Tear drops from a Rose

Tear drops from a Rose is a small compilation of poems which paints a picture of how it would look if a rose cried tears.

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aka Picasso

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Teardrops from a Rose
delicately dripping off the pedals
cause love hurts like the thorns
when it stems from the Ghetto
the only flowers we ever smell is the strong
fragrance of Cannibus
the closest we've been 2 a Rose was Rosewood
Watered with Racial animus
I guess they call it Rosewater
must be a sweet fragrance when blood pours
from innocent black folks slaughtered
Unarmed Black Men are murdered in the street
Rosebuds are trampled under police feet
death dances like a Romantic ball
no one cares about the value
once Rosepedals Fall
just put him in a vase
or dump out his ashes and let a Rose take his place
to suffice for his Passion...
Passion he never felt
never had a chance 2 sniff the Roses
his tears was all he smelt
his thorns were always sharp
could never shine in the sunlight
he always grew in the dark
in the dark with no Rosary
if my only crime is being Black
then who am I supposed to be?

Tear drops from a Rose
4 ever dripping in the dirt
they say Black is beautiful
but is beauty supposed 2 hurt?
possibly when thorn's stick in your side
since the 1st day of your birth

Tear drops from a Rose
delicately dripping off the pedals
cause love hurts like the thorns
when it stems from the Ghetto.

Tear drops from a Rose
PAIN IN MY EYES

So much pain in my eyes u can see
my soul cries
It hurts 2 see the things I've seen
my spirit is tormented by demonic fiends
Death follows me like my shadow
my emotions are fragile
how do I walk the straight and narrow
when crookedness and corruption blocks my path
like a mountain of defeat
God tells me its only a test
how much of it must I complete
how many times must I be tried
to prove my heart is pure from lies
I'm attacked by Blasphemy
Disrespected of my Integrity
they politically assassin me
Neglect me of my Humanity
lock me inside of a cage
So much Pain in my Eyes
u can hear them Scream in rage
So much Pain in my Eyes
u can see them Scream with rage
bloodshot red and wet with glaze
Eternally crying without a tear
  tear drops splash for only God to hear
  tear drops splash for only God to see
I'm a Victim of Sorrow
  enslaved by the pain of Zmorow
my eyes tell a story that no one else can follow
I'm a Victim of Sorrow
  because I learned 2 Love too much
I should've left my heart hollow
  instead of starting 2 Hug, too much
I should've left my heart hollow
  instead of starting 2 trust too much
hollow...........
but the pain in my eyes goes so deep
so deep down inside its 2 far to unleash
captivated in hurt.
like an Agonized beast
Death 2 my Enemies
that's how u strategize peace
if looks could kill my gaze Genocide
MURDERIN ALL I SEE
  So much PAIN IN MY EYES.

Teardrops
from a
Rose

Gerard Chestnut
THE DEVIL MADE CRACK

Put Fire on the weed and it smoke
So Fire made crack from the coke
Put Fire 2 the Crack and it glow
2 keep the Fire burning in the Devil Soul
everytime they take a hit the Devil get strong
he wrap his hands around they heart whenever
the crack gone
so they can steal, kill, and destroy 2 get higher
The Devil prowl around the Earth like a Lion
See Crack couldve came out in the Seventies
but the Devil waited till the Eighties 2 release
the recipe
See the Devil did that just 2 shine
cause he made aids virus come out about around the
same time
the Devil knew he'd really be deadly
with them combined
See the Devil try 2 stay ahead of technology
he knew Crack would never get taught in Biology
and he knew they would never cure aids due to sodomy
So Aids was targeted against homosexuals in Society
homosexuals took aids back 2 they families
who put it in black communities for it 2 spread
through they heritage

