A POET'S SPOKEN WORDS!

EXPRESSIONS OF EXPRESSION!

ALL POEMS/SPOKEN WORDS ARE BY

CURTIS BRAXTON • ©

This book is dedicated to the struggle!!!

The Author takes you on a ride through his mind, experiences, and understanding. As you travel the terrain you will see versatility from EXPRESSIONS. MY STORY is a succinct memoir. INCARCERATED THOUGHTS display aspects of life that he witnessed, endured, and grown from. POLITIKING exemplify the politics of the struggle and UNDERSTANDING DA POET just showcase his lyrical wit. The Authors intentions are to educate and motivate through his words.

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This book was compiled on June 16th 2013.
BE ON THE LOOKOUT MY NEXT BOOK TITLED 'ARISE in the near future!
IN STORES!!!
WHAT IS IN A WORD?

A word is a sound
that consist of consonants and vowels
that unify creating a word that is
uttered from my mouth and is heard or is
written and can form a sentence!

AS A MAN MY WORD IS BOND!!!

A word that is spoken
has the power to
melt ice and extinguish fire
and there in lays truth and power!
The word can inform the uninformed
in a WORD is the ability to
start a war against the IGNORANCE
amongst the minds of the
POPULACE!

WORDS IMPOSE THEMSELVES, TAKE ROOT IN OUR MIND

AGAINST OUR WILL! UNKNOWN

O CURTIS BRAXTON
Understanding da Poet

This is fire on paper so watch it burn, leaving ashes of what was raw semantics uncut, from the essences of my gut, pure expression, compound sentences are you listening, comprehending, let me walk you into another dimension of my diction, turning you on like a key in the ignition, pumping the gas, don't worry I wont crash, still buckle up and enjoy this ride and groove off of this verbal high. Roll down the window so other people can take in this verbal indo and catch contact, recline your seat back, relax, breath, inhale...

Curtis Braxton
MINDSENSE

Follow me as I walk you through my mind and put you on time with time. My light shines at 186,000 miles per second piercing through the darkness, mixing with matter creating reality BLACK IS MY NATIONALITY! I have no beginning nor ending. I am the origin of everything within. Like the sun's light travels at 8 minutes and 20 seconds to reach earth, giving birth to life. A blind man has no sight, a deaf man can't hear and a dumb man can't speak. With my mind, I can spark light in the dark and loosen the tongue and allow the dumb to talk. I can unclog the deaf man's ear and give him the ability to hear.

In the beginning was the word and the word was with God and the word was God. The truth prevails over lies. Look into my eyes, can you feel the vibe? Then put a fist in the air and let's overcome the distrust, envy, and fear. The effects of the Willie Lynch Syndrome and unlock the shackles on our domes. We are born with 14 billion brain cells, we have the power to create our own heaven or hell. The brain contains 360 degrees of knowledge, so we know all of life's sciences. Thoughts travel and carve out a path to follow, can you read the message in the bottle? Can you swallow, these jewels and learn from a wise man and a fool? Older eyes have a wider view, one plus one equal two, two multiplied by two equal four, simple mathematics if you know the core. How would you stand with out a floor?

Life was created out of triple darkness, the God, not a spooky lie, willed everything into existence, in the dark womb of a woman is the creation of an infant, pay attention to the signs,

Curtis Braxton
look at the planets there are nine. The same amount of months a
baby is due to be conceived, I'm taking you back way before Adam
and Eve, trillions of years ago, where only Allah know, I can
tell you how it rain, hail and snow and what makes earthquakes or
how fast the earth rotates. If you mix a proton and electron you
will have an explosion, and there is no time without motion and
my mind is deeper than the ocean.

Curtis Braxton
THE BASICS

Back to physics, my spoken words be explicit, elaborating on specifics, like History, Politics, Theology and Current Events. Check the ballistics, matter of fact call the forensics, and take a swabb test of my saliva, my d.n.a will show there is none liva. I'll verbally rob ya and put something in your head. Can you hear me now? If not ask the man next too you what I said.

Long range frequencies like I.B.M, when I do open mics they call me H.I.M, because I give it to you raw and come directly at them. I speak truth, facts, and reality and everybody can relate regardless of their nationality.

I talk in H.D for you, us and we consider it a gift as I rebuild and uplift. The next best thing since iphones, but my skillz will never be cloned or duplicated, some things may get castrated, but like Ali, I'm the greatest, spoken word for spoken word or poem for poem, I'm sort of a mystery like the Da Vinnici Code. When God made me he broke the mode, I am the reason water freezes at 32° below, look at my aura you can see it in my glow, my whole agenda is to teach those that don't know...
Brain-Storm

As I brainstorm, a new idea is born and old ones are scorned, thoughts travel 24 billion miles per second, connecting with other thoughts painting a picture, in the darkness of my mind like a holy scripture, written in Hieroglyphics, explaining astronomy and metaphysics.

Each neuron have the power to generate 1/70,000ths of a volt of electricity, enough power to light up a city. A tsunami is formed from the waves of my mind carried through my brain causing ideas to rise on the surface like a million Afrikan ants feasting and constantly increasing, consuming everything in their path like God's wrath.

My ideas makes a transformation into a physical manifestation, from my imagination into a living creation, I storm my brain as blood races through my veins, giving off an impulse, causing an aggravated assault, on my environment like a radioactive explosion, leaving a corrosion on the old mind frames of the chosen.

My brainstorm, crystalize a new form of infrastructure, to support the structure, of this Mental Dynasty, protected by a million brain waves, that can turn people into slaves, or dig psychological graves and resurrect mental corpses, into a combative force, running the same course, giving off the same energy of support to build a FORT!

Through my brainstorm, I can perform telepathy, like AT&T,

Curtis Braxton

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reaching a mind in another country. Occupying the same time and space, ideas racing through space, penetrating solids, disposing mental garbage, the Gods pay homage, as I break down science, by using my mind like an appliance. Each thought is a vibration having a set wave length, that unify like cuban links, causing a shriek.

My brainstorm is magnetic, networking through static, my mental reflexes shoots thoughts like an automatic, killing useless thoughts, cremating bad ideas, that produce fears, mentally fasting, my mind is everlasting, controlling atoms like a puppet master, making thoughts travel faster creating a tornado in the dark recesses of my mind, shooting a torpedo in your mind, creating a brainstorm similar to mine.
FREESTYLE

My thoughts run wild, like a fatherless child, in the ghetto, getting chase by po-po, surrounded by peer pressure, drugs and violence, searching for silence, because I'm running out of tolerance. I'm trying to stay focused, but I feel like a lion caged in the circus, resisting the ring master, refusing to be domesticated, psychologically castrated and physically violated with a passion of self hatred...

Alienated from my love ones, surrounded by white men with guns, who pull triggers for fun, because they don't want me to shine like the Sun of man, so they stuck nails in my hands and feet, they made me close my eyes and threaten me not to peep as I hung motionless from the tree, they stuck me in my side and water and blood ran down my leg like pee.

