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Kentucky

This section has writings all about Kentucky and the way I was raised in Kentucky - From a smart mouthed runny nose kid to the man I am today also about the Derby and the great crops Kentucky is known for. There is more to Kentucky than bluegrass, horses and Kentucky Basketball – Go Cats! 31 – 0 as of right now. Born in Louisville but I am a die hard Cat fan!
From all that farm work
Raised on them fields
Running plows under that mean old sun
Grandpa proud as hell
That old man still totes
Around that hand me down hand gun
Hell he might still drink
One or two
Might even burn one
Or hell a few
But we’re like him
Hard working
Tried and true
Fight for what’s right
Love our women right
Always stand up
For the red
The white
The blue
Country boy swag
Country boy swag
Country boy swag
I keep my sticky green truffles
In my John Deere bag
Got a few sacks
Got a few stacks
On my way to the lab

(Chorus)
We like our bourbon strong
Our women soft
Our weekdays short
Our weekends long
Hell sitting on the back of this old
Pick'em truck
We'll burn one
Then sing ya a Kentucky song
Kentucky Mud
Jim Beam late nights
Young kids living out there grown up dreams
Buffalo Trace goes good over ice
While Wild Turkey makes the judges feel nice
Cornfields Markers Made
Field parties after dark
A few good ol' shots and you're on a new expedition
Like Lewis and Clark
Kentucky Mud
Goes great with our
World famous home grown Kentucky
Snow flake bud
ain't nothing like
Some good ol'
Kentucky mud

Robert "Beau" Wayne Meadows III
Robert "Beau" Wayne Meadows III

Kentucky Bred

Walking in them old woods
Fishing all day
Doing whatever a country boy could

Like the wind
every takea new sigh

I am Kentucky Bred
Kentucky clear or apple-pie
turned this o'f fishing boy

Fishing all day
Walking in them old woods
Till the city went outta sight

"I am Kentucky Bred" Turned this o'f fishing boy

"Kentucky Bred" Fishing all day
Walking in them old woods
Till the city went outta sight

Those creeks run deep in the Kentucky boy's blood
But my mind went forever green.

Brought up fish in that old red
As the snow flake bud
No more being Kentucky Bred

Kentucky Bred

I got introduced to a new friend
In a old brown jug
But them woods.

While the other took my body to the ground
My belly would burn

Then a sticky weed in a jar
And in them old woods
My lungs as I pulled in

Then my lungs as I pulled in
And in them old woods
My lungs as I pulled in

At the tender age of thirteen
No more being Kentucky Bred

I am Kentucky Bred

Fishing all day
Walking in them old woods
Till the city went outta sight

"I am Kentucky Bred" Turned this o'f fishing boy

"Kentucky Bred" Fishing all day
Walking in them old woods
Till the city went outta sight

"I am Kentucky Bred" Turned this o'f fishing boy
Kentucky Proud

Every Sunday morning it’s off to church to pray
As children then as adults
On our knees nightly
   We pray
   For health
   Of our family
For help with the crops
Maybe for a little wealth
The John Deere tractor helps recycle our soil
While rain helps the crops grow
   Corn tobacco
Maybe some sticky green grass
Is a little of the good stuff we grow
Now around Derby
Our little state is in the spotlight
Lot of good looking women
   Around these parts
   But don’t stay too long
Cause they love to see us fight
It is a lot of those underground crops
   That we are known for
So when Johnny Law comes around your ship better be tight
We are Kentucky proud
We are Kentucky raised
   Kentucky bred
We work hard in the dog days of summer
   Party hard at night
But to the man above
   We still give the upmost praise
If only I could turn back these hands of time
   If I could jump in this picture
Or bring this memory in mind back to life
   I would do a lot of things different
I’d miss the pain but never the dance
   Take it all back way back when
Way back before I was a dead beat dad
Back when love for ___ that old Brunette was all I had.
Back when the back seat of that old Regal
   Was where we got a lot sleep?
Before the drinks before the fights
Before my baby would cry all night
   I remember holding you
Looking out over Louisville
At the top of Iroquois Park

You knew in my arms you were protected
From all the bad people and things of the dark
My face in your hair you body against mine
We together strong without a care

Against family
Against friends
Against our own parents
Just me and you
You were my June
I thought I was Johnny
Just love in a bottle
Taking life on at full throttle

I remember picking you up for school
Just to go chill at Justin’s apartment
   Cuz we were way 2 cool
Late nights were spent skinny dipping
   In my daddy’s pool
My face in your hair
You screaming but momma
   I love him
You don’t understand
I thought I was Johnny
Just love in a bottle
Taking life on at full throttle

20 years
Now have come and gone
Since our hands together seen the sunlight
A guitar now my only friend
You happy as you moved on
Our son the best of both of us
As time
As life
Rolls on
Against family
Against friends
Against our own parents
Just you and I
You were my judge
I thought I was Johnny
Just love in a bottle
Taking life on at full throttle

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Weep no more my baby
Oh! Weep no more to-day
We will sing one more song
For this New Kentucky home to-day

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Hate

Fear Allah
Hate all Americans
Hunt all Americans
Islam, Iraqi’s they hate us
But when they need help it is only us

Land of the free
Home of the brave
Bombings they plan
Murder of innocent Americans they plan
While they hide in some desolate cave

I might not be a big fan of Kentucky laws
But Mother America I love
But at the rate we are going as a nation
It is just a matter of time before freedom falls

Red
White
Blue
The Statue of Liberty
She stands so tall
Through 9/11
Through the Boston marathon bombings
America still the beautiful
Oh how it still rings true
Hated by many
Loved by few

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Kentucky Childhood Memories

Me and dad used to fish every weekend
The only thing a young Kentucky boy had to look forward to
  My dad my friend
If that old Astro boat could talk
  It'd tell a tale of us
  Burning up them lakes
  Smoking bowls of fire
Laughing till we almost bust
A dad a son just having fun
  Shooting ball
  Working on cars
These are just some of my Kentucky childhood memories

It's all right here in my mind
All my fishing memories
  Seeing raccoons on the banks of the lake
  Feeding big cats
  Drinking my first beer
  How I wanted to
Walk tall look strong
  Look like I had no fear
Hunts back then turned to white tails
  No not the does

We had classic rock-n-roll
  On the radio
  Smiling in the sun
This was something I would eventually out grow
The time it was a son and his dad just having fun

One day dad said son you're thinking with the wrong head
Then a met a girl
  A year later
  She's pregnant
Boy how that changed my outlook on the world
  Seventeen
A baby boy heaven sent
Little Bits and Pieces of Me
This section is all about me, just tid bits of my life. How I was raised, how my life is in prison. Just some little pieces of me that I hope you as a reader find interesting. Please I hope no takes offense to any of these writings. No harm was intended.

