In RONIN'S WORLD you will find a collection of short stories, poems, articles and more I have compiled throughout the years. I hope you enjoy them.

Ronin
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Prison, the world's darker society. With so many different races, cultures, ideologies and mentalities, chaos is inevitable. There, within that subtle maelstrom of psychic energy, beings are born, they feed, and grow; propagating the very chaos that sustains them until it explodes annihilating the source of it's succor.

In the free-world there are those who are called upon to halt this malevolence. To combat these creatures created by our own egocentric illusions. There are those in prison, as well, secretly battling the energies that would cause violence on an epic scale. Things of our own creation, our own desires "For we wrestle not with Flesh and Blood".
I sense its strength, it is growing. I am prepared, it is time. "F-2! Get ready for recreation," the guard yells to the offenders locked in their cells, I open my eyes and glance at the clock on the table beside me. My lower mind registers that it's 5:56 p.m. but my higher mind, the meditative mind, continues to silently chant the mantra: Om Mane Padme Hum, while slowly counting the mala beads in my left hand. My mind must be clear, steady and strong in other words-mu, I'm distantly aware that I've been meditating about four hours, I count to the last bead and stop. "I give honor to my teacher, I give honor to the Dharma, I give honor to the sangha, I give honor to the Buddha," I intone. Then placing my hands together I bow.

"F-2, the doors will open in 2 minutes", the guard now yells. I climb down the side of my bunk bed, "Man, I thought you had zonked out up there", my cellmate states. "You've been up there in the same cross-legged position since 2:00pm". I smile at him while stretching to relieve the numbness that has gathered in my toes."No, I'm still here", I state. "You going to rec?" I ask. "Nah", he says, "Going back to reading this book." I nod my head in understanding and go about getting myself together.

The doors roll open 3 minutes later and I step out onto the run. I'm in the cell at the furthest end of the building I walk down the run with the other inmates going to various locations, being mindful to keep my eyes straight ahead, in the penitentiary you don't want to accidently glance into another offender's cell. You may see something you wish you hadn't. I enter into the dayroom area - a location at the end of the run where offenders gather to go to other locations or watch 1 of the 2 t.v.'s, one for sports
and one for news or play dominoes or scrabble or just socialize with other offenders.

To the casual observer, the dayroom which holds 72 bodies maximum, but now holding 120 as a staging area, would seem calm almost jovial with men laughing and conversing. But to me, one who is attuned to the vibes of the room. I can sense an underlying tension a life-like energy pulsating, growing and getting stronger. As I look close the men in the room I notice that they too feel it, though more on an instinctual level. The officer in charge of offender movement now comes to the dayroom bars. "Rec! Everybody that's going to rec come out now!" he yells as he unlocks the door.

I file out with the other offenders going to rec. However, when they turn left in the direction of the rec-yard, I turn right, towards the administration section of the building. "Hey, stupid!" the guard who unlocked the door yells at me. "I said rec. I didn't call for anything else!" he adds.

His face has turned red with anger. He steps towards me menacingly. Everyone stops, the feel of the air becomes charged with energy. Its powers increasing, I sense. I instinctively start to hum under my breath "Om" as I reach slowly into my pocket and produce a sheet of paper. I hold it out for him to read. Slowly the color comes back to his face, his breathing slows becoming steady and even. He looks up at me. "Get!" he states. And I make my way to the central desk fifty yards away. The other inmates, seeing nothing about to happen continue on toward the rec-yard.

Once I reach Central Desk, the station that the high ranking officers monitor and control the prison from, I hand my piece of paper to the Sergeant on duty. He takes it and reads it. Once he's finished reading it, he looks at me perplexed "Hey Lieu," he speaks to the Lieutenant sitting next to him. "The Warden wants this inmate in the laundry to perform extra duty during 6:30
count”. "Take’em." the lieutenant states- not looking up. The sergeant once again looks at me then gets up and escorts me to the main laundry room door. "Do you need any mops or chemicals?, he asks. "No Sir", I reply. He gets my name and offender number to keep track of me then lets me in.