Gerard Chestnut
kinda like Anthrax being distributed by terrorist
the Devil knew some white homosexuals would be racist
who would give it 2 doctors, judges, and Freemasons, who
passed it 2 they wives and kids they kids
passed it back 2 freebasins
sharing needles and shooting up
they made it there priority
and these type of actions were accepted by minorities
cause they the ones dont have a reason 2 give a damn
about authority
so the Devil made the Ghetto his foothold
and left the cocaine 2 purchase
the rich and good soul
cause crack for a dollar but for coke u need a couple
either way if u pay the Devil waiting with his shovel
digging up yo grave cause he know u going under
and 1 day u gone make the Fire
heat the coke until it bubble
mixing it with baking soda hitting it with the
pitchfork letting it lock up in the water
Leaning on the sink and stove like ya name Martha
and the white white yo cookie bake
the Devil got a smile on his face
put Fire 2 the weed and it smoke
== So Fire made crack from the coke
put Fire 2 the crack and it Glow
2 keep the Fire burning in the Devil soul
everytime they take a hit the Devil get strong
he wrap his hands around they heart
whenever the Crack gone
cause the Devil made from the hot burning Fire thats ablaze
he burn with every flame every strike of every match
and thats how I know why

THE DEVIL MADE CRACK

Yeardrops from a Rose

GERNARD CHESTNUT 7
WHY SHE WALK AWAY

What happened to my mama
she was always there when I was younger
she could've been two drunk to cook and made me go to bed in hunger.
but she wasn't an alcoholic
so we always ate a supper
me and my two sisters stayed warm up under our covers
and before we went to bed use to tell us she loved us
I might've kissed on her cheek
when I wasn't feeling stubborn
What happened to my mama
she could've been a drug addict and kept up some drama
but she didn't use drugs
use to tell me to hug her
seeing me locked in juvenile
I could tell it made her suffer
hours on the road just two visit me for a couple
a couple of minutes just two look at each other
all of my life mama knew I was trouble
so why she walk away
I thought a mother was supposed to be here two stay
when I ain't have no money my mama would pay

GERNARD CHESTNUT
no daddy for sports
my mama would play
I just want 2 find her 2 ask
why she walk away
1st abandon me
make me a ward of the state
then take me back as family
then abandon me again
since im now on my on
I hit the streets 2 be a man
running from the same person that I aint ever have
thats why I never had kids
I aint want 2 be my dad
cause I know u aint like him
so I wanna let u know I aint like him
so why u walk away
u use 2 tell me he aint care
cause he never was there
so what happened 2 u?
since u aint around I guess u dont care 2
what happened 2 my mama
am I not her only son that she left in the gutter
does she not know my pain can she not see my struggles
she couldve kept being a mama
but she left me 2 suffer

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how much pain must unleash before all love is conquered
I can't be too far from the day I wouldn't want
my eyes 2 touch her
cause...

She walked away
so far away that my eyes couldn't see her
gone for so long my mind couldn't perceive her
I wouldn't know if she's dead...

What happened 2 my mama
I wouldn't even know if she's dead

Yeardrops
from a
Rose

GERNAND CHESTNUT
Pretty Gun

It could come in the form of a bird flying through the sky
and on the back of yo head bullets blow out yo eye
could come in the form of a snake, killers laying in yo grass
may come as a thief in the night, murder u for yo cash

It came in the form of a Brown Recluse
and it was ready 2 bite u
but u ended up stepping on that spider
when that dude came 2 fight u

if u wouldn’t’ve knocked him out
he was intending 2 knife u

if u wouldn’t’ve been a broke dude
she was intending 2 wife u
but she married another dude that was paid
who had never suspected her hoerish ways
so she brought death 2 him, she gave him aids

So thats how she met her killer

Seduced death all cause she wanted pleasure
her husband killed her, got rid of her body and started seeing
drug dealers

smoking on crack crumbs
not knowing Death met u 1 night and gave u a black gun
pearl handle and chrome gleaming

u left on the shelf
when he broke in yo house and seen it he kept for himself

Gerard Chestnut
that same night Jackbuys came and shot u 2 death
all cause yo gun got stole
by a crackhead with Aids looking for him some doh
he was gone sale yo gun but on the way 2 get the dope
he broke down and started crying
he lost all hope
then committed suicide
blew out his own brains in the middle of the street
somebody stole the pretty gun and never called the police
and sold the pretty gun to some Bloods out the East
they was Gangbanging hard
had a Whole lot of Beef
one Gangster had heart wanted 2 show off his heat
right in the parking lot
where everybody could see
U worked at Wal Mart from Ten to Six
but u took off early cause u started feeling sick
U walked outside
in all blue u was dressed
the Blood ran up on u
u got mistook for a crip
all u saw was a pretty gun
before he emptied the clip
u didn’t think Death would come just for taking off on yo shift
now the killer on the run
the murder weapon was hot
so he got rid of the gun

