KAOS IN MOTION
by
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Nonfiction - Poetry

This is a book of original poetry that people of all walks of life could relate to; that may inspire, enlighten or intrigue you as you make your journey through life.

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INTRODUCTION

This book is a book of poetry written by me while I have been incarcerated here in the Colorado Department of Corrections. All errors in grammar, form, structure and composition are purely my own and done innocently due to my typo status and not meant to offend anybody.

I dedicate this book to my family and friends who have suffered right beside me as I've been incarcerated. Cindy, Ron, Dominic, Marc, Brandon, Andre, CIA, and countless others who pushed me to be better than expected.
"For a long time it had seemed to me that life was about to begin - real life, but there was always some obstacle in the way something to be got through. First some unfinished business, time still to be served. A debt to be paid then life would begin at last it dawned on me that these obstacles were my life."

- Fother Alfred D. Souza -

"When a man is determined, what can stop him? Cripple him and you have a Sir Walter Scott. Put him in a prison cell and you have a Nelson Mandela. Bury him in the snows of Valley Forge and you have a George Washington. Have him born in abject poverty and you have a Lincoln. Put him in the grease pit of a locomotive roundhouse and you have a Walter P. Chrysler. Make him a second fiddle and you have a Toscanini. The hardships of life are sent not by an unkind destiny to crush, but to challenge."

- Unknown -
Success is not a part of me.
maybe I should have been a shefF

But, I am a human being.
and I do believe in myself...

I have to hurry up.
life is not forever

I will rest and drink a cup
but surrender never...
Sometimes I wonder what if I wasn't me
would I still have the same problems and trouble
or would all my worries be doable.
would I have more support from family and friends
or how would things look from a different lens.
would I be smaller, frail, slow or old.
Or taller, brighter brave or bold.
would anybody care that I wasn't around.
Or what if I was deaf and Conscient hear a sound.
would I still wonder if I wasn't me.
how would life be if I Conscient see.
would I of tried to still be cool.
Or would I of concentrated more on school.
would I still be trying to search.
Or would I of found what I was looking for of church
would somebody of given me a shot at fame.
Or would I be trying to find somebody to blame.
Or just somebody to listen to my plea.
If what it would be like if I wasn't me...
I stand alone.

So you want to be a criminal... just like me.
Well, welcome to this life of misery.
You'll have a little criminal cell, toilet and bunk,
Other depressed cons trying to make you a punk.
Oh yea crazies and cons who are cold to the bone.
They'd rob you and kill you and call you their own
Body and all the girls are staying in school.
You and me know body, the fool.
Who needs education and a part time job?
Just there too scared to steal and rob.

So welcome kid, make yourself at home.
Just don't look for me. Cause I stand alone.

Drunkness and violence is where it's at.
Who needs freedom, love and all that.
The roads well travelled and proven you see.
By millions of smart guys like you and me.
Keep doing what you're doing and
You'll get here.

Just bring your body and lots of fear.
There's room in this place of fences
Tears and stone.
When you see me remember kid, I stand alone.
Risks.
To laugh is to risk appearing the fool.
To weep is to risk appearing sentimental.
To reach out for another is to risk involvement.
To express feelings is to risk exposing your true self.
To place your ideas, your dreams, before a crowd is to risk their loss.
To love is to risk not being loved in return.
To live is to risk dying.
To hope is to risk despair.
To try is to risk failure.
But risks must be taken, because the greatest hazard in life is to risk nothing.
The person who risks nothing, does nothing, has nothing and is nothing.
They may avoid suffering and sorrow, but they cannot learn, feel, change, grow, love and live.
Chained by their attitudes, they are a soul. They have forfeited their freedom
Only a person who risks is free.
I am a loner.
I am a loner,
I am always alone.
I feel off the love of others.
For I have none, to call my own.
I walk aimlessly
through the path of an empty park.
Thinking and wondering.
Why things are the way they are,
and what's wrong with me.
As I look at the sky.
I see the stars so very high.
Wondering if I'll ever become one.
And if not "why"
I look here and there.
But see no one, anywhere
where could they be?
For without them, I could never be...
This empty road,
filled with only things of yesterday... "nothing"
I am trying to make it different
I am trying to make it a better way...
I will soon be gone