The laundry is quiet. The only light inside is from the emergency flood lights spaced around the 1800 ft. room with it s 16 washers and 10 commercial dryers. But it’s enough for me to do what I came for. I walk over to the last dryer and methodically pry up the bottom left panel. Inside the small shoe box space someone has hidden a Gatorade bottle of spoiled fruit. I push the small bottle of fermenting alcohol aside and find a small black sack. I pull this out. With the sack in hand I head to the center of the room. I open the sack and pull out a smell white candle, a box of matches and 3 incense sticks.

I sit in a half-cross legged position with the candle in front of me. I light it with one of the matches from the box. I reach down and pick up one of the incense sticks I’ve placed in front of me as well. "I light this incense for all sentient beings, may the Buddha enter their hearts", I reply. I stick the end of the incense into the side of the candle and pick up the next. "I light this candle for all sentient beings, may they be received with open arms into the Sangha", I intone. I do the same with this incense. Then I pick up the last. "I light this candle for all sentient beings, may the Dharma guide their hearts", I complete.

Once the last incense is placed, I place my hands before me palms together and bow. Suddenly, I have a sense of panic. "What am I doing in here, it’s so dark?” my mind thinks. “Someone could sneak up on me and kill me and no one would know”, it finishes. I notice the thoughts as they enter my mind but I hold not to any of them. As they cross my mind I slowly bring
my thoughts back to my breath, In...Out...In...Out... I sense a presence in
the room with me In...Out...In...Out... I raise my hands from my lap and
perform the ancient Tantric hand symbols, gestures of power over 2,500 years
old. Deep in my throat the mantra "Om Mane Padme Hum", erupts with each
gesture. I feel the same energy that assaulted me and the officer in the hall
fill the air. My emotions go from angry to scared, to happy, to lustful in
seconds. My mind notices all this but I remain focused on the ritual.

Time cease. I don't know how long I performed the tantric hand symbols
or how long I chanted before the entity appeared before me. It's 6 ft. tall
with light blue skin and red eyes. Long black hair cascades down its sensuous
body. It had six arms and each hand held a gun. It was female and she was
beautifully naked. She hissed at me and spoke. "You dare bind me to flesh?
Me, a child of Mara?" She roared. I place my hands, palms together and bow,"
Venerable entity be gone from this place. You are not welcome here", I calmly
state. Suddenly she aimed all six guns at me and fired. As quick as thought,
I extend my right hand palm facing out, thumb and index finger touching. The
bullets aren't real. I know this - at least not real in the conventional
sense. Their matter isn't composed of any worldly substance. What they are is
transdimensional meridian infector. A portion of the creature's life essence
what would disharmonize my chakras and lower resolve. They would cause me to
regress to a primal being caring only for things that satisfy my cravings.
But my invoking the Buddha Palm caused the bullets to hit an invisible
barrier and fall harmlessly, as lotus leaves to the floor.

The entity raises her hands to the ceiling and roars. Then slowly
lowering her arms, she gazes upon me seductively. "I sense that you have been
in this place a long time". She says. She kneels down before me and smiles,
her weapons disappearing to be replaced by soft white lily flowers. I can
smell their sweet scent less than 2 feet away. "I am called Kāshylā", she says as she touches herself with the pedals. My resolve fractures, my pulse quickens. I place the back of my hands upon my knees, thumb and index finger touching and start to chant. But it's too late. A foot hold of desire has been gained. I focus my mind upon my breath, not in an effort to block my mind from the sexual thoughts that are now it, but to just observe them, acknowledge that they are there, and then let them go/ Kāshylā giggles girlishly at me, "Man of Dharma why do you resist me?", she questions. "Do you not find this body desirous?" she adds as she opens her arms giving me a view of her voluptuous body. I feel my flesh and blood warm considerably as she continues to subtly influence my lower mind.

I start to suffer, feeling the anger, fear and loneliness that everyone here experiences internally in prison. It courses through me breaking my higher minds concentration and as my focus falters she attacks. The sweet smelling lotus flowers in her six-hand metamorphed into 6 different bladed weapons - a dagger, an axe, sword, kukri, machete and hatchet. I had only a split second to react. Through the chaos of craving and desire yearning in my flesh, the Four Noble Truths keep me anchored.

