A COLLECTION OF POEMS

"COMPROMISED ILLUSIONS"

BY

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15370

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"Compromised Illusions is a collection of poems written by a man who feels he was wrongfully convicted & sentenced to death and has spent the last 25 years on death row, in a Pennsylvania prison, trying to re-create things most people take for granted in everyday life. The majority of these poems reflect his anger at the system, society & himself, but also show and articulate the effects of prison life, on the row and the hopes & dreams of the author."
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I've been on death row since 1988, but didn't seriously start to write until the early part of 2000. I regret not writing sooner. I'm sure the earlier part of my incarceration would have better reflected my anger at the system, society and myself, however over the years I've mellowed a bit. Some of my writing reflects such a change, at times, but the more I've learned & experienced how our judicial system actually works, who benefits and how it all seems to be connected to everyday life, I've come to believe change is a constant concept or illusion.

Early on I wrote chapbooks "Reflections" Vol. 1 & 2 a collection of my initial poems, also "Rated X" Vol. 1 & 2 a collection of x rated poems, some of course reflect personal experience, thought and dreams, others however, were part of my active imagination & observation.

Later around 2009 or so I wrote the chapbook "i stumble on" a collection of poems from my stash of poems written over the years.

This book of poems "Compromised Illusions" is a group of poems from my stash that are some of my all time favorites. I'm currently working on a few short stories, a new chapbook of all "Free verse" poems and hopefully a short play.

The Struggle Continues
Peace & Blessings
Robert Fisher
BLUEBERRIES

A flash of lightning
in the soft morning rain
did not interrupt our walk
We still picked blueberries,
but not the ones with nothing to say
many were outspoken, between
outbursts of laughter revealed things
Their words, no doubt,
lacked the sweetness of the berry!!!
JUSTICE

I understand the legal system, just don't accept it
waking up all hours of nights, flooded with darkness
  oh too long, much too still
feeling a frustrating recognition
  that justice is only for a chosen few...
Due process & constitutional rights
are hollow concepts to be ignored over & over again,
in a process of disillusionment & confusion
  following the guidelines of warped humor,
  Freedom remains a stranger!!!
TREES

Summer is gone
trees shedding leaves
Undressing shamelessly baring their nakedness
dancing a ritual grin, at the beat,
the rhythm of a singing wind...
An unspoken, unrehearsed brazenness
in the midst of a predetermined course...
Lost in emotion under a veil
in the stillness of winter.
TO MUCH DRAMA

There's a lot happening out there today
I'll talk about it for a moment, if I may...
Young people making money on their knees & back,
these things happen when you're hooked on crack...
Our youngsters getting a bunch of time
from the petty to the most heinous crime...
Fights & shootings in clubs & bars
sounds of sirens from police cars...
Bullets flying, love ones crying,
a whole generation locked up & dying...
Drugs, violence & H.I.V.
it almost seems hopeless if you ask me...
I don't care what anybody say,
there wasn't this much drama, back in the day!!!
LISTEN

Listen to the whirling wind,
sounds of mystic bellowing...
Listen to the thunderous raindrops,
splattering upon the slippery rooftop.
Listen to the rapid flirtation
of colorful flowers, doing their ritual grind
dancing to the beat of the midnight wind...

Listen, Listen to me
Listen, Listen carefully...
Listen to the bizarre sounds
in your brazen dreams, watch the magic appear
Listen to the voices, try hard not to care...

Listen, Listen to me
Listen, Listen carefully!!!
BEHIND THESE WALLS

Plenty of misery, tears & pain,
not much sunshine, fresh air or rain...
Plenty of dreams & false hope,
not many positive ways to cope...
Plenty of cons, scams and game,
from the so-called slick, but really lame...
Most of the time you've learned some lessons,
and even the ruthless get some blessings...
Well my lady, here we are separated, oh so far...
Communicating by phone and letter
hoping someday it'll get better.
Waking up at the break of day
never forgetting to get down and pray.
It's always been a difficult bout,
down right now, but definitely not out...
So look beyond the prison tower
and give some thanks to the higher power.
I believe in miracles!!!
ANGER & ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Dark days and cold lonely nights,
I lay up wondering how I got caught up in this mess...
This must be hell, I'm paying the price,
things I've done, weren't so nice...
This place is full, from the floor to the steeple
ain't never seen so many rotten people...
They railroaded me, sent me to the row,
went straight to jail, did not pass go...
What's going on? Let's get something straight,
I'm not waiting on no parole date...
Getting in the books, all the time I spend,
rumbling this thing to the bitter end...
One more thing, without a doubt,
I'm not quite ready to check out...
When that day comes, I've made my peace,
settled some scores, to say the least...
Send me no flowers!!!