Then they placed a crown of thorns around the circumference of my head and left me for dead, not my body, only my head, it was mental because nobody overcame the physical, that's why my words are so lyrical, to help me perform living miracles, like knocking down the walls of Jericho, that was set up in our minds by the anglo, that's why I wear a halo, a real live angel, with wings, that can make the heavens sing.
WOUNDED

Wounded as I lay in this 5x9, a victim of identity theft, poverty and narcotics that perpetrated my crime.

I ran the concrete jungle, always on the move looking for a hustle, captivated by dead white presidents, the self hate was evident.

A materialistic and a reversed capitalist, addicted to making weed and dust kiss, overtaken by a synthetic bliss, subjected to the ghetto with homegrown negroes.

They tried to assassinate me by shooting me in the head, but they failed to realize you can't kill somebody that's already dead.

Look, at the blood in my eye, I no longer bow on my knees or bump my head to the sky.
Psychologically wounded, I was told a man died for my sins, with a pretense that I'll be born again.

Then I read I'll go to a garden filled with lovely eye virgins. The knowledge of self allowed me to put the bullshit on the shelf and heal my wounds after being taught education, which perpetuated my degeneration, with a history that went back no farther then the plantation...
POLITIKING

WHEREVER A CLASS OF PEOPLE ARE RESTRICTED TO AN ENVIRONMENT WITHOUT ADEQUATE MATERIALS TO SURVIVE CRIME BECOMES THE PREQUISITE TO ACHIEVE SURVIVAL. COUNTLESS NUMBERS OF POOR BLACKS HAVE BEEN MURDERED BY POLICE AND IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN OFF AS JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE! Ayan Rand

As long as the oppressed continue to remain idle, the powers that be will continue to win an uncontested fight. Our communities are targeted to keep this system operating in a slot machine fashion. Police departments have embedded a deep sense of fear in our communities by murder, racial profiling, and abuses of all sorts. Mumia Abu Jamal
They are the worst criminals ever known, as they try to dominate the globe and send their blood money to Rome, to support their new world order, now they are so concerned with immigrants crossing the border, to take our eyes off of the Iraqi slaughter.

Bush should be impeached, because there was no substance to his speech, about weapons of mass destruction, in order to create and devise his hidden structure, as blood drench Middle East soil, Amerika lay back sipping crude oil, borrowing cash, rising the price on the gas, the dollar say E Pluribus Unum, meaning one out of many, but every day it drops a another penny.

Bush call himself taking a stand, formulating how he can run down on Iran. When he leave they should outline the White House in black chalk, so when the sun goes down you can't see the crime scene in the dark and Obama Barack, has a lot of heart, if he wins he'll be assassinated before his term starts and Hillary Clinton, is better off baking pies in the kitchen, Amerika is falling the occurrences are bearing witness.

They created a criminal enterprise, mobocracy, advocating false democracy, taking away the people privacy, then justifying it with a pretentious policy, in foreign territory, tampering with other people property committing unlawful theft, Amerika is submerge in debt and responsible for millions of deaths. "O", Amerika you are foul and I'm calling it like a ref, because you tried to make me believe water is not wet and treated my ancestors like pets and my history you kept, hidden to prohibit my development, so I can be weak and dependent, but I peeped it, so I'm launching a counter attack, to show you can't fade the black...

Curtis Bevonton
IF I RULED THE WORLD

If I ruled the world,
everybody would have sovereignty
and there would be know such thing as poverty.

If I ruled the world,
I'll distribute the cure
for AIDS,
and no human beings
will be locked in a cage.
The death penalty will be abolished,
and
Freedom, Justice, and Equality
will be prominent.

If I ruled the world,
the people will have free access
to the resources of the land,
and no taxes will go to
Uncle Sam.

ALL POWER WILL BELONG TO THE PEOPLE!!!
When I was born, I had blood in my eyes, when the doctor smacked me to see if I was alive.

This blood in my eye is embedded in me, it comes from deep within. It comes from the genocide, homicide, and mentacide.

This blood in my eye is from how we live like parasites, preying on each other lives, trying to survive instead of trying to unify.

This blood in my eye is from the castration, degradation and humiliation.

This blood in my eye is from the diabolical white man, who colonized the land, it's from the arch deceiver for deceiving my people.

This blood in my eye comes from the years, tears, and fears of living this amerikan nightmare.

This blood in my eyes is from hiding my history and making it a mystery.

This blood in my eyes is from the babies having babies before they become ladies. It's from the jails and my people locked in them, it's from the corners filled with prostitutes, hustlers, and dopefiends standing on them.

This blood in my eyes is for Martin and Malcolm and how they died, this blood in my eyes comes from the Black Panther Party and how they were divided.

This blood in my eye is for Johnathon and George and to even the score. This blood in my eye is from the assimilation of my kind with the other side. The blood in my eye is for the so called god in the sky. The way that I ryde is due to the blood in my eye.
THE BLACK MAN YA LOVE TO HATE!

I AM THE BLACK MAN YA LOVE TO HATE, BECAUSE I REFUSE TO ALLOW YOU TO CONTROL MY FATE. I AM THE BLACK MAN YA LOVE TO HATE, BECAUSE I STAND FOR UNITY AND WONT ALLOW YOU TO CONFUSE ME. I AM THE BLACK MAN YA LOVE TO HATE, BECAUSE I REBEL AGAINST YOUR SYSTEM IN WHICH MY PEOPLES ARE VICTIMS. I AM THE BLACK MAN YA LOVE TO HATE BECAUSE I'M ONE OUT OF A MILLION THAT'S READY TO BURST THROUGH THE CEILING. I AM THE BLACK MAN YA LOVE TO HATE BECAUSE I TEACH THE YOUTH TO ATTACK AND EXPLODE ON CONTACT. I AM THE BLACK MAN YA LOVE TO HATE, BECAUSE I TEACH THE TRUTH AND MY HEART IS BULLETPROOF.

I AM THE BLACK MAN YA LOVE TO HATE, BECAUSE YOU FEAR MY BLACKNESS, MY TOTAL EXISTENCE, I AM A BLACK MAN, A REAL BLACK MAN, REBELLIOUS BLACK MAN, PRO BLACK MAN, REVOLUTIONARY BLACK MAN THAT YA LOVE TO HATE, DESTROY, LOCK UP, AND ERADICATE, BECAUSE I FATHERED YOUR RACE. I AM THE BLACK MAN YA LOVE TO HATE, BECAUSE I AM THE BLACK MAN YOU MADE AND I RETURNED HOME TO RAIN ON YOUR PARADE!!!
DA GAME

THE GAME IS NOT A GAME!
WE GET MISCONSTRUED BY THE NAME
AND BECOME VICTIMS OF SHAME!

