LETTERS FOR ANNA
Letters For Anna
A Collection of Poetry
By Antony Bell

(compiled Oct. 7, 2015)

Letters for Anna is a poetry collection about the love, pain and regret of a man locked away with nothing left except his memories of a time passed. Every poem in this collection was inspired by one woman, and this is for her. For her I lay myself bare.

Please enjoy.

Prison Address:
Antony Bell #R60327
Menard Correctional Center
P.O. Box 1000
Menard, IL 62269
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Cover Art Done by: Kevin Wenger
Joseph Vanity
DEDICATION

First and foremost I must give all praises to Allah for such a beautiful muse; a light that will forever glow inside my heart, mind and soul. There isn’t a thing I do that doesn’t have her signature signed to it. Even if, to her, I was only a fleeting memory; to me she is... divine inspiration.

To Anna.
Forward

Anna- I was stuck in a conceptual bubble; there was a world of pain within which I was trapped. Love was Pain. Pain was Love. We were doomed from the very beginning.

Prison is a pond of perceptual reflection. Each day you are subjected to drown in the deepest darkest corner of your own mistakes, until one day you learn to swim. How many days I kicked against the nursery until I was completely out of breath?

You taught me to swim.

Because of the ways in which I hurt you; I questioned my pain. When I said the words I love you; I questioned love. When I felt the death of the old me; I questioned spirituality.

The pain gave birth to philosophy.
The love gave birth to truth.
With death came life— the rebirth of tragedy.

Enough with the veil of poetic drama.
The day you looked me in the eye and told me I wasn’t enough; I hurt. The hurt was worse than anything I ever felt before (or ever since).

There were ones before you I said I loved, and I treated you like any other love before you, though you were no ordinary love. Your love was true. The problem was that what I knew to be love was tainted. Did I ultimately contaminate True Love?

When I first seen you, I coveted you, as if an object to be owned. I was a child who had no understanding of finance playing with an expensive toy. Eventually he breaks it.

-2- Antony Bell
You wonder: How do I know I love you?

When reflecting upon history, and the way with which you loved me, I understood love. Now that I understand what love is; I love you. With that, I knew I loved you then.

What is love?

Love is sacrifice. Love is willing to give of your entire being to become one with another. No longer being apart, it is being a part of a whole.

All that is me is consumed with you. I don't even know who you are anymore; you are now only a reflection, yet I wish I could sacrifice for you. Is there any greater love.

Who you knew as Tony

All my love,

Talib.
Letters For Anna

Anna-

They say that you are allowed one true soulmate
I am glad that I had the chance with you;

Thanks Fate.

I had to re-learn how to live without you by my side
As hard as that was,
I wish you to know you are the greatest gift God has given me, to date.

Anna-

Romeo and Juliet's love transcended the pain of death; the miracle lovers.
Resurrection of love; history can be rediscovred
Lazarus rose from a tomb already covered.
Transcendence above all others.

Anna-

I must apologize for the pain;
The cloudy skies,
The pouring rain, causing the flood waters to rise.
I deserved the wrath of hatred; it purged me of the poison,
Dropping to my knees to beg again for your forgiveness.

Anna-

I've always loved you. It's all I've known was sure.
My love was love in its purest form,
Until I became bad for you,
Logically, I know, for me to say goodbye is what you deserve
Emotionally, it is hard for me to let go. I'm torn.
Tell me what to do.

-4- Antony Bell
Anna Nelson

A perfect embodiment of happiness.
Nothing can compare to her loving kiss
No one can ever make me feel as warm as she did
Another cannot have my heart. It's where she is.

Naturally beautiful in every way
Eccentrically perfect. Worth every word of praise
Likely innocent
Surprisingly fiery, engulfed in her gaze
Oasis from the problems of everyday
Never forget her. I love her in every way.

-5- Antony Bell
The Fall in Love

A long time ago I fell in love with a girl
She made me feel as if I was flying high.
There was a lot of turbulence though, it shocked my world.
I flew first class into the eye of the storm
The lightning burned quick. The hailstones hit hard
I did not know what I was in for.

