EVERY MASTER PIECE,
LIVES ON TO SEE ANOTHER DAY,
CAPTURING THE EYES OF ITS BEHOLDER;
WHILE THE HEART THAT GAVE IT LIFE,
WITHERS & FADES AWAY.

THIS ONES FOR MY QUEEN—
"I LOVE YOU MOM FOR ETERNITY!!"

THIS IS A BOOK OF POETRY—
THE COVER DESIGN & ALL CONTENTS HERETIN;
ARE CREATED WORKS OF ART BY
"BARRY NUNEZ BLEDSOE JR!!"

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BARRY BLEDSOE - PAHC # 0
There are no chapters
only voices in the web!!

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Barry Bledsoe #1
I traveled on a path that was otherwise untraveled.

The journey took me far within myself. You see, I'm wrenched from within the depths of solitary confinement ...

It is said that one can awaken their third eye through years of meditation, self-reflection & self-realization, by heightened knowledge of self. So what better place to awaken genius, other than the circumstance I now face? Here within the confines of this prison cell, where I am restricted in physical space, yet open to the endless possibilities of the universe.

Because I am physically restricted, I have come to rely upon my other senses to attain freedom. Through the awesome power of my mental faculties I have found a sense of freedom & power unknown to the common individual; in the "so-called" free world. Here in this great solitude I have attained & established a connection with infinite intelligence. This relationship that I have with the supreme, has allowed me to not only be stripped of a destructive ego; it has also taken away all false hood & fabrications, making me far richer than I ever imagined. For now that I have found the truth & science to myself: my spirit, my mind, I will accept nothing else.

My beliefs are my own, & I dare not trample upon another's belief or religion. For we are all students & teachers upon our own path traveling to find what is right for each of us.

Through these pages I will take you into the depths of "mind". Challenge you, inspire you, expose you to madness, make you laugh, maybe make you cry. Along the way, awakened the lethal within you.

Ignite your genius!!

**BARRY BLEDSOE #2**
Rhyme & Reason, reason's to rhyme, madness, truth, knowledge, sanity, insanity, time, time, time, and so many things to find.

These are the gates of a poetic flow; for these words have become my voice, as my mind explodes, the bell rings! Boom!!

Let there be light!!

Travelled through the universe, at the speed of light, reached out to you.

Into your paper I go; play with my harp, this optical music, touch in your heart, orchestrate the synapses, for optimum performance.

This is my symphony.

Click on your brain, besides listentalk.

Increase the rate that you vibrate, so you can exist on a higher plane.

& Along the way:

There's truth to find.

Keys & clues, for you to use.

If you seek you will find.

Although the choice is yours to choose.

You may laugh, you may cry.

You may challenge the core belief you have instore, or you may just say that I've lost my mind.

& For me to take a hike.

In which case I'll search for the biggest mountain I can find.

BARRY BLEDSOE #3
For once the Spark Ignites; Enjoy Inspiration's Ride.
For you will wander & wonder far & wide.
Guided by the compass of your soul.
(When you find what you need to find; it will open your eyes, & than you will know.
For there is more to this life THAN what you have been led to know.
That's why you need to lead yourself, ALONG this road.

For the path is seldom traveled.
For too many are scared to go,
To step outside of their comfort zone;
& see how far the rabbit hole goes.
Yes, look without;
However, also look within.
Search through what the world's, the painting's,
& inside the minds of men & women.
Find what's hidden;
Gaze out of a new window;
& see a beautiful view.
Remove the veil of everything that is before you.
& go back to the basics & start again.

For there are keys to find in the past;
That will open the doors to your freedom in the present.
As everything starts inside of you;
Awaken your beautiful mind.
& embark upon the hidden enterprise.
The steel door shuts with a clack! Day by day my reality solidifies itself sinking in. I lay upon a mat of quicksand; deeper & deeper I sink; I am sunk; I sank; into a blackhole of depression, an endless cycle of "what ifs" & "wishes". reels & stresses... days where I don't want to eat, or move; only fall deeper into the void as life passes me by; I have become the forgotten, the unloved, one, with no redemption. Deeper & deeper into the abyss, the solo of the unsung. Stuck & trapped in retrospection; the seconds tick into eons. Time waits for no man; memories of happiness & bliss, that I never want to forget; always lever in that moment, I don't want to eat; I don't want to move; nothing to break this trance. Depressed & depressed; present in the nightmare of depression... these scenes recurring in my mind's eye. A cinema of horror, self pity, a climax of anger, resentment, boil & hate. & so I fall; fall; fall into the void. This unfinished chapter of my life, a past that demands my attention. Somehow it'll never forget. That is my everyday to let go of. These nightmares & flashbacks of the hideous evil I was not able to prevent. That I didn't see in time; that I didn't catch; all the signs I should of paid attention to. "If only if"... how has such a dark & gruesome scene lodged itself in my mind. Coming & going as it pleases, to repeat itself over & over again. What least expected, for everytime that I shut my door on that demon, shadows of that monster creep in, like suffocating video that penetrate every crevice of my brain; taking root in my mind.
TAKE MY SLEEP, TAKE MY PEACE, ON THE VERGE OF MADNESS; STUCK IN THE VORTEX OF TIME. THESE GRUESOME SCENES, THESE SCREAMS, THESE PLEAS... NOWHERE TO FIND... A RELEASE... EXCEPT THROUGHT THE HANDS OF TIME.

THIS IS THE VOICE OF TEMPORARY DEFEAT THAT BARNACLED ITSELF IN OUR HEADS, A WHIRLWIND OF MADNESS THAT I MUST ARISE OUT OF; BY BECOMING WISE, FOR WISDOM IS THE FORMULATIVE GROWTH OF ALL THAT'S KNOWN & UNKNOWN, RECEPTIVE ONCE ALL OTHER POSSIBILITIES OF MADNESS HAVE BEEN EXHAUSTED. "SO RUN YOUR COURSE I SAY," BECAUSE I RISE UP A LITTLE MORE EACH DAY, I WELCOME & RECOGNIZE YOU FOR WHAT YOU ALWAYS A STEPPING STONE FOR GREATNESS, BECAUSE LOOK I'VE MADE IT THIS Far!! So I might as well brace the Drunken by It's Horns & Barracade Myself into Staringly In It's Face, As It TURNS ME TO FLAMES.
I AM THE OVERCOMER;
THE GLADIATOR WHO BATTLE'S CIRCUMSTANCE;
THE ONE WHO FACES FEAR;
FACE EVERYTHING AND RISE!!
I DO NOT SHAKE WHEN I HEAR THE BEAR;
NOR DO I TREMBLE AS I FIGHT THIS BEAST.
SHARP & STRONG IS MY SWORD;
MY SHIELD IS POLISHED & SOLID;
I CARRY THE LANCE OF ALL FOUNDATIONS;
SO INTO THE DARK I BRAVELY GO...
WITH A FIERCE & MIGHTY COUNTENANCE,
BEHIND ME THE NIGHTMARE BEHOLD!
FOR I HAVE THE RIGHT TO PEACE,
EVEN THOUGH I LEFT TO WARS;
FOR MY KNIGHTS WILL GO THROUGH THE FLAMES, PETS
OF HELL FOR ME & SO MUCH MORE.
SO I TOOK THE INITIATIVE & I LEAD THEM THROUGH IT ALL,
TO MAKE IT TO PARADISE, & HEAR THE ANGELS CALL.
I BOW DOWN BEFORE NO BEAST OR MAN!!
RIGHT KNEE TO HEAVEN, LEFT KNEE TO HELL
THIS YOU MUST UNDERSTAND.
NO ONE IS LEFT BEHIND;
IF YOU SIT AT MY ROUND TABLE;
FOR WE ARE THE ONE WHO MAKE'S CIRCUMSTANCE
SERVE US!!
THE RIGHTEOUS & NOBLE.
CHAMPIONS!!

BARRY BLEDGE #7
IT'S NOT ALWAYS ABOUT THE ANSWER ONE RECEIVES;
BECauses ONE CAN RECEIVE THE WRONG ANSWER.
IT'S ABOUT THE QUESTIONS ONE ASKES;
BECauses IF YOU ASK THE RIGHT QUESTIONS;
NOBODY, OR NOTHING, CAN DENY YOU THE TRUTH;
& IF THEY WONT GIVE YOU THE TRUTH,
THEY WILL SIMPLY STOP TALKING!!
They say it's good for your eyes & your brain
The wandering mind when does it go? For who are they?
What say these things? Tell us what to do & what not
to know. For I search of something more. For who
are they? That are always saying they say they?
But, that's a question for you to contemplate.

Across the abyss, bridging the gap; Two
leaves halfed, now whole, to rest out front, above
your nose. The pyramidal has an eye breathing through
vain!! The physical climbs over the mind & awakened,
The eye of the lotus can never be taken, blend no
more; open doon's; release power's that were dormant.
I am one existing in the moment. Watch my
spectrum dance around this still body. So beautiful &
Happy for having found me. Rise up & transcend
for all have been awakened. Endocrene blends &
chakra's blend; full of prana (energy) in plughed in.
This source of energy encompassing the universe,
& even color spectrum. Sound distinction & form,
has no comparison. Something more than vibration.
Words do no justice for description. For all
human expression can only grasp a minute of what
I am!! Of what you are!! So strong & what you
made of; can not be found in this earth. Only
the physical components. For you come from afar,
some place beyond birth, shooting stars & zodiac
charts. Across the Milky Way; man & woman copulate.
Masculine & feminine in Harmonic union. In the
act of love's creation. Push, bust, release, boom!!
Clear the orgasm, sperm shoots through, inside the egg.
To blend, create me & you. Treckleth down her spine
to take physical shape & reside. Essence has blended into
matter. From a beautiful mind, true love is made of a kind

BARRY BLEDSOE #9
No Clue

So VIBRANT in color & life the HorSE rode in.

July 4th 1776,
-BOMBS BURSTED IN AIR-
(On all sedes a Massacre)
-Have proof-
That property & power "they" were after;
-Through the night-
Each State entity;
-That our flag was-
Sold, yet ....
-Still there-
Is hope to become our own masters;
"O" say does-
The enslaved yearn for freedom;
-That star spangled banner-
Was never meant to mislead us;
-Yet reign-
Over the myths;
-For the land-
Is meant for you & me;
-Of the free-
For whatever reasons we earned it;
-And the Home-
Is our country;
-Of the brave-

"Give me Liberty or Give me Death"
"Is the phrase glorified!!"

Barry Bledsoe #10
If home is where the heart is,
Then that would explain why I'm homeless then,
Now wouldn't it.
Because I still haven't found it yet!!
THE HUSTLE, BUSY
THE BUSY CITY STREET,
PACKED IN,
CRAMPED.
A HUMAN ZOO.
HONK, BEEP, MOVE
STOP - Go -
RED LIGHT
GREEN LIGHT
EXCUSE ME
I DIDN'T MEAN TO STEP ON YOUR TRIP;
CROSS WALK
BUS FREE
TAXI CAB
DRIVE
TRAVEL THE TUNNELS OF THE SUBWAY
WATCH A FEW MINUTES OF A PERFORMER'S SHOW;
A DOLLAR IN THE HAT HERE,
LOOSE CHANGE IN THAT CUP THERE
COME UP FOR FRESH AIR -
A WALK IN THE PARK
A SOUTHERN'S DELIGHT
A DOG'S TREAT
A RUSTLE IN THE WIND
SUCH A SWEET BREEZE
A Glimpse of Green
AMONG CONCRETE
MAGNIFICENT TREES
AMIDST A SKYSCRAPER'S SHAPE -
NATURE'S BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE.

