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... Take a poetic free style journey into the things that make up my life and yours in poetic verse unhampered by rules and restrictions. Life concepts cleverly satirized, evaluated, and displayed.

*Also Author of the Play: "The New Scarlet Letter" and "Tracking the Ahonaki: Theological Evolution"
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Foreword
On the Addictions section, I apologize if you are a recovering drug addict reading this. I grew up in a substance abuse family and I lived in Los Angeles, CA. during the advent of Ricky Ray Ross. I encourage you to read my “anti-drug abuse” poetry as a means of therapy. Look back at your past and laugh but remember: “Look back but do not go back!”

Me myself, I never had a substance abuse problem excepting for sexual issues. Trust me, I know how you feel nonetheless.

Some of these poems have been written as far back as 1991 to 1992. Some were written originally as a gift for an inmate trying to win back or impress their girls. I have always been tapped for that, a real “Cyrano de Bergerac.” My first and only poetry recital was at a night club by Bachman Lake in Dallas, Texas in 1992 where I read Caprice Houston’s dedicated poems out loud as part of a talent show at then R’s J’s by the Lake. (She did not deserve the applause I got, but oh well!)

I apologize for any misspelling if any on bluish or blueish. Again, enjoy your poetic experience.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

II of II (Matthews, P.)
Glass House Hearts

My heart is a glass house
where all is shown
There my lover lives deep inside,
and she's all alone
So deep in my heart
You can plainly see
So deep inside, she cannot break free.

Living in a glass house
One should not cast stones
Cause if you do, you are on your own.

For upon the ceiling a stone she did cast,
Felling deadly shards of broken glass
And as the roof came down
She cried for help...

Knowing all the while
She killed herself!

To my daughter
Aphrodite, Matthews;
"Requiem Poem..."
Evidencing the Broken Heart

Falling in love.
Is an experimentation in the Art,
of fragmentation.
I now expound and extrapolate the facts
From the cleavage and clefts called “cracks”
Forming unique sectors, segments, and parts
On the surface of broken hearts!

You don't fall in love
Love falls on you
On some it falls like stones
On others it falls like dew
You are either crushed by its weight
Or like dew you hope evaporates
Falling light or falling hard,
In sundrious pieces—multiple shards
Now with the cracks ever present
I offer you the evidence.

[Heart illustration]
Tech Voyuer
An unobtrusive Voyuer seeks Camera Phone pleasures for cheap
Taken without permission or say
The thing I covet and desire each day
Captured in her habitat complete
Clandestine, oblivious, discrete
Upon her privacy I infringe
She, the passion of my lens
Capturing unobtrusively
Her unfathomable beauty: unique!
Digitized, immortalized, complete!
My guiltly and gorgeous pleasure
Trapped in my Motorola—forever!

TCH Voyuer Reprise...

Hello my Peeping Tami. My Perverted Paparazzi, with the digital Camera EDRON! Come test me, how you feel. Why sneak the pictures you steal? In secure, shy, with doubt, why don't you ask me out? Enough of the fidgeting nerves shaking from the scandalous picture taking. I, your confidant and friend—The Passion of Your Lens! BEEP!!
Armed Shadow: Pale Horse Riding

I am the Armed shadow
Made from rumors and prophetic tales
My torch is now the weapon
That lights your path to hell
Heed your foe, now what I say
For the pale horse rides today.

I am what I am
You made me to be
Created from apathy, a living monster fantasy
My father in heaven, as sure as his kingdom comes
I shall call my hand of flesh
And it will be more than done!
Heed your foe, what I now say
For the pale horse rides today.

Y.H.
A Game of Spades

I saw a black hearted Jack
Jack a red hearted Queen
The Queen fought back
But the Jack was too mean
The King of Hearts stepped in
The Queen of Hearts he loved
Took vengeance on the Jack
Beat him black with a Club!

The battle raged on and took a change of pace.
What started with the Jack began
with an Ace.

Nor, hearts or diamonds or clubs do I have.
But the spades wreak havoc while
the Joker laughs.

Naval Shipyard 1965

Barnacles and rust are on their aging hulls,
Among the flying fish and screeching gulls,
Past coral reefs and anemone,
avay from foreign land and endless sea.
Rest the grandest ladies of maritime,
Such lovely lasses of their time!
Now rusting whores anchored in docks
They beat Japan, but not the Clock!
The Jealous Sea

Like the whip that breaks the Slave
Rushing tides and crashing waves,
With gouting winds and foaming tides,
That cracks and breaks against the shore with pride.

