Hieroglyphic Poetry
painting Your thoughts

By John E. Ortiz
"About the book"

This poetry book touches on every level; sex, love, Religion, culture and as well as the struggle. It paints a picture hieroglyphically for the reader to understand the experience of the writer. Its motivation for those who are humanized with the struggle, and innovation for those who are open to it. Hopefully you can grasp the writer's artistic views.

"About the Author"

John Oris is an intelligent and phenomenal novelist who is inspired by: Langston Hughes, Sista Soulja, Maya Angelou, James Patterson, etc. He was raised in Los Angeles, California, and is an inspirational motivator for the youth of the current Renaissance. To get to know or find out more about the writer, you can contact him at these addresses:

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"Closer to Death"

Detecting the horror from my enemy's foresight and analyzing his skepticism from the structure of his physical. In combat, all you vision is your target trying to maneuver from death, trying to escape from judgment, because war is sometimes and promptly because it can occur at any-time, at any place and any-fond moment within the vision of the mind's eye. Surely, the angel of death is within the perimeter, due to the signal of the cross. Realizing you're only a bullet away from martyrdom and a signal away from calling them to the promise that human shall mow, self in heave, your soul thrive, tear it and a drop for the sensation of regretting, anticipating that the reflection of the hero after in freedom closer to where you're coming, but aware that you're closer to death.

Note: People show their future as if the promised everything would in life in a step closer to death, therefore, death is the only thing promised to us.
"Spirituality"

Bear in mind that spiritual survival is more important than physical. A concept the modern humanity is not expected to forget; and not realizing our spiritual being is the essence that truly lives on and living itself is eternal. Our exterior grows old; while the interior, no worth gold. Furthermore, than earthly material; guilt that is not equal to paradise's premium. It's a spiritual warfare, that cannot be conquered by the physical, body which is shortly to decay. Our spirituality helps us to fulfill life's test, because life's death is only physical. Mentally destroyed by the way resulting marks. Nevertheless, there is a thin line between physical and spiritual.

Side Note: As humans, we tend to focus on our "physical" which is our exterior being, and abandoning the spirit, which is the driver to our physical. Our physical is meaningless without our spirit. Oppose to a car meaning anything without its driver.
"What makes you a nigga"

Do not label me a nigga; because of the color of my skin and the texture of my hair, which is extremely beautiful. Due to my knowledge and experiences, makes me far from a "nigga". A "nigga" is one whom is ignorant of what he's capable of. A mindstate, that is truly a disease. Deceptive deceived to believe that which we're called. Yet, we revere by degrading ourselves. It's something we should refrain from ourselves or our upcoming will become a monopoly, no matter what texture of the hair, or color of the skin. It's the mindstate what makes you a nigga.

Side Note: Due to my studies on this degrading word; I came across that it's referred to a mental state and not an ethnicity. Therefore, any culture of the human race can fall short of this word.
"Rooted in Knowledge"

My pedagogy is prodigy, approximately etiquette for those who are delicate and decent in knowledge. Do not confuse the way I finesse my words with manipulation, penetrating the words within the nafs of the believer. Blessed to be internationally verbal—skills that are enormously honored. An intrigued-talent that’s between me, myself, and I only—reminding me how virtuous I am completely—exceptional to the utmost respectable individual invisible, visionary, tipicked extravaganzas. Please—excuse my cockiness and obnoxiousness that is unattractively a confident compliment; for those who are rooted in knowledge.

Note: Knowledge is power; he who lacks it lacks understanding, and he who lacks understanding lacks the significance of life.
"Equivalent hearts."

My heart beats for you. It yearns nothing but peace for, and a uncommon grace is what it keeps for you deep inside. My high flown emotions keep my adrenaline pumping and your love is my gas to keep it flowing within me. However, now it's torn and empty, because of the absence of you not being with me. It's hard to endure. Never again or never more will let you about my heart once more, because of the pain and, I need you put me through. You gave me false when I gave you truth, you gave me fed, when I gave you love and all you have done was misunderstood me. Our hearts seal when you hug me, so how can you prevent what's lovely? Denying the fact that you love me... you will never notice the equivalence of our hearts.

*Note: I wrote this for a woman who was in love with the idea more than she was in love with me; deceived by falsehood... she couldn't even recognize authentic love.*
"Jihad"

It's rigid fighting this holy war when you're detached from the truth, fighting in the cause of my roots weren't if I'm mispleasing the divine - selling narcotics to survive, craving better days will revive, in the battle of good and evil, yet still apart of the daily crime. However, I still attend Jumm'a on Fridays pursuing what I have to do, committing what I need to do, yet confusing it with the good that I want to do am I a hypocrite? - Doing evil is pleasure to my bones yet being good is my goal. They say our sins are paid for, yet we still pay for evil and trying to survive in a country where I'm considered foreign contemplating whether I'm punished by allah's laws or America's, fighting this holy war.

