Dark Pot

By Garrett Worth

This is a book compiled of multiple poems I've written since my incarceration in the Florida Department of Corrections. I began writing poetry in 2012 after reading Tibal's poetry. These poems were written from 2012 - 2014 at different times in my life. Hence the different subjects & context. Please enjoy.

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The enemy wants to know why I'm so mad. It's bad to stand on the block with a pocket full of bones, witnessing the valley of dry bones, wondering, why I came up in a broken home. Damn! Is this the way I'm supposed to live? Am I supposed to shed all these tears, because my homeboy got shot point blank range by one of his peers? Dwelling in the shadow of death where the unfortunate has to take jimmies from their body and walk out, helpless, but with a family. How can I solve this? F*ck that! I'm just blaming them. Turn these rocks, not heavens, a f*ck about the cops cut if they put a n*gg in jail and want that loose. Well, they gather. Fuck your mouth shut. Your father was a goddamn stoner. I ain't nothin. I was a street kid, rolling on the same streets where I am growing trying to get back. I'm a rich man now. Everyone wants to know why I'm so mad. When you're the ones of us, a disconnected feature, which makes the whole situation so bad. A man wonder what I wear a black mask, running up in people's lives. I don't know. I just to quit. I'm just filming. I jump back in the car & mash. It's sad. But like I said, f*ck that! I gotta get this cash so don't ask me why I'm mad. I don't give a shit. Me with I live this way in a world that's cold. Whitmotherfuckers snatch even ending cold cases. When what they really need is their head open. Bastardy so don't get in my way when you know I'm with. I know I'm committing sin, but this is the only way I know how to get this money coming in. And it don't matter what's the cost cuz I'm hungry out here. I know I'm headed for hell but who cares. So for all who hear these
words, know that I was living gutter out here, shedded so many tears, came up from the hustle, represented for the struggle, dealing with a unfitble mother & a sometimes ass brother. Damn! my life is a motherfucker. I guess that leaves me an outcast. But hell, it is what it is. & I can't turn back that hands of time. But in due time I'll have a change of mind. As of now, I remain stuck with these hard times!
As a man I must confess, while I slept, how I allowed the younger years of my life to become a total mess. I was a pest who was put to the test. Witnessed man's aptitude to rest. Now I contest, reminiscing about the times I've missed. The way shit manifest, I must accept these feelings. I stick to reality on my misbehaviors' seven nature, which caused great pain, suffering, loneliness, and a heart full of hatred. Now I see the heart that's so bright, which caused a man to give up the fight. In the negative aspect of course I chose a "Thug's Life" for sport. Running and all the underlying blocks that was trying to slow me down to let me to see, when it was all said and done, I need to speak freely. I learn that those who I thought was my homies, always have a plan about me. They only saw a blank which was coming around a bend at a fast pace, helping to destroy families with a substance known as "bass," what a disgrace! I thought I was on top of all game. I came with all the street fame, doused out my ill will, with game, residing around in trickery and fear, like I'm the number one star like LeBron James, which now I shudder at. All this said, it's a damn shame how I deceived myself, into believing that I would live happily ever after. After what I've witnessed, can't be better described than a dirtwater. The few were on my trail. But I didn't care. Not knowing that they were plotting & scheming on leading me into the depths of hell. At that time I was all in committing sin with my chest poked out because I had homies on my team that was all sold in my pockets. I came to understand when the pressure came down, my number one man took the stand. Telling the enemy how I came from
Rags To Riches

The last time I saw you, I made sure when they patched him up, he was left with over a hundred stitches. I gave him his wishes being a rat. When I got prosecuted by a judge, I was sent to no return but was still brought back. I did what I was told. I kept my damn mouth closed. A friend once told me that the same dimes you run with are going to cause your life to be placed on hold. The truth must be told. When the smoke cleared, I was the only motherfucker who didn’t find. I kept it bitter, that’s because I was raised by death. Who is a dangerous motherfucker. That was all part of my life... the struggle. So those who come across these words, be wise enough to see that those streets don’t love you.
"Spoken Words 3" by Garrett Worth

I'm on some real shit. Dune, when your hands getting dirty. When your eyes, still blue, I said, I'm on some real shit. Now you want to stack your paper. The motherfuckers that's close to doing shit, I told you I'm on some real shit. Now I got to stand on my own, cuz it's my chance in this life. I'm living. So I'm putting on. Now it's on the young lion from the block, where shit don't stop. Fuck a cop, cuz a motherfucker bot to slang these rocks. It went from the farm to the muscle, I mean even from the muscle Sometimes it's like that, man. But I don't want to bust you, it went from taking what to selling drugs and stacking chips. Hanging on the block, all night trying to get rich. Motherfucker. A bitch, cuz I don't trust any chick. They want to fuck and sell. Sell that sick part of the trick that's why I keep my ass so close to my hip, so if it goes down I'm enliven the shit. Don't give a fuck who I hit. Fuck them solemn bitch, she got what she deserve. Fucking with my shit. I said I'm on some real shit.
"Spoken Words IV" by Garrett Wore

Can I become a changed man? Under these circumstances, I'm enduring in a world where in every
direction hatred & ignorance looks you right in the face.