Robert Fisher        AS-1738
YOU're ALL GROWN UP

I missed when you started to walk,
your first words
when you learned to talk...
Playing with you, teaching you the ropes,
joining in on our future hopes...
I missed when you learned to count & spell
believe me, it's really been hell...
Now you're all grown up, what a sight to see,
a beautiful person, but little credit to me!!!

Robert Fisher       AS-1738
MOCKINGBIRDS DON'T SING

Sometimes I wonder why I tend
to be so cruel to myself,
tirelessly recycling emotional conflicts,
agonizing over superficial let-downs
of the ultimate hypocrisy of life...
Being true to a constant absurdity,
forcing myself to act out a badly
written script, by any means necessary...
A small gesture, but oh so prevalent...
The struggle continues,
there will be no Hollywood ending!!!
LIFE AIN'T FAIR

The blind & handicapped
slapped around and beaten
Poor & homeless that haven't eaten...
The ruthless & rotten living high on the hog,
while many are treated worst then a dog...
   No wonder many pick up the gun,
cause scraping & borrowing ain't no fun...
Welfare & handouts just allow to exist,
   waiting for life to take a twist...
What did we do to deserve this fate,
   nothing... Life ain't fair!!!
BIZARRE IMAGES

Sifting through memories
agonizing over lifetimes shortcomings
trying to move towards some unknown resolution
hindsight is better at details, but
I finally realized some tangible illusion wasn't real
Emotionally drained and tired of living
in a constant state of war with myself
my perspective of life has radically changed...
I swallowed a lot of pride,
dealing with a lot of issues trying to
direct my life towards a sense of purpose...
Brazen dreams and rotten thoughts
occupy a high decibel debate
in the dark corners of my mind.
Once again I find myself exploring
the endless emotions of life,
So much rotten stuff jumpin-off,
so many rotten people recycling changes
that truly undermine life's purpose...
Following a path like a lamb doomed to slaughter!!!
YESTERDAY, TODAY & TOMORROW

Yesterday you called me nigger,
now you pretend to be my friend
   Let's try to figure out
what message we want to send...
Will it be peace & harmony, or
   the same old anger & hate,
is it still time to fix it, or
   are we running late...
Ain't ya tired of working for such little pay,
   trying to feed your kids from day to day...
Rent's so high, oh my oh my,
lots of other things, I still must buy...
   Almost makes ya want to cry,
   hope things get better before I die!
MISS YOU

I miss you baby, it's been a while
I'll never-ever forget your smile
I miss you baby, I'm not afraid to tell,
I'll never-ever forget your smell
I miss you baby, I can see your face
I'll never-ever forget your taste
I miss you baby, I can feel your touch
I've never-ever loved so much
Thanks for the memories!!!
TWISTED DESIRE

When you're near me
I slip into a semi-conscious haze
a wonderful joy
I wonder how an extremely beautiful,
shy looking woman
could harbor such a satanic semblance
of depraved lust
but oh how deceiving are her looks
she was educated in the vilest debaucheries
unleashing tons of unexpected obscene demands
I so willingly obey, feeling trapped
in a web of love, lust & addiction,
I stumbled on...
I saw many exciting things on the horizon!!!
KEEPIN IT REAL

Con games & scams you have yet to master what you're doing is a recipe for disaster when we put drinking & drugs into the mix.

We come up with an equation hard to fix... sometimes it's better to move real slow,
you'll have your freedom to come & go...

Square up, get a 9 to 5
may be boring, but you'll be alive...
Try thinking further then the minute or hour enlist help from a higher power...

All of us need help from day to day so humble yourself, get down & pray...
You may feel somehow taken for granted but the seeds for love are already planted...

It may be just a touch, hug or kiss a clear sign you can not miss...

Soft words, caring look or smile going out of the way the extra mile...
Sometimes there isn't a fancy way to say I love you & you make my life worthwhile!!!
THE NAKED TRUTH

Came into this world had no choice,  
a decision was made, had no voice...  
Emotionally drained, unfocused, depressed  
a situation, a trial, certainly a test...  
It's been a long journey  
sometimes I've held my breath, never forgetting  
life always ends with death...  
May be an attractive option,  
even the strongest wings get weary!!!
GRASP THE THOUGHT

Elephants tip-toeing, passing by
decorating Christmas trees, on the 4th of July...
Goldfish singing, while crocodiles strut their stuff
the neighborhood bully doesn't seem so tough...

You are who you are, I am who I am
all I want to do is, sing my own song...
Caterpillars running the 100 yd. dash,
prize possessions soon become trash...
Don't know what kind of message it sends,
but often our pets become our best friends...

You are who you are, I am who I am
all I want to do is, sing my own song...
Just for the record there's not much to gain,
I seriously doubt, if it's worth all the pain...