Kāshylā swung two of her six weapons at me. I invoked the mudra of fearlessness and protection by raising my right hand to shoulder height, with my fingers extended palm facing outward, her dagger and sword bounced off of a shield of blue light. "There is suffering", I yell the first noble truth as the blows are deflected. She attacked again swinging her axe and kukri. I quickly invoked the Mudra of Unshakable Confidence, bringing my hands together with the tips of both hands crossed. These swings are deflected by a green light. Suffering is caused by desire" I state quickly finding my meditative center.
Kāshylā wasn’t done however, with a roar to the heavens; she swings the machete and hatchet at me. I bring the mudra of touching earth to bare- my left hand rests palm upward in my lap, right hand hanging over my knee, palm outward pointing toward the earth. “There is a cessation to suffering,” I say the Third Noble Truth, as the last two weapons are deflected by a red light.

Kāshylā, in her naked glory glares at me with murderous eyes, her weapons ready for any hint of me losing my re-established concentration. Yet, through her vibes of seductive power I sense something new from her—fear. She knows this fight is over. I calmly state the last noble truth, “The way to end suffering is to practice the Noble 8 Fold path”. With that said I invoked the most powerful mudra I’ve learned—Supreme Enlightenment.

With both hands held at chest level, the two raised index fingers touching one another, and the remaining fingers crossed and folded down. I envision my body radiating glorious yellow light. Kāshylā throws herself to her knees screaming, “You cannot destroy me!” The corporal form she possessed quickly dissolving. “Desires are eternal!” She finishes as the last of her vessel disappears.

With Kāshylā gone my mind’s eye continues to envision the yellow light expanding from me with every out-breath, getting bigger and bigger until it fills every hall, every room and every building. I see with my meditative mind every sentient being awash in this soothing radiant light with this picture firmly fixed in mind. I repeat the Bodhi Sattva vows aloud. “The Buddha’s enlightened way is unsurpassable, I vow to embody it. The dharma teachings are boundless; I vow to master them all. Delusions are inexhaustible; I vow to transcend them all. Sentient beings are numberless; I vow to liberate them all.”
On the conclusion of the vows the radiant light starts to fade, my attunement to the vibes tell me that the slow disruption of harmony called, Kāshylā is stopped. Yet, with so many different personalities, mentalities and races confined in such condensed area. The beings of mara will return to feed on the large amount of emotional psychic build-up.

I get up and retrieve the now expired candle and extinguished incenses and place them in the trash. I am aware that there will still be the random fights and acts of violence, incidents propagated by Mara’s lesser children. Yet, for now the spirit that would have caused a major riot is gone I knock on the door to signal the outside officer I’m finished with my duty. I sense a small sliver of pride for my accomplishment flicker past my mind. And as the door opens and I step out into the penitentiary, I hear the faintest whisper from behind, "Desires are Eternal"....
The Brightness is blinding. I use my hands to shield my eyes, yet, the brightness remains. For the brightness does not come from without but from within. I am the brightness, my hands, eyes even the strands of my hair are all purelight; every molecule of my being has been transformed to the essence of light.

I lower my hands as the understanding burst through. The doctors and technicians all look at me in wonder and awe, some look upon me amazed and fearful. I sit on the edge of the hospital bed, then stand up on the floor. Concrete, a molecular substance composed of atoms negatively charged in the spectrum of perceived reality for the purpose of producing a surface. "What? Where did that thought come from?" I think. And once again, I understand.

The junctions of my mind are open. The four dimensional aspects that confine human thought and thinking has been elevated from my body. I perceive from the 11th transcendental reality. The reality that sees all life connected to one strand of existence.

I understand the true purpose of the human race and know the exact reason for death - and the way to overcome it!

All this knowledge floods my mind in a verae-el second; a span of time faster than one-tenth of a nano second. Even with this vast wonder of wisdom and knowledge I have the insight that my knowledge and wisdom is still
incomplete. I am not intune to the 12th dimension, the trans-
scendental reality of creation. Still; all of my chakra's are
active in the Toa, I understand all.

A man steps toward me, I know him. He bawns to me, "It is
fulfilled", he yells. This too I understand.
What do you get when you have 152,000 bodies housed; 5,000 plus bodies waiting to be housed and roughly 5,000 bodies scattered in various states that need to be housed with the original 152,000? Correct, Texas! The great state of Dilemma!