Robert "Beau" Wayne Meadows III
Remembering
I seen her pass by in school
With some of her friends
I knew then I had to have her
I knew one day she would be mine
But I was cool I just had to give it time

I sat for a year
Then I asked her for her digits
So beautiful she was
My precious
Black slacks
No sleeves
White stripes
Me just cool biding my time
Got the number
Walking away so beautiful
I still knew in my heart she would be mine

Seen her days later
A soft summer breeze blowing through her hair
My eyes drunk on her
Her eyes looking at me
Instantly hooked
Like a fish in the worlds
Giant sea

Clear skies
A clear mind
I was in heaven
For the first time ever
No pretend
I never wanted to leave
I never wanted
Those times to end
In different places
One free
One confined
Yet
So close
Yet so far
Away

Robert "Beau" Wayne Meadows III
Maybe she was wrong
But their son was growing into a healthy man
Alive the father
Out of sight
Out of mind
Somewhere in the state’s care
But he lived vicariously through another’s eyes
All those calendars changing living in constant despair
She didn’t see his tear stained cheeks
So Jack Mack and weights became his only friends
But on his son he couldn’t speak
But for the rest of his life
His son
Was a friend
He would
Always
Seek
If I slip
If I fall
If I sin
It'll be my minute
Your hour
My words though the power
I talk of past pain
I think of future failures
I see pain in the mirror
I see I am a failure
I failed you
You trusted me
You hate me
I talk of past pain
I see the future hate
I look through your eyes
But on love
I still procrastinate
Outta Sight Outta Mind

It seems to be
A part of doing time
So we’re not family
Since I committed a crime

You lose touch in here
Friends & Family
Can’t see so they don’t think
A waste of life like a cup of water they won’t drink

Outta mind
We all are one time or another
We were so close on the streets
Now when you think of me you beat your feet
A hug HA! That would be a great find

You can see
So you can’t feel
I am not here, so I can’t be
We cannot touch so we cannot heal

When I am free
You want to see me
A relationship
14 years
Then you wonder why my shoulder has a chip

We grew up together
Inseparable
We laughed we fought
Two of a kind through any weather

I end up behind miles of barb wire
You decide to jump ship
To your face I call you a liar
Into my soul you rip

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
You’ll Never Get the Satisfaction
The broken glass on the floor
Is the reason I will never forget the face
   No, I am imprisoned
In this god forsaken place
Forever ended when our everything became nothing
I will never give her the satisfaction to show her that she
   meant something
Now beautiful scars cover my shattered heart
I searched for help
But family friends and her hand pulling away let a young man
   fall apart
   My sun
   My soul
Finally burnt out
A darkness began in my mind
Constantly awakened by horror filled screams
Of this nightmare 1998
   I just want out
   My days now consist of constant doubt
Thinking 4-ever was there another route
But now not for me
   In a rut
   In a hole
   To a padded cell
I made my own kitchen
wear a beard guard in this hell
Oh did I forget to mention
   Shattered dreams
   Shattered glass
   Shattered lives
I still won’t give you the satisfaction
Of seeing my tears
Of hearing my pain racked sobs
   Or my broken screams

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Unapologetic
Feel like the time is right
If it’s your minute
Then it has to be my hour
Feel the words as they rise from this screen
Picture their power
It’s all in a name
So the drops on your cheek
Show that these words reign
Its Meadows shower

People complained about the way I was raised
They insulted my culture
In the belly of the beast at trial
I noticed
I was surrounded by vultures
Family friend’s baby mama
Ya’ll stood in the shadows
Alone the media tortured
Now you wonder why
Why I rage against this beast I dwell in
Why I stand alone, yet I stand tall
refuse to lose
refuse to fall
Why my mind needs quarantine

Picture
Your mother crying
Every night
Everyday
Her pain deep
Daily a little more each day
Riddle me that
Why my melancholy
Doesn’t match my wit
But if thinking is my only folly
Now I know why I never felt holly or fucking jolly

Unapologetic

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Block Writings
This section is full of writings on different subjects as well as a few of my longer writings. Not so much poetry as more of block writing I would call them. I do hope you enjoy reading them. There is someone dear to my heart that enjoys these writings; I hope you’re still there? A few of these are for you.
Nothing But A Memory
Sometime on this journey that we call life, we tend to lose track of our loved ones. The people who are truly dear to our heart, circumstances are for different reasons, whether it is prison, jail, raising a family, moving due to a job or maybe life just zipped by. Before you know it years have come and gone by. People lose touch and feelings end up getting hurt. Bridges get burnt and then families slowly fall apart. Some bury their sorrows in drugs and alcohol, placing blame on other people. Then using the holidays as a time to drown themselves in the wrong things, but this does nothing but bring pain into people’s hearts.

So remember the path that you choose in life, the path you decide to walk down affects people around you, not just you. Remember you’re not alone. Family is supposed to be like your second home.

Sometimes you have to move on, forgive and try to forget. People make mistakes. It is hard but we must move on as adults. Time goes on. It doesn’t stop for any of us. I learned this the hard way.

So we rush through life trying to get to the parts. Passing by family and friends, not realizing some of the better parts of life are unexpected or time spent with your child or family. Just talking, just living life, but living like this the time that we have wasted can never get back again.

Some people get older, getting hung up on things they have lost or times that they have been hurt. Sometimes it just takes living through something to experience life and learn how to cope then move on.

Never forget your memories, like your Child’s first steps or first word - mama or dada. These memories leave an ever lasting emotional attachment in our body and mind.