THE GAME HAS NO LOVE
FOR THOSE WHO CHOSE TO PLAY
YOU PLAY AT YOUR OWN RISK
AND YOU PAY WHAT YOU WEIGH!

THERE ARE NO RULES
SO YOU CAN WIN OR LOSE
FORTUNE IS NOT ON YOUR SIDE
SO CHOSE RYDE OR DIE!

WATCH ALL AND TRUST NONE AND MAKE YOUR BEST FRIEND A GUN!
YOU RUN INTO ALL KINDS OF ANIMALS DOGS, SNAKES, GORILLAS, AND CATS
THE MOST VICIOUS OF ALL IS RATS! THEY COME IN THE DISGUISE OF DOGS, SNAKES, AND GORILLAS, AND CATS SO YOU HAVE TO USE YOUR THIRD EYE TO SENSE A RAT!

YOU HAVE TO BE A THINKER NOT A SINKER!!!

IT IS TWO SIDES TO THE GAME EVERYBODY WANT THE FAME AND BADDEST DAME!
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER SIDE THE SHAME AND A NUMBER FOR A NAME AND THAT DAME IS NO LONGER YOUR DAME!

MOST PLAYERS CANT PLAY BOTH SIDES OF THE GAME SOME BECOME DERANGED AND VICTIMS OF THE GAME WHILE THE STRONG MAINTAIN!
THEY SAY THE GAME CHANGED, THE GAME DONT CHANGE JUST THE PLAYERS! THE GAME REMAIN THE SAME SOME PLAY IT DIFFERENT, BUT THERE'S NO DIFFERENCE
YOU RECEIVE THE SAME RAMIFICATION FOR YOUR PARTICIPATION
THE GAME IS TRIFE, SOME loose THEIR LIFE, OR EVERYTHING IN LIFE, SO I ADVISE ALL TO CHECK THEIR HEART BECAUSE IF IT IS NOT IN YOU DONT EVEN START!

Curtis Braxton
What is drama? Drama is when your mother is your father.
Drama is facing 25 years for manslaughter, drama is when you stand in front of
the judge and he send you away from the people you love. Drama is having no
money walking around hungry, drama is when you up state bleeding and not eating.
Drama is calling home collect and no one accept, drama is when your girl walk
out your world, drama is when you can’t let go of the past, drama is your kids
calling some one else dad! Drama is when you can’t relate to society, drama is
when you can’t relate to reality, drama is having a gun with one bullet and your
enemy having a 50 round clip ready to pull it! Drama is being a junkie walking
around all funky, drama is being a crack addict that can’t beat his habit, drama
is being black and under attack, drama is being on death row with twenty four
hours to go, drama is being innocent and the justice system aint trying to hear
it.

Drama is being face to face with death, taking your last breath, drama is having
no place to live, drama is when you have to bury the dead, drama is when you
can’t look at yourself in the mirror, drama is when you become hysteria, drama is
when your people are not treated equal, drama is when your history becomes a
mystery, drama is needing a hug when no one is showing love, drama is when your
heart is hard like metal, drama is trying to shake the devil, drama is when you
become a victim, drama is when dem boyz is out to getcha, drama is having cancer
in your breast, drama is laying in a hospital with a tube in your chest, drama
is losing a love one to the streets, drama is being stuck in the game, drama is
when the only thing you feel is pain.

Drama is drama because it makes you wanna holla!
Sometimes I wish

Sometimes I wish, I was a kid, so I can take back all the stupid things I did or correct the mistakes instead.

Sometimes I wish, I was a bird, so I can fly and observe the ways of the world and soar over these gates making my escape.

Sometimes I wish, I was the judge, so I can judge the white race, for the atrocities they committed on my race, I'll convict them of genocide and sentence them to homicide.

Sometimes I wish, I was a hypnotist, so I can de-hypnotize the black race, so we can regain our place as the fathers and rulers of all race.

Sometimes I wish, I was a gun, so I can empty myself while the enemy run, ripping through their backs watching them collapse.

Sometimes I wish, I was the sun, so I can shine 24 hours a day, without giving the dark any play.

Sometimes I wish, I was the jail, so I can relieve all the falling soldiers from this living hell.

Sometimes I wish, I was life, so I can resurrect the dead and give them a second chance to live.

Sometimes I wish, I was love, so I can pierce the hearts with love, so my people can extend hand shakes and hugs instead of killing ourselves like thugs.

Sometimes I wish, I was unity, so I can bring the people together in the community and show our people that black is beauty and that our sistas are not a piece of booty. Then school the youth before they reach puberty, so we can understand the reality of unity.

Curtis Braxton
"Magazine Dialect"

If I take you back to the "ESSENCE" you will find out I am a "KING", you will probably doubt me and ask the "SOURCE" because I live in "PHILADELPHIA". Just listen to them old "BLACK TAILS". I know our history was placed into a "BLENDER" and mixed with false "STUFF". "BLACK MEN" has been unconscious for too long and they don't know the "TIME". So I'm telling you this "HONEY" so you can spread it "SISTER 2 SISTER" and we all can be on the same "VIBE". You know the Black Man is the "SUN" and the Black Woman is the moon and the child is the "STAR". According to "NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC" we are from the east. As a nation we are "D-UNIQUE". In Oklahoma we established a Black Wall Street our own "BLACK ENTERPRISE". I am proud to be "EBONY". Our history is "BLACK ILLUSTRATED" if you want to see. I am the origin, everything came from me according to "POPULAR SCIENCE".

My heart is "XXL"! You might think I am "SMOOTH" from the way that I "RYDE". They tried to put me in "G.Q." but I refused the offer but you can catch me on "ESPN" or in the "SLAM" because I am a "MAXIMUM" baller! You'll never catch me with one of them chics from "FHM", the only thing they can do for me is "SCRATCH" My feet, while I read the "ROBB REPORT". I am an "ENTREPRENEUR", so my money is long. I brought me a "JET" and flew to the "ISLANDS" with my "LATINA" chic who name is "FUEGO". A lot of "PEOPLE" like to talk about me because I make a "GRIP", but I keep it ghetto I still eat "FISH & GRITS" and my buddie "DON DIVA" keeps me up on the streets. My whole "LIFE", I was a "ROLLING STONE", I get "ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY" from a hot "VIXEN". You might see me on the cover of "MUSCLE & FITNESS", even though I am a "HUSTLER" my life is still "COMPLEX". I know you want the "DETAILS", but I wont tell.

