THE IMPERFECTIONS

OF A TORTURED MIND

By: Antonio Hart
The Imperfections of a Tortured Mind.

By: Antonio D. Hart

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The "Imperfections of a Tortured Mind", is a collection of twenty poems written by me during my incarceration. Each one is a series of thoughts captured by a man on a journey to rise above his surroundings, and are expressed through colorful written artistry. Every poem is different and does not carry a prison theme. As I attempt to give you a variety of topics to ponder on. Hopefully a few of them empower you as a person, and help uplift your spirits while you are on this brief journey through my mind. If not then I thank you for taking time to read my written artwork.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

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"Imagine The Man"  By: Antonio Hart

It is not hard to see broken men beaten by poverty
Shedding blood and tears upon a field of rain dreams
My window view is filled with multitudes of them
A congested city amassed with the filth of hate
Where the ruling class ridicules the destruction of a man's pride
Then hides it from the world with straight face lies and a smile
Who can bring the truth and be the voice of the wicked
Then again whom would gaze beyond the impurities to listen
To the silent cries of those who have been castaway
To be oppressed in the den of cowards and bigots
Suffering for the crimes of a misbegotten soul
A punishment as harsh as the world's poles are cold
Blessed be the men held under foot who still struggle to stand
Their numbers are small but their spirits are strong
As they weather a living hell inflicted by the Reaper's guns
With heads held high under the strain of external burdens
The light of hope still burns within their disheveled eyes
Despite the menace of the whip lashing at their minds
Though this window view remains unchanged
The reflection of the man I see will not be mastered by his cage
While these struggles he endures only to help to focus his ambition
To conquer those who seek to crush the essence of him
Who picture the man with a will so strong
"My, my, my, my," By: Antonio Hart.

My bitches, my toes, my niggas, my pain
Are all the same, they no longer remain
Just like my money, my freedom, and my independence
They all faded away, at the sight of these barbed wire fences.

My niggas, my road clungs, my homies, my peeps
It was all love when we was running the streets
Ballin', flossin', and tossin' paper
What happened to my so call niggas when I got jammed on this cop.

My heart, my baby, my love, my soul
Momma told me everything that glitter ain't gold
I would have robbed, stole, or killed to give you the world
Guess I was a fool for giving my affection to a bitch... or a girl

My haters, my adversaries, my toes, my enemies
I thank you times for never pretending to be my cronies
Cutoffs, snitches, and haters you maybe
At least you fuck boys didn't play up under me

My frustration, my hate, my anger, my envy
Damn, I didn't know emotions could be so deadly
Though resentment, insult, and bitterness are wounds that do not bleed
Best believe these scars are real, not a possibility

My bitches, my toes, my niggas, my pain
Are all the same like tears they no longer remain
I persevere, I conquer, and I have grown throughout the years
And despite those flaws my my my my people I am still here.
"Living With Self"  By: Antonio Hart

Though I am blind to the world around me,
Darkness opens my eyes to intricacies light filled eyes
cannot perceive.
My mind is not illuminated by what glitters in the
physical
So my world is guided by what is within, not by what
I am without.

My strength is not just wrapped in the physical
For what I build in my mind has no apex
So this body is more then just a showcase for flesh and
done
It is the holder of the builder of true might untold

Even though first impression is the voice of a thousand
words
The essence of the matter can be virtually unheard
Since the conscious mind does not speak in a sonorous voice
I listen closely to those words usually ignored

The greatness I struggle for is not easily achieved
Though it has been with me since before my first breath
A common misconception is life matters are resolved by the
heart
So I prefer to close my heart and open self to inner
perfection

And do away with all misconceptions
"For the Strength of You"

By: Antonio Hart

When I am down
Stumbling upon unholy ground
I feel your embrace
And stand tall to make you proud

At times I can not think
My mind so filled with sorrow
I hear your lovely words
And can focus on tomorrow

There are days when I am confused
Blinded by the lights
Your kind hand guides me
You become my sight

One day soon while the sun shines
I will be singing a song for you
You will hear the word from the melody
And know that it is for the strength of you

I am who I am today!
"Lesson for a Lifetime" By: Antonio Hart

Falling from his bike for the sixth or seventh time
A boy looked up at his father and began to cry
His dad reached down and lifted his chin
And said, "When life gets ugly and you want to
let it end you must Never back down and Never
give in."