Think enjoy life, before you end nothing but a memory.
Violence
Why is it
That violence
Is so prevalent in our society?
Do all have something to prove?
Why do we have to prove anything to anyone?
Are we trying to show how immature we truly are?
That we can not act our age
Or that we have to show everyone how tough we are
Or think we are
Like a goofy childish badge
Most of your tough people
End up dead or in prison
Wishing they were free
If you could really fight
You’d get paid to do it
Think before you hit
Think before you strike out
Think before you put your hands on another human being
What if that was your father
Our brother
Our son
You mother
Your sister
Your daughter
What if you had to switch places?
What if the one being picked on was you?
Junkies
The dead in this realm, they have many different highways. The dead I speak of are not your normal dead. The ones I speak of are the ones who litter all walks of society. The ones who infiltrate your heart as they make their way to the state prison system. Eventually to be lost in a drugged out coma for the rest of their life, where each waking moment is consumed by the need the want the urge – the knowing that they must get high. Every waking second bent on this one goal. Weather fighting, stealing, or by using their bodies for sexual favors, whatever it takes to get high, these people will not be denied. They’ll put their loved ones through hell. Their loved ones turn into just another way to make a dollar. Then another excuse why their money hasn’t hit yet, but trust them it will. Never trust a dope fiend first rule, of life. They hope this excuse will help them get another hit snort or shot in the arm. Never too much usually not enough, but it is just another soul scar. Long ago these peoples conscious was lost or stolen by the drugs or abuse. Mothers purse, grand mothers bank book and savings. Doing what ever to talk people out of there money or belongings that they can sell or trade for dope. A realm a hell all of there own making. Better yet their own paranoid delusional dimension where God turns into a needle drawing heaven from a spoon. A pipe or some and others an old dollar bill rolled tight. Their own children have not a meaning. You can talk, you can scream but it is all to no means. Escaping their pain or just enjoying a buzz. Anything to get away from this life, to enjoy there stoned cold junkie reality. In there mind this place is an ecstasy better then their first child’s birth. How absurd, in their mind this is a never ending highway. Bars, steel, empty pockets, bumps and bruises, with no one to run to, only dope dealers and d-boyz to run from. Lost in there own dope fiend paradise. Where no debt is too deep, selling their soul for another high, in their minds just another way to get by.
Pops
They told me that you passed on
With tears in their eyes
There was just a click as I hung up the phone
No where to go, the cell naw
Can’t go home
So I hang my head as I continue to walk this yard
Alone
For so long nothing made since
Then after so many years we finally talked
Now I am thinking about hitting that fence
No beer
No joints
No lines or bumps
Just staring through the fence at the sun again
Will disappear

Now just lonely man
With no tears
Thinking about fishing smiling
Thinking about the dog days of summer and growing up
Man, you’ll take me every weekend
Now I’m the one doing the hunting
I’m calling out
But time we just don’t have the time
If we did I am here
We still couldn’t spend
Damn man I wanted to be there
Till the end

They told me that the good die young
But, shit man I never thought it would be you
I thought the air would leave my lungs
But, no you fell victim to cirrhosis and Hep c
Still though you drink to the end
I hope you’re smiling down from heaven
My father
My friend
Holy Writings

These next few pages are things I wrote in church, and about church. A lot of these writings are centered on our savior Jesus Christ. Then about how I relate prison with God and how only He can truly help us out, no matter what we do wrong in life. Regardless whether we are wrong or right, we can all be saved. We as humans just have to repent. Change our lives for the better. Through Him and with Him we will be saved.
Faith
All people are sinners
No one person is better
Than another
No matter what they think
All people
Are created equal
In the eyes of God
The entire world
Is guilty in one way or another
In the eyes of God
But through
Jesus
Are sins
Are forgiven
Christ died for our sins
He took our punishment
On that old wooden cross
For the world
Though
is hard
Through Him
We can
And we should
Live
In
Faith
Lord Watch Over Me, Please

Lord,
It has been hard all these years
Living life this way
Constantly struggling through the mess I have made
Of my life
My psychologist
She wonders why I would rather die than to continue
Living this way
But I walk amongst the blind
They constantly walk in circles
Looking for a truth
In all life’s little lies
But reality hope is something that they will find
They really do not understand Lord
It all starts in the heart
In the soul
In the mind
But I refuse to accept this reality now
I was brought up broke
I was brought up poor
All I ask
Is Lord Watch over me?
Lord watch over my son
Lord save me
I just want to live life
Free
Unjudged
Unguided
I am done with this suicidal world
Worrying me
Brimstone
He rises
From a bed of hot brimstone
Looking forward
To another grueling day
On the wall a body hangs
Feet bound hands sewn
Walking over he laughs
As he licks blood
From the exposed backbone
Giving a slight sigh
Then a swift punch
Followed by a moan
Looking out over his empire of lava and blood
His home
His hell
Will never be overthrown
His world of rage
His horns sharp as the sharpest steel
Claws long, ragged
Starting at your feet, right under the skin
He sees your pain
He gets his thrill
The ones who bring harm
On earth
Fall for his sex kittens
They get lured in by hard men
Seducing
With their devilish charm
Shhhh
Shhhh
No need to pray
Once he chooses you
My love there will be no getting away
Lucifer eyes green
Filled with hate
Filled disgust
Flames all that are seen
In the lost
The Ones for Whom We Pray
It might be weird to hear
Weirder to say
But crime has its heros
They may be nothing to you
In society’s eye complete zeros

Error whether on the court
Or error of opinion
Crime has martyrs
You think though
After so many years
As a nation
We would be smarter

There is truth
In the false
Also false in the truths
Of all
Pardon me
If I stumble in your way during life
Will you please help me fall?

To let me think
If we are the judges
Of the vain
I would testify
That prison leaves a stain
Not to be forgotten
On the ones
For
Whom
We pray

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Know

But lord you how fragile
I truly am
But you have been with me
Lord I can not thank you
Enough
Tattered and torn
Was my life
Thank you
Lord for helping me through
When I thought
I wasn’t
Good
Enough
Of The Wicked
It is wrong to envy the evil
It is wrong to desire their company
There hearts are always looking for violence
There voices spew venom
As there words stir up trouble

The wisdom
Of the lord is too high
For the fools of this world

If you fall under pressure then your strength
In the lord
Is too fragile

Godly people can fall
Seven times
With the lords constant help
They will continue to get up
And try again
But it takes
Is one disaster
To bring the wicked
Down

The wicked
Truly
Have
No future
There lights
Will
Be
Snuffed out

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
A Different Mix of Writings

This section is full of different writings. Different subjects, a mix, a medley of different styles. Something out of the ordinary, there are some shorter rhymes, some deep things some funny things. I hope you enjoy reading as much as I did writing them. Also a special writing for my son Tyler

Crucified
Always an easy target
Your knife
His back welcomes
Considered 2 smart
2 live right
Of course
Family tried
Friends tried
She tried
But bound for an institutional number
Bound to end up a statistic
Wanted so much more
But destined to this evil fate
Living a lie
Made a whole community hate
Still a target
A gray muzzle
Hollow eyez
Awaiting
A date

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Being a Dad

I may not be as wealthy as some men you meet
Or as clever as the man down the street
I may not have all the glory that some men have had
But I always just wanted to be my son’s dad

There are certain dreams for my son I would like see come true
Hopefully I can help him see them through
My only goal now is to find my little lad
And show him I do care for him I am his dad

It is a job I dream of most
Right now I have failed so I have nothing to boast
Without you Tyler in my life I’m sad
I just want you to know your real dad

I may never be perfect or have your mamas’ heart in gold
I want to show you that I do care before you or I get to old
With you in my life I will be anything but sad
I just want to know that I can succeed at one thing
Being Tyler’s dad
Seeking Forgiveness
A verdict
A courtroom full
A new destiny
A cage
A cell
A new hell
Handcuffed
Shackled
A door slams shut
A strong lock clicks into place
Alone
Past demons flaunt his mind
No hope
Ever again
Never free
Walls hard old
Paint flaking
No more emotion
Shackled for life by a mistake
By a crime
Forgiveness?
Never
The city
The world never forgets
Eyes slowly close
Darkness
Invades
A cross
Comes out of the darkness
A new emotion
Forgiveness
Tears flow freely
Puddles
Stain the old cell floor

Robert "Beau" Wayne Meadows III
Just Making You Think
A painting
Painted through different words
Through different meanings
With different phrases
Landsdscapes abound
Snow
Wind
Sun
Fire
Water
Rain
Feelings
Hurt
Love
Lost
Anger
Confusion
Views.