We hit mach 3 and burst into flames
The fall was fast.
All I could do was pray
Pray that I'd survive the crash.

This girl was the best and worst thing that ever happened to me.
She brought me to the place I am within myself
I had to hurt;
Mentally.
Spiritually.
Emotionally.

I had to feel the things I felt.
A plane crash is the perfect analogy
I was so in love I fell
And in the end I hit hard.
The Perfect Rose  pt. 1

America's sweetheart
My love, A perfect rose.
Flawless.
Forever frozen in time, A perfect pose.
   My rose.

I am your thorns when anyone dares disrespect.
Always there.
I will forever protect
   My rose.

You are perfect and pure
The best.
My one true love in this world
   My rose.

You are beauty disrobed
Perfection,
   My rose.

-7- Antony Bell
My heart was broken so I wanted to break yours.
   My free will was taken so I had to take yours.

I love you. Beg for more.

The needle hangs from my veins
   Addicted to the pain.
     Can you feel it too?

I was hopeless and I wanted a little company.
I hurt so I made you fall in love with me.
   Run away.
   Come back.
     Share my world.
     Share my heart attack.

The needle hangs from my veins
   Addicted to the pain.
     Can you feel it too?

I love you. Beg for more.
Your heart is white as snow and runs with blood made with angel's light
And see with a unique insight.
Seeing the good nature in all even evil beasts,
Though there is one you shouldn't gaze upon. He is me.
You can't help follow the brightest star
And wish upon it, I will cut you deep.
You hurt. I do it to you ritually.

We're not some Shakespearean romance. I am not meant to be with you;
It isn't written in the stars
Our story can only be read in the scar tissue.

My heart is black as night and the blood runs cold
I have a devilish quality inside of a bloodstained soul.
I wish I could give you what you should be given
I can't give you what you need; I don't know what it is.
There is one thing I know for sure; it isn't me.
You hurt. I do it to you ritually.

We're not some Shakespearean romance. I am not meant to be with you;
It isn't written in the stars
Our story can only be read in the scar tissue.

When will you realize that you wished upon a falling star and cut your losses?
Before or after you have followed me into the forbidden forest?
I am no good.
You are too good.
I am the big bad wolf. You are my red riding hood,
Fallen victim to a bite of misery.
You hurt. I do it to you ritually.

-9- Anthony Bell
We're not some Shakespearean romance. I am not meant to be with you.

It isn't written in the stars.

Our story can only be read in the scar tissue.

-10- Antony Bell
Right or wrong this is just what us means
Forget what others are saying. Tell me how it is you feel
When I wrap my arms around you to protect you from the bullets meant for me.
I embrace the pain, without you I couldn’t be real
Without me you couldn’t be.
Leave us outside of the box, Never will we be defined by any limits
That is what makes us we.

I am the one who prices down the bruises Engraved upon your personality,
when I’m broken you piece me back together.
Flying high on dirty wings
who cares,
Ascending limitations. A vacation from reality
Loving each other is the only thing that matters
Love is all we need.

That is what makes us we.

-11- Antony Bell
The Ballad of Venus and Mars

The worst moment that Mars ever experienced was the moment he watched the love drain from Venus's eyes.

It has been so long since Mars felt such an emotion that in that very moment he died.

Mars died happily thinking 'meaning for Venus to live
Her heart cannot be taken, it is hers to give.

Mars loved Venus; though sometimes his love hurt
He felt so sorry for her.
So he showed her one last act, A sign.
Mars fell from the sky
So Venus could say goodbye.

Mars died happily thinking 'meaning for Venus to live
Her heart cannot be taken, it is hers to give.

The day Venus stopped loving Mars, he died hoping she could love again.
So Venus I beg you;
If you've ever loved Mars,
Will you please love again.
The Eye of the Fire

Look into the eyes of light
Consuming all darkness and burning through life.
Purification is pain;
The fire ignites in the mind, driving insane.

Boil the blood; pushing through veins
The matchstick strikes twelve.

