mind and body toward direction of captivity.

But then I wake up!

When I feel such station why must I wake up?
"Second Thoughts"

Whore you ever dropping on one, pre-taken with the condescending you talk, as if you want one to blind.

In closed circles I prayed, with me mind I shall say, like a cult brought amongst us, this half aid we now drink.

Bringing me no devise, with a cunning game, my brother stand watch, for in these cuts we shall hide.

Like a forbidden ketw bold eye still sought after, charity thrown to the wind without ration, the days of innocence forgotten.

With a telepathic brain, we can psychically see, inside the lids of minds, ego, this empaths true desire.

What a beautiful sphere, death can truly be, permanently permanent, ablation and their need to open.

In this no other way to progress, with guilt I can't detect, in this flittingly feel responsible for the most.

Are my brethren a curse, shall this plan now resource, will my pain find solace, will my soul know change to this earth.

In an enigmatic way, I for a responsible voice say, apologizing on this day, for the sins of creation.
Things can be different and of no time. This is only the start of any
hour to you. Is it true or on my words the only true love in my reason.
Fickled and sent my feet away and Don't let the effort love your lasted.

I promised I can hope from these days they hope to hold help in any case
shall make up account. With eye by any side you shall reside. Remember to eye in the
ghast in my eye. Don't want this off an uncomplex but any meaning to eye in
dependency I mint talk down to you recondite. Why hard done in what can gain
in lame.

In a life we can only dream to believe. A commitment to eye it contour
exhaling of shall want between you and can do time when lack of character to a
high degree So I dedicate myself to secure your being. All I ask in equality to the
world I have.

Words can only dampen this sound speech. Actions will show the purity to
the line I teach. As it happen you give me the chance and do not appear. We can
never found so if time done. Your swores then enframe, make me complete I
greater my love this row I shall keep.
Your Mischief's Seeds!

I think of the ways I want to hurt you now. For all the ways, however, I just can't let go. You spend your life plotting such Mischief's seeds. Now I shall spend my life hating you for all that you do.

Such evil vanishes off you in your self-seeking ways. Plotting petty schemes to get through your days. Every day I hate you more for taking advantage of those who care. Every day I don't say that you breathe this air.

For no kind of concern amongst you can be seen. Your life remains actions from thoughts of greed. A life fore to serve others through sinner ways. A bastard child through the acts of men. Portrait of my sins with a stick to keep my tongue at bay. For if I opened my mouth those words old say:

"Through your mouth I see none you depict of your own. You write your life sick through your lack of control. Bastard ships of self-serving enmities even please upon fit with a hold. For no thief to corruption have remained bond held. I cast upon your set idle expression through a glance portale. Like a man of God your blood will soon run cold. They are body within will infection sustain it remains no more. For an age final deep in your lost thought before you lose your soul. That your mischief's seeds have now taken the tell."

-Yick

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Can't stop the revelations of weird past. With a sense of insignificancy imbued upon this lifetime of days once kind. I ventured my dear days, with thoughts of days past kind done good, now bad, but memory of kind it shall remain the same. For much dwelling intertwinded with breathing for days of life we to on these days as death. For I remember my life, I shall say yes to that. For I sometimes mince my life life, I shall say yes to that.

With full force through the honors of many I relive these days, for the ambition upon meantime I don't live these days. What time of hour these days of reality this world shall inflict. My cold prescursion upon my future to demur and push in to remember these days once kind. How can I think of unkind youth and my companionship with it a thin deep cell. Maledomiters in direction of my merely thin tender days fell.

As with a calendar passing with no Samson of life, I analyze to decipher old days. Much youthful evocation towards life I displayed as we. Much rejoicing had domestic given to philanthropy and life displayed as in the time I feel indignant and relive these days. But through luckful charity sometimes a smile shall arise. With my past I can't delude myself sometimes sometime a smile shall arise.

Now through again gone past, youth has not survived. Only through evocation of days life shall die in the reason. With kindness I shall put side of mine my youth. I shall surrender. With chloroform I knew my future in reason. This fate with chloroform I knew I soon shall die. Not far from now I shall have to surrender my past. The only true means of prescursion is to surrender my past.

