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THE BEAUTIFUL ENIGMA

By

GEORGE KASH

My belief is that life is a beautiful enigma structured in such a way to baffle great minds for millennia on end. So through my poetic insight, I've written my philosophy on life, and its most important elements, such as: love and animosity, pleasure and pain, truth and deception, reality and illusion, and much more. The beautiful enigma, is a very intricate we, tangled with events of our lives, and we experience things as we grow, that makes us wonder, and search for answers, that's difficult to understand, grasp, the full meaning of, and that's the beauty of life, we live and we learn.
DEDICATION

To the Buckley, Nicholas, and surrounding families, and friends.

Special honor, to my mother, Carleta M. Buckley Price.

And the entire Arawak Indian Nation.

June 15, 1936
10, 10, 12
Acknowledgements

First and foremost, I would like to acknowledge my Arawak-Jamaican roots and culture, for giving me the persistently strong, and willful ambition I possess, that helps me progress towards sustaining the possessive motives that drives me forward. Special thanks goes out to my parents, for giving me breath, Carleta M. Buckley-Price, and Robert J. Nicholas, Sr, also my grand parents, who raised me up with love and care... and good cooking!

My Aunts and Uncles, especially, my Aunt Nevareen Nicholas, who was like my second mother, and my Uncle Neville Nicholas, who was the only person in Jamaica fast enough to catch me, when I took flight, after getting into trouble (though I got away 75% of the time). My Brothers and Sisters, and my many Cousins (RIP to my Cousin Dane), whom I grew up enjoying the country lands of Jamaica with, growing rough and tumble each day, and last but not least, I thank all my close friends, whom I consider, sisters and brothers, also who were in the fight against oppression, and the battle to promote a possessive environment... and it wouldn't be just, not to thank the publishing company, for letting my voice get heard, by giving me the opportunity to witness the fruits of my labor come to past... Thank you!
Prologue

The Beautiful Enigma

Life!

The Beautiful Enigma!

We Live and We Learn, but Have We Learned a Thing?

Dying to Live, Some Living with a Stigma

Is Living to Die Worth Living?

The Beauty of Life and Death

Life Goes By So Fast, Doesn't It?

Should We Be Cherishing Every Breath?

Wasn't Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow What It?

Did the Sun Ever Set, as I'm Told?

I Saw the Moon Block the Sun.

I Saw the Sun Light the Moon, She Was Bold!

She Made the Seas and the Night-Wolf Run

I Imagine Beyond My Imagination

In a Dream Like State, I Imagine!

Far Beyond My Comprehension, and Communication

Doesn't the Unknown Seem to Intimate?

It Is Written, But Written by Whom?

The Tribes Thrive, Off the Sun and Moon

East to the West, They Prosper and Bloom

Enraged With Nature, and Nature's Tune

So How Is It Written, and Written For Whom?

Man Was Already Born With Common Sense

Was It Written For Power, by the Scribes They Groomed?

So They Could Wage Holy Wars, and Rule Continents?

The Unknown Is a Tool, Used to Garner Influence

And Make Scholars, Out of Fools, An Enigma So Beautiful!

They Conquer With the Sword, and Enfluenza!

The Beautiful Enigma, Indeed... Ever So Duteful!
PART ONE:

THE TRUTH
LOST FROM LIGHT

This is a complicated world filled with portals and passages.
Greed, deception, immortals and savages.
A weak minded individual poses no match.
It's like being a Windy City resident with a roof made of thatch.

You'll be blown away at the slightest breeze.
And be exposed to the cold and treacherous breeze.
There, hidden agendas, and favors to the rich.
Eliminating anyone or thing, that may cause a glitch.

The population is blinded by ignorance though the truth is there for pursuing.
Monuments, symbols, and artifacts all in plain sight for our viewing.
'The mind is a terrible thing to waste' what an underappreciated statement.
Though death is a terrible thing to taste, for we know not, its replacement.

Though alike, people are dead to the wonders of the universe and mankind.
They're poor of knowledge, though they live in wisdom's gold mine.
They use the light to feed darkness, to hide from the light.
They discard the tools that's needed to aid them on their plight.

Your body is a ship, and a ship needs a navigator for navigation.
Your body is a plane, and a plane needs a navigator, for aviation.
One cannot find, if one does not search for answers to his clues.
Without legs one cannot wish to entertain as a dancer for his muse.

Be wise and understand, don't be a victim to their secret poisons.
They'll massacre our minds from their high seats and podiums.
And watch us die, not from an overdose of sodium.
Lost from light, clouds made of opium.

Jumakool
5-4-12
Forgotten Times

We seeketh truth, what truth?
Their sacred doctrines are corrupted with lies, down to the roots.
The victor prevails, the conquered vanishes.
Their beliefs, their culture, and land, the victor replenishes.

In tune with nature's divine harmony, the ancients prospered.
So powerful the knowledge they attained, had to be whispered.
Monuments resurrected on power lines, initiates so grow.
Three aligned in the heavens, four grace our earth so above, so below.

Rendered heretic's, by heretic's, thou bequeathed the masses so ruthless.
Guardians of the mysteries; possessing vast self-conscious riches, not fruitless.
Their authorities possess not a fruit on their tree, but greed, and power, in the name of thee.
Such blood they shed, through false doctrines, interweaving and deceiving.

One has to imagine, what the world would have been, before drowned in man made sea.
The ancients lived in a state of pure peace, not barbarians drowned in sea.
They understood the concepts of life's purpose from deep within.
As the world turns, and the sun burns, great minds alike yearn for a sun.

May Day

May came with the wind at her wings,
Sliding through spring
As the leaves for her songs.

Assured of her manner the war hawk her banner
Soaring in the deep
Quenched the flames of salamanders.

Redeeming the hopeless, wise words for the smoteless
Stranded in upheaval
Like medieval devotion.

The young with pride, guided by the trio
Those lights so bright
Enlightening moons strong led.

May Day! Help sized the sun came with a bride
The moon came with a son
And a star with a steire.

May Day!

[Signature]
5-1-12
Confidence

As a lion knoweth his abilities against his reality
so one must also knoweth one's liabilities from insecurity.
For one's liable to succeed, or liable to fail.
Liable to die young, or die old and frail.

