Uprising of a Mad Man
UPRINGING

OF

A

MAD MAN

by

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(Cover Art by Rashad McKinney)

This is a poem book written by a mad man. He has caused pain, destruction, and chaos to others as well as himself.
This book is Dedicated
To: my Mom (up in heaven), my Dad,
Cheddar lox, Baby Cheese, Garfield,
my rice cakes, turtle runs, Lion Paw,
and to Prison Foundation for
this great chance. RyDe with
us or Collide with us.
Team: Big time.
The Heart of a Mad Man.
They say the heart of a mad man is stonier than that of a female's. Every true love ends with a snake tail. Emotions that come straight from the heart are fire to the soul. Keeping a man from his loved one's will make him cold. All humans could be lost in second. I'm that mad man that I mention. Tattoo tear drops is all that they see. As I stare in the mirror I see a mad man looking back at me. He lost his fight to madness. So his is truly near. He doesn't know he's mad, so he has no fear. He lives with his madness inside of jail. I've heard the heart of a mad man is stonier than that of a female's.
The hands of a mad man

These hands of a mad man have caused pain and sorrow. A couple of lives they've had to borrow. They've been covered in blood Booth mine and of others. There the same ones that Cain used to his brother. At times they seem to have a mind of their own, at others they seem heavy like stones. They have tattoos that tell a story. At times they make reality blurry. I forget there made of skin. The line between love and hate is really thin. So if you can read between these lines you know the mad man's hands have always been mine.
A Mad Man's mind.

Evil lurks in a mad man's mind. It's been there since the start of time. It's embedded in his D.N.A. It will never leave. It's there to stay. It can't locked behind some door, it's in his blood, his heart and soul.

He never questioned why he's mad? He's never been happy or sad. Therefore he can not tell he's strange, still it don't matter he'll take the blame. His life has been hell on earth. He was dead at birth. Born yellow and not breathing affected his mind, forever wicked reasons. He doesn't question what he can't see. All he knows is fuck the world. It can't be mad at me.
The voices of a madman.
A madman has many voices & there all in his head. Some voices want him to kill others want him dead. He's sure what to do or where to stay. He doesn't know that evil and madness are always at play. At times he feels lost. He's been told to never give up. That's a must. He hears laughter & screams that he doesn't know what they mean. They run steady like a river stream. He's tried to quiet them with pills, drugs & liquor. They refuse to quiet, so he's lookin for something quicker. Hopefully he figures out in due time. For now the voices of the madman are all mine.
A madman’s reality.

A madman’s reality is like none that you’ve known. If you’re not ready for evil stay at home. His madness affects his thoughts. He’ll keep doing evil in his reality till he’s caught. He knows nothing good. He was made like this, but he’s misunderstood. He invokes demons & spells. People tell him, he’s playing with fire. He’s looking forward to hell. He sees shadows everywhere he looks. He doesn’t read the ‘Word’ or own the ‘good book’. There is no fate but what we make. So in the madman’s reality he must stay.
The mad man's
Dance

The night I danced with Death I had
hard liquor on my breath & maybe a little bit
of meth. As I danced in the moon light.
I walked towards me with all around like
A Dope pipe I came up to me & stuck out
A Bone hand. I couldn't tell if it was a
Woman or man. I accepted it's offer and
gave it my hand. We started spinning, faster, and
faster like a high powered fan. A few feet
off the ground we kept spinning around.
My blood started to boil & my body hurt in
termoil. I felt good, And I felt bad. When
our hands separated, to the floor I slammed.
When I opened my eyes there was No one
there. Truely I didn't care I've always been
alone.
A mad man's betrayal

The feelings he hides inside have been piling up for a long time: Evil, mad, sad and anger that make him blind. These emotions play with his mind. I signed a contract and this is what I got. To you it ain't much. To him it's a lot. He had to betray one of his own. He was looking for his home. He lost a lot of years. Been cured of all his fears. He's got many scars from fights on prison yards. Don't ever count him out. You know evil and know what it's about. You heard or read about prison shanks, but have you ever been stung? Don't worry, the mad man's betrayal has only just begun.
Mad man's drug

This drug doesn't get shot into your veins. It starts with a certain madness inside your brain. It's not heroin, meth or cocaine. Once you get a taste this world will never be the same. After your first "trip" your soul will have a stain. Your eyes won't focus and your life will lose all purpose. You'll start going down hill really fast. This madness in your world will forever last. Your life this drug will consume. All you can look forward to is your doom. There will be nothing left, but an empty room. No job, no car, no great big house. No boss, no kids, no sexy little spouse. Let this be your warning. Don't go turning when you feel that tug. You already know it's that mad man's drug.
Mad man's game

I'm playing the mad man's game. Enter it and you'll never be the same. It's more exciting than Russian roulette. Don't be scared tho. The hard part isn't even hear yet. It's better than 0 hallo's eve. These demons are real. They'll look you in the eyes, smile and still give you a raw deal. In this game you bet your soul and your life. If you don't stay sharp that they will steal. There is no end to this. It's not for the weak at heart. Your better off if you never start. If you do you'll be the only one to blame. You won't be alone. You'll see me there, because it's truely a mad man's game.
Mad Man's prayer.

I pray to any god who will listen.
I'm stuck with my madness in one of California's prisons. Does it matter if I live or die? The scars on my wrist say no, that is. No lie.
I get mental health pills, but some how they make me sick. Still I try my hardest to protect my soul, but he'll get me in my sleep.
I try to hold on to reality but my grip I cannot keep. Evil lurks in a mad man's mind.
I hear voices that are not mine. I'll fight till the end. In the end it doesn't even matter. Don't throw rocks at a glass house because eventually it will shatter.