24 to 27 was the score of the game
Time was expiring only 60 seconds remain
The star quarterback stood in the center of the huddle
Giving an impassion speech fueled by his desire to win
They'd come too far for it to end like this
Never back down, Never give in

While bombs exploded only 40 feet away
The sound of gunfire impregnated the dust filled air
Frozen still as fear gripped his innocent heart
He clutched his rifle with sweat clamper hands
Then the signal came for the troops to attack
He begin to move powered by the soldier within
Never back down Never give in

Looking out the window at the snow covered field
A man could see the tombstone of his wife and kids
The car wreck had left him wheel chair bound
With a lonely heart and the guilt of living
Conscious of the weight of the revolver in his lap
Only the inrawn mantra held him back
Never back down Never give in
"Observing Sheep"  By: Antonio Hart

Every morning I sit and listen
To the voices of ghosts with past miseries
Crying out about wrongs and wrongs
And how the dead weight of burdens grind their bones

Every afternoon I walk the same path
The one that shows plain skeletons with lipless grins
Laughing about the thrills and thrills
And how the light of happiness burns away their sins

Every night before I lay down to rest
I pray for the souls of soulless sheep
Traveling this world without direction or direction
And how the foolish leader, misleads the flock

Every full moon at midnight I awaken
Tear-tired eyes stained with hells smoking dreams
Burning flesh to reveal bone and bone
And how the faces I seen were all my own
"Wandering Soul"  By: Antonio Hart

When I die what will be my immortal claim to fame.
The tales told about me as I rot away in me eternal resting place. Witness by those who I had long forgotten and ones I only knew by name. I remember dying once I wonder if those stories still remain.

Adventurous and mischievous I was hell on wheels as a kid. Looking back maybe I was unruly as those teachers exclaimed. Pretending to be a warrior on the hunt for a man eating grizzly bear. The childhood glee at the sight of that wild bear still amazes me. I remember dying once I wonder if those stories still remain.

The life of the party I was at times. Getting so drunk and high I thought I would lose my mind. My so called friends would urge me on and slap my back. Intoxicated with drink and the heady feel of invincibility. There was a time I stood on the balcony balustrade three stories up with thoughts of flight. I remember dying once I wonder if those stories still remain.

Women will tell their tales, but the best will only be shared amongst friends. My female conquest stretch far and wide. A raishly devious gent, women found me intriguing and constantly fell for my roguish charm. I believe it was my fifth wife who took the most offense to my wandering lust. I remember dying once I wonder if those stories still remain.
"Magazine Queens" By: Antonio Hart

They come from every ethnic group and background from around the world. These gorgeous women that out number diamonds and pearls. With spice and sass and the most amazing curves. They captivate my mind with every page I turn.

I swear to you I have seen the same poses a thousand times before. Portraying the same expressions that capture a dreamer in amoral. Do I dislike the fact I can not get enough of these repetitive frames. Hell no! Like a friend I am addicted to the hallucination each shot brings.

Your words entice with promises that put proper women to shame. Though they make me feel like I know the person and not just the name. So I wonder are these images more then a flash blubs flitter for riches, fortune, and fame. Or are you one of the few who will subdue the gaunte.

Hypnotized by subtle looks and times forever frozen smiles. While flawless curves burn impressions on my adultress mind. I give praise to the lovely women who let themselves shine. On those high gloss pages that reveal delightful sights to my sore eyes.
"Love Is"  By: Antonio Hart

The flower that only opens when kissed by the sun
A cold, hard, twisted road traveled by many conquered by none

The sweet breath of freshness that sweeps you off your feet
Those late night tears that pour down like rain

Always pulling trying to lead us in the right direction
Devouring the weak and misleading the blind

Those baby, yes, baby no, just touch me one more time moments
Body, mind, and spirit trying to connect through distance
And defeat time

The joy and pride overflowing from within us
Humble but firm and sometimes overbearing

Strange, ever changing but always fulfilling
What we live for, what we die for, and so hard to retain

Good in essence and hard on us all
There when you've been broken to soften the fall

All these things and so much more
I been there, done that, but all I can tell you

What Love Is!

