Violins and Bowling pins

By William S. Graham
Before I knew it, I was a 31 year old man with no direction in my life- staring out the pale window of the state penitentiary.

Each car passing by seem to be headed in my direction- I started longing for home even more. Being a Libra, I was forced to express myself on paper, or go insane. The only problem was I wasn’t your average roller coaster at the amusement park...I had piercing thoughts.

I begin exploring life through ink- understanding how people can be the same, but different as well, which makes us all unique.

Each degree empowers your mind by letting you know a little more about yourself. We grow to understand who we are by comprehending the things we’ve endured.

The only secret to life is there are no secrets, the moment we accept that notion the greater our view.

Thank you for your time, patience, and support

William S. Graham
~ Acknowledgements ~

To my brothers and I
Calvin, Toco "Ceasar", and K. Graham

To some real warriors
P. San "Gat"
Slim, Divinci, Gip and
his sister "the angel"

To my kids
Jaliyah and Cyprese

To Prisons Foundation
Thank you

To my family
The Frye Family
The Graham Family
The Harrington Family
The Pepper Family

I struggle with you all
Thank You
Don't Publish This

Let it fade away
Under a table of time
It will decay- if no one says
"Bring me your worse material"
Let it stay unclean
Like a bowl of cereal
Dropped on the floor
Full of dirt, grime, and grit
No matter what
Don't forget
Keep this away from people
Even writing it makes me sick
The vile consumption of bowel movements
The puking feeling entertaining my tongue
Don't publish this at all- just run
Run for the hills that beckon for greatness
That breed honor whenever it's needed
Having no ugly ways intended
No one should ever read it
Keep it away from the eyes of the children
Please I beg of you this one request
I don't want them to look down on me
An appetite of thinking less
A vulture's masking ways
Crooked wisdom teeth in the back
Beauty having no face to show
Please do not act
Near-sighted to the facts
Grant me a dying wish
I don't care what you do with it personally,
Just don't publish this

What DO You Make of This?

Of what?
This picture I'm holding

Well tell me what you see
A boat
What kind of boat?
A big one
What color is this boat?
White
Why?
I don't know...why not?
Who's on the boat?
What do you mean?
I mean who's on the boat? Are you on the boat?
Yeah
Good, who else?
My mom...my children...and all my enemies
Hmmm, that's interesting- tell me more about this boat
Well, first everyone's dancing and having a good time until...
Until what?
Guilt puts a blade to my mom's neck
Shouting "I'll kill her if you move!
"Frozen stiff I stand there
Afraid that anything I do will get her harmed
Pride stands behind me and whispers "if you're fast enough you can get that blade"
I charge forward - They both fade
Looking around
Nothing
Time shows up
Says "you have to leave your children on that island now there"
I say "no!"
Time laughs hysterically
Before saying "the boat is sinking"

.......I'm thinking
He also says "there's gold on the boat too"
"What kind?"
"Gold"
"How much?"
"A lot"
"I know what you're thinking, and trust me when I say to you don't get enough time to save gold"
My kids and I watch the boat go down from the island shore (therapy session over-
see you next week Mr. Graham)
I can't be a pirate yet
Why?
Still have regrets
Cold sweats
When I do something wrong
Let's buy a ship anyway
Raid homes, and sing songs of the sea
Drunken slurs behind heavy tongues
With loose woman we shall sleep
Wake up young
A bed of gold
Forever cold in our souls
We'll live for convenient moments
Each one having a merry stare
Drowning people with time
Let's not even care
Life does it as well
A stage of doubt forever detached
Just wait and see
I'll be a better pirate...with my eye patch

-Kids-
I wonder how my kids look at me, just another con man addicted to the fast life. A caring confused animal trapped in a metal box. A super hero-the cape and tights; saving them from all hurt, harm, and danger. A bank robber. A gang member. A lost soul. A gambler. A poet. A rake. A selfish monster. I wonder...

William S. Graham
Eating peanut butter and jelly for a whole year straight is hell. I put it on toast, ate it off Ritz crackers, Graham crackers, and Saltine crackers. Ate peanut butter and jelly with my oatmeal, and anything else I could consume. Ate it all day, lay nights up writing, smearing it all across my important documents—than writing some more. Sadly I eventually went crazy, due to stress and no sleep. Soon as I arrived at the asylum it was lunch time, they gave me a tuna sandwich...I smiled and said “diversity”

In The Wind

I told a friend a secret
Unaware that he told a friend
I heard it again
From another friend
Who told his sister?
Who told her boss?
And then
Told her best friend—who
Had another friend
5
10
Again and again
Knowing in my heart how it would all end
With my secret in the wind
And all my so called friends
Quiet with grins (talking)

