THE POETRY WORKSHOP

2013

A collection of original poetry and expressive thoughts written by incarcerated maximum security inmates housed in MOCC, Mt. Olive Correctional Complex, Mt. Olive, WV. A workshop created and facilitated by Harold Davis (#26951), which has met weekly since its inception in May, 2013.
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“DANGEROUS MINDS”

See the evil glint in my eyes? The sly smile that I devise, as I massage your mind with my hypnotic surprise. . . feeding your hunger to want more of this conniseur of the raw, uncut, pure, filth! My cerebellum is grimey with a book full of cases behind me, must I remind thee, you of the "innocent" ilk, society, about me and my crimee's — homeboy's and co-d's, in the hood they call us "OG's". But you people don't really know me, or what I'm truly about, nor all the things I went through to get all this clout. That's why they choose to call us criminals while the message I send is subliminal, up under the surface, yet full of purpose — this dangerous mind of mines is now at your service!

By Harold Davis *26951
More is Never Enough

Nevertheless, but, always the more, we want; always needing, reaching, seeking, grasping at a slice of life we can never seem to find. Hence, this mystery profoundly eludes us. Who to trust, who can we confide and discuss this outright disgust for lacking? Are we greedy, dare I say, is our everyday lust, getting in our way? Longing, searching, striving, just to have each and every thing our way. Pray tell, we’re never satisfied. So what is it? Just a thirst, that needs clenching, or better yet, a scratch, that needs itching? All I know is, there’s something each one of us feels we’re missing. So perhaps there’s a clue to this puzzle, these days I’ve learned to drink life in through sips, whereas, when I was young, I used to guzzle. Up on Wall Street, they call it making money—but down on Carver Street, we used to say, “you can’t knock our hustle”, always runnin’ up to cars, yearnin’ to be a hood star, never satisfied, flexing our proverbial muscles, as we by and large-grinded hard, always searching, always wanting, always needing and seeking---MORE...But as the title suggests, more is never gonna be enough!!!

By Harold Davis #26751
WHO AM I?

I travel thru your membranes and constantly invent thangs, invading your dreams and feelings, evoking emotions, I'm controlling your focus, leaving you entertained! Residin' within your every step and stride, every breath your wise, it's your body I occupy. Oh yes, I'm everyone's energy source for stimuli, naturally, I generalize as my patterns of massive movements form and crystallize, forcing you to surmise thru reactions I so eagerly devise, meanwhile, producing your disillusions, I so pleasingly oblige! (I'm) extra conducive to igniting resolution, for all human interaction-I offer up true solutions, yet steadily provide clarity and confusion, (I'm) so easily accessible, however, highly intrusive! Oh, and it's exclusive company I keep, your every want, need, everything you seek, is born from me and my ideology, (that's) synonymous with you, though I'm faceless and anonymous, so powerful, yet I'm never seen. I'm that anomaly that's not normally measured or comparable. I'm every adjective you speak of, crazy, sexy, cool, compelling and terrible! Yet and still, I represent you, everything you're about, believe, and stand for. It's thru my eyes that your able to analyze, so your every plan that arrives, I autograph it! Who am I, not the man in the sky, I'm the one in your head, who's leading you! Telling you to get out of bed, I'm feeding you, food for your sustenance, to get ahead, I'm misleading you! Thru every mind game and mental lapse, epiphanies and all, materialize on my playing field and natural habitat, so I'm the author of this and that, every brilliant moment, in fact, every whim, and every omen, perhaps, whenever your awake, know that I own you, for lack, of a better way to say it, nevertheless, also when your asleep - I'm still your boss and your commander, the "Don Dada," of all your parameters, so in other words, Buddy Boy,- go 'head and call me your Chief! I'm your conscious before you speak, I live in your brain, making you different and unique! And yes, the genius you display, your intelligence, and relevance in every way, I'm "vicegerent! 3) So the answer to the riddle is of course, me, your thoughts - the ones you hate and the ones you love. So who I am is you, very simply, concerning your thoughts I'm all the above!

By Harold Davis
What's real, what's fake - is reality, whatever the mind chooses to create? Or is it the picture we draw and shape early in the mornin' as we begin to place our every day mask upon our face, that true-blue image that everyone can relate to our perfectly crafted and rehearsed character traits, thought up actions and reactions we practice an simulate, as we tend to and pretend thru situations we're likely to face, responses to debates, even, made up walks and struts we embrace, "Diddy-Boppin", and game-poppin' wit these flavors that marinate within our brain (and) passed along to our tongues we released with a taste like all grimaces from menaces who never even busted a grape but still would have you believe that they a beast and no crap will they ever take - Oh contraire, allow me to set the record straight and continue to educate as I narrate upon this human phenomenon many of us never contemplate whenever we state that that we keepin it real, but in reality, we are all conditioned to be fake, I equate it to actors in the everyday movie that is our life as we star and direct our fate, a twist and turn on our destiny and circumvent our legacy, doctorin' up our own pedigree all in the spirit of trying to appear great, so once again I ask what's real and what's fake
"PEN POWER"

Risin' up like a Phoenix as I reincarnate my fate usin' success as a torpedo thru my pedigree I assimilate within a brand new slate conjugate and erase mistakes whitin' out the blackness the hopelessness the wackness keepin a safe distance from haters, storytellers, backbitin' prison yard actors who can only capture an fracture the spirit of an uninformed man, but me, I'm too damn intelligent to listen and waste my time, ya besta believe, I understand the difference between a death and a sentence, one of these terms is permanent while the other is a temporary existence (so) now I'm bearin' witness doin work from inside these fences strivin anyway I can, everyday, so they won't be able to hide me within this premise while they still wanna label me a menace I'm researchin' wit the premise of sharpenin up my mental capacities and faculties and overall I train thru vigorous intellectual fitness. Seperatin' fiction from truth, leavin only the pure essence of reality wit sheer practicality of a genious too modest to distinguish himself from the typical ordinary layfellow forced to dumb it down break it down to the smallest compound so (all) these powers at be won't deem it threatening yet at the same time stay profound

By Harold Davis
Meditative Contemplative

What really matters in life? Going in on 15 years of struggle and strife brought on due to myself---have I finally seen the light in lieu of all my past fights, heartaches and transgressions? Studying the Qu’ran and Islam, praying they point me in the right direction while I digest every lesson on the pathway, hopefully, to righteousness! Existing in a world of mass confusion, viewing things as real—are they but an illusion? I ask myself—what is the solution, seeking things, I slowly realize---we might never find. Is freedom, justice, happiness, equality, peace and love, all phantom things, simply creations of the mind? No more realistic, I dare say than this concept of me trying to make up for lost time. How about all these man made things, fantasies, distortions put together by design---force fed us on a daily basis, we are conditioned to accept them as divine. On the brink of transparency my mindset sits on a higher plane. Thought process illuminated now---years removed from behaving insane it’s purely power I’ve gained. By the grace of Allah(God), access to everlasting glory as truth reveals itself to me daily, I now comprehend it’s story...

By Harold Davis
"KEEPIN' IT REAL [NIGGERISH]"

I gotta question: Tell me, does the phrase “keep it real” mean to keep it real ignorant? Or perhaps, does keep it real mean to speak as if you’re illiterate, and what kind of mindset promotes receiving benefit off the actions of keeping it real degenerate, struttin’ around here as if we’re innocent everyday exuding beligerance, shucking and jiving and talkin’ that “nigga shit” and convict jibberish, expecting to go home but doing nothing to deliver it. So once again I ask you, are you keeping it real significant – are you doing all you can to be a better man and not a derelict? Because to me, keepin’ it real has become extremely primitive, another excuse, another cop out to behave as if we’re privileged in a demeaning disrespectful manner that’s forced and deliberate – probably a direct cause of our personalities becoming a major hindrance, affording us a lifestyle of nothing but big sentences, behind iron-clad fences surrounded with hundreds of other menances claiming they keeping it real [NIGGERISH]

By Harold Davis
FLUX

Existing in a state of flux, forever changing, gradually, my mind stays in a rush. Wondering, pondering, why is this life so rough, thirsting and longing for society, still out of touch. As I reminisce and clutch upon memories very vivid and discreet. So much pain, unfortunately, I’ve reached, so many fantasies unwittingly I still seek. Allow me to contemplate, was the price of it all paid by moments of time, people in places behind walls stalled out and effectively put on pause sentenced behind fences, retribution for the cause of breaking and evading common decency laws, shifty, commandeering, moving like heathens with sharp paws. Oh God yes, I was a animal, a monster, out of my mind and bonkers. Meanwhile, society tends to wonder why residual effects linger as I ponder upon this world, got me caught up in its swirl dazed and gazing out of hunger, grasping reaching for any secular, once labeled a predator, no room for comfort or understanding of any kind, Unforgiving sins were more so the style of mines committed out of the spirit of the grind doing anything rebellious, overzealously attracted to crime, Alas, life has become no friend of mine...

By Harold Davis
Loose cannon, products of abuse on loose leaf – the engine, the captain never the caboose who’s followin’ psychopathic sacrificin’ savages that’s the offerin’ to the God’s while wallowin’ in misery and pain maintainin a level of crazy only I feel isn’t insane, sociopathic in my membranes, I been tamed, only because I wanna be and choose to, so pardon me if I confuse you, but I’m use to actin’ out – however – never for “you-tube”, or you dudes, exclusively I’ve been producin’ the strangest aura’s, showcasin’ a brain that’s plainly out of order – nonconformist at heart rebellious disorders synchronized with a life long self destructive personal slaughter and massacre’s attachin’ to a disaster of legacies repetitive melancholy melody of neverending foolish pedigree comprised of nothin’ but bad decision and choices in my registry of madness. Easily labeled erratic and highly aggressive, tossed in the demographic of above-average statistical losers. I’m one mistake away from death, more or less a few short breathes away from hallelujah...Victorious over vitriol, I use to settle things wit pistols, hustlin’ and musclin’ over lil crystal formations of cocaine product. Snow white flakes from out the tropics had even us hillbilly niggas runnin’ around wit profits in our wallets, anti-modest, cocky and obvious, was we – the antithesis of ugly, suave young fellas 16, 17, throwin’ pebbles on triple beams livin’ obscene, chasin’ them dreams of being the king pin – now I’m in the pen wishin’ I was king of anything, including this pen in my hand, searchin’ for an ounce or even a strand of hope a kilogram of faith – ruined my life over the dope. This is self-murder that I wrote, suicide in the flesh, in the spirit of wrecklessness – but he who laughs last, laughs best – I’m not done yet, you can’t write me off and the devil can’t fight me off. I’m on another level of superior driven focus later for your thoughts comments and labels – it’s hocus pocus to me, I’m in control of me and everything in my existence. All my praise is given to Allah (God) and it’s only he to whom I bear witness.

By Harold Davis

#26951
“UNITY [WE LACK IT!]”

Unity rather more specifically the lack thereof I wonder, where is the true love, amongst brothers amongst sisters, seeing the hate, the envy, the jealousy – drama and dishonor as we behave overzealously. Gossip and backbiting is ordinary taste it, smell it [INHALE] feel it in the air, go ahead, breathe it in – we love the scandal! It’s refreshing even, to a lot of us. So fun to sit around and crack jokes – shuck and jive our way to the promise land, but unfortunately, we’ll never make it, actually. Too concerned with what we got, what we don’t got – what he got, what he don’t got – yada yada yada, we goin’ nowhere fast, cuz our development is lacking – but let us tell it, we’re smarter than the average man and women packing, intellectual capacities, with a voracity for that knowledge – who needs school, who needs college, give me some tools, and I’ll get broillick and polish upon my criminal minded endeavors and rhetoric and set this mudda sucka off transactin’ and embezzlin’ robbin’ and drug peddlin’, everything towards developin’ my brand, unity – yeah, yeah, oh yeah, yeah, oh yeah we unifyin’, who-ridin’ and high-sidin’, gamin’, shuckin’ and jivin’, our way is always connivin’ around others who signifying, typically, generalizin’ negativity is on da horizon it ain’t hard to tell therefore it’s not surprisin’ and anything other than that is uncivilizing the concept of prison-izing and comprisin ya stance ya glance doin what you must for ya reputation to enhance – Unity, oo-wee, look at me now we unifying!

By Harold Davis

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No more chasin' – no more precious time I’m wastin’, steadily debasin’ my integrity, lowerin’ my pedigree settlin’ for mediocre – placin’ on a pedestal these “whor-acles”, of historical, irrelevance. While I’m a professional oracle of highest intelligence who’s too deep for settlin’ for these dusty butt “raggamuffinz” – when it all amounts to nothin’ yall like the Temptations without David Ruffin, performin’ their classical material, knowin’ too damn well they lost without their spiritual heartbeat and leader, and speakin’ of leaders – girl, you’re a cheater in life, but me, I’m a full fledged achiever, pullin’ myself out the gutter and rising like a Phoenix, none other, resurfaced from a cesspool, from the bottom of the abyss – a return from the dead, losin’ my mind to respond and I exist on a higher celestial plane now – THEY USED TO TRY TELL ME I WAS INSANE – How!!? When I lost more sense thru two decades of debaclin’, ALLAH restored my sanity, blessin’ me with these offerins – And you’re too blind, deaf, and dumb to recognize it, a true, prophetic genius is in your presence and on the horizon of greatness, don’t hate this – breathe it in, smell it before you try to erase it from your memory, like instantly, One day maybe you’ll analyze and appreciate that you was once christened while oblivious to the true totality of regality – and with regal suppose I’m stating that I’m ROYAL, so nevertheless wishing you all the best and to my subjects, I’ll always stay loyal.