But the sea shall availeth not,
in its cruel and savage on slaught,
With siren screams and Banshee wails,
Gusting passion beneath my sails.

It releases the power of Poseidon uncaged,
and the shore shall contain his rage.
Consuming all the fury of the tide,
With all its strength and pride.
And against the shore the sea shall scream
With malevolent eyes jealous deep, sea-green
Upon the shore its passions hot,
With all the strength it's got.

And out to sea the tide goes safely
Because its love will never take me.

Y.E.M.
Fishing: "The Smart Shark"
There are many fish in the sea
Whereupon hope I cast my line
And on the hook, my bait shiver and shook,
Cast beneath the blue and brine.
Then capricious came the shark,
Devouring the bait—my heart!
Then that foul denizen of the dark
Tore my lines apart!
Not love nor happiness can one find
With such cheap bait and tawdry lines.

Here you go, Prince Namor!
Growing shark puppies need their food! (giggle)
This will run off that love-sick land dweller.
He's kinda cute though!
Well, maybe if he uses a Krada bag for bait (giggle!)
In storms of my eyes sky blueish gray,  
On a fast ship my heart sells away  
For distant shores my eyes sky blueish gray  
To its harbors safe with tranquil lagoons  
Where awaits my love, "Please come home soon."

But in my voyage home the sea attacks!  
My safe trek home is thrown off track  
And on my radio my cry, "Mayday."  
Dies with my hope of home "someday."

Her eyes are the ocean lost  
Where my heart is torn and tossed  
But on flotsam/wreckage I set adrift  
Where the backs of Dolphins my hopes do lift.  
To that tranquil lagoon  
My eyes sky blueish gray  
Where my love pulled me from the sea - that day.

8 of 34 (Matthews, F.)
She's the Sun
She's the sun cloaked in Night
And even that darkness can't eclipse her light
Among other women she burns all day
Burning them, like fog goes away.
Let my heart be a shore
With a white sand beach
Where her radiance heats the land
And the surf kiss her feet!

And, out of the darkness
Brilliant, Blinding.
Her beauty burns away the darkness,
Shimmering, Shining
Bright and Beautiful to see.
A soul dancing free!
Your soul the sun
You are an attraction I cannot avoid.
The lure of a planet in the vast empty void.
I sat in that darkness waiting for one that's so true,
To give my life perspective,
And my eyes a view.
And now in a burst of brilliance blinding
Your soul leaps out the darkness shimmering, shining!
A sun for my world to see
Your soul dances free.
The Desert Rose
over the mountains the sun creeps.
In beige splendor my desire seeks.
The beauty and the majesty wise men know.
The legend and the story of the Desert Rose.

Many creatures in this wasteland survive,
with countless wonders that do surprise.
But even in the desert, even wise men know,
That the desert and the rock cannot support
a rose.

No hot terra firma crack barren dry
or hot blazing sun, high noon blue sky
No brazen heat the dry wind blows
Can take away the beauty of the
Desert Rose.

"Daddy's Little Lizard"
The Little Lizard

Little LIZARD, watch your back.
Hide you well, in crevice and crack.
The Eagle Soars, on the hour
For a treat to savor, and devour!
Your place is safe so don't you leave,
Hide your tail, and don't you breathe.

You are not a dragon or crocodile,
With fiery breath, or a cracked smile.
So little lizard, watch your back,
Hide you well in crevice and crack.
In crevice crawl you tight and thinner.
And don't become, the eagle's dinner.

Okay, then I change back to a sparrow come down and leave I guess.

Lizard (Dolla savings)
Caution: leaves one dollar bill, tens, and hundreds.

Daddy gives them to me 2-oz. I love guns!
Fly back to Aurora Mouse's house or stay with me till the eagle leaves...

To my daughter: Ashley "Lizard"
Matthews, feat. Gabrielle "2-chi"
Matthews, daddys "Little Spurk"-Gusby
Pg.12 of 34 (Matthews, F.)
After Glow
Shining like the Sun is what you do
With the radiant glow of motherhood within you
The light of love within you grows
Shining in the afterglow

Trapped in the darkness are the stars that shine.
Trapped in my arms I know you are mine.
Observe, see the stars in the distance,
And they know we're in love in an instant!
And like the stars in the sky,
They can plainly see
That your heart and child,
They belong to me.
The radiant glow of motherhood within you flows.
Trapped in the afterglow.

