The Sequel to Country Versaition

White Lightning

The Life, Death and Legacy of The Kentucky Poem Pushers Association's Greatest Moonshine

by Robert Dean Meadows
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Robert Meadows III
7/18/14

Just now finishing up book 2
Who would of thunk it
White lightning songs, poems, and writings by yours truly
Still have to recognize my son Tyler for the inspiration
One day I hope we can be friends, son
I also have to say thanks to Tyler’s mother Amy Star
For sending me that poem back in 99 or 2000
It opened up a whole new door in my mind
I never knew was there, thank you
Now that door has a voice that is dying to be heard
Since last book I have joined Shakespeare Behind Bars
This has help change me into a better more understanding person
I have written 3 plays
I few short stories
A fantasy story for the coolest little girl in the world
My niece Shyann, Uncle Beau misses you
Now it is just getting my voice out
From behind these walls and fences
Book 3 is in the works
Stay tuned any questions feel free to contact me
Big shot out to Prison Foundations for making all this possible
Thank you
Enjoy!!!

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic

If you cannot write
Go to:
Unclemeadows@aol.com
For any feedback

Robert Meadows
LLCC #145159
P.O. Box 6
Lagrange, KY 40031
6/30/14

This book was written
For every man every woman
For every child regardless of color or race
Who is different?
For anyone who has ever made a mistake
In their life
For the ones who still dream?
The true forever dreamers
Who hopes to one day make those dreams a reality
But have not been giving a chance
By family friends or society

This book is dedicated to all the people who have been bullied
Beat down or cut down by the ones you trusted and loved
Or maybe fair weathered friends’ maybe society just doesn’t
Understand you
You look different act different
Or just feel different
Because of the hand me down clothes or toys
You got as a kid, you feel like no one cares for you
But I do
For the want not’s
The have not’s
The ones who are fat or skinny handicapped
Short tall freckled pimpied face that talk, or look different
Not by choice
We are all special in our own way
You are special in your own way
To the ones who have parents
Locked up you think we don’t care
But ever second you are on our mind
To the ones with insecurities with different views
Different opinions
When we are like this it leads to people’s frustrations
Then the bulling and hating starts
You are not alone
I have been there I know what it is like
Stand tall rise above it
We will over come
As outcast convicts and black sheep’s of society
Open your mind
Think
Once your mind is unlocked
Dig deep
In each of us there is
A genius to find

Robert Meadows III
Warning

1. The contents found within this book
   Are not the views expressed by any
   Of the companies mentioned within
   They are not views expressed by
     Shakespeare Behind Bars
   Or any other Association

   Hell, the majority of the time these
   Comments are not viewed
     By the author
   They are just quick thoughts
     They come and go
   Like a late March snow
   But they were my thoughts
     At one time or another

2. If there is not a name in the
   Poem, song, or writing
   Please do not think that this writing
     Is automatically about you
   Or that it is about a certain person
   Everything I write is not about
     Amy, me, or any of my family
   So please be very open minded
     When reading this book.

   Enjoy !!

This book is dedicated to Marvin “Popcorn” Sutton
This book would not have been possible without
Men like you fighting for what you believe in.
Standing up to the over powering government in this country
Standing up for what you are good at
And what you believe in.
You memory will live on
In moonshine jugs and mason jars forever!
   R.I.P
To a lost brother.
Also to my Uncle Charlie Meadows who passed in 1986
Sure do miss you man.

Robert Meadows III
3/1/12

Carry on

It took you leaving
To unlock the genius
In my mind
I worshipped your every breath
Forever you were mine
My gold rush, my ultimate find
Too young to truly show you
So you took Tyler
And hit the road
Left me lost
Sulking
In the January cold

I have dreamt of days past
For many a year
It always seems
Like you two are there
In my mind just kicking around
I know I should shed a tear
But I think I’ll let karma
Just keep kicking my ass
All those days spent getting high
Watching time go by
I should have been in class
Instead I didn’t even try

It was always
What could of
What should of
Been
But you don’t know
What you got till
It’s gone
Of course as a child I did not
Know what I had
Back then
So I always think of what
Could have been

So I put on a fake smile
To carry on
Still I walk on alone
I realize way back then
That I made a vital mistake
The way I acted I will never condone
You moved on, me I stayed fake
For that I applaud you

Robert Meadows III
If you let it go
You know it is true
But why was I the only one
Left to feel so blue?

For all that pain
I do not
Think time could ever heal
There are not enough feet in that mile
Or enough muscles in my face to hold up that smile
So excuse me while I suik
For just a little while
In the back of your mind
Am I in the do not touch file?

So you carry on
While I carry away
As long as you are happy
I'll breathe again
Another day

If you cannot write
Go to:
Unclemeadows@aol.com
For any feedback

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic
Hey White Lightning

Hey white lighting
At times you seemed like my only friend
Through the divorce
All the bar fights
You stuck it out with me till the end

I helped make you
A time or two in an old still
Full of cold clear mountain water
From them there Kentucky hills
You helped me fill all the mason jars
Then helped me to pay all my bills

You laughed with me
You cried with me
You sat by that camp fire
Beat on that old guitar with me

I like how that first swig
Burns down deep in my chest
That Old Grandpa Tom’s firewater
Does its best
You shake it n’ ya shake it
The quicker them bubbles leave
The better the shine for the test

Grandpa Tom
Has passed on
But that old shine recipe
Has kept the family
Moving on
Until them old
Drugs turned his
Sons into pawns
4/12/14

Kristina Marie #2

You were supposed to live on
I was supposed to die
Instead for different reasons
We made our mama cry

I feel as if you left me alone
An only child
Though we were both destined for a broken home
But away with words
You passed to me
My gift of a rough road is all I have to the birds

You were in my thoughts through all the hard times
I still hate
That we never got to meet
But one day maybe if you’ll wait
Kristina Marie you’ll help to change
My every changing fate

Never been a brother
Never had a sister
Mom and dad always seemed
To want you with me just being the left over other

35 years have come and gone
A step brother and sister
But in my mind your still
My only true sister

I still wonder if life would have been
Different with you around
If maybe by chance
A happier life instead of being hell bound
At your wedding my sister I would happily dance
2/1/14

I still remember
After all this time
I still remember your kiss
The sweet smell of your skin
The softness in your touch
I still remember every inch of you
But my foolish ways made our kiss
A sin

Whoa, what I wouldn't do to take back then
To do it all over
Give me one second one minute
Just to look into your eyes
And say I'll never love again
Whoa, what I wouldn't do to take back then

I'm sorry doesn't even scratch the surface
You heard that more times than I would like to admit
When you finally left
Like a little kid I threw a fit
But when you were mine
I treated you like shit

Whoa, what I wouldn't do to take back then
To do it all over
Give me one second one minute
Just to look into your eyes
And say I'll never love again
Whoa, what I wouldn't do to take back then

To steal your pain
I know my love doesn't matter
So I reset my mind
With a fake smile
I hope you're somewhere doing the same
I know now what we had
Wasn't a game

Whoa, what I wouldn't do to take back then
To do it all over
Give me one second one minute
Just to look into your eyes
And say I'll never love again
Whoa, what I wouldn't do to take back then
Working man blues
He walks in his house
Alone
He kicks off his boots
Thinking about that old honky tonk
How a good shot of old Evan Williams would ease the pain
But he's worn out from 70 hour weeks
No time for the fun of the boogie of a boot scoot
He lays down thinking about his kids and ex-wife
All the fun that they had
Now it seems so long ago
Like another's life

Working three jobs to pay
Child support and alimony
Trying to keep up on overdue bills
So many others would just turn to alcohol and pills
But strong willed he walks on
With the working man blues
They all walk by seeing the wear on his face
Not knowing if not for the three jobs
For child support he would catch another case
So he walks a song called
The working man blues

Working all these jobs with all these hours has its toll
But for his 2 daughters and son
He'll dig out of this hole
But when his hard earned money
Is spent on his ex’s new boy toy makes his blood boils
His children in ragged cloths while his ex
Rides with her new friend of the week in a new car
Like a snake he is in a coil
Ready to pounce
But that is the man of old

Working three jobs to pay
Child support and alimony
Trying to keep up on overdue bills
So many others would just turn to alcohol and pills
But strong willed he walks on
With the working man blues
They all walk by seeing the wear on his face
Not knowing if not for the three jobs
For child support he would catch another case
So he walks a song called
The working man blues
Anything for his young’uns
   It’s his life to live
Screw the court’s opinion
   For an ex-con his love
For his babies is genuine

Working three jobs to pay
Child support and alimony
Trying to keep up on overdue bills
So many others would just turn to alcohol and pills
But strong willed he walks on
With the working man blues
They all walk by seeing the wear on his face
Not knowing if not for the three jobs
For child support he would catch another case
So he walks a song called
The working man blues

But he’s still got them
Old working man blues
He’d give anything in the world
   Buy the moon
Swim the ocean
   A man tried and true
Just to see his babies happy
   But he fights daily
With them old working man blues

(Played on Acoustic Guitar in A-E-D-G)
   (Open Chords)

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic
If you cannot write
   Go to:
Unclemeadows@aol.com
For any feedback
One drop