BARRY BLEDGOD #12
AMONG MAN’S - MANMADE -
A MOMENT OF CLARITY
A BRIEF RESpite
AND THEN A RETURN TO THE CITY I CALL LIFE -
THE HURRIED STEPS
THE RUSH OF ACTIONS
THE PRESS OF TIME
THE PRESSURE OF DEADLINES
STRESS FROM FALLING BEHIND;
Hurry, Hurry, Go - Move Faster,
Work Harder
Stay Longer
FEET PEDAL MOMENTUM
HANDLE BARS RACING
TURNING THE WHEELS OF TIME,
OVER THE BRIDGE OF THOUGHT’S CONNECTION -
A PACKAGE DELIVERED
WHISTLE BLOWS
HONK, BEEP, MOVE
STOP - GO -
RED LIGHT
GREEN LIGHT
EXCUSE ME I DIDN’T MEAN TO STEP ON YOUR TOE -
THIS CARBON FOOTPRINT
WATCH YOUR IMPRESSION
WHAT KIND OF IMPRESSION AM I MAKING?
A Look in the Mirror

Hair combed

Weird - what image
Meeting, interviews, deadlines,
What's for lunch
What's taking place
American, Indian, African, Laten, Thai -
Beat the rush
Fast food or organic
Cheap, fair, or overpriced
I need to read the paper
For current times
What time
Tick, tick, tick,
The clock says 40 -
Go, go, go, go 40
Bills to pay, mouths to feed
Things to buy -
So many things;
Things, things, things to do -
Don't slow down
That's right, here I go;
This voice in my mind
telling me not to waste time -
Thought after thought, after thought after thought;
Oh, my I forgot;
What if I forget

BARRY BLEDSOE #14
STEAKY NOTES ALL OVER THE FREDDIE CALENDAR FULL-
APPOINTMENTS SET MEETING SCHEDULED EVERYTHING DELEGATED WITHIN THE PARAMETER OF MY MENTAL PERIMETER EVERYTHING HANDLED "YET" SOMETHING MISSED!! FROM THE PICTURE BUT- STILL SO MUCH MORE TO DO RESOURCES TO USE CONCEPTS TO DISCUSS MATERIALS TO FUSE I CANT LOOSE NOT A PENNY TO WASTE MAKE HASTE, MAKE HASTE MAKE HASTE HONK, BEEP, MOVE STOP - go RED LIGHT GREEN LIGHT CRASH BOOM!! TIME STANDS STILL - FROZE - "EXCUSE ME I DIDN'T MEAN TO ....

BARRY OLEDSO #15
A straight flame stays lit,
Because you constantly tend to it,
If you don't,
If you give up on it,
It will burn itself out.
Thank you have to rekindle the flame all over again.

So too is the fortitude of your mind,
Better to keep it in constant care,
Keep out the winds out.
Out of the Question

THAT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION, BUT WHAT'S NOT OUT OF THE QUESTION IS THE QUESTION. IT IS SAID THAT ALL THE ANSWERS YOU WANT TO KNOW WILL COME TO YOU, IF YOU ONLY FIRST KNOW WHAT QUESTIONS TO ASK. & IN ORDER TO KNOW WHAT QUESTIONS TO ASK, YOU MUST DECIDE WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW. THEN THE SEARCH FOR ANSWERS MUST BE EMBARKED UPON DELIBERATELY. SOMETIMES THE SEARCH IS SIMPLE, AT OTHER TIMES IT IS COMPLEX, HAVING BEEN HIDDEN BEHIND THE VEIL OF MYSTERY & INTRIGUE ... INSTEAD OF FACTS & PASSAGES ... OR, THROUGH THE SOLENOID "GET" LABORIOUS SEARCH OF THE LINE OF DEGREE, WITH GRASP'S ALL KNOWLEDGE, FACTS, & INFORMATION AVAILABLE, SO THAT IT QUEST FOR ALL THE TRUTHS ONE CAN FIND. (SOMETHING LIKE ONE PAGE IN EVERY THREE THOUSAND) THAN THROUGH TIME & EFFORT CONNECT THOSE TRUTHS UNTIL THEY THRUST THE WAY TO AN EVER GREATER TRUTH, & SO ON, & SO ON. Thus the search for answers, the quest for knowledge, surpasses the time allotted to one life. IT NEVER ENDS. & YOU WONDER WHY THE SERPENT IS EATING ITSELF.

BARRY O'DESOE #17
How SMART?

Water is being depleted; resources are being used up; steel jaws say the trees are for the taking; but there must be reciprocation.

Advancement of civilization calls for production; the production needs a factory to produce; it sometimes it pollutes; so the trick is made.

But this I must say; there must be a balance somewhere along the way.

For there is a process that deals equal with all things. Earth, Humankind, Mother Nature, plants, animals, bugs, insects, all things aquatic; down to the smallest molecule, nucleus, prism of life.

There must be a rhyme & reason——
A harmony for us all, for we are only self-destructively with our own genius!
This is a mad house, a looney bed, where nothing is ever normal; not one moment of rest, it is a constant state of levity on the edge. No comfort or respite from the cycle of madness; my peace only comes from the top of this pen, or thoughts of zen meditation. No semblance of normalcy, the patients feed the chaos to the staff; the staff feed the chaos back to the patients; the patients feed the chaos in each other. Then the whole system is chaotic; busted water pipes cause smoke to fowl every crook & crevice falling off the top floor as if it were a beautiful waterfall fall of faithful cascading down the slope.

Cell extracting, dousing chemical agents, body sprits, shields, "they" rush in... we run out... fragments of the chaos for peace, sliced wrists, blood spatters, walls painted crimson, another body to her are left behind; psychological emergencies; mental health consultations... just to dope you up on psychotropic medications... another prescription to keep you further imprisoned in the chaos - MAD - covered in feces & confused, just nasty & awesome... im through it all over these very real illusions. Popped water spouts, emergency syringes, screws within strapped down in cells, strapped down to confinement chairs, strapped down to steel slabs; strapped down in hell! Shout of the nazzazzazzazz to calm "them" down...

- no the dose is not correct yet - keep in secret until "they" drool out the mouth... depleted pupils, weakly, boat-like... - yes, there. "They" go, no one's home. Knock, knock! Who's there... - Hal! Ha! Can you hear me-

- Here drool a little more, here's another shit, there - where cats & badgers, tell me your number!! What's your number? You are a number! Hello number....

No... no... "I'm more than just a number, but I can't remember my name, are my lips moving?"

Can you hear me? What did you do to me? Stuck in this mad house with!! Bank!! Bank!!

Rattle the chains on my brain... you... scream... aahhahahahahah!!

Please I just want a moment of peace ok!!

Barry Bleslie #19
IN & OUT

Day after day of this repetition,
I got to break free from the norm;
I need a burst of spontaneous energy
- A JOLT OF FORCE -
Where do I go from this precipice
As I step over the edge & rise
Climb up the vertebrae of my spine
Into my pineal gland I go
Releasing a spiritual flow,
Then I catapult upward the ladder of my mind;
Each rung I climb,
Through the channels,
Synapse to synapse,
Neuron to neuron;
- SUCH VIBES -
Take me to the recess & breathe the unknown
I wish to multiply the great device
Then add the sum together to equal one mind;
- ABOVE THE MATTER -
Causing upon the ether to provide,
The gifts from infinite mind.
I've figured out the puzzle,
Now all the pieces fit,
Give me the substance of the manuscript;
So I can break it back across the ether,
To fulfill a desired wish;
For I present you with this gift
of mental magnitude
If you will comprehend
For it really does all behold
When you step within's
Than step out of your skin!!

Barry Blesdon #20
I FEEL LIKE I'M ON THE VERGE OF INSANITY.

AS IF STAYING IN THE MIND; AS IF I COULD PEEL LAYER UPON LAYER OF MY SKIN OFF. I FEEL A RAGE BOIL UP UNDER THE SURFACE; A SCREAMING BANSHEE, HOWLING IN THE STEEL AIR OF MY CONFINEMENT, SHATTERING THE ENTRAILS OF MY MIND. MY BRAIN READY TO EXPLODE OUT OF MY SKULL;

SLEETING DOWN THE FLOOR & ALONG THE WALLS LEAVES A CEREBRAL IMPRINT, AN IMPRESSED, BEFORE IT IS

FLUSHED DOWN THE TOILET CLASSICALLY THE THINGS OF REASON, TO MAKE SENSE OUT OF THIS WEIRD SHIT POLE WE SOMETIME FOND OURSELVES IN.

NO THAT'S NOT RIGHT; I MUST NOT THINK LIKE THAT.

I HAVE TO RECLAIM MYSELF TO STAY POSITIVE, TO KNOW & TO BELIEVE THAT LIFE ONLY GETS BETTER FROM HERE. THAT EVERY HERE I CAN DO MUCH GOOD, EVEN HERE I CAN CREATE A FUTURE OF NOT ONLY RICHES OF THE MIND, SOUL, I CAN ALSO CREATE A VAST EMPIRE OF WEALTH. IT IS FAR MORE HEALTHY & BENEFICIAL FOR ME TO STAY IN THE POSITIVE, TO REMAIN OPTIMISTIC,

TO REMAIN CONSTRUCTIVE, TO KEEP MY MIND OPEN... TO KEEP SEEKING IT, TO ALWAYS TRUST THE DIVINE, TO NEVER LOSE FAITH, & LAUGH IN THE FACE OF OPPRESSION. FOR THAT IS A DIVINE COMEDY & THE NEXT PLAY MY ACT.

SUCH POLES O'POSER'S THAT CORRELATE AND MUST COLLECT FOR BALANCE, AS IF EACH FACE OF THOUGHT WERE TRAVELLED AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT, OR FASTER, WITHIN A PARTICLE ACCELERATOR, ONLY TO COLLECT & IMPACT INTO A NEW FORM OF MATTER. & THAT ONE DROP IF CREATED, THAN MADE THROUGH THE TENSION & OPPOSITIONS,

HAS ENOUGH ENERGIES TO CHANGE AN ENTIRE VIEW; SUBSTANTIALLY YOU WITH ENOUGH POWER TO Propel YOU FORWARD ABOVE & BEYOND THE MINUTE.

& SO EACH STEP IS TAKEN STEADILY ON THE PATHWAY TO PROGRESS, NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES I EXPERIENCE DEFEAT, I WOULD NOT PERMIT MYSELF TO LIVE WITH FAULCITY BY GIVING UP.

BARRY BLEDSOE #21
Look to the look-out glass & tell me what you see, an ABBEY composed of a composer's musical pull, to pull a pose & have him proof; to make him wear with truth. For me, or you, I can not say; but true & true they make the bees go away. "Be gone you nasty-Lie"; "Be gone & say". I'm through with you! For me & truth are tamerish married this day, & I know her like no other; I've studied her Gisborne & out, she's passed so many truthful test, that only truth can pass......without a doubt. "Do you simple man take the truth, to be your lawfully wedded wife?" "I do"; "I do"; "Do you truth take this simple man- to be your lawfully wedded husband?" "Ha! ha! I do", "I do"; to love, to uphold, to cherish & protect?" "I do", "I do". "You may kiss the bride," Mmmmm MvaaaaHHH!! SmooootTHH, SluurrpH! SMACKKRRR; "I love you truth," "You so beautiful," & "I love you," we are born to love happily ever after...the truth went behind the simple man's back & took off her mask .... what a pretty little lie!! & she let out a laugh!!! & got me another simple man, & all along, all I did was tell him what he wanted to hear; & throughout the simple man's life, the pretty little lie disguised as a beautiful truth, destroyed simple man; every suotic & heated way she could, with what was on hand. & upon the simple man's death bed Haven't loved an unfulfilled life; the simple man finally understood the truth; -love is blond - & he finally saw all the pretty little lies's that destroyed his life!! & from that he would be questioned what he believed to be true.
A truth is a fact!!; a fact is a certainty.
A belief is a desire—
an opinion is an unproved assessment of what you
"think" or "believe", what you "desire", to be true,
without facts.
Therefore the opinions can never change the facts;
the facts will always change the opinions.
& that is the truth.
That even the smallest truth, destroys the biggest lie.
& if what you believe to be true is not a certain fact,
than it is a watered down lie.
An unproved assessment of your own opinion, or someone else's,
that you have come to believe in, because you desire it
to be true, but your stuck living in a lie.
"Who?""What?""Where?""When?""If?""Why?"
Hence the scripture: "The truth shall set you free"
WRITE, SPEAK, BELIEVE!!