YFM

Disgusting aren't I am? Well, screw you mate! I've got myself a set of hungry twins! I'll eat what I please...
The Irony of the Cord
For nine months I carried you
And they cut the Cord
I still carry my child, except you weigh much more!
The cutting of the Cord
Causes bitter Irony
I still carry my child, even now you still tire me!
I carried you for nine months.
I carried you to school.
I carried you to the doctor, when your father lost his cool.
I carried you then, as I carried you today,
And I'll carry you in my heart
Till they carry me away. ygm

Lord!
I love my baby! But where did me and George go wrong?
Where Cord?
Where?!
Tempting Like Eve

Did Adam fall from grace, or did he fall in Love?
Eve bit the fruit for power.
Adam bit the fruit for love.
A succulent bounty from the tree,
In your hands bearing fruit for me.
And if Eve's truly the likeness of you,
Maybe I'd fall and eat it too.
You're every desire I know and wish
The essence of Temptation to resist.

You see Adam did not know, but Eve knew.
The allure you possess in the things that you do.
Adam became amendable to her whims.
Eve took supple flesh and seduced him.
Pouring passion from an endless cup,
Adam gave way and opened up.
Using all the tricks Eve could,
they ate that deadly fruit good.
You are wanting without end!
My guilty pleasure sin.

To: Jhoseita Gaines

Yours

15 of 34 (Matthew 5:6)
From the Frost of Plums and Juice of Grapes
My desires thirst that cannot wait,
Lusting, for the Frost of plums and juice of grapes.
In my beggar's cup your juice shall pour
Drinking, thirsting, want you more!
And from your lips love wakes afresh
The intoxicating dreams from the wine we pressed!
My desire for you is a fermenting torment
While my bottle holds the wine your sugar ferments,
And every drop from you I shall wrench
Till my lips have had cool and my thirst has quenched!
The Rose of Van Alystine, Texas

There is not a more tempting flower
On any road that I've seen
Such a magnificent flower:
That is the Rose of Van Alystine

More fragrant, more flowing, more picturesque
More radiant, more glowing
Than all the rest
And despite your thorns
And other flowers that grew
Your beauty, your radiance
Still shines true.

Your fragrance alluring,
Eminence vaulting,
Blossoming magnificent
Beauty halting

Dedicated to a beautiful
Half-black, half-Asian
Airforce "brat" at El Centro
College, Dallas, Texas early
1990.

17 of 34 (Matthews, R.)
In the Darkness of Love,
In the Darkness of Love, where I can't see
As blind by love as love can be
Turn off the lights and let no light be
In the darkness of love where I can't see
For in love's darkness we often find
That love is best shared when it's free and blind

To “Name” - Dallas, TX
7/24

Lenore Sends Her Raven
I gave thee best of Pallas
That sits beyond thy chambered door
That you might quote its wisdom
“Evermore”
And in those “saintly days”
Lest we forget them not
On Plutonian shores in Summer's hot
You and my raven share familiar bonds
From days of yore and memoirs quite fond
And may your love for me be
Like others in this existence or before
In the quote of the Raven
“Never more.”

To Caprice Houston
My reprise to the Raven
by Edgar Allan Poe
Fall 1991-92 7/24

Mighty River come to me:
Like the river that flows
And becomes the sea
Your love runs down
And comes to me
over hills and Mountain tops
Between River focus and river Rocks,
Your love comes down
And when its done
The rapids and rivers and sea
Are one
So flow river flow
Flow wild and free
Mighty river come to me

To Caprice Houston -
My Emily Dickinson; “Sea take me”
Reprise, 1991 - Fall
7/24

18 of 84 (Matthews, E)
Lost Chocolate Fand

Oh Octavia!
Did you fall off the chocolate truck again and to the ground?
I have forgotten my lunch.
So I'll unwrap you and munch
It would be honest to put you back
But chocolate's my favorite snack!

One bite unravels seams
Two causes dreams
Three cozes cream
Four utters screams.

Your chocolate so good, This I cannot deny.
Smooth and creamy, it satisfies
A confectionary delight
Down to the last bite!

Dedicated to Octavia Jones
David W. Carter H.S. Class of 1980 Dallas, Texas

JDW
Seekers of the Sweet
Give me lollipops and bubble gum
I'll seek your sweet candy until it comes
Creamy chocolate and bubble pops
I'll blow you bubbles until you pop!
You are Willy Wonka's wildest dream
I'll eat your candy until you scream
With rotting teeth while growing fat
On chocolate cherries and sweet Life-Savers

Confectioner's Delight: Seekers of the Sweet
Now I know why
They put cherries and chocolates
In boxes!
But I bet I bust your cherry
Without touching the chocolate!
Sweet temptress in a dress
Such a sweet sticky mess
Let your creamy sweetness flow
Color milk chocolate glow
I can almost taste your cream
A confectioner's dream!

