Country Versatility

Kentucky Poem Pushers Association
This poem book is a fictional collection of songs, poetry and my thoughts. I began writing in 1999, but only began to put pen to paper in 2010. These are just a few of my writings. I would like to thank my son Tyler’s mother, Amy, for helping me find and hone this skill. There are poems about America, love, pain, and country living in this volume. I try not to let being in prison be all that I write about. I try to free my mind with writing. Writing about the past helps heal a lot of old wounds. This is volume one in a three book series, brought to you by my Kentucky Poem Pushers Association. I hope you give this book, and me, a chance. I also hope that you enjoy reading it as much as I did writing it.

Robert “Beau” Meadows III
February 26, 2014

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By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Please Don’t Hurt Me Again
7/25/13

She says
Please don’t hurt me
Again
As gently we kiss
She hesitates
Because yes this is a risk
Please don’t hurt me
Again
Our past fueled by broken promises
Along with broken dreams
Just a brief touch from her
Clears my mind
Along with our air
My touch makes her shiver
With her I am no longer scared
She leans in
With a whisper
Please don’t hurt me again

Our paths have been separated for some years
But through this time
A 4-ever love
Was broken then lost
I dream now of what could of
What should have been?
I dream of her touch
Of her skin
About a son we made
That his life is happy
And free of our sin

I awake
I am confused
I feel ashamed
I am sorry
Again
Once she forgives
My dearest
My love
I am humbled

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Dreaming
As my fingers run through her hair
As the smell of baby powder
Takes me away from our past
Then it all disappears
Along with my baby's tears
Her laughs haunt my dreams
As I realize I was one of her worst fears

As faintly I hear
Please don't hurt me again
Our bodies touch
As my world stops
This love is too young
It is too much
I loved her so

But all she could say was
Please don't hurt me again
I promised her again
Never to hurt her
I reach out to touch
To see if she is still real
I love her
I just didn't know how to show her how much
I was her junkie
To her touch I was hooked
Her mind her body her soul
Her love
Was my pill

Yet faintly
I her
Please don't hurt me again
Why as men do we push away?
What we truly love
My dream startles me
I toss
I turn
I just need
I just want one more touch
Just a split second
I ask her to stay

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
But with a tear I can see it is too much
She turns away
Her body naked
As her beauty sparkles in the moonlight
She waves
As a tear drops down her cheek
She says beau
Please do not hurt me again
I will not
For what we once had
I will always seek

I awake
Dazed
But with our son Tyler still
Fresh in my mind
I know that with you
I have no more time

Amy
I am sorry
For the past
A thousand times over
I hope your future
Is brighter then our past
Reality Once a Dream
1/17/14

I was stuck in a rut
In my daily life
My job was useless
As was my wife

I took a walk down an old
Abandoned country road
Dazed I lost track of time
It had gotten dark
This suited me just fine

Voices arose from the woods around me
I looked and I looked
I just couldn’t see
I walked off the path I was on
Just to see a red light
Not knowing I would never
See another dawn

I walked into the light
Into the beast
It was dark
Only the screams bothered me the least
I noticed I was being followed
By a loony lark

His eyes were red
Then I noticed that shadows
Were moving
People or things were all about
Demons and ghouls
Wings and razor sharp teeth
I tried to scream but couldn’t shout

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
A nasty smell of shit
As I looked down
I was walking in it
Bowels from this beast I am in
Surround me
Teeth snap at me
I look as far
But my eyes deceive me

Layers upon layers
Of this hellish
Nightmare engulf my brain
Screams of pain
Is all I hear?
I will not be scared
I will show no fear

I miss my old life
Hell
I even miss my wife

These demons are taking notice of me
I run
I run
But it is me that they see

For help I scream
Till my lungs burn
I am caught and shaking to my core
I open my eyes to see my lovely wife
She says it’s just a bad dream
She looks suspicious but the lesson
Has been learned

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Miss You Dad
1/13/14

My dad worked on
Cars his whole life
Built them at work and then again
At home in the yard
    One son
        4 blond wives
It got me through school
    Him through the day
        I tried
But all the plants we grew
    On the side
    Made me see
        A different way

    He was rough
    He was mean
He was an old school
    Machine

    He liked to drink beer
    Liked to fish out on the lake
He rolled around stoned
    With no fear

When times got rough
He would come and see me
    On the weekends
    It made me cry then
But that eventually
    Made me tough
        Man o man
We spent time together
    But never enough

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Devil I’d Like to Thank
1/16/14

I took a walk
Down a road
With a guitar I couldn’t play
I tried and I tried
My fingers just couldn’t find a way

The dirt blew in my eyes
I could see nothing but
Fields for miles
But I walked carelessly
Strumming away
Trying to find my own bluegrass style

After a few days of walking
Sleeping in the wild made me feel a bit sick
So I found an old tree
By an old cross roads to sleep by
I slipped off dreaming of the perfect guitar lick

I awoke to a strange sight
A big bearded man standing over me
It gave me quite a fright
He had red beard
When he spoke I only heard the buzz of bees

I shook my head to try to understand
He pointed at my six string beauty
Before I knew it she was in his hand
He played her with ease like it was his duty

Sparks shot from his fingers
As a sound I never thought I would hear
Came from her
He picked and strummed
He made the old girl purr

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
I stood in total shock
I asked mister how I can play like that.
He shook his head
Then he smiled a mischievous grin
A big teeth smile evil smile
With his breath smelling of burnt pig fat

I shook scared as he stuck out his hand
I am the devil son
I can make you a one man band
Just lend me your
Then it will all be done

He said with a laugh
Thunder rolled through the sky
As he laughed and played
A beautiful sound that almost made me cry

The crossroads had changed
Into a hellish abyss
Where demons danced around
I thought
Was my soul something I would miss?