It has been proposed that we build more prisons, adding to the 106 facilities, to receive the new influx of offenders. This would give relief to those overflowing County and State Jails; housing State felony prisoners as well as open new jobs to the public.

Yet this would be expensive to Texas tax payers, costing roughly over 377 million dollars, and only remain effective for 10 to 15 years. Also Texas Department of Corrections (TDC) does not have at present the manpower to comfortably run its existing units. (Being understaff by an estimation of just under 4,000 officers).

The second proposal is to create more programs and facilities for first time offenders, drug addicted offenders, minor parole violators, and to parole more eligible non-violent offenders. This would save tax payers over 400 million dollars; keep families together and place eligible productive citizens back into society.

Consequently, this would call for the Texas Legislation and its Quasi Judicial System to revamp the laws that enhance certain felonies, create new sentencing brackets and redefine existing violent and non-violent crimes.
Also, the Texas Board of Pardons and Parole would have to re-evaluate its standards on revocation, reinstatement, and parole eligibility. Which in itself will require an overhaul.

Regardless of all the suggestions, there remains one constant. Crimes will continue to be committed; criminals will continue to come to prison. Because of this fact a way must be found that will protect society as well as keep Texas prisons from bursting at its seams. With this in mind, I propose an idea that will cost less, protect society, keep families together, keep productive citizens in society, requires a minimum amount of manpower to employ, and will be beneficial and effective for decades. An unique idea that incorporates an already used system, just on a higher technological level. A Biological Electronical Alert System Tracker. Let me explain.

Some of you may already be familiar with the ankle monitor. A system used by the Parole and Probation to monitor the whereabouts of their wards. Yet, with a little ingenuity this device can be disabled; will not function without a phone, and has a small radius of transmitting. Using the advancements of today's technology. The Biological Electronical Alert System Tracker would be imbeded underneath the skin and monitored by Global Positioning Satellite (GPS).

Also, Tracking Towers could be built throughout the city that will alert parole or probation that their ward has entered
or left an area restricted by the terms of their probation or parole.

This system alone would allow many offenders to return to society. Yet, remain under the watchful eye of the state as they regain the trust of the public. Imagine if you will if all of society was imbedded with this tracker. Children kidnapped or lost can be located in mere seconds. Potential survivors in disasters could be rescued in minutes.

It could also aid our nations security. All foreigners entering the country would be required to receive the tracker. Now suspected terrorist can be monitored. We could even use this device for financial transactions. Purchase something? Just swipe the location of the tracker and finances are exchanged electronically. This in itself would cut down on robberies because cash money would be obsolete.

But I digress. Texas has pioneered the way for centuries. This idea would be nothing less than what the Great State is known for, doing everything BIG! Maybe this idea will be taken into consideration and investigated more thoroughly. Then again maybe Texas will handle their overwhelming prison population by taking a page out of the movies running man and the condemn and create it's own reality show.
Angel Wings

by T. Glover

I'm sending you some angel wings,
because that's what you'll need.
To bring a smile to everyone,
and doing your good deeds.
The halo is to guide your way,
and fill your path with light.
And when the rays touch others hearts,
their lives will be as bright.
So don't forget your angel wings,
next time that you go out.
So we can have the peace of mind
whenever your about.
breathe
looking for it – for how to breathe

can’t find it – just know it’s something I need

I need – to keep from falling in decay

which will I deny

as I open die the scourge of yesterday

the pains I’ve needed yet mistreated

the joys gone by as I’ve changed my mind

or things which seemed just dandy and fine

maybe I might see the grand design

perhaps be deemed as mighty as the sky

could be fancy – flying free as can be

it’s only me forgetting how to breathe

I’ve yet to see what brings the lost to the breeze

what sings carefree with ease

must be the edge of eternity

is waiting... is waiting...

just breathe

you’ll see – eventually

you’ll be - gradually – revealed

part of the pyramid of light

swaying to the rhythm... humanity

wayward your way no longer

nor a ward of your hunger

stronger by far than those at ret

a test for sure – bestride our side of death

nature’s further lower degree

just sleep and breathe – you’ll agree

close your eyes – no grief – nor a thief

collapses the thoughts lying beneath

the need to live

to breathe.