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Tears of a Mad man.

The tears of a mad man are etched in ink. He's been pushed to the edge & to the brink. His smiles are fake. You can see the pain in his face. He's shed tears of blood. He feels cursed from the one above. His destiny is unknown at this time. Just that thought sends a chill up his spine. He's not scared to live, let alone die. People want him dead and they been trying. Yet he walks around with no fear. When people see him they keep clear. Call it what you want he don't give a damn. He hides the tears of a mad man.
Suicide of a mad man.

He tried to commit suicide, put the razor to his wrist. In county jail because of some bitch. His momma just die, his gate pass got denied. Ain't that a bitch. Both of his kids in CPS, talk about stress. How the fuck does he get out of this mess. Chained up like a mad man that I am. So much pain don't know much I can stand, lost like another grain of sand. Tattoo tears on his face. He earned them in this terrible place. Is there a hell? Ya he's livin in it, but this bullshit will be over in a minute.
The ? of a mad man.
Why did this happen to me? Why Can't the world let me be? They Call me a mad man.
bloody hands, crazy voices and violent choises.
I'll try to stay calm. I don't think I can.
tortured animals, tortured souls. In the window out the door. Mother's crying, mother's pain.
It's all the same. Still I ask why? All
I hear from voices are lies. Bloody splatters another one dead, but does it matter? I'm ready for the dark sleep. for now why has this happened to me?

Freddy
maraizes
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A Mad man's funeral

When a mad man dies, no one cries. There are no tears. Not even, because he lived years on prison tiers. His heart stopped beating long ago. Before anyone thought he was old. No one prays a rosary for him. Bottles of liquor are opened. People laugh when they make a toast to him. He was called crazy, a lunatic, insane!! There happy he's gone he can't cause no more pain. At his burial people put rocks in his casket. So he'll go straight to that terrible hot place. We all know it's hell. That's what happens at a mad man's funeral.
Wicked love

The love we have is like none ever seen. I thought it was true love, but attached came some strings. Love and hate go hand and hand. Now I know it's wicked love and were we stand. Everything that shines isn't always gold. At times I wonder what our future really holds. You put me through a lot. I nearly lost my mind. How I thought you loved me when you brought your lips to mine. How can you stand there and watch me burn. As I lay on my bunk & do this prison term. If I had another shot I'd tell you what I thought. O-well I guess wicked love is what we got.
Wicked love is all we got.
Wicked love is all we got. To some
People it ain't much, but to us it's alot.
You've learned to read in between
the lines. Thru the pain and agony
You've been there every time.
Wicked love has taught me how to
appriciate you, to love you like
a madman should.
If this world were
mine wicked love would make me
happy all the time. You came into
my life and with your wicked love
you changed my world. I hope
it never stops, because wicked
love is all we got
Demon Wingz

I earned them all by myself. I committed sins to cause pain to me and others as well. I laughed at Death when it came to me. Face to face it wasn't scary you'll see. I have no fear of the future, don't live in the past. The present is where I'm at, so I gotta make it last. Voices in my head since I was a child. They called me the Son of Legion and I took it kinda mild. They said He was there when she took the fruit. He watched as the 1st man "hugged" her. He was there when a brother killed a brother. I don't worship him, but He comes to me when the light is Dim. I've smelled his breath and looked into his eyes. He called me his demon to no surprise. I'll make sure this pain will never stop, so Demon Wingz is what I got.
A breath of life.

I was given the breath of life on a hot day in July. I was born dead, so I'm not scared to die. Been there, done that! Laughed at, struck back. I got a decade to do on the prison yard or in the S.H.U. (special housing unit). It's the same to people like me & you. Prison riots and blood. Handcuffs and chains. Wicked thoughts run in my brain. As the death toll raises people yell out nicknames as bodys hit the floor. Just think twice when you take your next breath of life.

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A Mad Man's Flesh.

No tears when you were born because I was in shock. Me and your mom went to see you in the I.C.U block. I've only got 2 hold you a couple times as a little boy. Prom prison I sent you Christmas toys. They say you look a lot like me. I Don't want you to be like me. I'll die a million times before your like me. I want you to be great. You have my smile, your grandmas eyes (my mom) and your mothers hair. It's true what they say life isn't fair. I got you and lost you at the same time. I got your name tattooed on my shoulder. I hope to see you as you grow older. I loved you from your first breath to my last. I hope this wound stops to sting. I love you my Mad Aztec King.
Am I the mad man?

At times I talk in riddles. At times I sit in my cell & my thumbs I'll twiddle. I don't do facebook, myspace or twitter. I've been on myspace and from hoes gotten good face (blowjobs). I look in the mirror and see madness. I've always been mad. Never known calmness. I've spread my seed brought pain and made people bleed. Don't know how old I am. I lost track of time. I'm 25, 32, maybe 109? Don't really know, don't really care. I'll never see a casket so who cares. I am that mad man or am I?
Mad Man's Forces.
A mad man works with sinister forces.
He's been with the four that rode colored horses. He wasn't made mad that's how he was born. From all good things he was torn. He smiles when he smells blood. When he commits violence he feels like a god. His favorite song is that of painful screams. Machetes, bandanas, and knives is what he dreams. All is not what it seems, he has hurt himself also. Tattoos cover most of his torso. He's been married before. He laughed at the divorces.
They must've forgot the mad man works with sinister forces.