One drop of this ol’
White lightning
It’ll make a rabbit whup a
Bullfrog

One drop’ll make a
Yellowed bellied cat
Chase down a crazy assed
Wild hog

It’ll make a bull frog
Spit in a mean ol nasty
Copper heads face

One drop’ll
Make the heavenliest
Of a preacher man
Fall from gods
Grace

Hot damn
One drop’ll
Make the lamb
Lay with the lion

After just one lil swig
Of this moonshine
It’ll leave mama
On the porch
Just a crying

(Played on Acoustic Guitar in G-C-G)
(Open Chords)

If you cannot write
Go to:
UncleMeadows@aol.com
For any feedback
3/9/14

No one gives a F$#k!
There ain't much tradition these days
People just don't care
They could give two shits less
They all just want to wine
Cry pout saying life ain't fair
But in the good ol days
Sweat was from hard work
Now days everybody is lazy
They take pills then act like a jerk

Tradition died in the 90's
No more mammas
No more daddies
No more were a family
It's all let's get drunk
Let's get obnoxious and loud
Be sluts and live proud
No more home cooked meals
it is all about being flashy
Eating out and taking pills

Loose lips used to sink ships
But now no work, blame it on the economy
Get in trouble tell all you know
That's why we can't pay our bills
Computers raise the children now days
That's why there ain't no people skills

Now days
Changed from the good ol days
Nobody wants to work
Nobody wants to make an honest buck
 Seems like everybody is down and out
Pressed for a piece of Americas good luck
But sitting won't get it
So no one gives a fu#k!
3/17/14

Baby don’t let go
I can taste it on your lips
I can see it in your eyes
I would walk through a thousand miles of broken glass
To erase all that despise
If I could take it all back
Would you stay?
Stop slamming the door
Stop trying to run away

Wrap your arms
Around me
Don’t let go
Please never let go
Don’t walk away
Can we talk it out?
Would you stay?

I can tell by the way that bottle sits
Empty
That this relationship has
Torn your heart to bits
Smiles long gone
Love making is more of a mess
But too stubborn to call it quits

Wrap your arms
Around me
Don’t let go
Please never let go
Don’t walk away
Can we talk it out?
Would you stay?

I worked right through
Trying to pay a bill
But held it in
Angry you took another pill
Not showing attention
Made you lonely
Oh and did I forget to mention
All the nights I spent fishing

Wrap your arms
Around me
Don’t let go
Please never let go
Don’t walk away

Robert Meadows III
Can we talk it out?
Would you stay?
I'd swim through lava
If wrapped in you I could lay
Would you stay?

(Played On acoustic Guitar in Em-D-Dm)

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic

If you cannot write
Go to:
Unclemeadows@aol.com
For any feedback
3/17/14

Through the rocky times
When we first got together
We just couldn't be separated
Arms tangled together
As one we slept
The night your grandma past away
In those arms you wept

Through the rocky times
Our love stuck like super glue
Through the rocky times
We stood side by side
Some of our dreams
Were broken
Some came true
But together we stood
Through the rocky times

You had me
I had you
To our children you gave birth
In your heart I lived
Together through thick and thin
We discovered what life
Was really worth

Through the rocky times
Our love stuck like super glue
Through the rocky times
We stood side by side
Some of our dreams
Were broken
Some came true
But together we stood
Through the rocky times

When I lost my job
You held on strong
When I got drunk and you
Knew I was wrong
You stood by me
Forever I said love
But I never thought it would last so long

Through the rocky times
Our love stuck like super glue
Through the rocky times
We stood side by side

Robert Meadows III
Some of our dreams
Were broken
Some came true
But together we stood
Through the rocky times

No matter the pain
In the hospital
Or the kids acting up
You stayed sane
The children grew up
Now it's just me and you
Again
Sitting on the porch
Watching the rain

Through the rocky times
Our love stuck like super glue
Through the rocky times
We stood side by side
Some of our dreams
Were broken
Some came true
But together we stood
Through the rocky times
We raised three strong children
One daughter two men
Our life was well worth
Every breath
With you I'd ride this roller coaster again
Only if you
He'd my hand again
Through the rocky times

(Played on acoustic Guitar in Em-D-Am)

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic

If you cannot write
Go to:
Unclemeadows@aol.com
For any feedback
5/27/14
Metal hell
The metal door
Violently
Slams shut
Trapping you in
There is only one way out
Only one key fits that hole
Steel surrounds you
Holding you in
4 walls now your
Only true friends
But you are here
Due to your sin

Ashamed to look at the man in the
Mirror
But that is the only one
That will be there to the end?
You future smeared
Your picture no clearer
A broken look stains your face
Like a zombie you walk the yard
Pilled out looking for a new high
In your eye life is a waste

Some plea
Some cry
Some pay the ultimate fee
They give up
To bullies they will die
Some kill some steal some are life-long crooks
Mean mugs
Make tough looks
As cho mo’s
Get robbed for more than the money
On their books

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic

Robert Meadows III
5/28/14

D - Evil

Money is the root
Of all evil
Men will kill
Women will sell their souls
Heaven or hell
Just ask the D-evil
Same letters
Same jagged little pill
Respect is earned
While for oil
Blood
Will spill
Some have too much money
Some have none
I was once told life wasn’t a fair deal
But like penitentiary time
You can just lay and wait for an appeal
But money is like a shark
It will be after you
As it would a seal

Can money buy happiness?
Some would say
Yes would you lay
In a field of stones
Waiting for money to find you one day?

Or will you
Cheat
Lie
Steal
Kill!
Just to get to the
Root of
Your
Demise
Your own
Own personal evil?
4/24/13

Mask
I'm tired
I'm sick
The four walls
Those that constantly surround me
The same thousand miles of fence
Those are always there
It's all getting
Old

This mask I wear
Can't hide the dry tears
On this clown's face
There is no telling what lies
My son's mother has told him
To think it actually matters
What this young man thinks
Of me
If he will ever want to know me
After all the time I've did
In this ever changing place
Where reality isn't real
It's all a rat race

I used to drink
I used to do drugs
To lose my mind
Now I go to the hole
For free time
It helps free
A locked up mind

Can or will life ever be the same
For me again
After all I've been through
All I've seen in these last 14 years
I've lost family
I've lost friends
I've tried to cry many a lonely night
Freedom is right around the corner
Life has changed on the streets
I see the sun now and damn it is bright

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic

Robert Meadows III 21
4/15/14

Family’s gotta eat
On a run
Got my old car
Light weight blacked out
Motor hopped up so we can
Out run old Smokey the bear
She got a big trunk to hold all this shine
Selling this country gold ain’t fair
Gotta deliver grandpa’s famous
190 proof wine

Gotta out run the po pos
Gotta get this shine where it’s gotta go
Racing up and down these old Appalachian Mountains
Head lights dim as night so wish me luck
All this for an adrenaline rush
Naw son the family’s gotta eat on this buck

V8 racing ready
New tires sliding in the dirt
Whoa boys hold her steady
Them horses trying to get away
While Johnny law sits in my rearview
Trying to steal all my shine
Pedal to the metal
Oh a hair pin turn right on cue

Gotta out run the po pos
Gotta get this shine where it’s gotta go
Racing up and down these old Appalachian Mountains
Head lights dim as night so wish me luck
All this for an adrenaline rush
Naw son the family’s gotta eat on this buck

Hiding in the holler
With 200 mason jars full
Of grandpa’s infamous
White lightning
Shaking like a leaf this ain’t no job
For a fool
Boy ya gotta walk a line
When ya trunk is full ya gotta act cool

Gotta out run the po pos
Gotta get this shine where it’s gotta go
Racing up and down these old Appalachian Mountains
Head lights dim as night so wish me luck
All this for an adrenaline rush

Robert Meadows III
Naw son the family's gotta to eat on this buck
Time we got mama
a new pick-up truck
baby has to learn something
in school to change this family's luck

(Played on Acoustic Guitar in G-E-D-G)
(Open Chords)

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic

If you cannot write
Go to:
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For any feedback
11/30/13
Life
My life
Organized confusion
My birth
My hate
Plus a little lust
Bonded in a fusion
Pain with bleakness
Strife
All of hell’s fury melded
With thoughts of lost
Into a mind
Were all these thoughts welded?
A drunken
Street corner bum
Through the eyes of a demon
You watch as the guitar
Strings strum
You are smart
But artfully you
Act as if you are dumb
Days lose sight
While nights
Awaken all senses
Through life’s every changing tide
The current is strong
So why do we fight?
Like grains of sand
On a sand dune
We are all small miniscule
Pieces of trash
That float under the moon
When death comes a calling
We cry why so soon
We hang ourselves as if in a glass case
But while we are here
Our lives we
Waste
4/13/13
Paula Dean
Some people just need a chance
Look at Paula Dean
If people gave her a chance
She could probably make a recipe
To make all your mouths water
Maybe even figure some of you idiots out
But no
Due to one little word used by you
Everyday
Damn it you pout

You preach no racism
But constantly throw it around
Shhh ---- Quiet
Just let time move on
If not we are all bound
Put out the old torch
Pass on the new light
To the next generations dawn

Let the past die
Let Paula make you
An all American apple
Or maybe a peach pie
Close your mouth to savor a bite
Then let the taste take the tear
From your eye

Kill’em with a smile
Young lady
She did apologize
For someone’s racism fueled hate
You singled her out
Tried to bring her down
But she like the rest of us
Deserves a clean slate

When white trash and the ghetto’s of America
Are on the rise
If we stand together and fight racism
We move on with a clean slate
It is easy America racism
Equals nothing but hate!

