Put The Pieces Together.

Written By: M. Mathis
"I CRY DRY TEARS. THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS WEAR A FROWN. A SMILE TATTOOED TO MY FACE. HOW I REALLY FEEL TURNED UPSIDE DOWN. DON'T SMILE AT ME UNLESS YOU MEAN IT. BECAUSE PEOPLE HIDE BEHIND FACES FLOODING YOU WITH SMILES THAT DON'T HAVE MEANING. SINCE WE ALL KNOW TROUBLE COMES IN TWOS.... EITHER YOU LOVE ME OR YOU DON'T. AND, IF YOU GET TO KNOW ME BETTER . . . EITHER YOU WILL OR YOU WON'T."

—DOMESTIC VIOLENCE.—

MAURICE MATHIS #314182

'PUT THE PIECES TOGETHER'

NOVEMBER 9, 2013

POETRY/SELF-HELP/SHORT STORY

STANLEY CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION
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2. MAURICE MATHIS
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MAURICE MATHIS
THE PREFACE

THE IDEA WAS TO COME UP WITH A FORM OF CREATIVE WRITING THAT WILL ALLOW EACH READER TO GET A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE OF KNOWLEDGE EACH TIME YOU READ EACH LINE I WRITE BY ITSELF, TWO LINES AT A TIME, THREE LINES AT A TIME, OR BY COMBINING ALL FOUR LINES AT A TIME, TO AT LEAST GET PART OF THE PICTURE.

THE LANGUAGE I CHOSE TO Tell THIS STORY IS SIMILAR TO THE PIECES TO A JIGSAW PUZZLE. EACH OF THESE POEMS. . . .[OR PIECES]. . . . RELATE TO EACH OTHER AND ARE SOMEHOW CONNECTED TO EACH OTHER. RATHER THAN GIVE YOU EVERYTHING AS IT IS. . . . IN SOME AREAS I USE THE KIND OF LANGUAGE THAT HELPS YOU READ BETWEEN THE LINES.

THE OPINION I CHOSE TO Tell THIS STORY WILL ALL TIE BACK IN TO DOMESTIC VIOLENCE. THUS, IN ORDER TO TRULY UNDERSTAND THE MAKING OF THIS BOOK. . . . YOU MUST COME TO UNDERSTAND EACH LINE AS IT IS WRITTEN. . . . THEN FIGURE OUT WHERE THAT LINE TIES IN TO THE OTHER PIECES OF THIS STORY. AND, BECAUSE DOMESTIC VIOLENCE APPEARS TO BE A HOT TOPIC RIGHT NOW. . . . HOPEFULLY YOU CAN GRAB THE MEANING OF THIS CONCEPT I’VE BEEN DEALING WITH MY WHOLE LIFE.

THE STRATEGY WAS TO SHOW YOU I CAN WRITE ABOUT ALMOST ANYTHING YOUR EYES CAN SEE. . . . OR YOUR EARS CAN HEAR. SO, THE END RESULT OF THIS BOOK IS FOR YOU TO LISTEN TO MY VOICE AS I TELL YOU THIS STORY. . . . AND TO USE YOUR IMAGINATIVE EYES AND EARS IF YOU DON’’T KNOW ME. . . . OR HAVE NEVER HEARD ME SPEAK.

THIS BOOK IS ACTUALLY A LETTER I WISH EVERYBODY COULD READ AND SOMEHOW LEARN FROM. ‘I HURT A HURT YOU’LL NEVER FEEL.’ I JUST HOPE YOU NEVER RUN INTO THIS KIND OF PAIN. THANK YOU FOR TAKING TIME OUT TO READ THIS BOOK. AND, I HOPE YOU ENJOY THE READ.

HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF THIS BOOK

1. THERE ARE ONLY THREE INSTRUCTIONS THAT COMES ATTACHED TO THE MEANING OF THIS BOOK. A, B, AND C.

MAURICE MATHIS
A) Because the book you now read is actually three books in one. . . . The first thing you need to do is read all of the poems first, skipping over all of the explanations. . . . As well as the last poem piece to this book. That way you learn a lot of things first without the explanations that follow.

B) The second time you read the book. . . . Read all of the poems again. . . . Immediately followed by the explanations. Again. . . . Don't read the last part yet.

C) And now that you have begun to read this book a third time. . . . Now you can read all of the poems again. . . . Together with the explanations. Then you can read the last piece to this book. 'The Coffin'.

Note here that you have been asked to read this book again because the first time you read it. . . . You read it as a book of poems. The second time you read it. . . . You began to put the pieces together. And, because everybody sees things differently. . . . The third time you read the book. . . . You should be able to put the pieces together as they were presented to you.

In 'black-and-white' attitude. . . . Puzzle pieces.

If you have any questions or comments about this material. . . . Feel free to contact me at:

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CONTROLLED BY STRINGS AND PUPPET MASTERS.
WHO TIE YOUR FLAWS INTO A KNOT.
MASTERMIND—AND—MANIPULATOR.
WHAT YOU SEE, IS WHAT YOU GOT.

TRYING TO FIGHT A FIGHT YOU JUST CAN'T WIN.
HE PUTS YOUR FEELINGS ON PAUSE.
AND, NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU WANNA BREAK FREE.
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE BECAUSE HE CLIPPED YOUR CLAWS.

YOU WEAR A MASK PINNED TO YOUR FACE.
THAT TELLS ME YOUR LIFE IS FICTION.
TONGUE-TIED, DON'T WANT TO TALK.
DON'T EVEN WANT TO LISTEN.

A GENTLEMAN IS SUPPOSE TO PAVE THE WAY.
IN A WAY THAT'S HARD TO BLEND.
THROUGH BODY LANGUAGE THAT BRINGS YOU CLOSE.
THROUGH CONVERSATIONS THAT MAKES YOU SIT.

SOMETIMES IT'S SIMPLE WHAT SEEMS COMPLEX.
I GUESS I KNOW YOUR KIND.
LIKE TIPTOEING BEHIND YOUR OWN SHADOW.
YOUR BODY LANGUAGE SPEAKS YOUR MIND.

THE ONLY WAY OUT IS THE ONLY WAY IN.
DON'T WANT TO GET TOO CLOSE TO THE EDGE.
SIMPLE DECEPTIONS PUT TOGETHER LIKE A POISON.
THE EASIEST WAY TO DECEIVE YOU STARTS WITH YOUR HEAD.

"IF YOU LOVE ME NOT, YOU LOVE ME NEVER..."
WAS THE LAST THING I HEARD HER SAY.
THEN SHE WOKE UP SCREAMING, SMILING AT ME.
WITH TWO SIDES TO HER FACE.

DO YOU KNOW THIS WOMAN?

BODYGUARD.

MAURICE MATHIS
**Bodyguard.**

The explanation. Have you ever been around a member of the opposite sex who no matter what that person does, that person always find a way to turn you on?

The kind of person you have feelings for but don’t want to mess up a good friendship with because you don’t know if the feeling is mutual?

You know, the kind of person you don’t want to lose?

Or, the kind of person who doesn’t want anything wrong to happen to you while you sleep so he finds a way to stand guard over you in your comfort zone.

And, not wanting to offend you by saying the wrong thing to you.... he waits for you to fall asleep to use some of what he learned about ‘hypnosis....and suggestions....’ from an introductory psychology book.

And, because he doesn’t want to appear to be jealous over somebody you may already like.... or love.... he quietly used the knowledge of hypnosis against you during your sleep.