I considered his proposal
To have my own sound
I saw the demons and ghouls
Eerily dancing around

The devil played on as red lighting
Danced through the sky
One look in his eyes and I was lost
I know my decision made my mama cry

The big beard stopped playing
My guitar was placed upon the ground
He took my hands in his
Sparks flew up my arms for it was hell I was bound
Everything went dark
I awoke later from my dream?
By the laughing of a loony lark
I looked down with a scream

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
They were red still smoking
But with no pain
I picked up my six string
My fingers came to life playing like a king
I played with no soul songs about rain

I took a right out of the crossroads
Never to look back
I was gone for a month on that lonely road
I put my heart into a song
Looking for the next train track

To my next glass of moonshine
I sit talking to hank, Johnny and George
While I write songs
About walking the line
But that red bearded
Son of a bitch
Is the one I would like to thank?
Fate?
1/6/14

I know one day
That I will die
I expect many to smile
Many more to laugh but only a few will cry

I know that my soul
Will carry on
Across the desert like a tumbleweed
My memory will roll on

I wonder if at all
Will I be missed?
Will fate of time erase my all?
Will destiny tease and lead me on
Will forgotten be my final kiss
I ponder as I wait for a new dawn

Will my mishaps
My miscues be forgotten
Or will I end up like a beaver
Caught in a fateful hunters trap
Do our past mistakes
Burn on like a child hood fever

The reaper with his scythe
Will wonder endlessly
Like an alcoholic looking for a fifth
For his next mark
Quiet as kept
We all end up in the dark

So when I die
Please do not cry
You will not miss
Someone you never truly knew
I was hated by many and loved by only a few

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
A Dope Fiends Dream
1/21/14

Once a man of greatness
    Now a lonely man
Searching for answers
But only finding them through the bottle
    In your hand

Moonshine or whisky
    It just didn’t matter
It took all the pain away
If whisky was a woman he would have her

    I mind before it’s time
Writing songs
A voice so sincere so kind
    It wouldn’t last to long

    He drank
Till the beauty had children
But whisky or wine it was all he could think
    He loved Lorrie
    Like no other
But the bottle was too strong of a mother

    Everyone knew
But no one spoke
He was music was to true
    It turned red to blue

Keith you made something we all loved
    So much so true
Every song writer
Inspires to one day
Be as good as you

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Feelings
12/10/13

Did you know?
That I truly did
Love you so

I would walk through
Hell barefoot all alone
Just to see you smile
When I arrive home

Walk in 1000 degrees
Of volcanic hell
Your touch
Being the only thing
That could break my spell

Just a glimpse in your beautiful eyes
Clears all my days
It takes all
The clouds from my gloomy skies

Fog engulfs me
Sadness absorbs me
But it all disappears
When your arms are around me

I'm blind to all the
Present circumstances
But in your arms forever
I will take no chances

A touch
A kiss
A quite embrace
When I see you in the distance
You make my heart race
You are my crown jewel
Kept in my
Hearts forever case

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
You Make Me
12/10/13

You're my fallen angel
Wings ripped and bruised
I am your rusty broke down
Night in shining armor
My suit of steel
Pecked with holes used in war and abused
You were covered in blood
With bruises
When found in the mud
By a lone farmer

Later we found each other
Our trust never to be undone
I bring health as I rub your wings
Your touch makes my rust feel like nothing

You sing
As I melt
To your sweet sound
I stand tall
I stand proud
For you
For your protection
I am bound

You the loveliest of all
Me the once strong
Unconquerable
But your beauty made me fall

Your god
Sent you away
But the sparkle in your eyes
The brightness in your smile
Will forever my lady
Make my every second of every day

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
That Old Devil
11/1/12

That old devil
He stays around my head
Knocking and a knocking
Looking and a looking
Pacing around
Lurking in the corner
Staying in my bed

That old devil just won’t leave
That old devil just won’t leave
That old devil just won’t leave

He temps me with his drugs
He lathers my tongue with fire water
Lost my family
Lost my wife
Cuz that old devil
Just wants to love on me

That old devil
That old devil
That old devil just won’t leave

He keeps on pushing
He keeps on trying
He touch’s me with his breath
Stays by my side
On my shoulder he whispers
While I lay in a gutter and whimper

That old devil
He just won’t leave
That old devil
Just wants to love on me
He took my dog
He took my wife
He took my happiness
Then gave me pain
Then he took my god
Promising me gain

He won't leave me alone
That devil sleeps
in my soul
Were intertwined all the way
Down to the bone

When I see that old devil
I'll take his life
That old devil just won't leave
That old devil just tries to love on me
That old devil just won't leave

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Take a Chance
11/1/12

Once a dope fiend
Now a business man
Once a piece of shit
Now his son’s #1 fan

We’ve all went through trouble
But we must be strong
We cannot let one day down days
Burst our bubble

Once an alcoholic
Now a man of the lord
His Heart has found a new love
In his lord

Feet firmly on the ground
His own hell forever lost
His own personal
Heaven found

Choices we make
Do not effect today
But your tomorrow
Maybe taken away
Winds of change
Blow daily in May

Do we glide like an eagle?
Or sniff out the scent like a beagle?
Winds of change
Change the courses of many lives
One wrong decision
Can change a life
Or take a life

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Once an addict
Now a business executive
Winds of change finally
Decided to blow his way

Our lives are learning experiences
Sometimes I know it all doesn’t make since
But we have to fight through the muck and mud
Looking for what we love

If you cannot find something
   To live for
   Your wife
   Your children
   Your family
Can you find something?
   To die for??