Hide in the corner and beg for salvation,
I'd take a chance walking through hell.

As embers float upon the winds
Silent screams echo in borrowed sin.

The ash blankets the earth with a beauty reserved for a soft morning dew,
Stared into the eye of the beast and there I can see you.

Dreaming in memories are young idea born by desire
I hold you in my arms as your empathizing with the man who started the fire.

It's out of my hands.
May I have this dance?
Separation of Church and State

Separation of church and state
Is due to the purity of climate change.
Never is one happier than when entwined with fate;
All the torment is washed away,
when the tide cleans the path and cleanses the past
She washed all my sins away.
The church will prevail. Alive is faith.
Mistakes were made when one took for granted without seizing the day.

All you need is love, says the voice of God
Community is survival of the fittest, war is an alluring thought.
Their relationship sinks to the ocean deep; forever is the cost.
A kiss of a cool wind in fall
The constitution burns in the bonfire to keep one warm
Two lovers are eternally lost.
Apologizing for nailing them to the cross,
Blank faces; sorry all the smiles are gone.

Church and state can never reconcile, there is no respect between them
Mother Nature caused the ripple from within the eye of Hurricane Katrina.
I still love them both
Though love supersedes war, the grace of a ballerina.

-14- Antony Boll
Bye Baby

You are a wayward flower
Constantly out of reach until your set inside my casket at my final hour;
Imprinted upon my consciousness forever
A shame death had to be the one to bring us together.
Co-habitate time and space.

Beyond our earthly existence you lie cradled in my arms,
Swimming amongst the stars,
Death is only the beginning,
Laid across my chest
An aroma so sweet, tempting back my last breath,
As enticing as that may be,
Give chase; For the heavens can take me.

Bye Baby.
A perfect Rose;

Red and white,

Soft and pink,

With a stem that never bends

Yet kisses the hand so gently,

My rose.

A sprinkle of mist on the purpose of God
She is...

The pleasure of mine
The pleasure is yours,

My rose.

A pedal falls

A pedal caught.

She loves me,

She loves me not.

My rose.
I apologize

A flower withering away within time and space,
The wrinkles of memories strewn across your face.
Lost love,
A longing for a warm embrace
Jaded thoughts, dreams of yesterday.
Don't forget the winter storm
Strangling the life source.
You remember the rose and never the thorns.
There is nothing like a woman scorned
Scorned by a man who didn't know how to love her anymore.

The good memories keep the bad away.
The hurt from my disgrace
Will forever be strewn across your face.
My flower
You wither away
And I'm to blame.

I apologize.
I remember

I'd rather feel the pain than nothing at all
Because as long as I hurt it means you still there,

Embrace the fall
Because it means I lost,
If I could forget you, I wouldn't
The memories are all I have left,

Please forgive me,
I've forgiven you,

I sit quietly everyday awaiting a word.
Though all I hear is silence.

I remember every fight
Because I see you in the violence.

I rehydrate in the tears
A picture is worth a thousand words because I will write them.
We are destiny

We've already been decided,
Remember me,
Remember me.

I remember,
Inside my memories there lies a photograph

A symbol of love and peace.

I reflect upon her for the tiniest breath of tranquility;

Summer and winter,

Body and mind.

She is a dream within this reality;

Love can only exist in me,

The heartbeat of a deity.

Inside my memories there lies a photograph

It's where I am consoled by nostalgia.

An emerald gaze looks upon me, that can warm the black

Envelop the soul and melt the ice around a heart I feared had long gone callous,

In such beauty; in her glory I bask

And chase those fleeting moments

Though they never last.

As I age year after year, those memories fade,

And I beg to keep only one in my grasp;

A perfect prose.

A perfect pose.

Praying day after day; it's the same question I ask,

Let my dreams set sail upon that emerald ocean once more

Inside my memories there lies a photograph

Her porcelain complexion washes over me, and I think back

To let her lie in my arms again;

Love you were worth my every sin.

-1Q- Antony Bell
Baby the color of milk, comfort in a blanket of silk,
What more could I ask?
I was in Heaven at last.
Then I poisoned a rose with pride
And was pushed out of Heaven
Maybe one day I'll make it back.