By Harold Davis
"BE IT"

Stop saying it, rather learn to be it, then it becomes you; You said you want peace, but until you become peace, peace will continue to resist you. You say that you wanna change, but until you decide to become change, change will forever despise you. You claim nobody loves you, but until you love somebody, love will continue to deny you its body. You think it's us who don't understand you, but until you learn to understand us – understanding will not exist between us and you and finally; How do I know that you think you know it all! Probably, because I think you know I think that I know it all too! Perhaps, we're all just peas of the same pods, claiming we're gonna change because nobody loves us at all when all we really want is for anybody who doesn't understand peace, to stop saying it, and Be it!?!...
A love beast, somethin' like a conduit of passion
you and I have a verbal interaction, a spiritual
attraction that raises our heart rates while our
bodies begin thrashin' and poundin' lustfully
devine as our legs intertwine racing towards
pleasure and satisfaction that's off the scale. You
can not measure this form of ravishin an smashin
through words, numbers, or psychology – see our
love makin oddysey is a superior dicotomy of
celestial property and material – a heavenly
prophecy fulfilled – never venereal secretions are
spilled into a cavern of love and surreal joy an
ecstasy. I need the woman in my life to have the
mind to stay next to me, more mentally cerebral
than physically sexin' me thoughts feelings and
emotions last longer than bodies in motion,
however, potent moments of elopin' are no doubt
precious and thought provoking as we create
memories of token relevance, wishin' and hopin'
to grow old together with elegance, grace and
benevolence, so each day I pay homage and give
reverence to you my queen

By Harold Davis
"Empowered Cowards"

Seen as serene on a celestial dream level heavenly bliss from the abyss and cesspool of the brokenhearted downtrodden and lethargic lifestyle admist retardedness and trivial things this is my escape from all these pitiful things to come together and convene with my brotherhood of (other) fallen human beings searchin for somethin – searchin for anything to intervene in this hapless existence because of co defendants and witnesses that told a story leading to sentences some deserved and others not years and years of dwellin as a robot being told what and not to do by rogue cops and defacto officers uneducated some of ‘em more lost than us; (They) bossin us cuz that’s what they was told to do, follow the blueprint – watch what these criminals do and who knew these miniscule crews should one day hold power to enforce the rules and torture the dudes, the same ones who use to abuse, pick on ‘em and beat ‘em up in school – who laughs last now? The bullies are getting bullied by the same type of nerds and herbs who use to fully and usually avoid them – place a badge on a crab an now he’s the top dog, wit his pen and pad, talkin’ greasy inside these walls, while we can only pause, nod our head and continue about the cause – which should be primary amongst all of us strivin to get elsewhere anywhere more conducive to humanity and righteousness – I truly believe freedom is a state of mind and I won’t allow anybody to interrupt my fight for this

By Harold Davis
"POETRY IN MOTION"

Words will remain the main potion that sway eagerly yet so fluid in motion conceived & crafted out of my pure devotion and love of this art form; so many writers have chosen this gift which has been bestowed upon blessed by a divine spirit, genuine, and rather well refined unravelling truths for anyone who's near it. So now Alas, what is it I speak about furthermore what's the meaning behind my rambling mess? Oh, but of course for my curious audience, it's nothing more than my poetic quest: Poetry in motion...

Poetic Injustice:

Poetic injustice, behind bars where nobody loves us forgotten by sisters and brothers, some of us, even our mothers have us feeling so painful don't wanna' discuss it, nowhere to hide and my pride is disgusted, forgotten by friends, in the "Pen" I don't trust it, no matter ya' swagger some days you're a puppet, surrounded by losers excluded from public I have no right to be involved as a subject as the world continues to revolve, is my resolve still above it? a product of bad choices were uncovered because I used to covet the fast life behaving ruthlessly whether day or night as long as the pay was right stronggarmin' and pushin' yay, I might steal a car or even squeeze off in a bar take over a block while postin' up superhard on da boulevard, might even bully yo squad wit my entourage known to be in charge so you had better play ya cards right, these days I'm amazed that Allah's in my life, so no longer do I fight and better yet I live sheist no more, choosin' a righteous path and now I strive for my Lord and God's sake he gave me mercy. I'm obliged to it—no more embracing the dramatic, I've gotten wise to it...

By Harold Davis
Advice is priceless,
But I know what it's worth,
And for what it's worth,
You can bill me later.
I take what you give,
And give what I can,
Yet and still I feel inadequate.
Add to this the fact that,
Your smile brings healing,
And your laughter is like ointment,
Sinking to the deepest parts of my soul,
Cleansing and closing holes that were once exposed.
You're the perfect person to push me to the brink of perfection,
And if you question my intentions,
Let me mention that,
I only wish to be to you half of what you are to me.
And that's...........
A sign on this road of life,
That gives me a sense of direction;
A blessing,
A teacher of lessons that propels me towards progression.
An example of the person I need to be;
A sample of the woman I'm trying to find.
You're my.................
Schooling the Public

The question that's burning in my mind,
what's our kids learning with the time
they spend in these public institutions.
"Get an education" they say,
but they won't fix that rocky road to success,
and pave a better way.
It's better for them to lay on the couch,
and watch National Geographic,
then to send this demographic of kids to school.
A school full of kids with guns in their knapsack,
no books in their backpacks,
using their home rooms to take cat naps.
Underpaid teachers,
plus underprivileged kids;
are you kidding me?
America is supposed to be the best of the best,
but kids would rather invest in a vest than invest in their future.
Because tomorrow isn't promised,
and promises are broken.
So they close their minds
once the public schools open.
I'm not downing education;
to tell the truth I love it.
But if we can't learn in public schools,
then who's schooling the public?

By Melvin A. Spencer
Shoot to Kill

By: Melvin Aaron

We have a crook on foot,
wear a hoodie and a suspicious look.
Backpack strapped to his back,
I bet he isn’t carrying books;
We’re gonna stop him take is backpack and have a look,
he’s acting like he’s nervous,
and he looks a little shook.
Relax,
he doesn’t know his rights;
and even if he did,
what can he do to us,
he’s just a kid.
"Hey you there stop,
tell me where you’re headed.
Put your hands behind your back,
should’ve answered the question when I said it."
There’s nothing on his person,
but I know he’s up to no good.
Because,
there’s nothing but hoodlums in this neighborhood.
Look at the way he dress,
that’s a dead give away.
He may be innocent,
but I’m booking him today.
I’ll plant something on him,
get him a three to nine.
He ain’t gonna do shit with his life anyway,
might as well be doing time.
“You’re going down today,
for carrying a piece of steel.
And you better not try to run,
cause I was trained to shoot to kill.”

By Melvin A. Spencer

18
Hey, Young World

You are the future!
That's a lot of pressure, right?
But it's the truth,
the world is counting on you,
the youth.
The young mind has the most power,
because it wields the most potential.
To preserve the future of this planet,
you young ones are essential.
How easy it is to rebel,
to neglect your responsibility.
Filling these void expanses,
with a secret identity.
You have to rise up from these ashes,
out of the shadows of your parents.
I must say,
we have nearly destroyed what you will soon inherit.
Drugs;
Guns;
Famine;
Pollution;
even Global Warming.
They say restoration starts with self,
so here's my global warning.
Keep your minds sharpened children,
because one day the child shall lead.
So this is my call,
I know I won't reach you all,
but I pray one child takes heed.

By Melvin A. Spencer

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All I Want For Christmas

By: Melvin Aaron

Today a strange man asked me,
What do I want for Christmas?
Automatically I was drawn to the selfish.
Freedom;
to spend time with my daughter;
the opportunity to be a father;
maybe St. Nick could talk God into bringing my brothers back;
or allow me to tell my mother that I forgive her;
all those things that gets me down around this time of year.
I was tempted to drown in all those tears that I’ve stored up for this season.
But for this reason I’m determined to stay strong.
I could easily wallow in the sorrow of a non-existent present,
and a hopeless tomorrow.
But then I thought of you,
forcing me to start this poem over.
I would be doing you a disservice if you didn’t surface when I thought about gifts.
All you’ve given me,
even if you never knew I took those things from you.
I guess I still have a little thief in me,
because I’ve stolen your ability to endure,
to persevere without fear of what tomorrow brings.
Maybe I’ve borrowed things from your character,
and I’ll give them back when I believe fair is fair enough.
But you’re my gift,
so old St. Nick can save himself a trip,
because my present is your belief in me.
I admit,
I’ve had a rough few months since Michael’s passing.
I felt alone,
like I had no one to turn to,
like my bridges were burned through,
and I had no way of making it across Lake Missing Him.
And there were times when in my mind,
you had abandoned me.
So I’d put on my headphones,
put my head down,
put on my biggest frown,
walking around,
lost!
Of course,
everyone else went about their day,
stayed on their merry way,
while I made a vow to marry self-pity.

By Melvin Spencer
Selfishly,
I thought to bring everyone down to my level.
I wanted them to dwell in this abyss of pain, sorrow, and grief,
but every time I looked around,
I was by myself,
unsafe and unsound.
Unchained and unbound,
free to go if I wanted to,
but choosing to stay in that shade of gray.
Thoughts of you telling me to.....
To be grateful for what I have,
my health,
my life,
and my daughter too.
The most important gift a man can get;
and you’re next on that list.
I’m vexed as I sit with this pen,
hoping that these words can make amends.
For all the times I tried to find fault in you,
disregarding you as another stranger with your best interest in mind.
In time I’ll find that life is about what I can do to make a difference,
no matter how big,
no matter how small.
And that’s what you do!
No matter how minute your actions are,
I always find a way to make a big deal of them.
But I’m done with the negative,
I’d rather give you the gift of positivity,
praying that you will reciprocate that energy.
So back to the question that this man asked me,
what do I want for Christmas?
I just want you to be happy!

By Melvin A. Spencer #46220

Have A Happy Holidays
Domesticated Bull Defecation

Is this a bad time?
Your eyes are red,
His fist are balled,
And the tension is thick.
This is my boy,
And you are his girl.
None of my business, right?
I watch you watch me
To see if I noticed what’s going on.
I recall times when he joked about beating your ass.
We laughed,
But this visual makes me miserable
And reminds me that this is no joking matter.
Battered and bruised;
Physically,
Mentally,
And emotionally.
But my mind tells me to mind my business.
What is this blood I see?
The cotton in your nose stops the flow,
But it does nothing for the wave of emotions you must feel.
If looks could kill,
I’d still be very much alive,
But I die inside when I look in your eyes.
It hurts me that he hurts you,
And what's worse Boo is you won't leave.
Maybe I should go!
But what do you know,
You sniffle and his temper flares again.
He yells for you to shut up,
You muffle your sobs,
And I'm stuck with the job of choosing to stay or leave.
He wouldn't hit you in front of me would he?
A princess;
What made you choose this dude to be the heir to your father's throne?
What pleasures could come from the tainted treasures that he offers?
You coughing,
And the tears mixed makes his ears sick,
And he rears his fist to hit you again.
Though I keep him restrained,
It does nothing for the pain that you feel both inside and out.
I won't always be here to save you,
And that black eye he gave you may become a permanent fixture.
You can see my emotions,
Because I wear my heart on my sleeve.
All I can do is tell him he's wrong,
And tell you to leave.

By Melvin A. Spencer
Teacher Teach Me

Teacher! Teacher!
Knowledge preacher,
do you no longer care.
Or am I confused about when I was in school,
and your heart was never there.
Has your job become so mundane
that everything has to be routine.
A tragic scene
to you what does it mean,
when your student becomes a fiend.
Sure you can’t save them all,
some will fall,
but you can surely try.
Because to know is to live,
and if you don’t give,
these kids will surely die.
Thoughts don’t cost a penny,
and I know plenty,
teachers who will never reach me.
But for that one little boy,
who uses acting out as a ploy,
he’s really screaming teacher teach me.

Teacher! Teacher!
Knowledge seekers,
could really use your help.
What good are the facts of life,
if you only school yourself.
I know you’re stressed,
you need some rest,
and your check’s not worth a dime.
But when you remove their disguise,
and you look in their eyes,
are these kids not worth your time.
You know how cold this world can be,
and you know it’ll swallow them whole.

By Melvin A. Spencer 46220

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And in shaping their minds, 
the system is designed, 
for you to play the biggest role. 
Don’t just give them a book, 
sit at your desk and look, 
and watch them fall on their faces. 
Be that woman or man, 
who extends their hand, 
and boosts them to higher places. 
Don’t be another grown-up, 
that they can’t trust, 
Because people are full of feces. 
For that little girl, 
lost in this world, 
she’s screaming teacher teach me.

By Melvin A. Spencer #46226
Buckle up!

You're love sick

From this grudge trip that landed you in the middle of nowhere.

And here I am to pick you up again.

I don't know if you know how rough it's been,

But if you look you can see I got some miles on me.

I've chased you around this country of ours,

And I'm lucky the stars in your eyes didn't act as my guide,

Cause I was star struck.

Using my internal G.P.S

Given by G.O.D.

And you know me,

I've always been intuitive

It's true that it hurts,

But you knew since the birth of we.

I'd go to the moon and back for you.

I can't win, I'm backing you.

And the fact that you can't see what's factual eats me alive.

When I see you with those guys,

I feel something way pass jealously

That's telling me I'm the dumbest brother in the world.

But in our world it's just us two.

And what's true can also be fiction.
What's smooth can also bring friction,
And I'm just tryna get the wrinkles ironed out.
Tryna find out if what I found in you is real.
Even if it is a fairy tale,
I know very well the cost of a happy ever after.
So close your eyes,
And enjoy this ride;
We're going home.
I know you may run again,
And I may look like one of the dumbest men.
But when you pick up that phone and call,
Again,
For you I'll fall.
And baby girl that's all
It'll take for me to come and bring you home.
Again!

By Melvin A. Spencer #46820
Hey there pretty girl!

You finally figured out

That flipping your hair

And batting you eyes will get you what you want.

Yet the art of seduction isn't always a pretty picture.

While you flash your smile and expose your cleavage,

Ask yourself,

What kind of message are you sending?

Hey there hansom!

You know these broads will do anything to get next to you.

They're texting you;

Sometimes two or three times a week they cry creep!

Cause you make them feel "loved".

They're giving you the most prized possession,

And all you have to offer is a climax

Ask yourself,

What kind of message are you sending?

Hey there mother of three!

You're preparing for another date

Another potential mate.

And your kids see another one of mommy's "special friends".

No stable male figure,
So all your sons know is men come and go.
These men bring flowers
And introduce themselves as “Uncle Such and Such”,
Cause the word uncle doesn’t have any staying power.
Ask yourself,
What kind of message are you sending?
Hey there Mr. Family Man!
Your kids are tucked in,
And your wife’s in bed alone.
It’s two a.m.,
And you’re just getting home.
Your job requires your time,
And the mistress on the side doesn’t help.
You’ve lost sight of your family.
You only take pride in yourself.
Climbing the corporate ladder
Descending the moral steps.
Your family barely sees you.
Your life’s consumed by work and extra-marital sex.
Ask yourself,
What kind of message are you sending?