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Oh How I Was Wrong  
11/1/12

For years  
I did so much wrong  
It was all about me  
When it should have been all about you  
For 13 long years  
I have been locked behind these prison walls

Oh how it’s been so long  
Oh how I’ve been so wrong  
To show you my love I wrote this song

I treated you bad  
Making you sad  
Slapped your face  
Made myself a disgrace  
Lost track of my positive life’s pace  
Drugs then alcohol  
Took your place

Oh how it’s been so long  
Oh how I’ve been so wrong  
To show you I changed I wrote this song

I took your happiness  
Gave you pain  
Made all your sunny days  
Turn to rain  
You took my worst  
Yet you stayed  
For this my beauty  
You should have been paid

Oh how it’s been so long  
Oh how I’ve been so wrong  
To show you I changed I wrote this song

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Now I lay
With a bottle
Clutched in hand
Alone
Surrounded by 4 walls made of stone

Oh how it's been so long
Oh how I've been so wrong
To show you I changed I wrote this song

Yet you carry on
You transformed into a queen
Still I carry on

Oh how it's been so long
Oh how I've been so wrong
To show you I changed I wrote this song

To show you I changed
To show that my life was not a complete waste
For you my old flame
My has been rearranged

Oh how it's been so long
Oh how I've been so wrong
To show you I changed I wrote this song

To you I owe this positive change
Now it's been so long
Since I've been wrong
Yet with our son Amy you still carry on

A blessing in disguise
You tried
But only a lost love can make you realize

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Fence of Shame
12/23/13

I see you through fence of shame
I scream
You cry
With every second wasted
I die a little inside

These razor wires surround my heart
But my soul will stay free
We are connected by our love
These so called peers
Can never tear us apart

I look to the sky
For answers
The sun fades
As the winds ask why?

I stand confused
Abused and used
By so called friends
Loved by only you

I write you on a daily basis
Waiting for a response
But like in a desert mirage
No letters seem to make it to my oasis

I stand ashamed
Looking through this fence
Alone
Cold hurt
Blamed
Waiting for your love
Or just to hear your two cents

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
I lived
I loved
Our time together
Flew then died like a dove
Since nothing was made clear
I stare at these four walls
Trembling in fear
Waiting for someone or something to accept my phone calls

What I once thought was timeless
Is now a soul of rage?
I stalk these fences
Waiting and wanting
For this life to
Turn the page

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Prison Changes
1/16/14

Being in prison
Changes a man
Some for the good
Some for the bad
Kind of like Marshall Mathers song Stan

It can screw with your mind
Make you second guess yourself
Now in crowds you’re on edge
Constantly looking for your old self

Paranoid by any who try to get close?
Looking for every one’s angle
You grow eyes in the back of your head
You start to feel like an animal
Ready to pounce ready to mangle

Some hide in church
Some under a different mask
Some take pills to let the time just slip away
Some look at it as school
Or just another of life’s many task

Some grow
They learn
They mover on
Some fall in love with the prison image
Some change
With each coming dawn

Some live as they did on the streets
Nasty filthy
Not caring
Loud obnoxious

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Thinking they're men
So unprotected sex
   Is oh so daring
Ashamed like the ones who hide
   Behind there badges
They can't stand there
   Normal life
They wonder why all there
Rumors lead to so much strife

I figure a positive way of thinking
Can help to keep you out of harms way
Away from this small world
   Behind the fence
   So you can live
To one day see a free day
   To a place
   Where people make sense
A Changed Man
12/23/13

Some people say
That I used to be violent
But these fake
2 faced people express this in actions of hate
So I choose
Not to be silent

My life was once lead astray
A lot of people love to argue
But I like facts
I try to prove points
So why should I listen to you?

Who are you to help me make
My mind up
So I am giving a bad name
People see me then walk away
But I stand proud
On my face you will see no shame

So I now walk this prison yard
Confident
Time is on the person
Weather easy or hard
So for my time the states money is well spent

I shake my head
In disgust
We lay in filth our own bed
But for the future
In this country I have no trust

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
America
Love it
Or leave it
Fight for her
Or die
Why you ask?
Its freedom here
Or our families will cry!