I really don't know how to start,
because I feel nothing in my heart.
Pretty soon I will never be,
For I am soon going to be free.
There will be no more sadness, nor any pain.
I will no longer feel so much vain.
There will be no more emptiness, nor any tears.
I have always been alone all of these years.
The road to happiness is so very long,
it's a road which I feel I don't belong.
No more will I feel alone.
For this is the life I've ever known.
When I leave, and I will soon be gone.
Everything will still be the same.
And life will still go on.
Without my pity or any pain.
I'll be the darkness of the night,
Keeping out of sight.
No longer will I live on.
For I am already gone...
Prison

Prison is where debts are paid by the poor, ignorant, and less fortunate who are found guilty of breaking laws that have built high escape hatches for the affluent and/or.

Prison is where "no" is the safe and common answer because to deny a convict's request leaves the keeper free from blame and responsibility.

Prison is where a person is forced to tell lies and sneak in an effort to keep their word and deal in a fair and honest manner.

Prison is where a person learns to do more crime better, with less concern and respect for the rights of others.

Prison is where being a "Judas" is encouraged be it truth or lie. Yet so few these days have the class to hang themselves as Judas did.

Prison is where the lies of your keepers are backed and condoned by their superiors whose lies and sacrileges are overlooked by society as long as the criminals are kept locked away.

Prison is where you see a guard smirk at the protesting cries coming from the degraded soul of a youngster.
why do they look so sad?
They seem so far away.
where is mommy's beautiful smile she once had?
The one that brightened up my day.
why is uncle Joe here?
what's the special occasion this year.
why are they all wearing black?
who are all these people in the back?
what does Debbie mean when she says,
she will miss me?
is she going away?
shouldn't she be happy.
why am i wearing my Sunday dress?
who am i trying to impress.
why has my skin grown so cold and pale.
why do i look so weak and frail.
why is mommy crying?
is someone sick or dying?
won't someone explain what's going on?
why are all the smiles gone?
why are all these people here?
what is the black car for, with all the flowers in the rear.
where are we going to go.
While others are making their contributions to mankind, however small or big.
I am dying away, trying to figure out who I am.
If I don't know who I am, how can I ever hope to discover who I might become?
Do I have potential or talent or skills as yet unknown to myself?
I am in a prison cell... and I don't know who I am.
And I have grown weary of going on, when there is no where for me to go.
And no one to go there with me.
Who am I...
I have outlived all desire, my dreams and I have grown apart.
My grief alone is left enthrall.
The gleanings of an empty heart.
The storms of ruthless dispensation have struck my flowery garden numb.
I live in lonely desolation and wonder when my end will come...
Once in a lifetime if you believe in love
one comes over the horizon and you'll
sure she's from above.
Two hearts start out separately then begin
beating as one, and that glow you feel
on your face is like that of the noon
day sun.
Your heart begins to sing a new song
Its a melody and its your time to shine
for she has smiled upon you
Today is your once in a lifetime...
In some ways, however, small and secret each of us is a little mad. Everyone is lonely at the bottom, and cries to be understood. But, we can never entirely understand someone else, and each of us remains part stranger even to those who love us.

It is the weak who are cruel. Gentleness can only be expected from the strong. Those who do not know fear are not really brave.

For courage is the capacity to confront what can be imagined and you can understand people better if you look at them. No matter how sick or impressive they are, as if they were children.

For most of us never mature, we simply grow taller.

Happiness comes only when we push our hearts and minds to the farthest reaches of capability. For the purpose of life is to matter, to count to have our lives make some difference to those we love...
Like the failure of a vampire to make a reflection in the mirror. So too have I failed to leave behind any image in the mirror of her life.

As the fog that rolls in and disappears with the rising sun, so too do I vanish quickly from her sight.

The peals of thunder and the claps of lightning that strike the sky but for a second seem an eternity compared to the time of one thought of me in her mind.

And yet I desire to be known by her. Why? How do you put words to the inspeakable or paint a picture of the indescribable?