Inside my memories there lies a photograph
And in it she smiles for me.
There is no anguish,
No pain,
No torment.
A smile like the moonlight in June,
It's all I ever wish to see.

A rose by any other name is called Anna;
Beauty unparalleled
She is pure felicity,
Though she isn't one to only bloom in spring.
I long for my dreams, for I love the way she looks at me
She always rips the breath from me.
The photograph is all I have left
And am blessed that she's always smiling for me.

Inside my memories there lies a photograph
And the song of an angel is heard.
When I fall into my mind, and am comatose from the crash,
I listen for her.
The sweetest whispers strike swiftly, the darkness could never withstand.
She draws me forth as the lily attracts the humming bird.
She fand the man in the iron mask.
Talked me back from the edge of my own curse.

-20- Antony Bell
The light of a darker man;
No more am I lost.
No more do I hurt.
The sun began to rise and set with her.

Inside my memories there lies a photograph.
And was warmed by a fire that still burns in my heart.
She is a beauty as rare as Homer’s Helen,
A love that is brighter than any star.
We have danced under the stars in Van Gogh’s, Starry Sky;
Such a classic piece of art,
She is the reason Mona Lisa cannot smile.
The flame was ignited and burned so deeply.
And it inspired me to scribble these beautiful words.
I am just a vessel for a photograph,
Therefore, this piece of art is her contribution to this earth.

Inside my memories there lies a photograph.
She will forever be mine, and I will forever be hers.
She is my Helen of Troy,
And could make me walk the span of time to see her in this verse.
When death shall creep upon me,
And the soul swims among the signs of the Zodiace.
The smell of a rose will be what drugs we back to earth;
Defy the laws of Nature.
Forever undefined is the design of a Creator.
Inside my memories there lies a photograph
And I am granted solace by the desire.
She is the one constant in an ever changing universe.
A muse to an undiscovered writer;
The very ink inside my pen,
And is why the sword will never be mightier.
Even in her absence she inspires better men
Sseed by my heart, which lies with her.
Her photograph reminds me of who I am
The bird on a wire.
The genesis of everything I am,
All that can be admired,
Read my words,
And all you’ll see is her.

Inside my memories there lies a photograph
Her power of eclectic innocence that is a beacon for all love.
The daughter of Aphrodite; she is second to none.
The world may never know, though I always do
Ceaselessly brought to my knees by forces unseen,
Forever the one.
A battle in futility,
Mercury revolting against the pull of the sun.
when night overtakes me, I can only be what I’ve been
A slave to a goddess of love.

Inside my memories there lies a photograph
I am found in the sorrow of yesterday.
I was truly loved;
I knew love.
And the memory of it is worth every tinge of pain.
I can be nothing more than my past
And it revolves around her.
To define her in just one word,

She is love.
maschifrom the finest gold,
Out of God's private collection.
She is love.

Inside my memories there lies a photograph
And I cannot write another line before I write my wrongs.
I didn't know what she'd given me until she had already gone,
Her love is pure.
All that's left is a photograph,
For my eyes to gaze upon every night
My life long.
I am lost in constant mourning,
All I can hear are the tragedies and the sad songs.
Holding on to any shimmer in the fog,
A chance at forgiveness and retribution.
Apologizing to a memory;
will it catch me when I fall?
Purify all my demons?
You're the purest of them all.
I'm sorry,
That I can only write my wrongs.

Inside my memories there lies a photograph
And I will forever love the woman who lies within.

- 23 - Antony Bell
A shrine,
Forever frozen in time,
For she is perpetually perfected.

I have created a photograph that no longer sits still and is silent,
A picture is worth a thousand words, and I wrote them.
Music of Our Time

I am listening to the music of our time;
I can envision us dancing, bodies entwined
The look of joy in your eyes
   Designed by the love I have for you,
   And the memories are all I have left,
   I dream about the best of you

I listen to the music of us;
   It drains away the pain and the poisonous,
   The smile that shines so brightly on your face
   It could melt away the coldest of grey.
   And I pray for it when the days seem long.
   Then I awake your gone.