One is only limited to the limit one set as a goal.
For there's no limit to life, one cannot cross a bridge when afraid of a troll.
One has to have confidence, as a shark in its wings to soar.
A sheep cannot sail without confidence in its oars.

A war is fought by men with confidence in a cause.
For what war can be won, with men, with no confidence in their cause?
To do a job half done, was a whole waste of time so precious.
A young mind through confidence grows strong but precocious.

If the task at hand seems overwhelming, with a little will, your aim and
The tiger shark soars in the deep, unafraid or uneased.
To have confidence is to be aware of the sacred light within our beings.
Every day is a battle, and whom can forget a battle scene?

No confident soul is content with failure to achieve.
When knocked down, one gets up, another trick pulled from one's sleeve.
One draws the sword of knowledge, to wield with confidence and assurance.
Through both positivity, and negativity, a confident mind has endurance.

Ely Kay
5-5-13
TIMELESS

As one’s love and affection for another
As a child and a mother’s harmony for each other
Timeless as the times themselves, time itself keeps no watch
Who watches for a time, when time neither goes up or down a notch?

Love’s virtues are timeless, lost love feels fresh, even after 64 moons
Love’s doses amaze and impress, even after 64 spoons
Timeless as the sun burns, but never burns out
We sleep and wake up to a new dimension, as it turns out

Love’s kaleidoscope, mirror, a timeless image for our moods
The timeless fruits of our labor, springs forth from timeless vices
Does a man know what the hour, or time? What power can be timed?
Doesn’t time cease to exist, when the constellation of the stars align?

Timeless, as the poem itself; in times to come and passed
One’s mind grasps the future and past, both so vast
The nature of our beings, and workings, are a timeless enigma
For the secrets of our minds are timeless, and purer than their dogmas!
The will of my determination influences my concentration
The motives of my passion ignite my soul's stagnation
I'm in awe, at the wonders, being subdued as I lay
Focused though I am, as a hawk scouting its prey

The signs of my purpose are purposely cast in my path
It's a rough life, we live in joy and pain, but live who-what?
For some amongst the living, are amongst the deceased yet still
Soulless, as a wild animal tamed, blinded by ill will

Focused through the gray storm clouds, maneuvered by the flash
Brave but aware, as I remanded by a flash
Through it all, there's a vision of a mission impending
Though spurious ones plot to make a profit off descendants

There is a way where strong will strengthens, beyond belief
One so narrow with a burden, the weak soul, begs for belief
Even one without sight, if focused, sees the light brave
Focused, one will attain knowledge more sacred than a cure!

5-10-22
EVERYTHING COMES BACK AROUND

NOTHING DIES, LIVES, AND THINGS ARE ONE AND THE SAME

AN ENTRANCED WEB; ENTWINING ALL THINGS NATURE

WITH NO BEGINNING OR AN ENDING, WE LIVE ON WITH THE UNIVERSE

OUR MINDS EXPANDS WITHOUT LIMITATIONS, AS WE THINK.

THE UNIVERSE HAS COUNTLESS DIMENSIONS, LIFE KEEPS REVOLVING

AROUND IT GOES, AND AROUND IT COMES, TO GO AROUND AGAIN

WE EVOLVE AS WE DISCOVER OUR CAPABILITIES TO TRANSFORM

THE OLD AGE MAKES WAY FOR THE NEW AND IMPROVED ONE

AND YET AGAIN THE OLD, WILL COME BACK AROUND AGAIN

THE FOUR SEASONS COME AND GO, AND TIME CHANGES, AND CHANGES BACK

AS IF TIME IS ONLY AN ELEMENT OF OUR MIND'S CREATION

EVERYTHING COMES BACK AROUND, BUT NOTHING STAYS STILL

IT'S A STEADY MOTION, THAT ADDS UP TO A SUM

EACH BEING HAS A PURPOSE, AS EACH ANT WORKS FOR THE COLONIES CAUSE

TO PROSPER AND SURVIVE, AS ONE FUNCTIONING BODY OF WORK

WE'RE ALL ONE AND THE SAME, WORKING AS UNIVERSAL MINDS

COMING AND GOING, AS TIME REWINDS AND GOES FORWARD.
THE POWER OF THOUGHTS

Every thought was a thought that eventually came to past
Every thought is the same, even they contrast
An image materialized in the mind, you thought it out
Where there's a way, there's a path to find, you sought it out
Out the ground, forms the tools you'll use, to break through
It will always make sense, one and one will always make two
You build up your mind, as your mind builds up the world
The power of your conscience, reaches out, and fells up the world
Look around you, thoughts are everywhere to be found
Results of beautiful imaginations, stand, to astray
Thoughts fusing to become, the greatest of minds
Strange and confusing, though greatness they find
Shaping a shape, out of a shapeless form, that's formless
Fearing the thought abnormal from the norm, though harmless
For to have powerful thoughts of this manner, your sacred
A powerful mind has powerful thoughts, but along comes hatred!
With mine eyes close I view a starless night sky
A shooting star shoots, or is that a light fly?
It's all in our mind's universe, Universal Man
Our minds expand with the universe, a reversal plan

Our bodies are confined to earth, but our minds roam free
With mine eyes close, I could explore, on a dreaming spree
Man is a temple, in which our universal being dwells
To some, it's a prison, for knowledge they try to quell

Man's nature is both destructive and constructive
Along with the universal order, and its instructives
For as man constructs, the storm soon destroys
And after the storm destroys, man again constructs

Man invents diseases to keep the population in check
Nature's wars come and go, but poison man continues to inject
To stimulate the powerful mind of the Universal Man
And only a few amongst the few shall rise, and conquer their plan!
The Cycle of Life

Born of this world, to grow and evolve
An enigmatic cycle, we're born to revolve
Around life goes, around life flows on
Around life flows, around life blows on

New and old rotate at a set rate
Meek and bold allocate, at a set rate
Around life whispers, around life sleeps on
Around life digs, around life keeps on

Born again to a new world, not known yet
Baby boy, or baby girl, not shown yet
Around life meets, around life beats on
Around life keeps, around life keeps on

New to some, much too old to others
New light comes and old minds it bothers
Around life goes, around life comes
Around life throws, around life runs!
THE PROPITIOUS SIGN