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The Guilty Ones

Look at the hands— you can always tell by the hands
Blood stains don’t wash off that easily
Eyes hide behind wrongful ways
Just make the move and quietly move on
Weightless
Spotless
Keep this
I got this
Understanding
The rotten stay
Planning and plotting
Cotton impure
Dirty
Dingy
And down
“Don’t look now”
“I hate when they come around”
“Who?”
“The guilty ones”

William S. Graham
(A Mural of Thoughts)

Juggling glass hearts
Broken arms on each side
Teenagers skate all night long
Then run and hide
From themselves
Which is strange
No one chases them
Or yells out “degenerates!”
Trademarks of time
Climbing up the fire escape
To watch them
Climb up and snatch the air
Grapes in their prime
Dehydrated wine glasses
Crowds of lemons and limes
Oranges, and watermelon rinds
Temporary paralysis
Vinegar flies unclaimed
I sustain myself
To remain

Broken hearted and unchained
To this purpose
I ask
Who am I?
But a mere thought

Mannequins
Paper thin friends... who pretend to care, but are careless
A breath of fresh air
Liquids lungs
Remaining young by the way they dress, or express themselves on paper
Cutes Q’s
Stylish players with faulty cards in their hands
Olympic medals, rose petals, and broken hearts
Eating pears and strawberries
Buffalo robes without pockets to hide their scars
Toxic toys on display

Sleeveless vest and blouses in disguise
Lost scrabble pieces in disarray
Trying to spell out the word oblige
Stone wash jeans
Over and over again they fade
Eyes the hue of marbles
Hollow vessels with man-made ways
Standing there in front of the store
A surgeon’s only child
Rose colored glasses mentality
With a mannequin smile

Do you know my pain?
Sinking:

You tell xerox I don't think about it
But xerox do:
No matter what xerox do
Heart sink
Function sink

I was born in prison
It never really affected me
I was born in prison
Never knew the meaning of being free
I was born in prison
Cages around my heart...bars in my mind
I was born in prison
Started off doing time
I was born in prison

Wishing to reach land again
The longer courses of xerox emotion wishing
Thinking
Reaching
On a hot of time
Wishing rescuer

Dodging danger...being alone
I was born in prison
Never had a place to call home
I was born in prison
Eating nasty food...concrete rocks
I was born in prison

The yelling, the hissing, all night, it never stops
I was born in prison
A sense of weight...a stage of doubt
I was born in prison

Do you think I'll ever make it out?
Fire escape
My girlfriend’s dad is a green beret—one of those over protective fathers who refuse to believe his daughter is not an angel.

We ate dinner at his house last Thanksgiving, he asked me what my point of views on the war were? I took a big gulp of water from the glass in front of me. Thinking to myself I wish this place had a fire escape.

And you’re still lost
Like sound
Trapped within the walls of a broken home
We run and we run-
Until we find ourselves all alone

Escaping
Under the scope of ink
There are no mistakes to be seen
Pictures find themselves perfect
Hanging in place
An iron curtain
Esteemed by valid results
Having no proper place to be
Footprints in the snow
Hounds chase the scent of victory
As far as I know
Turn around patience

Parasite's Paradise

Come low crawlings
Feast upon the living means of life
Understand my ways of thinking
Promise to hold them tight
A jigsaw puzzle of thoughts
Inches toward miles in measurements
Grow to fathom the wealthy
Their lush is your betterment
Dipped in truth
With a flare of twisted lies
Bare this burden within me as well
While the other flower dies
Empathy lost
Forgiving us for the unknown
We are born to be parasites
Eat everything and move on...to paradise
Pencil Shavings

I'm sick of chasing real love- it's too much trouble, I want a superficial bond. Someone who checks my bank account before even knowing my favorite color. I can see her now, big Hollywood shades on-sitting beside the pool with an alcohol beverage in her hand, acting like I make her sick. Holding her breath around any deeply profound questions or conversations that force her to be conscious...especially the ones about love. Shopping would be her favorite subject to discuss- watching us grow further apart wouldn't hurt her at all. Nine active credit cards in her Gucci purse as the fancy dressing store owners call her by her first name- a kiss on her left cheek (it's a celebrity thing). If I get sick on my death bed, I would prefer her to have acting skills = to an Oscar Award winner. The loud breathing machine in my hospital room would be distracting to her soda pop phone conversation. An irritated look smeared across her plastic face and spongy emotions...asking herself why I haven't died already? Jokes on her as I close my eyes with my final breath saying” left all my money to the dog” Pencil Shavings.