It's said that everything happens for a reason, so I guess it was destined for me to witness
this dreary place.

Would it give me a chance of heart & place me on the path of good, or would I remain a "thug," tak-
inggravely changes; I remain trapped in the mud.

Damn, I wonder where my life would be ten
years from now, all these years in prison set free
back to those same streets that created me as a
boy.

Is it in my soul to remember the streets, pack heat, or at least blend in I'll cage so I could make
enough meat.

If I've known and all these times of my life
in lines, here, what would I have those time of
thoughts running through my seven cell, when I know
that those same thoughtslander me on my spine, which
led me to witness, hard times.

Maybe I haven't learned a damn thing, wasted
precious years of my life being treated worse than
animals, what will it take to have a change of heart.

Maybe I do have a change of heart but afraid
for it to manifest in front of my peers, which I've
known for so many years.

How can something so familiar seem so strange,
when I know going back to the street life is not
a fair game.

Honestly, I do have plans on being thatpositive
image, but what's a man to do when you bump heads
WITH AN OLD ENEMY THAT'S FILLED WITH VENGEANCE? TAKE THAT CHANCE & SEND HIM BACK TO HIS MAKER? OR LET MY GUARD DOWN & ALLOW HIM TO JUDGE ME & BECOME MY AVENGER WITH HATRED?

THAT'S A HELLOVA CHOICE KNOWING THE STRUGGLE & HARD TIMES YOU'VE JUST WITNESSED. CONFESSIONS BETWEEN ENEMY LINES WITH THESE SO-CALLED VICTIMS.

IGNORANT: I WAS, BUT NOW I EXPERIENCE NEW LIFE. BEING FREE WITH A BILLION DOLLAR FEE TO SEE, I CAN'T FALL VICTIM TO THOSE STREETS KNOWING THEY NEVER LOVED ME.

SO I GUESS I'LL BE RECREATED, A RICH NIGGA, RIC

VIOLENT, ETC. DUE TO NOW DISCHARGE OF THE GAME, BUT WITH THE STREET FORCE GAVE PAIN THAT I NEVER WOULD

WITNESS AGAIN.

THINKING THE OTHER INNOCENT WILL BE A WISE THING FOR ME. LIFT IN A BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHICH WE WERE ALL

MEANT TO BE FREE. SO IF I WANT TO CONTINUE BEING

FREE, I MUST PLACE THE PROBLEM AROUND & SCREAM "MAFIA"

OR FUCK THEM STREETS!
As a man stuck in these dead end ways, I wonder if it'll all be the same when I turn the page. My mind is captivated by this unfathomable endless rage. With a heart that's stuck in the street without a means of escape. I can't seem to fathom all the challenges that I face on a day to day basis, attempting to stay ahead in this race. In this race called "life or death," I chose to live. Fuck the promises of the afterlife. I'm telling you, what it really is. I got a family that I love. I'm trying to make kids so I make ends meet by hustling on the block. Building friendships with the ones that I meet and loving a damn about nothing except making up some rules. Even my aspirations in each sentence can show you I'm a man who continues to stay real. I've witnessed many things in my life that caused my mind to wonder. The lies of mine have veered my peers out, stab me in the back, killed by that spear. We always done these same expectations, but none was in a sense to kill shit. They've been killing my heart, I expect me to remain the same. Never that. I'm one that stood at nothing to achieve my fame. But I must say then, again, that same fame is what caused me to come to this chain gang. These are true words coming from a real nigga with nothing to prove. Too many motherfuckers acting, gangsta and they couldn't even walk an inch in my shoes. When I speak, they begin to follow my rules. I no longer need that fire or blade, my voice has become my tool.
Words, captivating and put your mind at ease. Have you realized just like the times we were blowing on trees? The knowledge I speak supplies you with the keys to open the doors to the pathways that you seek. Young, but with the mentality that surpasses my years. Around my peers, I'm the one who takes control. We steer to the good life we go, leaving behind this broken past. One step at a time with sure feet, never move too fast. I love to teach and at the same time be taught. I'd rather you learn a little, well than fight the battles I've fought. Then say the game is meant to be sold not won. But as we're taught it, then the game would be lost. What it's meant to be bestowed.

