"Poems and Pictures"
NON-FICTION

A collection of poems by the infamous Sean Riker who was dubbed "Monster" in the media. A look into the soul, heart and mind of one who was wrongfully convicted.

A collection of pictures that tell a story of love and the truth...

Prison address: Sean Riker # 567232
P.O. B. 9908
Boscobel, WI. 53805

Home address: 264213 Nordic Ridge Dr.
Waterford WI. 53185
The Babies were looking at the Childcare back in its head off.
HAPPINESS...

Momma
Me.
I miss you!
A few days before my arrest

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DAUGHTER
GRANNY (Niece)
+
ME
CALIF.

FOREVER...

1990-ish
Dad, Bro + me (X-mas)
at Vacation Cabin in Crestline Ca.
My son is innocent

Devoted...

Dad
(2013)
Angel Renee' Morgan  
(November 18, 1972 - December 7, 2011)

Angel R. Morgan, 39, of Brentford, SD, died December 7, 2011 at her home. Her funeral will be Thursday, December 15, 2011 at 11:00 a.m. at the Scandinavian Lutheran Church in Stratford, SD. Reverend Vicki Saude-Worthington will officiate. Burial will be in the church cemetery. Visitation will be one hour prior to the service at the church. www.thelenfuneralhome.com

Angel was born November 18, 1972 in Oceanside, CA to Jim and Dorine (Smith) Levell. She attended school in the San Diego, CA area and graduated from San Andres High School in San Bernardino, CA. She worked various jobs in California before moving to Brentford, SD with her son Noah. Angel was presently attending Presentation College in Aberdeen studying to be a surgical technician.

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We Had a Deal Angel.  
We miss you so much.  
Please work out a new deal, and  
Come get me. Please...  
Take me Home.
Yes, in order to be believable, you have to summon actual tears, but I give you "kudos" for your effort.

Everyone enjoyed your fake hysterical show. **Taylor Anne Morrison.**

Come on. Really, trailer park?

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LIAR!!

CHEATER!

FIBBER!

MISLEADER!

TRICKSTER!

STORYTELLER!

DECEIVER!

PERJURER!

FALSIFIER!

PREVARICATOR!
FOR MY CHILDREN.

I MISS YOU WITH EVERY BREATH I TAKE.
In 1987, my daughter was born.
Not seeing her there, left me forlorn.
She was tied up, and had no control.
But when she was freed, she was my goal.
On the first day, she rushed to her side,
Held her so close, and stared in her eyes.
In a flash, she knew she were mine.
Intuition, Precise; Something Divine.
Uninstilled love, assaulted my heart.
Uninstant fear of being torn apart.
Love is craggy, and a mystery to me.
Our separation, apparently meant to be.
All through my life, she's been on my mind.
Never leaving me alone.
With each one, we lead other children,
and with each one, we repeat a sentence, as their life begins:
"When you were born, I finally felt love,"
it was actually with you, distant from above.
I first felt love, when we looked in your eyes.
My heart soared, to the bluest of skies.
After all of these years, my tear partly freed.
She found her old dad, in his time of need.
When we looked in her eyes, and we become as one,
I can finally say "my life has begun..."
Truth

Photos can lie, but none of these are. You'll see true love; the doubt you'll discard.

Study them good, and search for abuse. You won't find any. Now what's the excuse?

"Fuck you!" to the hater-system. Only thing that matters is someone listens.

I lost so much, for nothing we did. The world needs to know, we loved my kids.

These photos prove it. My love is real. It can't be faked. You'll see you're deaf.

Turn the page, and you will see, we love them, and they love me...
IF A PICTURE PAINTS A 1000 WORDS...

A few months before my arrest

AUTHENTIC...

The Babies were looking at the Chihuahua Barking its head off.
My True Wife

If it wasn't for me, we'd still be as one.
Our souls entwined, never undone.
My heart was restless, my head in my ass.
Regrets over the years, have come to pass.

Alon So confused, because we still found love.
Another son and daughter, sent from above.
When we see their faces, al finally felt fear.
Thoughts of losing them, always looming near.
And then it happened, my heart was ripped out.

All Lost my babies! Forever, no doubt.
What's confusing, is all love you too.
All miss our boys, and what we'll never do.
All remember your laugh, and wonderful smile.
With your eyes closed, all stared for awhile.
UNEQUALLED...
my True Wife

During Your Sleep, you Never Knew, we Cried Nightly, and Prayed over you. Such Pretty features, a Lady with Class, the Best in My Life, and Forever My Last. As with my Baboon, we Somehow Knew, we would Die alone, and Without you Too. Do you Remember, the Day that we met? Love at First Sight, with Zero Regrets. We had to love you, and Devour you Whole. Forever my first Love, and Part of my Soul. Our Beautiful Boys; A Product of Love. Something we'll Share, Even Above all Love you Bake, Right Here and Now, "Till Death Do Us Part", Still our Shared Vow.