Pretty Misery

Picture a woman
A beautiful woman
Woman that's beautiful
So beautiful- people tell her she’s beautiful
They stare at her beauty
Looking, watching, wondering-
What she will do next
Her thoughts are forgotten
Her words are cute
Her eyes are beautiful
She is a pretty mute
Beautiful though
So beautiful- people tell her she’s beautiful
Like no other they say
I shake my head
Pretty misery anyway
Painted Tears

Steady pouring out

Beyond recognition

Heart hanging low

Pure submission

Still missing

The sunshine gone

Ghostly cold

All alone

Unlawful words

Refusing to lose

Feeling

What I had?

Forever vacant

Painted tears

Soul aching

Destiny’s Voice

We are mere shadows of who we desire to be

A place in time moved by our voice and mind

But look we never find a place called home

Pictures on a wall

A silent voice in the blowing wind

Heard from a distant whisper

Wait!

There it goes again

Moving

Tapping toward the future

Paint...but truly present

Refusing to die or cry

Throughout its journey of time

Destiny’s voice declined

-Change-

I had a lot of precious people taking from me in my childhood. I begin developing a sense of hate in my heart. It was very painful. The hate grew more intensely. I had so many questions to ask God. I wanted everyone to feel my despair. It wasn’t fair. I told myself over and over again...I tried to heal my
STAPLES, 
BRUISES, AND 
CUTS

Picture a heart
Glowing bright red
Showing signs of truth
Instead
Of being broken
Staples, bruises, and cuts
It chooses
To be free
Without chains or a key
Nothing to hurt it
Nothing to call it ugly
It’s alive
Beating strong
Never knowing wrong
It sings
Innocent little songs
Don’t forget that
Your heart is deep
Your heart is true
Your heart is purple, pink,
and sometimes blue
Your heart is rain
Your heart is fire
Your heart is passion
Your heart has desires
Your heart is time
Your heart is pain
Your heart has shed tears
Your heart has a name
Your heart is fearful
Your heart is bold
Your heart is a story

Your heart is a story untold 
Your heart is pure
Your heart is misguided
Your heart is a diamond
Don’t ever hide it

The Naked Eye

I’m not supposed to say I care for you
No matter how true it may be
My words are kept behind a glass of thoughts
Caught up like blue head lights on a highway
A couple days go by
A few hi and goodbyes
Occupy our worlds
But those eyes tell me why-
Why couldn’t we have met in another life time?
Maybe we did and don’t remember
Like last December
Unprotected by leaves
You believe in love, but you’re the kind to find it in odd places
Making room for your heart and all the hidden spaces
I don’t want to own you-
Like some diamond on display
I don’t know what I want to do
Such words get in the way
Even when I say nothing
Please don’t trust it...it’s all just a lie
Sometimes the realest things we see
Are only seen by the naked eye
-Baby Food-

A stiff drink-
Ice cubes floating in brown heaven
Afraid to think
A quarter to seven
Purple and pink wall paper
She said “do me a favor... don’t ever change”
I looked at her strange
As if her broken reflection could mirror my mind
Was it time?
To tell her who I really was
My T-shirt blood colored wine
If I died tomorrow, how would she feel about my lifestyle?
The one I smothered
Covered up- afraid to let anyone know
Didn’t utter a word about
Left low
Buried deep in my heart
Never to show, again – about my friend
She sat there, edge of the bed, waiting...
I told her
“I’m not who you think I am”
Puzzling face
Truth be told, I’m not William Graham
On the contrary
I’m the guy who murdered him

He wasn’t a nice guy
He didn’t give a damn about anything
We grew up together
Whenever you saw him you saw me
He always had bad allergies
Trapped in the fallacies of ghetto analogies
Before I knew it – he had a gun
Treating pain and misery as if they were fun
Dodging cops
Living in abandon buildings
On the run
Dodging the sun
Giving the moon his heart
Warm liquor in his lungs
Dumb and young
Wild sex, crazy parties, loose women
Loving none
One night, sitting on a roof top in New York, passing a new port
He said to me “ do you think about death ? “
I thought about it, blowing out
A deep breath, finishing the last shot of liquor we had left.
I nodded “ I think about it “
His face was seeking more before he said “ if you died would anyone care ?
If you were sick in the hospital who would be there ? “
I just stared
Watching how true his heart was
Within a blink of an eye
he pulled out his gun, and committed suicide
I tried to save his life
It was too late... he died
I cried – feeling like a part of me
died with him
Feeling as if I could have done more
said more, felt more, from my core
Or was I happy to be eating
Whole foods again?
She sat there, edge of the bed, eyes
wide – like a baby
Savage Ways  
by William S. Graham