The trick is to give what you want substance, a bit of your essence.
Words are affirmations.
When you write or speak, you affirm & further solidify that element—"energy"—
you pull it through the ether, & bring it to you in the form of matter.

Words are not only for creating your desires.

Words can either free your mind, or hinder your mind. So you have to stay aware of word.
Your power or weakness is in the words you use in your mind... "in your thoughts."

So choose your words wisely;
& be careful what you allow to enter in your mind!!
I speak to the intellect & hearts of woman & men,
come together, unify & consolidate once again.
For the oppressed, have become the oppressor's,
& we are subjected to tyranny from within.
For over time, our sovereignty has been stolen from us,
&-hidden behind a complex web.
The draft of our freedom has been re-written again
& again; until it is no longer our friend.
For a massive debt is owed;
& the burden has been placed upon the shoulders of us all,
unknown!! Who is this enemy of our home?
That has put the ocean on land.

BARRY BLEDSDOE #25
I AM YOUR OTHER HALF;
YOU MAKE ME WHOLE;
THEREFORE WE ARE EACH OTHER'S COMPLETION.

EVERYTHING IS JUDGED, ACCORDING TO ITS WEIGHT & MEASURE,
THAT'S "WHY" OUR SCALE IS ALWAYS BALANCED & EVEN.

AS YOU ADD OUR FIRST & LAST NAMES TOGETHER,
WE WILL COME UP EQUAL.
OUR MIDDLE NAMES ARE THERE TO MAINTAIN
THE DIFFERENT DEGREES OF OUR SQUARE,
WHICH IS THE BASE OF OUR PYRAMID.

AND ONE CORNERSTONE,
IS THE POWERFUL ABILITY TO BUILD UPON;
THE STRENGTH OF OUR FOUNDATION,
BREATH Accurate MEASURES TO BE USED;
WITH THE WEIGHT OF CIRCUMSTANCES DESTINATION.

FOR THE ESTIMATED AXES OF OUR RISE,
I AM THE EQUATION ATOP YOU;
THE DIVINE 3RD EYE....
WATCHING OVER YOU FROM THE EDGE OF CREATION.

I AM THE SUPREME MATHEMATICS MANIFESTATION,
At equilibrium.

I AM WHAT YOU OBTAIN WHEN THE FIRST BECOMES LAST
& THE LAST BECOMES FIRST....

Yours Truly

Barney Bledsoe #26
The steel door shuts with a boom; & the years go by. So much so, that I no longer keep track of time as it flies. I awoke this day & laid still. Listened to my subconscious mind reveal. So many visions & ideas flashed in my mind's eye. Jewel after jewel was given to me. I grabbed my pen & paper; I began writing as fast as I could. Knowledge comes in so many shapes & forms. I was given modifications & inventions, formulae, & different dynamics of word play. & I heard this in my brain:

"I am Infinite Mind; Infinite Intelligence; the source of all that is in existence; I am where all knowledge is found. Some know me by God. I am your belief, you & I have a unique relationship; therefore you may give me the shape & form that you wish. So the bridge that connects us to meet will be easily met with no resistance. For you have given me a face & voice that you alone will recognize ... This is the power I have given you; & instilled in your mind; become familiar with me; by giving me a life of your own!!

I layed still & started to meditate on what was just given to me. My thoughts took me across the span of many religions. I realized that each religion has a unique shape & form; face, voice of God. I started to see with such clarity; that through symbolism it is easier to have an intimate relationship with God. If the mind can conceive a tangible image to hold onto within the mind's eye ...
... THE POWER & PROFICENCY OF FAITH & BELIEF IS LIMITLESS. I WAS AMAZED AT THE REVELATION'S TAKEN PLACE WITHIN ME, & SO I STARTED CREATING MY OWN GUARDIAN ANGELS. I HAVE FOUND A TOKEN THAT WILL ALLOW ME TO PASS THE BOUNDARY ANY TIME I WISHED & DESIRED.

I SIT ON THIS BUNK CONTemplating THE GREAT MYSTERY & COURSE OF MY LIFE. IF IT IS NO LONGER A MYSTERY, FOR NOW I UNDERSTAND THAT WHAT I THINK I CREATE & MY THOUGHTS, MY BELIEF DETERMINE THE COURSE OF MY LIFE. "TRUE" I SHALL FACE AT TIMES CIRCUMSTANCES OUT OF MY OWN CHOICE. HOWEVER, I UNDERSTAND & OVERSTAND; WE THEN STAND; THE POWER OF A GREAT MIND CAN ALTER & CHANGE CIRCUMSTANCE; SO THAT IT TOO SERVES YARN WELL POWER.

WITH THESE YEARS OF ISOLATION HAS COME MUCH RETROSPECTION; MUCH MEDITATION. I CAN LOOK BACK & SEE THE DESTRUCTIVE PATH I WAS ONCE ON. BECAUSE I HAVE KNOWN & TO NOT USE IT, IS WORSE THAN NOT KNOWLEDGE, WHICH THAT REDUCES YOU DOWN TO A PRIMAL STATE.

SO USE YOUR MIND, USE YOUR BRAIN, TAP INTO YOUR HIDDEN POWER & CREATE!!

& THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT TO GET ON WITH TO DO!!

Barry Bledsoe #28
My skeleton just jumped out of my skin, it's pacing the cell back and forth; as I lay here like gelatin, contemplating these bones. Sweat dripped out of my pores, watching this marrow as my vision narrows to a double helix, plucking these DNA strands making music, as the skeleton dances & scuttles, to the tune I play of misery. Sickly's.

"Lol", "what's so funny?", "I didn't make a joke!!

extended. It's bone. Feathery Skeleton laughs & says "you big baby - you miss your Mommy & don't say you don't!!"

Skull's open wide, laughed out of my mind, out of my body; these bits of bone's without the salt, tapped, tap, tap, tap, dancing back & forth to the music of a DNA strand, plucking a double helix, sweating out of my pores, & the skeleton stops, stamps, it's bone feet & demands!!

"mad, mad, mad!!" "enough of this I've had," "no more - "you keep playing the same tune over, over, over, over, you Drive me mad!!" "why do you think I've jumped out of your skull!! "you make me damn crazy with the way you think!!" "& now your just laying there staring at me ... do something constructive, stand up already!! Ha! Ha! Ha! Right, right; you back without a bone ... what a joke!!


Doom, Doom, Doom

Doom,

Doom,

Doom,

Doom, Doom, Doom

Doom, Doom, Doom, Doom

I'm just a salt without a bone, & now my skeleton's wandering around looking for its way back home; without a heart to call its own; homeless forever more.

Doom, Doom, Doom, Doom

Doom,

Doom,

Doom, Doom, Doom

BARRY BLEDSOE #29
"I'm laying here out of my body, playing my harp.
These lonely tunes of a broken heart dance and sentinel
To the tune I sang 'o' passeth the time away!"

"Doom, doom, doom; doom—
"Enough! Enough! Enough already! How about a game
Of bones? Anybody to take your mind off this madness?"
"I feel like my skull's about to split! Our brains just melding
Than what are we gonna have to think with?"

"Well, that's what the spider is for, now, isn't it?
You see it up there above my bed! Chilling in its web, full
Of bodies. 'The damn thing lives in a grave yard!' I'm
Just one old happy family here, now aren't we?"

A spider said: "Don't break me into this mess"
"You can complain all day about skeletons & you a crybaby leached;
Would you both be quiet already. I'm trying to think & enjoy my
dinner; I don't want to hear your ranting. I'm stuck in my web
to count how many times you two go through this in a day"
"Your both old's I tell ya! Both old boys, it's only a matter of
time!"

"A matter of time for what?" I ask.
Skeletor says: "I'll tell ya for what, that damn spider's gonna
Eat us! It's already got us caught in its web and we can't
See it!"

"Break a leg already!" Yells Skeletor; "That's preposterous;
You skull & bone's are tougher. Let's go, worse than a shoo fly!"

I'm telling you leached, spiders are known for
spanning complex webs, better to stay a step ahead—
"Well I can't even take a step, because you have
My skull that my head goes onto. That's why I'm peeling back my
Skin. "Spider come here look in my eye's & tell me what
do you see?"

-Hold on let me finish this fly web-

Barry Bledsoe #30
"O' GREAT HERE WE GO, THE SPEEDY ORACLE & ITS ORACLES' SKELETONS, CHIDES SKELETON.

SPEDEYE DESCENDED DOWN A STRAND, DANGLE chất ABOVE MY EYE; PEERING DEEP INSIDE; I STARED INTO SPEDEYE'S MANY DIFFERENT EYES.

"HMMMM, YES, YES; HMMMM, NO NO THAT CAN'T BE; HMMMM, YES; YES, Oooh, ooh, ooh, YES, YES, OH, OH! RIGHT NOW, AH! YES..."

"WTF!! ARE YOU EYE FUKED!! HERE OVER THERE ON WHAT!!" "YOU KNOW HE CAN'T MOVE!! "LET ALONE GET IT UP!!"

"SKELETON SHUT UP I SAY!!" & SO SKELETON CRACKS HIS KNuckles & STARTS TOpace.

"SPEEDY SAYS: "I SEE YOU DOING GREAT THINGS, "I REALIZE A GREAT PERSON, I HAVEN'T BEEN GREAT, WAY'S!!" "I REALIZE THIS, ARE IN STORE FOR YOU, "YOU JUST WANTED BE GREAT!! I HAVE SUCH A GREAT DAY!!"

"WHAT A CROCK OF SPEEDY SIT!!" "SKELETON BERATE ""HEY HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A SPEDEYE TAKE A SHIT??" "NOW THAT'S A GREAT ORACLE TO CONTEMPLATE!!"

"ALREADY BONE'S, ALREADY, I LAUGHED OUT OF MY JELLO!! SPEEDY YOU JUST TOLD ME NOT THAT GREAT, BUT IT WAS GREAT THAT YOU SAID GREAT THINGS, NOW WOULD YOU TELL ME WHAT ELSE YOU SEE; I WANT THE TRUTH; DON'T SHOO FLY ME; I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH IT HURTS, ENLIGHTEN ME!!"