By Melvin A. Spencer
Mother Africa

Can I sit on your lap,
And hear the tales of your soul;
While I listen to yo heart beat.
Pardon me,
But a part of me wants to hear your biography.
Of the kings that came from your womb,
And queens who fed on the milk from your breast.
Can I run my fingers through your hair,
While you declare that we were once great.
Your birth mathematicians,
Who with exact precision,
Erected pyramids and God's temples.
Can I trace the lines on your palms,
As you tell of the great fortune that we once possessed.
How the land once sparkled like a ruby,
Or shined like a diamond,
Worth far more than the ones their mining.
Can I put rings in your ears,
As you sing of those tears that created the Nile.
Denial kept them saying that we were primitive creatures,
And uncivilized heathens;
Demons,
But all the while the saw God in our features.
Creators of history,
And mysteries that we marvel at today.
Mother Africa......
Can I intertwine my fingers with your own,
And grasp the concept of truly being home.
Fell your soil beneath my feet,
See the sunshine when you smile,
And hear the wind pass when you laugh.
Will you kiss my cheek,
As I sleep....in your arms,
And dream of times passed.
Can i rest assured,
Knowing that the blood of those kings and queens are coursing through my veins.
Then I can wake,
With knowledge of how great I truly am.
Mother Africa....
I am your bastard child,
But alas I smile;
Knowing that when I know myself.
I know you.
You were meant to be forgotten,
I was put up for adoption,
With no option to stay or leave.
As I whisper in yo ear,
I'm here to tell you......
I am still dark as the darkest night.
I still dance to the beat of your drums.
I am still your son;
Mother Africa.

By Melvin A. Spencer
This Can’t Be Right

By: Melvin Aaron

I’m starting to form.
My egg starts to adjust itself,
making room for my growth.
I can’t wait to see this me I’ll come to be.
Already I have fingers,
and I can see my feet trying to be discreet in it’s progression.
I remember when I was just a little slime rushing to this egg,
trying to promote my growth.
When the egg opened itself to me,
I celebrated by giving myself to growing prosperity.
I hope that I make this world proud,
that I’m able to leave my mark,
but I have to make sure I get there first.
This water keeps my thoughts swimming towards the future.
I heard the world is in need of a revolutionary,
maybe I can be that seed that succeeds.
But what is this vacuum,
coming to suck away my dreams of being a being.
All I wanting was a chance at life,
extortion forced this abortion,
this can’t be right.

By: Melvin A. Spencer
The Mechanic

By: Melvin Aaron

Once again
I’m equipped with my tools.
Hammer, wrench, screwdriver, and all.
You’re broken again!
Leaking fluids,
And making this strange nagging sound.
It’s painful to get you started,
And hell to make you stop.
I wish you’d just pump your brakes.
I know you got some miles on you;
Most would call you used cause of the years of abuse.
And I must admit you were a work in progress.
I was so impressed with your interior,
I forgot to check under the hood,
But I can say that you do have good spark plugs!
I fill you with premium gas,
Hell I keep your tank on full.
And if I push you,
You can still do zero to sixty in four point five seconds.
Maybe I should take out your rear view mirror,
Cause you’re always focused on what’s behind you.
I’m working on you every other month,
And every week I have to fix a flat.
Every time I pump you up,
You find a way to deflate.
You need a stick,
Because you shift gears every few minutes.
Even when I'm in you,
You don't wanna act right.
I don't wanna hurt you,
I'm just trying to get you to your destination.
I know you can be great!
So here I am again.
I'm equipped with my tools;
Hammer, wrench, screwdriver, and all.
Playing the mechanic,
Cause you're broken again.

By Melvin A. Spencer
I Don't Have a Taste  

By: Melvin Aaron

Erroneous!
Lies and deception,
psychological weapons of warfare.
War carries death and devastation in it’s wings,
and this seems to be the solution.
Promoters of war,
like Don King,
hold press conferences.
Feeding the public out dated lies,
about why this battle must happen.
But just like the sport of boxing,
their intentions are to generate revenue.
It’s never new,
still that same old threat to our way of living.
But what is the price of freedom,
because I know damn well war ain’t free.
Post Dramatic Distress Disorder!
This order that you’ve made,
comes with a receipt of death.
Cash it in at your nearest foxhole,
where men cover up with the bodies of the dead to keep warm.
So don’t feed me your lines,
because I don’t have a taste for your bullshit!

By Melvin A. Spencer
Do You Mind?

By: Melvin Aaron

I'm feeling you,
but not enough to make a commitment.
So if you don't mind,
I'd like to make this as quick as possible.
I can spare just enough time to get you where you need to be,
and if need be I can take you there twice.
To ecstasy and back,
with no ecstasy.
In fact,
I can't deny it,
I like the way you taste.
Tryna get to the center of your tootsie pop.
Look we're not going anywhere from here,
because lust is our destination,
and that's thousands of miles away from love.
I commend anybody whose willing to make that trip,
but baby I don't want that many miles on me.
So I'm gonna give you what you need,
then leave like I never knew you.
And I'm gonna take my heart with me,
you don't mind,
do you?

By Melvin A. Spencer 

46228

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Tuning In and Out

By: Melvin Aaron

Black women fighting half naked in a mansion,
stupid nigger, tune in.
Jack-asses kicking each other in the nuts and some,
stupid cracker, tune in.
Moonshiner runs his still at will,
stupid hillbilly, tune in.
SpongeBob reeking havoc under the sea of chills,
big kids, tune in.
Rachel Ray bakes another cake,
big people, tune in.
Jerry Springer, even though it's fake,
still we all tune in.
Jax comes back with his patch,
America please tune in.
Victoria's Angel's walk with strings up their crack,
people are sure to tune in.
We could show shows that promote progression and growth,
but only a few would tune in.
And if we show what the people should know,
I know no one will tune in.

By: Akels A. Spencer
Thoughts From America

By: Melvin Aaron

Loose,
the neck hangs from the noose.
The slave cowers under the force of the whip,
the refugee seeks refuge from the grip.
Slavery has it mitts tight around freedom's neck.
The cotton that kept you warm,
couldn't warm the hearts of the master.
Faster the runaway runs to the safety of the pale faces who claim to have the same aim.
Abolishment!
Abolitionist only sought to compromise,
claiming to have the slaves best interest in mind.
Keep in mind,
the keepers of the mind are the keepers of the body.
Manipulation is something that they picked up on from their masters.
We'll give them secondary educations,
maybe even teach them trades.
That way we can promote freedom,
but sell them a cage.
A cage full of dreams of a integrated America.
We will taint their history,
with civil unrest and savagery.
Showing them they are better off here,
not knowing their true selves,
thus still burdened under the yoke of slavery.
African American,
Afro American,
Black,
Negro,
Nigger,
Nigga.
They don't know who they are.
They're looking to us for an identity.
And I'll identify them as such,
my slaves.

By Melvin A. Spencer
Words Give Birth

The voice of Africana.
God’s son;
my mother’s the black Madonna.
In America where the sharks attack piranha,
and no one realizes that we’re all fish.
In a bowl of soup,
that’s been on the stove and nuked a hundred times over.
A front line soldier.
And I can’t relieve the itch caused by these flees and ticks.
We’ve been stripped of our true manhood,
so when our women look at us all they see is dicks.
We feed into this;
feasting on the lies,
and we take it all lying down.
Am I now your enemy because I tell you the truth.
I tell you the youth are ready for a revolution,
and our progression is the only reason I believe in evolution.
Now the resolution is black-consciousness.
Not necessarily pro-black,
but to know black.
To know facts is to know that.
This is my plea.
I just pray that you don’t accuse,
that you only choose to agree or disagree.
The choice is yours,
because they didn’t have a choice,
and because the chose to speak,
you now have a voice.
Today’s trending-topic.
Hash-tag
# Words give birth to action.

By Melvin A. Spencer
Closed Minds

The Human Brain In All Its Complexity Somehow Still
Manifests Itself In The Simplest Forms
Frivolousness, Vanity, Material Obsession
All Of These Things Combined
The Sum Of All My Personal Fears
Also Known As, A Lack Of Depth
Never The One To Advocate Judging Books By Cover
But What If The Pages Are Without Purpose
What Direction Is Then Taken
I Believe Shallow Waters Contain No Current & Survival Is
Unattainable When At A Stand Still
Too Long Have We Been Caught In The Here & Now
Ignoring What Preceded Us & What Shall Succeed
My Take On All Of This
Those Who Deny The Past Have No Use For The Future
More Or Less Living But Never Being Alive In The Present
But Wait, Who Dares Pursue Pestilence & In The Face Of
Positivity Become Hesitant
So Shameful, Still
The Human Brain In All Its Complexity Is Yet So Simplistic
When In The Manifestation Of Closed Minds

By. Blair Templeman

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Eternity's Lone Wolf

I Am He Who Has Gone Astray
Exiled From The Pack
No Longer A Dweller Of The Light
I Live Amongst The Color Black
How Shall I Ever Take Down This Wildebeest Called Life
I Long For The Kill But Too Long I've Gone Without
Such A Vast Wilderness For One To Conquer On His
Lonesome Quest
Fangs Gone Dull
Paws Numb From The Blistering Cold Of Earth's Endless
Winter
Things Are Much Different Now
In One Blink I Went From Alpha To Outcast
From Leader To Loner
Close Kindred To Distant Memory
No Mate, No Peers, No Laughs, No Cheers
Only Desperate Howls At The Night's Moon & Continuous
Tears
What Has My Existence Come To
The Question Lingers
Separated From Myself, I Am Horse Without Hoof
On A Journey To Forever, Eternity's Lone Wolf

By. Blair Templeman
Impact

You Never Gave Up
You Saw Through The Tough Exterior
What Made You Gravitate Towards A Lonely Kid From The Inner-City Streets
No One Ever Cared Before
You Still Took The Risk Even Though You Initially Got No Response
Why Be So Persistent
Maybe You Saw What No One Else Bothered To Envision
What I Can Say Is That Your Efforts Have Made A Significant Impact
Hard To Admit But I Know I Feel & Believe In Things I Once Shunned
You Became An Angel At The Side Of A Demon
Words Can’t Describe The Amount Of Love & respect I’ve Grown To Have For You
The Lonely Kid Doesn’t Feel So Isolated Anymore
How Long Until It Ends
Nevermind That, It’s Just My Anxiety Speaking
Even Though I’ve Been Told Nothing Is Forever
I Beg To Differ
Because What We’ve Built Could Never Bend, Break, Or Splinter

By, Blair Templeman
Hear Us Now

Remove This Cloak Placed Upon Humanity
Eradicate This Mental Enslavement
Be Free My Sons
Graze As The Beasts Of The Wild
Live Out Your Carnal Desires
Whatever Brings You Internal Serenity
Indulge In It So Long As It Soothes Your Nature
But, Do Not Take This As An Invitation To Meddle In
Disaster
Refrain From Physical Force
Use Your Knowledge To Provoke Thought & All Irrelevance
Will Run Its Course
Challenge Morality
Go Beyond Good & Evil
For It Is Only A Matter Of Perception
So,
Seekers Of Stupidity
No Longer Will You Rule & Rank Supreme
The Keepers Of Comprehension Along With The
Intellectuals Of Eternity Have Come To Overthrow Your
Deceptive Regime
We Will Rise
Sincerely, Us

By. Blair Templeman
The Resistance

Faceless Lives
Lifeless Faces
See What's Blind & Hear What's Deaf
Be The Compass For The Misguided
The Chauffeur For Those Who Were Driven To Madness
Break The Cycle
What Odyssey Have We Embarked Upon
Why Are We Dependent On Insanity
Crazed About The Crazy
Yet We Lay Dormant When Docility Detaches Us From
Devastation <
Housed In Houses Of Bedlam
Riddle Me This
If A Dog Eats Dog How Does A Species Solidify Structure
Maintaining The Tame Makes Us Timid In The Eyes Of
Anarchy
After All, If Only The Strong Survives
What Does Wisdom Mean To The Wise
The Meek Shall Inherit Dirt, If That Is What You Call Earth
Only Shall We Bow In Acquiescence To The Divinity Of Free
Will
If Helter Skelter Is Your Shelter
Remain In The Rubble Of Civility Until Fire & Brimstone Rains
Down & Incinerates This 3rd Rock From The Sun
Be Of Us Who Have Seen The True Light
The Resistance

By. Blair Templeman
Indecisive

The Doctrine Of Doctors Caters To The Attire Of The Addicts
Adamant About A Fix But Desperately Trying To Recover Recovery
But Traversing Without A Map Leaves You Clueless At The Fork In The Road, And Makes It All The More Easier For The Immoral To Become Moral & The Radical To Become Rational
Rationalizing Your Actions & Justifying Your Judgements Become Just
But The Justice System Is Built Around Decisions Decided By Strangers Who Claim To Know You All To Well Where Do You Go From Here
Left Or Right, Vertical Or Horizontal, Who Knows Why Continue When You’ve Done Everything But Accomplished Nothing
Captured None But Seen All
Been Taught The Lessons Of Life But Only Learned To Be A Loser
Hopefully Help Can Hear Your Cries
Dear Nature Of Experience, Please Enlighten The Indecisive

By. Blair Templeman
Here Lies The Heretic

They Persecute Me Because I Challenge The Ethics Of Their So Called Norm
Who Is This Omnipresent Deity They Speak Of & Attribute All Things To
Everyone Can Tell Me, Yet No One Has Seen
But What Is Seen Are Scenes That Seem To Be So Fictitious They Could
End Up On Screens
Facetious Lies & Cynical Standpoints Prevent Them From Questioning What
Is, Or More So The Lack Thereof
But Who Am I To Judge, Yet I Must Ask
If All Decisiveness Is Self-Imposed Are Ye Not Your Own Gods
Marinate,
Label Me The One Who Embraces Heresy
The Sacrelegious Speaker Who Lives By His Own Creed
No Pun Intended, I Am Who I Am
So People Of The Masses I Say Unto You
Endorse Individuality & Open Your Minds To A Vast Universe Of Endless
Possibilities That Couldn’t Possibly Be Governed By A Single
Consciousness.