From stroke of a pen
Painter on this paper
The ink dries
As you wonder
To this world
Full of lies

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Prison Just Another Day
When it rains it pours
The penitentiary seems now to be full
Of cowardly whores
Mouths will run
Till their ass can’t cash the check
A whole lotta of I’m sorry man behind closed doors
I been through race riots where the tension was so thick
People got nervous at the slightest cough
Queers talking bout a diet
Shit that’s just AIDS the talking
But a set of shaved legs
Will keep the weak minded gawk
But me I just keep on walking
Cowards they just do too much talking
Me I am just trying to stay sane
But don’t say you feel me till you take a walk in my state boots
Felt my pain
Seen what I’ve seen
Did what I have did
I’ll survive
Fighting robbering stabbing extorting
For pride
For respect
For a way to be the wolf
Never the coward
Ten toes down
Never the cell warrior

Push me too far and you’ll see my hidden side
The side I keep locked away
But touch my son
Hurt my boy
You’ll meet that other man today
I’ll unlock these old chains
Faith will be
Undone

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
He traveled alone
As he got older
His attitude
His fist
Had to always be slick
Drinking he started
Joint’s turned to blunts
A 40oz a day
As the young man started to fade away

All the pain
All the suffering
Made him want to take something
But fights leave once clean hands stained
Always told you won’t be a thing
A convict
Prison they said
You’re not worth a shit
Now you wonder why
The child found this bit

So he lost it all
Hope gone
Faith fallen
This is not a story
It’s just one man’s simple reality
Now he thought they were right
Because now I am state property

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
The Climb
Darkness fills his lonely mind
As he climbs the mountain side of despair
His pale shadow skirts the clouds
It struggles to fully peak through
As do this lost mans feelings
Through the darkness the man reaches another peak
Another one of lives dark hills conquered
As acid rain falls the lost
He is constantly looking for a way through
While demons
Lay in wait for the falling
To hunt
To devour
Gnashing of their teeth
Can be heard
As blood stained claws rip through
The unwanted and lost skin
Death cackles as the lost cry as they’re consumed
The man struggles on
Slip, slip in mud
Or was that blood
But he shakes his head and fights on
As lighter tares through the sky
Looking up the man sees he has along journey still
To bring everything that he can
To escape the hell
In his mind

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Writings Coming Down The Pipe

1. “A Zombie Kinda High” is book based on a new drug that has well we will say special affects on its users. The book follows a man named Dex Mellows around Louisville Ky, as he watches the good times unfold around him.

2. “Silentwood” a fantasy novel based around a young women coming of age. In the Kingdom of Lakewood, Princess Shyann is sent off to learn how to fight. She does not want to go, but reluctantly does. With the help of friends she becomes an excellent fighter, skilled in many arts. Watched over by a mysterious stable hand Mr. Lightfoot, she comes into Silentwood – the Lady in black’s new domain. The Queen of Darkness has found the Magical Tear of Hades. As all hell breaks loose around the Princess Shyann, she has to come up with a solution, before it is too late.


4. “D-boy Stories” real life crimes and times, from 1995 to 1999, one boy’s journey to manhood. From the country to the city. Names have been changed to protect the Guilty or Innocent.

5. “Prison Writings” writings that have been written in prison. Some about prison some not. But guaranteed to make you think, some things to make you think twice about committing a crime.

6. “17 Flat” stories about how things really work in prison. How we get it in, how we hustle behind the fence. Not due until I am free: the real dirt about prison – sex – drugs – Violence. Crazy I seen through the eyes of a man who has done or witnessed it all.

There will be more poetry/song books. More short story books, a lot more to come as my time gets shorter. Might be one on waiting to see the parole board for the first time. The wait the anticipation. Big thanks to a lovely lady dark haired beauty who helped me get my mind back together after surgery and help me stand back up. You know who you are. Thank you

With out Prison Foundations none of this would be possible.

Thank you
Till next time????

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Kentucky Poem Pushers

Mom,
You are thought of not forgotten.

You live through the years, not alone.

I am alone.

I am forgotten.

I look for you.

Forget me not.

s 9/16-15

Robert "Beau" Wayne Meadows III
A Fire Burns Deep Within

A flame
Small as a tear drop
Fights to survive
Slowly catching leaves on fire
As it spreads
Burning more
Building confidence
Getting bigger
Growing bolder
Burning brighter
Through the night
As the darkness fades
Embers the color of crimson
Slowly burn out
You can douse it with water
You can suffocate it with dirt
You can ignite it
By not giving it anything else to feed on
You can also revive it
Slowly blowing on it
Fanning it back to life
Stoking it
Putting leaves on it to help it grow
Until again
The fire blazes

Like a Chianti Grape
Being picked from the vine in which it grows
Then slowly fermenting
Into an ageless wine
Love can also
Grow
Be bright
In the liquid light of life

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Dead Man Walking
Dead man
Walking
Leg shackled
Chains dragging
Face down
Long hair
Covers his face
Shackles dragging
With each step
Dark shadows
Surround him
Hand cuffed
Hands clinched
Face down
Chains
Bind his heart
Cold concrete
Muscles tense
Shuffle along
Chains dragging
The only sound
Sweat dripping
Surrounded
By C/O’s
Haunted
By the past
Chains
Gone
Shackles gone
Alone
On a bunk
Drip
Drip
Drop
Tears stain
The cold
Concrete
One Mans Reality
Just a waste
They told the four year old
But he learned
To live
Is just to suffer
But to survive
To truly survive through life
Is a way to find meaning in the suffering?
His dad left at such a young age
He asked mama why did daddy leave?
The young child’s answer
Shut up just shut the fuck up
As she hit him

Life turned a page that day
With no one turn to but a dog to turn too
A puppy dog namd Peep
The yelling
The fighting
But straight to his friend
Arms wrapped around the dog’s neck
His dog his only keeper
But that page turned
As Peep got hit by the child’s school bus
There was so much more
Uncertain things you do not discuss

Now the child’s pain
Slowly turned to a deep dark rage
Giving way to a darker side
Middle school came
Bully’s the child would bully
The rich kids didn’t stand a chance
Drawn to the weak
The child didn’t understand fully
That is not the half of it
But a truth the young man would seek