Robert Meadows III
5/11/14

Mama's day

Wow
Mom it's your special day
But once again I have spoiled your day
Why you ask?
Because I am away
But not at war or working abroad like some
No this was due to a bad decision on my part
So once again
I have broken your heart

This is my fifteenth mother's day away
From you
So I guess I will sit
Just doing my time
While we both feel lost and blue

Without you mom
I am only a half a man
With you I am whole
With a good plan

Mom I know sometimes I am not the
Apple of your eye
So many nights I know you sat
Wondering asking why?
Why me?
Praying
Why us?
Why you?

You always taught me to look forward
In life leave the past behind
To learn from my mistakes
When we are at visit
All we discuss is the future
Somewhere down the long road
I grew up on all my innocence missed the bus

Mom it was just
You and me together
For so many years
I cannot count on two hands and both feet
How many times our old wood burner
Dried up our tears
Protecting us at night from
Winters cold and life's exhausting fears

So moms of the world whose sons are away
We all wish you
A wonderful Mother's Day!!!

Robert Meadows III
3/13/12

Suicide note

How do you tell your kids?
That you're addicted to drugs
That their love will be lost when you
Spark heat to that brillo or that brown girl
In that spoon fueled dub

How at one time their mama
Was street walking junkie
A common mans whore
But rehab cleaned her up
While daddy sat looking
For crack crumbs on the floor

So for you my two babies
This letter is for you
My suicide note
Please read it slow
This is my final hit
My last rig you will see
Hanging from my vein
My final quote
The last spark
To my brain
A heroin fueled bullet
For my all your pain

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic

If you cannot write
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For any feedback

Robert Meadows III
That’s why I write
Have you ever fell in love?
Then with a drink in your hand
Thrown it all away
If so
I can testify
‘Cause you have been through it all and
So have I

You’re always looking for the
Perfect words to say
But your brain’s a train wreck
But it’ll be ok

Have you ever read something?
That made you cry
Thought damn this man knows
Me all too well
That’s why I write
To help you walk through hell

The first time you read it or heard it
It took your ear
Blew you away
From all the past pain
For a little while
Helped you drink that final beer

I don’t write for the fame
Hell you’d do good
To just remember my name

If it helped you for a second
Or maybe a day
It’s all in all be the same
Miles apart but with the same struggle
The same let downs
The need to press through
The same want, the same fight
It’s the pain that rings out
Of an old acoustic guitar
When I sing
That’s why I write
3/1/12

The Ride – modern Meadows mix

My old Harley ran outta gas
As hot desert heat stuck my shirt to my back
Out of nowhere a coal black Cadillac appeared
Quiet as kept out stepped
A stranger dressed in all black
He said sonny you and that old guitar need
A ride?

As the door opened old country gold
Poured from inside
As I took a seat I noticed the
Stranger had on a coal black trench coat
Right then I knew there was
Something different about this ride

We rode all through the night
Half drunk and hollow eyed
He told me things bout country music
That made my fingers itch
And my soul cry
We stopped outside of Dallas
Where he made my old acoustic talk
I had to take a break sat down by a ditch
My baby wined a beautiful sorrowful tune
He handed her back
With a new feel
He asked if I could make folks
Feel what I feel inside
When I strummed her strings
I knew this was more than just a ride

Right outside Nashville
I asked him if he needed any Cash
For the ride he laughed
Said no son
But never let them
Change how your music is done
The man in black drove off
To an old Hank tune
He reminded me of old Johnny
But I know he’s with June
Somewhere under heaven’s
Ever changing blue moon

Robert Meadows III 29
3/14/14

Destiny - Do not drink & drive

Have you ever felt like you needed a drink?
Like drinking is the only way to get something off of your chest
Stop think
I have done it and so have most of you
True
But it is choice not a coming of age test

My dad came to see me today
I am from a long line of losers
Bootleggers
Druggers, beer chuggers
And boozers
Now after all the partying
He is dying of cirrhosis of the liver
This is one reality of drinking
Or do you want destiny?
Destiny choice not chance
Written by Patricia “Patty” Nunnallee
She did not have a choice though her reality will make you shiver

Drinking while driving will take lives
This is a reality
Ask “Patty” sorry you can’t
Ask “Patty’s” mother about drinking & driving
How it can change lives
How her daughter
So young so bright
Her life was lost in an alcoholic slaughter
By a total stranger
In a bus crash
Burnt alive
If you have any doubt
To have her daughter back
She would have driven the route

You may not have a good life
It might be a hard life
But when you drink and you drive
You can kill a friend a dad
A mom a wife
Someone’s child
A child think people
Burning to death
At the tender age of ten
This is a deep rooted
Devilish sin
Young “Patty” did not have a choice

But forever we will hear
Her sweet
Innocent voice

Robert Meadows III
10/9/13

Cry? But Why?

I stare at the sun
Through these cold steel bars
In the hole the steel infusion starts
It makes me feel like a caged animal
A zoo creature only viewed from afar

I try my best not to think
The past brings my brain to a hollow hurt
A breeze steals a way through the steel
I close my eyes as all my time here
Turns to dirt

I hear momma Connie
Say lay down baby
Your hurt here is finally over
I sigh taking in my last breath
In the darkness I sense it is not over
I cannot find death

Bodies near me move
Out of the hazy gloom
Some have too many arms
Some legs of a horse
Some no heads just a face in their chest
They spin by
As I see a giant man’s shit
Turn into little mean men
With rows of dirty teeth
Is this the devil’s best?

I cry
I cry
Yes, I finally cry
To get away from all this
I now do not try
I stand strong as the frenzy begins
I see now why
My past has left blood in my eye
I spread my arms in surrender
As I realize now I never wanted
To be that guy
5/16/14

Drinking a tough road
He stopped drinking two years ago
But after forty years of drinking
It was a tough road
All Alone
He fights it though

You don't know Jim or Jack
Never been to Heavens Hill
Ever had a talk with old Mr. Evan Williams
Never had tea in Long Island or been
At the right place at Miller Time
But drinking to get drunk was his
Only crime

The old man went through jobs
Like he went through empty Evan Williams's bottles
Five wives come and gone
Children he'll never have memories of
So much time just passed him on

You don't know Jim or Jack
Never been to Heavens Hill
Never had a talk with old Mr. Evan Williams
Never had tea in Long Island or been
At the right place at Miller Time
But drinking to get drunk was his
Only crime

Daily the old man fights
Hourly minutely
For a drink but in his mind he puts it just out of reach
He clears his mind smiles
Thinks yes I'm working on year number 3
It's hard as hell
But at least my veins run alcohol free

You don't know Jim or Jack
Never been to Heavens Hill
Never had a talk with old Mr. Evan Williams
Never had tea in Long Island or been
At the right place at Miller Time
But drinking to get drunk was his
Only crime

(Played on Acoustic Guitar in C-D-G = Open Chords)

Robert Meadows III
10/20/13

Kiss my ass
The preacher man tells me
That my time here is short
I cry as I reminisce on past mistakes
I did not want to see
I played life like a sport
Told’em box it up
Lost my life in a room some call court

I’ve screamed at the devil
I’ve screamed at god
Grabbed the devil by his throat
Said here take back your evil

I sat on a pew on a lonely Wednesday morning
Praying to god for forgiveness
When in my mind my new life came into view
I could see the whole family crying
Not for me
But for the birth of a child
His life brand new

One day I’ll walk out of these prison gates
Into someone’s caring arms
Into society’s eye
Straight towards heaven’s gates
I’ll change the future
Rewrite the past
Tell all the doubters
To kiss my ass

Moms cried
Dads cried
I’ll speak the truth
Then eat up some chicken fried
As off into the sunset
On that old Harley
I’ll ride
Side by side
With my uncle Charlie
No longer a lonesome ride
Prison mask
One foot in the pen
One foot on the streets
The free world tries to stay in touch
Through the phone letters or homies that come back with stories from the streets
I try to call a few shots
But still life is full of defeats

Always been wild at heart
Wild eyed
Little Kentucky creek boy
But behind these fences
And behind these masks I slowly fall apart

No smiles just mean mugs
Smirks followed by shoulder shrugs
Surrounded by fake men
Just a bunch of wanna be thugs
Fair weathered friends
Always looking for an angle
While their families search for visitation hugs

My foot on the streets is strong and bold
My foot in the penitentiary is paranoid
Saying damn this shit is getting old
Slow to trust after calendars behind the fence
Sanity slowly loses its hold

Yes time through this barbwire is a bitch
Freedom comes at a mighty risk
Sanity comes in pill form to some
Some kill some rape
Some lay with men to cope
Some snitch some shoot the dope
After 25 years they overdose in a ditch
Trying to recover the lost tears
Lost years
Through a drug
Man life is a bitch

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic
7/31/13
Carrie Lynn Dunaway
Carrie Lynn Dunaway
You once were a red haired beauty
A fair skinned dream
In our hearts you will always be
The road
The rain
The only ones besides god
To hear your fateful last scream

You were so young
So beautiful
For this life that is
You touched us all
Family friends
We never thought that we would
Live to see your
Untimely end

Your mama screamed
She beat the ground as she cried
Shook her fist in anger
At the one in the sky
What that wet road took
Made a family
And small town grieve
It left a community shook