By. Blair Templeman
Where Does Love Reside

They Say It's In The Heart
What If You're Heartless
They Say It Lives In The Light
What If There's Only Darkness
They Say It Brings Warmth & A Sense Of Security
What If You Only Feel Isolation & The Grasp Of Poisoned Impurity
Then What
Can Someone Please Tell Me Where Does Love Reside
Because It Doesn't Live Here
Ever Felt As If You Were Complete
Only To Learn That The Walls You've Built Around Your Fortress Were Fragile & Cheap
What A Feeling
But One Thing For Sure, Two Things For Certain
Disappointment Brings Solitude & Cancel The Show Of All Social Endeavors & Closes The Curtains
I've Searched & I've Looked, Through Movies & Books Through Life & Death, Turned Right & Left
Never Once Have I Had A Close Encounter
So, Can Someone Please Tell Me Where Does Love Reside
Because It Doesn't Live Here

By. Blair Templeman 471153
Feet Don't Fail Me Now

Running
My Pace Is Starting To Dwindle
How Long Can I Keep This Up
Agility Only Lasts But So Long
No,
I Can't Give Up
There's A Bigger Picture
Da Vinci Didn't Follow Standard Protocol
Andy Warhol Basked In The Glory Being An Enigma
Why Should I Settle For Less
I Am Of The 1%
A True Keeper Of Comprehension
The World Is In Shambles
Someone Has To Incite Revolution
Keep Running,
Ignore Shortness Of Breath
No Distance Is Too Far
What If I Trip
Embrace It
Falling's Only Purpose Is To Remind You Of The Reason
You Started To Run
Be Patient, Helpless Like-Minded Ones
Authentic Change Is On The Way
Feet Don't Fail Me Now

By. Blair Templeman
Thoughts Of A Mad Man

Impulse
What Is It
The Gateway To Satisfaction
Humility
Can’t Trust It
It Brings About Bad Reactions
Seize The Moment, Capitalize On The Opportunity
Put Your Theories To The Test
Sleep When You Die
Bring About Pandemonium
There’s No Time To Rest
Act As If You’re In Solitary Confines
Be Alone In Chaos
A Flash Mob Of One
Because When The Smoke Clears
No Eclipse Can Block Out This Radiant Sun
Think Avian
Fly Amongst The Stars
Claim The Universe For Self
Be As The Gods Of Sumeria
Destroy Those Who Oppose Your Standing
And Don’t Just Arrive
Assume The Form Of A Meteorite & Make A Crash Landing
Brain Overload, I’ve Hot Wired My Thoughts
Listen To The Sounds Of A Mad Man In All He Was Taught

By. Blair Templeman *47/53
Silence

All Is Dead, But The Abyss Screams Ever So Loudly
Souls Of The Damned Embrace The Dark Of Night
Voiceless Cries Pierce Your Ears
None Ever Escape This Realm
For It Is The Home Of All True Fears
Putrid Aromas Plague The Atmosphere
What A Scene To Behold
Candid Expressions Of Anguish Seep Through The Words
Of Every Story Told
Grime, Filth, & All Things Foul
Beyond The Grave With Restlessness
Silence!
Never Heard A Noise So Loud
Desolate, Void, Lacking The Sense Of Being Complete
Barren Wastelands Where The Cold Gives Off So Much
Heat
Silence!
No Life Allowed
Fade To Black & Dwell With Us
Because Silence Is Infinite, Ashes To Ashes & Dust To Dust

By. Blair Templeman

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Son Of Pandora

Keeper Of All Things
Bearer Of The Trees Of Life & Knowledge
Essentially The Protector Of The Universe
Humble & Docile
Keeping The World On A Need To Know Basis
Giving The Basics Without Embracing The Baseless
Rare Has Anyone Dare Venture Near The Gates Of Forever
For It Holds More Than One Can Fathom
Some Say It Holds All The Troubles & Chaos Earth Has Yet
To Encounter
Oh, Dreamer Of Decadence
Dreadful Master & Breaker Of Monotony
Release What Man Speaks Of But Never Manifests
Show Us What Really Awaits Us In The Close But Distant
Shadows
Let Us Breathe The True Air Of Adrenaline
Concoct What No Alchemist Ought To Envision
Be It Kills Us All Or Brings Us Intellectual Enhancement
Show Us That You Truly Are The Son Of Pandora

By. Blair Templeman
Lost

Anger Is Just The Surface
What Lies Beneath Is Hurt, Sadness, & Anxiety
Emotions Of A Different Variety
I’ve Become Dedicated To A Darker Source
A Life Where All Are Desensitized
They Say The Eyes Are The Doorway To The Soul
What Happens When They Reveal Nothing
I Began As A Basket Case
Then Slowly Deteriorated Into A Single Energy Living In A Realm Of Purgatory
Can’t Differentiate What Is From What Isn’t Delusions Or Illusions
Mirages Or Hopeful Fantasies
To Me Everything Is Factual & Fictional All At The Same Time
How Is It Possible For One To Feel Overwhelmed But Still Feel Nothing
Someone Has To Know
Where Does Forever Stop & Where Does Never Begin
Forget It I’m Lost

By. Blair Templeman 47753
The One Who Death Knows Is Near

The Dead Star Shines, But Never Enlightens
Therefore I'm Just Staring At The Sky Of Night
Oh, Hopeless Visions
Do You Not Care & Simply Refuse To Come To Fruition
What Is My Purpose
Living To Die
That's My Take
Nothing To Give
Only Desperation As Life Seeps Out Of Me Like A Cracked Ceiling
I Am Dying To Live
Sheep Without Shepard
Mighty Eagle Without Wing
Empty Sadness Aching To Be Comforted
Am I Not Up To Standard With The Creed Of Existence
Give Me A Sign
I Beg Of You, Majestic Emperor Of Always
Reveal Unto Me The Keys To Infinity
Let Me Be Of The Deserving
Or Shall You Leave Me To Perish & Fester Among Parched Leeches
Hear Me As I Speak
I Am This & This Only,
The One Who Death Knows Is Near

By. Blair Templeman
Suicide

Faceless Enemies & Mental Demons, Is This A Sure Shot Case Of Insanity Or Just A Man Battling To Change Himself For The Better
Who's Call Is It To Make
Everyday I Hear Voices, Some Bad & Some Worse
Do I Give In & Run Rampant Or Put Myself In A Psychological Strait Jacket
Either Way I'm Fighting A War I've Already Lost
My Thoughts Are Diseased & There's No Vaccine Or Anti-Virus Anywhere In Sight
Sleep Is Limited & There's No Safe Haven To Protect Me From The Persecution Of My Reflection
It's Like Walking Up A Never Ending Staircase & Falling Forever Simultaneously
I've Exhausted All Options & Traveled All Roads
What's Left Is The Inevitable
Dare I Say It
Why Not No One Cares Anyway
Suicide

By. Blair Templeman
What I See

What Does My World Consist Of
Death, Agony, Drugs, & Manipulation
It's Dog Eat Dog In A Kill Or Be Killed Mindframe
But The Wolves Still Run In Packs
Everyone's Looking For The Next Come-Up Without Caring
Who Has To Meet Their Demise On Their Way To Get It
Hatred, Heartbreak, Jealousy, & Envy Plague The Thoughts
Of Every Live Being
Who Dares Try To Stop This Chaotic Carousel
The Cycle Doesn't Break
It Just Takes A Break & Resurfaces When You Let Your
Guard Down
We Call It The Quiet Before The Storm
So Ask Me What I See
Positivity Never, Benevolence Nonexistent
If I Could Sum This World Up In 3 Words It Would Be
Cruel, Evil, & Unforgiving
So Take A Walk In My Shoes & See This Life With My
Vision

By. Blair Templeman
The One-Way Street

Imagine a road that has one destination, one sidewalk, no stop signs, and one reason. A typical road that's just around the bend, with unlimited parking and countless sins. It has one direction, entrance, and ends in a dead end. The inhabitants are undesirable friends that'll smile in your face; then, stab you in the back when you show it to them. It is a place you don't wish to be, visit, or live. A place that will ruin your best genuine intentions. Once you're in, you're stuck like a spiraling spider web. Since this is hell on Earth, then where is Earth's heaven? To cross this One-Way Street, look both ways and pray for forgiveness and amends.

Eric Holmes
12/25/10
He Chose Not to Listen

Hypnotized by the glimmer of the life and gold,
he questions the Piper and a warning he is told:
"This ain't a game of Poker, you might want to fold."

As the waves begin to crash and the bells begin to toll,
he enters the land fast and his heart turns cold.
The lightning in his eyes flash and the thunder in his spite rolls.

With a pitchfork and a grin, he's the devil's risen soul.
Casting evil again, so sinister and uncontrolled.
Death's new best friend; to be a demon is his goal.

His life is cancerous; he entices others to explode.
Been given six second chances each single one blown.
Takes ten steps back each time he advances; his heart is an empty hole.

As it rains on his tinted glass, he continues down the bumpy road.
No need for the mask, he has melted into the mold - a picture-perfect cast.
Heaven's door has closed.

By Eric Holmes
With every resent,
hatred - his ally - grows.
Burning bridges - his common sin -
add another to the list of foes.
Since he chose not to listen,
he reaps all that he has sown.

Eric Holmes
10/10/13
My Definition of a Tale of an Addict

is as deep as the abyss;
off the tip of my tongue,
and with the flick of my wrist;
off the top of my head,
and soaked in tears of a convict;
from the core of my heart
while my soul aids and assists.
With the beauty of its plot,
comes the art of the twist.
With the pen and pad as gifts,
this tale of an addict, manifests.

Listen closely to this tragic epic.
Lend me your ears, don’t be a skeptic
I couldn’t foresee nor predict
that this would begin with just one hit.
Who I was then, I would soon forget.
People and events I started to resent.
Numerous, the sky is their limits.

This tale is of a quest
that led to a place full of broken promises
and whole regrets.
A place where love and hate,
simultaneously, co-exists.
Love: the syringe injects
instantaneous bliss.
Hate: the chemical inflicts
personality shifts.
These perilous opposites,
flow through the veins at the same minute.
This love and hate relationship
is the epitome of a synchronous sickness.
   Amidst are vicious,
   uncomfortable hot and cold sweats -
   Tempting psychological foreplay -
   Impossible to resist.
   Blinded my pleasure,
   life's most basics evicts
and the soul is sold like it's materialistic.

But heartbroken I chase her
pain stricken, envious, and sick.
   Heartbroken I taste her,
again the sickness is fixed.

Within this ferociousness,
and spun by the suspense,
I was left in bewilderment
   harboring callousness.
   Deft and in awareness
of this black storm's torrents,
I progress with forlorn bitterness.

Welcome to a world of authentic
evil magic, that is repetitious.
This place no treats but plenty of tricks.
   A realm in which,
only bigots wish to visit.
   The intents of the inhabitants
are to make a dime out of every six cents.
The hospitals are within hours
while the methadone clinics
are within minutes.
My Definition of a Tale of an Addict (continued)

It takes too many hardships
for one to understand what is precious.
So I continued to chase her
through the chaotic tempest.
Through the eye of the needle,
she offers nothing but death and torment.

Eric Holmes
9/12/13
The Shoe

They walk to visit their friend Steph -
   An oblivious countdown of steps.
She lets him tie her pink Converse,
   first things first, then the next

   With a wink of his eye,
   comes a giggle between her breaths.
   Her heart skips a beat -
   beginning the set.

On the sidewalk that states their address
   he grabs her hand as they hang a left;
pass a man that is homeless and tosses him 60 cents,
   regardless, of the man's intent.

   There's a horn off in the distance -
   a car doing 60 in city limits.
He presents a gift - a pair of pink laces
   to go with her Converse.

Attached is a love poem that admits:
   With the beauty of the pen,
   by the ink you've been kissed
   Her heart beat skips
   The second of the set

   They become deaf amidst
   the bliss of embracement -
   unaware for a stretch -
   of the screeches on the pavement.

   This is life turning on a dime
   and giving change one wouldn't expect.
   In the blink of an eye
   the past flashes its precious moments.
The Shoe (continued)

Hand in hand he senses her heart beat skip in its last instant. With the release of her grip discontinues the content set.

He enters the land of unconsciousness which is the best of his benefits. This unpredicted predicament is the worst one can select:

With the opening of an eye, comes a glimpse devastating and intense; a pink bloody mess he earlier finessed; the shoe dangles from a chain-linked fence.

Eric Holmes
9/12/43

63
And He Wrote

Within this touch of possible
hides the noose inside your loop.
Oblivious to:
“suicidal youth.”

And He Wrote:
Between the introduction of the lie
and the satisfaction of space,
lies the space between first and last place
in this unwinnable race.

I couldn’t compete to your unending demands
or of any of your so called “friends.”
With every attempt, I would begin
to crawl out of my skin.
But deeply addicted to you
while lost in denial,
my eyes poured with tears
as I watched you smile.

And He Wrote:
From the beginning of the end
to the end of significant,
you were bliss
while I was ignorant.
Since the birth of the idea
up to the death of deception,
you had my arms bound
begging for your inception.
As the blood trickled down the arm
your euphoric rush disguised you harm.
It was as if our intents weren’t on par -
as soon as I embark, you’d depart.

By Eric Holmes
And He Wrote:
From the Heaven I had
to the Hell I went through,
"too much"
was never enough for you.
i gave you my all -
allowing you to allow me
to crash, stumble, and fall

When the dust settled
and through the smoke,
a strand of rope
lain beside the note.

And He Wrote:
I fold in attempt to cope.
WHO'S TO BLAME

No fortune or fame from whence I came, a poverty stricken ghetto lies my fortune of pain. Fighting through a maze of struggles from one right to another, No regrets from what I was taught, cause I will always love her. SELLIN' dope, robbin', them folks, smokin' them trees just so I can cope. Naw, Naw, I had it all wrong, she was teaching me hope against all hope.

Hellbent on livin' "Ghetto Fabulous" according to our own connotation, indoctrinated by our own impression to kill one another, hate each other like it's an obligation. Our ancestors fought against all odds for the future generations to destroy all ghettoes, but seriously they would probably kill us for the disrespect we've shown to whom should be our "FALLEN HEROES."

We've ignited a war amongst our own & might as well be auxiliaries to the GRAND WIZARDS! This war seems it will never end Negroes, to Nigger, to Nigga:

But we ready to kill when the white man calls us a Nigger.

I ain't saying it's right, but who's to blame for the progression of the rapid combustion of a fiery trigger? Yet we steady chasing the dream of becoming "THE BIGGA BIGGA."

Now you tell me, how about changing this faulty picture.