Put it like this I am a "COSMOPOLITAN", don't be surprise if I come through in a "LOW RIDER" in my Black Panther bag with my fist in the air

Curtis Braxton
screaming "RIGHT ON!" and a "BACKPACKER" on my back with a "STREET CHOPPER" in my hand. "WORD UP!" I never was a "PLAY BOY", but I own a "PENTHOUSE" and you can find me around a lot of "BLACK BEAUTIES". They love my ghost because I touch their "BODY AND SOUL". I know this sounds like "TRUE CONFESSION", but I am trying to give you the "TOTAL IMAGINE". I feel like a "NEW MAN", this is raw and uncut like "NBA INSIDE STUFF". I am what you call a "RIDER", I surround myself around "MEN OF INTEGRITY". I'm far from "LUCKY" and I can't stand "LOONEY TUNES", I'm the "LIVING BLUES". "TODAY'S BLACK WOMAN" are more concerned with women's liberation, they are acting like an "AMERICAN GIRL" or should I say "POWER PUFF GIRLS". If I had it my way everyday would be "WOMAN'S DAY", one love to my "HOMETOWN GIRLS".

I was reading the "WASHINGTON TIMES WEEKLY" and ran across an article talking about "CONSUMER REPORTS" that made my mind shift to "WALL STREET & TECHNOLOGY". I don't understand how Black people spend so much currency on materialistics things, we want to live so "UPSCALE!" I'm "SMART MONEY", you might see me with a pair of "REPTILES" on my feet every now and then I'm good for a treat. You might discover me in "ATLANTA" somewhere in the "BACK COUNTRY", "BOATING", or "MOTORCYCLE CRUISING". I am accustomed to the "OUTDOOR LIFE". I do it all "SCUBA DIVING", "DRAG RACE", and "MOUNTAIN BIKING". I know you are tired of hearing about me so lets talk about how the "BLACK FAMILY DIGEST", the "AMERICAN PROSPECT" and to know ourselves is like an "ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S MYSTERY!" We need an "ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE" so we can regain our "HEALTH!".

I was taught never grab the sword by the "BLADE", most of us is still living a "CHILD LIFE" playing "ACTION PURSUIT GAMES" communicating with "BIRD TALK". What happen to "FAITH & FAMILY"? I "DWELL" on the "GOOD OLD DAYS", before the crack era. If I go and get a "CAR & DRIVER" and a "CAMCORDER" then come through the hood then everything I said would be understood. That's why I
"CRUISE & TRAVEL" to get away from the nonsense. I'm not impress with the "HOLLYWOOD LIFE". I'm cool at "HOME" with "HOME ENTERTAINMENT" and some good old "HOME COOKING". We need "GOD'S WORD TODAY" these are some "FUNNY TIMES". I brought my mother a "HOUSE & GARDEN" and send her on "VACATIONS". When I get stressed I hit the "ROAD & TRACK", like the "ROAD RUNNER". I stay up on my "FITNESS", I'm trying to "TRAVEL 50 & BEYOND" and see my grandchildren's children, so I concentrate on "TOTAL HEALTH".

To my sisters you need to stay in "SHAPE" and become "WEIGHT WATCHERS" because I notice how you blow up easy. Don't "PLAY GIRL" and take care of your "SELF", we have to stay sharp like a "RAZOR" and "SAIL" with and not "AGAINST THE CURRENTS". I look at it like we are "AQUARIUM FISH", stuck in this big U.S tank. "ARCHAEOLOGY" points to "ART & ANTIQUES" that show we were here before the "AMERICAN COWBOY", this is based on true "DISCOVERIES", but they try to hide this which makes me "MAD!" It's a "WORLD OF PUZZLES", that we have to put together, it feels like "WINDSURFING", so as the world change stay up on "TECHNOLOGY" & LEARNING".

I hope all my "READERS DIGEST" this "INTERVIEW" by, Tawfeeq "ESQUIRE"
I AM THE STREETS

I am the streets, where only the strong survive and the weak are despised. I play for keeps, I never sleep, I see the stick up boys when they creep. I've been urinated, walked, and spat on. I seen women get raped, I've been cornered off with yellow tape and drawn on with chalk, I heard many guns bark, I am at my best after dark. I seen cowards get heart, I been sat on fire and under surveillance for hours. I started wars over money and power. I indulged in many drugs associated with many thugs. I got what you need rock, powder, diesel and weed. I've seen many bleed for falling victim to greed.

I've been called many names from the strip, da post, to the block and I never corroborated with the cops. I became hard and cold this whole thing is getting old. They tried to reform me with operation safe streets but as soon as the heat die down the hustlers will be back on the beat. I put dudes on their feet. I have no love for no one. I'll pimp your daughter and kill your son. I put the fire in hell, I'm the reason why dudes break and tell. Step into the alley you might find a dead body, I have many lots, little girls playing hot scotch. There is no rules, I am the reason they have guns in the school.

Everyday I get hotter and hotter so now police come through in helicopters. On my body I have all types of holes, bumps, and scars and around every corner you can find a Bar & a church, a liquor store and your neighborhood whore. In some areas I am rich and in others I'm poor. I have blood stains on my chest, I done took under the best. I've seen many things like thugs go to the bing and come back home walking with a swing. I turned many dreams to nightmares and made people that love don't care. I put the F, in fear. The pen, is my kin, once you associate with me it's only one way out and one way in, some forsake my trust, but it's hard to deny your lust for the life I live, it's either take or give. There is no in between, everybody want the cream, riding

CURTIS BRAXTON
with me you might run into a dead end, keep one thing in my mind, I am not your friend. I cut corners, go around the block, over and under hills, sometimes I give dudes the chills. I'll take you through a lot and we'll come out on another block. I can walk you through an old house and show you a bunch of children and one spouse. I go North, East, West and South. Sometimes I like to re-route or make a detour. I am undefeated, but who's keeping score and I'll be here when you are long gone.

The streets is an expensive bitch!

A whore who will suck your dick

and swallow all your money

then leave you sleeping on the curb!

CURTIS BRAXTON DT-0787
INCARCERATED THOUGHTS

The first time I was put in prison
it was just like dying!

Just to exist at all calls for some
very heavy psychic adjustment

Being captured was the first of my fears!

It may have been acquired characteristic

built up over centuries of bondage.

conrad George Jackson
Lost Souls

Lost souls dwell in this for bidden place, that haunts all who travel this course, walking corpses, walking in circles inhaling dusty air, filling their lungs with dryness, their eyes represent hopelessness, their faces display blankness and their heart is filled with hatred.

Prisoners of war, the consequences of being poor, kidnapped from a society, where little girls sell their body and boys shoot each other for a hobby.

Lost Souls, smoke crack and evaporate through their straight shooters and dope fiends shoot dope and meditate like Buddah, in a nod, while mothers cry, over their dead children and old folks drink whiskey, eat pig feet and chitlins.

Lost Souls immune to the cold, 17 below, most of them lost because they don't know, some chase that doe, others tote a four four, some snort that snow, some are called ho's, we are all lost souls, living in different holes.
Cell blocks are living cemetery plots, with three meals and a cot. In the confinement of a cell, what goes on some men dare to tell. Some experience hell, while others dwell with intoxicated feeling of being free, it's you against the world and time is the enemy. If these cell blocks could talk, you'll hear about what takes place in the dark. Some of the hardest thugs get caught in the bed with men making love or start taking psychotropic drugs to escape this reality because they can't function outside of society.