You and your girlfriend
Just being young
Out speeding around having fun
A slip
From speed?
A slide
God with a need?
Wet grass spinning tires
Not a good match
One short ride
One tree in a million
To leave our hearts
With a need
Your voice the feeling
Thoughts #14
A time traveler
Of eons in space
Sitting under the sun
As it beats his face
Walking alone looking for
God’s amazing grace

A story in your ear
Is one that will caress your soul?
Strum the cords of your heart
Touch you in all the places
You thought fell apart

As a guitar strums
Summers madness into an eerie hum
Drummers sit around
Awaiting the song of the lost some call dumb

He watches as the women lie
To their men
Baby only you never that guy
Flying the long legs
Of another married beauty
Stars fly by
Knowing this is his godly duty

Everything will turn to ash
As everything around earth
Revolves around a little cash
Or a cute smile
With a phat ass
A thorn in someone’s eye
As he slowly travels on
Watching the planets zoom by
As he lives to smear another day
See another dawn
Breeding for yet
Another life as hell spawns

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic
6/3/14

Hide in your mind
He hides by his window
Trying to stay away from the horrors in his head
The thoughts come in waves
In a movie form
Once he puts his head on the pillow
Reality will leave his norm
He'll shake
He'll shiver
In circles all day
Looking through the bars
As ghost sliver
In his soul
He will try to stay awake
Talking to himself
As he knows his soul they will take
So he can't let all the evil in him
See the night
His eyes the keys
To unlock all that fright

But like fresh mud on his face
A dark church in his mind
For whom bells toll
If he lets it free
More than simple heads will roll

Ms. Scramm ask of his dreams
But they must be getting worse
For he has to hold back his screams
But she ask about the last night
As he slowly begins to speak
He looks up to see her face turn an ashen white
She gets caught gazing deep in his eyes
He knows now she is hooked by the evil sight
He has held in for years
Now it struggles to be free
For the world he begins to shed tears

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic
2012
Unwanted
Unwanted x 4 (measures 5-8)

My whole life
Unwanted
A nice guy (1st piece)
Yet unwanted (measures 9-14)
At a young age
Still unwanted
Passed around by family
Yet still unwanted
Always got funny looks because of my hand
Me down clothes
Like an animal put in a cage
So much sorrow
So much rage

No love (2nd piece)
No mom (measures 15-17)
No dad
Loneliness fit just like a glove

Forced to grow up street smart (3rd piece)
Yet hard headed (measures 18-23)
Turned into a smooth operator
With no childhood just a quick start
Growing up trying to trust
But man, no was there long enough

Everyone left (4th piece)
A child felt (measures 24-26)
Like dust
Everything was his fault
Love for none because
Happiness can't be bought

He was beat (5th piece)
He was kicked (measures 27-32)
But yet this child was relentless
He went from a nobody
To being known all too well
A crash course
Leading straight to hell

He felt wanted (6th piece)
He felt like somebody (measures 33-35)
I use these words to paint past pain
I build walls
To hide my true feelings       (7th piece)
A rough image                   (measures 36-41)
Is what he portrayed
He stood tall
Yet he cried
With the rain

He was hated on       (8th piece)
Pushed under the rug (measures 42-44)
Giving the cold shoulder
Praying for a new dawn
Never was a king
Always a pawn

He never felt good       (9th piece)
But felt plenty of despise  (measures 45-49)
I felt my soul cry ya'll
On my face he was a loser on the rise
These words of truth drip tears
They cry for a better day

A better way       (10th piece)
For the lost       (measures 50-53)
Away to help you fight
Your fears
From the asphalt
To the mud

We all fight       (11th piece)
In life just to be noticed   (measures 54-59)
In this life we fight to survive
We struggle to leave the past in the mud
So unwanted

This child turned from a toad
To a prince       (12th piece)
From a coal to shining diamond (measures 60)
From the lost and forgotten
To what everyone wanted
Yet so unwanted
For ever unwanted
Growing up when it rained, my mom would say she loved the sound. Which to this day I still love the sound of the rain falling outside, but when the sun was out and it rained mom would say that the devil was beating his wife. It was a very negative statement. But it has been with me my whole life. My parents were heavy partiers to say the least. Always hanging with drug addicts or alcoholics, yet I never wanted to be like them or hang out with that crowd. All the fighting and arguing then the police showing up and taking my father away while taking my mother to the hospital. Seems like my family was always being taking away from me. I never felt wanted then one day I started down that same road. The road that I truly never wanted but I felt like it wanted me and made me feel wanted. Or at least I fit in there. For years I tried to outdo everyone in how much I could drink or how many drugs I could take. Like it was all just a big contest, I forgot about life and life in a way forgot about me. Life moved right on by. I ended up losing the woman who I loved then I lost my son due to my immature stupidity. Yet through all that I did not learn anything. I ended up turning to all the wrong things to correct my wrongs and all my wrong decisions. Even growing up like I did. I still made all the wrong decisions and let life pass me right by. Then one day I had seen the light of the lord. I won’t push my beliefs off on anyone or preach to anyone. It is different for all of us. But by then it was to late for me. I had already served 8 ¼ years of a thirty year sentence. For a crime I did not commit but knew about. So my past had some good and some bad. Also a few nights I do not remember. I lost my family I have one friend? Yet he is outta sight and outta mind so now instead of everyone worrying about me. I’m secure I’m safe my mommy won’t be worried when she hears about a wreck or a shooting. First I got lost then I got found by finding my own positive way. So now when you read this try not to make the same mistakes- STOP- think. There is a better way. Rain I still love. But now I love it through a barb wire fence. Which keeps the real me I found locked in. But others are and don’t know that there in prison. Life is just passing us by. Like rain drops our lives are just washing away.

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic
If you cannot write
Go to:
Unclemeadows@aol.com
For any feedback
6/15/12
Evan William’s
It’s one of the best kept secrets
In Kentucky
Been that way since 1793
That would be old
Evan Williams’s bourbon better known
Round these parts as Kentucky
Sippin whisky

Distilled from that crisp clear
Bluegrass water
Everyone loves it
Even that mean old preacher’s
Beautiful daughter

On the weekdays
Judges and prosecutors
Sip it after court
Back room talk
All the money gets their support
On the weekends young’ens
Sneak and drink it as a sport
While in empty bars
Divorced dads drink
Away all their child support

Some like it in a shot
Some like it on the rocks
Some take it hunting
Some take it fishing
Some just drink it
From the dock
The working man
Drinks his when
He punches off the clock

Old man Mr. Evan Williams
He’ll shake your hand at the door
A few good drinks
Sure enough
You’ll be coming back for more
When it’s cold outside
His KY bourbon will keep you warm
Down to the core

Robert Meadows III
Reflection

Every man needs a time for reflection
Every man will eventually fall
For those times my friend god will be your only protection
Just bow your head and pray he will hear your every beckon and call

I can finally see the end of the tunnel
My light is starting to shine bright
Freedom from the east
   Any day now
   One day now
   I will be released

Some say that everything can be replaced
In order to get there the distance isn’t always near
Though I try to remember every face
   Of the people who put me here

I can finally see the end of the tunnel
My light is starting to shine bright
Freedom from the east
   Any day now
   One day now
   I will be released

The young man swears that he is not to blame
Young and old they’re in the same crowd
   Both screaming I’ve been framed
Noses up prisoners are on the lowest of low
   People nowadays are 2 proud

I can finally see the end of the tunnel
My light is starting to shine bright
Freedom from the east
   Any day now
   One day now
   I will be released

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic

Robert Meadows III
Trust

Why the war between us?
My love
Does all the screaming really help?
What once was a strong love
Is now a love of dust
Is a love that only makes you cuss?

Now we dance as we walk in circles and argue
Harsh insults are used
I fucking hate you!
You cheating bastard I can’t trust you!
You worthless piece of shit
I should have listened and never slept with you!
I can’t fucking stand you!
You yell
You scream
Till your face is blue
Silently I lace up my shoe
As I hit the door
Smash!
As another dish hits the floor
You might have won this battle
But I will be no part of your war

I’ll give up
I’ll move on
Your hands clinched as my lip trembles
For too long I let you run over this worthless pawn
Despite all my rage
I think before I strike out
Unlike the ones before me
I’ll leave
On you I’ll turn the page

I would have did anything
To back all your rage
All your pain
But it seems all you can do is take my name
In vain
So for you
Once my love
I am no stranger
To the rain
6/6/14

S.B.B.
My first big night
With Shakespeare Behind Bars
My first time acting in front of people other than friends
My mom and Aunt Val come to watch the first show
I hope I don’t die before the end
I am 35 yet I feel like a kid again
Mom kept asking if she had to pay
No, it is to help us as men
Who are in prison show that to us there is so much more?
Finally our families can see what we have been talking about
What all our hard work is for
We all hope we can make them proud on this day
In our newly learned Shakespearean way

Butterflies under our shirts
Something some of us have not felt since court
Some of us play women so of course
We will wear some type of Shakespearean skirt
But anything positive
We will make of it a sport

With my heart in my throat
As I walk out on the stage for the first time
I hope - I don’t trip
Or stumble on any of my old style lines
I think of how Shakespeare actually got a
Play out of all these fancy rhymes

We all passed with a standing ovation
Questions for all
Wow, I think we just performed
A Shakespearean art
A piece of his famous creation
I hope we lived up to the honor
Of this great man’s foundation
I learned a lot about myself
This play helped pull me out of a hole
I learned sometimes
You have to let go to find
Your true limitation
I hope mom and dad are proud of me
I hope they see that there is
More to me then just another face in the penitentiary