We want and ought to be proud of Black History and what it represents, but how can you be proud of a generation that flipped the switch on being hellbent? Aint no sunshine when she's gone, short-lived dreams of liberty, due to the rolled-out "Red Carpet" of predestinatingly belonging to the penitentiary.

Before we're even born, statistics say we'll either be locked up or gunned down by one of our own.

"Power To The People" was once a Powerful Slogan representing Perseverance & Determination, but only darkness surrounds "The People" for what's prone... with destitution of inspiration.

Rewriting history of an OBSOLETE FUTURE among us,

Hopes & Dreams becoming just that,

Hatred fueled energy of coming out of the womb with a gat.

Doomed for complete and utter failure, & envious when another brother makes it.

You can say "THE MAN" is racist all you want, but the truth is...

WE ARE OUR OWN MOST HATED!

We should continue to fight for freedom but realize so much has been given. Stop blaming others for your faulty reasoning, do something productive & just start livin'. Accepting these statistics isn't living at all. We're slowly dying off, and it seems extinction is inevitable, & we're simply supplying the cost.

You pay the cost to be the boss, but how about being extraordinarily ordinary...?

66

By Justin Adams
Ab - I almost forgot that would be considered as being soft.
And I ask... Who's at fault, & who makes up these rules?
And aren't rules sometimes meant to be broken, or do we keep killing each other
& end up in the end looking like fools?
MAN I LOVE BEING BLACK, How about you?
But I don't want to stay black and die,
what type of adage is that,
I want to stay black and rise - leave a tapestry and then die,
sear a dent in the minds and when conversations rise, people will say,
"He aint dead, man that fool still alive."
But the real magic is when there's evidence of change, then and only then can you be proud of the
indentation you've made in the game.
We need to go back to fighting for UNITY,
It really makes me sick that we want to war against a brother with different opportunities
or from a different city.
Why... Please give me a good enough reason why we want African-American enemies?
When are we gonna really realize that we ARE NOT THE ENEMY,
instead of accepting this ignorant stupidity?
Like I said,
"I LOVE THE FACT THAT I'M BLACK,"
but I won't let my life become just a stat.
I'm Not Bound nor Will I Be Impelled, to take the world view of the Black Man and become just that,
In all of it's degenerate villainous and malevolent nescience...
I Will Not Commemorate!

By Justin S. Adams #32937
12/4/13
LOVE TO NATURE...

Have I told you lately that I Loved You?
I believe that I have,
I just think you believe it's not true.
You mean everything to me,
not to mention,
more than the world.
I can't hide my love for you.
like an ugly clam shell sheltering an astonishing pearl.
You may think you're age-old,
so allow me to free your young heart tonight.
Only I can see your Aurora borealis,
with the heart of Love & the heart of Sight.
I have a new purpose,
being that you're in my life,
I have this undying urge to bring you happiness
and love you with all my might.
We were created to love,
so I must love in Spirit & in Truth.
But I feel like it's so much more than that,
all because it is NOW.
I have hurt those who loved me in the past,
so I loved wrong.
Since being away from the awful foolishness,
I've watched, observed, studied & learned-
that I must love Hard & Long.
For every win someone must fail.
But I don't mind to lose in love,
because I never loved enough to tell.
I loved slavishly & conniving,
emotionally abusive to make my woman frail.
It's a wonder I'm not broken or even dead at that matter.
Yet, I am remorseful that I treated those abysmally.
like they didn't have an effusive stature.
I've regressed to make progress, I've digested the anguish I've caused,
and spewed the sickness out to cleanse my soul of anything flayed.
I want to win at L.O.V.E.,
but if I get broken hearted that's OK.
So I'm telling you this to say,
"I LOVE YOU & I'M SINCERELY HOPE YOU DON'T FEEL THE SAME WAY!"

By: Justin S. Adams
12/16/13

68
MOMMA

Momma, I never meant to make you cry, I never meant to hurt you,
leaving you empty inside from an unexpected goodbye.
I should've listened to you but that's a whole other story.
From the moment I laid eyes upon you I knew you adored me.
I miss you and now I'm replaying everything of what should've been-
a wonderful relationship closer than most.
but now I'm having faded memories of way back when.
I destroyed our relationship and I knew you never left me alone,
but I'm talking about the detachment, the pain, the heartache, the rain
I conveyed to your home.
I'm Sorry, I didn't mean to break you're your heart,
I scared that pain into pieces with years left unexplained-causing distances between
our adhesiveness for our love not to be as strong and be where we belong.
You brought me into this world & I know you can take me out,
but the heartache I'm causing you, DON'T BE PROUD; confess this with your mouth!
BE PROUD of the changed man I've become
and know you're one of the reasons this change has come.
I still apologize for the way you feel about the things you should've done,
MOMMA, you raised me right-sacrificed yourself so that I could have a life.
IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT-YOU MUST FORGIVE YOURSELF,
& PUT JESUS IN YOUR SIGHTS.
Continue to love me with all of your might, & your grandson-
TEACH HIM ABOUT CHRIST!
If you feel like you done me wrong; don't...
But show MARCEL The Way, The Truth, & The Life.
Love Marcel like you love me but love God Better, Love Ebony Harder, Break the Mold...
It's not too late to become a Trend Setter.
Do this one thing for your son:
Give into Christ-Take Marcel with you and let Ebony watch your change become Truth.

By: Justin S. Adams #32937
12/30/13

Dedicated to Claudia "MTS" Allen
I Love You Mom, Always- n- Forever
To The Moon and Back Again, Missing You Daily Like Crazy!
Outta Sight  Outta Mind

When you get locked up
   and no one writes.
It gets hard at times,
   especially during the nights.
I think of them,
   but do they miss me?
Should I hold a grudge,
   am I still part of the family?
Missing all the wonderful events,
   wishing you were there.
So much going on in their lives,
   you wonder if they really care.
You start to think,
   did I do anything wrong?
Do they still love me,
   how long can I stay strong.
They disappear one by one,
   which means they come and they go.
Do they understand you're not being selfish,
   but this ain't no Drive-In Peep Show!
We understand your life doesn't stop for us,
   but can't they write to ask,
"How you Doin?"
Seems like you've been forsaken,
   by the ones closest to you.
Then you start to believe sometimes,
   no news is good news.
I hate the crime I committed,
   I truly am smitten.
I know by God it's "Water Under the Bridge,"
   but by others; am I truly forgiven?
Why is it when you get locked up,
   everyone seems so distant?
I don't know the answer
   but it seems to me,
It's your mind playing with your convictions.
   the best way to avoid this is,
Stay out of prison!
I know in my experience,
   my family still loves me,
   but it seems for the time being,
   they are "missin."

Justine Adams
#33937
3-45-12

70
The Brightest Star I See At Night

Star Light Star Bright,
I think of you whenever I see a star at night.
You are life made right,
an example of a perfect daughter in my sight.
I wish I may, I wish I might,
be there one day to help you along the way,
and make things right.
My hopes and Dreams are in you to succeed,
to my Heavenly Father I pray and plead.
Your future is set,
but don't get ahead of yourself,
The morrow will worry about itself,
take into the present, make the right choices
and your path will be straight-forward and direct.
Goals are attainable,
and at your stage nothing's impossible.
We serve a Mighty God,
and your achievements are multiple,
just how I expected you to be:
A Go-Getter, an Overachiever, A mind so bright and free.
Set your affections on the things above,
and not just on the things you can see.
Keep your fiery light burning always,
cause there'll be times as if your light has dimmed out,
But a Bright Star like you will always glow,
ever letting the penetrating Spirit of Doubt enter your house.
People are watching you so be that glow for everyone to see,
I wish upon a Star-
The Brightest One Above The Sea.

By: Justin S. Adams # 329317
12/12/13

When I look up in the sky at night and I see The Biggest Brightest Star, I imagine it above a sea. How it lights up the sky and everything else below gives such sweet, sweet serenity. I wish upon that star cause that's what you mean to me. That star gives me hope that everything is not just what it seems. I think of you because you are an inspiration to me and evidence that it's not all about me. You are so wonderful and I'm excited, amazed that I can call you friend, sister-in-Christ, daughter. I couldn't ask for a better person/daughter in my life and that's why I wish upon The Brightest Star I See At Night.

I LOVE YOU SCARLETT ALWAYS-N-FOREVER!
A GAME YOU CAN'T WIN

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT A GAME I PLAY
WHERE I CLOSE MY EYES AND FADE AWAY
BEYOND THE STARS, MOON, AND SPACE
I FLOAT AWAY TO A SPECIAL PLACE
IN THIS SPECIAL PLACE YOU SEE
THERE ARE ONLY TWO PEOPLE, YOU AND ME
IN THIS PLACE ALL IS RIGHT
NOTHING BUT LOVE, AND WE NEVER FIGHT
IN THIS PLACE THERE IS NO SADNESS
NO CELLS, NO COURTS, NONE OF THAT MADNESS
NO RULES TO FOLLOW, NO LAWS TO BREAK
NO BARS TO HOLD US, OR TO SEPERATE
NO ONE TO TELL US WE CAN'T KISS OR HUG
OR TO LET US KNOW OF THE HOLES WE'VE DUG
I DON'T JUST TELL YOU, "I LOVE YOU"
I SHOW YOU HOW MUCH I DO
BUT EVENTUALLY THIS GAME WILL END
MY EYES WILL OPEN, AND REALITY SETS IN

BY: JEREMY D. ELSWICK

72
"MY FRIEND"

I'M SORRY THERE'S NOTHING MAGICAL I COULD SAY TO MAKE ALL THAT HAS HAPPEN'D, GO AWAY I TRUELY WISH THAT SOMEHOW I COULD EXPLAIN THE REASON FOR ALL OF THIS NEEDLESS PAIN NO ANSWERS COME, WHEN WE ASK OURSELVES WHY PLEASE KNOW, IT'S NOT BECAUSE YOU FAILED TO TRY BECAUSE EVERYONE KNOS THAT, THAT'S SIMPLY NOT TRUE YOU HAVE ALWAYS DONE WHAT A GOOD PARENT IS SUPPOSED TO DO VALUES? YES I HAVE MANY, YOU TAUGHT US MORALS, AND TO BE POLITE MY BEAUTIFUL MOM... YOU HAVE EVEN COME TO HOLD US IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT THANKS TO YOU THERE WAS ALWAYS FOOD ON OUR TABLE, AND A ROOF OVER OUR HEAD LOVE AND COMPASSION, WHENEVER TEARS WERE SHED YOU TAUGHT US THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG A WOMAN, AND YET YOU TAUGHT ME TO A MAN, I NEVER GIVE UP.... AND I STAY STRONG I ONLY WISH THAT I COULD CHANGE THE PAST ONLY BY SLOWING IT DOWN, CAUSE IT WENT BY MUCH TO FAST AND NOW, HERE I AM AGAIN, SITTING IN THIS CELL WITH WORDS OF ANOTHER POEM, TRYING TO TELL OF THE LOVE I HAVE FOR YOU, MY MOM, DEEP IN MY HEART AND THE PAIN THAT I FEEL BECAUSE WE ARE APART I ONLY CAN IMAGINE HOW TUFF IT MUST BE FOR YOU, MY MOM, FOR HAVING TO SEE THE ROADS I HAVE CHOSEN TO TRAVEL OVER THE YEARS SO SELF DESTRUCTIVE, AND CAUSING YOU SO MANY PAINFUL TEARS I REALLY WANT YOU TO KNOW, THAT NO MATTER HOW THIS ENDS YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MUCH MORE THAN A PARENT, YOU HAVE ALSO BEEN, MY FRIEND

BY: JEREMY D. ELSWICK 2013

73
"MISSING YOU"

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THE WIND SIGH
AT TIME'S, IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ME WANNA CRY
IT'S AT THOSE TIME'S, I THINK ABOUT YOU
TODAY AS I STAND HERE STARING OFF IN SPACE
REMEMBERING HOW GOOD IT USED TO FEEL, JUST TO SEE A SMILE ON YOUR FACE
I STILL REMEMBER THE SOUND OF YOUR LAUGH
GOOD DAYS, WE HAD MANY, TO MANY TO COUNT, I WAS NEVER GOOD AT MATH
THE ONLY THING THAT EVER ADDED UP TO ME... WAS YOU
I WONDER IF YOU EVER KNEW, HOW MUCH I REALLY LOVE YOU
DAYS LIKE TODAY, IS ENOUGH TO MAKE ME THINK, THAT I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LET
GO
I WHISPER SOFTLY, "I LOVE YOU"... HOPING AGAINST HOPE, THAT SOMEHOW, YOU
KNOW
CHOKED UP, REMEMBERING THE WAY YOU USED TO SING YOUR LOVE FOR ME
AS IF OUR LOVE WAS A VERSE THAT EVERYONE COULD SEE
OUR SONG, A SONG THAT WAS WRITTEN ON THE WIND
FOR ME IT'S A SONG THAT PLAYS, OVER AND OVER AGAIN
EACH TIME I FEEL THE WIND'S GENTLE BREEZE, I CAN FEEL YOU STANDING NEXT TO
ME
IN MY MIND I GUESS THE WIND STILL CARRIES YOU, AND YOUR LOVE FOR ME
AS I WATCH THE WIND BLOW SOME LEAVES, I HEAR A WHISPER... "I LOVE YOU"
I GUESS THAT'S HOW IT'S ALWAYS GONNA BE, THIS IS ME... MISSING YOU

#25534

BY: JEREMY D. ELSWICK

2013

74
"ONLY A DREAM"

HOW CAN I SHOW, HOW MUCH I MISS YOU
AND PLEASE SHOW ME A WAY TO SAY, "I LOVE YOU"
IF ONLY I COULD SHOW YOU, HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE YOU
HOW MANY DIFFERENT WAYS CAN I SAY, THANK YOU
FOR REMEMBERING ME
WHEN NOT MANY SEEM TO REMEMBER, JEREMY
I GOT A LETTER FROM YOU TODAY
EVEN BEFORE I CAN OPEN IT, MY DAY IS A BETTER DAY
A BETTER DAY BECAUSE OF YOU
LONELINESS GOES AWAY, MY HEART BEAT, STRONG AND TRUE
YOUR LETTER FILLS ME WITH LIFE, HOPE, AND REASON
IT REMINDS ME OF ALL I'M MISSIN'
I READ YOUR LETTER WITH TEARS IN MY EYES
I MISS YOU BEAUTIFUL, TODAY... MY HEART NO LONGER CRIES
YOU REMIND ME OF WHAT IT'S LIKE, TO HAVE SOMEONE IN YOUR
CORNER, SOMEONE WHO CARES
EACH DAY I GET A LETTER, I'M A LITTLE BETTER, NO MORE
EMPTY STARES

By Jeremy Elswick
MY EYES, THEY ARE BRIGHT WITH NEW FOUND FOCUS
I'M REMINDED OF MY PURPOSE, LIFE NO LONGER SEEMS SO HOPELESS
I LOVE YOU, THANX FOR TAKING MY PAIN, I NO LONGER FEEL SO ALONE
YOU TAKE ME AWAY, SHELTER ME IN LOVE, REMIND ME OF WHAT IT'S LIKE, TO HAVE SOMEONE AT HOME
I HEAR A CALL IN THE DISTANCE...... "CHOW, GO TO CHOW"
I PICK MY HEAD UP OFF OF THE DESK, I'VE FALLEN ASLEEP SOMEHOW
HAPPINESS FADES AWAY, WHY IS NOTHING EVER WHAT IT SEEMS
YOU WAS THERE, BUT I WAS ASLEEP, IT WAS ONLY A DREAM!!