And, even though everything he said to you was true to form.... you listened to and believed everything he was saying to you all the way up to the point of your dream when he said the easiest way to deceive you starts with your head.

And, as soon as you felt him near you.... for whatever the reason may be.... you couldn’t help but wake up screaming.... with a smile on your face.... yet, you never asked him about why he was standing over you.

Thus....‘controlled by strings....’ mean your weaknesses are continuously being taken advantage of by the ‘puppet master....’ or your lover.‘Tie your flaws into a knot....’ means every time he learns more about you and your weaknesses.... he continues to build on them. The ‘mastermind-and-manipulator....’ is another description of your lover. ‘trying to fight
A Fight You Just Can't Win....' Means He Is Always Trying To Stay At Least Two Steps Ahead Of You. And, When 'He Puts Your Feelings On Pause....' That's One Of Those Moments When He Tries To Make Your Hurt Appear To Be Less Than What It Already Is. And, As A Result Of 'Wanting To Break Up The Abusive Relationship....' He Prevents You From Leaving Him By Not Letting You Become Aware Of What Kind Of Grip You Actually Have On Your Relationship.

'A Gentleman Is Suppose To Pave The Way.... In A Way That's Hard To Blend....' Means A Gentleman Is Suppose To Be Able To Use At Least 50% Of His Body Language To Deceive You.... Then Use At Least 50% Of A Lie That Should Be Strong Enough To Make You Want To Cheat On Your Lover.

'Sometimes It's Simple What Seems Complex....' Means Most Of The Time You Already Know When You Have Feelings For Somebody Of The Opposite Sex. It Only Becomes Complex When You Don't Know How To Deal With It.

'Like Tiptoeing Behind Your Own Shadow....' Is What Happens Whenever A Female Isn't Sure Enough About Something She Wants To Say Or Do. So, She Automatically Seeks Male Guidance. And, As Soon As Something Goes Wrong.... She Automatically Tries To Run And Hide From Herself.... Rather Than Take One For The Team.


Even If That Means Tiptoeing Up Behind You.... Wrapping His Hands Around Your Weakness.

This Bodyguard Was My Mom's Ex-Lover, Leon.
IN THE OVER-MASTERING LONELINESS OF THAT MOMENT. . . .
HIS LIFE SEEMED TO HIM NOTHING BUT VANITY.
TRYING TO BE STRONG, WEIGHTED DOWN BY WEAKNESS. . . .
TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OUT OF ALL THE INSANITY.

THAT BIRDS OF A FEATHER, FLOCK TOGETHER . . . .
HOW SHAY LIKE THE GOLDEN RULE.
I MUST ADMIT I MADE SOME SMART MISTAKES . . . .
WHAT'S WRONG WITH BEING AN EDUCATED FOOL?

BEHIND EVERY CLOUD, HIDES A STORM . . . .
THAT WANNA DROP STONES INSTEAD OF RAIN.
HARD-HEADED AND HEARTBROKEN . . . .
HE RATHER COMMIT SUICIDE INSTEAD OF HOLDING ON TO THE PAIN.

BUT WHAT HE FAILED TO REALIZE IS . . . .
'WHAT GOES UP, MUST COME DOWN.'
YET HE CHOSE TO TALK THE LIFE ANYWAY . . . .
THEN FELL HEAD OVER HEELS INTO DEPRESSION UNTIL HE DROWNED.

SOMETIMES WE SAY THE MOST SIMPLEST THINGS . . . .
LIKE 'LIVE YOUR LIFE -- ACCORDING TO YOUR PART.'
AND, IF WHAT KILLS THE MIND -- KILLS THE BODY . . . .
YOU CAN HAVE MY MIND -- IF I CAN HAVE YOUR HEART.

HIS EYES WERE MADE TO ZOOM IN . . . .
ON THE THINGS HIS EARS COULD NOT HEAR.
HIS SKELETON WAS MADE TO CARRY HIS FLESH . . . .
NOW HIS LACK OF KNOWLEDGE ABOUT INFATUATION . . . .
KEEPS HIM IN ARREARS.

NOW HE'S PAYING FOR A SIMPLE FEELING . . . .
ONLY A BUTTON WOULD PAY TO FEEL.
THEN HE'LL BE PUNISHED FOR HIS BLIND JUSTICE . . . .
FOR BLAMING IT ON LOOKS THAT KILL.

CONT. →

9. MAURICE MATHIS
Now you can call me soft, or call me foolish...  
But it takes two to understand this game.  
I sympathize with this lonely lover.

Because anytime a female walks pass me with small,  
pretty feet...  
She can easily kick out my flame.

**Burning desires.**

MAURICE MATHIS
BURNING DESIRES.

THE EXPLANATION. THE HIDDEN MEANING THAT COMES ATTACHED TO THE PHRASE ‘BURNING DESIRES . . . ’ IS ONE THAT MAINLY DEALS WITH WHAT DRIVES SOME PEOPLE OVER THE WALL.

LIKE THINGS YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE ANY CONTROL OVER ANYMORE . . . . ONCE IT BECOMES A FETISH.

SOME PEOPLE LIKE THIS. SOME PEOPLE LIKE THAT. NEVERTHELESS . . . WE ALL HAVE OUR OWN UNEXPLAINABLE LICKING FOR SOMEONE . . . . OR SOMETHING.

THUS . . . THE BEGINNING PORTION OF ‘BURNING DESIRES . . . ’ CLEARLY OUTLINES THE ONE I KNOW AS BEING MY MOM'S EX-LOVER, LEON.

AND . . . THE BOTTOM SECTION OF ‘BURNING DESIRES . . . ’ IS TALKING ABOUT ME.

THEFORE . . . IN THE EFFORT TO HELP IT ALL MAKE SENSE TO YOU . . . .

NOT ONLY WILL THE EXPLANATION OF ‘BURNING DESIRES' BE USED TO DESCRIBE MY MOM'S EX-LOVER, LEON, IN ‘His Last Words . . . ’ AND ‘ME AND HER LOVER HAD A TALK . . . ’

BUT IT WILL ALSO RETURN TO A VERY PERSONAL FETISH OF MY OWN . . . THROUGHOUT THE CONTENT OF ‘WHEN NOTHING IS NOT ENOUGH . . . ’

WHEN A FEMALE APPROACHED ME IN A CLUB CALLED ‘LOVER’S LANE . . . ’ TRYING TO OFFER ME SOME REVENGE SEX.

LIKELYWISE . . .

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN AROUND THE KIND OF PERSON WHO CAN ALWAYS FILL IN THE REST OF A SENTENCE FOR YOU . . . . WHENEVER YOU TEND TO GET STUCK?

WELL . . . THE FIRST TWO LINES OF ‘BURNING DESIRES' WERE ACTUALLY CREATED BY A WRITER NAMED, ROBERT PEN WARREN.

MAURICE MATHIS
AND... AS PART OF A CREATIVE WRITING CLASS... I SIMPLY ASKED TO ADOPT ONLY THAT PORTION OF ROBERT PENN WARREN'S WORK TO CREATE 'BURRING DESIRES'.

AND... I Merely chose to use only the first two lines of Robert Penn Warren's work because it simply describes my mom's ex-lover... as he continues to deal with himself within a penitentiary... due to some accusations that were 'put together' against him by my moms.