We check our guns at the gate, so you have to man up and dictate your own fate, because grown men get raped and a razor blade will eat your face or you will get stabbed to a man's arm get tired, have you feeling like your body is on fire. I'm accustomed to mean stares, most out of fear, the other half are queers and you have them that don't care.

The cell block's creed, is the strong must feed on any prey at hand, some men are branded a beast and if you are weak, you'll become their feast. For some this is the end of the road, they aint never going home. My walkie been down since he was 15 years old. I've seen a dude get banged out with a 35lb weight and his head open up like a backyard gate and blood shot out like a faucet, so don't sleep on no one and proceed with caution. Theses racis ass guards stick their chest out like they are hard, but as soon as one of us jump on their ass they be screaming like a broad.

On my cell block one out of three work for security, grown men parade around like ladies and some play crazy. I stay alert, just in case I have to put in some work, you never know when it's going to jump off, so I keep my back against the wall. The cell block is three tiers tall and to the bottom is a

Curtis Braxton
Belluva fall. When things get hot the guards sit back and watch because the
convicts control the atmosphere on the block. You have sons and pops confined
to the same block, some dudes don't play the phone because they can't call
home, you never know what's on a dudes mind, so do your own time. This is a
world within itself, life long relationships are built, friends, enemies and
bonds are made, suckers get played, while principles and rules are applied and
broken this shit is serious, aint no joking.
If you don't stand for something, you will fall for anything. That's the tune warriors sing. We faced fascism at its best, despised and oppressed by the administration to exacerbate our incarceration.

We had to fight so we mobilize a hunger strike and set goals that were in sight. The pigs wouldn't give so we had to hold our heads. When they turned up the heat many got soft and weak. But the Dallas 4, was the core of the movement, when everybody fell off we kept it moving.

It was a few good men, who held strong to the end. We won a battle but didn't win the war. We kicked down the door of injustice as Flocko went into P.R.C, kicking and cussing. We was down P.O.R. with no heat and water going hard and the Administration didn't think we'll go that far. They retrieved a court order and an injunction to stop the function of the strike, to quiet all the hype. We went to court and fought to express our thoughts. We set precedence for those who come behind so they can walk the narrow line.

This reminds me of something Johnathon Jackson, said right before he was shot dead, bravely; "Take our picture. We are the REVOLUTIONARIES!"
Jail House Blues

The guard flash the one eye monster in my face awakening me from my sleep, mice run around my door and squeak, trying to get in my cell. If this aint hell, then give me your definition? I'm doing 40 years because of a lying witness. I have to wash my clothes with the same water, I defecate and piss in. I can't do what I want without someone's else permission. I am not appealed to have a stupid box (t.v), so I can watch Hip Hop on B.E.T and get blinded to the reality of my incarceration, it's know different from them old plantations.

It's only one way in and two ways out, the second way is to mess up count. I talk to men that's going to die in jail, walking around everyday hoping they receive mail. How are you going to tell me this aint hell? That's why I trust nobody who believes in heaven after they are dead, they allow this lie to be implanted in their head, so they will acquiesce with hell while they live. Real live devils walk around treating me less than a man, instead of a pitchfork they have a stun gun and a billy clubs in their hand.

I'm locked down 23 hours a day, I'm fortunate not to have a celly, because I can't see me doing it no other way. The system promotes homosexuality and on a visit I can't touch my girlfriends body, while fagets kiss and hug all day in the yard and they turn around and exchange favors with the guards. If I seek medical treatment it comes with a charge and when I stand up, the powers that be beat me down into a ball. It's going on three years and I haven't seen my daughter, they got me eating bad food and drinking contaminated water, then they want me to do manual labor for less then a quarter, when I refuse they place me in the hole for disobeying a direct order.

It don't get no lower then this except being locked down and hearing grown men
bitch and if you let them tell it the whole jail was rich, then you have these so called thugs undercover snitch, it'll remind you of a Donnie Brascoe flick and to see men acting like women make me sick. How are you going to switch, when you have a dick? I don't discriminate, I'll stab anybody, I don't have no picks, guards and convicts I treat them the same. I've seen young cats come to jail and try to make a name, instead of picking up a book and putting something on their brains. This might sound strange but this experience help me step up my game, but I can't wait to get back to other side and before I let them bring me back I rather die..
SOLITARY

Solitary confinement is a process of refinement
It's a form of solitude that you must adjust your attitude into a positive mood.
To reap the benefits instead of being ignorant to your situation at hand,
It's time to reflect on oneself and forget about everybody else.
Time to connect your past, present, and future and make them one
so you have to contemplate everything you done so you won't make the same mistakes tomorrow and have to relive the same sorrows.
It's like piecing together a puzzle, so it's mandatory you struggle; it's like talking to yourself remembering the pain you felt and accepting the cards you were dealt. If not you will self destruct or try to hang yourself.
Weak minded people can't stand to be alone they are not prone for such conditions.
So I just sit back and listen, to them while they self destruct, hollering in their cells and climbing the walls like nuts, taking psychotropic medications in order to make it longing population.
I just keep my head and let the dead bury the dead.

Prison gives an individual the opportunity to recondition
their thought pattern if they desire!
Every life form begins in a single cell
therefore the confined begin
a second life.

Bernardo Vega
LONGING

A woman is so vital to man's survival. How can we live without her? Life would not be livable. She is a paragon, the best thing a man can ask for. She is heaven, happiness, peace and love. She's worth living and dying for.

She is my innermost feelings. When a man and a woman copulate they become one. It's nature. A woman's characteristics are appealing. A woman's description is unexpressable. I can't even utter the words to explain this beautiful creature.

I long for her, she is my aspiration and motivation. She directs my senses and gets my blood pumping. A woman is candy to the naked eye, she is medicine to the body. My heart hurts dearly because I miss her presence, her touch and her voice in the depths of my ear. The softness of her skin up against mine.

It's like missing pieces of the puzzle, so I am not whole. I am that tree in the Fall that loses it's color and leaves. Uncultivated, standing bareless as the wind blows, waiting for the season to change.
"INNER THOUGHTS"

I have this emptiness within me, it has me feeling like I am the enemy. I'm lonely, I just want some one to love me. It seems like no one cares, while I sit in this cell in despair. I feel incomplete not whole and cold. These walls are obstructing justice, by keeping me away from the ones I love and trusted.

Will this madness cease, before my heart fail to beat? The hour glass is running, while I am struggling, with unnatural forces and on going torture. Sometimes I think it's a bad dream, but it's definitely not what it seems, the inner screams, the hollowness, the furnace of fire and desire within, the cauterization of sin. A new life I'll like to begin, a spiritual plateau, where life just flow. I can't stop, I must continue to go, search the depths of my soul so that I can be made whole and my heart can stand bold.
With In

Prison is a place where men rot, it's one big lot, a cemetery, where men walk around wary. We are dead to the world, just a memory in their brains, locked away somewhere strange.