-Kevin Moore
Friends Challenge
by T. Glover 06

Your words are always cordial
warm, heartfelt, sincere.
Your kindness monumental,
so precious and so dear.
Surely you were a princess
or a queen way back when,
and I a knight of your court
with the title of your friend.
So I patiently wait for the morrow
to defend my maidens fair
with an oath of undying loyalty
and a binding pinkie I swear,
and I’ll know I received an honor
If the only thing I’d win,
is the smile you’ll always give me
and the title of your friend.

We all search for happiness
we all search for joy.
Every woman and every man
every girl and every boy.
We may find it in the beginning
and may lose it in the end
So I hope that I will never lose
the title of your friend.
I’d rather fight wild creatures
lions, tigers bears oh my!
Or cross my heart and hope for death
or stick a needle in my eye;
and empty the oceans with a tea spoon,
Then fill them up again
there isn’t a challenge I’d not take
for the title of your friend.
hunter

angry with the frustration of life

again

not sure what I'm seeing

strife?

No friends

I don't get it

it makes no sense

why would she say "I'll do it"

and then not do it?

women?

...psycho

all of 'em

me? psycho

all of them, too

everybody's fucked up

and I still can't see straight

guess I'm screwing in the head

right all along with 'em

pull my hair out

but I ain't got none

god damn it!

I'm so fuckin' mad

why can't everyone else see the world I see

can't they tell they're fuckin' crazy

...grr

wish I was running things

everybody's be in their place

women

-Kevin Moore
no shoes no drivers license
no money
with cameras watching 'em all the time
men would run everything
...still can't believe what that whore did
...must
...think
...if
...something
...else
how about the glory days
the strip club days
the pill daze
living in a daze trying to focus my gaze
as I laze my ways thru
...life
pop a few pill
lay back and
...yawn

dreamland, here I come

-Kevin Moore
Paths

by T. Glover

Sometimes when we start a journey
two paths will often meet
we can't control the roads ahead
we can only guide our feet.
And so it's bound to happen
that some shall share the way.
And enjoy each other's company
as they make their way.
Going the same direction
on a path to destiny
and like the future so unknown
the miles ahead they cannot see
Two travelers like to lovers
two companions who become friends
must say farewell when the path separate
and their walk together ends.
traveling
led this life — bled this life
Falling for the changes of another light
blessed these bonds traveling on
things come clearer said the Father of night
turn the eye in ward
exchange the sky, son
bernoaned nothing let alone falling
became one in the time
said, here stand
revel in the mystery of sand
the urge to belong weakly fading
wading spirit-deep
thru the tides of yesterday’s longing
why hide
everyone’s face remains
upon the screens of eternity
the vehicle perfected
throughout truths of reality
no side is right
no side is right
no side is wrong
sight’s intention’s long overdue
so come clean
be reviewed
align with what’s forever
new

-Kevin Moore
Unselfish Sacrifice
The only time my eyes get blurry
is when I sit and hear the story
of my saviors rise to glory.
unselfish sacrifice.

During that time I feel so strange
my heart hears words that spark a change
Salvation for me prearrange.
unselfish sacrifice

I know deep down just what it means
repent my sins my heart becomes clean
for by his blood my soul’s redeem.
unselfish sacrifice

So I place my knee’s upon the floor
you’ve gave me life and so much more
So in my prayers I thank you for
your unselfish sacrifice.

Winner 2nd Place
Less than Least Ministries
Easter Poetry Contest 2013
We went as far as the car would take us,
and took nothing but the clothes on our backs.
We ran out of gas right next to a bus,
here we bought tickets so we could relax.
There was not a formal destination,
a certain place that we wanted to go.
Nor were we enjoying a vacation,
these are somethings that we want you to know.
We were not running from some sort of threat,
there was not a danger to life or limb.
This was not some elaborate made bet,
this was all done you could say on a whim.
The rat race of living is so hectic,
no one for long really stay's there on top.
Our cars be it hydro or electric,
will eventually come to a stop.
So much of the world left undiscovered,
in the mountains, forrest and in the sea.
So many things here to be uncovered,
locked away secrets waiting to be free.
Can you now understand this adventure,
and why you must get the most out of life?
Unto living you must be indentured,
and so I travel this world with my wife.
We do not know where the journey will lead,
or the dangers and pleasures on the way.
We do not know the things that we will need,
or the places we'll eventually stay.
The time is short for every living being,
forever will the sun set in the west.
Sometimes will not change you know what I mean,
so for now you can only do your best.
We're off again to whatever awaits,
we have obtained the ultimate freedom.
There is nothing more important than that,
all the riches of life we don't need them.
So don't let anything stop your excitement,
do not keep living your life in a rush,
our body, vehicle of enlightenment,
we want as far as the car would take us.
*** GLARE ***