Thank you for Everything. (A + A Especially)
Mumma

We loved you, before you were born.
Promises under oath, were duly sworn.
I didn't break my vows, I had no control.
My life without you, was her ultimate goal.
I'm fighting for a breath, and possibly yours.
Battling injustice, with deep cuts and sores.
Against my will, you'll probably choose,
But in the war, many will get bruised.

Even if in the end, will never stop the fight
To overturn my conviction, to set things right.
I hope that you're happy, and unaware of my fate.
I hope that you prosper, in this world of hate.
I hope that you can love, and be kind to others;
A clone of your father, the opposite of your mother.
HAPINESS...
Mumma,

We pray for your happiness, and a life with no pain.

We'd gladly trade my senses, and go insane,

As long as it meant a world of peace, for you and your brother.

We'd give up my life, and go haunt another.

When you grow up, and you reach maturity,

We hope you find "The One," for all eternity.

Love is special, and meant to be honored.

First time we felt love, was with you, my daughter.

My heart nearly stopped, at the sight of your face.

Once void of love, you flooded that space.

You changed me forever and ruined my stride.

We hope someday, that we can hear your voices.

If we had two wishes, these would be my choices...
Daddy

I'm so excited, to tell you how we feel. Until you were born, my life wasn't real. We had your sister, but still incomplete. Something was missing, my life obsolete. Your conception was planned, we needed a Son. Then you were born, my life had begun. Exactly one minute, after you entered this world, first one to hold you, my head in a whirl. If there is a God, He sent you to me, relentlessly loving you, for all Eternity. We knew in a second, that you were the one. To justify your Dad, and become a Great Son. We stared into your eyes, not hearing a sound. You felt my love, it was so profound.
Daddy

You didn't make a noise, as even shed a tear.
You were content, with Daddy So Near.
From the day you were born, you've been with me since.
In my Heart and Dreams, my Adorable Prince.
You don't remember me, but that's okay.
You're Daddy's Little Boy, Forever and a Day.

We would all be happy, just us three.

The odds are against us, from becoming as one.
But we promise to love you, until my days are done.
I think you can feel it, my love is so strong.
We need you and Mamma, that's where we belong.

When you are older, we hope you will see,
That all loved you, and you were ripped from me...

We Love you Daddy-Bear
We miss you more than words
Can express...
Mumma and Daddy

we dreamed of you last night, but that’s nothing new.
we dream of you every night, because we love you.
so much time has passed, since we saw your faces.
we can’t wait for the day, when we can feel your embraces.
we stare at your photos, and remember checks when
we were a family, through thick and thin.
whomever said, “time heals all wounds,”
that man was an idiot, a complete buffoon.

in my dreams, you’re the age you are now.
we see you grow, and hear your voices somehow.
some times we wake up, and still feel your hugs.
impressions on my chest, where you held me so snug.
we lie there for awhile, trying not to wake.

making the moment last, my dreams they can’t take.
every second of every single day,
we think of you constantly, in so many ways.
we could never name, the first time we were together.
they were all so special, like a warm balmy weather.
we never had a worry, when we knew you were near.
we felt so safe, without an ounce of fear.
we go to sleep thinking of you, and wake up the same.

until my days are over, that will remain.
there is no one on earth, that loves you more than me.
we hope you’ll always know that, and for all eternity.
IRREFUTABLE
Mumma

We woke up this morning and thought, "Wow, maybe we are going insane." Last night we made dinner and we watched a few hours of TV and then went to bed. In the morning we got up and there was my dinner, totally untouched. I stared at it with my head tilted to the side and wondered how we forgot to eat a meal. That's so unlike me. We are always hungry.

And then, as thought of you, we forgot to eat because of incessant thoughts of you occupying my mind. Last night was pretty rough. I was missing you pretty bad. When it gets bad like that, we would forget my head if it weren't attached.

I love you and we miss you so terribly much. Each day that goes by without you in my life, my heart dies a little and 

(16)
Mumma

eve go a little more insane. Every second
of every day when we're awake, we think
of you. Every little thing we do, you are
on my mind. Every kid we see on TV
reminds me of you.

eve cannot get you out of my head. I've
ever tried to block you, but memories invade
and we always give up. we watch TV as
if we're hypnotized. Program after program.
And at the end of the day, we could not
tell you what we've seen, because we don't
pay attention. We're constantly thinking of
you. We love you.