"O' GREAT, YOUR BREAKING MY BREAST BONE'S OVER HERE!" "WITH YOUR SYMPATHETIC LIPS!!" "RELAXED WOULD YOU STEFFEN UP ALREADY & TOLD STEFF, Ha! Ha!!"
"You have been on a quest for sometime, searching for knowledge and wisdom. You have the time now, in your steadiness to improve, to prepare yourself for the great task ahead of you. For there is no time to waste away; because when you are released you will have many more difficult challenges to face. Because you know that though you will be tested in the most unattainable way, as you pass each test by doing the right things; still you will become even more great, you will become far richer than what you have thought, you will experience deep heartache, loss, and still you will set atop a great empire of riches and wealth. You will have more than what you now have; surpassing this physical body and your past. You will be given a choice to choose what you will do with all that you have; for to whom much is given, much is expected; you will have more friends, and even more enemies. You will appear to be happy, but will carry a deep sadness within; you will find some happiness by being content with the simple things, as you live inside a complex web; your experiences will make you wise, and give you an edge simpler than any sword of your opponents. The bone's that you carry will be your shield; haven't paid your due's—there is much, much more, but for now I leave you with a clue: if the bone's dance playfully their own tune; the special sauce is web around you; if you find yourself stuck & can not move; it's time to destroy & rebuild everything around you—Doom, Doom, Doom!}

"& you wonder why we love comedians, sometimes life's to serious"
IN THE SILENCE

ONE SAT STILL & SILENT IN SOLITUDE, AS THE OTHERS SLEPT; ONE MEDITATED. ENJOYING THE PEACE OF THE MOMENT.
For ERE CHAOS GETS TIRED, IT NEEDS A MOMENT TO REST.
“ORDER OUT OF CHAOS,” THE CHAOS HAS BEEN TAMED, MY BODY IS
OF CHAOS; HOWEVER MY MIND, “SO FREE” IT SHALL REMAIN.
Such a complex web is spun around a lie, why spend
your whole life caught instead of it, when the truth is
so much better to find. Always ask “Why”?
Who, what, where, when, how... & why? Who Benefits?
The laws of man can never overcome the power of space!!
For the true laws of the land are governed by nature &
the elements. It is only by much contemplation & introspection,
that you will begin to grasp this cosmic dance of ours;
& forever dance, to love; it's to let go & rest above;
& love; it's to lift one up with you; above the push & pull
of the tides; & the ebb & flow of time.

THE GREATNESS OF A BEAUTIFUL MIND —
This is your journey to dwell within,
your temple; your pyramid,
The melody of silence is a gentle harmony of such
powerful proportions; for it is the music that stops
the mind & soul like no other sound.
For this is when you can hear celestial speech & leap up off the ground.
Come to know yourself “I say”
For there is no grandeur moment, other than snow!!
For you can break the strands of the web from within,
& change the day....

BARRY BLEDSOE #33
Aria the calculus "I say!!" The calculators are on the march!! The calendars are blown forth, the dates are changing, the times are at hand, the minutes are turning into seconds, the seconds are turning into hours, the year is one day up against the span, time spends the spider's web; to trap you in—In due time—The time allotted has expired, & your due date is up!! You've turned sour, rotten, spoiled, foul—Wind erodes rock—Water channels through; not enough for you; you dry up. Animals deplete; food gives scarce, in constant competition to repeat a constitution of history. For all search for fame. To be great, to go down in history, "I'm story" is no good. It has all become wormwood, from the apple of all time, that is seen through a popper's eye sent out by the.....

To report back to the spider caught in the web, that is spun by time... what time do I have? Stuck in this mess!! Stuck in a jar with the fly's; to feed the spider for doing a good job of catching me; make it believe that it really spun its web in the first place; when it really was time, how many minute hours, or second years it took from time to spin; can be counted upon how many time's these fly's keep slamming into this jar!! LED!! I guess time really does fly! I'm just stuck in one belt damn lie!!
I hear echo all day.
Not only within myself, also,
through so many other different
voices, & personalities. "Yet"
It's always the same....
ME!! ME!! ME!! ME!! ME!!
THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I STAY IN MY OWN LANE. BECAUSE PEOPLE LIKE THAT, ALWAYS TRYING TO CUT ME OFF; THEY KNOW EVERYTHING; THEY'RE ALL Al 4. FORCOCK IT ON THE WORLD. THEY BREAK YOU DOWN THE WHOLE TIME. THEY TALK ABOUT LEFTING YOU UP & LEFT YOU UP; ONLY TO TAKE YOU DOWN & GIVE YOU A FLAT.

WHO ARE YOU TO PASS JUDGMENT ON ME—I HAVE NOBODY'S EXPECTATIONS TO LIVE UP TO EXCEPT MY OWN!! LET ME DRIVE MY CAR; YOU DRIVE YOURS; IF YOU WANT TO DO THE SPEED LIMIT—THAT'S ON YOU.

PEOPLE WITH INFERIORITY COMPLEXES, WE'LL ALWAYS TRY TO BEAT THE NEXT MAN OR WOMAN. SOCRATES, PATHOLOGICAL ... WHATEVER YOU WANT TO CALL THAT SIDE OF YOUR CHARACTER THAT DOMINATES YOU LIKE THAT ....

DO ME A FAVOR—KEEP THAT IN CHECK—KEEP YOUR THOUGHTS TO YOURSELF—BETORE IT SLAP THE F**K OFF ON YOU! & RUN YOUR ASS OFF THE ROAD—

(TALK ABOUT ROAD RAGE)

BARRY BLEDSOE #36
Even thought for the moment my physical body resides here, I know that I really don't. For this is not the end, only a beautiful beginning. Circumstance does not define who I am. I define who I am. "I can't," I won't, I don't know how; impossible, can't be done, are all words that do not exist in my vocabulary. These are words I've scratched out of my dictionary, I like "what if's" & why? questions, because they open my mind. Nothing is impossible!! I can do anything, what I don't know I will learn; & I will do whatever it takes everyday to progress & evolve; making my own tone, making my own music, so that life will dance to it on my terms.

Rain at times falls slowly at first, than it comes in a torrent, than torrent pools into a river with a steady current, than flows over the new edge, this waterfall, rises up into the mist of a prism of pure light, which then gives birth to another life; this color spectrum falls into a ravine, that leads through a forest filled with wild life, into a city filled with people, whose still alive each lap of the turnkey, & sip from the cup, feed with all that energy, flowing into an ocean blends in harmony with its complete opposite, & so opposite's do attract. This magnetic pull, seen through a prism, shows us the color spectrum of light, as it precipitates to condense in the clouds; to fall & rise again with life.

So to all the levels of a great mind, slowly even so slowly it awakens; to so many vast quantities & qualities of riches. This ever abundant flows out from within, for you will attract.
What makes the great truly great, is not only their accomplishments, it's also their teachings, their notes they leave for others. From those writings, you can format your own science and methods.

Minds are filled with riches,
Books are filled with gold;
A picture says it all without
A single word; while words
paint rich books, selling
the minds of women & men
with gold!!

Don't loose sight of your goal
It's right in the palms of
your hand, squash defeat,
trample it, rise up; bend
circumstance to your will power
& succeed!!

Barry Bledsoe #38
Another clue!!

Dialogue: Propaganda, force fed beliefs, what is "led" to believe. Advertising, set to capture me in the web of wants. More, The spun web, spun silk. Its web to keep me ensnared, the speaker forever plays. I so never satisfied, have stressed, fought days, flying high with the channel, what's really right or? Or am I having sensory confusion as I daily daily this dimunendo, of multimedia expressions, projected sensory fused to overload my simplicity, neglected until it explode!... By imprinting my mind with auto-suggestion, by constant visualization of a product's picture repetitive, or theme, until I become accustomed to the abnormal, believe it to be normal, that's what I really need, when I don't, that's not the way things should be. But they are. Tell me lies, in vision, gobbledygook, "I say", what happened to a normal television? With all these T.V.'s, emphasis on the capital T's, nearly VI's! The traumatic violence, tortured vision on screen. It has really all become truthfully dumped to me, where is all there depth & substance, the weight & merit they once had. For they've turned anorexic, flat & are practically nothing, where is there food to eat? My controller just jammed, "Oh!" What this is just another test for all my eyes with spacers, my mono went emergency Warning's, because I keep hearing them beep, beep, beep from a Robo broadcast, & this is supposed to music, love from broad band. "Oh! What a show! I'd rather watch a show on Broadway than stay stuck on a car, all aboard, all aboard, scattered, are we really all sacrificial lambs, been led to a slaughter by a heart, huh? What a bore!! & what's more, we are all unaware, of the powers that be, as "they" slowly close the trap on you & me. Pointing us all in their concentrated camps! Because we've lost our concentration, levish our love on the couch, a corporation of furniture that profits off Bodice, selling stock as corporate entity, are we really that deaf & dumb? As we lay sleepwalk on the couch, stuck up our minds, watch out I., as "they" creep in on tap, they rob us blind.
TAKING OUR FOOD; HUH WAAAM!! WHAT YU SAY? - YU BÉH BÁBY
THERE TAKING MY POTATO CHIP'S; FROM MY CÓUCH POTATO, PLAYING
Hot POTATO & PATTY CAKE WITH MY BRACII
& THEY SAY IT'S ONLY THE PREPOSTEROUS RAMBLINGS OF THE DERANGED,
A MAD MAN WHO NEEDS TO BE HOUSED WITH THE CRIMINALLY INSANEL;
PASTICHA COLORABLE DOLLARS & BEAUTIFUL PICTURES THAT APPEAR TO
BE REAL - BUT NOT - WEARING HIS STRAIGHT JACKET UNIFORM IN COMMERCE
CODE, WHILE SENDIN' FEDERAL EXPRESS RESERVE MATE'S TO A LOVÉ NOBODY
KNOWS; DROOLIN' OUT OF THE MOUTH WATCHIN' COMMERCIALS; FOR HIS
UNREDEEMABLE BEHAVIOR, FOR ACRÉTIC OUT OF STATUTORY JURISDICTION
TRYIN' TO MAKE SOME REAL CURRENCY SELLIN' HIS PAINTINGS,
HA! UNCLE CHARLIE, YU NEED TO MÉT UNCLE SAM; HE'S
REALY GETTIN' OUT OF HAND; HE JUST TOOK MY SAM, PUT ME IN A MARCHING
BAND & MESSÉD UP MY RHYTHM WITH ALL THE MÁRTÉMÖ NONSENSE!! I
SWEAR ON MY RIGHT HÀND I KNOW HOW TO SWEM, BUT THERE'S SO MANY
SHARKS IN THE OCEAN & NOT ENOUGH DOLPHINS, WHAT HAPPENED TO
COMMON SENSE & RESPECT? WHEN IT USED TO BE COMMON LAW; BECAUSE
YOU HAD SOMETHING IN COMMON WITH ALL? I GUESS YU'RE BUSY
RUNNIN' YOUR COURT-PARATTON'S; BY A CONSTITUTION OF YOUR OWN
CONSTITUTION WITHOUT CONSULTING ME; SO WHAT BURDEN CAN YU PLACE
ON ME THAT IM NOT A PARTY? SEEMÉH ABÉ NATURÉS WITH; "WHERE
PRESUDIENCE CALIFORNIA CENTRAL OF UNIVERSTITY"; BECAUSE I AM NOT
LIMITED LIABILITY; AS YU ARE LEASILY LIMITED, YOUR OBILITATION IS
MY SOVEREIGN RIGHT!! OR IS IT REALLY TRUE THAT WHOEVER HAS
THE BIGGEST LAWS WINS & MIGHT IS RIGHT?
WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO THE PALE HORSE THAT GALLOPED INTO THE NIGHT?