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One day he came across a nice girl in a Toyota she didn't have a man and she was feeling kind of lonesome. He charmed her with his words and she invited him over but somebody seen him 1 day and recognized him from a poster. They knew he was on the run so the cops came 2 scope him. He quickly spotted the police cause he was always moving cautious before they could make a move he took the nice woman hostage with a knife 2 her throat. The police panicked and shot him twice he let her go. Her blood was already soaking he cut her wind pipe open. But she had a brother that was locked up in the same jail that they sent him. Her brother had a knife made out of chow hall utensils played like he was his friend then lured him in his cell and stabbed him again and again see Death Feeds off Death like a reactor it layed in yo cigarettes for years then came in the form of cancer when he came in the form of a heart attack he missed u so it crept inside of yo whiskey and poisoned yo kidney it might even come in a boat while u be out fishing get drunk and drown while u thinking that u swimming might come in the form of a storm and strike u with lightning.
or a Tornado that snatch up your house and blow u out of your nikes
see u shook death by the spider and the dude with the knife
u was broke so the woman that caught Aids never would be your wife
so your poverty was yo blessing
but that same woman u wanted that made u feel bad by rejection
she married a man that killed her for giving him the infection
that same man stole yo gun and left u without protection
so the jackboys killed u without any resistance
so u shook Death a few times but he came back 2 get u
he was hiding inside that black chromed pearl Pretty pistol
so maybe poverty was yo curse
if u never stayed in the hood dude wouldntve broke yo window
and stole yo gun out yo house cause he had nothin 2 live for or if u wouldve seduced the woman she wouldve never got Aids
all u needed was some money or a nice Escalade
or the woman shouldntve been greedy and just gave u a Chance
either way when Death play his music u dont gotta dance for the Grim Wreaper 2 do his 1,2 Step
see the greedy woman that got killed for giving Aids 2 her husband
had Divorced her nice woman in Oklahoma
that got took for a hostage
she had been fugitive from Death running from him since College

Germain Chestnut 14
it had been in the form of a Hummer
left her in a bad car wreck
but Death vowed 2 murder her and never breaks his promise
might come in the form of a child during hospital labor
might come in electricity while u hook up your cable
it could come as a doctor prescribing the wrong medication
could come as police beating u 2 death in prison
it came as their form of justice
and it just kept murdering inmates cause don't nobody love 'em
or it could just come for nothing and
you'll just Die for nothing
one dude began 2 strive 2 be a politician
with big plans
big plans 2 overcome
then he showed up as a Hitman
a Hitman wearing gloves
brought Death with that same black chromed pearl-handled...

PRETTY GUN.

Yardrops from a Rose

Gerrard Chestnut
HOOD LIFE

I can see what its like 2 live the good life
but I know what its like 2 live the Hood Life
I know from experiences
not from watching movie actors making special appearances
Smoking on the same blunt of a Cold Killer
but really he aint cold
he just dont know better
He dont believe in God he never read a Bible
could never learn 2 read he struggled 2 learn survival
his mama sucked dick just so she could pay the rent
plus she smoked crack so her pockets stayed flat
every man she was with she used 2 get smacked
never seen his daddy he heard he got wacked
he thought he knew his name but found out it wasn't a Fact
hated the hearts of men
only thang soothe they pain when they come across some gin
dont nobody know nobody
and aint nobody nobody
so everybody want a name
they shoot guns for attention just searching for some fame
but it came in the form of the news
now they facing time so they praying like the Jews