SO... WHAT 'IN THE OVER-MASTERYING LONELINESS OF THAT MOMENT... HIS LIFE SEEMED TO HIM NOTHING BUT VANITY... DESCRIBES AN IMAGE OF MY MOM'S EX-LOVER, LEON... NOW DOING TIME IN A JAIL CELL TAKING A LOOK AT HIMSELF... WONDERING IF EVERYTHING HIM AND MY MOMS WENT THROUGH WAS WORTH THE AMOUNT OF TIME HE WAS SENTENCED TO SERVE BEHIND BARS.

WHAT 'TRYING TO BE STRONG... WEIGHED DOWN BY WEAKNESS, TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OUT OF ALL THE INSANITY... MEANS EVEN THOUGH HE CONTINUOUSLY TRIES TO BE STRONG AND MAINTAIN... HE CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL DEFEATED... EVERY TIME HE TAKES TIME OUT TO REFLECT ON EVERYTHING THAT EVER HAPPENED BETWEEN HIM AND MY MOMS.

WHAT 'THAT BIRDS OF A FEATHER, FLOCK TOGETHER... HOW SHINY LIKE THE GOLDEN RULE... MEANS TWO LOVERS WHO BECOME ONE, SHOULD REMAIN AS ONE. AND, THAT THEY SHOULD DO UNTO EACH OTHER... AS EACH OTHER WILL DO UNTO EACH OTHER. AND... BECAUSE HE FEELS CHEATED OUT OF HALF OF A RELATIONSHIP HE ONCE HAD WITH MY MOMS... WHAT 'I MUST ADMIT I MADE SOME SMART MISTAKES. WHAT'S WRONG WITH BEING AN EDUCATED FOOL?' MEAN HE'S MAN ENOUGH TO ADMIT HE MADE A HANDFUL OF MISTAKES. AND, NO ONE SHOULD BE ABLE TO LOOK DOWN ON HIM... OR TREAT HIM LIKE A FOOL FOR HAVING FELL VICTIM TO SUCH A CIRCUMSTANCE.

WHAT 'BEHIND EVERY CLOUD, HIDES A STORM... THAT WANNA DROP STONES INSTEAD OF RAIN' MEANS BECAUSE HE WASN'T SMART ENOUGH TO SEE THE WRITING ON THE WALL... EVERY TIME 'KARMA COMES BACK AROUND... HE CAN ALWAYS FEEL HIMSELF GET THUMPED UPSIDE THE HEAD AGAIN BY THE FORCES OF HUMAN NATURE.'
WHAT 'HARD-HEADED AND HEARTBROKEN' . . . HE RATHER COMMIT SUICIDE INSTEAD OF HOLDING ON TO THE PAIN' MEAN IS HE CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL THE CONSEQUENCES OF HIS MISTAKES . . . AND HE STILL FEELS A LOSS OF MY MOM'S LOVE EVERYTIME HE REALIZES THAT THE LAST DAY HE SPENT WITH MY MOMS IS OVER.

AND . . . WHAT 'BUT WHAT HE FAILED TO REALIZE IS . . . WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN . . . ' MEANS ONE DAY HE HOPES TO BE CLEARED OF THE ACCUSATIONS THAT WERE BROUGHT AGAINST HIM BY MY MOMS.

WHAT 'YET HE CHOSE TO TAKE THE DIVE ANYWAY . . . THEN FELL HEAD OVER HEELS INTO DEPRESSION . . . ' MEANS BY CHOOSING TO HAVE ANY AMOUNT OF LOVE FOR MY MOMS IN THE FIRST PLACE . . . NOW HE IS GOING THROUGH THE SAME KIND OF SILENT TREATMENT I GO THROUGH WITH MY MOMS WHENEVER SHE TENDS TO SLIDE BACK INTO ONE OF HER INTENTIONAL DISCIPLINARY ROLES.

WHAT 'SOMETIMES WE SAY THE MOST SIMPLEST THINGS . . . LIKE 'LIVE YOUR LIFE-- ACCORDING TO YOUR PART. AND, IF WHAT 'KILLS THE MIND -- KILLS THE BODY . . . ' YOU CAN HAVE MY MIND -- IF I CAN HAVE YOUR HEART . . . ' ALSO REFERS BACK TO THE SAME MISTAKE BOTH ME AND LEON MADE BY TRUSTING MY MOMS JUST ENOUGH FOR HER TO CROSS BOTH OF US.

WHAT 'HIS EYES WERE MADE TO ZOOM IN . . . ON THE THINGS HE COULD NOT HEAR. HIS SKELETON WAS MADE TO CARRY HIS FLESH . . . NOW HIS LACK OF KNOWLEDGE ABOUT INFATUATION . . . KEEPS HIM IN ARREARS . . . ' MEAN MY MOM'S EX-LOVER, LEON . . . WASN'T SMART ENOUGH TO READ ALL OF HER BODY LANGUAGE BECAUSE HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT HER PAST LIKE I DO. AND . . . BECAUSE THE WEAKNESS ON THE INSIDE OF HIM . . . SOMEHOW CARRIED HIM TO THE WEAKNESS ON THE INSIDE OF HER . . . BECAUSE MY MOM'S ATTRACTIVENESS IS WHAT ACTUALLY BIT LEON ON BOTH SIDES OF HIS NECK . . . NOW HE HAS TO CONSTANTLY PAY BACK HIS DEBTS TO MOTHER NATURE BY DOING TIME IN A CLOSED IN JAIL CELL.

AND . . . WHAT 'NOW HE'S PAYING FOR A SIMPLE FEELING . . . ONLY A BUFFOON WOULD PAY TO FEEL . . . THEN HE'LL BE PUNISHED FOR HIS BLIND INJUSTICE . . . FOR BLAMING IT ON COCKS THAT KILL . . . ' SLIGHTLY ATTACKS THE CHARACTER OF MY MOM'S EX-LOVER, LEON . . . FOR ONE BECAUSE HE STANDS TO BE A MAN OF GOD. YET, HE CHEATED ON HIS LOVER WITH MY MOMS.
And, because he is a man of God . . . . his trying to repent for breaking one of the laws of the land . . . . may be thrown back in his face. And . . . . because every man's weakness hides somewhere behind his eyes . . . . Leon needs to come up with a better way to accept all the time he has to serve . . . . rather than blame his mistakes on a weakness.

And, what 'now you can call me soft . . . . or call me foolish . . . . but it takes two to understand this game. I sympathize with this lonely lover. Because anytime a female walks pass me with small . . . . pretty feet . . . . she can easily kick out my flame.' means . . . .

I know my mom's ex-lover Leon . . . . from an encounter he and I had when I was on the streets.

I understand the weakness of his love for my mom . . . . because I have that same weakness, too.

So . . . . for me to criticize him for his mistakes . . . . would only be calling me foolish, too . . . . for having love for my mom as well.

And . . . . because no fetish is heavier than another . . . . I sympathize with my mom's ex-lover.

So . . . . instead of returning to the outside world trying to play with guns . . . .

I rather be somewhere . . . . alone . . . . one-on-one with a female.

Trying to play with her feet or something. Trying to kiss her on her feet or something. Trying to suck her toes or something. You know?

All in the name of weakness. Or . . . . 'burning desires.'

This . . . . all fetishes are created equal.

You know mine. What's yours?
I PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR WAYS OF THINKING....
EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU SEEMS WATERED DOWN.
YOU SOUND LIKE OIL AND WATER MIXED TOGETHER....
TRYING TO BE SLICK, SAD ON THE INSIDE LIKE A CLOWN.

