FROM THE CAGED HEART

BOOK ONE

A BOOK OF POETRY

by Michael Anthony Dilworth
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Prison Foundation
2512 Virginia Ave. NW # 58043
Washington, DC 20037

Dear Prison Foundation,

I apologize for using lined paper. If you can’t publish it let me know and I’ll send a SASE to have it sent back to me.

I have a manual on how to understand doing time. How many pages does it need to be?

I will send (2) SASE to answer my inquiries and if you keep the manuscript, for confirmation.

Thank you!

Sincerely,

Michael Anthony Dilworth
From The Caged Heart is the beginning book of a group of poems that I have written about things that are close to my heart. Things that I wanted to say putting my heart into it but never had the opportunity. These poems talk about the loves and the love that I have experienced and yearn to experience again. It is a compilation of poetry that expresses what is inside of me brought about by my captivity. But what is most important is this work gives me a chance to measure my self worth, credibility, and my depth by a method of my own choosing not by what others have chosen to define me by. So in my coming out I dedicate this book to me.

I can be reached at: P.O. Box 2405
Marion, NC 28752 or:

1513 Allen St.
Charlotte, NC 28205
Do not rack your brain we have never met. My reason for writing is simple, I have had an epiphany and I would like you to be the recipient of its fruits. All that is required is your readership. The rewards are unlimited and literally every aspect of your life will take on a new dimension.
From The Caged Heart

The constant beat of an aching heart restrained with hatred and scorn;
Dispair and anger, hope and relief, all mixed together with sunlight;
Looking, seeking, never finding what I lost so long in the past.
Invisible are the bars that confine my thoughts yet my mind is ever free;
Just beyond the horizon I know a time will come;
When silence will grow a sabatical with joy in its tenure.
Who can say when such a time is born out of pain run rampant.
So does the days go miserably by oh how greatful I am in my caged heart.
Could it be that what I seek I seek to no avail?
A warm thought of happiness has become my constant foe;
Dark memories of yesteryear collide into nothingness;
Outstretched arms seek solace in a frigid afterthought;
Convulsed with agony on a continuum vividly stalking evermore;
Always believing a quantum respite will reveal itself at dawn;
Chaos a companion in abundance always a thought away;
Could it be that what I seek I seek to no avail?
Where Is Love

Where is love that I once knew and abused with the fiery darts of deception?
Can it be that such a pleasure is now far from my grasp?
Just once again could I behold your elegance and embrace your intrigue of awe?
Oh the yearning of your scold only to be captivated by your warmth.
Over and over in a daydream I cannot put it back together again;
Clinging to a ray of hope that fades in and out of consciousness.
Expiring with the end of each day and longing to wake anew;
On the wind I hear my name but know not where to turn.
Where is love that I once knew and abused with the fiery darts of deception?
Just Beyond My Reach

The glistening of the water cascading down the leaves of my memory;
The sweet sound of Spring birds chirping just beyond my reach;
The sun beaming down on the blades of grass dancing across the horizon;
Squirrels scramble and chipmunks chatter all in the back of my mind;
The seasons change and with rain wash away desperation;
Leaves fall trees are bare as skeletons of my desire;
Cold winds blow a frigid warning but not as cold as the maker of my demise;
The cycle of nature goes on and on just beyond my reach.
Just Beyond My Reach

Just beyond my reach I yearn to explore;
All the things that could have been yet things that are no more;
I cringe to think the thought that was but will never cannot be;
What brought about such misery oh no don't say it not me;
The tears that splash upon my mind in a never ending torrent of pain;
Crash through a place called memory to whom may I explain?
Oh how I wish this torment would stop and bring with it relief;
Just a moment to catch my breath if only ever so brief;
As it is done no peace will find who has the key to the door?
It dangles just beyond my reach oh how I yearn to explore.
A Tribute To John H. Johnson

From an ebony vision • an entrepreneur took a stand;
To create a colossal venture • the very first of its brand.
Yes a leader in this movement • an innovator of high degree;
Many conjured up his failure • but beyond their obstacles he could see;
A concept of the greatest magnitude • designed for the purpose to cultivate;
And if you were not yet free • your minds and bodies to emancipate.
He did not take his job lightly • for he was a true communicator at heart;
With wisdom, knowledge, and understanding • his ultimate endeavor to impart.
From years of patience and resourcefulness • he created an unstoppable team;
May legacy live forever • as John H. Johnson a man with a dream!

"THANK YOU FOR EBONY AND JET"

Michael Anthony Dilworth Page 8
Which Way

Amidst the many frequencies a thought process is born;
Of memories of what could have been all bundled up in scorn.
It is a terrible vigil to undertake a lonely road to walk;
At every turn a tiny seed of possibility filled with balk.
Growing callous to every encounter and wondering why I be;
Never taking time to realize, never wanting to see.
Is there no way to overcome a misery created by one’s self;
How do I grapple with destiny and put despair upon a shelf?
To reach without and reach within is the only path to endure;
Set a course to my zenith and make sure my intentions are pure.
Alone

In a place of solitude and despair, I am alone.