STORM CLOUDS LOOMS ABOUT
TO END THE PRESENT DROUGHT
AND SO BEGAN THE BOAT
THE WEAPON OF THE MOUTH
THE SUN SHINES THROUGH DIZZ
THINGS LOOKS FINE, THOUGHgrim
CHANCES ARE GOOD, BUT SLIM
THOUGH THEY'LL TAKE IT AT A WHIM
THE TIME SEEMS RIGHT
THEY PREPARETH FOR THE NIGHT
A JOURNEY TO NEW HEIGHTS
SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT
RAZU REIGNS THIS SUMMER
THUNDER BEATS AS THE DRUMMER
THEY WELCOMED THE NEW COMER
WHO ACTS AS THE MUMMER!
THE LIGHT OF DAY

THE LIGHT WAS BROUGHT TO MY ATTENTION
WHEN I WASN'T PAYING ATTENTION
I MUST MENTION!!
THOUGH THAT WAS THE INTENTION

WHAT WAS I TO LEARN? I GRASPED...
I THINK!
THE VOICE SOUNDED SO RASP
BUT IN SYNC

TIMES ARE CHANGING
THOUGH TIME NEVER CHANGES
NEW DIMENSIONS ARE JUST ENGAGING
AND FREE MINDS ARE CHANGING RANGES

A FEW WILL WITNESS THE LIGHT OF DAY
MANY WILL BE LED ASTRAY
BECOMING PREY
TRAPPED IN THE GREY!
When the truth reveals itself,
Some watch with lustful desires,
Others stare in utter disbelief—
While running to clothe it.
And the rest turn away in shame!
PART TWO:

THE DELUSION
I'VE SEEN YOUR FACE BEFORE, BUT WHERE?
THIS BATTLE OF PERPLEXITY HAS TAKEN ME OUT OF MY SPHERE
IT'S LIKE I'VE RELIVED THIS MOMENT A THOUSAND TIMES
IT'S A BITTER SWEET FEELING, LIKE MONEY COATED LINES

I KEEP DREAMING YOU INTO LIFE, OVER AND OVER AGAIN
MY MIND'S ROCKING ON THE EDGE; IT'S BEGINNING TO UPREND
THERE YOU ARE AGAIN! THIS TIME I'LL HOLD YOU FOREVER
BUT YOU SLEEP FROM EXISTENCE OR CHANGE LIKE THE WEATHER

Am I going back in time, or into the future?
Regardless I'll be in need of a tour guide and a tutor
For I'm lost completely, in my own domain,
I've wandered to the mysterious outskirts of my mind's terrain

searching for that fountain, only to find a puddle
searching for that mountain, only to find a rubble
But when I least expect, our lives entwine
Your body and mine, a beautiful sign

And just like a kite, you're gone with the wind
And I'm left with no memories, when my conscience sets in
It's a magical feeling, like ancient taboo
Without a lure or a healing, it's DÉJÀ VU!
Without You

Without you I'm living a life living to die
A void of incompletion encompasses my soul
You've been gone far too long, your presence or else
Loneliness seems to engulf's me whole

Without you there's no us, without us there's no comfort
Greatness and glory cannot sublimate grief
A broker is yet to be found that can value your worth
Your a precious thought invading my life

Without you I suffocate in my mind's dilemma
Trapped in a purgatory trance!
Confused in a maze of a mysterious enigma
A war with my conscience fought with a lance

Without you as my bride, my world divides
My thoughts are inspired by memories of the past
My heart's a castle where no one resides
What's paradise if you've gotten there without a task?

Without you no pain can describe
No heart can endure half my distress
My thoughts bleed along with the words that I scribe
I live for the moment, without you more or less!
PAINFUL PLEASURE

SEDUCED BY BEAUTY, MADNESS AND DECEPTION
THE BEAUTY OF LUST IS MY INFECTION
THAT'S ONE ASSERTION I'M FORCED TO ADMIT
MY PAINFUL PLEASURE, SO POLITICALLY LEGIT

CANT SURVIVE, WITH OR WITHOUT, I'M A QUARRY NOW THE LESS
PAIN AND PLEASURE, TOGETHER MORE DETEST
FREE FROM LOVE, BUT A PRISONER TO LUST
IN A WORLD OF UNREST, ONE HAS TO ADJUST

THE FIRST TIME IS THE LAST TIME, YOU'LL FEEL LIKE PARADISE
BUT YOU'LLL SEARCH THROUGH PAIN AND PLEASURE, ONLY TO DISCOVER
IT WAS GOOD WHILE IT LASTED, BUT ITS OVER AND COMPLETE
ONE'S SO ENTERTAINED, WATCHING PAIN AND PLEASURE COMPETE!

THE STANDARDS ARE SET AND JUDGED, BY LAW OUTDATED
PASSION ROAMS FREE THROUGHOUT... UNSEATED
REALITY CAMOUFLAGES AND CONCEALS LOVE'S TREASURE
LIVING ON THE EDGE OF MY PAINFUL PLEASURE!

[Jan 23]
2/10/22
Along She Came

Along she came knocking on the door to my heart
Beautiful as summer meets autumn and parts
Should I let her in? I had not a choice
Should I protest? I had not a voice

She made herself at home, though I didn't quite get her name
But she knew mine own, emancipation was her claim
to free me from the bondage of my own self-service
A rare charitable one, might I enquire, such benevolence

Flames of passion, not as influenza's bride!
Slowly we walked, then formed a tempestuous stride
A tempest of became, controlled by the uncontrollable
A beautiful prece worth paying, though unaffordable

She became my obsession, to wet bemused my motives
She could influence a dying heart, to revive and so lives
But a wondering heart is a wonder that wonder well spent
So along she came, and along she went!
A DAGGER THROUGH MY HEART

THROUGH AND THROUGH, AND THROUGHOUT MY AGONY
I'VE BOWED TO LUST, ELOPED WITH LOVE, THEY SAYETH BIGAMY
WHICH BRINGS FORTH THE CAUSE AND EFFECT OF MY MIND'S TREACHERY
I'VE GOTTEN UP TO FALL, GOTTEN UP TO FALL, WHAT GRUNGS SO SLEPPERY?