Robert Meadows III
1/1/11

Used to

Once considered a crook
But 20 years in a cell
Will leave a killer acquainted with god
So do what you can do
To change – bring yourself out of the fog
Put a pen to paper
Where poems turn to plays
Plays turn to books
Where at night now you pray

Used to drink
Used to abuse drugs and women
Now better decisions are made
A new version of Thomas Edison on the brink
Once from the country
Then off to the city
Now in prison where all you can do is think
Once thought of his self as a thug
Now he just wants a visit
From friends and family he never knew
Just wants kindness and a hug

But – no – now it is only weights and concrete
Steel fences steal dreams
Walls built in your head
Hold in all the screams
They also hold the vultures here at bay
Barb wire walls
Make these dope fiend dreams
But for him another reason to pray
In here he hustles from state pay to state pay
But with the right speech c/o’s can be bought
Females can be had for the right price
365 days 12 months 7 days a week 24 hours a day
This is some peoples only thought

Got a son but never called dad
A crime spree – nope
But a small happy family with a white picket fence
What he wanted but something he never had
If he could catch the ever running clock
He would turn back the hands
Relight that old high school flame
Fish with her by that old state park dock
But – no instead he stands like a rock

Counting days like grains of sand
Missing life like minutes on a broken clock
Looking for that special someone’s hand

Robert Meadows III
4/13/11

Thoughts #76
Cold as the wind
On a lost isolated hump
In the middle of Russia
A below zero dead stump
In the snow
Where wind covers me as it blows
Another insignificant lump

White is all I see
These tears of a clown
Where in the shadows I hide
Behind all these smiles
There is always a frown
Alone like a diamond
Shining but so blind
In this misery we drown

Buried deep
Of late my eyes alone
Calling but you cannot get through
Deaf but can’t feel
Just a dead block of ice
But
All
Alone
Is
All
I
Feel

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic
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For any feedback
3/21/13

Thoughts #67

I walk this yard
I stroll through this mind a smiling face unnoticed
Invisible to the commons around me
I am someone you notice
But never truly see
A familiar face
In a rough crowd
A man who sees through
Those who must talk loud

A tracker of truth with an honest pace
A country boy
Who needs out of this place

Invisible to friends
Did I ever have any?
Were they there in the end?
Unless my pockets were full of money
Or my weed sack fat
If not no love from the gold digging honey

Another sunup
Another sundown
Another way for the man to bring me down
Another way to make a mask
To cover up this frown

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic
4/19/14

Ghost

Apparently in Country Versatility
  I spoke about you
From my past a ghost
But Amy, their thoughts put me back in love with you!
  No, we are adults
Now with a family of your own
So to those who read that it is not true?

  You were like fire
  I was like your gasoline
  So people can only imagine
  What did transpire?
At one time our hearts grew like one flower
  Our 1 + 1 = 3
  You took Tyler and all my power
  You raised him with help from another
Hopefully he is not like his old man
  But smart like his mother

I would still like to know that Tyler is ok?
  I feel I have changed
We have to only have a relationship because of him
  I think about him every minute of, of everyday

    I have grown into a better man
    I hope you notice this one day
    Maybe let me see my little man
    It will help me cope and move on
  Take a big relief off of my shoulders
    I now have a better plan
But now it seems like my head is full
  Of these what if and how is he boulders?

  So if you do ever read this
  Please get over your past rage
  Drop me a line or a picture of Tyler
  I feel lost
Without knowing about him I am in stuck cage
Don't leave me staring at 15 more years
  Of a blank page

Robert Meadows III
6/10/14
Kristina Marie #1

Woe is me
Kristina Marie is supposed to be here
But her destiny was like a saw to a tree
Mama shed many a tear
For god choose Kristina Marie to leave to soon
So a year later a son came to help fill an empty space
Beau with a destiny for the moon
While Kristina sits in the presence of God’s grace
Angels danced at Kristina Marie’s birth
While demons sang a song of fire for Beau
Ones destiny to play out on this awful earth
The other to sit with an angel’s halo
Never a brother but a pity of a child
Considered to elusive for society to wild

Robert Meadows III
Hidden Gold

The waves roll in
From depths unknown to a beach
As with the flight 370
Your love is just untouchable
Out of my reach

You took a chance
With your young fragile heart
We had a nice long dance
But in the end
It all fell apart

The days went by
An end to your innocence
You were ready for that true love
Then odds and ends
Didn’t even make since

She now smiles
As the sun cross’s the sky
Like a ghost he waves
Bye

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic
A piece of unwanted lumber

But times are getting drastic
Ever since I seen
That baby laid up in that casket
Babies are dying
Mothers are crying
America is fallen
While young entrepreneurs are ballin
Selling death to the kids
Weather its heroin or meth
Selling or using leads to our children’s slow deaths
Moonshine

Moonshine made
In the backwoods and hollers
Skitters and crickets make the only music
Around here
Anything in the country to make a dollar
Some say sticky green and moonshine is just
White collar

A ill shack
Way back
A few stills
Copper pipe laid back in the hills
It taste so good
So much better than a pill
It'll also help pay the bills

A tick tick
Thump
Echoes through the holler
A fresh batch of strawberry delight
Is what all the country cuties like
But watch old Johnny law
Better Pay'em off well
Shiny chrome bracelets
Can be a man's down fall

Our country was raised on shine
Hell presidents of presidents
Sat around drinking that down home country wine
No problems back then
Now it's prison and a big fine
But the true blue country at heart folks
Will always drink white lightning better known as
Moonshine!

Anything for them hotties in the holler
Anything for your family
And that great American mighty dollar
2014
Lady in black #1
The lovely lady of beauty unheard of in black
She swims in my eyes yet dives deep in my head
Her gaze will knock you off balance falling back
Your thoughts then led astray where all you can imagine is her bed
What she feels like what she taste like
Darkness in her eyes as the wolves bellow
She’s everything in life a wife even a lover of the dyke
She is known to hypnotize beautiful woman and shoddy a fellow
Her followers there from all walks from the rich to whose mongers
They will walk through her lake of fire covered in smog
They’ll wait for eternity and a few minutes longer
Hellions streak the shadows as she calls the wolf dog
She stops beast in her lace and ashen skin
Her paleness a rises the flesh but it is to touch a sin

She strolls the ins and outs of people’s lives
Keeping her minions at bay
Once thought of as a jesters wife
Her deceit turns your looks to decay
Never a one to trust
Even her ashen white skin brings vultures to the tower
When she exhales it oozes an evil lust
Her beauty unknown to a few breaths of power
She rides a deformed black horse with a sparkling white horn
Her court is held in an ancient cavern of evil worship
Chants heard in the night symbolize that an evil darker then night has will be born
She’ll bite then lick the blood from your lip
She can bring a strong storm or stop the gentle wind
Can you make her love, your life will depend

The beauty of the women dressed in black surrounded by the tears of dead doves
A silent dead lake surrounds her land of lost
Many a kings and queens have tried to earn her undying love
They tend to lose their minds and soul a small cost
Her true motive is an unthinkable, unimaginable thirst
Her smile so beautiful it’ll wilt the prettiest of flowers
In life she is the only one she is first
Her pale complexion demands power
Her love is found not in her heart but in her eyes
A Schramm caught her attention once upon a time
The lady in black will hold no despise
That was this villages destiny it’s only crime
She strolled in that small village leaving it decimated
Nothing not a villager left just flames charred remains hell

Robert Meadows III
The finest Black lace frames her magnificence
   The glow of her unnatural ashen white skin
As snow flies across the plains her touch brings suspense
   Her skin so frail so fragile you get trapped within
Mountains they move with the sway of her hips
   A cold wind blows across this landscape
   A brush from her tender red lips
   The touch means that you have no escape
   Will leave your heart racing as if in a fit
   Powerful dogs of a wolf breed protect the evil queen
A spell in your heart from a touch a new fire has been lit
Sometimes in her kingdom things are not as they seem
   The younger the victim the better for her grace
   When young blood spills on her flawless body her youth is the only race

   About this place this time I cannot say to much more
   I can hear the voices I can see the faces as I scan the crowd
   Her minions’ eyes look through the cracks in my door
   I have to quiet down I think my thoughts are too loud
   The bleakness in this place is overpowering
   She uses our children as a way to stay young
   Her castle a place of frightening creatures a towering
   If we do not cooperate in the woods we are hung
   But I can feel her presence on the back of my neck
   I feel as if I am being followed
   I am fearful for my family my nerves are a wreck
   I hide all of my writings in an old stump the center hollowed
   I hear their footsteps as I run to hide all of this
   I can only hope someone will – oh no her lips – her kiss

(To be continued)
6/13/14

Thoughts #32
Thoughts drift into your world
Like a light dust sprinkled from the stars
The rusty handles of time
A juice from ancient mason jars
It slowly surrounds you

Always after some thunder
But right before the lightning
The darkness sets in like the light before a hot summer dawn
A smidge of your imagination
It gets in your eyes; it nests in your dimples
Another day of unmanageable rumination
It makes itself at home a new kingdom in your heart
While family and friends
Wonder why you’re driven apart

In the interstices of your gray matter
It oozes in becoming palpable
As the bullets make the left over splatter
It sharpens all of your senses
Intensely for specific things are now not worthwhile
As it counts down out loud
While you try to get away
Beginning a lifelong quest
Trying to peek around the corner hoping it is not there
You’re new found unbearable sorrowful guests