We would give anything to be able to hold
you. Actually, we would give anything if it
meant just looking at you or hearing your
voice. We have no idea what you look like,
now that so much time has passed, but we
do know that you are pretty and handsome

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Mumma

And extremely smart, I mean, come on, all your Dad. You are most likely a genius! You were crawling at six months and walking at seven. You were getting yourself dressed at eleven months. You potty trained yourself at thirteen months. Out of the blue, you just started using the toilet. You never once had an accident while you slept. Or ever after that matter.

You were extremely advanced for your age. We have no doubt that you will be Mensa. We wish we could watch you grow. We wish we could tell you we love you. We wish that we could sleep with you and cuddle. We wish we could hear you tell me you love me in that whisper that you had when you uttered those words. We’d like having a normal conversation and then you’d tell me you love me in a husky whisper. We miss that so much.
You would come home from work at 9 a.m. and watch TV for a while. "Family Guy" was your favorite show and when it came on, you would wake up and we'd watch it together until we fell asleep holding each other. To tell you the truth, after that first time, I would purposely search for "Family Guy" just so you would wake up to watch it with me. We arranged my work schedule so we would be home in time for that show.

Every night slowly, we watched Family Guy. Just you and I, as the rest of the house slept. It was our special time together. When you heard the music from the show come on, your eyes would slam open and you'd say, "Guy? Had, Guy?!" And we'd say, "Yeah Mumma. Guy, wanna watch it?"
you were already propping your pillow next to mine as we crawled into bed. The show was a cartoon, but it was geared toward an adult audience, but even at that young age, you and me laughed at the same things at the same exact times. We were quite the pair.

Sometimes we would hear your breathing become rhythmic and we'd think you fell asleep, we would quietly turn off the TV and your body would straighten out and tense up and you'd grit between your beautiful teeth, "Dad!! I'm f*cking watching that!!" Yet you cursed, but it was the cutest thing I've ever seen. We absolutely adored you and do still do. You could have vomited on me (and you did) and I would think, "Oh my god, isn't she amazing!?" You are my All and my everything and until we take my last breath, that's how it will be. I love you Baele.
Daddy

Forever my baby boy, but as we know you've grown up. I miss you so much. I never got to do the things we wanted to do with you, like riding the ATV's or Harley, hiking and camping, but I am grateful that we was able to hold you, hug you, kiss you and tell you uncountable "I love you's." We do love you. We think about you every single day. We wonder if you're happy. Do you know that we love you? Do you know that we care? Do you know that we planned to live with you through your whole life?

I do not understand the way life works. I think that maybe there is no rhyme or reason to life. It's just the way it is. It's not fair or unfair. We was meant to live with you. We was meant to raise you and show you love and give you security, but it didn't happen. I'm sorry. We do not know why we are apart, but we do know that we will never accept it for what it is. We will never give
Daddy

Up the chape to see with you again some day. We imagine a reunion filled with tears and hugs and a million questions from you. We can only imagine what you have been told about me. I am a lot of things, but no one can ever honestly say that she didn't love you. My love for you and your sister was like no other, yet was unparalleled and extreme. My every waking moment was with thoughts of you. Right when I opened my eyes, I went in search for you. Every day.

If you were sleeping, I would lay with you and watch you sleep. When I did, I would hope you would wake up, so I could enjoy your company and your smile and laughter. We miss you so much! Whoever said that time heals all wounds, that person didn't know my wound. The absence of you and your sister has left a gaping hole in
Daddy

my heart, the only thing that can repair it, is you back here in my life. Centi'
that day, we will forever suffer, and suffer we can, we want to die with every breath
we take, yet the thought of the possibility of seeing you again, stays my hand.
The pain in my heart is tremendous and nothing ever eases it. We try to block you
from my mind, but memories pervade. I was the first to hold you when you were
born. Do remember it like it was yesterday. We watched you die. We leave the video
if you ever want to see it. The hustle and
hustle of the nurses and doctors were bad,
but we had what can only be described
as "tunnel-vision". All sound ceased, all
movement around me ceased. The only thing
we seen, was you. My shaky boy. We didn't
care about anything, but you. Well, that's not

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Daddy,

True, your sister was playing peek-a-boo under the curtain as you came into this world. My love for you both was growing. The two most important things in my life were in the same room. I can honestly say that we never knew love until we had you both. When your sister was born, I thought that my love for her was so deep and intense that there was nowhere we could share that love with another. And when we saw you and it was an instant, we loved you with equal intensity.