EMOTIONS ARE FUELED BY A DAGGER THROUGH MY HEART
TWISTED AND TURNED NOT ONCE, BUT TEN FOLK, AND THAT'S TO START!
WITH NOT AN END IN SIGHT, THOUGH SIGHTLESS I SEE NOT AN END
BLINDED BY HER BEINGS, THOUGH SIGHTLESS, I SEE NOT A TEND

I'M SCARED BY MY OWN MISCONCEPTION, SUCH NEED OF A GREAT
THE ATTRIBUTES OF LOVE SO ALLURING, SUCH GREAT MINDS RELATE
BOTH A STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS, A CREATION WELL OBSERVED
A FORMULA OF THE GODS, FROM MANKIND OBSCURED

LOVE, PAIN, ARE THEY BOTH NOT TO GAIN THE SAME?
DOES A CANDLE COMPLAIN, WHEN BURNED BY IT'S FLAME?
LIKE A DAGGER THROUGH MY HEART, HAS IT NOT I MADE THE TARGET?
WITH A DAGGER THROUGH MY HEART SHE MADE SURE I NEVER FORGET!
Mind Games

Together we're inseparable, yet we separate, how inevitable?
Together we resuscitate, yet we suffocate, how despicable?
Is it you, is it I, is it us, is it them, that reek us Bittersweet?
Or is our energy so strong, the gods render us incomplete?

The craft which your potent potion works, I myself render you heretic.
The way your energy affects my gravitation, altering my kinesics.
But your beautiful, and beauty will be the death of me.
My Achilles heel, what else... did the gods expect of me?

But inspite of, I might have, if I had the right of,
But I go right as she go left of, inspite of my right of
And I map the right to and the right too, but boy can she fight too!
Smiling at my efforts, as she blow me off as a slight dew

So I'm back at the scratch line, while she's waiting at the finish line
This race has two qualified runners, so how did I possible finish nine?
The gods themselves are confused, at the recede to which they created the female mind
So who am I to challenge a challenger, not restricted by time?

Her mind games and her mood frames unmatchable
In love's coliseum, the scene is gruesomely unwatchable!
She brings me to the edge of madness, awakening strength I knew not to be
Though outmatched I grow stronger, quite entertained, refusing to flee!
So is life.

You say you have promiscuous motives, yet you aspire to be a nun?
Your so enchanting, and grave, my dear, your mind must weigh a ton?
Cheers to the young lady who has a mind to accompany her beauty
Yet caught up in the draft draft, of her own ingenuity.

So is life, your an inspiration none the same
The world is yours for the taken, your birth right is yours to claim
The city lights, along with the city nights, aren’t always a pretty sight
But the drive that guides you, are sacred as the city riots.

Your beauty only carries you but so far
Every door is wide open, or left slightly ajar.
You have the gift to bring forth life, yet man seems to remember this day
How did the one who pushes life, is left to carry man’s sleigh?

So is life, life must go on, your destiny is set
On your way to glory, try not to attach unnecessary regrets.
It’s a rough road, but you’ll lighten your load, through joy and strife
I’ll support your choices, if you stumble, I’ll steady you, so is life!
The Power of Love

Ah! Such is life, a beautiful female is but a gift and a curse
But a gift worth the indignation, I have feared much a worse
Who have not drawn sword, to know her more complete?
Did not her beauty set sail a flag, to draw death or defeat?

I speak as a man with experience in the arts of love and danger.
I've seen plenty a man some man head over heel, for one a stranger
Seduction was a beautiful gift to man, that the woman vowed as none other
I've balanced quite a few lovers at a time, but a woman, quite a many, I am not a bother.

That one who's skew was like dark honey, did not many tongue flock to her chambers?
Did not one betray his see, to be her one and only claimer.
Ah! The power of love, what one would not do with such a fire burning inside?
I myself give atestation to many, the account, I would have died in pride.

Though a lion is strong, A woman's strength is not measured in weights
For where a lion is strong, A woman is wise, in the nature of a man's desires and traits
The power of love, does not one glimpse heaven in a woman's arms and care
While I play the harmonica, she plays the flute, and shall love play the share?
LONELY AS I AM

LONELY AND ALONE, I COULD ONLY ENVISION
SO DISTANT WAS HOME, THOUGH I LONG FOR A MESSAGE
THOSE FACES ARE UNFAMILIAR, NO LOVE KNEW I KNEW
THOSE PLACES ARE UNWELCOMED, I'LL TAKE THE SINS IN THEIR

ANYWHERE BUT THIS DEMONIA, THIS DESPISED DIMENSION
THIS PSYCHOLOGICAL ONSLAUGHT, OF WHO'S INTENTIONS?
INTERRED AS I AM, SIGHTS DO FRIGHTEN, WHEN NOT ENLIGHTENED
BUT ONCE WIND HER SAILS, MY PATH GET ENLIGHTENED

THE WOMEN OF MY DREAMS ARE EVEN LONELIER IT SEEMS
FOR THEY ACCOMPANY ME THROUGHOUT, WHILE TRYING TO REDEEM

THERE IS A CROWD IN A SMALL WORLD SO LARGE
WRAPPED IN A SHROUD, TO BE TRAVERSED IN A BARGE

THAT RIVER THAT FLOWS NORTH, OH I'VE DREAMED IT SWAMS!
IMAGINATION MY SUPPORT, LONELY AS I AM
THROUGH THE WINDOW OF MY MIND, THE SANDS OF TIME FLOW
THAT LONELY LADY SO DIVINE, COMPARED TO THE WOMEN I KNOW!
Tears That Burned

The wind blew, and the fire increased its flames.
The heat was on, so beautiful where those damn hot as hell's kitchen, roasting jalapeños in July.
Tears that burned, their lovers when they cry.

Souls on fire, though walking once seduced by heat, and rolling of a dice.
Such chances are took, playing with fire for desire.
Heated emotions are cooled, once the flames endure.

Tears that burned streaks down those cheeks.
Flames engulfing, bold and meek.
What a pity, serenity, boils so hot.

That peace of mind, burns when the memories trot.