I am more than just a number
I will not be just another statistic

Kentucky Poem Pushers Association!!
12/10/13

Where I was born
It's been 18 long years since I left what was once my home
That little hollow of Louisville
Where I was born
Brought up in Oldham County
Where cool fall nights made our
Wood smoke rise
Then came the city folk
With their horns a blaring

I think I might have fallen in love
With a girl from the big city
I thought she would be true
So around that big old city of Louisville
I ran
Working at a fast food joint or two

What have they done to grandmas' house?
The place I grew up in my old homestead
Once it was all built up
Not old and worn down
Why did grandpa leave?
Why did he leave his plow in that field by the creek?
He took a job in the city
Because there wasn't any in town

My girl she done runoff
With another
The juke joints in town all took my hard earned pay
Once again I stood
Where I grew up
Before time swept it all away

Now the bluebirds fly south
For the winter
As a cold wind blows
I hang my head
As I walk
I lost my love
Now my only wish is to be dead

Robert Meadows III
6/14/12

Brooke
Sometimes I just wanna give up
Put my head in my hands
And cry
I ask the lord why?
Why did Brooke have to die?
I should have listened
I should have thought about what I seen
But in the end C.P.R wasn’t enough
But baby I did
I did try

I would give up my life
In a single heart beat
To bring you back
I was too immature
To see what was really going on
I didn’t understand your mama was so wild
On her C.P.S already had a thick file
The first sign of neglect
C.P.S should have been the only number dialed
Instead like a dumb ass on my ass I sat
For the rest of my life
This is something I will always regret

So now like a villain or white devil
I will walk on
In some eyes I am considered a piece of shit
Too vile
If I could turn back the hands of time
Brooke I would
Undo it all
Such a pretty baby
Such a beautiful smile
A bright life ahead of you
My hands didn’t hurt you
But since that day
Away my life was through

I know I did not show it then
Some will say that life is just not fare
But for you baby girl
I truly did care
5/6/14

When I write I want you to feel it

When I write
I want you to feel it
Like a cool breeze on an autumn night
Hitting the leaves bit by bit
When you read it I want you to get that warm
Fuzzy feeling like when you found love as a kid
Before school before bills
Before the kids came along
Before politics before clubs
Before a life of crime – jail
Before your first ten year bid

I want you to think
Of loves now and loves lost
Daring times like moonshine stills
Growing wacky tobacky
Anything to get the kids fed and bills paid
Find a way no matter the cost

These thoughts come from a mind
That K.S my therapist says isn’t as weird as I think
That maybe the struggle I encountered in life
Can help you through what you are going through
All this bullshit I have did or seen made this mind
Made this fucked thing you call life mine

But if not for prison
Would I feel like Job from the bible?
Are my words heaven sent
Or maybe something the devil lent

My struggle
My strive
My days of smoke all day
Have since derived
It took Brooke the hole
A deep down soul dive
A new man emerged
In my mind the words
In my soul converged
The planets aliened
The moon
The sun
Was it too late?
Was it too soon?
Will I end up like Shannon Hoon?
Tough love
I felt like I was drowning in my life
I wanted a jumper on spokes
But my old school hooptie was cool
I came from nothing but went from crumbs to bricks
From cooking soft and selling hard to fuck school
Trying to survive was like trying to catch the wind
Something you know will never happen
The spots I grew up in I'll never see again I'm done playing the fool

It used to be twenty five lighters on my dresser
Now its how many pens can I lift from the c/o
Before these fools can feel the pressure

Me and my daddy was cool he showed me tough love
From sticky green to fishing
Like O.J. with his infamous glove
If it doesn't fit you must acquit
But in me there was no quit
Just confused man
With good looks and a quick wit

My eyes hate the sights I've seen
Lord help me please my only words
My soul was ready to leave
Visits in the pen my only refrain
But in the hole you learn
People don't care you grieve
From all the past pain

I swam up from the depths
My soul was on its last breath
Struggling for air
Alone but on a new journey
I escaped death
I jumped the fence wrote through the wire
Freed my mind from its cage
You'll no longer ignore me
Trial by fire
Is an understatement
To my life
Now my only worry
Is when I get out will anyone hire?
5/7/14

Tick Tick thump
In the backwoods of the Appalachia mountains
We make some damn good moonshine
Our ladies love it
While the old timers
Sit on the porch
Sip on it like fine wine
We go hunting and when we go fishing
It is always on the menu
As musky dine

We got different flavors
Like candy cane, apple pie,
Cherry bomb, mint fresh, watermelon blast,
Peach cobbler, blueberry surprise, and our famous lemon drop
They’ll take away all your pain
Just pour it in a glass it’ll make you spin like a top

You might want to watch where ya walk
In these woods
If ya hear a
Tick tick followed by a thump
Turn and run as fast as you could
Cuz you can guarantee around here
Your around someones honey hole
That can be dangerous is that understood

Hell moonshine
Helped raise this country
White lightning
Was Americas first fine wine

Robert Meadows III
3/1/12

Prison prayer

Lord it's so hard
Trying to live this life
Constantly I struggle
Each and every day

You wonder why?
Sometimes I would rather die
But it is better than to continue living this away

The world is blind
They can't find truth
Because now a days people truly do not care
I made a choose not to accept this
Is just how it is going to be?
One day I plan on having a family
Being free

Devil one day you will have to let my soul go
Let all my brothers in prison go
Some of us are good people
We all just want to be free
K.S. taught me
Not to let the world
Which is in constant confusion?
Get to me

I want to feel the sun of the free world on my skin
I want to see my child's first steps
Hear their first words
Walk out of this hell
Into a new dawn
Sit with my son feed the birds

A normal life
Lord, please listen to my soul
Help me to walk a straight line
Maybe if I am blessed one day
You'll wash my sins of old
Please hear my prayer
6/17/14

S.B.B. #2

My first big yard performance tonight
I hope after all of our hard work
That we as a team of prisoners do well
That it just turns out right
I hope I don’t catch
The sickness called stage fright

My heart beating almost
Out of my chest
As I hit the stage
My face red as if in rage
But no it is not from blushing
From trying to act like I’m of Shakespeare’s age
His time
Don’t forget the lines
Remember your lines
Cue lines
Remember all the Shakespearean rhymes

I think though with Matt and Carol’s support
I can pull it together and make it through
Karen from Texas A&M gave us all some good insight
Even as a Hero a female character, I was a good sport
They all helped prepare me to get over my
Stage fright

Don’t freeze up
First night
Of course I did
Luckily for me my scene partner helped pull me through
Being in “Much Ado About Nothing”
Is one of the smartest things I have did during my prison bid

Shakespeare Behind Bars helped me grow as a person
As a man, when we started I felt like my life was in a rut
But Shakespeare Behind Bars helped pull me out
It touched my soul
Changed my heart
It made me push forward getting my feet unstuck

I had to wear a dress in the play
But at one time my life was a mess
But with the Shakespeare Behind Bars community
I think now out of my life I’ll give my best
Instead of half ass with no chance or giving up
My parents really enjoyed the play as well did our audience
It changed me for the better I must confess

Robert Meadows III
6/17/14
Thoughts #20
Fake Muslims in prison
Screw sissies
Eat pork
Their wrong decision
It is more like a prison gang
A bunch of cowards
Who get together?
For protection
You might have one real believer
But 1 coward x 10 equals power
They pray as a group
To show power
They get away with more
But earn stripes like a troop
Loan borrow trade
Fake
Talk big
But to me their voices fade
Reality is what I search for
Truth in all
But when we all
Have an angle
Eventually we will all fall

4-21-14
Mother Nature
A cool wind blows off the lake
As it hits the trees there boughs bend
Then once again
The wind is free
Through the clouds
Dancing with the rain
Then cold air
Turns the two into snow
Then back to ice
Then the wind races off on dare
A simple cycle of Mother Nature
Mother earth her will
As deserts bake
Cooking the sand
As the reptiles give birth
We do not think so what is her beauty worth
She changes her ways every year
If the sun is her smile
Then the rain
Is her tears
3/21/13

Reality

My pain
Please take a seat have a feel
Born as a punching bag
To be beat on
Beat by your mother
Beat by your father
As a child
Never had a place to call home
Each summer it was another
Mental abuse can be the worst
Always with the yelling
Always with the screaming
Defiantly the one to blame
Mama saying you’re just like your father
Worthless a fucking curse
All this finger pointing
Just adds fuel to the fire
Till one day like an atomic bomb
You burst

Ever known a happy home?
I never seen a happy home
Only a happy place in my fucking mind
You cower in the corner or under the bed
Waiting for it all to stop
People call you weird because you want to be left alone all the time

Life still ticks by like the clock on the wall
You cringe at loud noises waiting for the belt or coat hanger
To touch your skin
You hate red but you wear red
The blood doesn’t stain
Teachers touch your back, you flinch
Honey are you ok? Are you in pain?
No, bitch I am good
If you say yes it just brings more pain

Beat on by the ones you love
Do you honestly wonder why at 16?
I cried but flew with that dove
Family what family they can’t help
On my face their hands leave a whelp

Not your mother’s son
Not your father’s son
You’ll never do it to another
Until you have a son

Robert Meadows III
Hidden Gold #44

The mirror it flew
The door slammed as I left
2 hearts were at that moment through
I still glance to the sky
For a hint
Was it ever true?
Or was destruction always bent

The son
A star in our sky
Just a few summers of fun
Do you ever wonder why?

