From The Caged Heart  Book Two

A Book Of Poetry

By Michael Anthony Dilworth

June 6, 2014

Book Two of From The Caged Heart is part of the ongoing saga of a real life battle of a man with his heart. It is not just about romance and falling in love. It is about family, friends, and life in general, or what it feels like, or what it would feel like.

This is not just the portrait of one man’s journey but the voice of man’s heart’s before, after, and to come...

I can be reached at: Michael Anthony Dilworth # 0109372

P.O. Box 2405

Marion, NC 28752 or:

1513 Allen St.

Charlotte, NC 28205
Step Forward

Elucidate or do you even know how;

Come on I’m waiting with one raised brow.

Don’t look at me with that smirk on your face;

You’ve been found out you’re in the wrong place.

Back up, regroup, and get yourself together;

You act like you just received a dear john letter.

I’m still waiting for you to explain why you can’t find your station in life;

Is it because you can find your way out of this turmoil and strife?

As you can see life has gone on and left you by the wayside;

All you got to do get up, take a step forward, and get right back in stride.
All Alone

All alone with people all around;
With family, friend, and foe never to make a sound.
All alone eating breakfast at a table for four;
Never connecting only existing what a bore.
All alone on a bus bound in shackles and chains;
A blank look upon my face disguising my pains.
All alone in a crowded holding cell;
Not knowing if I will ever escape from this living hell.
All alone standing side by side for a daily count;
To what will this day bring to what will it amount?
All alone is there anyone to care;
Always wondering will I make it back out there.
Wake Up

Who has taken the time to see if you are alright?

Is there anyone near or far or even within a fortnight?

Is that going to be your reason for never accomplishing a thing?

Don't fake like you that famous poet just because you know why the caged bird sings.

What you are doing is not likely to put any food on your table;

You've been caught up in a dream like one of Aesop's fables.

You better wake up while you can and get some type of plan to get ahead;

Can't you see you still have a chance you're among the living and not the dead.

I don't know where you came from or why you even do what you do;

It's time to get a hold of yourself and start your life anew.
If Only

If only I could tell you I am sorry and I want to love you again;

Would you believe me and forgive me and say when we could attempt to begin?

What would it take to convince you that my love for you is true?

No matter what you desired that for you I would do.

Isn't it funny how life can deal up a certain hand to play?

I had the winning hand all along and yet I let it slip away?

In order to win you back will be a high stakes game;

To accomplish that fete will entail enormous riches to claim.

It is not over I've heard until the fat lady sings;

All I know for sure is no one can say what tomorrow may bring.
Friends

Friends have never existed; they're only a figment of the mind.
They have been confused with the selfish and greedy of a jealous kind.
You know the old saying you can count your friends on one hand.
If you show me five friends I'll show you how Custer won his last stand.
This is not a joke or some slight of words;
Don't be misled or confused and cast aside as one of the absurd.
Still

It is hard to decipher if I'm awake or sleep for in both I only dream of you;

The first day I saw you I saw heaven on earth and in due season I plucked you fully ripe.

How delicious you tasted I could never get enough and yet I took my blessing for granted;

Now all alone with my memory bank and my account always comes up insufficient.

Who do I call, what do I do, there has to be a way out of this nightmare.

Dreams, thoughts, and day dreams are all in one the same and still I don't have you.
Kisses

How many kisses have gone un kissed, the warmth, the passion, the euphoria intact;
The deep all encompassing kiss that sets one's soul afire with desire never allowed to.
The reluctant kiss with it's hesitant beginning and it's all so abrupt ending.
The quick kiss with promise and potential and hope of another;
All missed.
I Don't Like You

I don't like how you walk;
I don't like how you talk;
I don't like you!
You are too smart;
You are too dumb;
I don't like you!
I don't like how you act;
I don't like how you think;
I don't like you!
You wear funny clothes;
You smell funny;
I don't like you!
I don't like who you talk to;
I don't like where you go;
I don't like you!
You don't have no money;
You don't have no car;
I don't like the mirror either!
Please Don't Go

Please don't go but you went without care;
I never knew how much I could yearn until you were gone.
Please don't go but you paid me no attention;
Walking away without never looking back.
Please don't go but you left and never came again;
Leaving me wondering if I could ever love another.
Please don't go but you gave my plea a thought;
And chose to leave my heart stranded.
Please don't go but you discarded your love for me;
Never giving our union just one more chance.
   Please don't go!
Everyday is composed of strangers in everything I do;
It's called punishment by something that made it as a substitute.
That's the stupidity of a system with a broken design;
They only dispense hatred and deceit and families and loved ones agree to be rid of one less burden.
Just once could people wake up and see the scheme that is blocking out the sun.
Dear Nobody,

Who told you you could be somebody?