And so as the rain leaves its mark in the form of the magnificent rainbow that arches high across the heavens so to do I strive to leave a trail, no matter how great or small, of self behind in the minds and hearts of those who are in the now of my life....
We wear the mask that grins and lies
It hides our fears and shades our eyes.
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile
As we pass each other in Byle Gill.
We live with this mask on both night and day
Hoping no one will see our plight.
Don't look at my image of the mask - it is not truly me inside.
I only wear it when I want to go and hide.
In the dark the revolution does not sleep.
It is a spirit kept at bay by high fences,
Topped with razor wire, Iron bands and
Locked gates - yet it prowls the heart of
every man.
The revolution - the cry for freedom - will
never be silent for long and it will
never die.
I see you not as a lover, but as love itself,
That which fills the heart with joy,
I see you not in a dream, but as the dream itself, for you are the very essence of all
I imagine.
I see you not as a star, but as the
galaxy that contains all the stars that
illuminates the skies.
People kill things everyday, from love to
previously held
and some things are anyway from life to
idle minds.
It couldn't really hurt to die no more
than it hurts to live.
The people left always cry when this
nothing left to give
Death is just the final sleep as dust
to dust we go.
In little piles of dust we sweep and the
wind flows through and blows.
And the wind kills time itself; it
eats away at all.
And everything once known as wealth we
now find hard to recall.
To know death is to know the friend
that whispers through the trees.
And death is just another friend
blowing softly in the breeze...
Friendship

Friendship is when you love.
Someone who cares for you.
Someone who feels just the way you do.
Friendship is sharing your deepest feelings with that friend.
And knowing that on time you can depend.
You spend most of your times together
And share your thoughts forever.
If one is feeling sad,
The other will make him glad.
They stay together side by side.
And each other they will always guide.
Never had a chance

Bullets ricochet in the massive drive-by and the sounds of the funeral is the mother's cry. The power he possesses with his flannel shirt and dickie pants.
Is in part what helped him never have a chance.
Play with the older ratos is what he wanted to do but what that really meant he didn't have a clue.
Drugs and money is what they flaunted.
But love and respect is all he really wanted.
Friends to call his own and love he could share. Where it took him or. Come from he didn't care.
He knew he was young and the same wouldn't last.
He just didn't know his life would end with one fatal blast.
Trouble occurred over A store and A stone
The young little rato never had a chance....
My heart cries out in pain and sadness. My people are suffering and going nowhere. What will it take and how long will it be before we wake up and demand to be free. If you think we are, you must become aware. This country doesn’t value us nor care. Our children are killing themselves in more ways than one. Our communities are in turmoil and little is being done. We’re lost in a system that uses and abuses us. So we often believe there’s no one to trust. Educate yourself and demand self respect. Believe in yourself and take time to reflect. Fight for your communities, your families and mine. For we are all the same fabric and bloodline. Do all that you can to spread peace and progress. Every bit counts and can lead to our success. I ask that you continue to struggle and fight. I am with you in spirit and hope you never lose sight...
Love is stoical, full of felicity, understanding yet blind.
Love is trusting, cherishing and perpetual. It
Compromises and accepts. Love is ferocious, tenacious
and full of innocent wonder that sacrifices in its
devotion. Love yearns and comforts like the
summer sun.
Love is sensual and passionate, daring yet bold.
That requires nurturing to blossom and grow
like a mighty oak.
Love is painful, but it's what makes life bearable.
Love is hope. For a better tomorrow.
Crying gets me no where,
but I do it every day.
I know it hasn't helped me yet,
and I can't go on this way.
My tears stop for a little while,
but not for very long.
It's not easy to forget you.
Because my heart is where you belong.
There are tears on my pillow
Every time I go to bed.
As thoughts of you fill up my head.
I know I don't want to forget you
And believe me, I'm not trying.
But things would be much easier
If I could just stop crying....
Do you have time to lend a helping hand?
Or know somebody who can.
Well, if you do we want you here.
So you can be a volunteer!
If meeting new people and sharing
your time is part of you
then the place for you is here.
Come and be a volunteer!
If you can give a day or two
to those who are in need of you
then think no more, spend time here.
see how good you'll feel as a volunteer!
Prison the dream taker - mind rapist
welcome to the dream taker - mind rapist I call the joint.
you wonder why im talking to you. what is my point.
It might be too late to warn you. too late to tell you
about this place.
Shame because I didn't want to see you in here.
As see your young pretty face.
you didn't drive by because you thought it made you look
Now you're with me and you realize your just another dead;
14-18 - 20 years old. The best years of your life.
are still ahead.
But not for you. Homeboy. your now with the
living dead.
you'll hear as I do the cry of a child.
late at night, and it will drive you mad.
The cry of a child. Coming from the throats of men
Crying out in silence as the door to freedom
Closes with a slam.
This is what you wanted. This is why you come
Dealing for your fortune. Bangin' for your space.
This is why you huddled. This is what you sought.
To lay your head down and wonder, to sleep
On a concrete cot.
you thought you were at a dead end out there.
No one to reach out to, no one who would care.
Can you love somebody you lost a long time ago, who didn't love you enough and had to let you go, but whose love is bold and continues to grow. Are you strong enough to love him even though you're apart. Is trusting him a little, enough of a start. To break open the chains that bound binded your heart. Is love strong enough to conquer all? Is his voice strong enough to keep you intrigued with a phone call. Is your passion wild enough to make him fall in love all over again...
Uncle Bob why did you have to leave?
now my heart is filled with grief.
I'd do anything to have you near me,
because I love you. Can't you see.
we had good times and bad ones too
but it didn't mean I stopped loving you.
why did you have to die?
I miss you so much.
I can only ask why?
I never told you how much you meant to me.
all I would say is "he's a cool guy."
all who knew you wish and pray.
that you'd be in peace each and every day.
though you're not by our side.
we still feel your love deep inside.
your death has caught our hearts.
now that we are apart.
your soul is in the sky.
so I therefore have to say goodbye.
Am I just wasting my time.