Like a chiropractor I had your back
Together we stood like leaking nuclear reactor
Like 2 needles lost
In life’s haystack

________

Hidden Gold #3283

You walked out
You hung up
You slammed that door
It was almost a homicide
I tried many a night to eat that .357
Searching for my
Stairway to heaven
But I wasn’t ready I fought
I learned to survive

You blame me
But bitch I gave you my all
You gave me none
Butterflies
Tears with doves
But bitch
You just weren’t the one
I was your bullet
You were my gun
6/19/14

Son
They married when he was 8
They divorced when he was 9
She’s still full of hate
He’s off somewhere drinking moonshine

A young boy alone in a cold world
By himself he walks the creeks
Looking to the sky he thinks of a girl
One day maybe he’ll be cool
No longer the broke geek

Time marches on
She turns into a crafty little brunette
The light in his eyes signals a new dawn
But like a fish he gets caught in her net

Finally away from all his parents fighting
Now a man now a father never a dad
But what if a dad anew found joy a son new excitement
Show his son that all relationships are not bad

Into the sunset with their son she rode
Alone again sitting thinking
Gray hair has him feeling old
But thoughts now are all positive no time for drinking

After 16 calendars and so many years
He has finally changed
Thoughts of his son bring him to tears
Freedom one day fishing with his son
The only reason his will again rearranged

If you cannot write
Go to:
Unclemeadows@aol.com
For any feedback
6/20/14

Perception

When you see him all there is, is a mean mug
You think automatically think a mean man
His teeth gritted
Unshaven with beady little eyes
Streaks of gray run through his beard
You see you despise
Because you know of his prison time
So of course you show signs of fear
You pull your children to your side as he walks by
You can’t tell it
But at night when he’s all alone he might cry

You can’t see all his pain
On his face a disguise
You think he’s crazy a nut
Because sometimes he sits in the rain
But that’s when his tears mix with the rain drops

A hard worker
An honest man
A cute smile the women say
But the chip on his shoulder keeps them away
If he takes his mask off
Then what will they say?

He just wants to be loved
But this is only a dream
Loneliness fits him like the O.J. glove
He would fly with the birds
On the wings of a lonely dove

He has wanted someone who cares
But with the past still on his mind
This burden is his cross to bear
6/20/14
Thoughts #38
If you could see through his eyes
Relive his painful past
The mistakes, the despise
Raised alone as an outcast

Destruction around every turn
A barrage of mental abuse
He is only special to the coat hangers burn
Always told he was a sorry excuse

A family, but where?
Pointed at, laughed at
Friends what fool would dare
It did not help being short and fat

Happiness once a dream
A day without tears
But in his head all they his parents do is scream!
The sheep finally shed his skin, now the wolf has no fear

Alone as a man, all alone as a young boy
Alone naps came by the garbage can
No mother – feeling like trash – no father on hope no joy
Who would ever want this man?

His innocent soul stripped taken gone
Clouds hover over his heart
Always a place to sit for him on sorrows lawn
A ruined man
A ruined life
Always looking for a new start
For his lifelong lonely heart

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Unclemeadows@aol.com
For any feedback
6/19/14

Adults only
Strumming her pain with my finger
Making her love rain
Her body shake-n-shiver
As her thoughts linger

Singing softly in her ear
A late night of soft whispers
The world gone off to another plane
A gentle caress
Turns from a purr to a whimper

Gasping for breath
As her chest falls then raises
Her back arches an orgasm
Other men look and despise
But she is only for me
Her body is mine
As are her lust filled cries

I strum
She strokes
In rhythm our souls hum
This is true magic not a hoax

The pressure rises in the room
Lips locked between legs
I can taste her womanly perfume
Drenched in sweat we both beg

We have been hard at work
From 7 to 11
Bodies fatigued
We are on a course for heaven

To bodies transformed
Into one knot of ecstasy
I have all of her
She has all of me

Finally the moment
We both peak
The stars we pass
For a moment together we are both meek
A last kiss
Is all our souls seek
3/1/13
Thoughts #89
Do you shame or deny
That thou lovest any,
  Who but you
Are so unprovident
Grant if you will
That you are beloved of so many,
  To none your love is
Defiantly most evident
So you are possessed
With the murderous hate
  Think thou is slick
You gain to conspire
Your beauty is of ruin
  But in your mask
We see your desire
Though thoughts have changed
But roulette played in your mind
  You hate the gentle lover
Mask hide you're gracious
Thoughts shovels dig to find
  Is thou'st love for thee?
  Is thou'st beauty for he?

If you cannot write
  Go to:
Unclemeadows@aol.com
  For any feedback
Street life
Flicking this lighter feeling the spark
Holding the hourglass of my life
Watching the gunpowder of my past flow
Through the glass into the dark

My life was once lined up on a mirror
Chopped up, then cut out like good cocaine
Here’s your tooter
Don’t blow it
Still think I’m sane
Why, I’d sit on the hood of that 79 Regal
Listening to stairway to heaven in the pouring down rain

Please look at me while I am talking to you
Now you’re looking
But now I’m just looking through you
I see the blood in the sky
The pain in your disguise
I felt your love once
But that’s what made those dove’s cry
I know with me you were never satisfied
I see a little truth in all your lies
I’ve seen you smile once
But then a tear found its way through your eyes

I sense the guilt
Beneath your shame
I didn’t blow it
Now my life’s the game
I look through your window
I see your soul
I feel your window pain
But I now I feel old

I think about all the pain I have been dealt
I look in the mirror
He is me
I am him
I see nothing but myself

Robert Meadows III
7/8/14

Does she remember?
I wonder if she lays awake
   At night
   Staring at the ceiling
   I wonder if it's me in
   Her minds sight
Does she think of me when they make love?
   I wonder if the slightest touch
   Would bring back that warm feeling?

I wonder if she remembers those nights
   Spent standing atop Iroquois Park
   Hand in hand
   A king, a queen
   Living without a plan
   A twinkle in her eye
   A star caught in her gaze
I wonder does she lie alone and cry

I wonder if she wakes up in a cold sweat
   If that dream was of me
   With me she took a chance
   But she lost the bet
   She left that boy
   Walked away without a glance

   Now the new man wonders
   If she remembers the happy times
      All the smiles
      All the hugs
      All the genuine laughter
      The life before crime
      Before he became a picture
      Lost in her mind
5/12/14
Kentucky mud
It starts in the hills of
Bourbon County
It’s distilled then bottled there
Off to the bar where for a glass full it cost a pretty bounty
Then ah, waitress I need a refill
Don’t drink and drive
Boys
You might end up on
Heavens hill

Kentucky Mud
Jim Beam for late nights
Young kids living out grown up dreams
Cornfields Evan Williams, Markers Mark
Field parties after dark
A few shots and your on a new expedition
Like Lewis and Clark
Kentucky Mud

4 wheeling all day
Mudding getting them trucks dirty
Pretty little thing in a bikini to clean it up
Just having a ball
Nights full of red solo cups
Waiting to seeing where your fall
Country cuties say come here Hon
Drop dead gorgeous
One look then a kiss
Boy you’re all done

Kentucky Mud
Jim Beam late nights
Young kids living out grown up dreams
Cornfields Markers Mark
Field parties with a little Evan Williams after dark
A few shots and you’re on a new expedition
Like Lewis and Clark
Kentucky Mud

We like our bourbon strong
Our women soft
Our weekdays short
Our weekends long
Hell sitting on the back of this old
Pick’em truck
We’ll burn one
Then sing ya a Kentucky song

Robert Meadows III
Kentucky Mud
Jim Beam late nights
Young kids living out grown up dreams
Cornfields Markers Mark
Field parties after dark
A few shots and your on a new expedition
Like Lewis and Clark
Kentucky Mud
Goes great with our
World famous home grown Kentucky
Snow flake bud
Ain’t nothing like
Some good ol
Kentucky mud

(Played on Acoustic Guitar in D-G-F)
(Open Chords)

If you cannot write
Go to:
Unciemeadows@aol.com
For any feedback
7/9/14

Theory

The theory is that better prisons make better men
But I am in prison and you can still be a lazy piece of shit here
You can lie around and do nothing at all
People have 2 wants now neither of them is to become better people

One is to become the biggest dope dealer but that is usually
    Why they end up in prison
    So instead of trying to improve their life
    They resort back to the same things
    Selling drugs is extremely easy
    Technically you are not selling drugs
    Drugs sell themselves so you are just a slave to the drug
    You are not much better then the dope fiend you are selling to
    At least the dope fiend knows
Drug dealers do not realize that they are being pimped by the product

    True drug dealers move metric tons for a year or two
    Then slip out unseen
Drug dealers now want everyone to know

    Instead of building better prisons for the human
    We need to start building better schools for the child
    Better programs in the city and the country

    A lot of it starts with the parents
    Children mimic what they see growing up
    Whether it is drug dealing, drinking, meth making, dope growing, women
    beating, pimping or being pimped
    This gets passed down to other generations

Some time the parents have to change they have to grow up
    Stop being immature
    Change for the children if not for yourself
    Stop giving up
Our duties as Americans is to succeed
    Not whine and cry
    Become better people
Make the children see the hope in our eyes
    So we can see it in their eyes
    So future generations will try
    Not give up get drunk
    Get high
    Pick yourselves up
    Live life
Set better examples for others
    If not for your kids for a niece or nephew
Before we fix others we must fix ourselves as humans as Americans.
Tyler’s Late Registrations