Sub-Note: "Jihad" is an arabic word for "fighting the holy war" as people in this world we crave success without struggle, life is full of experiences, there is no such thing having success without struggle.
"Clear Intuition"

Originally born in the motherland of the pyramids that have never been deciphered, nor duplicated. Visualizing through my mind's eye, I can sense my success before me. Recognizing the sins I committed, five times more, forgive me six times less. Monopolizing entities and keeping my dignity made me a better man in life. Preserving my integrity as a African and standing my ground with humility, illuminated a greater light on my decisions. Created to be a consequence, built to withstand in this temporary European man's world. Prevail upon and judged, yet I still stand. Believing in Allah, not based upon the lines in my hands, and aware that He's not restricted with old sameness, to a point. Allah knows, however, death is near age and my sins will be multiplied slow that I see clearly... my clear intuition.

Note: Our intuition is our mill and enlightenment, yet we still attend to make wrong decisions.
"Cannot get Enough"

I just cannot get enough of your Kansotic brown skin and your alluring physique, giving me an arousing erection every time I lay sight on you. The way your bones navigate through your body language I know you ahah. We just for me and my masculinity increases every time I'm in your presence. I cannot get enough of your smile illuminating the bedroom noticing I'm the only individual that can produce that idea inside, making it rigid for the next man who tries to arouse you. I cannot get enough, similar to a junkie as the sucrine engorges into his veins, collecting his pain and agony. Your love is so incredible, so inevitable that I cannot come at night looking over your statue, almost vacant, and your nipples this same size as a diminutive point. As I appreciate every sexual organ on your body, only you can fulfill my expectations of pleasure, measuring need that drives me luscious desires, why I cannot get enough.

Side Note: I wrote this for a childhood friend that I just couldn't get enough of. Everything about her seemed so perfect. I'm certain everyone had that moment when that sexual desire rises in you and you wish for it that person.
"Too good to be true."

They say some women are too good to be true—too real to believe, so I'm attentive with what I receive within my core. My mind rebels, useless, knowing that this woman has my mental innumerable ways that'll drive a prankish man clueless. Her beautiful presence cause me like a wildflower higher than an African eagle, gliding over the pyramids of Kenya Americans yet still in touch with her culture and know how to segregate the phoenix bird from a vulture. Visioning of being in love that Paul quoted in First Corinthians, however, still afraid by the fear of her words faithful thoughts and countless faults towards a woman who doesn't exist but cannot escape these emotions. I leave far behind her intellect and words with her in the small societal continuum, and personal body, visioning wanting to consider a girl, so we create music. Everything that I traverse and every thing that I've done of this woman in too good to be true.

Beautiful! A woman who is too good to be true is a woman you will have to reach out for; someone you will have to be careful giving your heart. Certain moments do not understand, is that when a man loves, he loves hard, and certain women will take your loyalty for weakness.
"Oblivion"

The state of being completely forgotten. Forgotten in the eyes of those whom you love. Something that every human being will experience in this blissful life. An inevitable reality you cannot escape—mentally and physically, inattentive like a child, within prison walls, by his conception and love ones neglected like a maroon stranded on a deserted island. Painfully, accepting the fact he will not be identified by those whom he holds at a high state. Society convinces us that heroes are only remembered. Pretending to scrutinize their lives, what no longer exist. Just because we are forgetful doesn't mean we aren't truly loved.

Side Note: The biggest fear for a person who is incarcerated is to be forgotten by his love ones. Nothing else truly matters; not love, death, only the remembrance from those who have a position in his life.
"Hiding Her Beauty"

Hiding her beauty within the European brothers.
Not realizing her natural self is most glorified.
And certified in the sight of those who see conies
of their Lord. The kinked hair epitomizes the
Garden of Eden, the promise land of abundance
where the tribes of Adam and Eve accompanied.
The brown skin symbolizes the soil and sand which
treated us free, yet also destroying her royalty by
American cosmetics. Deceived by genetics, fate,
and so she conceals her fitness through make-up—
mercilessly to what she truly is, similar to a cloud of
a circus presenting his identity. Her identity is
fabricated, deceptive, expected to her true
self-identification. Not knowing, where she came from,
she still never knew who she is, hiding her
identity.