How can I make you understand.
These feelings won't go away.
Why do I need to hold your hand.
Every time I am feeling blue...

When will it all be clear.
And feel as if it's all true.
How can you see I am here.
And notice what I feel for you.

How long do I have to wait.
Until my love reaches your heart.
Will it ever be too late.
Or is waiting not too smart...

How can I ever make you see.
The special way you act to me.
Will I ever make you mine.
Or am I just wasting my time....
I vow to always love you.

I vow to treat you fair,
and to always trust you.
I vow to always protect you,
and to always listen to you.
I vow to always try to make you happy.
I vow to always respect you,
to be sensitive to your needs,
to always cherish what we share.
I vow to always believe in our love,
to never allow anything to come between us,
and to accept you as you are.
I vow to be a better person tomorrow than I was today.
I vow to strive to be the husband you need and deserve.
I vow to bring laughter into your world.
As your husband, I vow to do and be, all of this and more.
Because you are not only my lover, my soulmate,
but the light of my life,
the best friend I cannot live without.
Her heart so heavy... yet empty.
She so complete... yet incomplete.
She who appeared to have the world dancing at her feet.
She so happy... yet so sad.
So loved by many... yet cherished by none.
She who's heart shined like the summer sun.
Seen by all... yet known by none.
She who longed to share the secrets in her heart.
She who smiled.
But who's heart was lost to the dark.
She who's dreams still untold.
Still undiscovered like buried gold.
She who's spirit owned by none.
Just quietly waiting.
For her heart to be mended.
By somebody... anybody...
Who was there when I fell down? Who was there to kiss away the pain? Who was there to make me hot cocoa when I come in from the rain? Who took their time to teach me how to tie my shoes? Who would wake up early to give me a ride to school? Who would sell candy for me at work so I could win a big prize? The same person who wouldn't get mad when I told her lies, who still loved me when I gave her no reason at all? And who was always there to accept my collect calls? Who would send me money when there wasn't much left for her? Why she continues to stick by me I'm not sure. Who was there to love me like no other? Who else except my mother....
Loving A Person.

Does it take a lot out of you or not much at all?

