Voices in The Cellar

By Nomad 'The Poet'

Damon Davis
At the deepest level of humility a man's soul surrenders becoming immune to pride, arrogance, and selfishness. It falls off of him like old paint—cracking, peeling away from his spirit. In the quintessence of that moment the true purpose of a man's life is revealed to him. The balance of peace & sorrow weighs heavily upon one's heart one instant and light as a feather in the next. So it requires much courage, patience, and practice to act proactively in this environment of egocentric superiority—complex thinkers.

WELCOME TO THE PIT OF THE SOUL... CAN YOU HEAR THE VOICES?
Preface

Before introducing this particular piece of work to the world I feel it necessary to first expose to you dear reader, to the cracks in my soul. So it is important that I discuss "loneliness" which is a very sensitive subject and common denominator in regards to navigating mentally and emotionally in this prison environment.

Loneliness

Loneliness to me has two sides. On one hand, it does to the soul, what momentary exposure in cold-dark places, do to particular pieces of fruit. It ripens them, making the experience of that fruit much more pleasurable to the senses. On the other hand, too long exposure obviously spoils the fruit. Rotten, it is no good to anyone.

With men in prison, this becomes a balancing act between mediums and extremes without a safety net. Kind of like a three ring circus between the mind, body, and soul. Many of us fall into despair. Some of us just jump, not knowing exactly where or how we will land. Just enjoy the ride on the way down... Very few of us develop the skill that it takes to ward of feelings of insanity without indulgence in dangerous drugs, medication, or lifelong hours of psychotherapy... And unfortunately, many individuals indulge in homosexuality as a means of coping with the loneliness; being deprived of intimacy with the opposite sex. In my opinion, I believe there is something very unnatural about that behavior though I have not opted for the latter under any such circumstances. There is however, something very natural about the instinct, the desire for the warmth of another human being (preferably the opposite sex). As well as, an individuals need for a complete social dynamic. In this respect, we are all the same no matter how one chooses to maintain; we’re all fumbling around in the darkness trying to hold on to some sense of humanity. Hoping to establish a connection to the outside world, anything that will give us a sense of belonging, a purpose, and a sense of self worth; constantly searching for any reason greater than ourselves to stick around rather than succumb to the madness.
Despite my ability to make friends easily, being able to relate to my peers on multiple levels, mentally and emotionally I have always felt alone. Naturally, I am somewhat of a loner. I discovered early on, in the sixteen and half years thus far that I have been incarcerated, that no matter whose company I may find myself in, loneliness will always be a close and constant companion. I remember at the time of my arrest on this case, sitting in metro county jail, eight months leading into trial were the hardest for me. If I was ever in danger of having a nervous breakdown, it was then. I would only get out of the rack for meals (if that), then right back to bed trying to sleep the rest of my life away.

I would even go two or three days without a shower. When I did shower, it was a means to hide my tears and deep sighs of agony. There were many days and several nights I’d lay in bed unable to sleep from too much sleep. Those days were long. The moments where I’d just shut my eyes hoping to fall asleep dreaming a dream that would take me away from this life and the reality I was facing...One time I cried in silence, squeezing my eye lids tight as I possibly could, holding my breath, hoping the pressure would rupture a blood vessel in my brain. The pressure was so intense in my head and chest I thought I’d actually created a chemical imbalance in my cognitive process. I felt like my heart was going to burst at some point. To die in my sleep wasn’t such a bad idea, I thought at the time. Emotionally this was my rock bottom. Except for the individuals that shared similar jail cells, I had very little emotional or mental support. I began blaming everyone, my environment, a broken home, and every circumstance that occurred in my life since arriving in Colorado against my will in 1989 at fourteen ½ years old. Including all the choices, I have made in my life up to this point, landing myself in this predicament. I was bitter, angry with God, angry and disappointed in my parents, my older brother, the mothers’ of my two youngest daughters, and myself. I felt there was no one who was truly in my corner wholeheartedly at the time. My loved ones, so called friends, and associates were all in shock. No one really knew what actually happened. As a result, many kept their distance. I found myself in one giant black hole of sadness and despair. This was my dark place for the first eight months leading into my trial. All this combined with the kennel like living arrangements at Metro City jail, made life
miserable. I felt like a man shipwrecked at sea in the middle of nowhere. I was not the suicidal type, but if I were, I would have certainly done away with myself. *(Damn, my baby girls...my mom...my nephews...my baby sis...)* this is just not happening. But it was...

Going from freedom to being housed as an inmate at Metro was intense. I lived in a four-man cell. All the cells looked like a scene from an old western movie. I would spend countless hours awake at night going thru my mental rolodex of music. My selection included rap, old school, R&B, and soul. You name it. If I could remember it, I sang it aloud. I did not care who heard my cries of agony in these songs. It was my way of coping. In a way, it was a coping mechanism for all of us. No one ever complained or said a word other than, “hey man, do that one again” or “do you know this one or remember that one?” No one really cared that I was not a very good singer. It probably helped that I was good at simulating the various voice tones and emotions in the rap lyrics. It was great cell therapy, yet a sound night’s sleep eluded me.

After many months of lying down, waking up, lying down, waking up, realizing that I’m still here, that I wasn’t going to just die in my sleep and I wasn’t going to kill myself; that I would have to face what was in front of me no matter what. There was only one solution...If I am going to survive; I have to climb out of this emotional pit. No matter how sorry I felt for myself or for the others directly affected by the circumstances, it was not going to change the situation. The sun still rose the next morning; the action of life demanded my presence. *(Somehow, I have to keep on living...somehow... keep on giving...)*
Adjusting to jail and prison life was inevitable. I needed help from something greater than these circumstances and myself. Turning to the bible seemed natural. This was the beginning of the reprogramming I felt must take place if I was to emerge from this ordeal in one piece; more immediately, if I was to maintain any level of sanity, normality within this new environment. I began studying the New Testament. The scriptures were my life jacket despite, my lack of effort to swim or tread water. God never let me drown. I cannot remember how many times I asked him why. It was the recurring theme in all of our private conversations. Why did you allow this to happen like this? Why am I still alive if this is all my life will amount to? Why did you waste your breath creating me?

Again, these were my darkest moments when loneliness, resentment, bitterness, and sadness washed over me to the point I wished my life would simply end. If I could just push stop, rewind, replay; anything I needed a second chance. (So did Mr. Scholls, I often thought...) As the trial of my life was now under way, the more familiar with the old and New Testament I became. The faith, courage, and strength I gained from the scriptures gave me an eerie sense of calm in the face of everything. Yet, under my spiritual armor, I still carried an immeasurable amount of emotional residue. I imagined that I was not the only one...

In this moment, I actually labeled myself a realist. In that moment in my mind, loneliness took on the form of the blacksmiths hammer. The blacksmith is either going to take a piece of metal, wield it into something greater, something wonderfully polished or he’s going to leave it pounded into pieces, deformed. One thing is for certain, whatever the outcome; the transformation will take place under extreme scrutiny; testing the very core of a thing. In this case, the very essence of my soul was being tested. My mind, the metal at the blacksmiths mercy; all emotion desperately scattered, all prior beliefs fractured. I did not know at the time how long I would have to call jail my home. Yet I was facing serious charges without the luxury of a Johnny Cochran or any other likes of a paid attorney. I dove deeper into the scriptures...
Stages of Loneliness continued... The fractured soul of a man. A snap shot into pain.