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Dedicated To You
Damn girl
I can’t even listen to a Thomas Rhett song
Without thinking of you
Ever since you left me
I don’t have anyone to talk to
Is he talking to me??
Why, yes beautiful I’m talking to you
I can only imagine what the sweet taste of Bacardi
Would taste like on your lips
As you move to the music
Shaking those sexy hips
As you hypnotize me with your smile while licks your lips
But snap out of that dream back to reality
Once again
All alone
But what beauty would want an ex-con??
What I wouldn’t do to call your arms home
Go to sleep kiss to those lips
Wake everyday to your sweet kiss
Dark eyes
Dark hair
Girl God touched your face
Hit my knees every night
Hoping praying to see you outside of this place
Would you talk?
Would you care?
Would you remember?
Would you walk?
Would you talk?
Remember social media one day I’ll be there
Waiting
To see if our two hearts
Can one day be bared?
I was starting to think nothing
In this life was true
Then the fog parted
The sun shone through and in walked you
Hiding
A world
Inside of him
But something you'll never know
Past secrets
He'll always hide
A light
Blinded by
Back to the comfort of the darkness
Alone
Searching
Wanting
Cold again
Alone again
Scared always
Chained to the old
But fighting to be new
A nobody
Trying
To be free
Wanting
To be somebody
Wanting
To be loved
Life Can Be a Hell
The pain
The despair
Living
Breathing
Yet not feeling
Living in this hell
Without a care
The loneliness fills the heart
Then fills the soul
Falling again
Happiness
Stolen like a thief in the night
Nothing be seen in the darkness that surrounds you
Pain
Terror
Not knowing
Wanting to lie
Giving up
Not wanting to try
Tears there but you can no longer cry
Sitting waiting
Drinking smoking shooting smoking
You just can’t seem to get that high
Turn away from the past pain
Comes each waking moment
Like fresh spring rain
Never seen a smile
Just the whip of a belt
Or the sound of another state file
The pain rings in
As some fall into
The trap of
Living
In true
Despair

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Time
Will life get better?
Can life get better?

Leaves blow across a desolate lot
Aslaughsflow through the wind
Water travels under the bridge of life

Memories pass by like clouds
Shadows of the past
Bend and move behind the branches of life
As the storms of life bend the trees
Only the strong survive

Gray touches our hair
As the trees lose their branches
Slouching back
Fragile tree branches

Rain washes us clean
As the pressures of life take their toll
Eventually leading to stress
The weight sometimes
Becomes too much

When an old tree falls in the forest
Do you always hear a sound?
When your elders die
Do we always grieve?
Faith through Jesus
All people are sinners
No one person is better
Than another
No matter what they think
All people
Are created equal
In the eyes of God
The entire world
Is guilty in one way or another
In the eyes of God
But through
Jesus
Our sins
Are forgiven
Christ died for our sins.
He took our punishment
On that old wooden cross
For the world
Though
It is hard
Through him
We can
And we should
Live
In
Faith
Does Jesus Think of Me?
My thoughts on Jesus
Jesus he died on the cross for my sins, for our sins.
But only through self examination and self reflection can we as
human beings see our misgivings. See our own flaws.
Think this man died on the cross for us.
Is this not great
Should we not live better for Him?
In Him with Him
With Jesus’ help our minds
Our bodies
Our souls
Our hearts
Will slowly start to change
To a more positive side
Our doubts will slowly dissipate
With Jesus we will be delivered from evil
With The father we can be delivered from the unworthy
The unjust
So why do we think in bad times
Jesus really
Thinks
Of me?
You Lord Have Been With Me

Lord
I am in complete awe
At how you have blessed me
Over the last year
It has been hard
But through I am redeemed
I have come leaps and bounds
From I was in the recent past
In my life I have known
Sorrow
Like an old friend
He has stuck by my side
My son
My biggest
Obstacle in finding
Has been found
Lord that was such a relief
Now I am growly
Morning
This heart that has been torn apart
Your words they protect me
Living in your solitude
For so long
I thought that I did not deserve
Then an angel
Sat with me for a while
Helping me work out
The kinks I was harboring
Then she left me
Feeling
Alone
Again
But through faith
I know that only through you
Could it ever be
So I released my feelings
If she finds her way back
I know it was meant to be

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Kentucky Poem Pushers

In the confused
He puts
His eternal
Trust
Dare To Live
In life
No one owes you anything
It is all on you
What you achieve
What you excel at
It is on you
When you fail
Life is not a game
No one owes you a living
Everything you do is on you
To succeed
Or to fail
But you have to
Compete
In order to
Succeed
So take control of your life
Dare to be different
Dare to try something new
Dare to be significant
Dream big
Take risks
Above anything else
Above all else
Believe in yourself
With in each one of us
There is knowledge
There is a whole new world
Of self wealth
Life Again
The days were cold
The nights were colder
Once you left our bed
I think back to those days
I'm still not sure what was going through my head

So I raised my hands
I found a new meaning
To those words
Wrote in red
She didn't believe
But it was a new breath
I would learn
How to breathe
Again

To love
Lift
Live free
From my a younger man's
Sins
That they'll never
See again
You Look through my Sins
Jesus
You died
Up upon that old rugged cross
For my sins
For our sins
For this world
Sometimes I feel as if we do not deserve
That we truly do not understand
That you gave you life for us
Then you rose again
To save
Each and every one of us
As sinners
As lost
Forgive us now
For we have all sinned
We all fall short
We sin daily
Come born in my heart
Come be my savior
My friend
My lord
Help me to change my life
Help me to make it new again
Help me Jesus
Help me from the sins
Of this world
Help to live in you
Live through you
To help other sinners
Like myself
Live
For
You
My lord
My savior
Our lord
Our savior
Dedicate
I wonder what it would be like to dedicate life to a child
To someone who looks up to you
To someone who cares for you
To someone who needs you
As a strong adult role model
Instead of dedicating your life to a habit
A lot of people in this world we live
Take what they have for granted
Their marriage their job their life
Even worse their children or it could be a niece or nephew
Who adores you as an adult figure?
But for someone who drinks snorts smokes
These little precious children are put to the side or behind your habit
How do you explain to a child that their love means nothing
At all it is irrelevant, that something insignificant to them
Is more important than they are
That a simple mind altering substance takes their spot in your eye

Think if this was you as a child how would you feel?
Unwanted – as a child
If you were put aside would you cry?
Think how this child will grow up – slowly hating you
Think of how this child could easily follow you down the road of an addict
Such a waste such a bad habit
But hopefully this child will grow strong
Who will care about the people around them and not just their selfless habits
Hopefully being a good role model for some other child
Who needs a positive guidance in their life?
Who will dedicate their life to ensuring a better life for someone else?
Dedicating there thoughts their time
Showing support
Instead of wasting away
With a worthless habit
Learn To Say No