Loving A person
Can you love a person mentally?
Can you love a person physically?
Knowing that that person loves you.
Knowing that that person doesn't love you.
Giving that person all you've got or never receiving love from that person.
Loving that person on the outside or loving that person on the inside.
Loving that person for what they are or loving that person for who they are.
Loving that person for what they'll become or loving that person who loves you.
Feelings

When I first met you, you seemed to be very loving and caring, you also seemed to know what I was going through.
I know that in you I can depend. Because you listen to me as a friend, I also know that for me you care, and if I need someone, you'll always be there.

There are so many bad feelings I have inside feelings I know I just shouldn't hide. Now I am left here, feeling down and sad, because you are not here to be near me. So this is why I need you and I really need you now.

I am happy you believe in me for not too many people know how sadness really can be.

Friends like you are so very hard to find. Because you are so caring and so kind.
Dear Teddy,

Here's a teddy for you to cuddle at night. The only difference is this teddy knows how to fight. This teddy will lay down his jacket and open every door.

If it's raining and you're sick, this teddy will go to the store. This teddy will listen and offer advice. This teddy will protect you and chase away the mice.

This teddy will love you even when you don't love back. This teddy will get up and get you a midnight snack.

This teddy is yours for all that you'd love to do.

Just a little something from me to you.
Like a rainbow that spreads its colors across the sky,
So the beauty of your soul colors my world.
The hues of the painted desert drew their inspiration
From watching you awake in the morning.
The purple sage in the mountains embrace you,
As you laid your head on your pillow to dream.
The field of flowers once saw you
As you awoke to play.... and patterned themselves after you.
The whole universe is in awe of the natural beauty your spirit possesses
And I am in love with you...
Dead man walking

Twenty three hours out of the dog away from the public and locked away.
No contact to the outside and even less within and don't talk after midnight is a mortal sin.
Police on guard like a tiger stalking.
Their main objective keep us dead men working,
An hour out of your cell and seven minutes in the should.
Don't forget who runs this place and who has the power.
Nightly ritual is to bang on the doors.
Until the good squad runs in and slams you to the floor.
Once again all is silent nobody talking.
They've regained control keeping us dead men walking.
Don't stand up for your rights cause that spells trouble.
For there is a video camera in each little bubble.
And speakers to monitor when you begin talking
And feed any for them to keep us all dead men walking....
I am a Warrior - and its unmistakable
im unstoppable - unbreakable,
all who oppose me are losers from the start
because I walk this path with nothing
but heart.
while they sit around waiting for me to fall.
I laugh out loud as I walk past them all
They are doomed to fail and crash.
I dismiss all these clouds in a flash.
There is not enough time nor space.
I don't give fools like them any place.
why give room to fools.
That's what they are that wear "blues"
look at them closely and you'll see the
puppets on a string.
none can deal with me for I rule
this thing...
Who am I? Who am I? Who are you? You are an inmate. A worker, I am a convict. A crested. You depend on others to give you your sustenance... and say "Thank you Boss." I create within myself all I need to survive. You are a slave, waiting to serve the boss men. I am free doing as I please. You treasure liberty and will do anything to keep it. I mock it if they lock me in a cell... I mock that cell. Stranger to show them they can never imprison me more than I can imprison myself. If they place me in hell... I'll join the flames and laugh at them... again. You love life and work gingerly through it. I work with death. No! I allow death to work with me. I am not afraid of him and he knows it. He holds the sickle of death over your head and you tremble with fear. I hold a sword Shank to his throat and tell him to "shut up." As you change at his presence I laugh at him. What is the difference between us? You are living afraid to die. I am already dead. I died the day I was born. I'm just too stubborn to fall down and stay down.
Dreams of you.

Last night I had a wonderful dream and I hope it comes true. It's not as strange as it may seem that I would dream of you.

We were walking beside a stream at night barefoot in the sand. I felt the joys of love and life when you held my hand.

I felt my heart was soaring like I didn't have a care, hand in hand on a midnight stroll with the moonlight on your hair.