The flames stir, as passion winds whirs.
In the heat of the moment, life goes as a blur.
On that dark path, those flames' flame churned.
Through blood soaked wrath, and tears that burned!
WE MET HALFWAY, AGREED UPON IN OUR FURY
OUR FUTURE HUNG IN THE BALANCE, AS IF POWDERED BY A JURY
WE WERE SO IN LOVE, BUT NOW SO DREADFUL
A STALE AIR IN OUR PRESENCE, BUT NOT QUITE REGRETFUL

FURTHER UP WE CLIMB, FURTHER DOWN WE ROLL
NOT ACCUSTOMED TO MOUNTAINS OR GRASSY KNOBS
SUCH STRAINS AND RESTRAINTS, PROVOKING A FAINT
THE LOVE WE SHARED, IS NOW CORRODING AND TAINT

But still we long for each other, such a magnet to pull
So craved for one another, a mad cow and a bull
A jealous one I am, but I’ll never tell, still you know
When the moon is out of sight, doesn’t still the wind blow?

Not a day goes by, not a tear, not cried
We’re both too proud to give in, so within we hide
We pass with lovers on our arms, and contrast our faces
So close to the finish line, we trip on our lackes!
I fell in love with her beauty, but what a woman so cold? Death do us part is our duty, but how am I to grow old? With a woman so beautiful, her dark side is overlooked. She use her beauty to mock, and hearts get over took.

The dark side of beauty, too dark to make a distinction. The stark side of beauty, too dark to build my instincts. On off-sheer beauty alone, she can enrage an entire empire. Though precious, she's transparent, as sapphire, they admire.

Beauty comes with aắtaand, a curse; she exploits both. With such ease in her effort, she could have sworn an oath! Make the unbelievable, believe the unretrievable, retrieve the undeniable, deny, what her beauty truly perceives.

That's the dark side of beauty, but who inquires to know? If I had the will to inquire, will she be required to show? And will I be able to comprehend anything even then? A vulture at heart, while disguised as a worm!
How can there be any love lost?
when there wasn't any love found?
My heart swam in search of love,
and love watched it drown!
PART THREE:

THE DECEPTION
Oh what a night!

Where's the day when I need it?

To take away my fright!

I've got my mind set in flight

Searching...

But it's only darkness in sight

What I'm looking for is near

I saw it when there was light

Or was that an illusion?

I know I'm not delusional?

Or am I? Who's to say?

Because every time darkness comes

The light obey

But I could have sworn I saw

The light of day

I swore on the darkest nights

The light betrays

And when it's time for day

The night delays

Night and day

Perhaps a relay?

May be I am delusional

Try to figure out what they portray

But I came so close

Separating night from day!
IN THIS DARK WORLD, IN WHICH, WAS BESTOWED UPON MY PERSON
Dwells the doers of good and evil, and their motives of worse
The good do evil, for in time they also are cursed
From out the womes, evil intentions, most are usually nursed

What's deemed good might be plagued with evil in disguise
For there's no good without evil, what dwells behind those eyes?
A man eats of the flesh there-of, while another kills of the flesh there-of
One evil does not subside another, both reside on equal top lots

If one dies at the hands of another, he's tried and condemned to death
If a multitude dies from one's plans, he's condemned a hero, to live on in breath!
One's perception, his deception, hand-capping his inception
For what you know, you know not, and what you don't know, is one's transgression!

Some perform evil doings for pleasure, some for revenge, and others to survive
In a world driven by ambition, the root word of evil is convive
Good intentions are driven by evil deeds, birth by both good and evil seeds
A garden filled with roses, is both threatened and protected by weeds

Evil doings are measured by good ones, and good deeds are scored for deceit
Where in no evil is found, the multitude plans a desperate retreat
What's a world without evil? A world that cannot possibly exist
Through good and evil, our dark world persists!
BEGINNING TO EXIST

My confines, confess my flesh, but does little to confine any mind
Those on the outside looking in, are the ones doing time
Where some are deaf, some are dumb, some are blind, the rest trapped in their bands
I'm free as a hawk, with new boundaries to find!

With abundant time at my hands to enhance future plans
The fruits of my labor, arrives the tool's of my lands
No good deed goes unnoticed, not even a strand
Whether great or small, tropical or bland

Excellence, I strive to accompany thee
Though sharp as a knife, what's life without Isle?
My thoughts are sacred grounds, my pen is the key
These papers are shrines, the masses are me

As I'm looking out at eyes looking in
They search for an end, though I plan to never
Life's too precious, to waste it dying, death's a moment to thin
The stakes are too high, not to be planning to win!

3-6-13
I'm now so deep in my Confucian state of mind
That to turn back now will be a complete wasting of nature's time.
So on I go. Further along I row.
A determined conqueror, aren't I though?

Curiosity is my congeniality
Exposing the myths, of my stark reality
I've opened doors, once concealed behind walls
Illuminating fields, where darkness once crawled

The more I love, the more I learn, about mysteries, unfit for frail souls
The more I live, the more I yearn, as the mysteries unfolds
Crypts and vaults, labyrinths and masses
Footprints of the past, where the wise harled praises

On this journey, I've managed to avoid the journey
Acquiring strength as I go, as fed by a guernsey
I've past many a few, that was led astray, due south
Fed by a stew, they were fed at any spoil, spoiled trout!

As I sprout from a bud, to grow an oak
Their clandestine motives come to light as dagger and cloak
My journey is endless, not even death shall mar my trail
For even through dark times, the light of my mind prevails
Forgotten Already

A stranger to their recollection, am I not dead then?
For to be forgotten with breath and pulse, is the worse, one could recommend
Trapped in nowhere, neither lost or found, for every one lost can be found
This is death, for even those long dead, great and small, mail's from the ground

Forgotten already, I'm forgotten, but only for a short forgotten time
Those who have forgotten will be the forgotten, no sequel or a prime
Forgotten, but what was accomplished, to stain the vaults of memory lane?
Did one make himself a shrew, or is he just a grain?

The future is the past and present, life is just a memory being remembered
For even tomorrow is forgotten already, a lost life I rendered!
In love the moments were off in due time, such moments are forgotten already
Only to be remembered in due time, such moments, unsteady...

Every moment of being, I'm thinking and dreaming, remembering!
Every moment is fleeting, I'm blinking, and seeing, wending!
For I've forgotten already, what it was, I was trying to remember
All the warm memories, I've forgotten already, and it gets cold in December!

4-22-32
Hysteria

Thunder roared in the distance
A warning for the rain
My heart roared with resistance
No warning for the rain!