YOU LIKE TO BE THE CENTER OF ATTENTION....
ALWAYS LOOKING DOWN LIKE A WATERFALL.
THEY FORGET TO TELL YOU, BEING A LEADER IS A PRIVILEGE....
AND, BEING A FOLLOWER IS AGAINST THE LAW.

OKAY, YOU SMART, I GIVE YOU THAT....
YOU READ 2 MILLION BOOKS.
BUT, NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES YOU WASH YOUR FACE....
YOU STILL WALK AROUND WITH THAT SAME OLD LOOK.

YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, I KNOW YOUR KIND....
YOU WANNA BE SEEN AS A THREAT.
WHAT YOU SAY DOESN'T EVEN HOLD WEIGH....
JUST LIKE SOMETHING DRY BEFORE IT GETS WET.

YOU REMIND ME OF A WOODECKER....
WHO LEEPS ON PECKING UNTIL HIS BEAK GETS WET.
THE DIFFERENCE IS YOU DON'T PECK AT WOOD....
YOU FLOAT ALONG THE LINES OF DISRESPECT.

I WAS BORN AROUND GANGSTERS, AND RAISED BY WOLVES....
YOU WON'T OUTSMART ME ANYTIME SOON.
I'LL TRAP YOU INSIDE OF AN HOURGLASS....
MADE IT HARD FOR YOU TO BREATHE, LIKE A HELIUM BALLOON.

YOU TAKE A LOT OF THINGS FOR GRANTED....
I DON'T LIKE TO WALK ON SLIPPERY THINGS, NOT MY HOBBY.
YOU BETTER BE CAREFUL AND STOP BEATING AROUND THE BUSH....
THEY DON'T HAVE MY MIND, THEY HAVE MY BODY.

IF YOU CROSS ME THE WRONG WAY....
IF YOU APPEAR WET IN THE EAR....
I'LL GO TO SLEEP WITH YOU AT NIGHT LIKE A BAD DREAM....

MAURICE MATHIS
Then be a constant reminder of all your fears.

I don't like to play mind games with made men ....
How easily we forget the rules.
You better watch how you talk to me ....
Even a small dog was made to bark and drool.

I am what I am.
I AM WHAT I AM.

THE EXPLANATION. THE EXPLANATION TO THIS PIECE OF WRITING IS AIMED DIRECTLY TOWARD MY MOTHER.

WHAT 'I PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR WAYS OF THINKING' MEANS IS I'VE FIGURED OUT YOUR WAYS OF APPROACHING ME. WHAT 'EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU SEEMS WATERED DOWN' MEANS IS YOU ALWAYS REMIND ME OF EVERYBODY ELSE WHO IS JUST LIKE YOU. WHAT 'YOU SOUND LIKE OIL AND WATER MIXED TOGETHER' MEANS YOU ALWAYS SAY THINGS THAT SEEM TO CONTRADICT EACH OTHER. WHAT 'TRYING TO BE SLICK, SAD ON THE INSIDE LIKE A CLOWN' MEANS YOU ALWAYS TRY TO PAINT AN ATTRACTIVE PICTURE OF YOURSELF . . . WHEN YOU REALIZE SAD ON THE INSIDE. WHAT 'YOU LIKE TO BE THE CENTER OF ATTENTION' MEANS IS YOU ALWAYS THINK IT'S ALL ABOUT YOU. WHAT 'ALWAYS LOOKING DOWN LIKE A WATERFALL' MEANS YOU ALWAYS PRETEND TO BE HAPPy EVEN THOUGH YOU CAN NEVER REMOVE THE LOOK OF DEPRESSION YOU WALK AROUND WITH ON YOUR FACE. WHAT 'THEY FORGOT TO TELL YOU, BEING A LEADER IS A PRIVILEGE' MEANS YOU CAN'T FIND YOUR WAY AROUND A LOT OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF SITUATIONS. AND, WHAT 'BEING A FOLLOWER IS AGAINST THE LAW' MEANS IS YOU ALWAYS END UP BEING VICTIMIZED. WHAT 'OKAY, YOU SMART, I GIVE YOU THAT . . . . YOU READ 2 MILLION BOOKS' RELATES TO OTHER PEOPLE WHO ALWAYS TRY TO APPEAR TO BE SMARTER THAN YOU BECAUSE OF AGE. BUT, WHAT 'NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES YOU WASH YOUR FACE. . . . YOU STILL WALK AROUND WITH THAT SAME OLD LOOK' MEANS IS 'NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES YOU TRY TO BE DIFFERENT . . . . I STILL REMEMBER THE PERSON YOU TRY TO HIDE. WHAT 'YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, I KNOW YOUR KIND . . . . YOU WANNA BE SEEN AS A THREAT . . . . ' MEANS YOU ALWAYS TRY TO DO SOMETHING TO OUTSMART SOMEONE EVEN IF THAT MEANS DOING SOMETHING TO GET THE POLICE INVOLVED TO ME . . . . YOU REMIND ME OF A BLACK WIDOW SPIDER. AND, WHAT 'WHAT YOU SAY DOESN'T EVEN HOLD WEIGHT . . . . JUST LIKE SOMETHING DRY BEFORE IT GETS WET' MEANS A LOT OF WHAT YOU TALK ABOUT TO ME DOESN'T REALLY HAVE ANY RELEVANCE TO IT. WHAT 'YOU REMIND ME OF A WOODPECKER . . . . WHO keeps ON PERCING UNTIL HIS BEAK GETS WET' MEANS YOU ALWAYS TEND TO PROVIDE THE KIND OF SITUATIONS THAT RESULT IN YOU DEALING WITH A LOT OF THINGS YOU REALLY DON'T WANT TO PUT UP WITH. WHAT 'THE DIFFERENCE IS YOU DON'T PECK AT WOOD . . . . YOU FLOAT ALONG THE LINES OF DISRESPECT' MEANS IS . . . . YOU NEED TO START LEARNING HOW TO KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS. WHAT 'I WAS BORN AROUND GANGSTERS AND RAISED BY WOLVES . . . . YOU WON'T OUTSMART ME ANYTIME SOON' MEANS YOU ALWAYS TRY TO DESCRIBE A
Situation in a way that you hope to make people feel sorry for you. What ‘ill trap you inside of an hourglass. . . . Make it hard for you to breathe, like a helium balloon.' Means no matter how much you try to get away from something. . . . Time always return you back in time then make you deal with the situations that interferes with your voice. What ‘you take a lot of things for granted.’ . . . I don’t like to walk on slippery things, not my hobby. You better be careful and stop beating around the bush. . . . They don’t have my mind, they have my body mean you need to stop lying to me about unnecessary things. . . . Because one day. . . . I’ll be free again.

What ‘if you cross me the wrong way. . . . If you appear wet behind the ears. . . . I’ll go to sleep with you at night like a bad dream.’ . . . Then be a constant reminder of all your fears. Explains to you that when a person lies to you they have to remember that lie. So, if they don’t live up to that lie then fall asleep. . . . The conscience part of that person’s dream will always remind that person of that lie.

What ‘I don’t like to play mind games with made men. . . . How easily we forget the rules. You better watch how you talk to me. . . . Even a small dog was made to bark and drool’ mean I know the streets just like you know the streets, stine. And, because some small dogs can grow to have a rather nice bite . . . . This is where things come to a complete end. Meaning. . . . Rather than place myself at your feet like a small dog that needs you. . . . This is my last good-bye to you.