You get off on trying to break me
Saying you’ll take me to the hole as if that’ll make me sale my soul
The cold stares from you are classic
Unreal emotions seeping through your veins -
as if your hearts were plastic
Elastic nerves come to the point of your pen
You rake your finger nails across my skin
Sharpin them up then do it again
The soul of tainted men are dipped in poison
My voice is something you fear
My words are something you hate
My actions are something you admire
But you still can’t relate
Release dates are your worst
You hurt when others smile
Destroying anything that makes sense
Reckless like a child
You are a brand
or better yet
A crooked hand
Shook with a friendly smile
An unlawful plan
You understand
When we stand up↑
It's your job to knock us down↓
Losing the battle of humanity in the mirror
Forever watched by the clown

The sound of a man being torched is your pleasure.
You try to measure your weight on my scale
Forced to realize the truth
That nobody won't say or tell
Jail, prison, and incarceration altogether is just a circus form of getting paid
Eating off the back of others
Who really has savage ways?

"There's no excuse for us and no explanation for y'all
... one big circus ... aren't we all"

William S. Graham
-Climbing-

Packed my backpack and went hiking yesterday. The rocks were merciless. The stones were heartless. Heights too high. Air too thin. I looked down to the ground, I couldn’t pretend - I wasn’t scared. I kept climbing. With every inch gained I got stronger in hear.

It began snowing out of nowhere, I was freezing cold. I kept climbing though - no matter what.

I never came back down - success.

-Cell Phone-

I’ve never really been much of a drinker until tonight.

I got fired from my job yesterday. My boss said my attitude was inappropriate conduct, so I punched him in the mouth.

It took four security guards to restrain me before throwing me out the building. Luckily I came home early and found my wife in bed with my brother - I started to shoot them both but I digress. Not strong enough to fight anymore.

I just walked into the liquor store and bought 2 bottles.

Later that night they found me dead from alcohol poisoning - a bum stole my cell phone.
Anyway

I went into a big house with a giant staircase.

A woman stood there crying, anyway, I bought the house for 3 million dollars. The woman never left, anyway, I jumped on the beds and made a lot of noise inside each room. The woman told me “suffering builds character”. I didn’t listen to her, breaking expensive china dishes and fancy things among the household.

The female wouldn’t let me lie, she tried to tell what I needed to know, but than again she was a ghost.

-Bane-

“Victory has defeated you” Bane beat the hell out of Batman “I was wondering what would break first… Your spirit or your body” The Dark Knight Rises I couldn’t believe it, I just sat there about to cry.

Well not really I’ve always cheered for the villains. Imagine if the Joker cared about winning- score board 10 to 3
-The Beginning-
I saw a man under a bridge
sleeping without a care in the world
He smiled a royal smile at heart
as if he were an earl
His hair hanging mangled and tangled
His coat having more holes than golf
Beating his chest from a hard shot of liquor, but his eyes were soft
He didn’t say a word
but then again there was no need
Looking down at the dingy sign
All I had to do was read
“How you start life will never determine the ending
You judge with your eyes
but then again seeing is just
The Beginning”

-Bella-
Believe in these words
Holding them true and favorable to your heart
A coalition of memories together
Common time couldn’t tear us apart
Remarkable features.
Designed by the mind of you
Keeping our hearts pure as the ocean’s glow
and deep as the ocean’s blue
The fathom of your thoughts
Hearing your voice through distant winds
I’ll trade a lifetime of luxury for your love
again and again
meeting you for the first time
With the simple words of saying hello
Looking directly into your eyes
Oh my God... bello
-Execution-
How can you shoot me?
without even knowing my name
Put weight on my shoulders
Break my entire frame
claim nothing
Know even less
You expect me to stress
Willingly grab my chest
Inquire me this
who here is a saint or maybe
a priest?
Separating the good from the bad
Just to say the least
Keeping those black vials pulled down
What a beautiful solution?
Greeting cards to the ones that knew me deeply
Before my execution

-In August-
Call me crazy times
as the leaves fall
Embracing the ground
all that is autumn changes
Temporary times pass
last chances to dive into a pile
of leaves flash
The old pigskin gets its fair spin
Leaving stuffed children resting in the den
To tell stories
Reminiscing on the times fairly gone
Ghostly impressions make the back yard seem
like a stage
Simmer down everyone
for the house becomes a broken stir
The dog under the staircase
and the cat licks it fur

In August
A man puts a mask on his face, walks into a bank, and pulls out a gun. He yells “alright, give me all the money!” The clerk gives him a bag full of cash, and he instantly runs out of the bank. After a few minutes a customer laying on the floor whispers to the clerk “aren’t you going to call the police?”

She says “no that’s not necessary, that guy was just our manager Jeff- he does this every week or so.”