There is a saying, "when a tree falls in the forest, does it make a sound?" I say this, "At the point that a man soul cracks, does it make a sound? And if it does... do you think that the rest of the world can feel its vibrations?

My conviction and sentencing came swift.

December 1999, what a Christmas... The verdict, guilty of First Degree Felony Murder, Aggravated Robbery, and 2nd Degree Kidnapping among a series of other offenses; a month or so later, sentencing; what a new year. Life plus, 480 years consecutive... This is going to be a very, very long journey... Loneliness and I better get well acquainted, PTSD in the form of a prison sentence, who would believe it...

I entered the penitentiary by way of Centennial, a level four security custody facility. The highest custody level prison was just across the street Colorado State Penitentiary (C.S.P.) a level five maximum security facility.

I had just turned twenty-four years old. The world inside did not seem to worry me at all as much as the thought of never being able to see my children, my mom and family again. Not to mention I left the outside world pretty much a bachelor. At the time, this all occurred I had recently reacquainted with an ex I had not heard from in six months and the mother of my youngest daughter. Maraia’s mother was at the time, attempting to reconcile with me from her infidelity. So we weren’t actually on the best of terms. Trust was a big issue between Tasha and me, among other things. This meant that I would not have any true companionship during this ordeal. Moreover, here I was in the pen only four months after my sentencing; hearing second hand, that she was five months pregnant about to be married. Ironically, she happened to be the last woman I was intimate with and I resented the memory. I felt betrayed on a mega scale. I thought, Wow... what a
royal way to eat shit... *(I let this broad get me twice!)* I felt like a fool, a straight mark. I was hot! I wanted revenge. I thought of all the times I sacrificed for what I thought was the greater good; the kids, religious morals, the fact that Tasha hadn’t been the same since her sister Tanya’s passing, all this, and then some. *I should have played her as if she was just some other bitch.* It was a major blow to my pride. I got more and more enraged inside every time I thought about it. Mainly I felt that because of the amount of time that I received I would not be able to redeem myself. Finding a woman to replace her would not be a problem. I knew that if I had a second chance to get out she would not stand a chance, and she knew it. *“Success is the best revenge in my book.”* However, as it stood, my future was sealed. I had played myself. Tasha would get the last laugh.... Talk about feeling stranded and alone... Maintaining some type of presence in my daughter’s life was all that mattered to me now. Putting those differences aside, we have a child together and we needed to talk. Getting in touch with Tasha was my main priority. I needed to get her on the phone. She was not answering any of my many letters and my attempts to reach her by phone were futile. “*I thought okay, well I am not gonna flip out on her whenever I finally do get her on the phone. All I want is for you to at least keep my daughter in my life, you and her husband can visit, I don’t care*”. I just wanted to see my baby... was the conversation I had played out in my mind repeatedly.

Well time passed; eventually the mother of my daughter Maraia did answer the phone some time late in the year 2000. It was a short conversation. I had said exactly what I’d intended to months prior. Maraia’s mom never objected. But maybe she felt it was too late? Because it would be *fifteen years* before we’d speak on the phone, again...

*Why had she allowed so much time to expire without the slightest amount of contract between my daughter and me? Why? Wasn’t she concerned about how all this would affect Raia?* Sure Tasha had married and made a nice home for Maraia. I had not expected anything less. Tasha was a great mother and I prayed that her husband was a good man. *Nevertheless, I was Maraia’s biological father; didn’t it count for anything?* In addition, to everything else we had been through as young parents back then. *I mean damn, wasn’t I there with her through some of her most trying times (the brutal and*
untimely murder of her beloved sister)? Wasn’t I the one who accepted her and her seven-month-old son unconditionally when we first met? Wasn’t I the one whom she first began to experience the real world with aside from her sheltered upbringing? Wasn’t I the one whom despite all the lies in the beginning about our daughter being aborted who still loved her, stayed with her and even treated her son like my own? Wasn’t I the man whom despite all of our obstacles who always forgave and continued to do my best for us? Didn’t I endure all the blame for years in the face of her family believing the lies that I was the bad guy who mistreated her and left her when she was pregnant with our child? Wasn’t I the one in spite of all our mistakes and adversity who continued to be the best father he could to our children? Didn’t I deserve at the very least... the simple luxury of being a part of our daughter’s life...more importantly, didn’t our daughter deserve the opportunity to know her real father... These questions haunted me for years.

Unfortunately, I am still no closer today than I was fifteen years ago to finding out the answers... As without closure, some sort of feedback from Tasha I will never know the answers. I was hurt and very angry for years... just up to this past year or so. I thought that it was all just about my pain in relation to these questions.... It never dawned on me that though Tasha has been married for fifteen years with an extended new family that maybe she too was still angry and hurt ... I contemplated for years, “how could she still be hurt after all this time?” (Hell, she is the one who was pregnant and married before I was even in the joint six months.) How could she still feel betrayed or upset, she was obviously seeing this husband of hers while I was out. While she and I were still in the process of reconciliation after infidelity on her part and she has the nerve to be hurt and upset! These were the thoughts running through my mind. I felt she hadn’t wasted anytime moving on. That act alone spoke volumes to me. In my mind, it meant she was scandalous and uncaring. Nevertheless, I have no idea what was really going on in her head. Maybe my final act of thoughtlessness, coming to prison was the greatest betrayal of them all. The answers to these questions and more, I will never know without Tasha’s interaction. However, it’s strange, it’s all a very sticky situation when it comes to relationships, and emotions... this thing called love...loneliness...pain...

Hmm...mm...Only time will tell...
Dear reader, “what does the true expression of unconditional love, selfless love, compassion, companionship and empathy look like to you?”

Now, it is the year 2015. Who knows what the future holds...In a little less than three months I will be 40 years old. Maraia is now eighteen years old. I’ve spoken with her a few times this year. I am hopeful that she may visit soon. Maraia is one of my three daughters. There is also Cayline who is twenty. I have not seen her in nineteen years. Then there is Lavie she is twenty-two, my oldest. The last time I saw Lavie it was in a child custody hearing in 2010, she was sixteen in social services care...This is the domino effect of the incarcerated. My children’s welfare and states of being, I can only imagine. Clearly, they are my greatest loves and my deepest pain. A parent’s separation from their child or a child’s separation from their parents has to be one of the gravest tragedies a human being can suffer in my opinion.

“Whether it is the loneliness, loss, grief or all of the above...some people may say that it’s all the same when you weigh it out...I say, " How does a person truly measure emptiness in situations like this.” Where loneliness is an understatement and pain is a mere under current in the tidal wave of emotions, mental confusion, and distress. These are the harsh realities of life in general and in many cases, the byproduct of immeasurable mistakes of those of us who end up in prison. Yet...what can I do, the show must go on right? So how does one truly rectify or make amends for such absence? How does a person even begin, where? And if by some miracle one does figure it out, how does one do it from the platform of a life sentence in the penitentiary? "

These are the questions. Here are the voices...
The answers are out there somewhere I feel it!

welcome to the cellar

Damon L. Davis
Dedicated To Daddy's
Angel's
"Always here... for You!"

"May you find the faith &
courage always to
move forward and capture
Your Dreams."