I don’t want to talk to you anymore. 10-24-13

Signed and sealed.

I am what I am.

Maurice Mathis
1. ROSE IS RED MY LOVER,
   IT REMINDS ME OF YOUR BLUSH.
   LONG TO FEEL YOUR TOUCH.

2. COLD, LIKE WINTER WINDS,
   THE WAY HER EYES TELL STORIES.
   NO NUTS, NO GLORY.

3. "BREATHE IN." GENTLE FUME.
   ANYTIME YOU RUSH BY IT,
   JUST MAY BE HER WOUND.

4. DRY, LIKE DESERT STORMS,
   THE WAY SANDS GET IN MY EYES.
   RUB THEM 'TIL I CRY.

5. TAKE IT FROM ME MAN.
   'AIRS' DO FEEL A PAIN WE DON'T.
   AND, NEVER IT WON'T.
5 HAiku:

THE EXPLANATION.

1. THE HIDDEN MEANING BEHIND THIS HAiku IS ONE THAT DESCRIBES AN ABUSER FIRST BEATING HIS GIRL SEVERELY THEN APOLOGIZING. ONLY IN HOPES THAT SHE'll FORGIVE HIM LONG ENOUGH TO HAVE SEX WITH HIM.

2. THE HIDDEN MEANING BEHIND THIS PHRASE CAN EASILY BE SEEN ONCE A FEMALE BEGINS TO NOTICE SOME SEVERE CONTRACTIONS BETWEEN WHAT HER ABUSER ONCE SAID TO HER IN THE BEGINNING COMPARED TO HOW HE IS TREATING HER NOW. THUS... SHE TELLS HIM SHE DOESN'T BELIEVE HIM ANYMORE. AND... AS A RESULT OF HIM BEING UNMANLY TO HER [NO NUTS... SHE DOESN'T WANT TO HAVE SEXUAL RELATIONS WITH HIM ANYMORE. [NO GLORY] MEANS NO PUSSY.

3. THE HIDDEN MEANING BEHIND THIS PHRASE MEAN YOU SHOULD SLOW DOWN SOMETIMES... LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE IN SOME OF WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND YOU. AS A RESULT... YOU MAY EVENTUALLY BECOME AWARE OF SOMETHING THAT MAY ACTUALLY BE BOTHERING HER.

4. THE HIDDEN MEANING OF THIS PHRASE IS THE FEMALE SHOULD LEARN HOW TO STOP BRINGING THINGS UP THAT MAY LEAD TO HER CRYING. THUS... YOU SHOULD TALK ABOUT IT WITH A FRIEND.

5. THE HIDDEN MEANING BEHIND THIS PHRASE IS NO MATTER WHO THE PERSON IS... WE ALL HAVE A SENSE OF PRIDE WITHIN EACH ONE OF US. THUS... TO AVOID BEING HURT... WE SHOULD TRY OUR BEST NOT TO HURT OTHERS.

20. MAURICE MATHIS
I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD SKELETONS IN HIS CLOSET....
I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS A DEAD MAN WALKING....
I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD CREATURE COMFORTS....
I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS LYING MOST OF THE TIME HE WAS TALKING.

I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE USED TO TALK IN HIS SLEEP....
I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE MADE A LOT OF BAD CHOICES....
I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS FRIENDS WITH PINOCCHIO....
I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE USED TO HEAR VOICES.

I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD A WHOLE LOT OF DREAMS....
I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW PART OF HIS MIND WAS ON PAUSE....
I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS ARRESTED IN DEVELOPMENT....
I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE BECAME SOMEBODY ELSE BEHIND THESE WALLS.

I BET YOU NEVER LIVED TO SEE THE DAY....
WHEN HE'LL BE GUARANTEED TOMORROW.
I BET YOU NEVER SEE HIM BEING LESS THAN A MAN....
BECAUSE HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH HIS SORROWS.

I BET YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THE TRUTH....
BECAUSE EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY IS A LIE.
I BET YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I WAS TALKING ABOUT YOU....
AND, I BET YOU CAN'T TELL ME WHY.

I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW EVERY MAN WAS MADE TO STAND STRONG....
I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW ANOTHER MAN WOULD BREAK HIS FALL.
I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW WE COULD HAVE BEEN STRONGER TOGETHER....
I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW EVERY MAN WAS MADE TO CRAWL.

I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW YOU CAN'T DO IT BY YOURSELF....
I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT'S TWO PARTS TO YOUR VISION.
I BET YOU IF YOU DID A SELF-EVALUATION....
I BET YOU TRY TO EXAGGERATE WHICH PART OF YOU IS MISSING.

I BET YOU DON'T WANT TO TAKE THE CHANCE....
TO TELL ME I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH PROOF.
NOW I BET YOU PART OF YOUR CONSCIENCE....

CONT. →
Don't even want to cut you loose.

I bet you don't want to hold on.
To any part I spok the truth.
I bet you if you looked inside of this mirror.
I bet you part of my reflection will be part of you.

Eyes Without a Face.
EYES WITHOUT A FACE.

THE EXPLANATION. THE KEY TO UNDERSTANDING THE EXPLANATION TO EYES WITHOUT A FACE . . . . REQUIRES YOU TO TRULY UNDERSTAND BOTH PIECES TO 'BURNING DESIRES.'

THAT IS . . . THE BURNING DESIRES POEM ITSELF . . . . AS WELL AS THE EXPLANATION OF BURNING DESIRES.

And . . . Because the hidden meaning of burning desires . . . . IS TO DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU . . . .

Once you know what your fetish is . . . . only then will you be able to respect the fetish of another.

THUS:

1. WHAT SKELETONS IN HIS CLOSET MEANS IS ALL OF THE SECRETS HE CONTINUED TO KEEP FROM YOU. ALL OF THE LIES HE TOLD YOU. ALL OF THE TRUTHS HE WANTED TO TELL YOU. AS WELL AS ALL OF THE THINGS HE WANTED TO DO TO USE YOU.

2. WHAT A DEAD MAN WALKING MEANS IS THE KIND OF PERSON WHO IS NEVER FULLY CONSCIOUS OF WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON AROUND HIM.

3. WHAT CREATURE COMFORTS MEAN IS A LOT OF UNHEALTHY . . . . BAD HABITS.

4. WHAT LYING MOST OF THE TIME HE WAS TALKING MEANS IS THE PERSON YOU ARE DEALING WITH IS THE KIND OF PERSON WHO LIKES TO LIVE LIES.

5. WHAT TALK IN HIS SLEEP MEANS IS WHAT IT MEANS TO TALK OUT THE SIDE OF ONE'S MOUTH. WHICH MEANS TO EXAGGERATE A LOT.

6. WHAT MADE A LOT OF BAD CHOICES MEAN IS THE PERSON YOU ARE DEALING WITH TENDS TO LET OTHER PEOPLE DO A LOT OF HIS THINKING FOR HIM.

7. WHAT HE WAS FRIENDS WITH PINOCCHIO MEANS IS IT'S HARD FOR THE PERSON YOU ARE DEALING WITH TO BE HIMSELF . . . . PARTLY BECAUSE A LOT OF PEOPLE HE BE AROUND DON'T KNOW HOW TO KEEP IT REAL. SO, THEY RUB OFF ON HIM.