The Hamster Wheel

I'm not a laboratory animal
Some handsome hand puppet to be shown to the kids at show and tell
What you show them is false
What you tell them are lies
You know this very well
Being the hand on the wheel and all
Hand out, hand over hand, hand and foot if need be
Making sure I don't take a stand
Against the wheel
Against the man
Against the natural order of things
Against the plan
Can I obligated to run?
Having fun every time the wheel turns
You turn a blind eye
My turn to try
We are not plural pets
Indirect or made to sweat
On your hamster wheel of threats
and past regrets

William S. Graham
Close To You

I take a step
Beyond words and forbidden expectations
A face like no other I say
(Painting you elegant) within my heart
Each hour
Of ☀
Each day
Even this one to
Combined with a smile ☺
I want to hear your voice ❤
Resting deeply on the heels of clouds
I fly in your world ☝
Leaping over building frames with ease
Holding time in the palm of my hands ❤
Let me save you please
Another step
Keeping such bonds golden and forever true
I look at you
Stare at you ☝️
Vital like air
Another step ❤️
I’m there
Close to you ?
Like I want to be, forever and constantly
True

By William S. Graham ←
I MUST WRITE
I MUST ASK MYSELF
WHY MUST I WRITE?
A COMICAL RELIEF
DRAWING IN INKLESS NETS
LETING WORDS DANCE OVER MY BRAIN
WILD NATIVE AMERICANS BY CAMP FIRE
FREE TO EXPRESS THEMSELVES
OPEN LAND
I SHOUT FROM MOUNTAINS TOPS
WHAT ARE YOU WRITING!
A VOICE ECHOES BACK
CAN'T TELL YOU!
AFRAID I MIGHT STAB MY OWN IDEAS
HAVING A SEAT NEXT TO DESTINY
LIFE IS A TRAIN STATION
"HOW FAR YOU GOING?" I ASK
NO ANSWER IS NEEDED
WHEN THE GAVEL IS SLAMMED
SENTENCED TO WRITE OR DIE

"WHENEVER YOU FIND YOURSELF THE JUDGE AND JURY OF YOUR PASSIONS YOU'LL KNOW YOU WERE DESTINE TO DO IT FOR LIFE"
I WAS BORN IN THE DARK.... Afraid of the light
Closing my eyes as it hurt so much
I seen myself fall
Unaware of my proper means to destroy flowers, and everything all
A curfew for my thoughts
Lacking the combination to the vault
Casting myself in a play called me
Nothing was taught
Life and the memory faded fast
I ran as fast as I could in my mind, but I got caught
Arrested and thrown in jail
Or should I say darkness
I felt right at home-
Like a paintbrush to an artist
Drawing out my ideas on paper
No friends... just a few pens, and pencils if needed
Adjusting to the dark even deeper
Forgetting what a year was
Or what a tear from an eye looked like
See the thing about the darkness is ...we’ve been brain wash by the
public to hate purpose
Lacking enlightenment and culture as well
Gloomy...concealed ...secret
Sinister... in darkness we dwell
Exhibiting or stemming from evil characteristics
Nightfall
Absence of light or clarity
Sullen or threading
In a state of ignorance
Well, that’s interesting
As I reflect on my past mind, and past ways...force to say
I use to care what people thought about me
Afraid to just be
Open my eyes and see
A heart that’s pure
A soul that’s deep
A touch that’s warm
A mind that doesn’t sleep
A set of eyes that see
Two ears that hear
A tongue that doesn’t lie
A spirit that fears
A second of years
Broken concrete tears
The light begins to appear*
It tells me to think
- brightly as a star burns
- unconcerned about being judged by the ones who aren’t concerned...about me
- The man of character now
- A man of true depth
- A man with tender care in his heart
- A man willing to take that step
- Showing myself
- Beauty...love...understanding...wisdom...knowledge...and care
- As I stare into the light of new day
- I can’t help but say
- “I’m not perfect but I constantly work on the elements of my detained heart
- Believe me when I tell you, I graduated to the light of mind, but I was born in the dark

By William S Graham

“We are flawed because we always want so much more; we are ruined because when we get these things we only wish we had what we had before”

Enrichment

“Everything that is anything must first be nothing before it becomes something”
I like to call this the butterfly syndrome. That’s where we are born something that crawls, but are transformed into someone that flies. We as humans tend to overlook this notion in fact. A caterpillar is something that is hailed as a worm in our society, but a butterfly is to be marveled at and appreciated.
If a caterpillar landed on your arm would you not knock it off or be startled at first glance? Why is that I question? Are they not of the same entity? The caterpillar enriched its lifestyle by taking the most valuable element on the face of this earth...time...and using it the fullest capacity. In due time everything that is something will be nothing at one point in time in its life, but by recognizing and enriching self it becomes as it should be. A lion is born a lion, but a butterfly is not born a butterfly. It has to go through so much in order to become a butterfly. No one sees the means of its struggle, but looks
at it with envy or admiration in their eyes once it becomes a butterfly. As humans it is our job to dig down deep and enrichment our lives. If we don’t know our true worth than how can we ever measure our deepest limits? To buy a car and never wash it or do any maintenance work on it is just simply asking for to be destroyed. By doing these simple things to the car it gives the car what many like to call collateral... or better yet let’s just say enrichment.