This new concept of essays are nothing but
lying need to deceived, invisible to be beautiful.
Weaves, braids, and lace, fake eyelashes.
However, in reality, their true self is most
identified as human, one need to practice
authenticity more...
"Living in Lies"

Living in lies disguised in costumes that weren't made for us. False advertisement that brought pain on us, and fain on us like a rain forest by the government's delusion. Visioning a king from the reflection of the mirror, and not the slave boy under the hooded sweater that I was several years ago. Pretending to be something I'm not, and not pertaining to something I got which is a spiritual blessing any man would kill for - trampling my dress, revealing my past and intellect- ing the true emotions that I have in my starchy box. Expecting my companion to be real when I'm living a lie about that ignorant I am. Lied to about who I really am, and not doing about reality can - killed to be a killing man, but never loved to be a loving man, which I was made for. Damn! These lies! I've paid for, this is something to be ashamed for, but if living a lie was the truth, then I am happy that I come forward; living these lies side note; I witnessed a lot of kids, as well as myself, - grew up in a society filled with lies believing that we who we truly are. Until we learn about true history and culture, we will never know who we are or what we're capable of.
"Living in America"

Living in America, misguided and lied to mislead us with
table, we love and cry to someone we have to open up our eyes too. Nothing americans cold and the sky too blue. And realize smog is going through engage besides saw living in americans. Our minds play tricks on us. Our freedom of speech doesn't matter in this world. So I wonder why conduct life out. Did the government just claim and play so us? Is it meant for us? Are they still hiding our identity?

Incorporated in institutions ensuring the welfare to remedy thinking. No one does not know his destiny. I'm basically wrong. However, it is necessary to take on the matter of life. Should spiritually living in america contains it. Not lonely anymore. Your answer is not. It is when another world we are not the ordinary discrimination. It is central things in this world that all know deep about me. Nevertheless, it's a wrong complaint. It's just the act of others living in america....

Note: America is not a country. It is a corporation - built from three nations. These same people until people come into the truth, they will continue to be lost.
"Jami'a"

A quality that delights the senses; loneliness, magnificents. An essence that's discreetly invisible to express, a desire of my heart's desire, not seen as an entity because of the volatility of its curriculum. It is caught by every man's eye in this world; a priceless essence that can only be attributed to Allah Most Exalted, however, only appears through a few, and if you only knew how much love it obtains. It plays a major part in interactions on this earth, and what it's worth, I cannot explain; how it's stunningly beautiful.

Note: "Jami'a" is an Arabic word for "Beautiful" which is attributed to Allah and his creation (Mankind). To him belongs the greatest of names.
"ONE NIGHT STAND"

Infatuated with our one night stand with chocoflat strawberries and scented candles illuminating the hotel suite. Washing her fluids off yet craving for more, but will never see her anymore because of the miles between us. An instant connection due to the spark between
us and could hear and feel nothing but the air between us. Unbelievable love at first sight, and if I'm right I might give her my heart to carry home. How did I fall in love? Maybe it's her independence or her capability of being in tune with what she wants. Life doesn't have to be too perfect. Our desires, continuously changing, fluids off trying to regain the euphoric vision. Not a complete loss to my heart to let to me create a comfortable situation. Highly connected with my sexuality yet in reality, I still never
get to see this woman again. My one night stand.

Note: Only an individual who travels will understand this for sure. Sometime being on the road you may get caught up in a capture with a woman you may never see again.
"Flora"

Guiding her to my bedroom followed up by rose peddles. Not realizing the meaning of her name or the quality it obtains. A sign from mother earth that's beautiful, and beautified only from an individual who's willing to grow my concrete feet that gives me the perfect seat through my nylon, and I'm the water to your growth so please indulge me. Truly I desire the garden Allah forbid me from. However, the flora noticed my attention and not to mention, say immoral conduct can lead me to a harsh detention, so if I shall reparish, keep me in a garden of flowers.

Side Note: I wrote this for a poem that I believe will become a beautiful flower one day. Autocriticism has a lot of love and respect for a woman I can make a lady out of.
"Graveyard Love"

She expressed her love through blind and passion, killing for my fabled attraction, that attacks the core of her emotions, hypnotizing by my love potion, upsurging, red, trying to liberate a minute hate homicide-like vile for our love and everything that gets in the way and praying for another day that may not be promised. I promised I was in love with the possession has for me, but threatening by theange, she may, grace for me in the future, that is followed up by a graveyard going to sleep with the gypsies, being pass when truth comes because when fate comes, this can lead to a proven murder. She's like a female beast with obvious on her face, where she seems the blames one for pain that she's on in less humanity in an unknown that's constructed instead of what the facts mean, and her textuality to the unknown in the through daily and willing. Allah will embrace you in their open and love.