23. MAURICE MATHIS
8. WHAT HE USED TO HEAR VOICES MEAN IS EVERY TIME THE OPPORTUNITY FOR HIM TO THINK FOR HIMSELF PRESENTED ITSELF... INSTEAD OF TRYING TO WORK THINGS OUT ON HIS OWN... HE ALWAYS LISTENED TO THE SOUNDS OF HIS ASSOCIATES VOICES RAMBLING IN HIS MIND. THUS, HE DOESN'T REALLY KNOW HOW TO MAKE DECISIONS ON HIS OWN.

9. WHAT HE HAD A LOT OF DREAMS MEAN IS HE ALWAYS TRY TO LIVE UP TO THE EXPECTATIONS OTHER PEOPLE SET FOR HIM... RATHER THAN SET UP HIS OWN EXPECTATIONS.

10. WHAT PART OF HIS MIND WAS ON PAUSE MEAN HE HAS GOTTEN IN HIS OWN WAY TO THE POINT THAT HIS OWN PERSONAL GROWTH HAS BEEN STAGNATED.

11. WHAT ARRESTED IN DEVELOPMENT MEANS IS HIS MENTAL WEAKNESSES WERE NOTICED BY OUTSIDE THINKERS WHO NOTICED HIS SOFT SPOT... LONG ENOUGH TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO TURN HIM OUT.

12. WHAT BECAME SOMEBODY ELSE BEHIND THESE WALLS MEAN IS THE PERSON IS NOT COMFORTABLE WITH HIMSELF. SO, HE DOESN'T REALLY KNOW WHAT TO DO. SO, HE SEeks THE GUIDANCE OF ANOTHER. THEREFORE, THESE WALLS, ACTUALLY MEANS THE PERSON'S SKIN.

13. WHAT NEVER SEE HIM BEING LESS THAN A MAN BECAUSE HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH HIS SORROWS MEAN IS... NO MATTER WHAT SITUATION OCCURS... YOU WILL NEVER SEE HIM BEING UNABLE TO DEAL WITH HIS OWN PROBLEMS. MENTALLY... OR EMOTIONALLY.

14. WHAT EVERY MAN WAS MADE TO STAND STRONG MEANS IS... EVERY MAN SHOULD BE MAN... AND STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY MORE THAN 50% OF THE RELATIONSHIP HE HAS WITH HIS WOMAN.

15. WHAT ANOTHER MAN WOULD BREAK HIS FIST MEANS IS... A REAL FRIEND WILL ALWAYS BE MAN ENOUGH TO OFFER JUST ENOUGH ADVICE TO HELP HIS FELLOW FRIEND KEEP HIS RELATIONSHIP INTEGRAL WITH HIS FEMALE LOVER.

16. WHAT WE COULD HAVE BEEN STRONGER TOGETHER MEANS IS... A MAN SHOULD ALWAYS BE GENTLE ENOUGH TO LISTEN TO HIS LOVER WITH HIS MIND... THEN BE STRONG ENOUGH TO RESPOND TO HIS LOVER WITH HIS HEART.

24. MAURICE MATHIS
17. What every man was made to crawl means is... every man should be man... and strong enough to let his female lover have at least more than 50% of their emotional relationship. Meaning... where the man leads... his female love will follow. And... where his female love goes... is where he’ll be.

18. What you can’t do it by yourself means is... no person... whether it be male... or female... can be in a one-person relationship with himself... or herself.

19. What it’s two parts to your vision means is... the way you want to be loved by your lover is one thing. But, the way you actually teach your lover how to treat you is something else.

To me... the female is the relationship. And... no relationship can stand without the female.

Thus... this is how you ‘put the pieces together.’

And... because the content of this book was actually ‘put together’ with both man... and woman in mind... .

In order for both men... and women... to understand what it actually feels like to experience different kinds of domestic violence... the next time you read this book... pretend to be the female in both ‘bodyguard...’ and ‘when nothing is not enough...’ first. Then be the dude in ‘bodyguard.’ Next time, pretend to be the person described in ‘burning desires.’ Then be the person described in ‘eyes without a face.’ And lastly. . . . the next time you read this book from the beginning... to the end. . . . Pretend to be me.

The goal is to have you learn about other people’s fetish... in a way that food for thought feed the flesh. Feed his weakness... you control his flesh. What ‘I bet you didn’t even know I was talking about you. And, I bet you can’t tell me why’ means is... [it doesn’t matter what sex you are. This book was still written with you in mind].
WHAT I BET YOU DON'T WANT TO TAKE THE CHANCE. TO TELL ME I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH PROOF MEANS IS... CHANCES ARE YOU RAM INTO A PIECE OF ONE OF YOUR WEAKNESSES THE FIRST TIME YOU READ EYES WITHOUT A FACE WITHOUT THE EXPLANATION.

AND... BECAUSE YOU MAY NOT WANT TO EXPOSE ONE OF YOUR WEAKNESSES TO ANOTHER... WHAT 'I BET YOU PART OF YOUR CONSCIENCE DON'T WANT TO CUT YOU LOOSE MEANS IS... IF YOU DID HAPPEN TO ACCIDENTALLY RUN INTO ONE OF YOUR FLAWS... OR WEAKNESSES... CHANCES ARE YOUR CONSCIENCE MIND DOESN'T WANT YOU TO EXPOSE YOURSELF TO SOMEONE WHO MAY FEED OFF YOUR WEAKNESS.

AND... BECAUSE THERE IS A GOOD CHANCE YOU DID SOMEHOW RUN INTO ONE OF YOUR FLAWS... OR WEAKNESSES... BY LOOKING OVER ALL OF THE PIECES TO EYES WITHOUT A FACE...

WHAT I BET YOU DON'T WANT TO HOLD ON TO ANY PART I SPEAK THE TRUTH MEANS IS... FREE TO OVERLOOK WHAT YOU WILL. BUT, SOMEWHERE DEEP DOWN INSIDE OF YOU KEEP IT REAL BECAUSE 'I BET YOU IF YOU DO A SELF-EVALUATION... I BET YOU TRY TO EXAGGERATE WHICH PART OF YOU IS MISSING.'

AND... 'WHAT 'I BET YOU IF YOU LOOKED INSIDE OF THIS MIRROR... I BET YOU PART OF MY REFLECTION WILL BE PART OF YOU' HAS TWO MEANINGS.

THAT IS... IF YOU KNOW ME... MY EYES ARE THE MIRROR. AND, WHAT YOU SEE IS THE PART OF MY REFLECTION THAT WILL ALWAYS BE PART OF YOU.

AND... IF YOU DON'T KNOW ME... ALL OF THE WORDS IN THIS BOOK IS THE MIRROR. AND... ALL OF THE BROKEN UP PUZZLE PIECES IS THE PART OF MY REFLECTION THAT WILL ALWAYS BE PART OF YOU AFTER YOU TAKE TIME TO LOOK AT ALL OF THE SHATTERED PUZZLE PIECES TO THIS MIRROR.

AND... NOW THAT YOU KNOW HOW TO PUT THE PIECES TOGETHER... THE KEY IS TO LOOK OVER 'I AM WHAT I AM' AGAIN SO YOU CAN DETERMINE WHICH PIECE OF THAT ABUSIVE RELATIONSHIP YOU CONTRIBUTE TO. 'BLOOD... SWEAT... OR TEARS.' AND... ONCE YOU FIGURE OUT WHICH PART OF 'I AM WHAT I AM' ATTACHES TO YOU... THEN YOU MOVE IN SILENCE... BUT AT THE SAME TIME DON'T BECOME THE BODYGUARD... OR STALKER. LONG LIVE YOUR WEAKNESS.
Reminders are like words of wisdom.
Each moment allows you to build on the next.
Memorize all of the mistakes you’ve made.
Execute a plan to always do your best.
Memories follow you around for a reason.
Best believe you always have a constant friend.
Endings always come after the beginning.
Repeat this message to yourself again.
REMEMBER.