One turns to two, turns to five nights, I'm captive
Bound with a heavy heart, that keeps me inactive
No stranger to desires, but what a strange one this she!
A conundrum that keeps me up, all through the wee

The fifth moon she came, a tune played from the tribes
In a trance like state, she was thrilled, by the vibes!
She watched me as I watched, with eyes like a hawk
The war cry was emitted, my only voice that could talk

Lightning flashed on the horizon
A warning for the flood
Clouds block the skies in
As warriors ran through the mud!
DREAMING OF MY HOME

THE RAIN BLEW IN AND I DREW IN
CLOSER TO MY HOME
AS THE THOUGHTS FLEW IN
DREAMING OF MY HOME
WAY OVERSEAS
WHERE THE GOD SPIRITS ROAM
AND DRINK HERBAL TEAS
THE CLEAR WATERS FOAMS
SO CALM AND AT EASE
FRESH HONEY IN A COMB
FROM THE LABOR OF THE BEES
SWEET MUSIC LINGERS
A SONG TO THE EARS
TAPPING OF THE FINGERS
ROSE STEMS IN WOMEN'S HAIRS
VAST COCONUT GROVES
BEAUTIFUL WHITE SAND SHORES
WOMEN HOVERED OVER STOVES
DOING WHAT THEY ADORES
LOVE AND PEACE FLOWS
THE ARAWAK TRADITION
RAWANA LEAVES BLOWS
TO ENCOURAGE MY AMBITIOUS
LIFE GOES ON

LIFE GOES ON. APPARENTLY
I'M BUT A GRAIN ON THE BEACH
STRANGE, BUT ORDINARILY
NO AGES FOR MY SPEECH
THOUGH AROSE, I'M TO SAY
A GHETTO ONE NEEDS A GALAERY
WITH NO ONE TO SWAY
I'LL HAVE NOT EARNED A SALARY
BUT WHO'S TO PAY?
WHO İNDEED WITH LIFE SO PRICELESS?
I'VE BEEN LED ASTRAY
BY THOSE DEEMED CONTRITELESS
AND SO LIFE GOES ON, WHO'S COUNTING?
TIME TELLS, NO ONE SEEMS TO HEAR
SOME MOUNTING, SOME DISMOUNTING
BUT NO ONE SEEMS AWARE... LIFE GOES ON!
It's all in the mind.

My mind has been running away walking
With the thoughts I explore
What is yet to come is enthralling
I've only glimpse the contour

It's all in the mind, whether I incline
Towards the slope of hope en masse
Assembling in due time, all things divine
Building roads for enlightenment to pass

I'm not alone on my task, things will come to pass
The mind works in wonders beyond us
Like a laborer, free from labor at last!
The feeling flows so wondrous!

As the sun rise, so does my mind's eye grow
An illustrious feat, might I say!
Activating knowledge that I must flaw
It's all in the mind, might I weigh!

LSKUG 6.5.2
Illuminating my dark soul with beautiful light
To lead me on, where I would have stumbled, I now overstep.
The light of my soul, that never burns out
But burns bright on my soul's path.
My soul wanders no more in darkness, the light is the key
That opens up a world of mysteries, going back
And forwards in time.
When I sleep, my soul is guided by the light
And encounters enlightened souls alike.
Souls in a peaceful state, for they know their purpose
Without knowing a purpose in life, is a cursed state.
For this life we love, is only a step to reach beyond
To another life, and one cannot journey on without
Finishing the task at hand.
It is to be encouraged, that one finds his light
And brings his soul from out of darkness,
Even the darkness itself has light.
The night skies are illuminated to guide
So with light one's soul finds the way
to a righteous path!
A Troublesome Soul

Who am I to blame but myself, for my destructive path?
I'm held accountable for my actions, and disruptive wrath.
A Troublesome Soul, in a world filled with troubles.
Every action has a reaction, all my reaction doubles.
Misery loves company, so he accompanies me.
Though troubled, I'm not in misery, still I pay miseries fee.
I'm all alone in my own lonely world that I built.
Time seems to haunt my Troublesome Soul, for all the time I knew.

All the trouble I've caused, derived from my troubles.
My Troublesome Soul left to wander, amongst the rubble.
Of my own destruction, I must find a way to amend.
When wisdom gives his speech, I must find a way to attend.
For though troubled, I'm about, a gift from the gods.
Their assets I exploit, the reason I'm surviv'ing all odds.
A Troublesome Soul I am, that I cannot disown.
Living amongst the soulless, dying for a soul of their own!
THE STRANGE LIGHT

THE LIGHT CAME ON THE FIRST, IT WAS A FIRST
STANDING AT A STILL... THEN IT SHEETS WITH A BURST!
THE MOON WAS FULL, IN A DARK VOID SITTING HIGH
AS THE LIGHT SANK MY EYE, A RUGGED TRY

TO POWDER SUCH A WONDER, I'M AT WONDER!
HOW SUCH A LIGHT STAYS STRANGE, ENDING WAY OUT YONDER?
STRANGE TO ME, AND MY COMPANIONS, BUT EYES HATH SEEN
BUT WHO KNOWS ITS PURPOSE? STRANGE AS OUR SPIRIT

A STRANGE LIGHT IT IS, IN YET A STRANGER YEAR
FOR WE'LL SHIFT TO A NEW DIMENSION, AS THE ENDING NEARS.
I'M TO THINK THE LIGHT IS A SIGN, TO DECIPHER A CODE
MOTIVATION FOR THE ENLIGHTENED, IT ALT AS A GOAD

AS I LOOKED IT WAS THERE, AND AS I BLINKED IT WAS GONE
SO SHOCKED AT MY DISCOVERY! BUT AS I BLINKED IT WAS ON
AND SOON IT WENT FOR GOOD, SOMEHOW I UNDERSTOOD
THIS WAS JUST THE BEGINNING, I EXPLAINED WHAT I COULD!
Deceived since birth.
The hopelessly has nothing to lose.
And all to gain.
Yet they refuse to lose nothing!
PART FOUR:

THE ILLUSION
A NIGHT, TONIGHT

IT WAS A NIGHT THAT SAW LOVE LOST AND GAINED

JOY AND PAIN, ASTRIDE A WAIST

PREVAILING THROUGH PAIN, URGEING THROUGH STRAIN

HEARTS THAT PUMPED, LUST'S PASSION THROUGH VEINS

AS NIGHT LENIGERED, CONCEALING ITS TROUGHS

LOVE'S ANDALS, QUENCHES THEIR THIRST, AS THOUGH—

SEEMINGLY INRESISTIBLE, THE THOUGHTS THAT BURNED

WAITING TO MANIFEST, THEY TOSS R,ye TURRNE

CLIMBING TO A MAX, TO APPOINITION BEYOND

CASTING THEIR VIONS, THOSE HEATED RESPONSE

SUCH VALOR THAT SWARM THE BLEEDING SOULS

BLACK WED BAG, AS SORMTHING COALS

THE NIGHT ONCE CEASED TO A STAGNANT STAND

MOMENTS IN SILENCE, AS THE SILENCE BLEED

SOME HUNGERED FOR A LIFETIME, THESE MOMENTS THEY FEED

FOR TODAY AMONGST THE LIVING, TOMORROW THE DEAD
My East Bound Star

Your future looks so bright and promising,
Will I be remembered through your fame?
When the spotlights shine down, the pandemonium begins
Will my memories be acknowledged, at the sounding of my name?
Your fame and bodywork, cause glory, for your observers to perk
A magnificent sight indeed, man's nature quite naturally bold
The sacred femininity so appealing, one quite can't show berserk

My East Bound Star, so far, quite desirable, nature upholdos
A fighter red hat, though warm, when I remember her charm
Still though a distant memory, new perched so high to drift on clouds
We shared a fire with flames of mystery, to do great harm
Great desires of pain, love and misery, fast forward, still awair so proud
My East Bound Star, amongst kings and queens of the skies
Strutting with confidence, a posture few with such radiance
Goddess of the morning, noon, and night, so bright, and first to rise
So afar, but forever you are, my east bound Star, mother nature paid dividends!
A Strong Woman

Behind every strong blade, is a strong woman and a dream.

For what makes a man stronger, than love and paradise by a stream?
Fearless in battle, for fearing he may never grace the proinquity of his lady.
For no man fights only to survive and fight again unless deemed flaky.
A bleeding wound heals, but a bleeding heart bleeds to the beat of an unseen drum.
Physical pain, is but for a time, but can the soul be subdued by proofs of rum?

Does not a dame young or advanced, causes a man to stir?

Send many to battle nature, in search of gold, ruby, diamond, and fur?

Doesn't the poet scribble more poetical, when inspired by her charisma?

And the singer more romantic, when inspired by her aroma?

A peasant is a noble, once he Strikes a heart, that can draw King's and Khan's Swords.

For a woman worth dying for, is better yet worth loving for one cannot love boards.

A man can love a thousand times, and forget not a moment, poor or fair.

Every eyes, hair, or lips, each to be a collage, in the master's art to where.

Behind every strong woman, is a strong man and a team.

The beauty of a woman, what else makes life so sublime?
Love, hate

How they separate?

Do they trot at a gait?

Depraved or sedate?

Love, hate

Who set a date?

Who locked the gate?

Awaiting their fate

Love, hate

Such a dangerous trait

A more dangerous trait

In a most dangerous state

Love, hate

Who's told to wait?

Are both soirate?

With means to inflate?

Love, hate

Ow a platter or plate

Do they dine once at eight?

Who's heart burden's the weight?

Love, hate

So heels over pates

Mysterious... that line between mates!
SOMETHING ABOUT YOU

IT ISN'T FAIR, MY DEAR, YOU KNOW OF COURSE
BUT YOU DON'T SEEM AWARE, OR SEEM TO CARE
SUCH AUSTERITY, NO AUR FOR REMORSE
STILL I HAVE AT THE MOON TO DRAIN A TEAR
IT'S A THIN LINE BETWEEN US AND THE WORLD
NONE BETWEEN US, BUT YOUR DEEP REGARD
YOU UNCOIL YOUR EMOTIONS FROM ITS CURL
YET DAYS WITH YOU ARE LIKE A COOL HARVEST
WHEN WE TOGETHER, THUNDER CLAPS OUT LOUD
TIME STANDS STILL AS THE MOON MAKES WAVES ATEE
WHEN WE SEPARATE, TEARS FALL FROM THE CLOUDS
A SORROWFUL SIGHT FOR LOVERS TO SEE
BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE, THAT'S ON THE OUTSIDE
YOU WOULDN'T LET ME IN, SO YOU WALK YOUR STREETS!

LOVINGLY
6-10-12
My Bleeding Heart

Blood seeps through staining my soul,
From a bleeding heart, wounded from loneliness.
Blood drops, drips, forming a puddle of blood,
At the bottom of my soul,
A continuous agony, I suffer from a bleeding heart,
A heart that suffers from too many lost loves,
Leaving me lonely, too many times, to stop its bleeding,
It bleeds until a new love comes along,
To heal it for a time,
But even then, it's still wounded, for the first wound is the hardest to heal, every new one is caused by trying to find a duplicate to replace the feelings of the first love who was sent from the gods,
And taken away, leaving me in a love stricken state,
Trying to find more duplicates,
To relieve my moments spent in paradise,
But all I've found is disappointment, love after love,
So on my heart bleeds from loneliness,
And all that accompanies your lost from my life,
Where ever you are, I wanted you to know,
Your the only one, with the potion to heal the heart,
You've left bleeding!

[Signature]
LOST IN LOVE

LOVE SO ME LOST IN LOVE ... WHAT A SIGHT!
AND BEING AWAY FROM MY LOVE ... WHAT A BLIGHT!
WRESTLING WITH MY EMOTIONS ... WHAT A FIGHT!

-teared and torn at heart ... what a night!

I'M LOST IN LOVE, THE BEAUTY OF MY QUEEN
TOGETHER IN PARADISE, ON PASTURES SO GREEN
WITH FLOWERS AND A BEAUTIFUL VIEW, PICTURESQUE!
NOW, PICTURE ME, DEPRESSED OF LOVE, PICTURELESS!

WITH ONLY MY MEMORIES TO DWELL ON ... I'M LOST
I'M LOST IN LOVE, DWELLING ON MEMORIES ... WHAT A COST!
WHAT A COST TO PAY, FOR SOMETHING SO SACRED

BUT I'LL RATHER BE LOST IN LOVE THAN LOST IN HATRED!