BARRY BLEDSOE #40
Everybody knows that two heads are better than one. I to seek wise counsel is to receive heaven from above. Then powerful connected magnetized, two spirits in perfect harmony electrified, plug in your key & open your master mind. Become an olympian chosen by the devotee at the round table we sit. Passeth this tablet of wise for the wise break out the truth; contemplate these holy relics. Break off bread, shatter ideas, make plans, formulate designs. Our thoughts meet upon the bridge of two great minds, shatter hands & swamous tokens; trade, treasure, & jewels, recipes bestow and, without malice, envy, or greed, or any type of grandeur or divinity create, taste & feel for the battle field. Because failure is not an option. We sharpen our swords & polish our shields, this armament of strong, beautiful minds. Our castle we fortify, precautionary measures, safety checks, & security parameters, strengthened this main gate. The philosopher stone rest in the right exact corner. The corner stone of genius, knows no bounds. It has no borders; only positive affirmations, that demand from the ether; I must have in this present moment. Two sophisticated minds fully awake & alive. Transmutate, transform, transfigure, & creatively use the well power of all creation. Transmuting & generating, empowering, becoming more powerful. Walketh through walls into universal libraries where all knowledge is. Where all is known. The mental alchemy, chemical transmutation; no transmute knowledge in this alchemy. So many weapons to choose from in this army. Arm yourself, with an army of knowledge, that do my brood in darkness or light. My warriors at the forefront of the successful flight. Enemy lines & vertices, tales to claims, skills that open wide, stuffed with the wealthiest jewelz, such tasty bread food -

BARRY BLEDSOE #41
WE DIVE ON THESE MORSELS; EAT ALL OUR FOOL!!! FOR THE MINE NEVER LET'S DRY. THIS UNLIMITED VEIN OF GOLD, RUNNETH THROUGH MY BODY; FROM THE EYE OF MY HEAD TO THE TOES OF MY FEET, ALLOW ME TO FEEL, TO TOUCH, TO KNOW, TO LIVE. THE BEAT OF A MIGHTY DRUM, CAUSED THE HEARTS OF CHAMPIONS. THESE MIGHTY MINDS, UPON THEIR PROUD & MIGHTY STEEDS. BREATHLESSLY RIDE WITH THEIR NOSE'S, AS THEY TRAMPLE UPON DUST, WHELP & NEGATIVITIES FORCED. THESE OLYMPIC'S, SLASHING TO & FRO, WITH SWORD & LANCE; FOR LIFE & LIMP MUST GO, AS WE RISE ABOVE THE MANNER INTO THE LAKES. HEAR THE ORACLE. HEAR THE ODE. THESE MEGA MINDS. ADDED & SUBTRACTED THE SQUARE ROOT, TIMES PERE, THAN DIVIDE BY E=MC², TIMES NINE; FOR THE PERCENT OF THE RATIO THAT MUST BE DEFINED BY THE LINE, THAT MAKES THE SQUARE, INSIDE A CIRCLE, WITH A CENTRAL DOT, & THAT'S THE SPOT, YOU MUST STAND, PROJECTING OUTWARD FROM WITHIN, TO A GREAT MIND; FOR TWO MINDS ARE BETTER THAN ONE, WHEN IT'S TIME TO BUILD YOUR PYRAMID.
THE EXHAUST FAN HUMS WITH MECHANICAL EFFICIENCY, AS IF IT WERE A STEEL DRUM IN PERPETUAL FLIGHT OVER MY HEAD. THE DECIBELS OF SOUND BOUNCED OFF THE CHANNELED MOUTH OF MY EARDRUM, RESOUNDING FOREVER IN MY BRAIN. DAY AFTER DAY THIS NECESSARY EVIL, THAT SUCKS SUCH VITAL LIFE FORCE (HER) THROUGH THE SLATE WINDOW OF THE CELL. THIS DAY THE HEAT IS NOT SO BAD, FOR MOTHER NATURE HAS BLESSED ME WITH RAIN; ALONG WITH THE BEAUTIFUL TEMPO OF A RAIN DROPS POETIC FALL, COMES WITH IT, THE DANCE OF A COOL BREEZE; CREATING A RELAXING ATMOSPHERE EVEN HERE IN THIS INSTITUTE OF CHAOS. FOR EVEN NOW THE CELL BLOCK IS SOMewhat QUIET THIS DAY, & THE REPEATING CONVERSATIONS (YELLING) THAT CERTAIN TYPES SUBJECT THEMSELVES TO, HAVE CEASED FOR A BRIEF MOMENT. EVEN THE RAMMUNMENTS OF WHO'S HAVING HER WHIS ASS & FUCK THIS & FUCK THAT, SUCK THIS & SUCK THAT, PEESSY DECK, ASS & PEESSY ASS SHIT, COCK & BALL ANAL BULLSHIT!! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!! HAS STOPPED FOR A MOMENT SO I CAN HEAR MYSELF THINK!!

NOW LIKE I WAS SAYING THESE BRIEF MOMENTS OF RESPIRE ARE A TREASURE, AT OTHER TIMES I HAD SO MUCH TISSUE PAPER STUFFED IN MY EAR CANAL, THAT I JUST BLOW THE EAR DRUM & BREAK THE DAM THAT'S KEEPING MY BRAIN IN PLACE. NOW IF I COULD JUST FIGURE OUT A WAY TO BLOW THAT EXHAUST OUT OF EXISTANCE & STILL KEEP THE AIR COMFORT IN THIS CELL IT WOULD BE A PERFECT DAY. BUT I GUESS I'LL JUST TAKE THE GOOD WITH THE BAD & THE INSANITY WITH THE SAINTY ... I SAY THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU, FOR THIS DAY.

BARRY BLEDSOE #43
A MATTER OF OPEN END SEARCHING FOR FAVOR TO MANIFEST,

THIS IDEAL BELIEF
THIS CONCEPT
VOTE, NULL, VOID
VETO - PASS.

DELEGATION COUNCIL
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

FACE VALUE DEFECATED CHARACTER
BREAK THESE PAST TO LIGHT WHISTLE BLOWED'S & TOUCH BEARERS.

I'M BETTER THAN YOU
BECAUSE OF THIS & THAT
& MY STATUS IS SUCH & SUCH
BECAUSE OF SO & SO.
KNOWLEDGE!!

you know not what you do;
so you're not to blame;
ignorance really is bliss;
for it carries not much weight.

For to know,
& not to do,
is worse than not knowing at all.

HAVING KNOWLEDGE ITSELF;
let's out it's own call;
unseen forces hear;
& come beckonish to brawl;
to challenge what you know;
& test what you learn;
& through these trials;
truly see if you deserve;
that which you have,
or take you through hell & back;
to make you earn;
that which you know.

For to know,
& not to do,
is worse than not knowing at all.

BARRY BLEDSOE #45
For what you imprint upon your mind,
your brain will attract,
knowledge is a magnet,
filled with facts.
So opinions will always try to distract,
so they can remain intact.
It is a constant battle upon the etherial plane.
The pages of one book can forever change,
your life.

Ignorance really is bliss,
For it carries not much weight,
if you know not what you do;
you not to blame.

For to know,
& not to do,
is worse than not knowing at all.

So you have to ask yourself,
is knowledge really worth it?
knowledge that your difficulties would increase,
along with your regrets.

For much is expected,
to whom much is given.
The light overhead flickers on and stays on eighteen hours at a time. The ultraviolet rays of a false sun, shooed by particles of synthetic light, are molten, yet not warm. The light on my body is like what I've been tasting, like what I've been feeling. It's what a person with insomnia feels, forever, open-eyed, with no reprieve or closure. Paralyzed or dead, sunken, sunken, sunken, sunken.

I wonder what I'd do if I had more time, more space. What would I do if I were more... alive? How much longer can I hold on? How much longer is it I can? What's the point? I can't breathe. I can't breathe. It's not real... But it is, it is. It's my reality, stuck in prison, within a prison... (solomonic) Within a prison. (Body) Fuss, fizzle, breathe, close your eyes, block it all out, don't wake up yet. Travel be forever.

I run along a jungle path, as the wind surges across the waves of my body, a battle, smooth, fierce, commanded respect, a barren piece. Though the windchanges, I travel; I am tiger, hunted, on the verge of extinction, saddened by the deaths of my kind, I have done you no wrong. Why are you killing me, I seek only liberation!! I run, and run faster. My paws propell me over ground, never breakers, veiled, veiled, veiled, a two-legged version. Blues as I race past, the edge of extinction. I leap, only to touch down among the bones of an elephant. My eyes are made of blue, and beneath me for moles, I see the destruction that man has wrought, senseless, heartless, unharmonious to life. For what happens when the destruction of the tiger and elephant means nothing left to be destroyed? What will happen is man will find something else to destroy, and so on, and so on until there's nothing left, for even moles can be eliminated. Can you hear? Nature screams, the earth's plea: I walk atop these scattered fragments of a beautiful, life. A mass, skull and bones. She cuts a lettered, a mass, the carnage's plea: I walk atop these scattered fragments of a beautiful, life. A mass, skull and bones. She cuts a lettered, a mass, the carnage's plea.
Flamboyant hues of explosive suns; shimmering clouds and ash filled skies. In the land where men praise their rifles and ammunition is lord. The staccato screams of fully automated, melting and self-destructing, this artillery hell. Where bullets smite as they trace through the ether, in search of targets to die by, to do justice or injustice only the trigger mark can tell. Armor piercing the tankible; condite smells, shock and castile all around me. Incastile me of a shell; sand bags and body bags, flesh and entrails fled, for want of a bounty there is a price for all our heads; it all sells and has a piece to fit in. These ration's fell my pockets; elephant's teeth are the middle around, facing each other as hot led rains down; standing proud and tall, the last of a decent breed; where even a corpse will turn to dust, a memory in the wind, the sky's open up and light freight crashes down, to let loose from Dante's inferno these hounds.

Staccato screams, automated pleas and nature redemps.
One way on the other.
So praise your rifle, where it praises the land;
For when your ammunition runs out,
There is only one Lord.

Left to stand.
ADVANCEMENT & DISCOVERY

NEW INNOVATIONS THAT ARE NOT COMMONLY KNOWN

TRICKLE DOWN FROM THE TOP,
WORKING ITS WAY DOWN.

HOW LONELY A PROCESS THAT CAN BE.
BETTER TO REACH THE TOP & STAY THERE;
AT THE CUTOFF EDGE,
CREATIVELY THE CANOPY;
LETTERS THE LIGHT REACH YOU FIRST.
AFTER HAVEN'T BEEN AT THE BOTTOM FOR SO LONELY
WHO WANTS TO STAY DOWN AT THE ASS END OF THINGS?
This steel door hasn't shut, because I don't allow it to be open. Everything that I need is right here in this small, humongous cell. I have barricaded myself inside, reducing it to the bare minimum. I've even this physical space hardly at all. My food is brought and pushed through the steel flap. I wash myself in the sink, like a bird, better yet an eagle. Taking a bird bath, but my baths are more like a waterfall that floods my cell, so after I wash & scrub my body down with water & soap, I clean this cell, scrubbing the floor in a rhythm to build faith, shut. I workout & train, synchronize my body with my mind. So that one hit, explodes with so much force throughout my knuckles. I train in a 360° up on an axis more than one enemy. At the center of a octahedron, blend 4 of my movement into one harmonious motion. Focus like mycht, train myself relentlessly up against these shadow warriors, for the day that I am let loose, master and my beast. Focus like my breath, quiet like my mind, still like my body, meditate. I meditate, I meditate & go deep. Submerge inside the ocean of my own universe; without coming up for air, for so long. I drown & let rid of everything that hurts. Pende the thousand petals lotus, hail to the soul. I left the sun, I become one. Reflect these ultra violet ray's, I want my aura that since's brighter than the brightest day. I unlock the locks & set free the feather that's caught of the cage. As I grab the dream by it's horns, demand it's wisdom as it sets me aflame. I turn into the ashes that make the ink, tattoo's in my skin.
So everyday I study & train. Reading through three thousand pages for that one that has something to say. I so dip my quill in my bottle of ink & smear it, with such force that my chalk paper stands apart & separates the substance from the waste. So you can have a taste of something gourmet, without butchering the bull for the steak, I serve you full plates.

If that's too much for you to chew, I'll even cut it up for you or serve you baby food & watch you chew, as your teeth come in, watch you tear up that steak, then serve somebody else a plate.

When I feel the pressure set in, I grab my pen & I paint. Creatively works of art, release my heart so it splatters my pain, then out of that passion, I create, beautiful landscapes that make you fall in a million different voices that are calling, telling there own song, through one paints, that I have it away, just to break my heart all over again.