I am deeply sorry
that my love is not enough for you...

I pray that hopefully one day it will be.

Lavie Renee Carter
- delicate gemstone -

Damon L. Davis
Dedicated To Daddy's

Angel's

"Missing You!"

Cayline Purcell & Sal (grandpa)

May you forever be surrounded by the love and care you deserve.

"Thank You for being everything for my baby..."

Eternally Grateful
Dedicated To Daddy's

Angel's

"My lil Raia of Sunshine!"

Maraia Lynn Malik Davis

The world is full of adventure and
Life is full of unexpected surprises! Thank you
for giving me a try!

"If you could have any power in the world what
would it be?"
Special thanks to:

The Divine Essence that exists within every living thing; so to all the like-minded, the light in me humbly and respectfully recognizes the light in you.

I would like to extend a warm-deep heart of gratitude to Ms. C.P. for her endless stream of ideas, motivation, and faith in me to formulate this compilation of poetry. Without her great appreciation, resourcefulness, genuine encouragement, energetic feedback, and inspiration I would not have had the direction or focus to complete this expression of which I am. You helped me to recognize my talents, appreciate them as a unique gift and filled me with the confidence to make use of what God has blessed me with.

- (Mrs. Clementine Pigford) C.P.

I would also like to thank Jeremy, Adam, Amanda, Brian, Sierra, Chris, and Greg for allowing me the rare and grand opportunity to participate in the various Colorado University workshops. The atmosphere awarded me the stage to develop, present, and hone my talents, as well as authentic feedback and human interaction. It was a delightful pleasure to experience brilliant diversity and dynamic human expression in such inhumane conditions.

Lastly, I would like to extend an uninhibited-dear spirit of appreciation to my therapist. You are godsend, a true kindred spirit of understanding and kindness. Thank you for your priceless time and generosity.

Damon L. Davis
2014 'Grief and Loss' class
Graduation.

(from right to left)

Me, (my Therapist) Dr. Nikki Johnson and classmate Jesus Miranda.

- Nomad, the Poet, Damon Davis
Forward

Dear reader,

[Do you believe in the Law of Attraction?]

Have you ever met someone you were instantly attracted to? No, I'm not talking about a mere infatuation, some simple physical attraction. I mean, where the energy between you and that other person was so magnetic, yet so familiar, that you both felt intrinsically drawn to one another the moment you were in proximity of each other? Let alone, locked eyes in conversation...

Yes, I mean an emotional connection so intense, it was confusing because, though the two of you have never met before you could not figure out why you were so drawn to this person. Or why or how you could anticipate that person's responses... watching their mannerisms was like reading their thoughts; everything was just so familiar? And whether or not you saw this person once or a thousand times a day, the look in your eyes—reflected like it was always the first time. An inexhaustible energy... so to speak?

WELL, I HAVE... AND...

For me, it was a very intimate experience. An emotional orgasm to say the least. This person's conversation, for all the things she didn't say; motivated and excited me all at once. Her universal language, 'Soft & Tender'. How we were able to connect with one another is still a mystery to me. I now understand intimacy in multiple dimensions and our emotional connection... well, it's responsible for 98% of the poetic content of this book. Some may call it a love story. Others may classify it as a poetic tale of pain & suffering given the circumstances... Yet, I allow you to be the ultimate judge, dear reader. "A Blessing or Curse?"
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A WORD About the CONTENT:

As you journey through the fragments of my soul trying to piece together the elements of my heart you will discover that this is the emotional residue of suffering from the 'KING KONG' syndrome.

**'KING KONG' SYNDROME:**

a person operating or existing under the societal notion - assumption; that because a living entity has abnormal strength and is so naturally equipped to defend, survive, protect, and endure harsh environments, inhumane conditions and adversity physically and mentally. That 'EMOTIONALLY' that person or entity is incapable of exuding warmth, affection, and sensitivity. Let alone, to an even greater tragedy, be one to ever need it or be deserving of it.

Read more about the 'KING KONG' syndrome in - Unchained Inspirations -

Damon L. Davis
Dear Sweetest Love I've ever known,

Show me your face so that I may witness another sunrise in this life time...
For without it there is no warmth in my soul and my heart is but a stone to be cast in the ocean, sinking, drowning without wave or ripple amongst those who have lost all faith in love.

Dear Sweetest Love I've ever known,

Wash me, rub me down, over and over...and over again that I may bask in the softness of your touch, in the scent of your hair, in the silkiness of your sex...aw yes...in the silkiness of your sex...in the way you use to love me.

I'm spoiled rotten haven gotten the best of the best that love can offer
Now my heart knows no bounds...In no others’ arms can I rest
For who other than you...can kiss away all my pain and caress away all my stress

Dear Sweetest Love I’ve ever known,

It’s not easy missing you, wanting you...needing you, searching through strangers trying to rediscover you. Fearing that I’d lost you within the darkness of uncertainty.

Dear Love, show me your face my sweet...shine upon me once more that I may become one with my memories...You are the sweetest love I’ve ever known...together we were a team. I don’t want to waste time talking about where it all went wrong or whose heart bares the blame. I just want you home again...

I pray this time that our hearts can stand the rain...cherishing the moment that we’ve found each other again...
Dear Sweetest love I’ve ever known,

It’s me again, in the year two thousand and ten.  
I still long for you, the way you use to love me...  
In wet dreams of freedom I can feel your smile upon my steel rod as I poke and prod in the softness of darkness. I give in to its embrace and think to myself, “I never want to leave this place.” As we pound and thrust I know that I must, But...

At least not until the dusk settles upon the sun and I taste the sweetness of your honey dew lips, hot and moist against the heat of my tongue till the morning comes...  
Over... and over... and over again...  
An unquenchable thirst as you know my taste for you has no end  
“Let her go...Let her go...,” echoes the voice of a friend. Now take that, and stretch it for miles on end. We must not pretend, she could be in the arms of another man.  
Now imagine the urge to hold but you are the arms without any hands. No matter how tight you squeeze, sensuality and touch are arch enemies (honorable adversaries) on a battlefield of love lost yet never found. This is where I am bound. Here stands the king without a crown.

Dear Sweetest love I’ve ever known... It’s me again.  
Show me your face that I may witness another sunrise in this life time. For without it, there is no warmth in my soul and my is but a stone in the ocean, sinking...drowning...absent wave or ripple. Lost in the atmosphere of memories...  
Once and for all the call has fallen upon deaf ears... where the syllables of sound have evaporated like mist in the night’s sky, endlessly before. It is here that I see you most vividly...a restless peace within me unguarded and pure, I reach into the four chambers of my heart to re-live the moments we shared together in time. I shall never leave these moments. In fact, to let them go would be much, much, more than I could bear.  
So I’ll live, dream, and sleep again. Then wake... until it’s YOU that I embrace the day that I am released from this place,

FREEDOM.
Dear seductress of my soul, softener of my heart,

We were together in another lifetime
Your hand in mine, our spirits entwined
Along this journey beyond ecstasy and a short lived fantasy
O' how I yearn for the way you believed in me
I will never forget how you captured me
The confidence in your eyes
The softness of your speech
Your shape so lovely and petite
You knew instantly that it would take more than that to tame the beast

Dear seductress of my soul, softener of my heart,
Tonight I am all yours...
Yet whom else am I left to adore
Whose love to bathe in and explore
Heaven has no more soul mates for me in storage, no more angels to deploy
God does not clone or decoy, have you forgotten the story?
One mate for every pair, two of a kind from his grace and glory
So tell me, who there is left for me?
Yes, of course,
In another lifetime...I am there and you are mine
A reality now, only when I close my eyes
There is so much pain in loss, so I chose not to lose
I’ll accept my cloudy days when there is no sunshine and sing the blues when I need to
In this his-story of the heart is where I’ll always keep you
Thank you for showing me how to love that I may recognize the sunrise in other people
A heart tugging connection
A gravitational pull with the same sequel,

“In Another Lifetime...The Saga continues...”
In Another lifetime...