This is for a woman who is in love with a crazy woman, attracted to her insanity. This accord with the might do to bind.
"Graveyard Love"

She expressed her love through blind and passion, killing for my radical attraction. That attack's the grip of her emotions, hypnotize by my love potion. Unfortunately, she's trying to liberate a minute late homicide. She kills for our love, and everything that gets in the way and proving for another day that may not be promised. I promised for in love with thereeze has for me, but threatening by the george, she never, never for me in the future. It's followed up by a graveyard feeling. To sleep with two guns being for when truth comes back or when fate comes this can lead to a juvenile murder. She's like a female beast, with charging on her. And strange moody, she proves up for pain that never got a chance. As usual, the fact that she's not on control, or usual, the fact that she's not a chance, still be extenuated. Always in a chance to be with even your story.

Note: This is for a woman who's in love with a crazy woman. Attended to me recently, the question was the night she took.
"Significance of the Pen"

Reciting poetry through a hieroglyphic mindstate, painting visions with the qalam Allah blessed us with. Our struggles are the foundation to our present ship thanks to the pen we would not have any history without the pen we will go through misery and not being able to write down our emotions and memories. The significants of the qalam is spiritual and beautified through the invisible one, who shapes New in creation. When it comes to man and the pen, there is no segregation trying to separate whom this world will be due to the separation; inspiration will truly be rooted within significant. Surely entities are sighted through a man’s eye, however, the qalam reveals what’s within a man’s mind, significants of the pen.

Side note: The ink of a scholar is worth a thousand times, more than the blood of a martyr. The pen is a beautiful instrument to those who know the significants of it.
Fifty you are a stranger that I have not seen in this lifetime. Indeed I will not the sight upon this women. I sit in that chair a woman who more scenic that the other is the image she appears to hold up by other means. Namely more ravaged she than the other woman that brings us together. Because you're the woman on the corner that seems almost to be a part of the scene. She is the one with the eyes that never fail to see the beauty in the world, even when it seems to be the most mundane of acts. Her presence brings a sense of calm and serenity to those around her, her smile like the sun on a cloudy day.
If you shall kill me physically; spiritually I will love you still. I need you like the sick needs their pill, and the drug dealer needs his scale, because your love is addicting. We're harmonized similar to Adam and Eve. What Allah perceived in the beginning, so if man is blind and woman is witness then we belong together. If we shall person together it's for the better, because attachment is7 fathered in this accursed world. We are both from the land of the beginning, which is therapeutic to the eyes of an eyeless one, or the soul being that tries to duplicate our love, our love is meant to be. If not tell me why I cannot sleep and every time your name is mentioned I get weak. What is love if it's not with me, what is love if it's not to be; what is love that's not with me, our love is meant to be.

Side Note: I wrote this for a woman who I honestly think hasn't understood the level of love I have for her.
"NIGHTMARE CREATURE"

Grain of malice in ghostly, hair of wisps, eyes of ice, this
that never ends, a woman of all time never in time
with her Kentecic culture, raped in this world
because her beauty only for her wrong companions,
knowing in of the finest sources, wondering
who stands in her present, wondering why, why
who cannot control his thoughts, wondering her
until glance Kentecic origins in the ice, but time
not the dramatic warming up companions
that my irises regain.

Side Note: A lot was impossible to get a lot of them
and not knowing of who they are, so they moved
around without realizing their own, not realizing
how they died.
Seeking Love in the Wrong Places

A lost girl with no where to go, no family to turn to, no positive way to earn, so she did what her heart and mind wanted. Her intellect is corrupted with turmoil and life. Her best friend is named Sarah, and heroin who introduced her to the game of life. Heroin opened the doors for sex and money, it gave her the peace she was seeking and chains. Sex gave her the love she was desperately searching for, but it was no longer joy, seeking it in the wrong places. Wrong time with different places. She sells her self, her body, to no longer trusted, because she degrades herself as if there were no more options. No where to turn so one stabs like any normal person. Her girl with no where to go, seeking love in the wrong places. Her heart is soft centered and her family is separated, so she joins society her struggle is over. Motivated to engage her needle for stimulation, no purpose, and falling under the desperation, maintained, tormented youth searching for innovation. Lost girl with no where to turn, seeking love in the wrong places.