So keep us pent up behind this fence
No wait
Send me to war
It only makes cents
Use me like you use the statue of liberty
Just another street whore

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Prison Felt Tears
1/7/14

As I sit here
After fifteen long years
Pent up behind this fence
I gaze at a beautiful woman
Dressed in black as she passes me by
A woman’s touch is what I have been missing all these years

What a woman looks like early in the morning
Still half asleep
Yawning
What her eyes look like after she has laughed her self to tears
Damn then it sits in
Alone I sit through these prison years

I watch her as she walks away
Knowing in my heart she is not being loved right
I can see it on her face
How she dreads
To walk out of this prison
Straight home to a fight

I could one day
Treat her like a queen wrapped in lace
As she unknowingly
Puts a smile upon my face

But due to my time
Due to this crime
She just smiles
Blushes saying maybe one day
But all these years add up to all these thoughtful miles
So I stop as look into her eyes

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
My mind clears
She brings brightness
To my once gloomy skies
I dream the scent
Of her freshly washed hair
Wrapped in a towel
I lay her down without a care
She senses my craving
She steps back with a wanting stare

She says I will see you when you get out
But freedom is one thing
But I tell her baby
You are all I think about
The smooth velvet touch of your skin
The look in your eyes
That makes me want to love you again

Everyday we find for each other
Smiles on our faces
  Hoping
  Praying
To one day be together
  Free
  Out of this place

So many years
  Wasted
So many prison felt
  Fears & tears

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Bound to You
12/16/13

Bound to you
By the dirt we share
The sky was once the limit
Me & you
Without a care

We laughed
We loved
We made words to songs we didn’t know
Forever was our love
Around each other
There was always a faint glow

We were never apart for to long
Our love was deep
Our love was strong
Our souls mingled in our sleep

The sunniest skies
Could always be seen
In the beauty of your eyes
We were to true
Around each other there was
No need for any disguise

Our hearts beat as one
There were never any lies
Between us
We laughed through
Are mistakes
Together we would cry
I wanted to take all your pain
Make it mine

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Was that so bad?
Is it a crime?
We were all that either of us had
Then you were diagnosed
With a rare cancer
With me at your bedside
We prayed
We could defeat this cancer

It got so bad
You prayed for death
So a bottle of powerful sleeping pills
I went out back and bought
It was all the man of the streets had
We took them together
So you would never be alone
This dirt that we share
Side by side
Will always
Be our home
America
12/31/13

The last day of yet
Another long year is upon us
So we celebrate another year gone
Freedom abounds again
So it’s liberty we trust
Knowing our troops are safe
On this new years dawn

They fight for our freedom
But yet the higher powers still make
Bad decisions
Freedom is taken advantage of by some
So is America the world slum?

We want to work less
But get paid more
We never give are best
We use liberty like the handle on a door

Our nation is too sensitive
Yet entirely to violent
Never caring about others perspective
It is our way
Or hit the highway
Agree or get bent

Our lord looks down
Shaking his mighty head
Wearing a tiresome sad frown
How he thinks is so much intelligence
Wasted on how to get each other in bed

We fight amongst each other
A battle of words
Or bullets
We struggle so much
To be like one another
But our pride gets the better of us
So our words turn to bullets

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
So if we slow down
    Enjoy life
For just one minute
Those fast paced frowns
    Will probably turn
Upside down
One day your here
The next your gone
Life sometimes only last a minute

So be proud
Be kind to one another
Scream America loud
Look at the goddess Liberty
As you do your mother
Days Go By
12/30/13

Days go by
Like water under an old bridge
Don't stop and look at the sky
You lose track
Get passed right on by

Be like a head light on
High beam
Swim against the current
Go up stream
Enjoy the fresh air
In life's subtle lean

Be a loving
Caring parent
Let freedom ring
Teach your child to be strong
Show Right from wrong
Fly with ease like an eagle wing

I think
Therefore
I am
A kind
Caring man
I am positive
A lover
I am

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Thoughts
12/27/13

The sky fades to a flat black
Slightly dullish and gray
Tis my mind
When I think back

As the storm clouds
Roll in
The past rears its ugly head
Oh no, not down this road again

A road of failure
Induced pain
Where hallucinations of better days
Sounds of thunder rolling in the distance
As it begins to rain

I walk alone
Down this windy narrow path
I hear the familiar whispers of hate
As I pass
Waiting watching
For the demons to cast
Down upon me there wrath

Some choose to waste away
In there past
Drugging drinking it away
But you can not run
Once that stone has been cast

If you are strong
You can out last the storm
Watch the sun rise another day
With this knowledge
A new person will be born
Living
Loving
You're new found life
A good job to bury the past
As you smile at your children
Then hug your wife

Good people
Fight through
The struggle of daily life
To find what is true
Sometimes we walk alone in the strife

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
It Happens!
12/27/13

If shit happens to good people
Then good things happen to bad people
I do not know where to stand
So when the shit hits the fan
I do not get hit by the steeple

I mean I do right
Yes maim
No maim
But bad shit
Still happens to me
Like a spider I have been bit

I see bad people
Make good money in bad ways with no problem
I can’t get an extra sock in here
Without being harassed
So please Murphy’s Law
What can you explain this problem?

I seem to be damned
If I do
And damned if I don’t
I am confused on what I should do
So with this issue
I am through
What Do You Think?
10/15/13

Some have it worse
Is all I can think?
In prison
In the hole
Children starving
Is all I can think?

Men cry over their families lost
Wives cry in there drinks
But drugs came first
For some no matter the cost

Some hate life
They hate every breath
They hate color
They religion
So they choose death
Look at all these homeless people
What do you think?

Other countries hate us
America
Land of the free
They burn our flag
We bomb
Then rebuild
Stop think

Our homeless
Our poor
Children lost on these streets
Need I say more?