But for now we live as our determined as I am. I cant handle to me thankful kin, transplant as I am. - 20th
Dj, Play My Song

The song plays with a beauty that shifts a mood with quickness. It was fed to fill the emptiness of desire, seeking its performer, a performer at work with a counted schedule that hit its mark. Byzantium mingled with a song through unmeted prisoners of thin yonder. How the working produce unmeted justification in unheard of but readily heard. But as long as the performance may be in to me, Dj speed with depth with a proper chair. Demonic, it here as I don't have to be. With a proper selection I shall not be where I am. Remembering of the fact that I am where I am. My hands and heart is where it should, and when your eyes mirror with harmonic rhythms to contain. I feel your voice and don't have to feel mine. I'm fond of those chains until the song ends. Under your song, my Dj, play the right selection then again.
"Lady Everpresent"

Amongst us she travels;

Within the epitome of paradise then to complete dissolution she travels with me. To selfless of from hindered then to supernal retarded companion she travels with me. Afflict lowest true motivation then ninth then to infinite quiden she travels with me.

Amongst us she travels;

When night comes left or left comes night;
When equality comes prejudice but prejudice hold equality;
Tantamount with person she travels with me.

Amongst us she travels;

With the value of a sage dethall serfage of a monarch;
With the beauty of otmen dethall allure of madusa;
Spirit guides it just for she travels with me!

Lady must merciful, lady must merciful; she travels with me!
Eyes closed and now all seery. Though I'm not sure. Western Jewish judgements might apply. Kwargs? I've been thinking. Fire. How could I not? I am so. Now I am. Is it? "The heavy feel of national shop has risen. To feel a synchronisation," or was it? I am so.

A dream, perhaps? May be communicating. Too distracting, escalating.

Contemplation must remain momentary regardless of the length and stature of the moment or it remains as indicisive action. My day of sin delightful seems so less delight and crisis of character consumes me. Arky must such heavenly devilishness make me take account to the stack of actions thus remaining to claim the credit as done. Regardless of a dream or confusion hereafter, my calendar still must remain of a passing or shall I have not been spared of my passing. True meaning is this that glorifies change of heart through my divine intervention showed forth from most recent of past.

So my agenda is what my tormented brethren conscious crises in the midst of Tierany through the battle of the soul. Traumatized am I. Whatever shall I do. In defiance of truth I smile in mockery if this truth exists. Must have I to do for what a day have I ahead of me as I remember lives lopped and desirement. Is not this when I went to sleep? Could it be right, Tragedy do I move forward for what a dream I had. Of future try to desperation aтро the grandeur of holy sadism and I escaped through the walk of middle road. A life experience of changing isn't for the lazybody who has a day of fall ahead of them.

Shaking off my dream to the door I progress. For I have a life fulfillment of desire ahead of me and no time for dreaming. Exit I do. The minute my head layed down. Telles the Time shall tell.
"Just Another Day -

Do you own accord you the invisible, elongated delirium of labor
on a track of replay given its civic duty to the preservation of our
living. A delirium will void bire instantly do they Rejoice and appropriate th
unholy act underlined. Complainer rises from in the area of 200
or face of a high. Shhh, don't let them hear your thoughts. Did I say that?

Paddled arms and straight jibans are the fate shared thus generally
Demoralizing apathy for the fell and shedding invocation of rega to the dome
Dian points resonate the minds. Because we dance in adjacent dominions behind
for an captive audience in star struck are you not. Medicines I need not for
the not tink and it's a party as we dance without screens. Where my say
beauty and behold what her furnished within this aging. Think it, hop along
for they have to watch. Do they not?

Rejoice, assume the patients in dynamic stressing that byjuke do
until the shops up and validating this slender out this fall. Stiff jibans of
morton eye receivers around the jibans for the entitlement feudal gate. But
and upon agree guides immediate noticing. Many major shake on banded and have
claiming to be signed or thin away for having the officer writing but just let me
stay a pill of this. I'm sure. To the right time. I could not for all least for my
reason which we got down to the Jurassic at least. This realm is not document
the point to sign it, but die it didn't order this. For fell with you they still
went for the president. How much longer must I wait?