We are the living dead, consumed by time, used for a dime and kept in check by the gun line. It's a Billion Dollar Industry that doesn't show sympathy.

Some will make it out, some will die within these screaming walls, where souls are captured and tortured like prey in a lion's jaw.

It's against human nature, to be locked away surrounded by walls and wired fences with unbearable sentences, not allowed to make love to women nor be a father to our children.

They say it rehabilitate, I say it annihilate the feelings of men, producing hate, anger and bitterness within.
One life, one love, one courtroom, one judge, one way, one grave, one day,

I'll be free, back to reality, "GODBODY", Love, Justice, and Equality. I will never let them violate me a SUPREME BEING, being all that I can be with no devil stopping me. Knowledge, Wisdom, and Understanding determines a boy from a man, woman from a girl, like a diamond is different from a pearl.

One life, One love, One courtroom, One judge, One way, One grave, One day,

We will stand as a nation of GODS & GODDESSES, KINGS & QUEENS, "SUPREME", one family, one team, one community, one dream, one race, one people equal.

One life, One love, One courtroom, One judge, One way, One grave, One day,

We will uplift, rebuild, like steel sharpens steel. One gun, one bullet, one kill, one head, one earth, one heart, one birth, one problem, one solution, rise black people REVOLUTION!!!
MY STORY!

A HUMAN BEING IS NOT ONE THING AMONG OTHERS!

THINGS DETERMINE EACH OTHER.

BUT MAN IS ULTIMATLEY SELF DETERMINING WHAT HE BECOMES WITHIN THE LIMITS OF ENDOWMENT AND ENVIRONMENT HE HAS MADE OUT HIMSELF!

Victor Frankl
my experience

when i was born the odds were against me
at a young age i recognized my enemies!
a ghetto child that always kept a smile
despite the circumstances
i learned life is a matter of choices not chances
i adapted to my surroundings like a shark in the ocean
seeking the blood of the prey with no emotion
living off of experience because i was not trying to hear it
the wise words of the old
i learned the hard way which is a good way
if you live to see another day
see i ran with the devil
and carried hot metal
i walked with allah and hid my flaws
i sung with jesus and tried to find reasoning
i read about jahova and still couldn’t find closure
i rosed and setted with sun
and contemplated on everything i done
i decided to turn to self
and accept the hand i was dealt
DARKNESS

I'm enveloped in darkness. Fighting to find the light, the more I fight the deeper I fall and the darker it gets.

I be Jacob, the son of Isaac, wrestling with Jehova, trying to find closure, penned down for a three count on Babylonian soil. Submerged by darkness, my soul feels tarnished as I write out my future as a memoir on my brain, rotating in triple darkness suspended in the womb of the beast, I bite off the umbilical cord that attach and nourish me and I start to feel inner peace as her water breaks and I'm baptized in the blood of those who treaded this path before us.

It was predicted I'll be a stillborn, cursed and scorned, but I was premature and placed in an incubator wrapped in a quilt of darkness!

I pulled positive energy into my cipher creating a new reality absorbing strength, studying S.E.L.F, cracking the mathematical code, connecting with my true essence, meditating into a trance and resurrecting on the third day like Christ after I was hung and lynched in Triple Darkness all of my life.

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Curtis Braxton
MAINTAINING

I'm doing forty incarcerated man years, x's that by anger and fear, then watching my family and peers vanish in thin air, all I do now is look at outdated pictures and stare and ask myself will I ever leave here?

Memories is all I have and my pillow is all I can grab, my daughter don't even know her dad. Is the good things in life really free? Or is this jail shit making me crazy? Some people believe everything is preordained, sometimes that seems a little strange.

I'm just a playa, I don't make the game, I'm trying to keep my picture in the frame and hanging on the wall, as I look for better tomorrows, that's why I smile when it hurts and keep my expectations higher then a young girls skirt...
My pen cries ink, so I don't have to cry tears, for living through hell all these years,

My pen cries ink, as my words express what I think, as I sit here and talk to myself like a shrink and replay my past, when I was a little lad. How I hated when my mother was physically abused by my Dad. How I was scared when my grandmother had seizures, around the same time I suffered from high blood pressure and hot fevers, while my nose drip blood, way before I became a manifestation of a thug, when Marvin Gaye, sung "Sexual Healing", defining the word love...

My pen cries ink, so I don't have to cry tears, for living through hell all these years,

My pen is crying, give me some paper before the ink start drying, as my words form and start emphasizing, about my past experiences, failed dreams and my daughter born without a spleen. In my head I hear screams, in the streets, I've seen blood flow like streams. I let my guard down and was shot in the head by a fiend. I've seen somethings, I shouldn't have seen, living a lie, to express this pain I make my pen cry...

My pen cries ink, so I don't have to cry tears, for living through hell all these years,

My pen is crying red ink, it's thick like blood. I remember when I first gave the block a hug, at the age of 12, living in a house surrounded by crack smell. Moms and Pops in the room beaming up Scootie, while I was filled with dreams of becoming the next, John Gotti. I was forced to grow up to fast and in 89, I smoked my first bag of grass and held my first gun, when I should've been shooting basketball having fun, the streets was mother and jail was my father, so my biological parents didn't even bother. Everything I
learned was from living off experience, because when the elders talked, I wasn’t trying to hear it.

My pen cries ink, so I don’t have to cry tears, for living through hell all these years...

My pen cries tear after tear, because year after year, I put up with the bullshit daily, locked in the beast’s belly, dealing with stupid inmates, filled with self hate, racist guards that portray to be hard. My heart is permanently scarred, my feelings I try to discard in order to survive. I’ve seen comrades die, I watch others believe in a lie and in the courtroom I seen my mother cry, when I was sentenced to four decades because a hump provoked my rage, so now I cry on this page, so it wont run down my face, if it’s God’s will I don’t get convicted of another case, I need some more paper to wipe my tears, as I sit in my cell living out my fear, of not being there for my daughter because in 97, I committed manslaughter, but the judge found me guilty of third degree, sometimes I think I should’ve took a jury, but the fact remains I’m not around and when I think about it I feel down, when I was home she was one years old and I didn’t get a chance to watch her grow, but my love is true and that’s all she needs to know, because I can’t turn back the hands of time, so I have her tattooed on my forearm, heart and mind...

My pen cries ink, so I don’t have to cry tears, for living through hell all these years...

The tears continuously to drip, as my heart skip, beats as I try to tackle this unbearable feat, surrounded by men I refuse to meet, holding my head because I refuse to succumb to defeat, betrayed by friends and family, it’s going to take the God in me to conquer this insanity, a stranger in a foreign land, constantly oppressed by the white man, served inhumane treatment on a silver platter, in jail in jail going bananas, out of all the places in the world to be I’m locked in the slammer...

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My pen cries ink, so I don't have to cry tears, for living through hell all these years...