As children of a factories generation, we need something, someone to hear. So please when to listen and when to speak. Teach when to stop and when to walk. So our steps may be powerful in our stride. With the strength to overcome the struggles, our minds seem to speak.
Look at my visage & you'll see a smile. But look deep into these eyes & what you'll see is vile. How could someone so young be so dispassionate & self-centered? Surround me with happiness & joy & pain is all I feel. I'm only playing with these cards life doesn't anything that's any good that comes my way, it always tends to melt. Can I make it out of this self-imposed hell? Or will Lucifer continue knocking at the door for my soul to soul? I can cut out for help, but no quantify leaves my mouth. Tears of blood leave these lifeless eyes until the light to cut through. I just want it all with the pull of this trigger. Yes, I would not keep. Is there still a chance my heart could change & become as bare. I wonder how long I must suffer stuck in this phase trigger to help an unstable mother wounded about a sibling, knowing I'll never have another. How do you reach out to an HIV suffering brother? Is this the life I am forced to live, fellow with pain a misfire? There are my thoughts as I slowly pull the trigger.
"KILL ME" by Garrett Worth

SOMEBODY KILL ME!
The ANGER STEALS ME
Brief sounds engaged my will to leave a caravanserai
Our trace consumes me
My calm is dang
Precluded before the storm
The turbulence to an affluent form
Helvetic, but I'm heaven sent
I'm hell sent

SOMEBODY KILL ME!
If I wasn't there
There wasn't a nightmare on Elm Street
On Main Street
I am it's terroren
A terror on two feet
Bleeding, horrific feet
I'm full grown!
But still following you fellows there

SOMEBODY KILL ME!
Die, the thrill tells me
There were rolling (o - o - o)
But death won't come, eh?
Bury a corpse black
Stand back
Or be cancelled by my wealth
It's the afternoon
Before I had this desire
To travel this murderous path

SOMEBODY KILL ME!
Lurking in the shadows
The Whispers of Hallow

Thoughts follow

It's not the typical hush of the Gallows
But I'm laughing in the same
Sheerling my intentions and paths
So I've got most
Interplan like "13 Ghosts"
The edge enclose to consume those
Whose sorcery too close

Someone, hello there!
But nobody made a move
I'm learning to stop breathing
This anybody will do
I'm calling for the hereafter
Screening this dream world
When I call, no one will be left after
Reaping horror in every chapter
What you hear are the recurring echoes of laughter
This something, I'm sober
Breaking the inner core
It is the limit the world has to offer

Someone, kill me!

Someone, please, kill me.
"I Am" by Garrett Wood

I am the laughter that turns winter into bloom
I am the comfort of your last breath,
Before you lay lifeless in your tomb.

I am life, I am death, I am poverty, I am wealth.

I am the heat that causes you to perspire,
I am the very sweat that runs down your face.

I am the bitter thing your tongue will never taste.
I am the very pressure that causes your blood to race.

Who am I? I am your sweet dreams,
I am the voice you use in dreams.

I am your nightmare, I am the night air.
I am the essence of existence.
I am laughter that causes persistence.

I am more than one,
Emerging from value, that's leaner than none.

I am lost, I am found, I am up, I am down.

Who do you think I am? If you can tell,
I am the very road you walk on that leads down to hell.
I am the danger which causes you to flee.
I am everything around you that you can't see.
I am the reflection you see when you look in the mirror.

We, that on earth,

I am, I say, I am your flesh.
"I'm So Hood" by Garrett Worth

I'm so hood
It's about my condition, state, a quirk of life
I wish all niggas would
From my sole to my rate, the streets are my wife
I'll protect her with my life

While running the highways & byways
My struggle speaks of street

Fuck change, I'm tellin' you, change fades
I'm so hood
I'm void of all understanding

Would kill me if you could
A fermenting message that transcends comprehension
A hoodlum in the flesh

Tough & often aggressive
My vesper shots mesh
I'm multiple, so I'm sure you'll catch it
I'm so hood

Love the telltale races of my chronicles
It feels so good
To tell long overdue her presence through fragrant notes