When you were mine...I’d risk it all to be lost within that long brown hair and those gorgeous green eyes. In your presence, I’m mesmerized. Even now, I fantasize for just one moment to materialize to have this undeniable attraction realized.

What such foolish pride, to indignantly ignore the ties that bind.

In Another lifetime...

When you were mine...I’d massage your cute-painted blue toes into the color of passion in fine wine. Rewind time; tickle your soul for a smile, pause time, caresses your cheek with a kiss, whisper in your ear, "how your magnetic personality just blows my mind!"

Press play as you continue your day with the grand prize of happiness written all over your face.

Wow, she must think! What a waste! Having so much life and beauty seemingly trapped in this place.

I think. What a disgrace it would be to condemn the caterpillars cocoon before it breaks free and takes flight

They say natures timing is always right!

You’re pure perfection, down to earth realness, like diving into love without protection.

I imagine the show ‘breaking bad’ is full of these life lessons.

But I would rather live life in true expression than die without truly living.

I must admit, there is peace in your presence, serenity unrelenting.

It’s the magic behind all of my smiles and uncontrollable laughing.

Thank you, “In this life time” for giving me the opportunity to witness such a blessing, a continual revelation of what I am truly missing

Dear Seductress of my soul, softener of my heart,

You will never hear the end of me...

Sincerely, yours truly “The nomad exclusively.”
The Freeing Of My Soul

Where is it, where did it go?
I swear, time moves so slow in the midst of her smile in light of her glow
She can’t tell and doesn’t even know
Amazingly so
My soul flows with the sway of her hair
The rose in her cheeks, the curves of her feet
The sweetness of her speech treats me like a breathless heap
Captivated between heart beats
It is the light of her life that guided me like a firefly to the burning heat
So openly and free,
I lay across the flames

A willing sacrifice for just one glimpse into her eyes
If I could choose, this would be when and where I’d die
Repeatedly, so calm and serene an emerald cage
The prettiest shade of green I’d ever seen...
My soul bursts into a thousand new galaxies
Stars to be born again...with no more tears and no more suffering...

My existence like still waters
My past life only a song on the poets lips,
Like muddy water left alone...It’ll become clear on its own

If she could just see past her physical insecurities
Her perfection is in the imperfect details in the art of living...
It is her joy that I am seeing, her unceasing beauty, her energy that I am feeling
The blessing in the freeing that some go a lifetime without experiencing

Her modesty is so attractive
Everything else is chain reactive

Yes...there is a natural beauty in a virtuous woman that no man can ignore
Yet I can only marvel at God’s creation
With every cell in my body vibrating
The action of my soul fleeing into another dimension
Often thought of but never mentioned,

I’m free! I’m free! Spoken into fruition...

Shhh...don’t talk, just listen.

WHEN
Its worth it

The greater the sacrifice
The effort therein is priceless
"With no struggle there is no progress." Fredrick Douglas words made manifest

For that which is worth having, one has to ask the heart
Which is it that it truly cherishes
Moments of abstinence and sadness are to be expected along the journey to excellence
So if I'm to be fatigued...it'll be for moments of authentic happiness
A sense of fulfillment in the sense that
With you as a companion nothing is ever worthless
Listen, this is very pertinent.
There is a look in your eyes that says,
Even when you're extremely exhausted
You believe that I'm worth it
The understanding that follows radiates tremendous emotion, compassion, and tenderness
I bow in respect,
To that in you, which my own soul reflects
Even in the midst of frustration your presence emits an ultra calming effect
It's true! When it all worth it we don't mind a little sweat...

I'd suffer a long night for a brighter day in a heart beat
Strained muscles and sore feet across tuff terrain for a small bite to eat
A playful day on a sunny beach just to wet my beak with a simple drink
Because, lets face it! When its worth it...
Its not all pain and agony to reach the peak
The finish is so sweet, we no longer speak
In riddles,
We meet in the middle

A two person-team huddle
Soaked in puddles
Tears of joy
Our hearts filled with bubbles
I'm yours full time no trouble

For every tear you cried and every sacrifice made I'll double
For every year of uncertainty that you stayed with me not knowing if I'd ever be free
Holding it down on your own raising them beautiful babies
Multiply it times three and double it down on me!
When it's worth it, you know it. I'm not the man I use to be
In fact, I'm more than he'll ever be!
I'm demonstrating now...you don't have to wait and see
Loyalty & Respect the single most ingredients mutually funded
From both parties will break the bank if you ask me
Therefore, I'm asking you, “If It wasn't worth it where else would you be?” A moment of silence for cell therapy please.
CELL THERAPY ‘A FLUID INTRUSION’

Healing freedom from deprivation redemption validation inspiration without inflation when the spirit and mind are made one there is no separation pure oneness full restoration back in tune like in the beginning of our creation natural and innocent from darkness to light the original deliverance in only need of repentance God has always been with us as we grow we only need seek the light continuous nothing ambiguous though some actions be frivolous cultivate forgiveness open your heart the result is stillness a sound mind a strong spirit fortified in realness genuine effort in guidance could be the proper indulgence it instills confidence not to be misconstrued with arrogance cast off judgment remembering from our humble beginnings we all once thrived in darkness within the womb so close to the light though we could not touch taste or feel it so lets be patient in the fire stand firm because we’ve all been near it instinctively we should never fear it come on lets hear it what’s next in line for the truly courageous the raw power of the human spirit maybe that’s improper usage for what’s divine and fluid I can’t call it I just heed the call and do it balance no limitations with discretion careful not to abuse it proactive free will he gave us to be all that we believe move mountains with no reprieve don’t panic just breathe its all you no tricks up my sleeve elevation in any way I please nothing special just a small dose of cell therapy the only way to travel if you ask me no matter where they house my physical body you can be stressed out and totally free trapped inside a decaying vessel you call a body or you can fly free as a bird where no cage can hold thee don’t take it from me close your own eyes to see relax just breathe baby breathe meditation spiritual levitation only requires patience and a little insight into what you’re truly facing there’s no magic or one fix solutions practice practice practice till it becomes first second or third nature how you filter your frustrating situations this is simply what I tell myself when I’m in my cell pacing…just a little mental penetration.