Some drink some drug some give up
But my thing is what do you think?
Dreams of the Past

10/27/13

I spend a lot of nights thinking
How I ended up behind bars
But freedom for me was a lot
Of late nights drinking
Never thought I would make it this far

I just wanted to take care of my family
But how was I supposed to know
That after all these calendars
There wouldn’t be a family
Who’d of thunk in the penitentiary?
    I would grow

    Now my heart
    Is a hardened shell
    Where I can’t feel
    But where I still build walls
    To you keep you out
Still I wonder how I made it through this hell

A state now provides me with cloths
A shake down before I see my parents
    A few highs but in 34 years
There have been way too many lows
    Should have been a better dad
Now I’m just parent #3

    Loyalty
    Respect
    Power
    Was once all a dream
Now I see it through these prison eyes
    I see how it is all not in reality
    It is just a dream

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Let Go Son
10/27/13

Mom said
Let go
But I was young
I choose my own road
I choose wrong
For this I am considered dumb

Mom cried
Dad cried
Families fell apart
Let go
Mom said
But by then I was cut 2 deep
Down to the heart

My family
Turned to dope
While I saw fences
Covered in blood
All the while losing hope
It was a storm
My life got lost in then muck & mud

Let it
Go son
But to my god
I confessed
For I have sinned
From faith I ran
I tore myself apart
To the bitter end

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Blinded by my past
Running from my future
But how long could I last?

So I put
Pen to paper
Followed the words written in red
Listened to my god
Heard his melody
Laid silently in his bed

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Country Boys Dream
10/10/13

Ol hank taught
Me how to survive
Aaron Lewis taught me how to hold
My trusty .45
I walk these bluegrass woods
Just trying to survive

I eat from my land
Fresh deer
Fresh fish
I survive from my land
I live a country boy’s wish

Please Mr. Government
Just leave me alone
Don’t come up in these woods
Trying to steal my home
I am a country boy
So Uncle Sam
I’ll put my .45 up next to your dome
Time!
10/9/13

I finally
Got the stress
Off of my chest

My mind
Now is as clear
As spring water

Give my
Father my best

I walk this yard
Like a sheep
Waiting for the
Slaughter

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Change
10/10/13

I look over the lake
Through the fog
To the snow covered
Mountain top

I see the snow covered trees
I see the blue sky line
I see freedom
In the shape
Of an eagle
As it soars
Over the mountain top

Through the clouds
Through the snow
To a free
Awaiting home

Free as a bird
Who does?
What it wants
When it wants
A bird you will
Never
Change

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Hell

10/10/13

Sitting in this hell
Where snow falls while
  It's hot
  How?
  Why?
I close my eyes
I think not

Beasts of all shapes
And sizes fly around
Walk through this heat and fire
While they devour the weak
  Some hide
  Some run
  Some sit
Waiting to die

I sit high
Alone on my mountain top
Waiting for my chance
  Most stay away
  From my look
They can see I am a fighter
  Not a runner
  Nor a lover
Never tried romance

My look is strong
My look is hard
The look in my eyes is fierce
The haze around me rises

As in a dream
I think it is heat
But bars start to surround me
  I awake
Alive alone in prison
I close my eyes waiting for my dreams to rescue me

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Alone With My Mind
9/30/13

It was a bad place
A very bad time
Alone
Just me
With my own fucking mind

As time stood still
I watched the tower
Outside my window sway
Steel bars
Held me back
Keeping freedom away

Am I not alive?
Am I not human?
I hear men cry
As there passed around
Like the old spice cumin

The past rolls in like a storm
On the plains
Clouding my vision
I think after 34 years
Do I still have a
Reason

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Black Sheep
11/13/13

Say hi
To the bad guy
Why
Fucking try

You sit at home warm
Laughing at my downfall
Laughing at my struggle
You smile when I fall

When the wind blows
On these cold dark winter nights
You pray the bad guy is locked away
Never ever
To see another day

Your torment and bleak stares
Cannot be seen through these
Miles that separate us
All these seconds and fucking years
Don’t do anyone justice

You helped raise this black sheep
Once upon a time it was
Just us
Then the lady of judgment weighed
Her scales against me
You fled
While cursed and fucked was my justice
Then behind the walls
   Society forgot
Family moved on
No more then a thought
   It was
   Fuck you
Then it was
   Fuck us
Are what them somebody's?
Then them no bodies
   Would say

So who can I trust?
   On judgment day
I do not believe in your justice
   But why do I cuss
Because this revolving door
Surrounded by steel gates
   Fucks us
What is Country to You?
3/1/13

What is country to you?
   Well,
Little kids chasing lighting bugs
   Out in old field
Sounds like country to me
   Now I'd say the sound
Of crickets in the moonlight
Sounds like country to me
Grasshoppers jumping
By the creek that's country to me
Catching your first bluegill
   Playing in a creek
Sounds country to me

Oh yeah that's country to me
   Buzzing bees
   Ol dog picking fleas
   That's country to me

Growing up on a farm
Learning how to shoot a gun
   Now that's country to me
The ins and outs of a small
   Town life
Friday night football games
   Later on by the firelight
Dancing with your high school flame
   At on your knees praying
One day she'll be your wife
   That's country to me

   Whoa
   Yeah that's country to me
An old man sitting on a porch in a rocking chair
   His feet up
Whistling without a care
He’s got the best musky dine
   Around these parts
Never knew nothing about a book
But 50 years of farm life made
   Him country smart