I glare into the depths at the center
point of air between my folded hands
Wondering where my grace went
gathering courage for a span of light-hearted
prose
Will I conceive of a better word
of a fettered sword
Will I become in distance a rose or
For that matter a door
Will my ear turn the rythm I hear
toward a field of crushed bones
adorned with the jewels of teardrops
I stare into the breath of the scars
anointed with the passengers I've
refused to let go wandering where
My faith sends me gathering courage
For what other selves know
still I deceive the dawns of the
worriers
The pawn is the warrior
Still I believe in the instant of
awakening or for that matter
a barrier
Still my flesh burns the rythms I feel
Forever imprinted upon the record
of mankind's endeavors
Scribed with the ink of every last
breath's death rattle
I dare entry into dementia's glorified
daze
My vision topples that dragon once called
impossible
That dragon once walled with blinking souls
'till I retrieve a mind lost 'pon distant shores
A mind most choose to ignore
'till I belong in existence by right or
For that matters by might
'till my eye earns the rythm by which
Creation filters thru the vibration
of an innocent's scream edged
with the echo of a knife's genius
I glare into the death I've caused
by these hands wondering where
My face went gathering courage
to pick at the bones
I'm so alone
Wish

If I could have one wish
and that wish be made manifest.
I would wish to witness Jesus execution.
this would be my humble request.
I want to be an observer
though I’ll probably cry.
As they sentence him to death
and march him out to die.
I want to watch him carry the cross
a representation of our sins.
A burden he quietly carried
so that all the world be cleansed.
I want to see the crown of thorns
this mockery for a king.
For I know his rightful kingdom
is far from worldly beings.
I want to walk the streets with him
in hopes I’ll catch his eye.
For I believe he’ll see in me
that I know his reason why.
I want to see him nailed to the cross
and wait till the 9th hour draws close.
I’ll see him drink wine mix with gall
speak; then give up the ghost.
You should wish to see the resurrection
I’m sure that some would say.
But I witness that within my heart
every time I kneel to pray
Sex II

Touch me, taste me
with your tongue
and don’t you waste me.
Suck me, fuck me
ride me, buck me.
Abuse my body
don’t I feel lucky.

Grind your pussy in my face,
make my tongue
keep up the pace.
Reach me, treat me
teach me, eat me.
Grab my head
and get really freaky.

Guide my dick into your ass
and rider with me
new found pizzazz.
Squeeze me, bump me
until the room
starts to smell funky.

You cum first cause it’s a race
so I can shoot
cum on your face.
Kiss me, rub me
Smear me, hug me,
now we can lay
all lovey dovey.
Sex III

Feel me up, feel me down – make my world
spin around and round
Tie my hands above my head
Spread my legs wide in the bed
Make your tongue run here to there
"I'm tied up it don't seem fair!"
Quit your whining, enough said
Wrap your lips around my head
as I start to slob your knob
my pussy's wet and starts to throb
Your tongue finds my honey hole
wet and ready for your pole
You inch it in bit by bit
then slam it home and bit my tit
You kneel at my pot of gold.
I wrap my legs for a better hold, easy now not too fast
Slide your dick into my ass, "You stay still"
"Don't you move, insert my toy – I'll get my groove!"
Buzzer set into place
on my clit so not to waste
I start to buck, I start to flop
my ass clamps down around your cock
Your eyes grow wide your in shock
Then you start a frantic rock
We explode with 3 big O's
My ass, my pussy and your cock knows.