HOWEVER...
SHE SAYS I HAVE A LOT OF WORDS

Yet it's more than words
This canvas is the only platform
The pipeline to the land mind that's my mind
Maybe you'll see in time or understand in kind
That there isn't another mind like mine

So what am I to do if the only avenue of expression
Is a one hour session of how I'm doing and what I'm feeling
In regards to who I am and what I'm seeing
In some respects,
I'd rather say fuck it I'm thru dealing
Instead of the constant peeling away of my soul and what I'm missing
And So-o-o-o much is m-i-s-s-i-n-g in every essence
Between every line in every sentence
Maybe its my appearance
As I always look so strong so serious
Much too much for some
To be hurt or ever sensitive

You're right I give
This isn't the first time I said live and let live
The soul of a man
A black man
Is often deeper than one can see
Or maybe in this case it's just a case of denial when it comes to me
Really, why should I care who sees or truly believes
I know and trust me
And I've come to understand that most people would rather be lied to
It's what many are use to
Especially when it comes to the truth
You would rather I act crude and uncouth
To better suit my appearance and street roots
However there's more to me than what you're use to

Bruce said, "Too much truth is blinding as too much sunlight dazzles the eyes."
So what do you suggest the next time I'm in the presence of light I close my eyes
Fail to recognize what give me warmth and sustains my life,
No, not I

A man can only have that which he strives for
So if you're the symbol of that
Then I guess it's you that I adore
Yet again my words are a bore

Shall I take you by the hand, sweep you off your feet
Straight to the car, the bedroom, the kitchen floor...
Or would you rather a grand tour thru the chambers of my soul
Where the twists and turns rise and fall
With temperatures hot enough to make your blood boil but never scold
The adventures never stall because there's a deeper meaning to my existence
Behind these four walls...
Yet it fails the ultimate reveal when we listen not with our hearts
Only with our ears
Full of constipated, preconceived notions of what's so far and yet so near
HEY, I'M HERE!
A major part of who I am is being aware enough to recognize a flower the next time I walk by...So if you look close enough you'd see just that!
{Your reflection in my eyes}...In the land mind of my mind
Where your picture is worth more than a thousand words. NEVERTHELESS,
IN MY HUMANNESS

I am often lost in the naturalness to be who I am without consequence. As to stifle my spontaneity like pouring concrete over a flower bed of seedlings before blossoming or cutting away the forest oak tree and replanting it in the middle of the city.

Codependency.

Sprouting from arrested development,
So my loneliness is laid bare in the streets.

Remaining true to my roots I have no choice but to retreat into the privacy of my basic instincts.

Artificial soil just stinks!

Severing the ties to co-dependency I got a pair of boots to adapt to the concrete.

There’s nothing like a solid foundation under a man’s feet,

Being a few steps ahead of the game has always been apart of me.

Besides, there is no such thing as ‘the perfect moment’ for waiting to be something

Life is action! Not stagnant.

Alive and vibrant! Not hesitant.

It seems foolish to assume pride in attributes that are clearly heaven sent

No apology, I’m a perfectionist.

So excuse me if in my humanness I seem lost in this egotistical madness. Real or imagined, a deep sense of fragileness seeps in-in my love hate sensitivity to have shit!

A real woman to connect with beyond all this facade & rhetoric.

In my humanness, I respect it. In my realness, I see through all the bullshit.

An environmental hazard that men in my position will just have to deal with.

Window shop like 50 Cent,

Till these 21 questions get answered by a real chick that I can touch, satisfy, and commune with. Like the walls of oppression never stood a chance against this physical attraction that’s natural in every sense, chastised as a deviant for this literal expression.

No worries.

I bare burdens with the grace of a king in my humanness. Self denial is not apart of this.

I am who I am because of this... This Blood, This Flesh, This Spirit. Man & Science could not have created THIS!
So fillet my soul, it’s gold. Blessed be thy name if you’re feeling this. If not, you may have issues accepting your own humanness.

In my humanness, I’m expressing my soul with fearlessness.

Life is to be lived not conceptualized by patterns of ignorance.

My skin is the ‘Pursuit Of Excellence’

Though, since the beginning of time the western world has never accepted this...

Now, I ask you...

In Your Humanness...is it in your nature to just stress or profess ‘God Bless’?

Is it ‘love & devotion’ when moments are at their worst and not their best or 50 Shades of Grey that dictate your response, causing you to settle for less?

50 percent of who you are seems much-much less and even more like the rest...

Yet, “who am I to judge who you are” in your humanness...

Maybe that’s your idea of 100% of equal opportunity...relax,

It’s not about you and me. This is only a hypothetical view how most people may view Monogamy. It’s all human flaw if you ask me...expecting to receive...

Much more than we are actually willing to give. Some say, “Live and let live.”

I say, “Let’s try that!”

Close your eyes and lye back

Allow me to trace your anatomy, taste what’s in front of me,

Feel you hum like a bumble bee as you cum to share your soul with me,

Spilling your essence over me like a grand tour of the open sea,

Till I can no longer breathe and left gasping at your feet,

Kissing all ten toes, begging you to christen thee Knight in shining armor.

Down on all fours...its time to’ Tame the Beast’.

However, looking at you from this position calls for another feast!

Sparkling...glistening...

I’m all in...Nose deep- bathing in your humanness...such blissful silkiness

A guilty pleasure I must confess... I guess its true...

No one is sinless, especially in the nature of our own HUMANNESS.

Damon L. Davis
Longing for Intimacy The Loss of Affection

Initially when I hear the word sexuality I think of a woman or the act of having sex (sexual intercourse between man and woman). In the prison world, the term sexuality has its own meaning along with its own set of norms. For an expert looking for a real education into gender and sexuality, the penitentiary is the prime environment. As I’ve gotten a crash course, first hand observation into the abyss of the Forbidden City itself; which still can only serve as an abstract perspective into the mind of the individuals from a heterosexual viewpoint.

Sexuality in the prison environment

Well, there was no question I would be coming out of these circumstances or die, the same way I came in...A man. Still, I was mentally unprepared for what I would come to witness, what was for many, the penitentiary norm. Men kissing men, men with no shame and long standing reputations for their penitentiary exploits, relishing in stories of homosexual conquest like it was a badge of honor. I saw men with female breasts walking, talking, and acting like women. Some men, on many occasions even looking like women. If it wasn’t for me knowing that I was in prison, I would have been fooled by appearances.

In time, I learned that the obvious wasn’t so obvious. What was in plain sight was only the surface of the ocean. The real creatures lived much deeper, even stranger; they looked walked and talked like me. Their skin painted with infamous hood trademarks, their faces creased with pain, their hearts laced with street venom, their tales from the dark side well respected in the gangsta lifestyle on both sides of the spectrum. From the neighborhoods to the pen, here it was. One you may call O.G., having sex with other men behind closed doors. Initially, news like this was a culture shock for me, strictly against the G code. (But then again, so was snitchin’). Early on, judging from the point of view of the game that I was laced with, I had more respect for the punks. To me, the fags had more courage. They were who they were, rain sleet or snow, night or day, than the so called gangsta’s hiding behind close doors. Of course, as time went on, eventually what was done in the darkness came to light. Even the O.G.’s copped pleas, still these individuals
were not to be taken lightly. Except in some very rare occasions, their sexual preference didn’t diminish their physical prowess or their powerful influence within their respective gangs.