And so not one minute, not one iota, of this synthetic light is wasted. I take it for what it is, make it for my own, so I can desown it. Because the truth is the light & we are always love my Sun!! More than anything else in this life, he is worth it!!

And so I fall through the pit of Dante's Inferno, in this land called Hades I burned. Searching for the torment of youth, so I can dip my chance in, that pass it to you, giving you that life substantially weak, without fault through hell.
Art Haiku

Refine, design, lines;
Geometry symbols build;
Beautiful art work.
I used to be

You used to not be able to tell me anything; because my mind was closed, & everyone had to be my way; & that's how it was living. 

What I want, when I want, all about me. I don't care about the next person's need. I took & took, destroyed everyone around me, boastfully & brazenly: my materialistic was & brazenly people down with words, unrestrainedly. Misleading them along the way. Sow seeds of anger & doubt, I dragged all around me, caused mental stress & anguish, heartache & pain. No sunshine around me; only darkness & rain.

I was that storm filled with so much rage. Settling the world on fire & wrapping it with chains. Tears dropped fall & broken hearts I caused. I stole emotions & trust, turned them on dust. That laughter at all away, I couldn't care about mistakes but me. I was the cause of so much unhappiness. Egoistic, self-centered, controlled, destructive & mean. These were my best friends until even they turned on me. Destroyed me from within, watching me fall apart. I thought I had it all, while all along I was the only one beneath it.' I fell with the cress of my own ways, face flat I landed, into a dark pit of despair & decay, flat lined, turn on grey.

So I freed of my old self & have thus been re-born, learned from my past & the enemy from within. Lifted by the golden rule, so as not to fall off, now saw seeds of hope & inspiration, shone as the sun, shedding beams of strength & motivation.

A truthful heart & respect I have for all. Helped those in my life by speaking them my all. No more lies & deceit, only compassion & honesty. Because honesty I have seen the error of my ways & have turned a new leaf, new leaf.

Filled with positivity, I now strive for peace.
CHASING MY THOUGHT

CREATED NOW IN THIS MOMENT.
EVERYTHING STARTS FROM WITHIN.
& IS PUSHED OUT,
THE PAST & THE FUTURE,
IS IN THE PRESENT MOMENT.
HERE & NOW,
WE CHASE OUR THOUGHTS,
INTO THE FUTURE.

CREATING WHAT WE PUT OUT.
SO MUST RASTER;
INCREASING THE RATE OF VIBRATION.
TO THE SPEED OF THOUGHT.
SO I CAN SEE IN 4-D.
MANIFEST ALL REALITY;
AS SOON AS MY MIND CONCEIVES,
CONQUER ALL SPACE & TIME,
pulled out of the ether,
A THOUGHT MAGNIFIED,
MATTER SOLIDIFIED.

SHORTCUT THE SPAN OF TIME.
WITH THE BREATHE OF ONE HEART BEAT,
warping my 2-D to 3-D;
WHILE warping my 3-D to 4-D.
& EAT (1:1) OF THE TREE,
of this book of knowledge.

YOUR MIND-
ACROSS THE SPAN OF TIME.
CLOSED THE GAP OF MATTER.
TO THE TRAVEL AT LIGHT SPEED.
SURPASING-
I AM LIMITLESS 4-D.

BARRY BLEDSOE # 54
So much more than an avatar.
Steppe'n't out of my body.
As my body does my bidding;
Puppet master to matter.
I envision.
Back when I started thinking;
& the present moment
I conceived.
Chaotic my thoughts;
Warped my 2-D;
Chaotic my thoughts;
Warped my 3-D;
Become my thought;
Surpassed 4-D.

Now in thinking back & forth;
Into the future & into the past;
Here in the present.
Is that hard to believe?
"Shoo Fly Don't Bother Me, Shoo Fly Don't Bother Me,
Shoo Fly Hall Hall SNAP CRACK!!

Spider you're a Sadist, I was really beginning to
think that it was sick in my skull, but there really is something
wrong with you. Saeo Skeleton pointed, His Boney Fisher AT Spider
As Spider slowly ripped A Shoo Fly apart, that was caught in its WEB.

"If I was you I wouldn't be pointing no
Boney Fisher's my way Mr. Reaper. It's in my Nature to eat Bulls, to
eat all of you Bulls, no matter how big or small, a Bull is a Bull is
a Bull. SNAP CRACK!! It's only a matter of time!!

Skeletal Jibbed: "What do you mean by that!!!"
"Exactly what I-SNAP CRACK!!-Saeo".

"I told you it's gonna eat us, we'll eat you, I'm a Skull & Bone's! Although
it could buck out my Marrow," Now there's a thought that chills me to the
bone of my Calcium deposits stunting my nail growth."

"Oh please Skeleton SNAP CRACK- go fall in a grave-
Already would you do me that favor I fall over Dead!! Hall Hall Now there's
a joke a skeleton falling over dead, hall some walker talking bone
Mumbo Jumbo!!"

Doom, Doom, Doom
Doom,
Doom, Doom,
Doom, Doom; 7b

"And they wonder why I always Snicker";
"Lou, music is the sweetest reason;"
"To keep my mind intact day after day;"
Doom, Doom, Doom;
Doom,
Doom, Doom;
Doom, Doom, 7b

"Where they fuss & fight;"
"Back off! Their time away;"
"I'll make these rhymes say;"
Doom, Doom, Doom;
Doom;
Doom;
Doom, Doom;
Doom, 7b

Barry Bledsoe #56
"Ahhhhhh!! Aaaahhh!! Aaaahhhhh!!" "Alright, alright alright already! I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It's so soon. Aaaaah!!"

your skull open; close your mouth, related, your cracking. Tombstone all over the world; umm aahh.

related laughed: "What are you freaking out for?" you bones are rattling! Any minute now dominoes are gonna start falling off of you... lol... anybody call for a double nods! lol.

"I can't feel my bones! I can't feel my bones, what did you do to me?" skeleton related chattering.

"Your one weirdo skull," said spider. "If you got the nerve to call me a straights!! Hahaha!!" "Oh that's right, you don't have an nerve's!!" "Die of strike a chord, a looney your spoke, as I strike a nerve, ooh that hurt!! lol"

Skeleton's boney hands rubbed his skull; "Ooh!" There's a crack in the top of my head! What did you do to me with that马路 tune you always skull; I need a look in the mirror!! "Oh!" I have no eyes!! I have no eye's!! In blend in blood!!

related related: "You've always had a crack in your skull, don't you know your own anatomy??" "Of course you don't have eye's, you a skeleton, you see with your mind, or whatever you have in there... your brain... you... your marrow!! That's right, you see with your marrow & the gray matter that's left from your brains, you see they blend together... no wait, that's not right either..."

"He's just one hard headed insane knuckle head!! Spider good too, he's a looney boy, if i had a knife to really split his skull wide open & bit him!! You bit boon wood!!

Skeleton stomped foot & yelled: "Let me tell you both something!! On me!! I'm gonna cut me in!! And!! And!!"

"I hater!! I hater!! you see with your bro eye!! You see its the feline brain, once blended with your cerebellar centers & endocrine glands, becomes awakened through over the brain, allows the spleen in your skull, activates all that brain matter, revives you sense!! That how you see!!" Skeleton smiled, laugh out of his skull: "Does that explain why I'm seeing the world from my forehead?! Like a 4D!! OK, is spider right? I'm we're all looney!!"
"Doom, Doom, Doom,
Doom,
Doom,
Doom,
Doom, Doom!"

"& they opened up these monstrous eye.
& seen with the purest sight." —

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" Speaker laughed: "I have the best view."
"I have the best view." "All the way up here, I must see in 360 with all these eyes I have." "I am such a beautiful freak of Mother Nature, only a mother's love, and love what I am!"

"This is one hell fucking nut house, buddy, looney bin!"
Screamed skeleton.

"It's really a cell," said helater. "You know like a genome.
A selected gene, that keeps mutating!"

"This is a cell house! I bother you are my cell house!"
"It's only a matter of time!"

"Doom, Doom, Doom, Doom!"

What a hell! We; in lowercase it

"Doom, Doom,
Doom,
Doom, Doom!"

"Speaker know speaker is we!"
pace, pace, pace; walkin' back & forth, forth & back; pace, pace, pace; back & forth, forth & back. ... Followed thought after thought after thought... The drone of exhaust, voices of chaos reverberating off the walls. Echoes of madness, coupled together with a sparrow's call, humming along the wind, that is pulled in upon a breeze of an exhausted drone. The veracity of nature's musicians; is the sweetest melody upon a tortured soul. For it gives hope to the heart & peace to the mind; which gives birth to a strength to make it through any hardship.

What does hardship, a physical labor that causes one to break out in a sweat with a shortness of breath? Or to the one who is stuck in the pit of depression? The realities of a nightmare; to the captive who has lost control to the broken & battered; the raped & abused, the outcast & outcasts of society, the homeless, the soldier fighting for their country; or the cause & purpose of it's leader? Is the addicted? Is hardship merely to struggle, in the face of this struggle, find the will power to rest, overcome, succeed, win?

Or is this really all just one battle of mind; to become so detached from it all, that one has nothing left to feel with. Or is hardship the continuous act of finding peace, strength, happiness, & balance when everything we experience is life? A state of mind that is born. The what hardship as we overcome it finding enjoyment at any time. Is that really the indoctrination of religion & the basis of faith?
Have I come you? the cusp & bosom of one who has really lost it? thought hardship.

These conversations with myself I have before an audience of the world. & in your opinion you view me; I, however, you really only viewed the opinion of yourself.

So where will your view take you? across the reaches of the great device & into the unknown? so that you may become like hap & from one continent. not only by using the left & right side of your brain. but to reach infinite intelligence; to know God, a new world, & the science to all this.

A unified brain; an uninterrupted stream of divine consciousness. a one world order? what cause to end, the effect & purpose; & to what end? is this the end times? or am I really loose in my mind?
THIS IS WHO I AM.
IN ME I GAVE YOU,
& THIS IS WHERE WE STAND.

WHAT'S RIGHT FOR YOU,
MAY NOT BE RIGHT FOR ME.
& WHAT'S RIGHT FOR ME,
MAY NOT BE RIGHT FOR YOU.

THIS IS WHY WE ARE INDIVIDUALS.
WE HAVE THE FREEDOM OF CHOICE.

MY COMPASS IS GUIDED BY MY OWN HEART.

MY PASSIONS ARE MY OWN.

IF I SPENT ALL OF MY TIME,
TRYING TO PLEASE EVERYBODY,
WHAT KIND OF LIFE WOULD I HAVE?
Today I shall clothe my thoughts in the attire of my desires; so it shall manifest itself, at its definite time. Exist in that place ye between thoughts. Enter that beautiful void. Hold it as long as you can. Now, at your “will,” project that which you desire into it. Now love out that desire. That is the difference of controlling your thoughts, instead of them controlling you.

For that which you focus on is that beautiful void. That which you have left to; that which you desire; those thoughts upon continuous expression, build up such a rate of vibration, until that energy is transmuted into its physical equivalent, in the form of desired matter.

When you exist in that depth of mental magnitude, you will find that time really does fly; that the span of an hour is but a blink of an eye.

So too is the span of our physical lives; therefore we have not a moment to waste or lose.

What is it that you want in your life?
The choice is yours to choose.

Wealth, riches, fame, power? Success in all you do?
Love, joy, peace, happiness? Contentment in all that you do?
To know yourself?
To love simply? Or love complex?

For you must first see it in your mind’s eye; live it mentally; in every free moment, with such passion, such emotion, that it becomes your reality.

And you will see & notice how your life begins to change.

How the course of your compass is steered directly on course, on path, with your thoughts, your desire.