(Note: For better feel of this poem think "Love Is" with each new sentence)
"Stand Tall Shorty Don't Cry." By: Antonio Hart

Stand tall shorty don't cry
Whoever told you life was far was a lie
You have to fight and claw to the day you die
For a piece of something people call a fire

Stand tall shorty don't cry
You want to see the world with a clear eye
Tears are for weak people who are afraid to try
Cause you only fail when you don't reach for the sky

Stand tall shorty don't cry
Life is not a fairytale only angels fly
To succeed you have to hold your head high
And don't let opportunity pass you by

Stand tall shorty don't cry
Make your own rules, you don't have to comply
Think outside the box, take chances, be sly
God helps those who help themselves, not those who cry
Why?
So stand tall shorty don't cry!
"Ambition"  By: Antonio Hart

Confidence is the key which motivates my being
Passion is the hand that guides
For there is no place unreachable to me
Weather on land or up high
Fighting while the odds are forever against me
Has forge my will into steel
The blood I have shed throughout the years
Marks the intensity of constant struggle
Traveling a trail that was not always forseen
I race diligently toward unknown rewards
While my hunger is unsatiated by fool promise
The succulent flesh of success satiates
So the felled pride bludgeon by harsh failures
A small price for my aspiration
"Things I Long For" By: Antonio Hart

Enjoying the sun rise on white sand covered beach. While the essence of the ocean and the cry of the gulls fill the senses. You are basking in the caress of the sun. Sharing the dreams of all the wonders of the world.

Pedaling through some far away foreign city on bicycles. As people and cars bustle around on narrow streets and even narrower sidewalks. Your laugh is contagious, your smile is aglow, as you light the city with your presence.

Dancing in the darkness of the pack night club. Bodies touching and sweating as the cadence of the music's bass vibrates the chest. You are in the center of it all swaying to the pulsing rhythm, more hypnotic then the boozes and drugs filling the masses.

Dining in a extravagant restaurant sipping expensive champagne. People smile and share intimate secrets as the candles flame flickers between them. Your elegance sets the mood for romance, as you give subtle hints of things to come.

Locked away inside the four walls of a prison cell. With cold blooded men, spiteful guards and the constant smell of piss filled toilets. Your sweet touch cannot be fixed, until I close my eyes and enter your sweet embrace.

Freedom!
"I Can Forgive"  By: Antonio Hart

People y'all must be out of your minds. Come to me with smiling faces after all this time. Where were you when I was down in that gutter? Looking toward the sky from the bottom of a living grave. Probably holding spades like so many others. Say what?? Me do what? You make it sound so easy.

You had bills to pay and other responsibilities. Now, what the hell that got to do with me? If you was sincere you would have made time. So don't come at me with all them pitiful lines. Like everyday I've been gone has been a mad scrabble. Be what?? Have a who? People this is what it is.

All in my face talking 'bout you love me. Last time I check love was a action word. Miss with that said I must be encompass by enemies. Why your faces clouding up like thunderstorms? You ain't the red head step-child who was done wrong. I got to what?? Let what go? I have a reason to be indignant!

Cause we are suppose to be family! Which means standing together during adversities. Also all of you abandon me when trouble arose. But I became a man on that lonely road. So wipe your eyes and dry your tears, cause I ain't that cold. I've released those burdens. I let them go. But it was hard as hell, just thought you should know.
"Protecting the Heart" By: Antonio Hart

I heard the sound of shattering glass echo through the quiet of the room.
As you sit there silent face buried in your hands.
This isn't the first time, we've both been here before.
Going from intimacies to crushing pain all in one blow.
I know these wounds they bleed where no one can view.

Deep fissures in the soul leaking life fluids.
Mine are like fresh scabs always picked and never completely heal.
So I strike first to protect these ill conceived wounds from being reopen.

The crystal shards of my fragile heart can not stand another breaking.
So to you what I have done may seem selfish and callous.

Like I said, we've both been in this situation before.
Emotional turmoil banishing us from heaven's door.
True I seek the comfort, the closeness, the touch of love.
But like a frighten child burn once I don't want to burn no more.

The shallow cuts of your broken heart are only scratches in my armor.
Cause now I break hearts, to keep mine from being broken.
"The Wise Have"  Bl. Antonio Hart

These feet have blaze paths few have traveled
Seeking the fulfillment attained by fewer
These ears have heard many truths and lies
Gaining the knowledge held by words
These eyes have witness both hate and kindness
With wisdom being learned from each
This mouth smiles but seldom speaks a word,
Understanding that less is sometimes more
These hands have built and destroyed many things
Testing the science of pieces gain
This body has withstood the test of ages
Weathering difficulty along the unbroken trail
This mind holds the fruits glean by time
Wisdom, knowledge, understanding from the wise
"No Remorse"

By: Antonio Hart

Been like dis since I stepped off the porch
Baggy pants saggin', tootin' that iron
I ain't tryin' to change a damn thang
So you best respect my mind

Can't see myself wit no job workin' 9 to 5
I'll leave dat for all you blue collar janes.
When I want somethin', I just take it.
Make oh few of you cowards feel me