I listen to the music of our time;
   I can't help but see you when I close my eyes.
   You are burned into the retina of my third eye
   Beyond their physical beauty I can see the real you.

The song ends, I am left destitute,
   The memory fades to black.
How Can you Forget Me?

Time warps the mind to think of me unkind.
Tears washed away our footsteps from the sands of time
But think it unwise to believe the ancient trail to be washed away.
It is paved with pain
Worn deep by many trips along the pathway.
Lilies surround us
How can you forget me?

Every day I stroll along our trail; pick a lily to catch a scent
To hold you near once again.
Our memories are written upon the clouds, so I stare into the sky
If only for a glimpse.
If only to say goodbye.

I will never forget you
Trust me, I've tried.

Answer me this question,
How can you forget me?

- 26° Antony Best
Smile

A moment. We smile
So many cares.
Many smiles,
why cry?
Her.

Hurt,
No cry.
She will smile.
It starts with me,
Born to make her smile,

Pucked a rose from earth,
Replant the seed,
Bloom for me,
Then we,
Smile.

US,
A smile
Recycle.
Life is, Life ends.
This is our cycle.

270 Antony Bell
I wish for a scent of Heaven
My soul belongs to the Heaven-sent.
Gaze upon a lonely star,
And I ask for her forgiveness.
All the senses have gone:
No Taste,
No Scent,
No Sight,
Gone deaf.
I only beg for death.

I wish for a scent of Heaven
My soul belongs to the Heaven-sent.
I have been abandoned, for the ego is selfish.
Therefore, only hell is left:
My abode,
My bane.
Be careful what you ask for, that you may just get.

I wished for a scent of Heaven;
Now I belong to the Heaven-sent.
To Be a Man

The grass is always greener
And nothing grows in the tundra.

Cold sweat beads on the forehead of the Reaper;
Because being a man is tough,
Especially when he was never taught to be one.

In the nightmare he sees her
He beat her with the wrath of the son.
The inauspicious demands of the cold caused him to fever;
A lesson of what’s to come.

The hunter in the jungles of Africa
A gunslinger in the west.
The cry of the warrior
Drums beating in his chest.

Animal instincts.

Human nature.

Humanity within animal nature?
A war fought to a chilling end;
He knows.

A soldier marching in the Roman legion
The epitaph of an Egyptian Pharaoh;
Dust off the ancient scrolls
Taught by Kings and men.

The history of such ghosts;
Teach him again,
To be the knight she wishes home.
To be the man she’s never known.

The grass is always greener
Except in the tundra.
True Love

The breath of Summer can be seen in Winter.
The first time he heard the secrets in Winter's breeze
Summer yearned to be with her,
Watching from a distance as he outlasted the passage of Fall
Fire pursuing for Ice; is there anything more sinister?
Summer couldn't help himself
Knowing she'd melt, Summer still kissed Winter.

A dangerous game is played
The ice cap is dripping,
Summer cools, Winter warms,
The balance is shifting,
Cataclysmic events of orgasmic proportions,
Summer couldn't dream of anything more pristine,
An unnatural combination of elements
The eye of the storm could be seen.

Summer loved Winter from his inception
Though, now understands why they must exist so far apart.
Ever wonder why there is nothing more soothing than a cool Summer rain?
True love has that effect on the heart.

-30- Antony Bell
Never Be

what does it mean to dream?

There are only so many ways to express my love
Is it ever enough?

There are only so many wishes to make on a star
Before the Heavens go dark.

There are only so many times you can pack your bags
I believe I've seen the last.

There are only so many times I can beg for tomorrow;
The laugh of infinite sorrow.

what does it mean to dream?

There are only so many prayers to say
Until my sins can no longer be washed away.

There are only so many lies to be told
How can you love a man who has finally lost his soul?

There are only so many goodbyes
Before the silence of the last goodbye.

To dream means to see what was meant; though never be.

~81~ Antony Bell