snitching on they own crews
told on his Twin brother,

they were the same shoes

cause they don't want the pain only the fame

some wana shoot they gun but with no aim

they do this all for fun but aint no games

its traumatizing inside this type of domain

people sellin they souls just 4 cocaine

so am I wrong 2 feel like my life in danger

and keep a smith and wesson with 1 in the chamber

yo best friend a get killed just 4 arguing with a stranger

who got the best team, who got the best players

wouldnt this rattle u

what if your niece was raped body chopped to pieces and

they scattered her

don't get scared now this what it look like

if u wana take a peek into the hood life

look str8 ahead don't even look back

cause u gotta watch everything when u where the hood at

the crack u can smell it

polices hate us u can feel it

Death singing a song u can hear it

homicides the lullaby
People vanish out of thin air. everybody wanna fuck the baddest bitch breathing never knowing this the bitch with the baddest diseases that Die slow that shit that make u commit suicide by 5-0 nigga only escape is 2 puff on hydro other nigga fall weak and start playing with needles plus cocaine controlling Legions of demons the hallways smell pissy always pissy crowded with those demons that dont never be sleeping cause they slaves 2 that cocaine dope friends a kill u just 2 put some flame in they cold veins

Low lifes tryin 2 live Ghetto Fabulous will murder u just so they can safe packages lookin 4 glory in the game heartless . . . souls long departed in darkness evil working hard 4 the root doctor the old lady will work some black magic for a few dollars shattered dreams and all trust lost some never had a dream and just lost shooting at u just cause u from a different hood he told them he aint choose 2 live there, his mama made him do it they still shot him with no hesitation
Just so the people that seen him can say he got a reputation
why they don't want people 2 say he got education?
police shoot us just 4 target practice
falsely arrest us and prosecute us 2 make the law harass us
It's like a Universal Jungle
Sharks and alligators, darkness navigators, heartless gladiators,
lions and snakes, tigers and apes, oh my oh my we like Dorothy,
everybody want the juice...
2 be the Wizard of Oz in the Ghetto
Smoking on the same blunt of a cold killer
but really he aint cold he just don't know better
I can really show u the Hood Life
but then again u wouldn't survive without ya Good Life
everyday dinner yo mama use 2 cook right?
shit u prolly even know what yo father look like
they prolly was married and yall had a happy Family
u prolly was even taking classes that taught u 2 play a mandolin
they prolly bought u a car before u was old enough
2 even drive it
lived in the Suburbs so far u prolly never even seen
the projects
yo family see poor blacks and prolly be scared 2
tell them hello

They hear about a tragedy and just write it off as too Ghetto

yo house decorated with foreign art and expensive paintings

like Donatello's

u had a balcony view

I could barely look out the window

without risking being shot from a driveby

u traveled 1st class to foreign countries in the 100 mile high

I know what it's like 2 live the Hood Life,

but I can only see what it's like 2 live the Good Life...

and I can only imagine it must be a good life.


Teardrops
from a Rose

Gernard Chestnut

20
Black correctional officers beating on black inmate rebels
I guess that’s a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil
They beat us in handcuffs waistchains and shackles
I guess that’s a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil
Opress us like the Jews like the Jews was by Pharoah
I guess that’s a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil
Own kind get a badge then get us tabled convicted felons
I guess that’s a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil
Prosecute us in court by any means take all measures
I guess that’s a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil
We’re looked down on for being black but they turn their nose up like they better
I guess that’s a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil
They accept them as friends
as long as they’re being their dirty work helpers
I guess that’s a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil
They watch us get killed in silence and let them treat us however
I guess that’s a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil
They love 2 see us divided and hate
when we come together
I guess that’s a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil

21
they don't want us educated and never put forth no effort
1 guess thats a part of saling yo soul 2 the Devil
they content being sale outs
in their eyes the white man is the answer
1 guess thats a part of saling yo soul 2 the Devil
its all about a dollar they worship the Federal
1 guess thats a part of saling yo soul 2 the Devil
master said kill u master bought me a camaro
1 guess thats a part of saling yo soul 2 the Devil
money filling they pockets want spend a dime on the Ghetto
1 guess thats a part of saling yo soul 2 the Devil
look us in our face while they calling us Niggeers
1 guess thats a part of saling yo soul 2 the Devil
Black Correctional officers beating on black inmate rebels
1 guess thats just part of saling yo soul 2