I crave you oh so dear
Sick with the infection of chocolatiers!

To Regina Calhoun
YJM.

20 of 39 (Matthews, F.)
Wrong

To be wrong one must recognize it for what it is.
Ill circumstances, results, and proof.
Through all the hatred and lies.
And ultimately... the truth.

For you sailed that ocean for years,
In a boat held afloat on tears.
The sails are chances that we blew
on an ocean "you" made blue!
Now you sail forever more,
Never to know another shore,
Singing this lonely song on
The ship of being—Wrong.

"... Dedicated to Rashele M.
Wade for Aurora S. Matthews
written by her lawful father."

21 of 34 (Matthews, F.)
My Daughter

My daughter, more magnificent than the stars
You are more beautiful than they are.
The only pleasure fit for my eyes.
A magnificent sunrise.
For you I breathe, and live.
No greater gift your mother's give.
Lover, soul mate, and friend.
My kisses love without end.
But shall I become the flickering flame?
Burning you to orgasmic shame.

Survivor

Upon courage and resolve shall you rely,
on the trauma and suffering that purifies.
For its from the fire that a pheonix is made,
Reborn anew from the price you paid.
Let not disaster upon you break.
A 'c sleau cherous error you did not make.
Blessing and fortune upon you I wish.
A love without doubt.
And beauty without blemish.
Standing decadent, without reproach, aloof.
Among virtue, honor, and truth.

"...Dedicated to my
child Aurora "Mouse" Mathews for her child hood struggles.

Love,
Dad"
Cinnamon Sun Burst
A taste brings hunger
And a sip brings thirst
She's cinnamon sun burn from cinnamon sun burst
Caught by her beauty transfixed
Rich, burning spice on her lips
She'll evaporate a river and boil a sea
Both heat and burn  to the third degree
Sought by many and desired so much
Both hot to the tongue and hot to the touch

She's Mass Destruction
She's Mass Destruction everywhere she goes.
I can tell by the heat and geiger counters glow.
My worlds blasted flat,
For nothing can touch that.
Flowing heat and sexual grace
She's started an arms race!
And though the clubs lit up
In my heart the arms build up
Forget Hiroshima, the geigers off the meter!
Count down ten to one,
And the child's a Nuclear Sun.

"...Dedicated to my beautiful and vivacious daughter Aurora whose pictures I have to cover even in prison!..." - Dad
When you look in the mirror when you look in the mirror observe what you see the things that appear do not have to be.

Your frown become a smile,
your old clothes are now new style.
You look in the mirror, you look at your dreams.
For deep in your heart there dwelleth a queen,
You got to look, she's deep in there.
She will only come out if you fix your hair.
Lose the doubt, you lose the weight.
Then you'll be chased for lasses and dates.
So when you look in the mirror observe what you see.
For dreams are closer than they appear to be.

Obstacles Removed
Secrets that are hidden were made for finding
And all high places are subject to climbing
Defiant are the bird's wings that beat against the air
And all backs are made for burdens to bear!
When these things are done, there's plenty left to prove
More challenges left, more obstacles to move.

24 of 34 (Matthews,k.)
There For Me

When I was in Trouble
Like a sinking ship in the sea
You kept me afloat
You were there for me.
I struggled against a mountain
And when the going got tough
Like air under wings
You lifted me up!

Let the sun, rain, heat
Or the clouds, rain, hail
We were there for me, love
And you never failed
Whether it was a mountain
Or raging sea.
You were there for me.

Yay

Dedicated to Jesus Christ, the only one
Who has ever been there for me. The true and living Son of God.
A real Easter
Easter is celebrated in routine and habit, with bespeckled colored eggs carried by kids and rabbits. And among the new grass where the flowers arose, play the happy little children in new Easter clothes. They are oblivious to the world's suffering and grief concentrating upon the candy and eggs that they seek.
Laughing and shouting in the sun they are beaming oblivious to the agony of a man that is screaming "Eloi, Eloi, sabachthani! Sabachthani! The work is now done!"
Yet the kids hide eggs and play in the sun.