What changed a man in my shoes?  
A simple picture  
My Grandmother holding my son Tyler  
Still it takes my breath one look at it and I am through

I think back to all the things that I have sacrificed Over nothing  
This picture though takes me back  
To the hospital when I first held you  
In that instant I was hooked  
You had me wrapped around your little finger  
Ask your mama son this is true  
One thing I will never do is lie to you

I was like a runaway train on the wrong track  
My path went a different direction  
Then your mama’s did  
This is a fact  
Now I search high and low  
To find my son  
To one day get my life with him back on track

I’d walk through hell in a gasoline outfit  
To take all this shit away  
But my luck ran low  
I got caught up in karma’s little game  
Then came the 30 year bit  
I wish I would have grew up sooner  
I wish I would have stayed that day  
But instead like a child I walked away

I hope I have not brought you any shame  
If people hate  
Chill out I’m always the easy one to blame

It took me years of soul searching  
Staying up late nights thinking  
I had to stop running from all my years wasted smoking and drinking  
But for you my son I will never quit searching  
The hurt in my heart  
Will never quit hurting

Now after all these years all this time  
I am now the master of my own mind  
With no pick me ups or drop me downs  
I hope one day we can be friends  
I know this will take time  
But that is all I have now to ease my mind

Robert Meadows III
Silentwood

A Kentucky Poetry Pushers Publication

By: Robert "Beau" Meadows
In a time before the time, before the world as you know it, there was a beautiful, quiet, little kingdom, known as Lakewood. It’s a great kingdom with no fighting.

A giant lake highlighted this place of freedom and beauty. A lake with water so clear you could sit and watch the fish swim. The village children would sit and watch as they played at the lake’s edge. Watching as days go by.

On one side of this lake, there was a wooded area, next to Martha’s Corner named after an ancient queen. In this wooded area there were all kinds of cute little animals. Fluffy little bunnies, squirrels you could pet if you had treats, and butterflies of the most magnificent colors an eye could see. Birds flying overhead were singing the most pleasant tunes, wise owls that were too clever for their own good, and plenty of horses that pranced around just begging to be ridden. Trees that stood tall to keep the animals in the shade as well as strike up a good conversation. It was such a pleasant little area.

Then there is a palace made of the finest white stones found in any kingdom, flanked by a bustling little town where the beautiful princess Shyann lives. The palace has gold spires shooting towards the stars. The palace seems to gleam at all hours, basking in the sun’s glory. It’s such a happy place for anyone to live.

Then there is the dark, smelly Darkwood, A place of evil things and spirits from realms unimaginable, and monsters of unthinkable proportions. A dead place with dead trees and dead things. Well, things that will not stay dead. Here there is no sun, no happiness, just darkness and heavy gloom.

This is also the place of hidden thoughts and hidden things. Not many smart people venture in this area. The ones who did were rarely seen again. The trees would whisper riddles into the wind luring you deeper into the dense wooded area. Once out of the sun’s safety, the darkness would slowly confuse then devour you.

Off down the shore line is a beach area. But looks can be deceiving. The beach turns into a hot desert full of snakes and scorpions along with big fanged red wolves, and cactus of a mean stature. They will follow and deceive you then shoot their needles at you. There are despicable little things!

As the sun is setting, you can see a haze, but if you wait, there is a big, old rusty castle of nasty thoughts and evil magic. This is the queen in black’s home, a castle as old as time, made of the blackest onyx. Many nasty spirituals have been performed in this castle of death and destruction and sorrow.

The queen’s ashen white skin makes her silky black dress seem to glide across the ground as she walks. The queen hates all happiness, all
smiles, hugs, fluffy animals and bright sunlight. She has a nasty breed of followers named the Cussinghams. They are a fat, little hateful, inbred, short, and stinking little clan of mongrel beings. They do the queen’s bidding and have traveled the Darkwood for many years looking for something. But what they seek is only a myth. The tear of Hades?

There is a tale of a great war that parents tell their children, of where peace is restored to the kingdom of Lakewood, where the princess Shyann’s great, great, great grandfather Bobert, defeated the evil Hades, in a long war that almost destroyed the kingdom. Then King Bobert magically trapped Hades’ soul in the tear of Hades, with the help of a grand magician in a special stone. Never to be freed again if ever the kingdom would be thrust into chaos again.

But this is only a myth, a tall tale? A legend for parents to tell their children to make them be good, be happy and have fun.

Until one day in Darkwood...........................................
7/14/14
Everyone's life is worth something
Don't you sit and think yours is not
    Because you are different
In color size or the way you look or act
    Or the size of the shoes you wear
Because your mama doesn't wear a ring
You know the different dudes she brings home don't really care
    The y life in your face, she hugs
But inside you feel all alone
Sometimes young one life just isn't fare

School lunch for you is free
Because mama does not know where your daddy is
    You have heard of him but you could never see
But it is all his fault if he would have stayed if he loved you, you would have
    been the best kid ever!
Instead you're yelled at because of a slight resemblance
    You get hammered with mental abuse, loved never
But little one I know your pain
    I feel your pain

I know now it sucks
    But one day
The sun will break through your rain
Some people fools they are call you a bastard baby
    But one day the sun will steal away all your pain
They talk because different men hang around
    They hang around like different liquor bottles
But look up one day you will have a child of your own
    Treat them right
Because you will be there role model
    Your child will be your shining light

Hold on be strong
You might be talking to a kid who went through what you went through
    I know now it seems like it goes on and on
But all the pain will make you head strong
    You will finally feel loved
Find a place in life where you belong

Robert Meadows III
2012
I have lain here for many a years
    Feeling unsure
Fist balled up eyes full of tears
I am hoping and praying that the things your mother taught you help you endure

    I know how I can be there for you when I am here
    Locked away
    For so long
    How can I show that I love you?
    In anyway
Son all I can say is please be understanding
    Hold on be strong

I have been in prison since you were about three
I think of all the times I should have been there
    But you and your mama did it without me
    Don’t think that I did not care

I kept all the love that belongs to you
    Bottle up inside

Some how I managed to keep my head up
Holding on to your image because of my pride

After all these years it will hurt to one day
    Look into your eyes
To see the reflection of my pain

Son if I do not have your love
I truly have nothing in life to gain

The years have been erased by all this dead time
One day you will stand in front of me as a man

    Somehow we are not familiar
But I hope one day I’ll be part of your plan

    I loved in my absence
But for you it did no good

The long slow song
    Of a prison father
A sad song indeed
    The slow song
Is a song of need
2010
They said
I was unfit to be a dad
I was too young
Too wild
Too high kept having conversations with the moon
Too bad
I was left with an empty apartment
An empty room
Once a place of love
Turned into an apartment of doom
Then empty pill bottles littered the floor
Wild turkey hung out on the counter
Chilling next to the night stand
Every one sitting waiting staring at the door
Once a strong young man
Lost
Alone by my own doing
He'll show them
But will he ever pick him self up
I don't think that he can
They say all this as they turn there backs
They slowly walk away
Drunk belligerent
He goes off crying to his mama
She calls but dead the phone falls away
Now he leaves all those memories on the door step
Hits the road
Looking for the shoulders
Where the one he once loved
Laid, wept
Looking eternally
For her or heavens doorstep
If you cannot write
Go to:
Unclemeadows@aol.com
For any feedback
7/21/2014
The brokenness in me is starting to heal
Once again after so many years
I am once again starting to feel
You took our son
You took my soul
You played with my heart
You left me stranded
Torn was my life apart
Like when I was young
Once again I was abandoned

But I picked up the pieces
Like a jigsaw puzzle
The center was missing though
Then it hit me one day
Our son was the end to my puzzle

I glance at pictures of the past
Like a ghost I feel
Those memories are not mine
These memories I did not have
Or deserve them
In my own life I was an outcast

Some say misery loves company
Well then that bitch can’t be with me
I think now I have changed into a better man
With a positive life and a positive plan

The time for me is right
But you are the judge jury and only vote
But will you accept this kite?
Prison talk
Will you stop because I do not want to fight
I am trying to right all my wrongs with our son
I screwed up the past
I want to at least make the future
Half assed right

Robert Meadows III
7/21/14

Popcorn

Crime Whiskey Weed
The life death and ever lasting legacy of a modern day outlaw
Popcorn Sutton a man, a Likker
A nation with a want
A nation with a need

The last true great hillbilly hero
A man with a talent
A man with the knowledge
To make the best moonshine
His drive his craft
It was about Likker not the Deniro

You can now find Marvin “Popcorn” Sutton
In a grave somewhere in the backwoods of North Carolina
Where at one time Popcorn did misbehave
The most notorious moonshine maker EVER
It was Popcorns way
Or the highway!

Popcorn was the last great hillbilly hero left
A true folk hero
Real Appalachian Americana
Tried and true
Who took his families old recipe and made it finer
Americas last
Americas greatest
Pure blood
True moon shiner

Without people like popcorn we today would not know about
Moonshine – white lightning
He did what he did
Was damn good at it
Till the government
Tried to pinch him
In the end
Where his Likker and a rope became his only friends.

R.I.P
Marvin “Popcorn” Sutton

Robert Meadows III