BY: JEREMY D. ELSWICK #25534
2013

76
"EACH THURSDAY"

I sit here listening to Mr. Davis speak of being a hood star, on Carver Street
in the form of a poem, "More is never enough" then he reads "Pen Pimpin" a clever feat
Up next is Mr. Spencer he reads, "Home Again" telling us to buckle up as he takes us on a journey with words... leaving us love struck amazed these men come to this class to read words from their heart, written by their pen
They reach down deep, each week to bring us something new, leaves you anxious to come back again.

Thursdays at 2:30, for an hour, we journey away from here, our time to shine.....
Shine with words, so much talent, I drift further away, line after line Mr. Adams is up next, he takes you on a journey back to your first love in "Forever Young"
Then he reads, "My Heart" , in those words you drift away with thoughts of your kids, damn I miss my son.

We have our own Shakespeare in Mr. Cook, he reads, "Out of the Fray" paints pictures with words, made me think of my someone special, who used to make my day, a brighter day.
Mr. Pendleton reads "Death Toll" telling us "we only have one life to live at the end, these words echo in your mind, you don't live to die, you die to live"

Bliz is up now, he takes you on a journey, as he reads Heretic I don't know your religious beliefs, after listening to that, you're sure to question it Sam tells you in "Discipline & Temptation" of his conversation with xoul really makes you think about gettin' out and chillin' with them that you used to know

After listening to them, I was kinda nervous as I got up to read mine I tell you how my wife is still with me in, "missing you" I tell you how I'll love her for all of time, not used to speaking my thoughts and feelings in room full of others

77

By Jeremy Elswick
"Each Thursday" (continued)

As I continue to listen I realize that we're all related in time,
in time we're brothers.
Mr. Thompson gets up and surprises us all with "Better Day's"
paints a picture of life so very clear, it's not only black and
white, there's also many shades of grays. Brings you back to
our reality, we're still stuck here, cause we were all caught
until we're free you're welcome to come and hear our words of
poetry, in poetry's workshop.
And maybe just maybe we can take you away
even if it's only for an hour.... each Thursday

By: Jeremy D. Elswick

25534
"NO ONE WINS IN THE RICH MAN'S EYES"

BORN AS A CHILD INNOCENT AND SWEET
TURNED INTO A HARD HEAD RUNNING THOSE STREETS
FRONTED SOME DOPE GIVEN A GUN
ACTING TOUGH ON THAT CORNER SPORE IT WAS ONLY
HIS TO RUN
SOMEONE KILLED, NOT LONG IN THE GAME
ANOTHER KIDS FOUND FORTUNE AND FAME
THE MAN HE SHOT BELONGS TO A GANG
NOW THEY SEARCH THE STREETS TO FIND OUT HIS NAME
AS SOON AS HE IS FOUND, IT'S ANOTHER LIFE LOST
THEY'RE GOING TO KILL THIS KID NO MATTER THE COST
IN THIS WAR THEY FIGHT ON THE STREETS
ITS BLOODY AND CRUEL FOR EACH ONE IT MEETS
BUT NO MATTER WHO LIVES, NO MATTER WHO DIES
NO ONE WINS IN THE RICH MAN'S EYES!

BY: JEREMY D. ELSWICK
"FOREVER"

IN MY MIND THOUGHTS OF YOU ARE CLEAR
IN HEART, MY LOVE FOR YOU STAYS SINCERE
I DON'T WANNA SAY GOODBYE
WITHOUT YOU MY HEART WILL ALWAYS CRY
THE PAIN IS TOO MUCH
I STILL LONG FOR YOUR LOVING, AND TENDER TOUCH
I STARE AT THE CLOUD'S ABOVE
LOOKING FOR YOUR ALL SO MISSED LOVE
LIKE YOUR IN THE CLOUD'S TRYING TO HIDE
I CAN'T HELP IT, I'M DIEING INSIDE
YOUR GONE THIS I KNOW
AND YET, I CAN'T SEEM TO LET GO
I STILL DREAM OF THAT EVER-PRESENT DAY
THE DAY HE CAME AND TOOK YOU AWAY
ON THAT PAINFUL DAY, MY HEART WAS TORN
EVEN NOW, YEARS LATER, I MOURN

BY: JEREMY D. ELSWICK
"OUR LOVE"

I KNOW IT SEEMS CRAZY TO EVERYONE ELSE
THEY JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT WAS WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER,
THE WAY IT FELT
THE MY HEART WOULD RACE AT THE SIGHT OF YOU
HOW I STOOD ON A CORNER, LIKE I HAD NOTHING ELSE TO DO
WAITING ALL DAY...JUST FOR A CHANCE TO SEE YOU
I WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN HOW GOOD IT FELT, EVERY TIME I
HEARD YOU SAY, "I LOVE YOU"
GOING TO SLEEP AT NIGHT WITH YOUR HEAD ON MY CHEST
SOME OF OUR MOMENTS THAT I LOVED BEST
CAUSE AT THAT MOMENT, ALL IN THE WORLD SEEM'D RIGHT
NO MATTER HOW BAD OUR DAY WAS, IT ALWAYS WENT AWAY AT NIGHT
I REMEMBER WHAT WE WOULD ALWAYS SAY...
"I LOVE YOU," THIS IS MY FAVORITE TIME OF DAY
WORDS THAT WE BOTH WOULD SAY EVERY NIGHT, A RITUAL FOR US
"DAMN BELLA," I'LL ALWAYS LOVE AND MISS US
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU AGAIN
SO THAT MY HEART, CAN BEAT AGAIN
I SEE YOU IN EVERYTHING, EVEN IN THE CLOUD'S ABOVE
YOUR STILL WITH ME, I GUESS THAT WAS JUST THE POWER OF....... OUR

LOVE

BY: JEREMY D. ELSWICK 2013
"FORGET ME NOTS"

Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul
Knowing that doesn't help, while watching your life spin out of control
Your stuck in here, there is no way for you to help
So you say sorry, knowing it doesn't help, no matter how heart felt
Because you still here, feeling torn, eyes tear up,... glistening
Thinking of all your missing, as you write this poetic letter... wonder
Who's listening

Alone, at night, sometimes talking to yourself
Choking up as you look at your metal reflection, there's no help
So called friends are gone, they have only shown apathy

A hard reality as I look around and see no friends standing next to me
On nights like this, you really feel the weight of your failures

Another day goes by, and still, no-one remembers

As they say, out of sight, out of mind

If only I had the power to push rewind
Maybe then I would be able to remind them, to keep me in their thoughts
If only I could send some flowers, you know, those forget me nots!

BY: JEREMY D. ELSWICK

2013
"MANDY"

WHY DOES EVERYONE ALWAYS LEAVE
IN ANYONE, IT'S ALWAYS BEEN HARD FOR ME TO BELIEVE
SO MANY LIES, AND FALSE HOPE
I'M ALWAYS LEFT ALONE, HOPELESS, TRYING TO COPE
COPE WITH THE LOSS OF THEIR LOVE, MAYBE I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND
HOW THEY CAN EASILY ABANDON ME, I TRY TO BE A GOOD MAN
EACH DAY IS A STRUGGLE, TO KEEP A GOOD ATTITUDE
LOST IN TIME, STUCK IN SERVITUDE
SO LONELY ... THEN A LIGHT BRIGHTENS MY LIFE, OUT OF NO-WHERE
SOMEONE SPECIAL COMES, SOMEONE WHO SEEMS TO CARE
AT LEAST ONCE EVERY WEEK, SHE TAKES THE TIME
TO PICK UP A PEN, SOME PAPER, AND WRITE ME A LETTER... LINE AFTER LINE
HER SPECIAL WAY TO SHOW ME SHE CARES ENOUGH TO STAY IN TOUCH
IT'S CRAZY HOW SOMETHING SO SIMPLE AND SMALL, CAN MEAN SO MUCH
BUT IT DOES, IT MEANS THE WORLD TO SOMEONE LIKE ME
JUST TO KNOW THAT I AM IN HER THOUGHTS AT TIMES... IS ENOUGH TO MAKE ME
HAPPY
HAPPY, BECAUSE IT'S NICE KNOWING THAT EVERYONE ISN'T SO THOUGHTLESS
SHE FOUND ME, FOR HER IT WASN'T HARD ... SHE DIDN'T EVEN NEED A ATLAS
WEEK IN, WEEK OUT, SHE PROVES THAT SHE REALLY CARES FOR ME
EVERY LETTER SHE ENDS WITH, "I'M ALWAYS HERE FOR YOU" THEN SIGNS HER
NAME, MANDY

BY: JEREMY D. ELSWICK
2013

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Written by: Kyle Andrew Hamrick

ARE YOU A WRITER?
So you think you are a writer,
With pad, story, and pen,
But you can't find the inspiration to write,
You feel backed up within,
You've gone for days now,
Without being able to write,
Have you ever considered quitting,
And giving up the fight?
If you can lay aside the tablet,
The story and the pen,
And not feel the urge to,
Ever write again,
Then you probably aren't a writer,
And you'll never write that book,
It may be time to change careers,
And take another look,
But, if you feel a burning, churning desire,
And overpowering urge that you can't fight,
Then you probably are a writer,
Who won't be satisfied unless you write,
So, don't be angry through the dry spells,
Don't tense up with fright,
If you truly are a writer,
Then you know that you must write.
Written by: Kyle Andrew Hamrick

TAKE TIME TO PLAY

Can I write you a poem?
One that will make you smile,
One that will make you forget,
Your troubles for a little while,
We all have cares in this life,
Things to which we must attend,
Responsibilities we must fulfill,
Until life's very end,
But listen to the rhythm,
And listen to the rhyme,
And think back to your childhood,
When you didn't worry about time,
Your days were carefree,
And filled with lots of fun,
As you romped and played,
And ran in the sun,
I'm telling you that you can recapture,
Some of the fun of that day,
By taking time to get outside,
By taking time to play,
You say this sounds silly,
Because you have things that you must do,
But at the pace you live your life,
What good is it to you?

By Kyle Hamrick #32394
Written by: Kyle Andrew Hamrick

ONE OF THEM OL' BUDDY

Where did you get that at?
Have you got one for me?
That thing that you have,
One is all I need,
Could you get me one?
I bet you have three or four,
I sure could use one,
Bring me back one from the store,
We've been buddies, pals, and friends,
So don't be such a jerk,
I bet you could pick one up for me,
Down there where you work,
Well, if you can't get me one,
You ain't nothin' but a punk,
I didn't really want one anyway,
It's probably just junk,
But you're no friend of mine,
Actually, you never were my friend,
Any good I felt about you,
Has finally come to an end,
So, don't bother speaking to me,
I'm not your buddy, pal, or friend,
Don't ask me for nothin',
Don't come around me again,
All I wanted was one little one,
And that's more that I got,
Our friendship is officially over,
Completely finished, kaput !!!

By Kyle Hamrick

86
More of the Same

Searching inside my heart
Probing my inner thoughts
Delving into my soul
Questioning my identity
Studying my motives
Analyzing my findings
Assessing my priorities
Realizing my shortcomings
Resolving to change
Failing myself again

Starting over
Deciding to accept myself
Treasuring my assets
Nurturing my abilities
Honoring my skills
Expanding my horizons
Expressing my creativity
Not recognizing myself
Searching inside my heart
Probing my inner thoughts
Delving into my soul
Back to where I started.

By Kyle Hamrick
LIFE AND A ROSE

At the dawning, a tender, wet rosebud,
Amid the thorny brush,
Without the realization of the life,
That some day will burst forth,
Not one hint of the beauty,
That is held tightly inside each fold,
Or the pangs of the heart when given,
As a rose for someone to hold,
The fragrance still hidden in the bud,
Will age as fine wine,
To tantalize the nostrils,
After the passage of time,
Realizing full potential,
It quickly begins to fade,
Too fast the beauty passes,
Shriveled and burnt with age,
So, glory in the flower,
And ingest all the scent,
Accomplish all life's fullness,
Before the flower is spent.

By Kyle Hamrick
THE BUG

A tiny, long-bodied bug flew onto the grey window sill,
Drew in armor-like wings and sat very still.
Nearly motionless it sat there and appeared like it could be dead,
Other than the soft, black, probing tentacles extending from its head.
They groped like a blind man, with his cane having sight,
But then with a sudden flutter of wings the bug again took flight.
Flying a wide circular pattern, it came back to the window sill again,
As though exploring a new place where it had never been.
Softly tapping the surroundings with its silky probes once more,
Being contented with what it discovered, it flew down to the floor,
There it repeated the ritual tappings and again took to the air,
This time landing in the tall, dew-covered weeds way over there.

By Kyle Hamrick
The Music of Spring

In the swamp below my house the frogs began their chorus,
Hoping spring had finally sprung with warm days before us,

But as the night turned cold and froze the ground,
Not one peep from the frogs, not one note or sound.

The next week warm rains fell and they struck up the band,
It sounded like one of the greatest choirs ever known to man,

With each excited note that the frog chorus sung,
Came the realization that spring had finally come,

Along with the frogs, the birds began to sing their song,
And the bees not knowing the words just hummed along,

The frogs, the birds, and the bees always pass the chorale test,
For it is often in the springtime that Nature sings the best.