You were pink, wide awake and crying your head off right when you came into the world. Your screaming was the last sound I ever heard. Once you were wrapped in a little blanket, we left no room for discussion as my arms stretched across the room to hold you. We were still in tunnel-vision, all we saw and heard was you. When we felt
Daddy

Your weight in my arms, everything was "right" with me. We had you and your sister with me and for once in my life, we felt complete and whole. We could have taken on the world.

Right when we held you to my chest, you stopped crying. They say that babies can't see at birth, but we believe they are wrong. You and we stared at each other with all-knowing love and understanding. We knew you knew we was your dad and that we loved you. God, you were so handsome and beautiful and mine. We knew in my heart that we would never be separated.

What brings me to my current circumstance, we cannot believe we can without you and your sister. We cannot believe that we can live without you. In a way, we're not living. We are a shell of the person we used to be. Each day that passes, we die a little. Each day that passes, we go a little more insane. We miss you dearly day.
DANCE WITH YOUR FATHER AGAIN, BABIES...

GENUINENESS... I miss you so much.

2009
One month before my arrest.

2009
July
Daddy Bear + me.
Delusion

De haven't smiled, since we lost you.
Like meaningless, nothing to do.
Days go by, its the same routine.
Each morning we wake up, with a little more insane.
Always in a state of constant confusion.
Doctors named it, "Psychosis: a violent delusion."
Waiting at my door, for a letter to arrive.
If it wasn't for that hope, I wouldn't survive.
I can see your smiling faces, and hear your happy laughs.
You're at the City Zoo, looking at Giraffes.
Daddy's in the stroller, Mummy in my arms.
Life is like a dream, without these false alarms.
The visions take a turn, into a dream of revenge.
My enemy is there, its time to avenge.

We won't go into detail, to shield the faint of heart.
But you can rest assured, my enemy is torn apart.
DELUSION

When my Vision clears, my Pulse is beating fast.
My Depression sets in, Why Didn't it last?
Fantasies ebb and flow, like the everchanging Tide.
When they come upon me, ain't Eager for the Ride.
Where the Voyage takes me, no one can ever know.
But we are always happy, with the Prophetic Show.
I believe that ain't an Oracle, with the power to see.
A future with Enemies,uddled at my feet.
We know the time is coming, when we will get what owed.
My kids are back with me, that's what the future holds.

Until that day arrives, we'll be inside my cell.
Laughing at my feet,
in their impending Hell...
Impossible to describe you, in Believable Words.
Best thing that happened to me, in this Unfortunate World.
Phrases cannot express, what you mean to me.
But by the end of this poem, everyone will agree,
There will be no doubt, for the love that alive held,
For my Babies since Birth, its unparalleled.
Even when we die, they'll be in my Heart.
Thoughts of Them forever, Never to Depart.

In a second of thought, we can pull up their faces.
Reminiscing about trips, to different places.
Happy as can be, playing in the car.
My Heart Rumbles with love, pounding Real Hard.

How can something wonderful, cause so much pain?
Faced to live without you, has Drove me Insane.
A shell of the person, that we used to be.
My sorrow so great, it will Eee Legendary.

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Camping (Utah)
I bought my oldest girl her first ATU.
"2009"

Joyfulness...

Ditto
Unmitatable

Missing them so much, is not good for the soul. All cessant thoughts, are in total control. We need a change, and long for relief. Drowning in sorrow, and immeasurable grief. All we could only choke them, for a moment or two, I'd throw out my pride, and beg of you. When a bond is shattered, and love torn apart, the cure is unknown, to mend a broken heart. Out of control, with horrendous emotion. "Death to the enemy" is my new devotion. Surrounded by hate, but seeing no walls, my life is not over, until my enemy falls.

Out of my mind, with love for my kids. Sentenced to life, for nothing I did...
Dad & oldest hiking in Bountiful, Ut.

FONDNESS...

2006
Emerson Ave.
SLC Ut.
Father

Where do we begin, about a man so great? Father and Foundation, its hard to contemplate. Uncountable ways, you're special to me. If the world knew you like I do, you'd be legendary. My earliest memory is of me as a child, holding me in your lap and making me smile. From that day forward, you've been by my side, always had my back, through tumultuous rides. I'll never forget, the love you've shown to me, what calms my heart, and lifts me free. Without you in my life, where would we be? We have no idea, that's a guarantee.

For two decades, you've written weekly to me. That in itself, is an incredible feat. Twenty years, without missing a letter. No one on this earth, that I admire better. Of all men were a quarter, of the man that you are, the world would see a better place, miles by far.
FOREVER...

2009
BROTHER
DAUGHTER
GRANNY (Nido) +
ME. CALIF.

1990:ish
Dad, Bro +
me (X-Mas)
at Vacation-
Cabin in
Crestline CA.
Every single day, you’re a part of my life. Back against back, at war with my stride. We have no doubt, that you’re along for the ride. When this life ends, we’ll see you on the other side.