   Whoa oh yeah
That sounds like country to me

A pretty girl on a john Deere
   Now that’s real country
To me
Your first horse back ride
   First cat fish
Your first 6 point buck
Whoa yeah that’s country

   From city to city
State to state
County to county
America’s country
   Wide
She's My Lil Whisky
1/22/14

She's the flame
That burns my
Midnight oil
She's the sun that
Makes my flower bloom
She brings the kid out in me
She's my days
She's my nights
I'm the one that she holds tight

When were together
She makes all my wrongs right
She's my lil whisky
Oh yeah she's my lil whisky

One shot of her
Will make your knees go weak
You get a burning in your chest
As she walks away
She'll make your eyes
Water
When she swims topless in the creek

When were together
She makes all my wrongs right
She's my lil whisky
Oh yeah she's my lil whisky

One taste of her lips
Made me want so much more
Then summer night fling
We danced
Holding each other tight
I was just happy she
Was mine for the night

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Couldn’t stand to lose her
So I bought my lil whisky
   A ring
Now she’ll always
   Be my wife

   When were together
She makes all my wrongs right
   She’s my lil whisky
Oh yeah she’s my lil whisky

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
When She Slammed the Door
1/21/14

Mama wanted me to be
A football player
Daddy didn’t want me
Like him doing manual labor

I walked a thin line
That landed me in the state pen
As tears rolled down there cheeks
I said one day we will meet again

Left dad with shells of cars
In his yard
Mama with her garden
Doing time is like playing chess
It can be easy
Or it can be hard

I called home once a month
My niece always
Asking
Uncle beau when ya coming home

My parents always wanted better for me
But me and life
Had a tendency
To disagree

Back as a young man
A free bird was all
I could be

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Should have choose the army
Choose war
But just like prison
It's all a revolving door

To my son
To his mama
I am sorry
I meant to be so much more
I was young and mean
I should have stopped drinking
But I lost it all
When Amy slammed that door
Why!
2/3/14

My thoughts
My dreams
These fucking bars
Make me want to scream
  Hate
Scream hate
Scream hate

Why?
Why?
Why?
Because every day
  I die
  Die
  Die
My black eyes will never
  Cry
But my soul will die

  Scream hate
  I scream I hate
  Scream hate

        I sit
        I watch
You smile
  I do this bit
I walk this mile
While I hate
  I scream
My life is just
A fucking dream
  These years
Never ever any tears
  So much pain
Never any fears
My Lil Redneck Queen
2/3/14

I came the wrong side of
The tracks
Football in one hand
Bottle of chicken kickin 101
In the other hand

Wild turkey free
Like a bumble bee
Looking for the honey
Drinking that sweet tea

She’s my lil
Red neck queen

She got a cowboy hat
Some pretty lil cutoff jeans
She’ll dance and drink
She just smiles
When the other girls look at
Her mean

She’s my lil
Red neck queen

She’s 4 wheelers
John Deere tractors
Riding bare back
Whether she’s fishing
Hunting she wears them tight lil
Clothes that keep me on track

She’s my lil
Red neck queen

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
She'll get her hands dirty
She don't wear no make up
She is all natural
She gets what she wants
Cuz she's a flirt
Never
Ever
Catch her in a mini skirt

She's my lil
Red neck queen
Yeah she is my
One and only
Lil
Red
Neck
Queen
My lil sweet
Country thing
Please Stay
12/20/13

I trusted you
I respected you
I laid you down
In a bed of roses

But the bad man you choose
Hit slapped
With his words he put you down
Around you my arms I wrapped

I smiled
I hugged
I cared
Made I was there
To you my soul
I bared

I tried to get you to stay
But you shook
Your head
Saying
Maybe some other day

I longed for your touch
To look in your eyes
The marks on your
Body were to much
So I put on a disguise

I will always be there for you
My love
When we touch
Our love is true
When your
In my arms
If he only knew
Banished
12/17/13

Am I the lone?
Bound fallen angel?
Talked about through the ages?
My wings bruised
I once walked with the gods
Spoke there language
Then I was banished
For the ages

4 ever
Was my punishment for loving?
One look stuck me
But the gods said never
You seen the burning want
In my eyes

I seen the pain in your face
As you were lead away
I struggled to be with you
But it was ash
Not snow that
Fell from the sky
That gloomy day

I broke free
Jumped from the clouds
Immortal
We fell
Living
Landing
Straight onto earth
Our eternal hell

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Her Trust
10/27/13

I touch her
She sighs
She trust me
I need her
She loves the sex
With intensity she cries
I put my mind body and soul
To work for her

Sheets wrinkled
Knees weak
Soft sweat rolls down
The small of her back
I am 40 – 0
With her orgasms
Such a love streak
Tongue on her shoulders
As we become one
Losing all track
Of time as I rub her back

I peak with her
The perfect climax
Into each others eyes
We leave earth 4 space
Our lips touch
As our hands intertwine
   Slow
   Slow
This is not a race

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Not another tongue
Can touch her spot
For each other knees drop

As the moans start to come
I am just a hunk of beef
In her honey pot
She is my guitar
My fingers will 4-ever strum

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Prison Reason
10/26/13

Everything in life
Happens for a reason
Some cry
Some hate
To our god it is treason
Winter turns to spring
As summer strolls in
A different day
A different season