THE EXPLANATION. THE HIDDEN MEANING BEHIND THE PHRASE "REMEMBER IS . . . 'YOU DON'T HAVE TO MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE SOMEBODY ELSE HAS ALREADY MADE IN ORDER TO LEARN FROM IT.'"

BECAUSE EVERY LINE IN THE PHRASE "REMEMBER" IS DIRECTLY ATTACHED TO THE OVERALL MEANING OF DOMESTIC VIOLENCE THAT IS DESCRIBED THROUGHOUT THIS BOOK . . . .

THE EXPLANATION THAT CAME ATTACHED TO THE PHRASE "REMEMBER" WILL ALWAYS BE TWO-SIDED.

THAT IS . . . EVEN THOUGH THIS PHRASE WAS PUT TOGETHER FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF GOING IN THIS BOOK . . . .

WHATEVER PIECE YOU REMEMBER IS YOURS TO KEEP. FROM ME . . . TO YOU. FOR ALWAYS . . . AND FOREVER. AND . . . NEVER BE AFRAID TO APPLY IT.

AND . . . EVEN THOUGH THE PHRASE "REMEMBER" IS AIMED DIRECTLY TOWARDS MY MOTHERS . . . THE PHRASE IS REALLY FOR ANYBODY TO HAVE.

VICTIMS OF DOMESTIC VIOLENCE . . . OR NOT.

I HOPE YOU LIKE IT.
He always walked around in clown shoes... wearing seven different colors.
Always trying to hide his face...
Ashamed of being around the others.

They always had a prank to pull...
Always had a joke to tell.
Until one day they broke his nose...
Made it hard for him to smell.

"Come one, come all," said the leader...
Aimed to please.
"If you ever want to turn over a new leaf...
Bullying grows on trees.

All the people laughed and joked...
"A better day comes tomorrow,
Always look around for a clown...
And a fool will always follow."

Always destined to do the right thing...
Boo boo the clown moved in silence.
 Didn't want to fight, didn't want to run...
Always the loser of this one-sided violence.

"Always remember the motto we live by.
Always remember to salute.
Always pick a fight you win.
Even if he is deaf-mute."

**HARD-OF-HEARING.**
HARD-OF-HEARING.

THE EXPLANATION. THERE IS NO HIDDEN MEANING TO THIS PIECE. THAT IS . . . WITHIN THE CONTENTS OF THIS PIECE . . . THE SOLE LEADER OF THIS CREW IS ‘DOMESTIC VIOLENCE.’

AND . . . ALL OF THE FOLLOWERS ARE WOMEN BEATERS. EITHER MENTALLY OR PHYSICALLY, SOCIALLY OR EMOTIONALLY.

THE FOOL . . . AND CLOWN . . . ARE THE DESCRIPTIVE DEROGATORY TERMS THAT WERE USED TO DESCRIBE FEMALES. THUS . . . THIS WHOLE PIECE IS TALKING ABOUT A FEMALE . . . EVEN THOUGH THE WORD HE IS INTENTIONALLY USED IN PLACE OF SHE.

WHAT HE ALWAYS WALKED AROUND IN CLOWN SHOES MEAN IS A FEMALE WHO ALWAYS SEEM TO BE ABUSED ALWAYS APPEAR TO WALK AROUND WITH THE KIND OF SHOES ON THAT ALLOWS HER NEXT LOVER TO CATCH UP TO HER BY DOING NOTHING MORE THAN SIMPLY FOLLOWING THE FOOTSTEPS SHE LEAVES BEHIND.

WHAT WEARING SEVEN DIFFERENT COLORS MEAN IS DURING ALL SEVEN DAYS OF THE WEEK THIS ABUSED LOVER IS FORCED TO PRESENT HERSELF IN A DIFFERENT WAY TO HER LOVER.

ALWAYS TRYING TO HIDE HER FACE MEANS SHE’S NOT ONLY EMBARRASSED BY HER LOVER . . . BUT SHE ALSO DOESN’T WANT TO BE RICICUED FOR HAVING MADE THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE. THEREFORE . . . SHE IS ASHAMED OF BEING AROUND OTHER PEOPLE WHO ARE FAMILIAR WITH HER SITUATION.

WHAT THEY ALWAYS HAD A PRANK TO PULL MEANS IS EVERYTIME AN ABUSIVE LOVER TAKES HIS FEMALE AROUND OTHER ABUSERS . . . THEY ALWAYS ALREADY KNOW HOW TO TREAT HER.

WHAT ALWAYS HAD A JOKE TO TELL MEANS IS ALL OF THE OTHER WOMEN BEATERS ALWAYS CAME UP WITH SOME KIND OF CORKY STATEMENT TO MAKE TOWARD THE ABUSED FEMALE . . . IN HOPES OF DOING NOTHING MORE THAN CONSTANTLY HELPING HER REMEMBER WHY SHE IS CONSTANTLY BEING ABUSED.

30.

MAURICE MATHIS
'UNTIL ONE DAY THEY BROKE HIS NOSE. MADE IT HARD FOR HIM TO SMELL' MEANS THIS LOVER HAS REALLY WENT BEYOND HIMSELF IN THE BEATING OF HIS FEMALE LOVER.

"COME ONE. COME ALL," SAID THE LEADER AIMED TO PLEASE IS ACTUALLY THE SOUND OF DOMESTIC VIOLENCE CALLING OUT TO WOMEN BEATERS IN A WAY SIMILAR TO A DOG BEING WHISTLED FOR BY A DOG WHISTLE.

"IF YOU EVER WANT TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF... BULLYING GROWS ON TREES" MEAN THE SAME WAY A TREE SHEDS A LEAF OR TWO... THE OPPORTUNITY TO BEAT ON A FEMALE WILL ALWAYS PRESENT AGAIN.

WHAT ALL THE PEOPLE LAUGHED... AND JOKED MEANS IS ALL OF THE WOMEN BEATERS ALWAYS COME TOGETHER TO CELEBRATE THE IDEA OF BEATING ON WOMEN.

WHAT "A BETTER DAY COMES TOMORROW" MEANS IS 'IF YOU DIDN'T GET THE CHANCE TO BEAT A FEMALE UP TODAY... IF TOMORROW COMES... YOU'LL GET A CHANCE TO BEAT A FEMALE UP TOMORROW.'

WHAT ALWAYS DESIGNED TO DO THE RIGHT THING... BOO BOO THE CLOWN MOVED IN SILENCE. DIDN'T WANT TO FIGHT, DIDN'T WANT TO RUN. ALWAYS THE LOSER OF THIS ONE-SIDED VIOLENCE DESCRIBES A FEMALE LOVER WHO A MALE LOVER CALLS HIS 'BOO' MOVING IN SILENCE BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T WANT TO SAY... OR DO THE WRONG THING THAT CAN LEAD TO HER BEING PUNCHED AGAIN. KNOWING SHE CAN'T BEAT HIM IN A FIST TO FIST FIGHT... SHE REALY DOESN'T WANT TO CHALLENGE HIM. KNOWING HER ABUSIVE LOVER WILL EVENTUALLY FIND HER... SHE DOESN'T WANT TO RUN. THIS... NO MATTER HOW SHE TRIES TO REASON WITH HIM... SHE ALWAYS FIND HERSELF IN A FIGHT SHE JUST CAN'T WIN.