Rays
It courses through my veins
The very life force galvanizing my bone
This galactic daze I
You're speaking of the streets, when you say my name
I'm so hood
In my wasteland, I do ride on
Wreapped in backwoods
Good trees, I do smoke on
Fat stacks
Of green backs, I do count on
Flash backs
Of thieving days, I still run on
I'm so hood
Then it's my time & my life
Knock on wood
Dear in a sarcophagus, you mold of your life
I got my practices
And you'll smell of piss & feces
Check the shovelizers
The Lucifer of those streets
I'm so hood
Welcome to my life conditions & it's start & end
Alien
I'm so hood
Tell death do me short... it's just me & you
Babe
My mood is constantly changing
Raging from volatile to dawdler
I have no peace, every piece of me
Is reverberating anger
Slowly dying
I'm crying for it all to end
I'm drowning over backwaters
Using nice words
To everybody any signs:
Dark days, with cool, cool rain
I don't want to be alone
Every wish means I access to the phone
There's still no place like home.
Visitation to where we once
I can't even tolerate gone
They was part of flesh is bone
Transformation into a heart of stone
There's 3 3/4 hours:
Wandering are the powers
They're coming, surrounding us
Where the feel, strolling to 36 foot towers
Who should I not be with
With the fear to fall
When they feed me shit
This shit they call a meal
Yet still, they dramatize me
With yellow lines, a rules of steel
I hide inside with poison in the well
To revolt for real
The towns guardsman are in brown
Puffed up do they bome
Looking for the blues they chased
Whoever they want to clown
My oulums are with them
Yet attacks come from my own kind
They can get it too
My fantasies of all these motherfuckers dying
Explores from the look in my eyes
It's about the size
The size of the wave
To bring them to their demise
The ocean
The sea intro
I now I'll tell you the truth
The brothers of the witches
I shan't be seen, perfectly aloof
This is the prettiest
The time that we are living is
To crawl on sorrow's spine with out
He expected naught, didn't know
Dreams
On how to make war
He's for you, he's against you
In summois from the core
Everyone you think
You've gone through true sorrow
If you stop to think
You'll see your wisdom too
Is a person.
"This life is what I represent
The gift of life is only heaven sent
Selling love to the devil to God
Which always makes it hard

Being a man to all I wanted to be
Robbing, stealing, selling drugs
Was the only way to make me feel free

SHERMAN FELICIAN 5 THOUGH HONK SIGH CLOSE
When the money's good
But when about back's against the wall
Then burn away, like live coke wood

My tearning experience only makes me stronger
So when I get out of this hell hole
My only objective is to be a lover

True friends are really hard to come by
But the inspiration I get from you
I sometimes wonder why

Is it a conspiracy
Or is it all meant to be
I know one thing, when I come home
I'll treat you like a queen
KISSES OF DEATH FLOURISH MY CHEEK
DEMONS TAKE CONTROL WHENEVER I SLEEP
PARANOIA IS AT ITS PEAK
MURDEROUS DREAM WHILE I SLEEP

WHO CAN SAVE ME FROM THIS EVIL VENGE
THE AGE IS FILLED WITH DEMONS
I LONG TO SCREAM BUT IT STAYS INSIDE
TEARS OF BLOOD FALL FROM MY EYES

LAUGHER AT THE REPUTATION OF YOUR PHYSICIAN
DEMONS IN THE ARM SKIN
TAKE OVER MY HOME AND FEATURE
LUCIFER HAS BECOME MY TEACHER

WATCHING THE SPIRIT LEAVE MY BODY
LEFT IN A STATE OF MAFABODY
THE LIFE LEAVING YOUR EYES CAUSES YOU SOUL
FIGHTING PROGRESS TO MY DEATH IS TO CAUSE DEATH

I LAUGH WHEN I SEE YOUR PAIN
I HAVE MY OWN FORM OF "SACRIFICE" GAME
NO REASON TO KEEP THAT RELIGIOUS CRAFT
MINE CAUSE THE TEACHER DEVIL TO BE UNHACKED

AFTER THE FIRST BATH OF BLOOD YOU ALWAYS WANT MORE
THIS HAS BECOME MY FAVORITE MURDEROUS SIGHT
YOU'RE STRAPPED TO A CHAIR BOLTED TO THE FLOOR
THE SKIN ON YOUR BODY IS RIPPED & TORN

WATCHING YOU GO INTO HYPERVENTILATION
MY SCALPEL SEeks FURTHER PENETRATION
I GET SUCH A FOUNTAIN BRAHMAN

"UNTITLED 2" BY: Garrett Woom
KNOWING WITH YOUR PAIN THERE IS NO LIMITATION

I ASK YOU THE QUESTION, "WHO AM I?"