Glass
A sudden glare through a fainted window
You saw me in perfect form
Unbroken
Untainted by the mental storm
Promising a reflection to myself
Expressing love beyond the likes of time
A discussion with deaf ears in your presence
I’m sure they wouldn’t mind
Stones, rocks, and rogues
All... defrauding what we believe to be true
Thrown with hate and speed combined
Breaking the bonds of glue
An artistic romance-
Extended by the dance of paint
A canvas within canvas
The sinners save the saints
Yes we may shatter... break...and even suffer the hands of a proper smash
Preparing to do battle with any faces who reach out in vain
Trust me... we are glass

“Those who don’t study the past are doomed to repeat it”
Wouldn’t you agree that if a man can see his future he’ll be more implied to watch his every move more carefully? Looking back on my past mistakes, and pitfalls I ask myself does one grow to fully understand the elements of true change? I use to hear the word change and tell myself that most people only use this word to describe what they believe to be true. Not knowing that the definition of change is the process which has the power to effect one’s perspective on life.

False Idols
You’re not God
You control minds
The only place you can exist
A nice car to a blind man
A loud stereo to a deaf woman
You keep running
Trying to keep up with the latest
Always fading - along with the greatest
Like the name of an outdated musician
I use to listen to
Until I found out you don’t write your own stuff
Sitting on the shelf of time
Collecting dust
While you’re at it
Please tell us
How did you get so fake?
No candles on your birthday cake
But you rake in the rewards
Dodging swords of hate
Amazingly how false idols survive don’t you think?
We cry funerals
I do it to
Not so much nowadays - but I use to
Telling people I love them as if I were born in Hollywood or
something
Twenty kisses on every cheek
Rosy
It’s all good
If I could I would save the world - but I can’t so I just smile and shine
boots for a living
Passing out Christmas gifts at Thanksgiving
Saying happy birthday to those who knew me well
When I had a soul
When I was whole
Before I went to jail
Distant mailing addresses
Laughing as it messes with my mind
Seems like everybody’s too busy to be busy-
To go to hell and find false idols

Momma he did time...
With his patience sitting on a ledge
Barely hanging on to the lost expressions
Captured in a bottle and sent out to sea
Swimming in those same emotions they had at
court for me
Index fingers pointing at his personality
He endured the world in the back of his mind
Keeping his mentality strong as the on-lookers
pestered his deepest concerns
Burning holes through those high price tennis
shoes
Keeping his mind occupied on a world
elsewhere from here
The hill of devastation
Yeah, he tripped and fell a few times
Wiping the metaphoric dirt from his eyes
They long to see him crawl, beg, plea, scrape,
and scratch to be free
He just smiled
Kings don’t know how to wallow
Simply trading today’s rain in now
For the sunshine tomorrow
There it stood, on his release date to freedom
Smiling ...waiting for a kiss and a hug way past
due
Yeah, momma he did time...but you know
what?
He made it back to you
Tomorrow Problems

Visions of such forgot ton memories
Sunlight behind the horizons
A true glass heart to be
Trapped in a room full of floating stones
Destine to remain shattered and broken
Impeached from the throne
Painfully, I separate myself from myself
The mirror never lies
Seeing your true identity now
Hidden behind the coldest eyes
We can only dodge so many bullets
With every fatal blow that’s dealt
Knowing how this will end
When the shooter is myself
Running is always an option
True problems are destine to follow
With a delightful little grin
Saying “don’t worry My Friend, I’ll see you tomorrow”

I’ve always felt like my life was a movie. Characters in costumes, actors on grand stages, and bright light attitudes surrounded me growing up. As humans, we seem prone to drama in our lives, we flock to it, simply need it to clarify us in some odd way.
Promises
Are like sailboats
Floating toward the morning sun
A gust of wind sweeping through quiet lungs
Open for business
Tomorrow
I'll use power words instead
Describing what it feels like
Eating molded bread
Breaking promises
The reflection of faces seem lodge in a place of thinking
Quicksand to the heart
, and slowly you begin sinking
Leaving no room to breathe
As if anything else would be allowed
Make a promise
Break a promise
I PROMISE YOU THIS NOW

BY William S. Graham

To question why we make promises is the fruits of knowing why we must eat. I believe we make promises to reassure our subconscious minds that the words we are saying have merit to them. When I was younger I thought if I made a promise it would validate my statement a lot more, but I question why?
In my mind I imagine the effects being the same, but nonetheless that doesn’t change how I view this matter. The sailboat is a metaphor letting us know that once the promise has been made we watch it float away with a promise ,or should I say a sense of hope that it’ll come back one day. Amazing how promises mean more to children than adults, especially when you consider how they view the world. I believe a promise should be honored when made, or shouldn’t be made at all. Heres where I contradict myself in saying making a promise is the judge of the sentence we could never finish, but somehow we make our way to the courthouse with high hopes.
I had an Easter suit when I was 9 nine years old. It was purple with gold button on the jacket.