You are who you are, I am who I am
all I want to do is, sing my own song!!!
DAY DREAMING

A gentle touch, passionate kiss
the scent of a woman, how does she feel
a full breast, thigh and firm butt...
I hope, dream & pray
that I live to see another day of freedom...
Does a caged bird really sing or cry in pain
is it some sunshine or just a lot of rain...
Stars are angry, as is the moon & sun
don't look like any of them are having fun...
Dying for love!
ENDLESS REFLECTION

Don't talk much, but not because there's nothing to say
I'd much rather listen
listen to my surroundings
the whispers of the mountains
rhythm of the sun, moon & stars
The singing wind and quiet trees
following the guidelines of the skies.

Sometimes I fall into
a delicious slumber of mental gymnastics
evaluating every elegance of life
becoming completely overwhelmed
seduced by its beauty
enjoying an implacable silence!

Robert Fisher           AS-1738
TO A SPECIAL FRIEND

Warm greetings hugs & kisses, I happily & eagerly send,
many miles down the road, to my special friend...
There's nothing phony about you, you certainly keep it real,
ever hesitate saying, exactly how you feel...
I get very lonely, in this little spot,
except when I focus, thinking of you a lot...
I love talking to you, glad to be your friend,
reading all your letters, that you faithfully send...
You are a beautiful person, a gift sent from up above,
and in this short time, I've really grown to love...

Friendship is so special!!!

Robert Fisher        AS-1738
THE SIMPLE THINGS

We take for granted:

The countryside, flowers & trees,
sunshine, fresh-air & a cool breeze...
Soaking in a hot tub or bubble bath,
while the kids play, hearing them laugh...
Being there for family & friends,
extending love that never ends...
The freedom to take a walk or
go for a drive,
appreciating being alive!!!

Robert Fisher          AS-1738
MEMORIES

Remember the trips to Coney Island & A.C.
Wish you knew how much it meant to me...
Cozy times in the back seat of the ride,
Couldn't forget, even if I tried...
At the parties & dances getting in our slow-grind,
Riding the subway to the end of the line...
Making it home at the break of day,
Not caring about what anybody say...
Get a grub, wash up & catch a nap
Getting through another day, without busting a cap...
I don't care what anybody say,
There were a lot of good times,
Back in the day!!!
OUR CHILDREN'S SCHOOL

Our school's are special a place to learn preparing for society, taking their turn...
At the sound of the opening traditional bell, individually & collectively they strive to excel...

Blending in down to the letter leading, contributing, making things better...
They are trained & molded, giving them hope and given the tools to help them cope...
You can see in their faces the joy & gleam, as they learn to function as a team...
If you're looking for ways to separate & collide, the world is full of things that divide...
So let's pull together at a steady pace, to make the world a better place...
RAINDROPS

Raindrops spying on me, each & everyday,
recording conversations, everything I say...
Raindrops effectively cover so much ground
all the while watching, listening to every sound...
Right there behind me, at the traffic stop,
following me, all day long, worse than any cop...
I wonder who thoughtfully, came up with this plan
they should be cheered, congratulated,
certainly deserve a hand!!!
REMEMBERING MY LADY

Craving for my woman's touch & soft embrace,
feeling her body, seeing her face...
Recycled dreams, long lonely nights
fading memories, about silly fights...
You mean the world to me, I'll always care,
this is wrong for you, just ain't fair...
I love the way you look at me,
how you constantly stare,
knowing how much you want me,
knowing that you care...
I love the way you smell & taste,
the silly expressions on your face...
There are no winners, there is no prize,
loneliness demands to be recognized...
Whispers of reason & most common fears,
crying is no option, there are no tears...
You bring a smile to my face, brighten up my life,
my special friend, lover & wife...
I want you to understand, want you to see,
you'll always be special & dear to me...
Promise me you'll be there & be my friend,
all the way to the bitter end...
Your image lives within my heart!!!

Robert Fisher          AS-1738

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Greetings,

I hope you guys are well and in good spirits, as I am. Thanks for your note complimenting my poem, it was especially appreciated because my wife passed away about 5 years ago, so it had sentimental value and the info about your website. It's a very good and meaningful project that's extremely helpful for those of us that don't have an avenue to express ourselves.

Enclosed is a scrapbook of poems "Compromised Illusions" also an article "Keeping It Real" #2 and a S.A.S.E. for future purposes.