I gets much money hustlin' in de's streets
Don't give two cent bout dem boys in blue
They look just like the next man shit.
My heart don't pump no fear ta no badge

Ain't no tears of regret runnin' down my eyes
Caught me slippin' all it was
Then dat flat-foot swine had on dat vest
Hate I ain't put dem hollow points above the neck

Hey Mr. Judge you can kiss my black ass
Think dis Life Sentence suppose to break me down
I'mma run dis prison just like I ran de's streets.
Make you motherfucking kill me

Been like dis since I stepped off the porch
Baggy pants saggin', tootin' that iron
I ain't tryin' to change a damn thang
So you best respect my mind.
"Love Warnings." By: Antonio Fort

Shorty, I aint with them games
Cause my emotions run wild
Wilder then Mississippi River floods after the rain
So if you playing here is your chance
Ain't scared
I just love hard.

Girl, I'm telling you now
Cause my feelings are deep
Deeper then the waters of the Red Sea.
So if you willing to take the risk
No girl it ain't like that
I just love hard.

Lady, listen to what I'm saying
Cause my passion blows hard
Harder then a hurricane off the Gulf of Mexico
So if you ready to face that storm
No lady I ain't saying that
I just love hard.

Woman, remember every word I say
Cause my love for you is deadly
Deadlier then a tsunami off the coast of Japan
So be prepared to love me for the long haul
Yes, woman it's serious like that
Baby, I love hard.
“Breaking Point”  By: Antonio Hart

Anxiety
Tingling sensation, chills run up spine
Unseen eyes watch from crowd
Nervous tongue licks parched lips
Uneasiness creeping in tugging string

Hold on
Hair stands on end, pores opening
Whispered voices echo all around
Roving eyes give dithering glances
Disquiet growing steady, pulling string

Be strong
Heart beat accelerates, blood rushes through veins
Heavy footsteps shuffle from behind
Tense hands clutching, unclutching
Agitation mounting yanking the string

Grip slipping
Adrenaline pumping, senses are heightened
Solid shadows rise from darkness
Hung up bowels release fluids
Perturbation running rapid, taut string snaps

Along with sanity
"Shaking Temptation"  By: Antonio Hart

There is nothing like a clean slate
The act of pressing the reset button on life
Leaving all your old baggage behind
Becoming refreshed and renewed

Every day will acquire a meaning of its own
Filling your life with new wonders
Like a baby knows only what it sees,
So this is how you will be in the beginning

Then you will notice the old is still there
Hidden in the shadows of the new
Reminding you of all your former trappings
And the hold they once held on you.

Though this time you are wise to the choices
Having already traveled the well worn path
No longer willing to chance what is newly regain
You make a right at the cross road.

Even here temptations voice whispers sweetly
As the old is always within reach
Testing the strength of your resolve
Attempting to pull you back into its clutches

But the weight of the past still rest on your shoulders
A constant reminder of foolish choices
Letting you know life has no guarantees
That is why you make the best of second chances.
"The failure of My Pen" By: Antonio Elart

I need this to be the best thing I ever wrote
Just to convey the emotions inside of me
To help you see what I have seen.
What it is like to witness someone die inside.

I want to give you a special part of me
The part that makes me cry tears.
Let you know the things I should have known.
Everyone who is bad is not evil.

I need you to understand the extent of my wounds
How they cause one's soul to bleed.
Make you feel what I have felt.
When you behold a fighter stop fighting.

I want you to experience the depth of my pain
This hopeless ache more mental than physical.
Have you heard the things I have heard.
The repentant prayers of the contrite.

I need you to know how I have failed.
It torments me even when I dream.
Get you to touch the thing I could not touch.
A cold heart before it stop beating.

I wanted this to be my greatest masterpiece.
Though I know mere words are not enough.
Because you have not seen where I have been.
Watching unforgiven spirits leave this earth.
Author's Final Words

First, I would like to thank the people behind Prison Foundation for giving me the opportunity to be heard. It is a blessing and I want them to know I appreciate the effort in making this happen for those of us behind bars. Thank You Prison Foundation.

To those of you who have taken the time to read my work, I want you to know it brings me joy to have you do so. I put in a great deal of time into my writing, and I love every minute of it. So, just knowing that someone is reading and enjoying what I put on paper is apart of my dream coming through this pen to effect the living.

In a positive way, hopefully.

Last thing is I want to apologize for the many errors in this write. Some are by design others are not. I just pray they don't take away from the essence of the work.

Well, until you see my name on someone's best selling authors list. Goodbye and God Bless.

Sincerely,

Antonio Hart

Date