In my opinion some of us tend to like the mind altering things of life, or mind altering drugs. To escape the reality that we live in. that is why we turn to certain drugs or alcohol or sex, some of these drugs would be weed, acid, mushrooms and or peyote. These are hallucinogens, which alter our thinking. If you have ever taking any of these drugs, imagine tripping at Disney World, Just food for thought. Some people chose the speedier side of life with drugs like cocaine, speed, and meth to name a few. The rush of the buzz coming on and speeding them up like a bullet. Imagine lifting weights on meth, more food for thought. Then others still like the down and nodding out feeling heroin, and pain pills give them. So they don’t feel anything they are numb to their reality. Some chose to use drugs as a recreational tool to have fun then not do them again for awhile. They can pick them up and put them down with no problem. But some of us with addictive personalities cannot do this. If we do it today at 1pm with need we want that same feeling at the same time tomorrow. Our minds make our bodies think we need the drugs or what ever at that time everyday. Then we are hooked.

The weed mellows you out and make things funny and feel different. Acid is a complete change of reality. Where everything looks and feels completely different. Some cannot handle this feeling. So use caution in using any drug, I urge but not to but human nature is to fit in and if a crowd of friends like it, then most you or people will do it too fit in. But in doing any drug do we really ever really escape reality? Or do we bury our selves in a drug induced fog. Only escaping for a second, but only really holding off the inevitable till you come down or run out of drugs. Then you are left chasing a buzz for the rest of your life. Realize it is a problem, learn to say no.
Refuse To Lose
Sometimes life is a constant struggle
Of suffering for eventually leading to death
But this is a basic truth about life
Everyone suffers
Everyone struggles
You might not see it
But we all do
You may see someone that is fine
That is doing good
But some where they fell
The only difference
Is that they picked themselves up
Moving on
Victory usually only happens after a loss
Some type of personal pain
A tough pain where tears have been shed
But without pain there can be no gain
Sometimes you have to overcome
The destructive power
The destructive thoughts that we all have
The thoughts of failure
It is just part of this world
Where we all fall
Where we all make mistakes
We should learn from our mistakes
To not be discouraged
Have a thought
Refuse to lose

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Crime

When we as humans go through the court system, we never think about our family, friends and loved ones and how it affects them. How our children and significant other is affected in those hard times. My son was taken out of my life over 15 years ago because of bad decisions on my part. But at the time I never thought of my father or my mother or my son. My family or my friends or my son’s mother. It was all about me and my feelings. I only looked at things from my point of view. But after being in prison now over 15 years I tend to look at things a little different. I never thought of how my father or mother was seeing their only child go to prison. I can only imagine what they were feeling, the thoughts that were going through their minds. What my son’s mother was feeling even though we were not together at the time? Or what she went through with her son’s father on T.V. and going through trial. Their pain is now what I try to harness. It was only about me for so long. I think as humans we tend to see things from only our point of view, and not the ones who love us or need us. When I see my parents on visit I see that time has worn on. For me, it stopped in 1999. But through them through their words and actions, I see how time has passed on. They feel like they’re on the outside looking in while we feel like we are on the inside looking out. No matter whom we hurt or what we did, they still care for us. A parent’s undying love for there children, they hurt when we hurt, they feel our pain and see it in our eyes. So it is not all about us but also the people who are around us in life. They lose a son a daughter, a mom a dad, a brother a sister, they lose a loved one. We never think of that just our feelings and how we hurt at that moment. Not what is being hurt and feeling our pain as well. I think we never look these things as we wallow in our own pain. It is hard to think about other people when we are experiencing and living through the pain. But we are not alone family and friends are right with us. In pain as we move on. So as individuals we need to think those around us in times of pain. Not just our pain, but the pain that we bring on ourselves as well as others when we commit a crime.
How Do You Understand Women?
Women, how many are married to a man, with thoughts only of money? Not a gold digger, but the security of a man’s money. Having that safety net for some women is better than being treated well or right. So the woman ends up having a child. To reel the man in. This is not in every situation, but a lot of them. Their love is anything but true. They just lay and think of the stability this man has. Not really her type but a security for the children she plans on having. But after awhile it gets old. Sex only comes after a drink or two. Love rarely if ever, because love is a feeling women tend to lose very easily. Like women who choose men of a different race. It is fun for a while but eventually the thrill dies down. They see what the man is really about, how much they didn’t like now comes to light. Then new men some older some younger the women will look at with a new hunger. They see a new thrill, not as much money, but handsome and cute and something different. That old familiar tingle starts in the women’s stomach and spreads. She notices all the small things his eyes, his facial hair, his hair cut, his arms, and then the big thing no wedding ring. Also no tan lines on his finger so there hasn’t been a ring there in quite a while. Not that it would matter, she needs something that she wants. Not something that is just there for security. She hesitates, not like it will be forever, nobody will know, she has her doubts. Her eyes linger on the new man in her eye sight a little longer. Then her eyes glance down at her wedding ring. Turning her wedding ring with her thumb, she hesitates staring at the wedding ring on her finger. She stands up waving telling the new man. Patting him on the shoulder feeling his strength, pulling him close, in her mind just a few minutes of pleasure. Knowing in reality she wants this, needs this, all the while telling her security blanket goodbye.
But you think my pain
Is now genetic
I gave hope to the hopeless
My words methodic
My Strings, my Veins
My thoughts once so strong
Just like the things of old
The things I used to love
If my tears are real
Can you see it?
Is my art real?
I want you to feel it
Do I have to bleed?
To show the world
What I have inside
Do I have to slice myself?
To I let my blood flow
Because now that is all that keeps me alive

My guitar
Its strings.
Now my vein
Wrapped around my broken wings
Constantly fighting to stay in tune
Music my new love
The melody I marry
But I sense rune
So in the fucking of the blues I hide
Feel it
See it
Won't you enjoy the ride?