Peace & Blessings

Robert

Robert Fisher
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Keepin it Real (#2)

Here lately, there have been several incidents involving gun violence causing the loss of lives, including many children. The outrage appears to be phony when listening to the speeches our congress people & other elected officials pop-off on the floor of the House, Senate and soap boxes getting media coverage for the local newscast. Let's try to keep it real, America has a culture that glorifies violence and denies it's fascination for it. Most of the other civilized countries in this modern day and age have long ago made their citizens safer with common sense gun control laws, while America still stubbornly holds on to outdated constitutional laws & policies that allow Americans a constitutional right to bear arms or own guns. Some hold on to this religiously, but when the constitution was written, it also considered Blacks as being three-fifths of a person. The same way that practice or law is outdated, wrong and has been changed, the unequivocal right to bear arms needs to be addressed to coincide with modern day times. I'm not saying people shouldn't have the right to own guns, but there needs to be some common sense laws passed to protect our citizens. Back when the constitution was written, they were working with one-shot muskets & rifles, nothing like the high-powered, fast shooting, machine gun like weapons with magazines holding 30 rounds of ammo, made to gun down dozens of men, women & children in seconds & minutes.

One of the major arguments of the Nation Rifle Association (NRA) and other pro-gun activist is that the laws passed will only hurt the law abiding citizen because criminals will always find a way to get a gun illegally. O.K. I'll go along with that. A mentally disturbed person or criminal probably can go to a gun show spot that aren't as strict on I.D. & background checks, etc. or buy directly from individuals on the street. Also a seasoned criminal can always use their skills to burglarize a home or store to get guns and use them themselves or sell to others that can't get guns through the normal process. Plus don't forget crazy people & criminals can always straight out take them from law-abiding citizens.

The more guns congress & our elected officials allow to be protected and flood the streets of America, the more you are giving access to those you hope to keep them away from. So why is that so hard to understand. criminals & mentally ill people live in households and have access to guns that are purchased legally. One of the most recent incidents in Newtown, Connecticut, where more then 20 kids & several adults were gunned down, that gun was legally purchased, but was available by her son, a mentally disturbed person. Many similar stories are heard daily involving guns used to kill innocent people are purchased by people that are allowed to buy them, but used by people that aren't allowed to buy them. Banning assault weapons & multiple magazine clips, etc. is only window dressing.
Handguns do more killing in our inner-city neighborhoods, on a weekly basis, than assault weapons & 30 round clips anyway, so stop faking the game and pass some serious gun control laws that will keep so many guns off the streets of America.

Not long ago, a couple of months ago, in Chicago, Illinois a young black man, father of a young infant was shot, by a group of Black teens with a handgun. The child, only a few months old, was shot too. The father survived, but unfortunately the baby did not. It just happens that Chicago leads the nation in gun violence. Every week people are gunned down in the streets of Chi-town, the majority are with handguns and the majority of the victims are Blacks, shot by Blacks. I wonder why there isn't any outcry! Is race & class the reason there isn't any outcry??? like the most recent incidents in Newtown, Conn. Colorado, etc. O.K. I'm not surprised there isn't any outcry, although it very well should be, but I'm surprised the Black leaders, Church leaders, etc. aren't speaking out. Where are the Reverend's Jesse Jackson & Al Sharpton that can't seem to get to a microphone quick enough when there is a national incident that will put them on the 6 o'clock news any other time. Why isn't anyone concerned or speaking out about the senseless Black on Black crime occurring on a daily basis in our communities. Blacks have to start policing themselves. Sure our economy is messed up, at the moment. There aren't enough jobs available for the youth & adults and too many opt to selling drugs and other criminal activities, including myself when I was out there, to supplement their incomes, but even if some turn a blind eye to those activities, if killing each other comes along with that territory, there has to be another way and it's essential that we find it.

In a recent "Food for Thought" article #48, I spoke about how term-limits would stop most of the grid-lock in congress and enable the lawmakers to vote on important legislation, issues that will help the average citizen in this country.

Too many issues that effect our communities aren't decided because our congress people are playing political games, putting the interest of their respective parties first, rather than what's good for all Americans. The special interest groups, powerful lobbies like the National Rifle Association (NRA) have too much power over our elected officials. These congress people care & think more about getting re-elected, than doing the right thing. If a Senator or member of the House votes on a common sense gun control bill, the NRA will swing into action, spending millions to make sure that person doesn't get re-elected. If there were term-limits, for example a bill passed that would only allow a member of congress to stay in office for one or two terms, the NRA or any other special interest group wouldn't have the power to control votes or dictate who gets re-elected or not.
This is what's necessary and congress won't bite the hand that feeds it, meaning they won't pass a term-limit bill on their own, without a major outcry from a grassroots effort to pass a term-limit bill. The average Joe citizen has to march to Washington, D.C. in one of those million person marches & rally all over the country to make their voices heard, saying they want term-limits for people representing them in congress. It would stop most of the partisan bickering and take the power away from the lobbies and special interest groups and give the power back to the average citizen, as it should be. The Struggle Continues!!!

More about this topic and a monthly series of articles called "Food for Thought" speaking out against the death penalty & other injustices in our legal system on: http://robertfisher2011.wordpress.com/ TO BE CONTINUED... Intensify The Struggle!!!

Any questions or comments please direct to:

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