My pen has been crying for eleven years, in the process I learned to cope with my fears and live life off of each moment and second, moving forward never hesitant, taking the bitter with the sweet, expecting the unexpected, my mistakes I learned to correct'em, more wiser, my eyes are open wider, despite the bullshit, I try to stay physically fit, because I'm getting older as the clock tick, closer to freedom, so I can build my own kingdom, but I get mad about all the years I sat in prison and all the things I endured, I rather not mention, like being away from family and friends and some I wont never see again. It was devised this way, all I can do is look forward to a brighter day, when it's all over. I'm tired of looking over my shoulder and putting in work, at the same time I'm not trying to get hurt, so what can I do, only thing I know is to stay true and search for my soul mate, maybe she'll help me extinguish this hate, but until then, I'll continue to cry through my pen, nine more years and I'll be free again...

Curtis Braxton
MILITANT

The mind of the militant is never ignorant, he must have knowledge of his enemy, so he can defeat his strategy. A militant guards his tongue and when forced can become deadly like a gun. The body of the militant must be stringent and ready for combat and protected from an attack.

The actions of a militant is never hesitant, a militant maintains his composure at ease and stand rooted like a tree. A militant is vigilant, his spirit is resilient and he is resistant to the oppressor and doesn’t break under pressure.

A militant displays courage in times of danger and knows how to control his anger. A militant is brave and knows his final destination is the grave. He conceals his intentions to accomplish his mission. He knows when to use deception as a potent weapon.

A militant must be alert and dependable and never expendable. A militant changes disturbances into order, changes danger into safety and destruction into survival and doesn’t succumb to his rival. A militant is observant of his ambience and moves out according to his intelligence.

Curtis Braxton
son of Oppression

I am a ghetto bastard, according to Amerika's standards. Placed in the concrete jungle with a spirit to survive, my soul became so dry, if I wanted, I still couldn't cry.

I chewed, swallowed and digested the lie, it was so good it had me looking to the sky. I remember ten years ago, telling my great grandmother bye, I knew before we see each other again one of us would die.

Now I understand when I was a little boy I was shy. It was my innermost self preparing me for a cold and crude world, protecting my innocences from the corruption that encircled me that was anticipating to bury me alive.

Curtis Braxton
Since I am the last of a dying breed, I have to till the land and plant my seed, so there can be more like me, generating the same energy, establishing our own legacy, sucker free, in the image of God is how I BE! Dictating reality, alleviating fantasy, standing at attention, adaptable to any position, this is like my autobiography, nonfiction, you can read me like the holy scripture, matter of fact, I advise you to take my picture, they say it contain a thousand words, so I want you to separate the nouns, adjectives and verbs, then tell me what have you learned. My skin is sun burned, I'm constantly making motion as the hands of time turns.

I am that sperm that converged with the egg and evolved into existence a "BORN SUPREMACIST" as my mother bared witness in 7 months, I came forth from the essences of her gut, on April 21, 1977, I was sent to the Earth from the Black Man's heaven and exposed to hell at the age of eleven, with so much experience, I can baptize the reverend with a bottle of Jack Daniels and explain the Qu'ran like a driver's manual, then direct you to the story of David and Goliath in the first Book of Samuel, then take you back to the Qu'ran and show you where God made a deal with the devil.

Allah saw and Jehovah witnessed it, I was born innocent raised around maniacs and lunatics, so psychological I'm with the bullshit, my past is so clear, I can't forget it, as a fetus my mother tried to get rid of me with an abortion, but I smacked
death and told life give it up this is an extortion, that's why I
sleep with my eyes open and I proceed with caution, on several
occasions I almost met my fate, at close range I was shot in the
head with a snub nose .38 and left the hospital the next day
because I was wanted for escape, three months later, I got shot
in the back and it came out my chest, but I refused to lay down
and take my last breath. It was the third time that I defeated
death. I'm what you call living proof, with a helluva smile and a
crooked tooth.

IF WE WERE MADE IN HIS IMAGE THEN CALL US BY OUR NAMES! MOST INTELLECTS DO NOT
BELIVE IN GOD BUT FEAR US JUST THE SAME! Erykah Badu 'On and On'

CURTIS BRAXTON DT-0797
EXPRESSIONS

Our lives will not last long and there are many directions in which we can channel them. Just as swans extract the essences from milk and spit out water so should we extract the essence from our lives by practicing discriminating wisdom and engaging in activities that benefit both ourselves and others in this and future lives. Indian Master Atisha
WHAT IS LIFE

Life is full of pain and strife
It doesn't matter if you're good or bad
you still suffer.
Life is not fair
babies are born into poverty
their mothers addiction and tears.
Life is hard to comprehend
it leaves you vacuous to experiences
and things you observe
like the flying of a bird.
Innocent people die
and families cry
many misfortunes
mental and
physical tortures.
And before you look up
it's all done
the worst part of it all
you only get one.
Dear Mother

You were there when I cried and hollered, you was by my side when no one bothered. It didn't matter if I was right or wrong. You held me down strong. Every time I stood in front of the judge, you was in that courtroom showing love. It hurted every time I saw you cry, when the judge sent me bye-bye or when I got shot in the head and everybody thought I was dead. Then three months later I got shot in the back.

I know I made you worry and you thought you might have to bury me. I beat the odds! I'm your baby boy, your bundle of joy. The apple don't fall to far from the tree, you are my life line so what does that make me?

I am a diamond in the rough and I know these words isn't enough. I just want you to know, you are gladly appreciated. I might not show it, but I want you to know it.

From my Heart!!!
To: Lyric

My flower, you give me the power, to look beyond these steel gates and towers. Visions of you, I replay in my mind, like when we gave you a party for the very first time. I can picture your first year, real bright and clear, because that was the only time I was there. I didn't want to leave, so in my heart I grieve, for not being present in your early years, I cried many tears and overcame my fears of you not knowing me, because your mother turned into my enemy.

When I look at your pictures I see me, you are a carbon copy of your daddy. You are my sunshine in the morning and my moon at night, I can't wait until I'm free, so I can make everything right.

I want to guide you on the correct path, so you don't experience the things me and your mother have. You are flesh of my flesh and blood of my blood, I just want to smother you with my fatherly love.

Curtis Braxton
Dear, Mother

There is no other, woman in my life that comes first, your son, whom you gave birth and loved me before I knew what love was.

I cherish every minute of your motherly love. My love for you excel from this prison cell, missing you so much, have me feeling like a turtle with no shell, vulnerable and cold as I grow old, reminiscing on my childhood, knowing you did all you could.

I appreciate it with all my heart and my love grows stronger each day we are apart. As I express how much I miss you, I also want to say may God guide you on your way and bless you with a Happy Birthday!
ALWAYS

May you grow to be a strong
and beautiful girl, daughter, and woman.
Knowing and loving yourself.
Whether I am there are not.
Know that I love you,
always had and always will.
I am always with you,
my blood runs through your heart
generating love.
I miss you each and every moment
wishing I was there with you
to share your ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY!!!