I can't change the world
But you keep trying to change my mind
Relax I'll show you how I really feel
You changed the world
But you will never change me
My music
My strings
My haunting acoustic sound
It sets me free
Break my strings
Let me
Bleed
The 2 of us had comic book powers
We were strong
We did some wrong
But ended up like the twin towers

Somewhere we lost touch
I fell down
You kept on running
I’m confused I wear a frown
Through this concrete
Through this fence
I still lose touch

Outta sight
For my sanity I fight
Outta mind
Time traveled
For you I will never find

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Apologize
The future is in my mind
But the future only comes after the dark
In a time of need you’ll find it in my heart
I know I have put myself in quite a bind
I know I have torn countless lives apart
I only pray that this life doesn’t end
The way it began
My first memories were of hurt
I was blinded from the start
I have no choice but to look to the future
I feel like since birth
I have been trapped
My heart is in need of a suture
But in black roses I stay trapped
So now I look forward to new days
Waiting for the sun to rise
As the past crumbles in decay
To anyone I have hurt along the way
I apologize

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III   36
Narcissist
From a young age
Considered
Artistic
Away with words
Inspired
All turned
Narcissist
Older as age came
The media said
Antichrist
Hate filled
Never an
Anarchistic
All this
Yet still
Considered
Artistic
Drugs came
Drugs went
A new name came
Women went
A new name came
Then reality hit
But it was all
A delusion
The world now
A portrait of
Narcissism
Everything a
Delusion
A life fanned by flames
No burns
But words still
Artistic
Words lost
Loves
Found
A mind Majestic

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Power of Words
Once the sound of revenge
Now it’s my pain
My time
Your minute
My hour
My name
My words
My power
Motivation
Is now not misguided
No more excuses
No regrets
No regards
Wolfs wonder in my soul
Vultures
Peck at the old remains
While reality
Tries to destroy my culture
On my shirt a toothless dope fiend
My mascot
My hands
My veins
Squeaky clean
I am alive
But I risk my life at trial
Poppa didn’t preach
But I did get hit
With a file
So now the lost I teach
It is the life I unfortunately for some made
Shotguns light up the dark
But to me nothing more then a sweet serenade
Nothing
In common
This is my pain
My pen
My case
My own prison
She Was Stronger
She was stronger than he was
He was weak minded 2 worldly things
All the sparkles in the city caught his eye
Fast cars fast cash
Seeing nothing but the bling bling in everything
She wanted a man
But he was lost in a fantasy game in the streets
He had million dollar dreams
To the d-boys he was an up and coming fan
All she did though was worry
He made that pretty girl stress out and scream
She was stronger than he was
Because she seen the good through all the trying to prove his self B.S.
Street cred, but in her eyes she saw the scared little boy
Trying to show everyone
Except the right one
All the adults in his eyes you’re a lost cause
But behind those street lights the only thing he saw was that girls beautiful face
His true emotions hidden he couldn’t let her really know
That his true emotions were so raw
He was not perfect
This turned out to be his deadly flaw
In reality she was the battery that made his clock tick
She held him up from the on coming fall
But it was too heavy a burden for her with a son
She had 2 choose??
What should she do??
She wanted both, but she knew better
Finally she choose
One drink too many made her decision
Still to this day
The decision haunts her still
Still to this day
Was it right?
Was it wrong?
Plus he didn’t even put up a fight
Still There
A little boy
Stands with tears in his eyes
Watching as tears
Fall down his mother’s cheeks
Nobody knows what she has been through
What he went through
I wish you could put your feet
In his little shoes
You don’t know the destiny
He will seek
Whatever to put a smile on her sweet face
Football
Good grades
Until one day it all went wrong

He looks back.
Now as wrinkles grace her beautiful face
Her blond hair
Slowly fades to a light gray

He still remembers
Her hand
On that window in county jail

But you still don’t know what he’s been through
Friends ain’t friends
Just fair weather acquaintances

He put his mama through hell
A burden
He felt

But she stayed
Wishing
Praying
For her baby boy
To come home

Now they cry

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Surviving
Dad left
He walked out that old door
Mom she screamed
A child
A little boy
No more than 4
Damn it’s real
This young man’s reality
Together as they fight
Him absorbing it all in his young eyes
Like a mirror
To the blood
To the punches
Swallowed up by the fight
He just wanted to know his dad
But mama was all he ever had

A young man
A football star still bound
Chasing parents
Apart
Your mama’s a whore
Your daddy’s a very sick man
I swear, I didn’t want to hear
They didn’t like the sound of fighting
The fighting tore his young heart apart
But this was just his simple start

Then one day it all got real
Mama I’m going to live with dad
Mad she was
But he needed to journey
The world he needed to feel

But he told her mama
If I don’t make it home
Don’t cry
Just be thankful
For this long
I survived

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
2 young to realize
That now all my childhood
Would now be spent
Raising a child
Only a child
2 soon so to the streets I went
These are some of my
Kentucky childhood memories
Alone I’ll Always Be

What do I have to lose?
I was brought up behind bars
Never felt comfortable in the back of a squad car
I struggled too see the light
But the good life was ahead to far

I walked a lonely road
Through bottoms
Through barrios
Through hoods
Through ghettos
The hatred around me was thick
But I was bold
Just another young face with an old soul

Through the rivers and creeks of Kentucky
Never fake trying to be real
But was a unlucky

Lonely nights mixed with long walks
Through my life freedom stalked
Laughed alone
Cried alone
But alone I walked

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Getting Lucky In Kentucky

You can come to Kentucky
In hopes of getting lucky
On vacation but you end up leaving this wonderful state on
probation
It is a shame in this day and age for a crooked corrupt
commonwealth nation
To hand out felonies with out the slightest hesitation

I shall fear no man but God
Well besides a crooked ass commonwealth judge
Who for the right amount will forget a judge
They’ll look for that fat envelope of under the table money
Like a prostitute spreading her legs like honey
But if you’re broke, here is your felony
Good bye good job, people make mistakes but they don’t care
You’re slaughtered like another snow bunny
Fresh blood from innocent veins makes this Kentucky mud run
While politicians have all the fun

We are known for fast horses on Derby Day
Our fine Bourbons
Tobacco, corn and our Kentucky Apple Pie Shine
You can see or taste all in the month of May
Of course we also have our World famous fluffy, sticky, skunky
Kentucky indoor or outdoor hay

Now these old country boys turned chef
Cooking up a slow death in good Crystal Meth

In Kentucky our court system our only flaw
To have a drink, get high, get lucky when a bet at the track
But be ready to give your lawyer a call
We’ll be waiting on ya’ll

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
My New Kentucky Home

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home
Where the Derby comes every May
The green tops are ripe and the cannabis is in early bloom
Where the old heads make mountain music all the day
The young generation rolls on Xtacy thinking never about before
All buzzing, all happy and bright
By’n by hard times come knocking them to the floor
Then my new Kentucky home will sleep tonight

Weep no more my baby
Oh! Weep no more to-day
We will sing one more song for this New Kentucky home
For this New Kentucky home so close yet far away

They hunt they fish because the winter comes so soon
On the meadow on the hill and the river shore
They sing glassy eyed by the glimmer of the moon
On a bench by a homeless shelter door
The day floats by like a shadow over our heart
The time will come when racism will have to part
Then my new Kentucky home will sleep tonight

Weep no more my baby
Oh! Weep no more to-day
We will sing one more song
For this New Kentucky home to-day