YOUR VOICE CRACKS & TREMbles AS YOU CRY

YOU SAY, "YOU ARE THE APPLE OF MY EYE"

I LAUGH WITH WICKEDNESS, "I'D STILL BE IF YOU NEVER LIEd."
My hands touch my5beautiful bitch

I grow so excited by each stroke, I begin to twitch

I grab the oil from the dresser & start rubbing her chest

Rubbing each breast thoroughly in the candle light

Then I lift her down & get her ready to be penetrated

Slowly bring my penis until she's impregnated

Now that I've finished, I take her to the highest climax

I take her outside & clutb her from the back

I smile to myself, knowing how she'll react

From this position, I slowly enter penetrating her cunt

Then catch the pleureaces of making my bitch disappear
"Mirror On The Wall" by Garrett Worth

Mirror on the wall
Who is this I see
The features are the same
But this isn’t me
The eyes are intense
With a smile of deception
This man looks the same
Even his light been consumption
There’s a look of anguish
Etched deep in the face
Who is this individual
That’s cemented in one place
You can distinguish from one look
The tears that he’s seen
Dear love, happiness, a hope broken
These are what made him mean
I seek to look from there
And I can barely recognize those eyes
Could I’ve moved to the realization
That this face is seen as mine
"Change" by Garrett Worn

We all endure these times of struggle
Some of us more than others
But we must never give up on our path
Because to act on them, we're not held back by our past
One day we may run across a certain person
And ask ourselves, "Is this going to work it?"
We say, "I just forget the past"
And then come to realize this...
That person has gone through similar things.
Yet they're able to know where to go,
Perhaps I could learn from their experience.
And change the whole picture I've been to point
There is a light through all this darkness.
That leads to a new source of bliss.
And not be afraid to make a change
Because choose are placed in our lives at all different seasons.
But it's on us to give them a chance & figure out
The possibilities."
"LOVE" by Garrett Wrenn

Love is the thing that matters most
It's about cherishing those you hold close
Lazily awake late night watching you sleep
And holding you in my arms as you weep

The making up after the fights
Telling you that everything's gonna be alright
Laughing when you make your angry face
Throwing your temper throwing stomping all over the place

Love makes up to the count of three
When we walk away, we run back like frisods
I love you from your toes to your ears
How they're the odor of the most perfect air

To me, your body was the perfect parts
Yes, even your cute little crooked teeth
I could care less about your 'embarrassing' scars
When rain fingers touched them, you pushed them far

I told you don't be ashamed of them
Be proud of the fact you survived because of them
Love causes us to overlook so-called imperfections
From being in love, I've learned many lessons

I learned how to not take you for granted
After all these skies I my heart is still yours to manage

Yes, love is what matters most
It's about cherishing those you hold close
A Mother's Love by: Garret Worth

How do you explain A Mother's Love when you're on the outside trying to see in? It's a feeling that comes from her love that quenches all my needs within.

It's like a flower that needs water in order to develop into something beautiful and cherishable.

Chastisement only comes when the love is so deep, that times when your ass gets beat, makes you think that she can't possibly love me enough could that be when she gave birth to me?

Remembering and that she sacrificed to keep me comfortable, secure, loved, clothed, fed with a roof over my head.

Sometimes it makes me think that God gave her the flesh of my mother, but unconditionally, she loved me like no other.

A Mother's love is hard to explain, so please bear with me while I try to trace down memory lane.

You're love that binds that blossoms in the cradles of the greatest love, the cradles of love. Even when the sun doesn't shine, you were always willing to give a mother's hand.

How can I compare a Mother's love when it's intense and unexplainable on the love she gives.

When I was a teenager your touch was my antidote when I was feeling low, your knees always seemed to occupy that empty void, when you had to beat my behind, afterwards your sweet words would take away all my spiritual pain.

Even when you put me out, you never wanted me to become a man, now I understand why my love for you will forever remain the same.

At times it's like I can't seem to find the
WORDS TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE YOU, & I KNOW THAT I WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO PAY YOU BACK FOR ALL THE SACRIFICES & TIME YOU PUT IN.

So please accept these words of truth from a UP & COMING HARD HEADED YOUTH THAT'S ELEVATED & MATURE ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND THAT WITHOUT STRUGGLE THERE'S NO PROGRESS, SO I MUST STRESS, OUT OF ALL THE MOTHERLY LOVE CATEGORIES IN THE WORLD, YOU'RE THE BEST.
"Black Rose" by: Garrett Word

I thought it'd be me & you
Forever true
No limits to
The shit I do.

Though you played me like a game of pool
Felt like a fool
Spending major loot
To keep you cool.

I ain't gone let you hear your durn
dearth hurt to you
Who's gonna hold
Till anyone you.

Do I even need to mention I need you now?
Followin' love
Protecting you
Let your mind... shit hurts.