MANY GREAT SOULS NEVER EXPERIENCED LOVE'S MOLD
SO I'M GRATEFUL TO HAVE BEEN LOVED, MY HEART IS LOST BUT NOT GLOOM!

LOST LOVE, IS A LOVE LOST, I'M LOST IN LOVE, BUT I COULD BE FOUND
THERE'S STILL HOPE I'M OPTIMISTIC, SOON LOVE WILL SWEEP ME OFF THE GROUND!

[Signature]
F. J. L.
I'M AN UPHELD BATTLE
I'M ON A DOWNWARD SPIRAL
LOVE BENDS BATTLE
TO MY HEART THEIR VITAL
IT'S A WELL KNOWN FACT
YOU TEND TO ABUSE IT
IT'S A WELL KNOWN TRICK
SEEMS YOU LOVE TO USE IT
YOU ALONE IS A TEAM
LOVE'S ARMY OF ONE
LOVE'S SKIES SEEMS TO TEAM
WHEN THE VICTOR HAS WON
AND I'M LEFT SOAKED IN TEAR
IN THE SUNSHINE YOU BASK
LOVE'S NAME USED IN VAIN
AND AM I FREE YOU ASK?
BUT THE LAST LAUGH I'LL GET
TO YOU IT'S ALL BUT A GAME
BUT A GAME YOU'LL SOON REGRET
WHEN BURNED BY A FIRELESS FLAME!

[Signature]
[Date] 8/24/10
JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

Once love got you fooled, your forever love's fool
But even a fool could find a jewel
While fooling around

A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH, QUITE RUGGED AND TOUGH
But once polished up, a price isn't enough
You cannot value what's priceless

A JEWEL so rare, causes admirers to stare
And silently cheer, at an ad so fair
Beauty requires no manual

The attraction is a distraction, for action
Your reaction feeds off their lost of action
The remedy obscured

A JEWEL once layung amongst the rough, now shines
Like an aurora, so beautifully bright in blinds
Love speaks not a soul!
A companion to man. It is man who needs a companion.

According to Plato, none will take heed a woman's opinion.

So a beautiful mind goes to waste without a trace.

So a beautiful vessel grows with haste, without a vase.

It's all an optical illusion, a woman causes much delusion.

A beautiful illusion, a woman causes much confusion.

From the shadows, they're an influence to manipulate.

From the shadows, they impose what they stipulate.

Taken for granted, but none can resist a woman's charm.

Preying on man's emotions, they have us in their palms.

Affairs shape's our history as we know it. Love conquers!

A beautiful memory as we told, lives conquer.

A woman and her mind, I find both enigmatic.

A woman and her kind, I cannot decipher their states.

A woman and her beauty, is a dangerous trait.

A woman and her beauty, a most dangerous bait!
LOVE IS IN THE AIR
SO EMMY DIE OF ASPHYXIA
SUCH A DREADED DESPAIR
CAUSING MY DYSLEXIA
I'M TO READ BETWEEN THE LINES
BUT WHAT A TERRIBLE FEAT
SUCH TEWELING OF THE SPIRES
IN THIS TERRIBLE HEAT
BLEADED BY LOVE'S MOONLIGHT
SURROUNDED BY THE DARK
BUT I JUST SOON MIGHT
FIND IT TO BE LARK
STILL LOVE IS IN THE AIR
SO I MIGHT AS WELL
LOVE COMES IN PAIRS
BUT I JUST CAN'T TELL
THOUGH STATED ON THE CHARTS
I STILL CHOOSE A BLADE
IN A WELL FILLED WITH HEARTS
I WITHDREW A SPADE!
DISGUISE

DISGUISED AS ABOVE SENT...
I'M SURPRISED I'M ABOVE CHOSEN!
LOVE HAS ME FROSEN...
STILL I'M A LITTLE SKEPTIC
LOVE SEEMS A LITTLE WEAK...
I WATCH IT CLOSELY
BUT MOSTLY...
IT SEEMS LEGIT
WTH A LITTLE WIT!
AS I PROBE
IT ALSO PROBES... THE SLOBE...
IS IT WHAT IT IS? ... OR IS IT NOT?
IS IT HOT WHEN IT'S COLD? ... COLD WHEN HOT?
IT'S DISGUISE, IS A DISGUISE ... FOR A DISGUISE!
HOW DO I KNOW? I'M GUESSING!
TIME TEAKS TO SLOW...
TO BE COUNTING BLESSINGS
AND WHAT A CURSE IS MY PREZE!
IT'S ALL A DISGUISE ... BEFORE I REALIZE!
Our perception of love may vary,
sometimes the fantasy and reality,
of love coalesces, then devolves,
leaving a greater void than before,
which wasn't worth the price!

LyAkU3
8/23/12
Epilogue

The Beautiful Enigma

Another Beautiful Enigma!

We live and we die, some young, some grown
Living to die, some dying with astigma
We die of the flesh, and enter the unknown
We're afraid to think for ourselves so we depend
On the conclusions of others, who use us as pawns

Some had intentions to do right, but why break the trend?

When they could prey on our minds, rush till dawn
After life, there's life, the beauty of it all
Our minds are the link, all we have to do is think
The life we live is free, they keep you down when you fall
If you watch, you will see the pattern, you'll miss it if you blink!

Death was an invention of mankind, one of many
to keep the multitude, in fear of the throne
What kind of man is mankind, he has little soul, if any!
For a soulless man is another kind of man... man-keen the clone!
This life we live, is over and gone so fast, but few grasp
The true meaning of their purpose, unprepared for life-after!

The Beautiful Enigma... is that it's intentions perhaps?

Shall we not know 'tell after, the feast and laughter?

Just pondering life after, is an amazing feat
No wonder it's a tool so effectively dangerous!
When our minds set sail, it's an amazing fleet

We encounter sights so enigmatically strange to us

Does the kingdom of animals, not have life also?
Is it just man and us, king, and all else obsolete?
Questions so unanswered, as we travel land and sea

The Beautiful Enigma... beating to the beat!

Emacs
20-30
As we go through life, we often are placed in difficult circumstances, that seems unfair and impossible to escape from. Sometimes we often give up before, or even without an attempt to overcome, and conquer, and therefore accept defeat, with a broken will. But there's a motto I live by, which keeps me striving forward, in the most despairing of times. "Don't make excuses; create solutions!"