A tree must bow and your hand you’ll have to lend
Wherever the needy may go
A few more days, and the trouble will all end
In the field where the cannabis sativa will grow
A few more days for to tote the green sticky load
No matter the cost twill never be light
A few more years till we walk safe down the road
Then to my new Kentucky home we all wish you a good night

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
You don’t really care

Against family
Against friends
Against our own parents
Just me and you
You were my June
I thought I was Johnny
Just love in a bottle
Taking life on at full throttle

High school sweethearts
Living life
Playing our role
Nightly looking into each others soul
Hands together hell couldn’t tear us apart
Staring into each others eyes
Rolling in each others heart

Feelings will change
As time rolls on
Arguments turned to fights
As our gazes
Looked on new sights

Against family
Against friends
Against our own parents
Just me and you
You were my June

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
A Young Kentucky Love

I glance at these pictures wishing I could turn back the hands of time
Back when grandma still had her mind grandpa would be coaching us all teaching us to be strong and play football
If only I could turn back these hands of time
If I could jump in this picture
Or bring this memory in mind back to life
I would do a lot of things different
I’d miss the pain but never the dance
Take it all back way back when
When football practice was hard work
When homework and the Simpsons were the only things to do at night
Before them late Friday nights with pretty girls and teenage fights
If only I could turn back these hands of time
If I could jump in this picture
Or bring this memory in mind back to life
I would do a lot of things different
I’d miss the pain but never the dance
Take it all back way back when
Back when fishing with Dad was all I wanted to do
Back with the early morning fog on the lake
Water was an old love of mine
But I got older
I seemed like I couldn’t find the time
If only I could turn back these hands of time
If I could jump in this picture
Or bring this memory in mind back to life
I would do a lot of things different
I’d miss the pain but never the dance
Take it all back way back when
Back when the family was family
They still ate together through the holidays
When grandpa prayed over our food
Where a football game and a full stomach of grandmas turkey
Put us all in a good mood

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
My Life

When I’ve finally grown old
And done all my time
I know life to me
Has been quite unkind
I’ll be withered and gone
Like a leaf floating through the cold air of fall
I know I’d give anything to relive it all

As a small Kentucky boy
I have rumbled and I have roamed
I left my county
I left my small Kentucky home
I passed my life at work and at play
But now I am so old and all the days of my life
Have slowly flown away

Oh my god how fast was the passing of my time
I know life was somewhat fair
But so unkind
I’ll be withered and long gone
Like a leaf floating through the cold despair
A long fall
I know my lord
I would give anything
To relive it all

My mother
My father
Will have parted by this day
Though in my heart
In my soul
They will never go away
They had good lives
Until me
They made one hell of a run
Now mother
Now father
I’ll be home with you again
In the lingering light
Of the cold fall
Setting sun

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Kentucky Bred

I was a barefoot
Bad little Kentucky boy
Stayed down in them Kentucky creeks
Stayed up in them Kentucky hills
Watching the sun shine through them old Kentucky trees
Made my outlook on life not so bleak
From little bluegills
To big mouth bass
Channel catfish talking to me all as a child I would seek
Crawfish hiding under creek rocks
As I fish
Jumping from dock to dock
One thing you could do
Was this old boy wasn’t lan docked

I was Kentucky bred
In them creeks
In them woods
Doing whatever a country boy could
Fishing all day
Fishing all night
Walking in them old woods
till the city went outta sight
Kentucky Bred
I am Kentucky Bred

Said I was hard in the head
All that boy wants to do is fish
Walking them creeks is bad they told mama
But back then it was my only wish
Was to cast out on a big ol lake
Then hook in to a big ol fish
Mama said it keeps him outta trouble
But that was a short lived dish

I was Kentucky bred
In them creeks
In them woods
Doing whatever a country boy could

Robert "Beau" Wayne Meadows III
Kentucky Mud

It all starts in the hills of
Bourbon County Kentucky
It's distilled then bottled there
Off to some old late night honky tonk
Where for a shot glass full it cost a pretty bounty
Then ah, waitress I need a refill
Don't drink and drive
Boys and girls
You might end up sitting on
Heavens hill

Kentucky Mud
Jim Beam for late night
Young kids just living it up drunk on Buffalo Trace dreams
Cornfields full of Evan Williams, Markers Mark
Field parties come after dark
A few good shots and you're on a new expedition
Like Lewis and Clark
Kentucky Mud

4 wheeling all day
Mudding, getting them trucks dirty
Pretty little ding in a bikini to clean it up
Just having a ball
Nights full of red solo cups
Waiting to seeing where your fall
Country cuties say come here Hon
Drop dead gorgeous
One look then a kiss
Boy you're all done

Kentucky Mud
Jim Beam for late night
Young kids just living it up drunk on Buffalo Trace dreams
Cornfields full of Evan Williams, Markers Mark
Field parties come after dark
A few good shots and you're on a new expedition
Like Lewis and Clark
Kentucky Mud
“Country Boy Swag”

Country boy swag
Country boy swag
Country boy swag

I keep my sticky green truffles
In my John Deere bag
Got a few sacks
Got a few stacks
On my way to the Lab

We come up hard
We came up rough
Daddy’s known
For grown that funky Kentucky
Green stuff
When the crops ain’t right
We carry that old shine still back in the woods
Tonight,
Eyes wild, mamas rough
150 gallons of that Kentucky clear stuff
Put a funky bud in the Mason jar
That pretty green flower
Gives a skunky smell and a green hue
For the Honey’s
At my moonlight bar

Country boy swag
Country boy swag
Country boy swag

I keep my sticky green truffles
In my John Deere bag
Got a few sacks
Got a few stacks
On my way to the Lab

Brims bent
Hats down low
Sleeveless t-shirts
To show our arms tanned up and cut

Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III
Introduction
Welcome to book three of the "Kentucky Bred" series. This is the final book in this series. All three books were written by me, Robert Wayne Meadows III otherwise known as Beau to family and friends. This book is a little shorter than the other two books. These poems, songs and stories were handpicked by me out of the fifteen hundred or so that I have written as of right now. These writings stood out to me in one way or another, so I hope that you enjoy reading them as much as I did writing them.

I have just turned thirty six years old. I am in three ninety day classes in hopes of shorting my sentence so I can get out of prison A.S.A.P. I am still currently a member of Shakespeare Behind Bars. This being my second year in S.B.B. This year we are doing the play "Pericles". I am playing "Bolt" and a few other small roles.

My family is in contact with my son Tyler. I am still waiting, but patience is a virtue. Good things come to those that wait. So I sit with patience waiting.

I have quite a bit more writing coming to this web site and magazines all over the poetry and writing landscape. The last page or two of this book will list with brief description of what is to come from my thoughts - from my mind.

I hope these writings make you think as well as feel.

Enjoy!

Robert Meadows III #145159
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Robert “Beau” Wayne Meadows III