Feet shackled hands bound
Frown intent is all you see
An unfree man
Who can't make a sound?
I am 43 within a state
Since I was 23

Where true blue blood runs cold
Never talk about what we did
Hands strong mind even more
For our own good we are to bold
Now our life is our bid

School bells don't ring
No just a locked down siren
As the crow rides the fence
While you are free to sing
Then a thousand unclean
Faces in the stream

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Finger printed
Shaved then shamed
   A mind gone
   A face whipped
   A look in the foggy mirror
   Now who’s to blame?
   On the sixth side
Of these steel bars and barb wire
   They look at us through towers
   They walk with there guns
   Just waiting to fire
   A long line of cowards
   With entirely to much power

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Unwanted
5/10/13

If you didn’t want me
Then why did you have me?

You left me as a child
The family tried but they were
   Either to drunk or high
To see my young eyes
Follow in their footsteps
It made my young eyes wild

Growing up you dumped me on family
So in reality I had no one to turn to
   When times got hard
      I had only my mind
      I had no brother or sister
         I just had I

Aunts and uncles shrugged me off
   Like an old dirty set of clothes
      They talked about us
      Like I wasn’t even in the room
      It hurt me as a child
   My hand me down clothes full of holes
When I needed help there was no numbers to dial

   I felt more hate
      More of a burden
      Then any type of love
Why do you think when I turned 16?
   I flew like a caged dove
Why did the streets show me so much love?
   Then my family showed none
   Hustling was second nature
      A way of life
   A way to do dirt and have fun

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
I never felt loved
Always less
I prayed for a family
For a change
At any cost
But time took its toll
In lives turning tide
I became lost

Doing time slapped me back into reality
Thinking about my son Tyler
Constantly
Calm came over me
At the situations finality

Loved
Lost
Crime
Time
If you love it
Let it go
With the wind
If it should return
It was meant to be
Like finding a long
Lost friend

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Family
5/15/13

My godfather was an old school hustler
    A women abuser
    A Drunk
    A 10 commandment abuser

My aunt his wife
Drank wine to the 7 sins
    Like fifths of gin
Jealous it would make her
Like The women of my family
    One two three
    Another has been

I grew up around drunks
    Drug addicts
    Women beaters
That's why I drive around with camo's in my trunk
Hiding from my family of cheaters

I look through these eyes
    The window to the soul
        I see regret
        I see despise
    That's window pain
Cracked is my window
So I am covered in cold rain

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
A Place to Call Home
2/1/14

It took you leaving
To unlock the genius
   In my mind
I worshipped your every breath
   But never showed you

   You were mine
   My mega gold rush
   My ultimate find

   But I did not know how to show
   So you took our son Tyler
   Then hit the road

   I dreamt of those days for years
   Seems like you two are always
      Kicking around in my mind
   When something goes wrong
      I think of you
   But I do not shed tears

Even I know I should
I think it is karma kicking my ass
For what could a should a Of been
   But I did not know
What I really had back then

   I wish you and Tyler the best
   For me I walk alone
Struggling to find something or someone
   To call mine
A place to call home

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Liberty
2/4/14

American made
U.S.A. to the core
For that we are damn proud
This is where we grow sticky green hay
The land of the free
Home of the brave
Where through all of our struggles
We stand up wipe our selves off
To fight another day

Where ford and Detroit city
Go hand & hand
Where Pittsburgh steel
Helped to form our land
The home of
Lynard Skynard
The greatest southern rock band
Where if you disrespect you
Get a one finger salute
From our hand

For the red
The white and the blue
Small town Friday night football cheers
Ring through and through
Where a nice Harley Davidson
At Sturgis bike week
Will make women flock to you

Freedom
Because of our troops
They fight for family
For friends for me and you
Some gave their lives for us
So for that sweet statue of liberty
We put all of are trust

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Who is the Man in the Mirror?
2/1/14

I ask the man in the mirror
To please answer a question?
He just shakes his head and leaves
Then again it is just me
Alone in the mirror I can see

All alone again
Thinking back
It has always been just me
Through heart ache
Struggle
Alone
It was always just me

When I would have conversations
With myself
All alone
When I was at what I thought
Was a home
I was really
Just all alone

Who's the man in the mirror?
I never knew him
I tried but his image was blurred
I wiped but it never got any clearer

I learned that he is me
I am him
Years by myself
This situation is looking quite grim
I look into the mirror now
It is dark for him I barely see
The older I get the more the light
Seems to dim

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Grandpa & Grandma
9/14/13

Grandpa has passed on
Grandma now lives in a nursing home
There kids have left her all alone
    She is confused
But she still searches for grandpa
    To bring her home

Alcohol then drugs
There 9 kids tried them all
Through football basketball
These things were their families
    Biggest downfall

Cheering in the good ol days
After the boys football games
    She was proud
They all coached by her husband
    But the fast life took hold
Like it does when were young
All there love was slowly undone

Alcohol then drugs
There 9 kids tried them all
Through football basketball
These things were their families
    Biggest downfall

Grandpa kept the family
Together till he passed on
    The daughters
    Then the sons
They All moved on
Grand kids barely remember
    That December
Grandma sits in her bed
Still looking for her tom
    To hold out his hand
So they can both carry on