It was a dream from God above and it made my soul take flight so to fill my life with joy and love I will dream of you each night...
Something odd happened this morning. An invisible mailman came to my home. He gave me a letter that wasn't quite there. An invisible mailman is very scarce so I was very excited when I noticed the letter was addressed to me.

I opened the envelope as wide as I could only to notice nothing inside. The scent was intoxicating if I do remember. So strong in fact there was no smell at all. But like all good things the letter was over as soon as it began.

And along with love always I saw your name. So, I quickly responded to the invisible letter that I couldn't see, or smell and didn't touch but enjoyed nonetheless, because it was from you.
What's happening else?
In homicide, it's too late to sue suicide
lots of kids know us well.
They think we're on their side
we're here for just one reason
It's a story we gotta tell
on ugly tale of how we take young lives
and send them straight to hell.
we have no regrets of what we do.
to us it's the ultimate high
If you let us we can get you off
but in the end you must die
we'll take you trippin' with crack and tape.
all you have to do is confess
but to trust in us death is a must
we've taken so one trippin' out until
Teenagers seem to like us the most
rock bands made us the current wave.
we came through rap and song,
and in groups talk 'em straight to their graves
we've taken the lives of the homeless
and those with too much pride
Don't ask for help -- hell you've got us!
Oh invite your friends along for the ride
it doesn't matter whose life we took.
My domain is the darkness from where I awoke, waiting in the shadows for you to lose your head to sleep. My father died long before I came to this prison cell. I couldn't reach out to ask for help to get out of this hell.
Society said I had to pay for my wrongs and they set the price high. I can't feel now, can't live now, can't love and can't cry.
It doesn't matter what I was before I came here.
It's what I've become now that you had better fear!!
Endless pain.

when will it all end.
the pain of one's heart
will it be today
or will it be tomorrow?

How long does it take
to face a day?
Putting behind one self
The pain of yesterday...

How does one manage.
Facing the night alone?
with so many questions
to answer, unknown...

To whom does one turn
for that very last cry.
To rid the pain
That's deep inside...

How does one get over
the morning after
when he no longer hears
That special laughter....
I asked the Lord to hear my prayers that night to enter my life so I could live my life right. And he opened my eyes and showed me the light.

Because Jesus died on the cross for all our sins you ask what does that mean. That all of us winds.

It is a chance to be reborn. The stones been cleansed.

It definitely means a new life a chance of salvation and knowledge through the bible for its gods creation but to receive it is hard and demands dedication.

For all are equal when seen through god's eyes God surely loves us, and will answer our cries and all can gain absolution if only he tries.

But, the Lord is there and will help you on your way.

Because he is always with you, each and every day.

To find him, sit down, close your eyes and pray.
Yard Time.

while in the yard one morning I saw enjoying the sun and the fragrant air. I was just to be living wishing to go that I could be going from out of nowhere there stood a man. glowing with a look in his hand. Dark haired grieved my soul. This crazy bastard thinks in his head surely he has some reason. Or maybe it's just the time of the fever visions of dying where I now stood wounded and spilling my life's blood. Invoked in me the courage to feel possible death rather than run in disgrace all of a sudden there was a change in his eyes he smiled then walked away much to my surprise I continued my work planning my afternoon hearing other men's whistling their restless time another day of doing yard time tomorrow the chair role may be mine...
Images.

You say I'm a waste, a reject.
You may be right -- yet I still object!
We're all made from the same clay.
I come from the night -- you come from the day.
Our paths were laid right from the start:
One was given a soul; the other no heart.
You'd blame me now for what I become?
Remember what I said: "We are all the same."

Look in the mirror and I'll tell you what you see:
Me looking at you as you look back at me.
So stop and think before you cast that stone.
The blow you strike won't be at me alone...
On the day.

On the day you were born
we welcomed the event.
we opened up our hearts, and cherished the day.
An unamed baby, but loved from the start.
groomed for greatness to be
better than we could imagine.
you called us mom and dad.
from the minute you could talk.
you gave our life purpose and challenged
us from the start.
through all the growing years
you never let us down, or disappointed
us in need or act.
you gave us joy that could never be measured.
it would be easy to count the grains of
sand in the sea, than our love for you.
Thank you for being what we knew you
would be.
How do you think a woman.