By Kyle Hamrick
"I Went In Search Of..."

I went in search of oblivion,
On the other side of the wall;
Where darkness carries on,
    Where rain never falls.
    A place where dreams
Are never what they seem,
    And visions of the past
Rarely ever seem to last.

I went in search of peace,
Beyond the wall of sleep,
    Into the abyssal deep,
Where sunlight never seeps.
The echoes on the walls,
    Of my solitary keep,
    Echo of the fall.
    So, now I weep.

I went in search of love;
Some angel from above.
Naught but pain awaited
From someone so jaded.
    So, now I search a hold
Covered with black mold.
    A place called my heart,
Sundered and torn apart.

I went in search of myself,
Upon a long dusted shelf.
Too long hidden away.
    Too long without a say.
    Do I search in vain
For what I now seek?
Is there naught but pain
Behind the walls I keep?

I went in search of oblivion,
On the other side of the wall,
    Again, just to carry on,
To stand after the fall.

By: Daniel T. Cook, January 2, 2014

# 4549044197
"My Shadow Follows"

My shadow follows, 
And in darkness wallows. 
Chained to my soul 
Since days of old. 
Back in the day, 
When I loved to play. 
When my young heart 
Played a happy part, 
My shadow would dance, 
Spin around, and prance. 
Oh, how I long for a time 
When my life was mine. 
A time unchained 
And without pain

Now only darkness, 
Here in this dark nest. 
Here where the light 
Seems naught but blight. 
Here where darkness rules, 
And hearts are, oh so, cruel. 
Here in this hell 
Where feeling pales, 
And all of life 
Bleeds away like 
Darkness at the dawn. 
Like darkness at the dawn. 
Here, where my shadow follows, 
And in darkness wallows.

By: Daniel T. Cook
January 24, 2014
"So I've Been told"

I'm just an old bag of bones,
   Or, so I've been told,
Slowly turning slowly to stone.

There's mud wrapped 'round my feet,
   Or, so I've been told,
Soon my death I'll surely meet.

My old bones creak like wood,
   Or, so I've been told,
A cane wouldn't do me much good.

I'll die a broken ragged man,
   Or, so I've been told,
My life has lived it's given span.

It won't be long 'til I'm just dirt,
   Or, so I've been told,
A smear of mud upon a shirt.

I'm just an old bag of bones,
   Or, so I've been told,
Sitting here amongst the stones.

By: Daniel T. Cook
November 14, 2013
"Wrath"

God of vengeance by my side,
I shall feel no sorrow.
Laws of darkness true and tried;
A madness not borrowed.

Azrael, my only friend,
To my will I pray you bend.
Upon my stone souls ascend,
All are yours in the end.

"Cold Night"

Cold night of darkness borrowed,
Steal from me my heart this night,
A heart broken and full of sorrow.

Look upon this pitiful sight,
A heart broken and full of pain,
Full of sorrow's lonely blight.

Save me from this driving rain,
Shield me from what I've become;
End sorrow's darkened reign.

Cold night of darkness borrowed,
Steal from me my heart this night,
A heart broken and full of sorrow.

By Daniel Cook
"I Sit upon The Bones..."

I sit upon the bones
Of life's bloodied field,
I hear the fearful moans
Of wounds never healed.
Bruised and scarred-dying,
The ghosts of the past.
Bruised and scarred-dying.
The memories will last.

I sit upon the bones
Of life's dire past.

"Raise Your Shield"

"Raise your shield, young man!"
The old soldier warned,
"Or, else you'll be damned!"
The young man shot a look of scorn,
and dropped his shield by his side.
"You seek your death here then?"
"No, old man, I shall never die!"
"Ah, a many your kind there have been,
Now whitened bones beneath your feet."
"Is there some moral here I've not seen?"
"Aye, that there be, but you'll never see!"
The arrow had knocked him off his feet.

By: Daniel T. Cook
November 15, 2013
"I Live Only..."
I live only to wage war on the abyss,
To stand before impending death
And shake my battle weary fist.

I fight to steady my billowing breath,
And stare into deaths' sightless eyes.
I harden my heart beneath my breast.

"You shall not take me this night!",
I scream into the abysmal dream,
"I've steadied myself for this fight!"

"Not all is as it would seem.",
A voice calls through the blackness,
"You mistake this as a dream."

"Oh, dark night, what is this?
The raven eyes my weary flesh!
Upon my window sill he sits,
Oh, the truly wretched wretch!"

"T is your heart I truly wish.
Such a tasty cold dark dish.
Would you deny me my meal?
Do you even care how I feel?"

"And what of me foul bird?
What of all my fears?
What you suggest is absurd!
I swear, in all my years!"

Just like that the crow is gone;
Deaths' dream goes on and on.
Surely it can't end like this,
I've lost my war on the abyss.

By: Daniel T. Cook
December 5, 2013
"I Beseech Thee, O Death"  By: Daniel Thomas Cook, February 5, 2008

O Pale Death,
Take not my life's breath.
Immortality must be mine,
Endowed with life beyond time.

O Dark Abyss
Into which I fall, flailing
At darkness. What phantom is this?
What wind has sent me sailing?

O Azrael,
Fainthearted go I
To Heaven or Hell
Or maybe just to die.

O Dear Life,
Leave me not,
For my old bones are sprey
And I still feel my coals are hot.

O Grim Reaper,
Great leveler of death,
Allow me a sleep deeper
Before stealing my last and final breath.

By Daniel Cook

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"Out of the Fray"

Beat not my cold lonely heart,
   For you are ever so near.
You have come from so afar,
   And, lightened all of my fears.
My heart beats within my chest,
   As thunder in driving rain.
My blood flows at your behest,
   And, drives out all of my pain.
If not for you, I would cry,
   And, fall down upon my knees.
If not for you, I would die;
   My eyes would no longer see.
Your love has brightened my day,
   Pulled my heart out of the fray.

The End!

By: Daniel T. Cook

June 7, 2013
“Admissions”

There is a darkness within,
One most can’t begin to fathom.
I don’t even know where to begin.

I became filled with such anger,
Doubt and unending hate;
I didn’t sense the danger.

Should I start when I was young,
A tike twiddling my thumbs,
Running headlong into the sun?

At that age I didn’t see
What was building inside,
I couldn’t crush the seed.

Days I never thought would end,
Yet, here I stand alone,
Unwilling to give or bend.

It sprouted it’s leaves in darkness,
Pushed away the light,
Brought forth a growing starkness.

So, let’s get back to the start,
To where it all became so dark,
Where my heart was torn so apart.

Sheathed in this black abyss,
A flower was grown,
A blackened rose was this.

My parents they had to split,
They couldn’t do it anymore,
They had to call it quits.

For my heart had died,
and with it the pain,
From that point I hardly cried.

But, things didn’t get any better,
It just got worse, I’d say,
The world couldn’t get much wetter.

It was like an eternal rain,
A down poor of epic proportions,
A Never ending pounding pain.

By: Daniel T. Cook
November 15, 2013

But, no one seemed to care,
Or, I just hid it that well,
I truly want to be fair.

I hardly ever saw my dad,
Like he didn’t exist any more,
My heart became twisted and sad.
“Melancholy”

Dark is the raven feasting upon my bones
Blackness pervades, my body moans
Ebon fields where once red roses grown
Dire is my heart in black pit thrown
Dark are the seeds in life I’ve sewn
Would I’ve, if only I’d known?

Black is the raven now eying my heart
He sees his meal, so vile and dark
As black on white, it stands apart
In twisted vine my journey starts
On darkest mire I do embark
My darkness is no merry lark!

Dark is the raven perched upon my spine
He tastes my blood, the salty brine
So blackened is this heart of mine
Wail of woe, my sands of time
Upon my life this bird does dine
Deathly is the raven’s sign.

Black is the raven who never sings
A deep, dark, dreadful thing
Unholy dread on blackened wings
On forlorn hearts the raven springs
And thoughts of death his presence brings
Will nothing quell his morbid reign?

100
45436
By: Daniel T. Cook 5/28/13
"Melancholy" (continued)

Dark is the raven whose blood runs cold
Whose blackened veins would spew black mold
    He reeks of death and bodies tolled
    And stands askance of tales untold
    He takes his feast on darkened souls
    And eats the hearts of young and old!

Black is the raven who roams the night
    Resignate in absence of light
Content with the thought "the end is nigh."
    Bleak is this dreadful sight,
Who's given up the will to fight,
    And cares not about his life.

The darkest raven rests within
    He feast upon my many sins
Never afraid, he's made his den
    This is a battle he always wins
My darkest fears he comprehends
    For, the blackest raven rests within.

The End!

By: Daniel T. Cook
    June 2, 2013
The Call of pain

Can you walk with me as I travel?
to unravel the actions of their ignorance
is it clear that some are living in their own delusions?
they feel secure in their own ways as they deplore
any righteous mind who tries to get them on the other side
a trouble mind is a troubled soul their heart has hardened
no room to grow
as they claim they know it all
by rejecting all of the advices to think twice
their first act gets them in a bad plight
so they are living in a bad site
they want more substance just to try and escape
from the evilness of this world their innocence has been raped
a troubled soul in a troubled world
no love for life
death a pearl
an evil is committed to express his strife
wandering around like a wounded dog
who is ready to bite
to infect you with his rabies of life
a troubled world a troubled soul
the wrath of their actions
they feel loose with holes
no trust with people
sinking in the quicksand of their misery with no one to pull them up
the horror is on their skins like parasites the blood they suck
life which makes them lifeless
they fail to express it so people with their busy time won't see this
the essence of pain

By Ricky Rudden

102
Why Jordan and not the future?

I noticed that the youth don’t have a passion for life they rather still be in awe of Jordan and his performances ignite dwelling in the past without establishing their own highlight if an elder wants the youth to step up does that sound cliche? They care for the luxury but the past is where they parlay the youth most of the times refuse being enlightened by an elder whatever their story maybe they don’t respect what an elder has to say is it because of the elder’s flaws of that which made them fall? the youth want to resort back and make fun of their past but they’re on the court but they don’t want the ball Are they afraid of the possible rejection of missing a shot? gaining false confidence in gang activity [and they’re] an action which is a sure shot by the cops all their doing is repeating history then watch their life flop dwelling in the past of someone else’s glowing rays but don’t want to establish their own glory simmering in the state of bitterness from a lost which wasn’t in their life that doesn’t mean you give up the fight learn from the past by now building for the future you suppose the heal all wounds not keep putting in the sutures you channel the pain of what an elder had made void in your life and learn to do what you never had in your life although the youth maybe hurt by this act one should have the passion to change that plot repeating the negative cycle must be stopped gang, drugs, senseless killing each other & being arrested by the cops it is the youth who must change the past so why Jordan and not the future?

*41024*

By: Ricky Vincent Pendleton II

103
A Lethargic approach

I am not apologetic
to those who are unenergetic
sleeping on their actions for change
the world is passing them by and they want to forget it
what a pathetic approach
How one could end their own hope
the scope is to keep fighting
wherever you are in life
they rather hibernate in a state of suspended animation
the action of procrastination
the wasting of their existence
in a clime of limitedness
they want to be blessed with the loneliness
boredom in their life
in a frozen state
being dormant in the escape
they aren’t suffering from a finite mind
being dull all day long in their abode
not moving right along
they would fight you to remain death dumb and blind
they are blind by they’re inert of ropes
where they love to be in a Lethargic approach

#41024

HT: Ricky Pendleton III
What is a woman's worth?

What is the worth of a woman?
Some compares her to the Earth
because it absorbs the light from the sun for her to produce life
She is also called the moon for which she reflects the light of the sun
A perfect specimen I need on my team
She is so precious and faithful beyond dreams
She is very necessary for the world’s scene
And if she happens to be no good, she was made no good by a no-good man
She is a comforter for the man’s loneliness
She is the backbone/the spine which holds the man upright
A foundation of fertile ground for the man to build generations with her
She is the essence of life
because without her humanity would cease to exist
We all have to uplift her back to her natural state
for her to start producing righteous offsprings for future generational sake
I escape in thought that I will be at her presence, “hope and faith”
I walk a path by myself my body aches
I hated that I took her for granted, what a waste
I was blinded by ignorance (of her worth) which sprayed my eyes like mase
I couldn’t see then but, I plead that I made mistakes
because I am lonely in this desolate place
Hoping that I get back in her good grace
Being together again with her is a true natural state
It is my place to say
That I now know the worth of a woman

by: Ricky Pendleton II
The ravenous raven enters in...

The ravenous raven seeks to devour our souls
It had scavenged the lives of the old
The ravenous raven attempts to destroy the new souls
He enters in with the temptation of fools gold
The ravenous raven provides you with the pleasure ride
so you will be off track, and away from the righteous side
The ravenous raven keeps you in the illusional trap where he hides
Then he rises strongly getting deeply inside (you)
Blinded by its lustful taste you escape in its wicked high
The ravenous raven whispers sweet nothing in your ear
to make you believe in its illusional expressions as true so it appears
A righteous warrior can't even come near
to speak the truth so you can hear
and then to inflict your wrath
The ravenous raven makes you think you are on the right path
by discrediting the righteous warrior so at him you'd laugh
The ravenous raven massages your mind with heavenly thoughts as gifts
by promising you with a life of bliss
little that you know
the bait & switch
bye bye to your soul which is gone that you had kissed
Bitter and in pain facing with this consequence (jail)
so you reaped what you sow
by fallen victim to the raven's nonsense
we should have given it a little more thought to our situation
and not to let the ravenous raven (wicked thinking) enter in.

By: Ricky Pendleton II
Where there is darkness...

Where there is darkness, there is light
to help guide the blind from their plight
What a dark place it seems you can't escape
until you find the way stepping in a rightful place
having to walk the path in a righteous pace
There is a battle between you and it, the conscious race
Darkness had reigned many times to your disgrace
Tickling your fancy with a lustful face
Now you see that this is not the state of mind
that you want to be in
blinded by a righteous shine
Most people seem to conform to a mental defeat
While I continue striving, it is knowledge that I seek
now and until my grave
I am no longer a devil’s slave
because I fight in a righteous brigade
I’m not fooled by the tools of right is wrong and wrong is right
I had defeated that lies as I rise to shine in a peaceful sight
Seeking Knowledge, Wisdom, and Understanding
My cries for freedom for which I am demanding
Fear may hold most of them back
because of the knowledge that they lack
Darkness is all over their idled minds
by casting spells that keep them death, dumb, and blind
They sell their soul for a quick blow
and down into hell they go.
Most are afraid to know the darkness
because they are afraid of what they might uncover
You must shine light in every dark place within
my breast.

by: Ricky Pendleton II
The Rebels

The rebellion is in us all
what is it that we resist that which is in power?
To devour the rulership of those who stands up in the towers
people crown them kings
but hardship and chaos they bring to us
In G. O. D. We trust
the Government was against us with slavery, and mis-education
equality had missed us
what is the fuss?