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Alcohol then drugs
There 9 kids tried them all
Through football basketball
These things were the families
Biggest downfall
They loved
They tried
Delores and Thomas gave there all
Their love just couldn't conquer all
Wounded Warrior
12/31/13

You are a wounded warrior
Your mind body and soul
Were hurt
In another country
You fought for our country
Now your blood covers there dirt

Your mind was bogged down
From all the guns and murder
You were fighting for your life
Mind altered with post traumatic stress syndrome
So now you can’t be a good husband
Or a good house wife

Dreaming of sand in your eyes
Loud shouts blood gunshots
Make restless nights
Smoke filled skies
Misery in other countries loves company
Now there is no time foe lies

You wake up covered in sweat
You were hit in the head the arm and chest
Shrapnel feels your body
Your government will not help
A broke va’s hospital is there best

You signed in
You joined the force
You gave up your freedom
You killed people for your country
Now your mind is covered in sin
To help every one stay free
You can never forget what you
Did back then

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
You see through one eye
You hold your child with one arm
   You fight to sit up
      Just to look at the sky
You limp around on prosthetic limbs
Looking for help as a tear stains your glass eye

You are a wounded warrior
When you visit a local store
They do not say maim or sir
   They say thank you
Then call you a survivor

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Revolving Door
12/22/13

I left you
I just couldn’t keep up
With different days
Came different attitudes
I couldn’t keep up with your revolving door

A different day
A different name
I thought your love was for me
Now I see I fell for a whore
I gave you all of me
But there was too much of
Your revolving door

I thought so much more
I wanted for us so much more
But in the end
You just wanted everyone but me
That ended in a war
I just couldn’t keep up
With your revolving doors

My friends warned
But stupid me thought you could change
My family scorned
For you
My life I rearranged
I saw the rain in the sky
I ignored the smirk on your face
Fake tear drops when you cry
Once again your revolving doors

Baby why?
I sat yeah I for you I cried
I turned away
Now I beg of you beautiful
Please stay away

You ask when you will see me again.
Only when your revolving door closes
Never 2 open again

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Bad Habits
2/13/14

At nights I'd wake up early
Just to watch you sleep
Love was a promise
I just couldn't keep
To many tears
To many beers
Her bed made me feel so cheap

Bad habits left me
In a crooked state of mind
I just pour more liquor in
To lose track of time
That bottle is my new best friend
Every night
And I cry
While she sits
Wondering why?

Dwelling on the past
Just doesn't get us any where
Yelling don't make since
I'm missing you
While sitting in this empty house
In a room that's bare

Bad habits left me
In a crooked state of mind
I just pour more liquor in
To lose track of time
That bottle is my new best friend
Every night
And I cry
While she sits
Wondering why?
We're wasting time
   Baby
And you know time
   Moves way to fast
These memories I hold on to like smoke in the air
   They just don't last
I used to watch you sleep
   Now someone new
Gets to stare into those
   Baby blues oh so deep

Bad habits left me
   In a crooked state of mind
I just pour more liquor in
   To lose track of time
That bottle is my new best friend
   Every night
   And I cry
While she sits
Wondering why?
A Tear Stained Cheek
1/15/14

Tear drops on the pillow
Where you once lead your head
A once proud couple
Now a lonely bed

Rain drops hit the window
While I try to drink you away
Laying in misery
Begging the voice on the answering machine
To stay

A slammed door
A tear stained cheek
My pride to strong
To take back what I once called a whore
Now I wallow in my whisky
Looking for my love
Who doesn't want me any more?

A once happy home
Now just a sorrowful place
I'd talk to the dog
But he left with your suitcase

Thunder rolls through the sky
Lighting strikes in your eye
A red print on your cheek
I never wanted to be that guy

Blood stains
On the pillow
Where you once lead your head
Your daddy's gun slides to the floor
As I die lonely in this bed

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Childhood
5/3/13

A mom
A dad
Something I always wanted
Something I never had
I tried to good
But attention I wanted
Screaming was all I got
Punched kicked
Could a child really
Be that bad

Never a pat on the back
Never a caring smile
Just a young boy
Looking for motivation
I looked
I tried I cried
All alone I sat
Wondering if my parents knew I was
There creation

So I turned to drugs then alcohol
At a young age
To replace my parents void
Went through women
Like Britney spears with pills
Not enough of either
So I became paranoid

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III
Who would of thunk
A life of no love would of lead to
A life of crime
A gritty grimy lifestyle
Fit me like a glove
From a broken home
My freedom flew like a dove
Found the lord
After 14 years in prison
Did some long stints in the hole
Came in young wild and ready
Mom and dad
Did not see
When loneliness
Took a hold
When a life as an unloved
Unwanted child
Took its toll
Mama
10/20/13

Mama don’t you cry
My whole life as a child
I saw tears stain your eye
It was rough just the two of us
No man of the house
On one we could trust

Mama I damn near seen you ready to give up
But on me your only son
You never gave up

You were my mother
But you also had to be my father
But to my mommy
Mother I felt like a bother

I was in your way
But you never showed me hate
Just taught me to love life
Live life
Do not judge
Just walk softly with fate

You took me to ball games
Then the movies
But also lent me a caring
Mothers touch
Just like the movies

You cared
Without a care for your only son
Mama I hope I still
In your eyes
Shine like the sun

By Robert (Beau) Meadows III