My wish is to wish; I wish! My wish is to act on.

There is the base foundation of transformations.

Use it as you wish to use it.
A so I've found the facts & the truth, that gives me power within the system & proof;
but true freedom & true power arises, when I no longer choose to participate in any form;
-what so ever-
any of the different degrees,
of the structure that have become the norm;
for even using the knowledge I have acquired,
to battle the current format of the system & win,
is still an act of participation;
in which case I am never really free of it;
I have only participated upon the system in a different degree;
which makes me still apart of it.
just as if I were in the founded state of ignorance,
& blindness in the first place.
true freedom & true power, comes from setting your
own foundation & building with it all the way.
'this', simplify, the complexity that has become an average
citizen's day & current norm.
& this is what happened to the pale horse that galloped into
the night!!

He made it to the land of the free!!

"My country tis of thee"

R. E. P.

Barry Bledsoe #63
BEAUTY HAIKU

BEAUTIFUL EYE'S GLOW,
- SWEET PRETTY FACE WITH LOVE SMILES-
FOREVER ADORE.

Barry Bledsoe #64
Eyes closed, 
Mind open, 
Back straight, 
Energy flowing; 
Breath of my breath; 
Light of my light; 
Life of my life; 
- OM -
The space in between thoughts, 
I exist & prolong, 
Plunged back in;
- Connected -
In tune with the source,
I am the universe,
I am the force,
"I AM"
- One -
Of God,
As God,
One with God,
Peace,
Harmony,
Love.
EVER GREEN

The realm is what you make it.
This is our Earth,
everything is to be done in moderation,
or we will be the only ones to get hurt.
In our haste for progress, we build & industrialize.
We take, we take, we take without giving back,
systematically destroying our planet,
piece by piece; Tic for Tac.
If this is the age of advancement, innovation, technology & design,
you would think that with our "Age",
we could see what's happening.
In the age of concrete & steel we take for granted,
all that is green!!

BARRY BLEDSOE #66
ISN'T IT ODD HOW WEIRD THINGS HAPPEN TO THE STRANGEST PEOPLE? BUT IT'S ALL IN THE COURSE OF A NORMAL DAY FOR THEM.

IT IS SAID THAT OUR LIVES ARE A PROJECTION OF OUR THOUGHTS, VIBRATING FROM OUR MINDS.

SO THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THE DAY THAT CHANGED MY LIFE FOREVER; BECAUSE I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A CHAOS OF MY THOUGHTS.

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN DIFFERENT (OFTEN CALLED STRANGE), INCREDIBLY IN THE WEIRD JUST TO STAY AT ODDS WITH WHAT WAS CONSIDERED NORMAL.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN ONE MUCH FOR A LARGE SOCIAL GROUP.

I HAVE HAD THE OCCASIONAL FRIEND OR TWO, WHO ONLY TURNED INTO GREAT ENEMIES; & SO I NOW STAY TO MYSELF, AT LEAST WITHIN MY INTERACTIONS WITH OTHERS.

I TRY NOT TO VENTURE TOO FAR OUTSIDE OF MYSELF, SO AS NOT TO EVER LOOSE MYSELF IN ANOTHER PERSON'S OR FOLLOW THE W R A T H CAUSE.

I HAVE BECOME BEST FRIENDS WITH MYSELF, & I HAVE COME TO KNOW THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO LIVE LIFE...

& THAT IS SOLEY ON MY TERMS.

& THAT'S THE DAY MY WHOLE LIFE CHANGED; WHEN I GRASPED THAT THOUGHT & MADE IT MY OWN.

EMBRACE MYSELF!!

BARRY BLED SOE #67
Do you hear my rhyme and reason when I speak,
I have in the science of life to set you free!
This is what you must come to know, you yourself alone.
For once you unlock the chambers within,
All else will make sense.
You must simplify that which is complex,
And your simplicity you will have greater complexity.
For your true self shall arise,
That you have shown so much neglect.
A Messenger has come and presented you with a key,
Now it is up to you,
To enter through the temple with me.
What is it that you hold onto?
With your last delicate breath?
When you yourself already have that which is blessed.
A great mind,
A beautiful spirit
An enlightened consciousness,
A connection with everything,
Energy and matter coupled together.
- Order out of Chaos -
You are the master mind,
A free spirit,
An ego to mold into an enlightened consciousness,
How have you lost yourself along the way since youth,
When you were in harmony with everything around you,
When you could hear nature speak,
Lower to the earth, but "o" so high in the heaven's you were.
Now look at all that you have allowed to attach itself to you.
Do you even know who you are anymore?
Where have you gone?
Why have you forsaken me?
Evil I miss you-
Close your eyes for a moment
& hear the voice of silence
& you shall know the first step to reach me

Love God!!
THE PAST?

Who can say what the past was?
Or what the past is?
And what is really the truth or myth?
For the scripture has the power in
The palm of His hand, or her hand,
To shape history or her story.
So that's really a matter
Of a biased opinion.

The truth is the light!! So that's why we are now reading it with telescopes, to have actual facts.
Which will allow us to overcome propaganda, doma, & myth.
To be truth fully
FREE!!

---

BARRY BLEDSOE #69
CLUE LESS

For all you donkeys, tigers, elephants, horned, deans, bears, cobras & pit's & every animal there is on the endangered species list. For every mythical myth, for every symbol of synecdoche, that symbolizes the split, of an atom & our fall from grace, I spewed across... Mr. President, listen to this!!

I love my country. This is my home. With all its flaws & imperfections, the one's I know & don't know. With all its mythical concepts, of what we believe - all of our great accomplishments & even our defeat, this is the truth I know. I love this country!
Patriotic Aristocrats & unicorns, poetarians, presidents & leprechauns. & every form of service & lot of gold, from the CIA. To the Fed's & every soldier with his blood we shed upon a pale horse; can you even comprehend Uncle Sam. to comprehend Uncle Charlie; to comprehend what it takes to keep a country; to keep an army, to protect us from their way? I gave us a fresh loaf of bread to eat with a hot plate, what you call a capitalist venture! Is an entrepreneur, actually fed, what you call the rich oppression of the poor where else can you sell one company for one billion. or more, that was formed from your thought. What if there was no opposition, then you would stay satisfied on one degree & do no more. For where there is friction, there is subject to entropy, a spark of inspiration, & electricity here's you thought; through you would take flight, as in the dark. I see your view so one dimensional, that you see only with one eye, yet you have become a cyclops in modern times, still in the land of the blind, so much better if you had no eye! Where are the Ulysses & the argonauts, I say to heat the spark & see you, still vigor. for purpose - overcome all obstacles to win the day. The Heisenberg's are only outreach a service for human kind so challenge you this way, but close minds won't comprehend what it takes to eat a piece of bread from the ground, to the yeast, to mold to set, to take shape, to bake, to rise again, once in the flame, to cool! To Duval to serve - to package, to ship, to sell - to bake bread, to break bread, without breaking one drop of sweat, to take for granted & blame me for completing & curse what we are blessed - thankful to the planets. Watch. If it whither away (decay) because we threw away! Turmoil & ashes, turkeys, gray; reduced to primal infant states, open you mind & out of the ashes arise; a splendid phoenix, fly out height in the west! Above & beyond, broken bread. Broken bones! Droplets bombs. Uncle Tom's & Martin Luther: Keep, co-existing for a better future.

Barry Bledsoe #70
For this is the current day & all the grains are blended in, baked bread, on the rise the dough of the weak, by Ferron & Absorption, blendeth & confirmeth the yeast, this is life, the Mend, this country of mine, this country of ours, Politecians & Corporations, yes a Capitalist Nation, but so much better than a prehistoric civilization, of Cave Men & Baroquean's - for we still have the traits of a warrior's blood, it's in our root, it's in my mouth, but so much better I have became by opening my mind, by walking the earth, dear Mr. President this is my rhyme, that we can all reach the same degree of elevation & surpass it with time, to progress, to innovate, to design a new flag that unifies, instead of divides, I love my country, I love my land, but sometimes I wonder for us, to whom we have not yet to forest want to understand, the Uncle Par & Martin Luther, the Eclectus & the Conspire, & make our last stand this is the revolution I call for, one of liberating the mind, every color & every creed, every election, proof, neuron & atom of me, electric electric the current, to power search engines & go against the current currently shaping my own destiny, by choosing the currents, depending the steps, save nothing's wasted in a perfect 360° I can understand the use of a fuse, to protect the currents, as we battle the current, swimmelon up river to the source, with no life Katie & no reserves, no sacrifices, only fatigue, that motivated me to swim harder so I don't drown, & fry my currents in the current & so I power my engine with the current, raised in my faith of the word, so my opposition can see from above that on straightforwardly comprehend how to cut an atom & make bread, rise with the yeast above the current so I can rest & recoup & prepare & teach others how to swim, then take that water & make more water by recirculating condensation & feed the land with water & bread, that & could protect these solitary warriors, those legends that stand out from the rest, by becoming a shield for the endangered species lost, passing my own laws of Congress that say's everything has to be reach from the holy monos of women & men, & my blood would get spoiled instead of the elephants, as I rode a donkey on the capital hill of my mind's capitalization this free source of energy by powering the Senate Buick with lime's & every penny I find, for my thoughts, a persecuted teacher that shocks, the white off the house & make their army, just like this steel door that I stand at everyday, blow out the color spectrum away, stopped the pendulum's sway, now that something to debate.
A TIME & PLACE LIKE THIS IN SOCIETY, THAT CONFIDES IN US ALL, BECAUSE WE HAVE NO VIEWS. WE'RE STUCK STANDING AT WALLS, KEEPING OUR MINDS CLOSED, PLACED BLAME, WHEN WE NEED TO BE PLACING A THOUGHT TO LEVERAGE THE YEAST THAT'S CAUGHT IN THE BREAD! THE SUBSTANCE THAT'S TAKEN FOR GRANTED, RISES FROM ITS LOWEST STATE, TO ITS HIGHEST STATE, BUT WE'RE ALL STILL TRAPPED WITHIN THE UNITED STATES!! EVERYTHING MATTER, SPIRITS, SOUL, BODY, CAN YOU COMPREHEND?

MAY PRESIDENT THIS IS MY RHyme, MY CONGRESSIONAL ZINE; IT'S TIME TO TAKE A MONKEY & AN ELEPHANT, I'M SPEAKING A LEGEND; MAPPEE THAT DNA VISION A COME UP WITH A PLAN TO KEEP US ALL FROM TURNOFF RAY WHEAT IS THE COLOR SPECTRUM OF DECAY, OR WE COULD THINK ABOUT THAT POWERFUL HYDRA MATTER IN OUR BEDS; NOT ONLY TO HAVE THE FRANKENSTEIN AN ATOM TO LOVE LIFE, BUT TO BE IN ORGANIC FROM THE SPACED SOMEHOW TO LOVE. A CLOSED CIRCUIT; A STRONG CURRENT WE ARE TAUGHT TO SWING. CIRCULATING OUR FREE RELIGION, SO MATH IS WASTE, & WE DO AWAY WITH ALL THE HARSHNESS "RECYCLE", SO OUR ENGINES ARE POWERED FROM WITHIN; CONDUCTORS ELECTRICITY TO BAKE BREAD; USE ALL THE YEAST, TO RAISE OUR FLESH IN THE CURRENT MOMENT INSTEAD, WITHOUT ONE DROP OF SWEAT, OR A FLOOD OF BLOOD SHED; WALK ON WATER, SWIM IN THE WIND, BECOME THE FLAT ONCE AGAIN; THAT IS THE BELIEF ABOVE THE MIGHT!!

BARRY BEdSOE #72
“Hey Ten!!” you gave me a view;
the concept of ideas,
present inventions;
to take it to the next level;
by staying ahead of the competition.