I fear that I have to start back wearing suits now, I’m 31 years old and purple is not my favorite color. I don’t want to be one of those grown men who doesn’t own a suit, having to barrow one from an adult. Never knowing how to tie a neck tie- just a slue of tennis shoes and play clothes. But when I die bury me in my pajamas- I’m still a rebel at heart (don’t tell my mom, her name is bunny.)

Edge

Where souls go to die?
Where eyes ask why?
And cry from pain
Where nothing remains the same?
Where people try to change?
Get mad, and blame others for their short coming
Where hearts break fast?
Where nothing seems to last?
Where you ask but never get?
Then you forget why you asked in the first place
Where love goes unspoken?
Where faith is like an ocean?
Where emotions leave you open?
Where everything is chosen?
Everything but your fate
Where time forgives you?
Where you escape?
Escape to the edge
Hope I Never Stop Smiling

Even in the mist of pain
I find myself a smile
I don't think life is a joke or anything
It's just hard to get me down
I could be broken ...never defeated
I could die...being heavenly greeted
With a smile
From an angel telling me to stay awhile
Tears are treated as weapons
Used only when necessary
Of course the cloud-like burdens upon my mental state
Become hard to carry
I dig a ditch...bury them in my soul
Hoping to rise above the madness of a lifestyle
Better served cold
My emotions aren't for the public eye
Their locked away in my own personal file
So when you ask me what's wrong with me?
I say nothing...and smile
Support

Holding on to what we have in a place that won’t let you have anything
Plenty tears, plenty years, plenty pain
As the enemy rains down on love
We are blind turtle doves
Flying toward a purpose called Horizon
Never hiding from the past
Holding on to what we have in a place that only knows how to take
Plenty distress, plenty neglect, plenty hate
As many try to escape the gate of fate
Goals are thrown away
Limits are secretly set
Responsibility takes a back seat to obligation
Afraid of the common threat
A thousand regrets
Still holding on to what we have in a place where everyone has nothing... but they say they have everything
Now they take, now they hate, now they laugh
Disregarding fate
...and relating to pain
Unaware of what we have

By William S. Graham

I believe support is the gift of positive energy giving to the soul without recognition of its existence. We as humans are stronger or become stronger through the belief of others, meaning if we know someone believes in us we’ll do our best in whatever task or goal we’re attempting. For example: the football player who invites his mom and dad to come watch him play is the most astonishing player on the field that day. That’s how strong the power of believe is, by supporting someone in their darkest or most beautiful highlights of their lives you gain their love and undying sense of appreciation. They ordain you their purpose to do whatever comes from that likeness.

Support
Who are you is a question... answered by me with the following words said. You are a platform raised up high, separating you from the rest. I’ll meet you at the highest level of your greatest achievements because I know that’s where you truly belong, and quiet as kept you know this as well. “Nothing changes if nothing changes,” and this quote doesn’t fit us because we are fighters. Matter fact I have a richer word that describes us. We are warriors. A warrior defines a purpose by the limits of their sacrifice and dedication. Look at the depths of what we’ve endured and overcame, and tell me the true strength of our greatest statute. As you read this passage with every aspect of my greatest ability to see you succeed I ask you to look into yourself; and come
back out with the power bestowed upon you to do everything that you lay eyes to. Your true measurements are limited by the thoughts of your deepest endeavors.” So a man thinks therefore he is” You are a warrior who can’t stomach defeat on any level, and I support you by any means necessary.

THE DEATH OF SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL

Some people accept their habitat, emotions, and appearances while others reject their entire existence. I believe the experiences of life affect the mental capabilities beyond our comprehension. By knowing how to spot the signs of depression give us a profound way of approaching our love ones or the people who suffer from this disease. I believe some humans have to be lost in order to find themselves. Looking at our live from a grand scale perspective it becomes our duty to navigate the path. By being able to see what needs to be done at the right point in time a perfect sense of direction. Everyone searches for direction in one way or another. Like they always say “a rebel without a cause is a sad sight to see.” I started this passage off with a thought that lingered in my brain, asking question: what are we if our own shadows don’t claim us? I believe the answer to that question lies in the actions of the person.