* The Mathematics of Life
1) Divorce = \( \frac{Love}{N^2} \) 2) Justice = \( \frac{what was done}{what you deserve} - \) Revenge.
3) Injustice = \( \frac{what was done}{what you deserve} \) 4) Mercy = \( \frac{what was done}{full punishment} \)
5) Marriage = \( 1 \times 1 = 1 \neq 1 + 1 = 2 \) 6) Forgiveness = \( \frac{compassion + mercy \times 24 \times 70 \times 365}{\text{justice}} \)
7) Adversity = \( \frac{courage \times fear + suffering}{\text{conflict}} \) 8) Courage = \( \frac{what should be done}{what others do} - \) Conflict in self.
9) Conflict = \( \frac{issue + N^2}{\text{conflict}(i)} \) 10) Evil = \( \frac{apathy + self}{law - respect - God} \)
11) Love = \( \frac{love \times love}{God} = N \) (Find "N") 12) Creation = \( \frac{\text{Matter} \times \text{Energy} - \text{Evolution}}{\text{Time} \times \text{Life}} \)
13) Acceptance = \( \frac{as you are + as others}{as you think} = as you like.\)
14) Prejudice = \( \frac{your belief}{reality} \times hate \times people \times N^2 \)

24 of 34 (Matthews, F.)

* Examined in UNCW English Class 1991 Fall
The New Life Easter

So you got a new life on Easter Sunday
Is your life still new now that it's Monday?
The season has changed and now so did you.
Giving up the evil and sin that you do
You got fancy clothes and even a new suit
But will the seed take hold and bear good fruit?
May that seed in you resurface
A fruit that is sweet and a life that is perfect.

What is Easter Time?

Easter's a time, or so it would seem
A time of eggs and Canterbury crepes
A time for kids in easter egg search
A time for extravagant dinners
after all day church,
But Easter's the time for family
and reflections shared
Celebrating the passover and the
Lives that were spared
Christ lied in a tomb so we can
stand saved.
Legitimate sons and daughters
no longer sin's slave.

27 of 341 (Matthews, F.)
The Mystery of American Justice

In the streets and ghettos where crime is found,

money and power are the base of sin.

There are no weapons factories or drug plantations around.

At crime and injustice we ask ourselves and stare:

"Where do the drugs and weapons come from and how did they get here?"

The elite and powerful bring it in.

They pack, prisons and say colors are to blame.

But poor niggahs, chinks, and spics own not boats or planes!

They own not marijuana or coca leaf farms,

nor make the Russian, German, Swiss made arms!

The true criminals hide behind justice's shields

And reap the profit of poppy fields!

Booty Rocket High

Faster than a hurricane on sneakers!

Hardcore crystal-meth tweakers

Giving all the cash in their pockets

For rides on booty rockets!

For ten, twenty, fifty dollars cash,

Tweakers ride to the moon with glass up their ass!

They don't need NASA and that's no lie.

For its up the ass and into the sky.

Smiling from the moon on a lunar peak.

In shriveled bodies with rotten teeth!
Love of a Glass Dick

To the DopeMan without fail
Every day is raining hail
Falling stones around the clock
In stead of Ice, its raining rock!

Its the high that you enjoy
Pipe's become your favorite toy
The high is short and never last
And still you love that "Dicks of glass"!

And like the punk that loves the prick,
You put your lips around the dick!
And like a whore or veteran slut,
Its in your mouth until it "nours"!

Death, convulsions, and spasms
On a glass dick orgasm

YEP.
You can't fight crack,
Sick of the chore boy from the shelf,
The rock got tired of being hit,
So it defended itself!
It pushed out the chore boy,
Jumped out its glass, dick (Ripe),
Put up his dukes fast
And whooped the smokers ass quick!

"Scandalous crackhead I had enough
You've hit me all day long
Now... Get your punk ass up!"

The rock proceeded to pound the smoker
3 hooks and a jab
Put his head in a choker

The smoker fought back
With no avail
You can't hurt a rock
So his punches failed!

The Police laughed
As they broke up the scuffle!
They never saw a rock,
Do the Ali shuffle!
A real Crack Attack

Tired of being smoked on crack
The rock found the courage
To hit the smoker back

"You abused me for too long
I'm out the pipe punk it's on,
Smoking and talking shit!
How does it feel to take a hit?!"

And the rock would not halt
Its cruel and vicious aggravated assault
Into the smoker he did light
With sticks and bottles
And even his own pipe!

And on the head with a mighty stroke
His skull did crack and pipe did broke.
Prevailing a bad and dangerous stone
Leave that rock alone.

34 of 34 (Matthews, F.)