How do you think a woman who is loving, caring and bold.
who has done everything she could including putting her life on hold.
who's given you strength, courage to live without fear.
Even when it hurts her because you yourself can't be near.
How do you think a woman who brightens your life with her smile.
who allows herself to be put under the microscope like she was on trial.
how do you think a woman who loved you
when you were behind bars
who's love stacked on top of itself
Could easily touch the stars
when everyone gave up and made you non-existent
her love was like a beacon of freedom
that always stood consistent
she always came to visit in rain, snow or shine
just so you could hear her laughter
When was the last time you loved someone so much it caused pain?
That with every breath, there was so much fire you prayed for rain.
That you loved her so much you thought it would drive you insane.
If love was a disease would you beg for a cure?
Or would you be too afraid your actions were driven by fear?
Or would you let it flow like snow, so beautiful, soft and pure.
I will never stop loving you no matter what you say.
I adore and cherish you so much it's necessary I pray.
I haven't a clue what tomorrow holds
I'm just glad you love me for today...
I climb the ladder, but no one is there. 
rung by rung, stair by stair, I keep. 
Climbing and yet all I can feel is the Cool air. 
but still no one is there. 
Where is everyone? That I am unsure. 
I look up and I look down. 
but all I can see are the sky and the ground. 
I look around in amazement. 
but still nothing is in sight. 
I see now darkness and not light. 
It is now that I plead For help as I am falling. 
I fall from the ladder and then tumble to the ground. 
All I can see now is black. 
I can smell the dust which lies upon my face. 
A feeling of loneliness is now clear. 
I need someone, but no one is near....
Madness and insanity fuels my hostile days.
my brown brothers and sisters we need to find our ways.
Troubled with violent diversity that divides
our powerful culture.
Separate from a society that attempts to feed
on us like a hungry vulture.
When there is strength in numbers, we bring
30 million strong.
To a world that has done nothing but wrong.
We fight against those that wish to see us fail.
But, to their utter defeat we valiantly prevail.
We emulate our mentors, Julio Cesar Chavez,
Cesar Gonzales and the brown berets.
Thanks to their plight we have a lot to
be proud of so, I give my uppermost praise...
Adam is blamed for the fall of man, 
his choice was the heart to make. 
Has anyone tried to fully understand 
why he would risk it all for Eve’s sake? 
In the tranquility of the garden with God he spoke, 
as far as the eye could see he had it all. 
With one act God’s heart he broke. 
One bite and he completed the fall. 
It wasn’t for food, or power he fell. 
But for a love that made him feel complete. 
For that passion he risked paradise for hell. 
Maybe Adam knew another soulmate he’d never meet. 
If you’ve never knew love that strong 
you can’t begin to judge his heart. 
Was Adam’s deed right? or wrong, 
bone of bone and flesh of flesh is just the start. 
of an all consuming fulfilling happy life. 
What would you give up for the love of your life.
Don't be fooled by me. Don't be fooled by the face I wear. For I wear a mask. I wear a thousand masks I'm afraid to take off, and none of them are me.

Pretending is an art that's second nature with me, but don't be fooled; for god's sake don't be fooled.

I give you the impression that I'm secure that all is sunny and untroubled with me within as well as without.

That confidence is my name and loneliness my gone.

That the waters calm and I'm in control.

And that I need no one.

But don't believe me. Please.

My surface my sun smooth, but my surface is just a mask.

My ever-varying and ever-concealing mask.

Beneath lies no smugness, no complacency.

Beneath dwells the real me in confusion, in fear, in loneliness, but I hide this. I don't want anybody to know it.

I panic at the thought of my weakness and feel being exposed.

That's why I practically create a mask to hide behind.