Note: I wrote this for our young women who are not receiving the love they need at home, so they are looking for it in the wrong places. Addiction ruins lives in every way, they drink and use drugs, sex, displacement, just to get the emptiness from the despair. Would society give them love in the right places?
"Kissmilleh"

her appearance is beautiful like a surviving flower through the colony plunder, trying to endure, she withstood what it went through so amazed by her beauty. I almost lost sight of my previous heartbreak. These words had weakened they can convert tocoh. I know Kissmilleh as I lower my charm and ask Allah for forgiveness for seeing her so much beauty is being taken away. I need to make a man see a lot. Why would Allah make me witness this so I would still make it hard for people to forget Kissmilleh.

Kissmilleh is so beautiful in the moment. She wore this new necklace, be one item simple and elegant. With this, I would feel a woman more attractive and beautiful and it would make it hard for us to keep our composure.
"Breaking the chains"

Breaking the chains of our conscious no longer physically, but mentally slaved through manipulation being deceived by material things and not analyzing the truth, or the root to all evil. He who conquers the mind conquers life, and not those who are blind of their capability and stuck in their facility way of life. We no longer rule our life, until we utilize our conscious to the full capacity. Keeping our chastity, by excluding falsehood and not accepting anything standing up for justice, enjoining others right and forbidding what wrong is the only message to breaking the chains.

Ideally we are no longer physically slaved. However, mentally slaved to earthly materials and American propaganda. We need to be more conscious of our reality.
How did we fall out as a nation and lose everything we stood for and not liberate against injustice? Devalued from our culture and families, manipulated to hate one another and judge one another unjustly due to religious, racial and class issues. As a people, we were treated with disrespect and with the inferiority of an animal that did we forget who the enemy was and still today the seed of corruption and emotion within the community. God... the targets that will no longer can be experienced, the more often because the core factor is it will come soon in our communities. As I lied, I would spend my whole life asking others, "Am I a bad person?" and I still don't...
"I Hate"

I hate the fact that I like these things. Fly greece, diamond rings are material things I don't need. I hate the fact that I like the music played on my screen, consciously aware that she's degrading herself. I hate the fact that I fell into these negative desires, driven from myOnce way of life. I hate the fact that I use the generation playing in the government's head of society, where I am that I'm attracted to negativity, yet seeking freedom. I'm merely searching for the comedy, to ease this sin in me. I hate the fact that I love these things.

Note: Men and women alike possess their desires actions and are not determined. This must be left consciously aware.
"Shorty"

Shorty is fatherless, and brainwashed from a virus within the African community. Accepting the turmoil and poverty within his surroundings, rooted and grounded in the madness that is truly a sickness. Far from a witness, because he was taught to be (hit the bodies) in his neighborhood. Never been loved, so he treats, slavened with disrespect and mercy. Gave for love, respect and dignity. Living on hearsay, not knowing the truth, the meaning of life or the bottom of his boot, as he walks the earth with pride and the sky is the limits for mankind, but due to his mind, his limits are no existence than the conjurer whose he resides ignorant in expanding his mind and self-satisfaction, with just being a shorty.

Education, I wrote, does not mean for young people about themselves in society, not realizing the world is bigger than this neighborhood. The more we expand our mind, the reasons we will receive. Attitude brings in thought, conclusion, and action.
"Living in America Part II"

Living in America, indeed unjustly and criticize
ded and manipulated by the tyrants of this country
gold for currency, with no courtesy for a human being
era keyotic King who strives for success. Living
in America sometimes it gets frustrating supporting
their families from grave and jail sentences, that are
filled with pre people trying to take the path by
placing their authority, different colors in the price
system, yet black and brown in the majority. Living in
America where there is no loyalty blind of our
loyalty and broke with no countries, present ones
cursefully yet rejected of our parents as if we
were born willingly proud of our black present and so
if we not their equal promoted by tyrants and
propaganda. I truly am弾ted....

Note: I write a book on diversity and equality is an issue because being a black in this color
country that hose are too blind to realize we
would not get anywhere by being passive we
have to stand up for what is right and social what is
wrong.
"Acknowledgments"

First and foremost, I like to say ‘Alhamdulillah’ (All praise is due to God), which means all praise is due to God, Leader of the believers. Without which I would not be able to accomplish anything in this life. I want to give a shout out to my tribe, family, and love ones. My old but always deepest: Salam, my community, my future supporter, and ever lovely my students and those who forgot about me. May Allah always have mercy on you all. Free my people. I love you big and hold your head and heart not at least the emotion for helping. I appreciate the sleeping hours, thanks to my friends again for making your time out stay for me. Thank you, my lovely people.

- John E. D.