Soft kisses of loneliness and shame, I am alone.

Darkness and quiet engulfs my entire being, I am alone.

Sunshine shining on a warm summer day, I am alone.

Eggs, grits, toast, and juice, I am alone.

Laughter, music, voices unknown, I am alone.

Joy unseen, hugs unreceived, I am alone.
Who Is This Person

Who is this person that walks like me and talks like me the same?

Can someone step forward and identify without regret this man by name?

I didn’t think so or had the faintest clue of who would take on this feat;

It has been many years since I’ve shared that passion and lived a life complete.

Oh no, don’t stutter or look like that once you realize I’m talking about you;

This has been simmering for a long, long time don’t act like you didn’t have a clue;

Now that it’s out and you’ve been put on notice don’t tuck your tail in shame;

Who is this person that walks like me and talks like me the same.
Love Has Gone Away

A kiss.
A hug.
A warm embrace.
A frown.
A cry.
Love has gone away.
I Think About You All The Time

I think about you all the time and what we used to share.

What must I do to show to you for you my love I care.

Your beautiful smile your warm embrace are engraved upon my heart.

There was no doubt of my love for you I knew it from the start.

As each day goes by - you make my life a song.

And everytime I encounter you - with you I am assured I belong.

How can we overcome this tragedy that has torn our love apart.

We shared a love so wonderful - it could be called a work of art.

No matter where I go you are always on my mind.

There is no greater love to seek for you are one of a kind.
MAX

Very special and joy untold • you are the world to me;
In vain was my pursuit • was blind but now I see.
Although it is not fully developed • your mind is your's alone;
And soon you'll see what life will be • the day you proclaim yourself grown.
But while I have you in my care • I'll nurture your God given gift;
When you need my love the most • it will be administered ever so swift.
I wake up with you on my mind • and you're the last thought when I retire;
I only want the best for you • it's my deepest most heartfelt desire.
So while you enjoy being yourself • defining your own dialogue;
I'll cherish the time we spend together • I love you my little road dog!

For Amy DuBois Barnett
A Vision Of Beauty

You are a vision of beauty in abundance — in reality to your touch sublime;
Your dark and lovely being gives radiance — to a completeness of sound body and mind.
Reminiscing of the days gone by makes life's past a wonderful thing;
And just the mere thought of seeing you again lets me know what my destiny would bring.
I count it awesome to have been near — undivided to say the least when you were in my arms;
To me you are a rare and precious jewel — whom has captivated me with all of your charms.
Delight is what I felt in your presence — ecstasy as our bodies became one;
No matter how many times I encountered you — each was better than the day we began.
A kiss from you is like a rejuvenation — your smile warms my body through and through;
I have been in a lot of places in my lifetime — but no one even comes close to you.
I said that to say this so pay attention — forever you are etched in my heart;
Let's continue in this ritual love has given us — for it is you I adored from the start.
You Are My Motivation

You are my motivation—And I think of you all of the time;
Even when I try to forget you—You continue to take over my mind.
I dream of holding you in my arms—And kissing you all of the night;
Thinking back with thoughts of your sexy body—Oh what a beautiful sight;
To feel your soft lips next to mine—Your warm body laying gently on my chest;
Until I can have your love to myself—My soul will not find any rest.
One Day At A Time

Where do I go from here is now clear;
I was once thought to be washed up and full of fear.
But from talking and sharing my most embarrassing experiences;
The knower in me has given me the strength to be serious;
About life’s battles with my ups and downs;
No to be found on my face is smiles instead of frowns.
I have learned I cannot love anyone until I love myself;
And for that reason I have placed despair high upon a shelf.
Given the chance life can be a wonderful thing;
However no one knows what tomorrow will bring.
So with that in mind I must continue to shine;
For I have learned to live one day at a time.
A Family's Love

A family's love I know not • I have sought but to no avail;
While others encounter their families in person • I can only see mine through the mail.
No matter what plan or scheme I devise • to reveal what I want to say;
I ponder the thought of just talking it out • and letting chips fall where they may.
At long last my letter arrives • my joy should be within my grasp;
But when I open the missive and see what's inside • my joy no longer can I clasp.
Sometimes it appears in the book of life • that some have a different ship to sail;
That's why a family's love I know not • I have sought but to no avail.
In My Arms

A touch, a kiss, a warm embrace - in my arms is where you belong;

But something upset the balance of things - oh yes something is definitely wrong.

The void that exists hinders my view - as I watch your love drift away;

I cry out to you in a vain attempt - for my heart still wants to have its way.

You've been away for way too long - it was my fault I live this empty life;

There still may be time to rectify things - and break this spell by making you my wife.
You

No matter how hard I try, thoughts of you keep penetrating my mind.
I've had a few romances since you left, but a love like yours I could not find.
Oh, no! there it is, the thought of your kiss, it sets my soul on fire.
I'm led to a single conclusion, it's only you that I deeply desire.

Where are you right now? Do you think about me, or is this a one-sided affair?

I never knew that your love had such power; I need it just like I need air.