It wasn’t until some years later when it dawned on me that I was apart of what my partner’s C.W. and R.D. like to call the 1%; One percent meaning, 1% of the prison population that wasn’t a snitch and hasn’t indulged in any form of homosexuality. I had to get to a place in my mind where I didn’t allow what other’s did or didn’t do, affect how I did my time. Though, the standard can never truly be lowered in my eyes; I began to develop a less judgmental view and understanding of others. How could I be so critical when the one person I’ve known for years, broke bread with, stood at war with; may come to admit to me that he’s gotten down before on some homo shit? Or maybe, its decades before a rumor surfaces, that he admits to it years later. Whether he’s only gotten head, or was the one doing the penetrating...however, it’s a hard pill to swallow. Yet this is the reality of this environment. Sexuality is a very touchy subject in the penitentiary. Many men aren’t being brutally honest with themselves, then again...maybe they are?

Personally, I can’t speak on what may or may not be going on in another persons’ mind. Unfortunately, mind reading is not one of my specialties; though I could think of a variety of situations that skill would come in very handy. Ha. Ha. Ha.

I have never struggled with my sexuality in any way other than having a tremendous urge to be with a woman in every way imaginable. Often times, missing the companionship of women, my mind would flow in and out of memories of past loves and the great sex I had with them. Sexual fantasies allowed me to hold fast to the little sanity I had left after such a cultural shock. For example, the most impressionable intimate relations I had were with an ex of mine (whom is married now and resides in Bakersfield California). I still access the memories of our sexual escapades when I’m feeling some type of way, lonely in general. It seems we were very much addicted to one another. To be boldly honest, I’ve never wanted any woman as much as I wanted her. We were everywhere in the car, in broad day light, in residential area’s, on the side of the road, in
the mountains; in the house early mornings, the bed, the stairs, the kitchen, you name it! We were on each other, in love, lust, love, all the above. Our attraction was intrinsic. Our emotional connection is what made our sex life so amazing and our relationship great even when things weren’t so great. These are the effects of loneliness at my lowest point when I allow my mind to wonder without restraint; the times that lead to self pleasuring sessions and such. Memories like these became my coping mechanism in times of intense loneliness and sexual depravity. They were also the moments when I thanked god the most for giving me such a vivid imagination (smile). It was actually a double edged sword because besides the great memories of our love making with that ex in particular I enjoyed our compatibility and the time we spent as a couple. Unfortunately it just wasn’t our time...And it was well over a decade and some change before I encountered an attraction as magnetic; an attraction that many would probably chalk up to loneliness as well. Yet at the time I met this person, like one magnet drawn to another, we could feel the gravitational pull between one another. But she belonged to someone else...Again; timing was the common denominator, incarceration the common barrier... (Another story for another time)...

Sadly, certain stages of loneliness compel me to want to be loved at any cost. I often long for simple communication and affection just wanting to feel loved, desired; feel special to someone. It’s all emotional intoxication and emotional residues from being lonely. I didn’t have as a free man. So like the carrot dangling in front of the horse’s mouth, tragically, I would have to be satisfied with that. Call it settling for less. This inner longing...thinking of all the freedoms I took for granted. Like a simple smile from a woman, the scent of a woman’s perfume, a woman’s genuine concern of my well being or just time spent in a woman’s company in general. I thought that I would always have these things at my disposal. A woman’s company, her playful touch, her inquisitive glance, her seductive body language and flirtatious ways, even a woman’s subtle silent cue’s that she thinks no one else notices... like the way a woman may play with her hair or cross her legs when she’s being attentive or vigorously intrigued by something. All these little things, when I was on the streets. I would have never given a second thought
to; would one day become the very things I cherished and longed for the most from a woman. *Simple affection...*

It's a dangerous mental state to be in emotionally sometimes. Over time I became my own therapist, gaining more control of my mind in all regards, yet especially when it came to sexual desires. My more immediate response to the lack of intimacy, affection, stress, loneliness, and anxiety was to stay busy. Ironically, this was also my form of shutting down emotionally. From the outside looking in you would never know. A person would be able to recognize one thing...discipline. Which is easier said than done if you want to utilize your time constructively in the penitentiary. I had a back ground in martial arts. This was my unearthed foundation. Using the focus and discipline I gained from my martial arts training and brief time spent in the competitive arena I kept my mind occupied in meditation, constant training, and the study of fitness health nutrition. This mindset for coping gave me a thirst for self knowledge which led me to be open to several different paths of understanding and enlightenment both spiritual and philosophical including Islam, Buddhism, Daoism, and yoga just to name a few. Other outlets for me included drawing and writing poetry. Of course this was all in conjunction with various job assignments and academic classes I attended throughout my incarceration. When my mind is occupied constructively I don't think of being deprived of the companionship and affection from a woman as much.

The question then becomes...how does one fulfill the god given instinct to procreate under such *unnatural conditions* or even the basic desire for intimacy with another human being?

It's funny when I think of it, *only days into my sentence* I was offered porn, *'BLACK TAIL'* magazine along with a care package presented to me on the strength of a mutual acquaintance. I've never heard of that particular magazine before. *(Growing up there was always the popular *PLAY BOY* and *HUSTLER* mags).* Anyhow, I humbly accepted the bulk of the care package, yet declined the porn. At the time my theory was that quite naturally I was gonna think of women and sex. But I felt I didn't need any help. I have a very vivid imagination and decided that I wasn't gonna torture myself with pornographic
images. So I never posted provocative pictures on the wall nor made it my business to own any magazines. A theory turned principal over the years and still, till this day, I don’t own any porn of my own. Of course, over the past sixteen years I’ve shared magazines and pictures when I needed a truly strong release. I discovered quickly, that a man’s sexual urges can carry a deep source of energy when built up, and must be released. No matter how disciplined or spiritual I became, masturbation was a must in my program to maintain, homosexuality was not an option. As a result, I’ve always felt much more relaxed, in many cases even more energized and cheerful. I became accustomed to the effect whenever I realized I was feeling anxious, frustrated, and a lot of times, lonely, still...a very temporary fix for a truly more complicated issue.

Whether it’s loneliness, sexual identity issues, or porn and sex itself, it’s all a struggle in the penitentiary. Sexual expression whether with pictures, magazines etc. sexual images of any sort, loneliness is the underlining issue and sex ‘like the need to feed’; the urge must be fulfilled.

In my opinion, sexual depravity in the form punishment by imprisonment is violently cruel and unusual punishment. There should be a law against it, as it is a human right. I believe that maybe in the next ten years when behavioral therapist, psychologist and clinical psychiatrists catch up in the study of sexuality and loneliness as it relates to mental health among incarcerated individuals (men and women). They might consider some other solutions.

I express my sexual energy in my writings. People say the ability to transfer my energy in this way is healthy. But when I think about it, what does one really deem healthy in terms of sexuality in the realm of incarceration?
This poem written on 7-6-15 is Titled: The Ms. Stress

In loneliness I am a wretch
Making love a thousand times with a spouse that isn’t mine
Time after time
I seem to fall below the line of what’s sacred and divine
In my mind, I’m better than this
A mere delusion at best
In my heart, I know I’m just like the rest
Weak at the sight of a woman’s breast, scented hand lotion, open toes and sun dress
Lost in her humanness my day dreams are endless
I climax tremendous
1...2... 3... sometimes four in a session
Lord knows it’s an addiction, the dark side of loneliness
Society calls it a sickness
For me, its survival of the fittest
I’ve never understood the heart break of a woman without happiness
Till mine was severed by sunshine and barbed wire fences

Close your eyes
Picture this...
Sixteen long years without the touch of the opposite sex!
Here is where intimacy transcends the physical and in my loneliness I think
Life shouldn’t be so difficult
In reality, I say it’s not
And real love (is) unconditional
Because despite the conditions
The Law of Attraction is undeniable
The subject trivial
Simply put
I’m missing YOU

So what’s a man to do?
Fake it to make it?
Suppress my feelings for you; act like I don’t adore you
Act like I’m not fiending for you?
That’s mighty professional of you; and I respect that in you
Now picture my mental menu...