THE DEVIL

Teardrops
from a Rose

Gerrard Chestnut 22
THEY CALL EM

DRUG DEALERS!
They call 'em when gold covers their teeth

MATERIALISTIC!
They call 'em when big rims on they Jeep

IGNORANT!
They call 'em when they buy $300 shoes just 2 cover they feet

DRUG ADDICTS!
They call 'em when they beg 4 things 4 free

GIANG BANGERS!
They call them when they pants hang low

STREET PUNKS!
They call 'em when they got no place 2 go

THUG LOW LIFES!
They call 'em when they don't have a job

THIEVES AND MURDERERS!
They call 'em if they look like Trayvon

RAPIST!
They call 'em if they sex a white girl
RASIST!
They call 'em if they don't accept a white world
MONSTERS!
They call 'em if their skin is too dark
LAZY!
They call 'em if they don't have a car
Successful!
They call 'em if they wear expensive suits
HARDWORKER!
They call 'em when mud covers their books
One of Us!
They call 'em when they wear uniforms
NICE GUY!
They call 'em when they smile full of charm
EDUCATED!
They call 'em when they going 2 college
ATHLETIC!
They call 'em when they play 4 the Rockets
None of them may be similar and all of them may differ
but 1 thing they have in common they all call 'em
NIGGERS

*teardrops*
from a Rose

Gerino Chestnut
24
Some things I wouldn't ask u
cause I'm afraid of yo response
not your reaction
but what your answer may be
other things I would ask u bcuz I know what your answer would be
so my conversation is selfish and 4 personal gratification
but I am not insensitive 2 your prowess
things I shouldn't say str8 forward so I say them around it
some call it finesse
others say its beating around the bush
some call it diplomacy and some people can't help but 2 be direct
and frankly, bluntness is what I specialize in
I mean, just 2 be frank about it
but u would rather play ping-pong with word paddles
so if ping-pong we must play
I'll be forrest gump
Tell me
am I being 2 humbled 4 your understanding
or am I 2 honest 4 your sensitivity
does that make me insensitive or sensitively 2 honest?
must I play the seducer 2 be your lust
what if its meant 4 me and u
2 be an us

25
What makes u think you've felt the peak of passion?
What makes u think your happiness has reached its limits?
Simply because u have not allowed yourself 2 seek its increase
you've settled in contentment
you've closed all doors 2 any other commitment
2 follow what's politically correct
but political correctness does not comprehend the diviness of
undying Love
sometimes u love 'em, then sometimes u dont
sometimes its Lust, then sometimes your lost
but when u know that your love has reached its boundaries
is when u begin 2 feel Fulfilled
When in all actuality u r incomplete
you'll always live in regret
doubting yourself everyday u go 2 sleep
as they lie beside u
your wondering
Could I have been more happier
I loved them it seemed so special
and since we were 2gether I married them
What if this person was only interrupting fate
and was just getting in the way
of the person who would've made u unfathomably happier
even fate isn't perfect

Germaine Chessult
Love holds no hostages
But it does hold volunteers
Love knows no discrimination
Love cannot be contained
Love is untamed and its powers are infinite
It can take place in prison or take place at work
It could take place while you work in prison
Get it

Love is impenetrable
Love is conquering
Rules, policy, and laws are set to interfere with
Love, obstruct, and hinder love
Made to attack love

But nothing in the universe
Could deprive love of its powers

Teardrops
from
Rose

Gerrard Chestnut 27
Y'all Holla at me. Just tryna express some emotions through this poetry. Y'all let me know how y'all feel about TEEP DROPS FROM A ROSE, and also check out my other poem book "THUG PASSION." Y'all let me know if y'all ready for part 2 of any one of these poem books. U can always locate me/my address cause it could change at anytime, by going to www.FL.Dept.Corrections.com and putting my name and DC# in. (Gernard Chestnut DC# 130146). Get at me. Drop me a few lines, and y'all stay tuned 4 my Urban book called "WHEN PLAYER GET PLAYED" Coming soon... by Picasso. PART 2 of "THUG PASSION" and "TEEP DROPS FROM A ROSE" only get better and better going in the sequel so if y'all want 2 peruse more y'all got 2 let me know what u think bout what's already out there cause I aint gone keep releasing if y'all aint feeling that, but stay tuned for Urban Book coming, and GOD BLESS ALL Y'LL. Everybody be Safe. One Nard.

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Year drops C from a Rose

GERNARD
CHESTNUT
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