NEVER DOUBT MY LOVE, DUE TO ME NOT BEING THERE, BECAUSE I CARE!!!

LOVE YOUR FATHER
NATURE'S WILL

You have night and day
the moon glows the sun rays
A caterpillar goes in its cocoon
and turn into a butterfly
in order for a seed to live it must die
the trees grow leaves
and they turn green in the spring
there's motion in the ocean
the spider spins her web as the bear leaves his bed
the beavers build their dam
as flowers sprout from the ground
the bees start to buzz
as the flies play in the crud
mothers teach the young ones how to walk
as vultures fly around and
stalk and squirrels play in the park
the birds sing a tune
as they look down on the lagoon
the wolf howl at the moon
like summer is in june
when the egg and sperm meet
the experience is so unique
where a boy becomes a man
its the divine plan
the stars light up the sky birds fly the living must die
the sun gives energy to the land and have
knowledge and wisdom is to understand
the moon controls the water all apart of the universal order
MOTIVATION

As we go through life's trials and tribulations, we must remain strong and exercise patience. We are going to experience joy and at other times sorrow and if it's God's will we'll see tomorrow.

So as we travel this journey we must take everything in stride and maintain our pride. I know some times the burdens we carry might feel unbearable and drain our spirit and makes us miserable.

It's a natural process, that we must go through in order to progress. Everything happens for a reason even though we can't see it, it's all apart of the divine plan, just like a boy turns into a man, a caterpillar turns into a butterfly and the living must die. It's all a struggle, so keep your head high and stay humble.

The forecast predicated better days and beautiful things to come, as long as we stay sensitive and don't allow our hearts to become numb. Jesus, said: "When I am weak, I am strong so we have to hold on." Nothing last forever and with time things do get better. So as you pray, for me and I pray for you, just remember God loves you.
THINKING OF YOU!

I don't celebrate valentine,
but you was on my mind.
I am sending you this card,
to show my regards.
If loving you is wrong
then I don't want to be right.
Because you brought a new joy into my life.
We made love with words,
which gave me an orgasm that was superb.
In between the sheets we made magic,
like Mary J and Meth,
we are a classic.
You all I need to get by,
you are the reason why my pen cry.
The next eight years will fly,
as long as you are by my side.
Pages turn and my love and passion
continue to burn
because your presence I yearn.
seasonal thoughts

The wind blows,
the leaves scatter across the walk way.

Another day cloudy and cold,
time is passing, as you get old.

Today the sun shines, the temperature rise,
the grass is green, the flowers are blooming
as the breeze keeps you grooving,

the night has fallen,
the sound of crickets fill the air.

The illumination of the moon makes it seem near.
As you stear afar and see the shinning star,
you pause, then think about your cause,
why am I here or why should I care,
I live and die, so why wonder why.

Do life have a meaning, and on the other side
is the grass much greener, or am I just a dreamer
with false hope,
like a delusional junkie high on dope?

Time will tell, if it's a heaven or hell.

Some say heaven is what you make it,
then hell is what I'm living,

and sinning is not sinning, it's just a way of living.

I don't know what the future hold,

but I remember what the past has told everything that glitters
aint gold...

Curtis Braxton
ONE DAY

One day, I'll be free, just you and me together as a family, husband and wife enjoying life. Roses and Dandy Lions, Chelle, Chelle, I am desiring. Time is the key that opens the door to society, please don't lie to me, I want it to be me and you for eternity.

Life is to short and I love you not for the sport, but for holding down the fort. Because you could've went your way, but you decided to stay. It takes a real woman to understand a real man, that's why I extend my hand, so we can walk to the end of time hand, to hand through good and bad. I just wanted to let you know what was on my brain and that we can weathered the storm and stand the rain...
Truth or False?

They say a diamond is a girl's best friend. If you compare a diamond to a hard penis, which one will win? They say to have a child out of marriage is wedlock, but if you are in love then why not?

The Bible says, Eve was created from Adam's rib, is this story true or is it a fib? They say a woman is more emotional than a man, but who is quick tempered and cause mass murder on the land? They say woman was made for man's pleasure, it's a mutual thing it takes two to be together. Night and Day are one, during both time frames you can see the sun, the moon reflects the sun's light, like if you graft from black you'll get white.

The man has XY chromosomes while the woman has XX, which determines their sex. If the sperm and the egg don't unite, you can't reproduce, so what's good for the gander is good for the goose and falsehood evaporates next to the truth.
reminiscence

as i sit in this cell
i try to remember your smell
remember your touch
missing you give me a knot
in my gut...

it feels like yesterday
we were together
getting back to you
seems like it's going
to take forever...

when i awake in the morning
i look for your pretty face
then i'm smacked with the reality
of this forbidden place...

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Curtis Braxton
Me v. Time

As I sit here and fight against time,
I realize my arms are too short
to box with time...

So I sit on my bunk in my cell
like an exhausted fighter in the corner
of the ring, getting ointment placed in
his scars.

The bell rings
I'm back in the middle of the ring,
As my love ones yell from my corner

"Keep ya head up!"

"bob and weave!"

"watch his over hand right!"

"shoot your jab!"

"watch the head bumps!"

"keep ya hands up!"

"It's only ten rounds left, you can make it!"

clean break, stay off the ropes.

Then I heard my daughter say,

"Tuck your chin Daddy!"

at that moment, I knew

I would not lose this fight by a T.K.O

I was going the distance...
IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD.

THE WORD WAS WITH GOD,

AND THE WORD WAS GOD.

THE WORD WAS FREEDOM.

THE WORD IS FREEDOM.

THE FREEDOM TO BE.

THE FREEDOM TO LIVE.

THE FREEDOM TO CREATE.

FREEDOM IS WITH GOD.

FREEDOM IS GOD.

GOD IS FREEDOM

AND

IN THE END WILL BE THE WORD...
About the Author

A spoken word activist rebel poet, who is concerned about the plight of the Black Man, Woman, and Child. He is currently incarcerated waiting to return to the free cipher to perform at schools, pubs, coffee shops and in the streets to educate and motivate. He seeks to create a change and consciousness amongst the populace. To awaken the mentally dead to the reality of our situation. The author goes by the pseudonyms: Da Lyricist and Apollo. His attribute is Tawfiq Nur Allah, which delineate his mission.

Tawfiq Nur Allah means to be reconciled with Allah (God). It also means a form of guidance from Allah, when He guides one heart towards the truth. When broken down to laymen terms, Tawfeeq means being guided back to the knowledge of self, which was stolen. Reconciling with his true identity the God that's within.

Nur means "Light". To shine his light germinating the minds of the people with truth, facts, and reality. Guiding them out of darkness.

Allah means God - the acronym arm, leg, leg, arm, head. Being created in the image of God, who blew his spirit in man establishing God-hood.

P.E.A.C.E!

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Curtis Braxton