We’ll have no restraints, we’ll do what we want. Best Friends Forever, with Enemies to haunt.

My words are not written, to make you feel sad. They are meant to honor and exalt, a Wonderful Dad...
Devoted...
Angel, With Love.

You’ve been gone for years,
Yet we always feel you near.
A flash of light, from the corner of my eye.
We know it’s you, telling me "hi."

Thinking of you daily, with a thousand regrets.
An Angel from birth, even after death.

We love and miss you, forever and a day,
Waiting for us to be together, and far away.
The day will come, we feel it in my heart.

Our souls entwined, never to come apart.
We know you’re looking after me, plotting the revenge.
Once the debt is paid, we promise to ascend.

In the meanwhile, all do my part here.
Wreaking war with the enemies, giving those who are dear.

Until we meet again, we’ll await your light.
You make my world better,
And this purgatory bright.

We love you, Angel 143
Angel Renee' Morgan  
(November 18, 1972 - December 7, 2011)

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Angel was born November 18, 1972 in Oceanside, CA to Jim and Dorine (Smith) Levell. She attended school in the San Diego, CA area and graduated from San Andres High School in San Bernardino, CA. She worked various jobs in California before moving to Brentford, SD with her son Noah. Angel was presently attending Presentation College in Aberdeen studying to be a surgical technician.

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Back

We had a deal Angel. We miss you so much. Please work out a new deal and come get me. Please...

Take me home.

(42)
OUT OF MY HEAD

Their smiles are my first heart break,
My eyes are the first to cry.
I am the only one who knows,
There's no getting over you.
I am a fool whose life has ended.
I sit around and wait... for you.
Time has stood still.
There's nowhere to hide from my broken soul.
I'm out of my head, forever without you.
My head is saying, "Try to forget them".
My heart is saying, "Don't let them go, hold on until the end."

That's what we'll do.
I'm out of my head... forever without you.
Forever out of my head... without you.
Forever... without you...
Heark Me!

We asked, "Why do people fall in love with those their hearts break for?"

We heard a voice answer:

"People love those who they think they deserve to be loved by."

So true, we asked:

"Why did we lose whose love we deserved?"

No answer, Forsaken.

Forsoth...
Hecle Bound

My days have passed away, my thoughts
are dissipated, tormenting my heart.
They have turned night into day, and
after darkness, we hope for light again.

Who will wait, shall is my house and we
make my bed in darkness.
We welcome death as my blood, and worms
as my veins.

where is now then my expectation, and
who will consider my patience?

All that we have shall go down into
the deepest pit; hopefully there that
at least we will have rest....
Bitch!

Just Relax, you'll have your Day. For The Time Being, it's only my Way. We wish we was there, to see your face, when The Devil Comes for that Fateful Embrace. He drag you off for Being a Liar, Will you still Claim "Innocence," as you Burn in the Fire? We bet you will, you'll Never Change. Even in Hell, you'll Be Acting Deranged. Always Hysterical, but Shedding no Tears, Waiting in Hell, for Me to appear.

F*ck You Bitch!
I don't hate you because you're fat.

You're fat because I hate you.

I hate you because you are a lying cunt.
Come on. Really, trailer park?

Trailer, maybe? Your fake historical show. Everyone enjoys your fake historical show. I know you kubas. For your Effort. Give you. I Summon actual tears. For your Effort. I ask you. In order to be believable, you have.

Low Life... Equivocate!!!
Die Konsequenz von Lügen

Ihr verstümmeln Körper.
Ihr Eingeweide streuen in ein Landkarte.

Welche ist mehr schön?

Hassen ist mein Blut.
Reanche ist mein Herz.

Mein Kampf,
immer...

(49)
To my enemies:
Your day of reckoning is coming.
You think my wrongful conviction has stayed my hands,
but in reality, it has liberated me
from subjugation.
Forever, I will seek justice...
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sean Anthony Riker is the author of numerous controversial books. He hides his time in Wisconsin's only Supermax for crimes he did not commit. WEAK!

If you wish to correspond with Sean, you may do so by sending a letter to:

Sean Riker #5167232
WSPF P.O.B. 9900
Boscobel WI. 53803

He will answer all letters in a timely manner.

In advance, he profusely thanks you for reading his words.

Thank you!!!

Locked up for life

I win! Get some Bitch! 😈
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Sean Anthony Riker is the author of numerous controversial books. He hides his time in Wisconsin's only Supermax for crimes he did not commit. WEAK!

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