THE DEATH OF SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL

From the apple tree it fell
A bad seed out of the batch
Growing roots from the ground
An itch no one could scratch
Reattached from everyday life
Pointing fingers at the last sore thumb
Hating apple pie with a true passion
As if it forgot where it came from
Narrow minded prisoner of forgotten times
Limited to the corruption of a lost show
Paralyzed by the element of surprise
Wondering why it couldn’t grow
Precisely a boundary that was left untied
The undertaker of life and love
At the funeral we all cried
When something beautiful died… and went above

By William S. Graham
Tell Me about Love Mommy

“Love is a puppet master
As we hang by strings and such things as emotions
Clouding our judgment with past, present, and future times to come
Nonetheless we try to love
Drunk off intoxicated memories
Foreign to facts
Refusing to look back
On certain tendencies
Enemies...friends...or those who pretend to care
About love of coarse
Flowing outwardly deep
Hoping to claim our emotions as property
We are weak
But strong in virtue
Unjudged for our flaws
Time having no place to get warm
In the arms of love
We call it a thousand lost treasures unfound”

Admitting Failure

Don’t erase me yet
Said the wrong answer on the test
Rushing to get it done
Deep breaths into my lungs
I'm ready now
Thus such pressure
I slowly begin to sweat...a loaded gun
I didn’t study
Can't even say I tried
Instead I lied to myself and the reflection knows it to
You had love in your heart back when
Paying rent on an empty apartment called commitment
Unforgiveable sin
You became greedy again... and again... and again
Destroying a lover and a friend from within
You are neon lights
Seen from afar
A star of your own show
How bizarre

By William S. Graham
“Fly”

I have been set free.
---

Because deep down in my soul theirs a bird that lives in me, But not just any bird but a great phoenix born to rule the throne. And I promise you it won’t be long until I fly home, no one to hold me down and no more concrete walls to see,
---

Because I’m about to fly like the bird I was born to be,
---

Soaring high and feeling free, no more cage doors with matching keys,
---

Just pretty clouds is what I see, So why won’t you come fly home with me, to our destiny.
The Faux

Don't be fooled

Tying a self righteous anchor

to your feet

falling deeper than deep

While the others sit around

Not making a peep

Scared of the pressure

Every time

ey they break

you feel bad

as if you made them weak

No way—not at all

you don't get to cry

While the eyes of the strong

remain dry

Far from being broken

by the means of fate

Thank you for being so damn fake
Twisted Words

Our tongues are wicked little creatures
Dropping F bombs from planes on countries less fortunate than us
We fight fuss and cuss -
with words of hate
"Go to hell!"
We say
Condemning others with kindness
Blind to the minus signs in our minds
Monsters who create lies
to coincide
With our business suits
Or maybe it's the truth
with envious eyes
Can't you hear them now?
Begging to be heard
Telling you about these words
Invalid and wise
We tell ourselves
"I won't be taken alive"
Broken and deprived
It speaks to us
in voices
Each one careless to hear
Holding our souls back from laughing
And covering our ears
From twisted words

William S. Graham
The Invisible Woman

Every woman feels invisible at certain times
Watching as people walk by her like an
unpublished book
Her soul is hard to find
No one even stops to look
The views of her mind are elegant, tenacious,
and beautiful to humble eyes
She is the air that is needed, but not easily
seen
Her war is to rumble wise
Some guys are jackals of thoughts-
Never considering the beauty of her ideas or
purpose
The mystery in her eyes reads as an unbroken
view, but nonetheless, she is at your service
I told her I could see her
Behind every wall
Behind every broken heart to be
I understand that you are a true beauty in the
flesh
But never invisible to me
How One Is Raised

Would you agree that most parents simply don’t know how to reach out. They search for ways to connect with their children but don’t fully understand the definition of perseverance. Getting frustrated is a normal emotion when it comes to dealing with any and every kid that graces God’s green earth. Remember that you were that same kid at one point in time, but something or someone forced you to grow up. I remember when I was younger my aunt would say to me “don’t ever forget to respect your elders and be polite in public.” I was showed manners, table edification, higienical enlightenment and moral characteristics as a child.

Everything that surrounds your child has a way of helping or hurting their future. As we see the fundamentals of such grieving actions it’s our sole duty to approach, question, and eliminate these actions with distilled wisdom. Please remember every kid is different, but every kid feels misunderstood as you once did.

By taking a special well needed approach toward what is said done and thought gives (you) the parent a close perspective on what path your child is focus on.

“ Don’t lose the battle of fighting for your child ”

Thank you Aunt Sulvia