Ordinance, that the system lives by was to prevent us to grow rightfully
insightfully throwing us in prisons all over this country
the Department of Defense had destroyed our fight in the sixties
People don’t even have faith
the confidence to say and be proud of who they are for their sake
people rebel from their own household for the street escape
they don’t want to hear from any authority
that shit gets misplaced
role models get defaced
all they have is self-hate
they rebel from their own rebellion
then start to fall in oblivion
having no direction
but think that they have a way towards the intersection
they say to hell with resurrection this is who I am, a rebel
you might as well dig the ditch with a shovel
You have to be on the level
In order to effect change
don’t let anyone discourage your progress to get out of a systematic chains
remain a rebel
reading effectively builds endless learning

By: Ricky Pendleton II  

4102 L
To: Mom & Dad
(You are appreciated)

I'm glad that I was born to you two
You loved me that much to do your due
Some were hard and some were easy
I respected you always and this I pay.
Mom and Dad your words can't be taken lightly now.
You always put in hard work
We aren't always happy but, we found happiness.
All of these hurts & cries that time came out of it.
I was listening to your all and even worked itself out.
I love my family, the joy I feel.
Mom & Dad I'm sorry for not going through all of this.
You hadn't fail me, I made too many choices
by hearing the wrong voices.
Now I'm faced with the consequences.
I since put away childish thing and all nonsense.
Now a grown man I seek atonement.
The lesson you had taught me I understand.
Back then I didn't listen because I wasn't a man.
I stand before trial and error a changed man.
Fighting to get back to the free world is my mission.
It is your love I am missing.
Wishing that I can repay you for that love.
I'll give you my triumph to knowing the love you gave.
To being crystalized with the greatness of me. I thank you Lord God.
That's my vow to you because I Love You.
Mom & Dad, you are appreciated.
(hugs & kisses)

By: Ricky Pendleton II
The Death toll

Death is all over this world
It had even reached little boys and girls
Teachers had gotten the children to sing about death as it is told
killing their little spirits as they begin to grow
‘Jack and Jill,’ went up the hill . . . the rest y’all know
Jack fell down and break his crown
What is it about death that keeps coming around?
The old get put into the ground
and the new come into town
‘The London Bridge is falling down . . .’
The children don’t really know that if that Bridge had fallen
Oh the death toll
Why are most of the nursery rhymes about death?
People should be concern with what life they have to be blessed
Life is what you make of it, is what I express
‘Humpty Dumpty,’ even had a great fall
and they couldn’t put him back together again
For some it is all about death to mention
Now that I am still living
I had escape death
where bullets had scared passed me
So, I stand here today glad to be alive
Because you only have one life to live
to be able to put in a long term life bid
Start teaching life to the future generational kids
because you don’t live to die
you die to live

by: Ricky Pendleton II

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The Fire

When faced with a racist
who inflicts his hatred
oh, the fire which burns slow within
motivated by the lies of propaganda about people like me
I ascend higher from the negative intensity
the fuel of words which ignites the power inside me
that forms the strength of energy
measured by the growth of action
now I see they’re contradictions
knowledge is lacking on their part
it sparks a revolution for change
that will rearrange the old way
the gyration effect
you can forget putting me back in chains
by me wanting to effect change
no matter the hateful criticism
the truth will remain
that the fire will burn to end the pain

By: Ricky Vincent Pendleton II
Woe you damn Marauders

You are blind by your own lust to prey
that you don't see your own fate someday
while you destroy and kill others
that shall be your fate by the hand of another
One day you shall be weak and feeble
for one will commit acts against you
the blood suckers of the poor
you may have scared
but the wrath will sore high in the sky
to devour you for you can not rise
consequences from your past evil actions
intentional
help for you will be lacking
causing the innocence of others to kill or be killed
this is your thrill
the deal is you have to fit the bill
the bait and switch that is your deal
the predator will become the prey
the wrath will manifest to end you and the deadly sins
you will no longer exist that day
and that day will exist everyday

By: Ricky Vincent Pendleton III
Pretty Ugly

She is the type who gets all of the attention
What a pretty face might I mention
People are on a mission to be in her position
The prettiest amongst the crowd she's with
She does this to receive the ultimate gift
All of the compliments, no one else in her crew will get
Her arrogance she strikes like a whip
Refusing to give out any mutual compliments
She wants to be the center of attraction
Empathy is what she's lacking
Turning her nose up to the other women that are slacking
Walking a high class walk in a conceited backing
She doesn't see anyone else's face but her face
So she loves to embrace the interface
of people awing that she's beautiful, all up in her face
building up her already strong ego in a high pace
She hates to see fewer attractive women so she disgraces them
She messes with their self-esteem
until it gets misplaced within them
People want to jump right in with this beautiful specimen of a woman
to toast as her beauty gets boasted
sipping up bubbly of her conceited position
See to me, beauty is within which is the most Honorable mention
This lady may have the beauty
But you have to admit, because of her actions she is pretty ugly.

By: Ricky Pendleton II
EMOTIONAL STORM

When the emotional storm occurred, my vision was blurred, as I sunk into a drunken depression. Drinkin' the liquor of failure; intoxicated off the alcohol of rejection. Staggering with the desire to be liked; but faced with the reality that I will never be accepted. I traveled the road of oppression, searchin' for hope, unable to obtain the objective. Back at square one with just a few possessions. I now regressed back to previous conditions. Lost, with no sense of direction, emotionally fragile with no shield of protection. My emotions are in a recession, I seek but cannot find a caring perspective. Skun by the ears of those who have no desire to even listen. My sanity has been intercepted, replaced with the insanity of aggression. Trouble is a lethal weapon, it lurks in areas you least expect it. It follows you with no sense of being detected. I swallow the path inhabited in multiple directions. It's like a contagious infection, rapidly spreadin' without a conscience of recollection. When will I prevail this into a prosperous blessin'? Pain is nothin' more than a lesson, it enhances our knowledge and infinite wisdom. Lookin' at the universe of knowledge, mesmerized by the wisdom within its stars. Perhaps the worst things we've experienced is the best that would've helped us become the noble person that we are.

By Andre Williamson

#4480
What does it all mean?

Years of all this time wasting, indulging a life of crime replicatin' that of thugs. Runnin' from the police, up all night blowin' trees. I thought I had friendship all figured out when I was runnin' wild with the homey's, accomplices and co-d's. In search of light in lieu of darkness-I looked up to O.G.'s. I thought I knew thee, but come to find out, people ain't give a damn to know me. So what was my real purpose in life? And what did it mean? My view of life wasn't what it seemed. I was swimmin' in a stream of my own demise. All the wicked schemes that I devised, but to my surprise, my lack of vision wouldn't allow me to look into the eyes of reality, as I constantly subjected myself to the possible reigns of fatality. But the actuality was fact that my mischievous technicalities as a runaway child, trapped my mom inside the cage of her emotional cries. Worried sick, wondering if I was dead or alive. And became shakened everytime she was alarmed by the sound of sirens and gunshots, as many innocent victims died. I was on the runaway train without a sow to guide my stride. While at the same time, I was losin' a lot of love-ones that was close by my side. The system had my father locked inside, of a cage-designed off the destruction of lies, murder, and mass confusion. Why is the greatest weapon of mass destruction psychologically intrusive? So emotionally abusive? So cold and elusive, amongst our peers? Tangled in this intricate web of illusion, woven out of pride, and runnin' away from our fears. Why is this continuous flowing stream of tears shed all those years, is but that of a weeping willow in the sorrow of our lives, that storm and thunder with a blowing wind of rain descending from the clouds of our eyes. Throughout all those times my mother has cried, in my darken journey when I have strived through this disaster seeking answers. But the truth of the matter is that you must refuse to let the chaos of this world plague you like an incurable cancer.

By Andre Williamson
LAURAN

When the lights flash and the cops approached the corners. All the hustler’s dash, “freeze”, are the words screamed by the police, they fail to stop as they run for the sake of their life. But fall short when shots blast and many victims fall dead in the streets. The ones caught get slammed on the ground—hard and cuffed up, yanked by the treacherous hands of the police. Their face gets slammed on the hood of their car, they get searched and roughed up and hit with a charge. Everyday, people like us get sabotaged, and subjected to brutality and defamation. It’s a continuous technicality in the mist of ignorance and bitter hatred. But shall I say this, in regards to the criminal abuses. But the truth is, freedom is nothin’ more than an illusion. We think we’re free, but we’re not. We are trapped in a cage of coercion, through psychological corruptive patterns; only by what the oppressors hands have wrought. Everyday we sit back and watch, as kids turn to thugs. And addicts fall victim to the use of drugs. Seeing our beautiful women get raped and brutalized. While some sit alone in a dark room of their home and cry until they feel as if life isn’t worth living and commit suicide. Is this the eyes of freedom we look at in the face of a lie? By those who stole our destinies and traumatized our existence. Denied us our freedom of independence. We are truly misrepresented, in a world much resistant, perpetrated by selfish ways that created this savage existence. Shall I mention this life of humanity has spiraled out of control and is quite ridiculous. This is a system of envy surrounded by evil intentions. That would’ve exploited the use of ill gotten privileges. But the level of freedom, in my opinion, lacks a higher vision. Because the truth is, we’re only slaves to the addiction. Manipulated and imprisoned, within ourselves.

By Andre Williamson

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What is the best gift Allah has given you? The option to make a choice. We are empowered by the choices and decisions. We cultivate into existence, manifested in our lives. Yet we have chosen to follow as tools lead. Knowing not the path we have transgressed ourselves to go. Wondering like blind ones to and fro. We have led ourselves astray into a land of darken pity. Swallowed by shame, grasping for air, and drowning in tears of sorrow. The pain of our mishaps all but snatches away our sight for tommorrow. Everytime the light helps us; We walk therein into a shameful pit, and the darkness grows thick. Out of blind fury was made the choice by us who've bartered guidance for error, and our traffic have become profitless, and we have lost all true direction. It's now time to look in the mirror of our inner reflection.

By Andre Williamson

By Andre Williamson
Untitled

I have to refrain and restrain from the flame of my burning lust. At times it becomes too much when the strength of my desires takes hold and I fall in love with a woman I cannot trust. Was blinded by the light of beauty that seductively thrust inside my mind and tap the spine of my desire. To which ignited a raging fire as I admired your curves, sexy lips, ya voluptuous hips that cause you to turn many heads as you walk. But, it’s time for me to take the lesson I learned from my past to realize that I’m not the one that you deserve. For the essence of true beauty lies deeper than the outer core of your temple from the top of your head to the soles of your feet. The cold air of your intelligence should cause me to shiver everytime you open your mouth to speak. For a woman’s true worth, ya personality is the galaxy. Ya beautiful face is the earth. Ya eyes are the stars, ya hair is the universe.

By Andre Williamson
FOR MY PEOPLE

For my people everywhere, singing their slave songs repeatedly; praying their prayers nightly to an unknown God, bending their knees humbly to an unseen power; For my people lending their strength to the years, to the gone years and the new years and the maybe years, washing, ironing, cooking, scrubbing, sewing, mending, hoeing, plowing, digging, planting, pruning, patching, dragging along, never gaining, never reaping, never knowing, and never understanding. For the cramped, bewildered years we went to school to learn to know the reasons why and the answers to and the people who and the places where and the days when, in memory of the bitter hours when we discovered we were black and poor and small and different and nobody cared and nobody wondered and nobody understood; For the boys and girls who grew in spite of these things to be man and woman, to laugh and dance and sing and play and drink their wine and religion and success, to marry and bear children from their playmates. For my people walking blindly spreading joy, losing time, being lazy, sleeping when hungry, shouting when burdened, drinking when hopeless, tied, and shackled and tangled among ourselves by the unseen creatures who tower over us omnisciently and laugh; For my people standing, staring, trying to fashion a better way from confusion, from hypocrisy and misunderstanding, trying to fashion a world that will hold all the people, all the faces, all the Adams and Eve’s and their countless generations; Let a new earth rise. Let another world be born. Let a bloody peace be written in the sky. Let a second generation full of courage issue forth; Let a people loving freedom come to growth. Let a beauty full of healing and a strength of final clenching be the pulsing in our spirits and our blood. Let the martial songs be written, let the mourning disappear. Let a race of men now rise and take control.

By Nathaniel Burroughs (2011)
HOLD ON TO THE DREAM

The year was 1963, the place, Washington D.C., the messenger, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., the message, “I have a dream!” I have a dream, that one day, this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed...that all men are created equal. Here we are, 50 years later, still dreaming! It takes a village to raise a child, that’s what the old African proverb says. So unless we as a society start doing that, we can hire all the cops and build all the prisons this world can hold and as long as somebody’s hungry and as long as somebody’s hopeless, they’re also going to be dangerous! There is only one way to fix a lack of hope and that is to create opportunity. Because there is nothing more dangerous than someone with an opportunity to make a comeback! It is up to us, the living, to be dedicated to the unfinished work that remains before us. Thousands will tell you that it cannot be done, thousands will tell you that you will fail. But when people make up their minds that they wanted to be free and took action, then there was change...But we cannot sit back and rest on that change, it has to continue! In this sad world, take pride in the fact that you are not a victim, you are a fighter, so stand on your own two feet and fight like hell, for your place in this world, don’t allow your circumstances to define who you are, and who you will be. With the sight of freedom looming on the horizon, it should encourage us all to redouble our efforts. I cherish the idea of a free society in which all persons live together in harmony and with equal opportunity. It is only through disciplined mass action that this victory can be assured. But if need be, it is a victory, for which I am prepared to die for! So, it’s time to man up, woman up, stand up, and stay up! Because you can kill the dreamer, but you absolutely cannot, kill the dream!

By Nathaniel Burroughs (2013)