Writer Unknown
From girl at Goree
Time
Is time an illusion
or reality?
Is love a blessing
or a malady?
Can a heart be captured
at first sight?
Can a dream come true
at first light?
Will the troubled soul
ever be at peace?
Will the tormented spirit
ever be release?
Can a risk be taken
without danger?
Can a person find answers
within a stranger.
I pledge the Rose

by T. Glover

If I had to make a pledge,
in action word or deed.
I would pledge to you the Rose
because a rose is what you need.
Its petals to remind you,
that all is never lost.
So let your heart be felt as well,
so silky and so soft.
An aroma that will entice you,
to breath it's pleasant scent.
It worries about no other
we too should be content.
The thorns a constant warning,
it must be held with care.
Like people all around,
treated honestly and fair.
It's leaves a glossy green,
with just a touch of pearl.
Like it we too are different,
yet belong to the same world.
Let's not forget its color,
we find in shades of red.
a universal reminder,
that we too have bled.
So I hope in your minds garden,
that I've planted this seed.
So I'm sending you a rose,
because a rose is what you need.
Paranoia

by T. Glover

As I sit and worry,
biting nails fly.
Breathing so erratic,
That I can’t sigh.
milage in a circle,
as time blows by.

Paranoia cleans house in my belfry.

Shadows in the corner,
makes my pulse rise.
Noise suddenly,
makes me jump high.
Nerves so on edge,
that I’m gun shy.

Paranoia cleans house in my belfry.

Eye so wide,
that I can’t cry.
Heart so fast,
that I might die.

Temperture at peak,
that I could fry,

Paranoia cleans house in my belfry.

Think peaceful thoughts,
so I give it a try
Everything OK,
believe that lie.

It’s true but won’t work,
and I know why.

Paranoia cleans house in my belfry.
Light

by T. Glover

I'm lost - I'm blind
I cannot see
trapped in a cage
I can't get free.
I must find the light!

It's dark - I'm cold
I'm so afraid
alone to suffer
choices I made.
I must find the light!

Is someone here
is someone there
is there a person
that even care?
I must find the light!

I heard your voice
Now I feel safe
and shed my tears
In your embrace.
I've finally found the light.
Why Could I Not See
by Ronin Wolf

Why could I not see
how truly special you were to me
And only now do I understand,
the heart you gave this lonely man.
I now realize I was so unfair
and I took for granted, you'll always be there.
I feel so ashamed, no 10 times worse
but I'll make it up for all your worth.
You'll get big surprises and little treats
I'll cook your food – massage your feet.
When you don't expect you'll find a rose,
on the car seat or in your clothes.
You'll never come second no never again
your not only my lover, you're my best friend.
So write it in stone, like the old testament,
keep banking on me a guaranteed investment.
In a Picture
by Ronin Wolf

This damn picture taunts me
it makes me mad
buy showing me all
that I once had.
It mocks me with
a silent voice
but I hear the words
"You made the choice."
There's the body
I use to hold
the warmth at night
to chase away the cold
There's the lips
that I once kiss
there is the smile
I mostly miss.
Your nose, your eyes
your ears, your hair.
I can see but can't touch
it's just not fair
Can't hear your voice
your girlish laugh.
Can't smell your scent
after your bath.
Can't feel your hands
upon my chest
Can't feel your love
your soft caress

This damn picture taunts me
it makes me mad
by showing me all
that I once had.
Problems
by T. Glover Jan-06

How can I follow,
if you won’t lead me?

How can I help,
if you don’t need me?

How can I fly,
if you’re above me?

how can I care,
if you don’t love me?

How can I speak,
if you want hear me?

How can I touch you,
if you don’t feel me?

How can we go,
if you don’t stay?

How can we win,
if you won’t play?

How can I fall,
if you won’t catch me?

How can I learn,
if you won’t teach me?

How can I see,
if you won’t show me?

How can I grow,
if you don’t know me?
Someday I'm gonna
learn new things
How to play the piano
and how to sing.
Someday I'm gonna
write a book
or a love song
with a jazzy hook.
Someday I'm gonna
start to work out
watch my weight
and walk about.
Someday I'm gonna
make new friends
contact old ones
tie up loose ends.
Someday I'm gonna
spend more time
with my family
just me and mine.
Someday I'm gonna
stop saying
Someday I'm gonna
and just do it.