"I long to taste your sunrise from the dark side of the moon
Turn you over easy for breakfast as you sip red wine on a Saturday afternoon
Satisfaction may come too soon but it’s cool
Because I just do it for the hell of it
Mm. mm. mm. for the smell of it
If its not you
I’m celibate"
Your scent
I relish it
Blood hound
Scratch and sniff
One whiff and its finger licking good
I'm only saying what you wish you could
Alone in a cell or at home with a book
Hmmm. misunderstood?
Let's take a second look
Ahhh...
A motion picture in your eyes sensitive to the touch
Loneliness
Dark and Lovely
Just keep it on the Hush...

Expressions like these help to filter the feelings of loneliness and the longing to be with a woman. I often use personal situations for inspiration, actual memories, abstract fantasies of a person I desire or all the above. Yet here in this environment, a simple expression like this one could be deemed perverted, sick, even twisted depending on whose reading it. It's strange how certain acts of expression are interpreted very differently depending on environment rather than clear, and honest observation of what is.

Like for example, take the book Fifty Shades of Grey. Thousands of people read the book. Women were amongst the books major source of marketing by 'word of mouth' social media. Millions more went to see the movie. Adult content and sexual expression in this form is widely viewed as being artistic and tasteful by public opinion. Yet if an individual, who is currently incarcerated, gravely deprived of affection and intimacy were to write that very same script or even verbally expressed his mind in the very same manner. That person would be deemed a sexual deviant, labeled a sex offender of some sort. Regardless, something negative would be attributed to his or her behavior. This is a truth that I am highly aware of having lived in this environment for sixteen and half years. The mere fact that I am forced to repress instead of express, is totally counterproductive in terms of therapy, sanity, healing, and normal functionality whatsoever. In this underworld, where a simple smile is misconstrued as being flirtatious, a decent compliment is viewed as fraternizing behavior or sexual misconduct. How is this in any way a healthy attitude to project in any environment, let alone a prison?
"INMATES ARE NOT ALLOWED NUDE PICTURES, MAGAZINES OR SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MATERIAL CONTENT OF ANY KIND!"

This is the administrative penitentiary attitude towards its prisoners. These are the rules. Yet as the saying goes, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." A statement that rings true for me, more and more each day... each week... each month... each year.........I simply long for affection from a woman and I refuse to accept any substitute.
A Private Session

Initially I set out to set your soul on fire with the wickedness of my magic stick, but to the contradict. I was inflicted by the sweet stickiness of your wetness...

As you switch and twitch, back and forth in that seat... Your eyes spoke desires though your lips didn't speak, the heat spoke volumes to me. In your silence you think I'm deaf, but even a blind man can see... Yea, I see the way you're peeping on any day of the week, just to say the least. No need to open pandora's box the eve before the feast. I've told you before, the crow's feet, the curves of your feet, the sweetness of your speech... everything else is obsolete.

You can have it - Your Way!

I'll be your number two - like Casanova, a vagabond in the street for Love & Intimacy. Fulfilling your innermost affections, teaching you a lesson about an unbreakable connection that they couldn't teach you in a classroom setting... Now, that I got you listening...

"You should have written The ART of Seduction the way you got me longing for you in the absence of your presence.

You're fooling yourself, relating the feeling to the cuteness of an adolescent. Frankly, I love the expression. A great form of endearment within the confines of this restrictive environment. Tell me... Am I getting close or am I still too far away from the Island?"
Shut it, talk your ass off, inside I see you smiling!

Dialled in,

On my al game,

You haven’t touched them in awhile... tempted beyond measure.

So ahead, I won’t reveal your secret pleasure...

I knew you phrase me secretly as “Yours Only” secret treasure.

No fuss, no fight—

To you alone I’ll surrender. Just take me now, while my soul
is pure and my heart is still tender—

Render me as timber, that I may burn in the flames of your
Sweet November... as you remember — That...

No amount of wine can enchant your mind, intrigue your passion
and bend your spine — like the thought of me taking you like a mad
man from behind — ZOOK! If it’s too deep, you can stop this
session and tell me to leave at any time... And I’ll apologize,
for this lyrical intrusion into the daily illusion of your personal
space, your private thoughts, and your inner most secrets.

But I can’t apologize for the man that I am
Or the strength that I have to admit to you my weakness,
Believe me! I would much rather show you than speak this —
A symbol of my Meekness... Yet, it’s hard to truly communicate
with a woman whose mind is always speechless,
So I’ll end this...

T.F.
If I could have you for just one night...

I would put a lifetime into one kiss. I would pour my entire soul filled of tenderness into each caress, searching over your body like a long...lost...treasure. I'd measure each strand of your hair with my finger tips, inhaling the scent of your skin. I'd place kisses on your forehead and over your eye lids, tracing your ears with my thumb print.

If I could have you for just one night...

I would hold you with all my might, as a precious artifice stolen away for my delight...as I kissed you in places hidden away from plain sight, your neck...the soles of your feet...and everywhere else there was a crack or a crease. I'd allow you to breathe...gentle and deep, between heart beats...the gaze in our eyes, the only language we'd speak.

If I could have you for just one night...

I would thank God for the grand opportunity. I'd count it a mercy for him delivering you to me, as the only request at the end of my journey...Blessed...to taste the saliva from your lips or even the sweat between your hips...tracing your anatomy with my memory for the moments you're no longer with me. If this is HEll...then I'm graced with the cool breeze of your personality.

If I could have you for just one night...
I'd steal you away from your significate other
Make you a slave to my rhythm
Wrap your mind in ecstasy, beat the blues from your body.
Sing a lullaby with your heart strings, as you sing to me,
whispering... Damon... your darkest secrets are safe with me... and...
In no other's arms I would rather be.
If I could have you for just one night, it would set me free
from a lifetime of endless day dreams... of how life would be...
If you were with me.

If I could have you for just one night,
A Private Session...
No Such Thing as Noble Heartstrings

My eyes are glazed with desire spellbound by your inner qualities, so lovely intriguing your intelligence... the sentiment of your powerful essence in such a gentle presence... multiple layers of your compassionate elements weigh heavily impressed upon my consciousness.

Inflamed is my soul, my heart an infinite coal simmering in passion — — — I am unable to separate — — My Love from Lust nor the illogical with ration

So to hell with it!

Let's mix 'em and mash 'em if we crash and burn—then ask him.

Why such an intrinsic connection played out in elaborate fashion?

All I ever wanted was the rib that you created my other half with...

...A coveted heart of Unchained Inspiration inspite of a death wish...

Should I feel ungrateful or satisfied... either way

Pain & Agony

That I should have taken full advantage an kissed her lips,

Hugged her by the hips an took in her scent. At least then

I'd be content with the time we spent that would circumspect the preciousness of each moment staring into her eyes

Knowing — — it was I that she so desperately wanted

Though She wasn't one to speak on it.