A Ten said:
“Do something for me!!
Not only for me,
for yourself.
Be an inventor;
stay ahead of the competition
& take this to the next level!!

Barry Sledge #73
The steel door doesn't shut, because it hasn't opened; but it backs!! & my mind snaps crackling away
in the dragon's flames, to a place far away, where
fully automatic's scalp & projectiles zip & zizz. Blood
on my face, steel in my hands. My whole body painted
red, crimson DNA strands, a life lived painted in
the paint. An artist stabbed, scarred, pierced;
betrayed; kissed by the sky, held out of my mind.
Welcome, death, present, my rifle, sleeping with
nine's, colt forty five's, cocaine lines, who can I
trust? nowhere to run, nowhere to hide; & so I stood
alone on the front lines, time after time!! Raised
my flats in the lens's den. Beakly hunted by the eye
of the sky for what I know. As every step I took,
The helicopter followed, tracked me with infrared;
& cell phone signals. & so I lined off the speed. Hart after
her; Blowsift blunt smoke, making my own clouds, that
raised down led. Threw off my phone in the tablet, levels
in the moment, with no communication, 4 worlds in one.
4-D. "They" said i was crazy; strapped down to a
gurney, because "they" tried to kill me. fading out
of consciousness; in my veins the snake bites, bites!!!
& so i stepped across the unknown into a flat lane;
flat linoleum. "everything made sense"... "i,v's sticking
out of my arms. "they" said i was overloaded from
dr. blood to hard. ripped my heart all apart from
hardly my heart ripped apart. & this catheter out
of my deck!! i want to stand up & press, wtf! an
i still don't here!! & had my arm the needle he's,
no operate's to fell me went momentarily bless, only a kiss
that sends me into un consciousness. Blood on my face,
arterial in my hands, my body painted crimson.
DNA STRANDS.
"They" don't understand; "they" track me overhead as I kiss the sky; high out of my mind, listening to Jimi Hendrix.

The helicopters on my trail, but in off the grass so "they" can't find. Running through these streets with my knife, the only thing that I can trust, every shell I find, to feed that查 special love. In this episode of my life where nothing makes sense, nothing to trust, but best of all the biggest rifle & backfire them all up, nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, in on the front line, loose in my mind. No sleep up for 5, 7, 10 days at a time. Squeezing the trigger as my teeth grind; melting the barrel's; toe to toe in a fight, splinter my skull, leaky plasma; burn my papers, high out of my mind; until I flatline.

Waking up in padded room's; barricading myself in; just so I can have a few day's rest a piece. Before the battle im thrown back in, because I don't know who to trust, I can't let my guard down; the snake's want to construct me, I have no friends only the moment.

And still breathe, I'm still breathing!!

Listening to Jim Morrison behind these doors....
BE NOT DECEIVED BY ILLUSION;
NEITHER STRAY FROM THY PATH;
FOR THUS TO SHALL COME TO AN END;
AS ALL THINGS SHALL COME TO PASS.

SEARED FREE MY EYES HATH BEEN;
FROM THY MIRAGE OF EXISTANCE;
FOR I HAVE SEEN THROUGH A DESOLATE HORIZON;
INTO THAT WHICH IS A REALM OF PUNITY EQUALE BREAM.

HOW HATH SO FEW MANTRAED & ENTERED;
ATTAINED ABSOLUTE SPIRIT;
WHERE SO MANY HATH FALLED BY THY WAYSIDE;
IN THAT ABLACUR CYCLE OF PERISH.

THIS I SAY TO THEE;
"0" TROUBLED ONE; THOU MUST HASTEN THY PLENT;
DARE NOT SEE WITH THY WORLDLY SIGHT;
FOR THOU MUST SEEK THE FLAME OF FOCUS
ON HEAVENLY DELEIGHT!!

Barry Bledsoe #76
I focus on what I have
& not what I don't
able to breath
food to eat
life to live
& the fact that anything is possible.

I know my strenghts
& make them stronger
so my weaknesses
will no longer be weak.

I use my talents
because they are apart of my character
that was given to me for the betterment
of my life.

I always hold my own
even in those moments I felt most destroyed
even if it took me days, months, or years
to pick my head back up
& face myself.

I always make the best if it,
even in a bad situation
& I've learned to slow down,
I've come to know myself
& what's best on around me
- while still moving fast-

I have a deep respect for everyone & existence
& I appreciate all of life....
& myself!!

Barry Bledsoe #77
THE STEEL DOOR SHAKES

This steel door doesn't shut, but it shakes;
Reverberating off my brain. Locking that demon in.
& when it tries to face up hecan't, it's too profound;
Never no power on anarchy over the majestic.
What do I need a drink for?
I am a drunk.
Releasing the chemicals in my brain.
With each breath I take a hint of neurological stimulation;
That transmitter & sustainer, this place that I go to in my mind,
Transcend's space & time, therefore I am not limited to
The physical condition or confined, I am not this cell.
A super genome, I am not this body, I am more than an atom,
OK Adam & Eve as she ate the apple that selected the herb.
To know - a universal force, the source for all existence;
Omni potent & unlimited, power to use it, free energy;
Creatively every moment, seaching myself in this cell,
Breaking the lock's, turning the wheel, throughwth knowledge tress's; presently crystal skulls 3-D.
Hidden in the name of this great Earth, curled up in a
Fetal position, so I can start ahaid from birth, as the
Elephants trample upon defeat's dirt, set sail sail to the
Dust in the wind, as we travel upon new ships into the
Unknown that is known, plant each our flag on new worlds;
Suggest the endaiartered species back their home; & so
The "solitary" warrior, that mightily tackle Feng's true love
To his soulmate reached it the kees, share it's story
Became legend; no longer homeless having found his
Heart in the home she makes for him.

Bary Bledsoe #78
They may lock me away;
My face will grow a beard;
My hair will turn gray;
And I will become wiser;
Beyond my years.

My body may grow old,
But still remain young and strong;
My spirit will expand;
And my mind will come to know;

The truth to all things,
is the connection of all souls;
For we are all blended in harmony
of the same mold.
"I told you, I told you, I told you!! You didn't listen, you bak without a bone!! Always make up your mind!!"

SKELETON & RELATED HUDS SUSPENDED IN SPIDER'S WEB THAT TOOK UP MOST OF THE CELL!! AS SPIDER SANG ITS TUNE:

// DOOM, DOOM, DOOM,
// DOOM, DOOM, DOOM,
// DOOM, DOOM, DOOM, DOOM,
// DOOM, DOOM, DOOM, DOOM, DOOM, DOOM,

// Hal! Hal! I got two looney buh's that are gonna fall
// my stomach & taste bud's. "Oh, how I love my web!!
// Oh, what would I do, what would I do without you??"
// DOOM, DOOM, DOOM, DOOM, DOOM,

// What do you expect me to do, skeleton, since you jumped
// out of my skill, the skill of our relationship!! It's not like I could
// move on without you!!"

// I know, I know, I'm sorry related, I'm sorry, please forgive
// me!! If we ever make it out of this mess, please take me back;
// we need each other. I'm heartless without you!!" "I don't know what to
// feel, I have no knees. You are my heart. You are my emotions!!
// I thought I was better off without you. Alonk, you make me whole!!"

// Hal! Hal! Hal! Look at the two but basics, they try to kiss & make up
// you know the saydout: "you never know what you got until it's gone!! What
// a morbid truth!! DOOM, DOOM, DOOM!! DOOM!! DOOM!!" "Spider ver mad - enough of the
// baby come back talk I say!! Should I eat related fest or save it
// for dessert? Oh eat bone marrow soup out of the top of skeleton's skill
// with a straw!!"

// Alrik mll! Mll! Please, please, please spider, ...please don't eat
// us. "we are not baby!! you are not confused, we're very normal, so very
// normal... "related... "do" related... look what I did to you, I knew
// all along & I still didn't come back to you!!

// It's not your fault skeleton, you couldn't of known what
// spider had in store for us, it acted like our friend, so let me
// sing us a tune before we meet our end!!

// DOOM, DOOM, DOOM, DOOM, DOOM, DOOM, DOOM, DOOM, DOOM, DOOM, DOOM

Barkey Bledsoe # 80
"You see the end is only a beginning,
So as bad of bones make the best with what we can do."

Doom, doom, doom; —

And, just then... bzzz... bzzz... bzzz... zzzz.
A shoo fly buzzed in!

"Ahh, no, no," yelled skeeter. "Shoo fly, shoo fly, don't bother me; I've got plenty to eat...! The shoo fly dove bango through the web straight at skeeter - thwack... thwack... twaaaniiii!!
Got stuck... bzzz... bzzz... bzzz... it! Stood in skeeter's web.
Hail! hail! I wed!! Danced skeeter, I it jumped at gelatin with fangs bare just then.
Keep still, in sky overlaid skeleton!!

Dooom, dooom, dooom;
Dooom dooom, dooom;
Dooom dooom, dooom; —

"So in our last moment,
We look fear in the face.
& embrace!!" —

Bzzz... bzzz... bzzz... a shoo fly zoomed in at the speed of light, snapped through the web; for the finest spider at the very moment was it's fangs behind to stick!!

- "For where there is a will,
There is a way" —

Dooom, dooom, dooom;
Dooom, dooom, dooom;
Dooom, dooom, dooom;
Dooom, dooom, dooom; —

Then shoo fly after shoo fly flew into the coil at the speed of light, invaded by gelatin's wire; zapped at spider; seared & snapped the web, destroyed it...

"Aaarrrghh!! No, noo!! Nooooo!! My guls, there... my guls!! My precious web!! All my treasures... aah!! aah!! Bzzz... bzzz... aah!! Pot's snapped you!! aah!! Blaack!! snap!! plow... shoooo... flillyyy!! Don't bother me!!
Thwack!! Smack!! Crack!! Skeleton & Helaton hit the floor, as the fly just managed to break its tantalizing prey. Spider ran for its life, into a crevice making its escape.

Skeleton quickly dove back into Helaton, as the two became one, one body and mind, a speaker of complete harmony. Now that the fly had cleared the jar, I sat up to think: "Why does it always take a crises to make us change, or appreciate..."

- THE BEAUTY IN LIFE -

\[ \text{DOOM!!} \]

Barry Blends #82
TRAVELER'S HAiku

AN OLD PATH
A TRAVELER upon -
THE SOUND OF EACH STEP

BECKY BLEDSOE #83
Contradict

If you have a keen eye, you can catch a slight contradiction I created in a few pieces of wordplay. I chose this figure of speech as an overall example of the human nature, which can be applied to all levels of life; how people sometimes contradict themselves, while carefully the contradiction only to stand back on their principles; as if the contradiction never happened. So, principles than become twisted with contradiction. While even the right circumstance can make you contradict all of your principles, so you than twist contradiction to form new principles, so it becomes right to you.

Baker Bledsoe #84
I didn't want to paint a one sided picture; of only light & positivity, & claim to be such a holy perfect person. I want to show the darkness, & negativity, we sometimes face, & have to overcome in our lives, those parts of our character we constantly work on in order to reach the light, the truth & an unbreakable strength, despite circumstance. I wanted to give people a small taste of reality, & instill in them a vision; a perspective to build off of; what they already know, leading them to a different window; so they can enjoy the view.
About the Author

Barry is currently incarcerated in the Florida prison system, locked away in solitary confinement. He is busy using his time constructively, creating his next book, quote poem, work of art, innovation & design. He also meditates, studies daily, in all ways & degrees—mentally, physically, spiritually—sharpening his sword & polishing his shield, in the endless quest for knowledge, wisdom, understanding, & liberation... please feel free to contact him, about anything, at any time, for whatever is on your mind!!

Barry Bledsoe # 86
Hello BEAUTiful