A nonchalant, sophisticated façade, to help me pretend.
Seperation

Man made walls keep us apart
Keeping sorrow on my aching heart.
Would my keepers go so by the book,
If from this side they had to look.
Together so happy we could be.
In prison, or as the wind blowing free,
The natural joys that we should share
Are missed with only us to care.
Caring for your needs, now I'm not worth a dime.
I cannot stop nor, step up time.
When it's over, I'll dry your tears.
Spending every day longing at our years.
Without you life means little to me.
Just a span of time filled with misery.
Like mine, I know your lonely heart cries.
In time, only tears of joy will fill our eyes.
Yes, man-made walls are cause for sorrow
Yet from each other courage is ours to borrow.
So face the days bravely, and whatever else you do
Remember, I am always loving you...
Here I am lying on my bed, with so many things going through my head. Night after night I stare at my ceiling, trying to sort out these awful feelings. I feel as though death is close at hand. But yet, this is not how it was planned. I feel hurt and alone. Am cheered upon like an old dog's bone. I am crying for someone's unwavering kindness and help. But no one hears my agonizing yelps. Instead, people look blindly at me and say, "you are fine to me as far as I see." If only they felt the pain and loneliness deep within me. If only they were me....
Our ways which are rooted in antiquity
give cause to our life of simplicity
we've all had our times when we stopped
to reminisce
of opportunities not taken and of chances missed
only machines are programmed not to care.
In life as we live it we've all had our
troubles to bear.
But its laughter and joy even heartache and tears
and sometimes philosophical thinking that reduces
the fears.
Its the heart turned loose to wander and ponder,
about places and people we knew fond and fond.
you don't have to be rich to afford this gift
fueled with joy or sorrow we can let our minds

drift
I'm here to stay.
Why do you make it so hard to love you,
your insecurities and doubts push us apart.
You have the ability to torture my heart.
maybe you're too selfish,
 thinking me prove how much I care.
I'm starting to question my devotion.
though all this, tears and fear.
I only wanted you to be there.
holding me through the storm.
yet, you left me in its heart alone,
all shattered, worn, and torn.
I know that you're still haunted
by the demons of your past.
The demons who left and abandoned you,
shattering your heart and glass.
I know the real you.
That is buried deep inside.
will you one day allow me in to see your softer side.
I love you no matter how hard you try to push
me away.
I've made my decision and I am here to stay.
I want to kiss you and give you a tight hug.
you have to know you're the only one I love.
A hug is two hearts wrapped in arms.
A kiss is to show you I mean no harm.
Ploto-o-plomo - silver or lead.
One way or another you'll still end up dead.
You're dealing for your fortune, bragging for your fame.
But the end of that game is nothing but sorrow and pain.
You'll abandon all reason, you don't see the cost.
Those who live this selfish lifestyle will soon be lost.
Are you listening to all that I say?
It's all about losing from the very first day.
It's the albatross we hang around our neck.
We made our lives nothing - all a mere speck.
We come and we go, leaving nothing behind.
A reputation that will vanish, no trace will they find.
Others leave monuments, treasures of gold.
All we have is a prison number stenciled real bold.
It was put there to remind us that we'll never be free.
Mi vida loco we chanted so let it be...
Looking out my window

I look out my window and I see them fall.
and wonder if I really ever see them at all.
Is it a day dream or an image or not even that.
Then reality sets in and I realize where I'm at.
Nothing's real just constant stages of confusion.
If you think it's real it's probably an illusion.

I look out my window and find myself glued.
It's the only real place to find solitude.
There I see myself as that feel as a bird.
Where the sounds of freedom are what I hear.

until then I'll hope for what could never be.
And that's my chance to once again be free.

Until then I'll have no place to go.
So I set my worries aside and look out my window...
What it takes to make a mother.

- The world took the strength of the oak tree.
- The patience of eternity.
- The boldness of the stallion.
- The ferocity of the fire.
- The tenacity of a hurricane.
- The warmth of the summer sun.
- The generosity of the sea.
- The gracefulness of the butterfly.
- The heart of a lioness.
- The loyalty of the penguin.
- The tranquility of the night.
- The wisdom of the stars.
- The spirit of the eagle.
- The power of a tornado.
- The fierceness of a cobra.
- The voice of an angel.
- And the beauty of a sunset.

It mixed all these parts together to create the magnus opus and called it mother. It was magnificent, and thus perfect.