Damon L. Davis
A Thousand Broken Promises

I've realized that love is cool, it'll keep you stable.
But it's the attraction - the passion!
That fuel the fire!
That inspire that affair - lock in that divorce
That Make you a slave to its rhythm -
That driving force... which keeps you in the arms of another
even though you love 'em. You know the truth -
She said, "Yeah, I really just want to fuck him."

I'm just glad that I'm
That Guy.
The emotional attraction with the physical connection
That something That sparked the relationship
The same thing That ends without it... Good Sex, that Good Guy... without a doubt - Good Sex.
That's All We Want ~

Before the marriage, after the kids and the pension
Most people are in denial, especially women.
What's obvious, is given Just think about it...

Even animals are accustomed to affection A Lionness
Is loyal to the strong - the most vibrant. Yet only-
Those within her presence ~ OUT of Mind ~
Means I'm out of SIGHT...

A Thousand Broken Promises.
PICTURE A BLACK EYE ON A STATUE

My family and children will grieve at the point my soul flees...
I can picture 50 relatives singing hymns with an entire congregation on their knees... Idol worshiping who I used to be. But, then again...
They don't really know me. This shell of the man who is no longer living.
An enthusiastic display of joy and memory followed by sadness
is the only moment they visit me. You'd never know just by looking at me
That I bruise easily... a light caress with no embrace, is their example of
loving me. Superficial admiration. A monument of strength —
Stimulated by sensitivity... I remember now... It was all a dream to me...

She caressed my biceps, licked her lips at the precepts
She said I had phenomenal abdominals Kissed me from head to toe
Said she adored me before she left, with a hint of mint on her breath
She drowned my fears in the wetness of her tears Wished that there was
something she could do because I do not belong here We embraced
I kissed her forehead, inhaled the scent of her hair Unaware that she
was spared from all the pain that lives here.

It's such a vicious cycle They believe I'm Baaaad like Michael!
They have no clue, I'm not human I'm just a frozen statue...
Each infatuation a fleeting moment a passerby's entertainment
A family member, a friend, a woman's affection —
A diabolical scheme of psychological misdirection — I STAND
In the House of Illusions plagued with a false sense of importance.

Damon L. Davis
VOICES IN THE CELLAR
Come my mountain-tess,
Let your fruity peaks melt down on me like an avalanche over fine oaks and pine trees
Irrevocably provoked with one stroke underneath the slope of your gaping sensitivity

Allow me to be as fine wine at your finger tips
Bursting with eagerness after traveling such distances
Dark-confined, bottled up with freshness
I’ve gotten stronger with time between each case of loneliness
As the years pass, the chamber fastens tighter with a frozen kiss
The vultures wish it to be locked away as their personal object of selfishness

But you!
You can hear the calling from the blackness
Bless me with your tenderness
Let not this mind, this body, this soul be lost or fruitless
Withered away by stress
Without any passion to contend or no love to contest

Locked at the top with a hard body and a strong neck; Uncaressed by a woman’s flesh.
I’ve chilled for sixteen years. Who’s to say which year was best?

But tell me,
How does one taste pure affection without the courage to sample the contents?
Shhh ...Save your breath, sweet as it is. It is the action behind the intent
I’ve heard decades of clattering; the shattering of empty contents -absent vessels...
No one has heard it yet, just an echo; the desire that speaks from the depths of the soul mates breast.

“If it beats, she will come.”
“If it beats...she will come...”
“If it beats...she will cum...”

Emerging from the darkness into blackness there was life,
And no more voices...
For now, the voices had faces,
The faces had a home,
And the home had a cellar...where all they kept there was wine...
In My Humanness
by Nomad, the Poet, Damon Davis

In my humanness, I'm not always in total control of my emotions as I appear to be.
A lot of the times, the feelings of loneliness get the best of me,
and in my humanness, I want to be
Free
So desperately, so eagerly.
I devise a strategy that will provide the opportunity,
a loophole possibly.
Or maybe it's just the end of me in reality,
served with a full dose of anxiety.
I swear this simple daily living just seems like giving up to me,
and I'm somewhat feeling pressed
to live up to these stigmatized conceptions of criminality
that are constantly attributed to me.

As if one could actually stipulate the ever-evolving creativity and spontaneity
of the human mind
in a single individual, let alone in a host of organisms.
Sounds like a cataclysm,
a form of socialism with prison systems against God's most cherished organism.
But let's stop all of this psychobabble and get back to humanism.

So many claim to keep it real,
but how are you truly living?

It's just the question I was given.
Standing up to myself while staring in the mirror,
wishing I wasn't so far away
that my vision was clear
and my future was nearer.
I called, I wrote, but she doesn't want to hear it,
doesn't want to bring my daughter to visit.
So the hell with it.
The only response I'm feeling:
Say F- the world, my final decision.
Pray for my babies, and hope that they come to know me while I'm still living.

Until then, I'll hit the weights while I'm still driven.
Lord help me!
My health is the only evidence that maybe you're still with me.
Most don't agree with me,
yet I'm still standing because Your WILL has stood Triumphant (battle tested)
OVER hate and envy;
nothing else registers with me.
Show me a companion trustworthy, 
and I'll show you unflinching loyalty that'll die with me.  
God, my mom, and Flynn G  
are the main three that ride with me.  
I'm a street Demon,  
I need Angels to represent me.  
My Maraia, Lavie, and Cayline:  
the Heart and Soul in me.

The triple beam that kept me heavy in the game,  
reaching for dollars because I refused the change.  
In a world that broke my family, indoctrinated my brain, then sold the chains.  
Now in my humanness, I'm feeling estranged,  
trying hard not to expose my pain.  
No sleep, I'm mentally and emotionally drained.  
If I'm the master with the key, then why after all these years,  
I still haven't broken the chains...

With resentment of a million slaves,  
I'm starting to feel that there's no empathy in me  
and success is an intangible feat,  
let alone a black man being totally free.  
Shit, they killed Medgar Evers in front of his family  
and Tookie after he made nominee  
for the Nobel Peace.  
So what the hell do I expect them to do with me...

My humanness is nothing more than a fantasy in the eyes of the economically free.
Epilogue

All of my praise goes up to the most high for giving me the strength to endure, persevere, and complete this work despite all obstacles and adversity.

Whether the lights are on or off – this is who I am.

Mahatma Gandhi once said, “Be the Change you wish to see in the world.”

I will continue being exactly that - in this life as well as the next... no matter what.

Mom & Me
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To the Founder of www.Prisonfoundations.org:

I am deeply grateful for the fruitful platform you have provided individuals like myself to be able to have our voices heard and our talents recognized. Words truly can't express how I feel entirely. Yet, imagine being tossed overboard in the middle of the ocean unable to swim or tread water, but you were able to breath under water. For seven-teen years you are on the ocean floor making oxygen bubbles hoping someone would see them...

‘Well, William S. Graham saw mine... he threw me a life line that was tethered to a ship called ‘www.Prisonfoundations.org.’

THANK YOU!

Any questions or comments contact the author at:

Damon Davis reg. no. #103891
Denver Receptionist & Diagnostic Center
P.O. BOX 393004 (unit 4A)
Denver, Colorado 80239

OR

www.jpayletter.com

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