Who gave you the ambition to be other than nothing?

All around you your kind was looked down upon because of the color of their skin.

In the midst of the diabolical scheme many believed.

Not only did they believe they molded their offspring to believe.

To believe that they are right and I am nobody.

You told me that I was nobody that’s why I did what I did to be somebody.

Yours truly,

Somebody
The Trick

If I could borrow ten thousand dollars I could start my life anew.

But thirty thousand dollars is spent just to lock me up.

The design is clearly carried out right before your face.

The optical illusion of modern day slavery by a simple command in the courtroom is all.

Oh no “we been free” since 1865 when Lincoln freed the slaves.

The slaves were never freed but just displaced by the 13th Amendment.

It looks good and sounds good and it almost works.

Except as punishment whereby the person has been duly convicted.
The Spark

From a lonely place deep inside my heart is a
small flicker of a flame awaiting to start a blaze.
Many cold and empty nights only that little spark
kept me warm through the grief that surrounded me.
Hearts have been hardened and diverted that would
otherwise seek my embrace.
Total annihilation would have already claimed my being
if it were not for that spark.
Somewhere just beyond the darkness a light is shining
with hope.
Bright is the way that leads me through the winding
journey of my fate.
One day when it is least expected the journey will
come to an end.
The spark will leap forth and set life ablaze with
the promise of life.
Concepts Of Life

Reaching for yet another impossibility uncertain of how to reinact despair;

A longing to be lost in the crowd of the everyday concepts of life.

What is the formula that seems to ever be out of my reach?

How is it fate can be so unfair bestowing injustice through justice?

The rope has broken and I have been falling for sometime watching life pass me by;

Happiness, joy, anger, and pain all have come to have the same meaning.

Outstretched hands reach for me but the void I cannot penetrate;

Woven from dreams is the barriers weapon to create the optical illusion.

When the time is ripe the change will bloom and all will not get to see;

Life and change and dreams reborn all mixed up in the concepts of life.
Trust

When I fell and scraped my knee no one was there to break my fall;
I stood in the rain waiting for you to arrive and yet you never came;
It was cold outside and cold inside too it was still cold at dawn;
How many times did I go to bed hungry falling asleep as my stomach growled?
I gave you my love you said you'd be right back and yet I still await;
Now you come along and say that you will;
Do I take a chance or turn you away?
The wind blows by with its gentle touch brushing you lightly along;
The twinkle of a star high up in the sky equal to smoke rising.
A bird is soaring on a current of air while the sun makes its entrance;
The moon is shining all alone just like a butterfly landing on your nose.
A statue stands in salute of its cause with the instinct of a fence;
The fog rolls in and obscures your sight and they share a common thread.
Without one sound are you able to see what goes on in the cover of silence.
Is It Too Late

Is it too late to rectify my shortcomings?

Or do I live in the shadows of nefarious undertakings?

Can there be a different approach to life's untold mysteries?

Will love ever come back to play hide and go seek in my heart?

How far is it to the other side?

Has all been lost for such a meager price?

Around and around I go, always getting off at the same destination;

Just because everything around me points to nowhere -

Is it too late?
Why

Your touch, your smell, your warm embrace is but a memory fading;
I cannot breath or wear proper clothing for an arrow protrudes through my heart.
The consultation of doctor, root doctor and psyche cannot rid me of my misery.
How easy it is to yearn for you and think thoughts long expired;
Always wanting to see your smile and sulk on your every word,
What could cause such a plight to be fall me;
Is it true we all do wrong?
Inside

To look upon a horizon where the sun never rises,

A rain constantly falls with only a drop of moisture,

Stars are never in the sky neither is the moon;

Wind blows and snow falls but never touch the ground.

Thick black storms form making dark darker.

Everything begins to shake, my head is rent in two;

This is how life has become within my lonely cage.
What is a thought? Can it be touched?
Do you smell it? What color is it?
Is it lighter than a feather or heavier than a penny?
How long is a thought? How wide?
Is it masculine or feminine?
Is it a plant or an animal? How long can it live?
Is it even alive? What is its nationality?
Who discovered it? Can it live under water?
Can it fly? Can a thought be purchased?
How many thoughts are there?
Will a thought stay fresh in the freezer or
Spoil if left out at room temperature?
Can a thought eat? Does it sleep?
What is a thought?