Aid

Past the point of traditional medicine this would facilitate the poverty
dependent to the illicit order and high velocity shock treatment is not only the even...
- The - Poet -

Using this pen on my pulpit notes which I passed to you now the deepfall
genius tries to place his lines even so smoothly. I write my lyrics with such fear of
religion fanaticism as if in born again. Using this pen on my confession笔记本 which I read
over time and time. Trying if you will to be a poetic disciple of arts to not only relate with
but as a poetic reflection of self. Did this disciple find its mark in unknown until collection
of titles unto which I shall see if one will gather my thoughts. With a poetic residue
you should show me as one who has lived with but can't quite picture the face. For were
told a many good one sided discussion.

Like an illusionist I adopt a style so as you can relate. Bring enough outrageous so
you can conjure face and memory in your life through the progression of lines. The saga
the page will guide fingers as you logically relate words that spoken with such clarity so
in delightful relation to some one line. For this was written for you and we know it. Due to
the probability of relevance you wonder if we are bound by title only or a shining if you will
for it as if we see thing as one. Remarkably spellbinding is its desired effect as you can
relate people and moments with a page as if the perfect example of monomoria.

I know like a sickness that this poet carries a twisted view, for my word and never
come from a twisted world will twisted moments. The anomaly in that twisted is just an
unwanted belief in the knowledge of knowing in own heart what normal is in this normal
days we live. People will confine as if to act of no relation amongst others of an unreal nature
so views of twisted don't hit home over own conscience knowing else hit the nail on the
head perfectly.

Like a phialence of the body I write freely through the mind. A mental cleansing
if you will of stark realities, demons, and dust. It's true that this poet is tormented.
and consumed with fury from pain due to indignation. But do not most artists carry some depravity into which society sets up and we buy with fanaticism. Everyone has dealt with hurt and deception through various degrees and at least carries some demons and desires at least upon one's youth. So never tilt your nose up at the sight of one being down and turn your eyes a soft one because you have a hard head.

Let the poet rekindle the ember and have a seat around the campfire. Allow me to explain some pain and strain with hopeful similarity. For my poetry is a reflection of self with a relation to your world.

- Nick
- The - Poet -

Using this pen as my puppet unto which I speak to you now like shopfull genius tune to place his line ever so smoothly. I write my letters with such force of religious fascination as if a man again. Using this pen as my confusion both unto which I need
our pain and desire. Trying if you will to be a poetic disciple of poets to not only relate with
but as a poetic reflection of self. Did this disciple find its mark in unknown until collection
of those unto which I shall see if one will purchase my thoughts. With a poetic reverence
you should know me as one you love least with but can't quite picture the face. For we've
staked a many good one sided discussion.

...like an illusionist I adopt a style so as you can relate. Using enough memory so
you can conjure faces and memories in your life through the progression of lines. You grasp
the page with pale fingers as you sceptically relate inside this spoken with such clarity as
in delightfull relation to one's own life. For this was written for you and you know it. Due to
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post p Kenny

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Let the poet rekindle the ember and have a seat around the campfire. Allow me to explain some voices and stories with hopeful similarity. For my poetry is a reflection of self with a relation to your world.

- Nick
but beyond, confused. Coming back to the light in a weary and conglomeration of reality.
You realize your escape the tintered of Hades once more. Triumphantly you back your leisure between life and death, then think the guardian gratefully for your help in saving another heart attack and I will do as my sister recommends for keeping my strength from wind down. Why are you going to pump out my heart again for life alone and you have done. When are you bringing me and resting upon this gravity? End it till stay for overnight observation. Who shall check me in the morning?

This income caremen holds the greatness and beauty of a retirement home to the public but in retrospect in learning for the rest of the criminal income. You start without a case in the month ending captivity and go down, open hands. Within your manner eyes are shy of the earth and you spent rates again party for the convicts and guards have arrived. Stop trying to cover me to go inside for him lead of the money and you shall not order your master what do that the convict money and keep all the security and money. To hell with you than, I want it them, intrude my fixture and peaceful home. Am I still safe?