WHAT "ALWAYS REMEMBER THE MOTTO WE LIVE BY" MEANS NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO... ALWAYS LIVE BY THE AGREEMENT TO BEAT A FEMALE DOWN... WHEREVER SHE GETS OUT OF LINE.

WHAT "ALWAYS REMEMBER TO SALUTE" MEANS IS... NO MATTER WHERE Y'ALL RUN INTO EACH OTHER... ALWAYS SHOW ANOTHER WOMAN BEATER THE utmost RESPECT.

WHAT "ALWAYS PICK A FIGHT YOU WIN" MEANS TRY TO AVOID ANY AND ALL OF
THE PHYSICAL ALTERCATIONS YOU CAN HAVE WITH ANY OTHER MAN. INSTEAD . . .
SAVE THAT ENERGY FOR THE NEXT TIME YOUR GIRL GET OUT OF POCKET WITH
YOU. THEN . . . LET HER HAVE IT.

And . . . BY THE TIME YOU FIGURE OUT A WAY TO PUT ALL OF THE PIECES
TOGETHER . . .

COMMON-SENSE BY ITSELF SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR YOU TO REALIZE THAT
THE DEAF-MUTE . . . IS A FEMALE WHO DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO LISTEN TO
HER LOVER . . . NOR CAN SHE OPEN HER MOUTH LONG ENOUGH TO SPEAK
THE KIND OF LANGUAGE HER LOVER WANTS TO HEAR . . .

BECAUSE HIS GIRL IS ACTUALLY SCARED TO TALK TO HIM.
If the pen is mightier than a sword...
And you speak the spoken word.
Why is part of your conversation something I can't afford?

You sound good but you leave me bore.
And every word you speak is slurred.
If the pen is mightier than a sword.

You try to stagnate me. Let's move forward.
Because your trying to persuade me sounds so absurd.
Why is part of your conversation something I can't afford?

Let's keep it simple of our own accord.
Conversations weighed on scales, your word of mouth is worth?
If the pen is mightier than a sword.

The domino effect always fall towards
The one your wordplay hurts.
Why is part of your conversation something I can't afford?

Most of what you say to me I deliberately ignore...
Because you try to scar with words.
If the pen is mightier than a sword...
Why is part of your conversation something I can't afford?

A tongue dipped in ink.
A Tongue Dipped in Ink.

THE EXPLANATION, WHAT 'IF A PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN A SWORD' MEAN IS MORE DAMAGE CAN BE DONE TO A PERSON BY USING A PEN RATHER THAN A SWORD. WITH A SWORD YOU CAN CUT...AND CUT DEEP. BUT, THE WOUND CAN EVENTUALLY HEAL SOMETIMES. YET, ...WITH A PEN YOU CAN USE THE INK TO TEAR SOMEONE'S HEART IN HALF. MEANING...SOMETIMES...WORDS CAN CUT, TOO. AND, SOMETIMES CUT YOU DEEPER THAN A SWORD. DEPENDING ON WHO'S HANDS THE PEN OR SWORD IS IN.

WHAT 'YOU SPEAK THE SPOKEN WORDS' MEANS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SOMEONE LIES TO YOU TWO WAYS. THE FIRST WAY IS BY TELLING YOU THEY INTEND TO DO SOMETHING FOR YOU. AND, THE SECOND WAY THEY LIE TO YOU IS BY NOT DOING WHAT THEY SAID THEY INTEND TO DO.

WHY IS PART OF YOUR CONVERSATION SOMETHING I CAN'T AFFORD? IS A Rhetorical QUESTION THAT YOU POSE TO SOMEONE IN A WAY THAT DOES NOTHING MORE THAN RENAME THE PERSON OF THE LIES THAT WERE TOLD TO YOU ALREADY.

WHAT 'YOU SOUND GOOD BUT YOU LEAVE ME BORED' MEAN IS WHEN THE CONVERSATION IS OVER WITH, EVEN THOUGH THE PERSON SOUNDED AS IF GOOD INTENTIONS WERE TO COME BUT BECAUSE THE EXPECTATION WASN'T FULFILLED...THAT PERSON'S WORD IS NOT BOND.

AND...WHAT 'EVERY WORD YOU SPEAK IS SLURRED' MEANS EVERY TIME THE PERSON SAYS SOMETHING...WHAT THEY SAY TO YOU ALWAYS SOUND LIKE A LIE IN THE MAKING.

'YOU TRY TO STAGNATE ME' MEANS YOU REALLY DON'T WANT TO SEE ME PROGRESS OR DO GOOD IN LIFE.

'LET'S MOVE FORWARD' MEANS YOU SHOULD JUST TELL ME HOW YOU REALLY FEEL THEN GET AWAY FROM ME AND MY LIFE.

'BECAUSE YOUR TRYING TO PERSUADE ME SOUNDS SO ABSURD' MEANS WHAT YOU SAY TO ME I DON'T BELIEVE BECAUSE YOU LIED TO ME ONE TOO MANY TIMES...AND NOW...YOU CAN'T BE TRUSTED.
WHAT 'LET'S KEEP IT SIMPLE OF OUR OWN A C C O R D MEAN IS WHY NOT JUST
BE HONEST WITH EACH OTHER ABOUT HOW WE REALLY FEEL ABOUT EACH OTHER.

WHAT 'C O N V E R S A T I O N S W E I G H T E N O N S C A L E S, Y O U R W O R D O F
M O U T H IS W O R T H? IS
O N IT.

WHAT 'T H E D O M I N O E F F E C T A L W A Y S F A I L T O W A R D S T H E O N E Y O U R
H A L F - T R U E

T O N G U E
O F A L I E R . . . .

L I E T O T E L L M E B Y L I S T E N I N G T O T H E T O N E O F Y O U R V O I C E.

A N D . . . . ' A T O N G U E D I P P E D I N I N K . . . . ' I S A L W A Y S T H E T O N G U E O F A

S O M E O N E L I K E M Y M O M S.
"WILL YOU BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU . . . . 
MY ONLY PROBLEM IS BEING STUPID? 
GOING TO SLEEP EVERY NIGHT . . . . 
WAKING UP NEXT TO TWO-TIMING CUPID? 

HE CHEATED ON ME A MILLION TIMES . . . . 
BUT MY HEART WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH YET. 
TO CHEAT ON HIM JUST ONE GOOD TIME . . . . 
THEN LEAVE HIM WITH HIS HEART IN DEBT.

YOU OWE ME ONE IF YOU GET PASS THIS . . . . 
AND, IT BETTER NOT BE SWEET NOthings.
SO YOU BETTER START THINKING AND TELL ME SOMETHING . . . . 
ABOUT SOMETHING THAT MEAN SOMETHING. 

I CAN TELL BY YOUR BODY TEMPERATURE . . . . 
THE TIP OF YOUR TONGUE CAN DO NO HARM.
AND, IF YOU WISH ME OVER TONIGHT . . . . 
TONIGHT I'LL LEAVE IN YOUR ARMS."

AND, JUST LIKE ANY OTHER WOMAN IN NEED . . . . 
SHE PRETENDED TO WALK AWAY. 
BUT I HAD ALREADY LISTENED TO HER LONG ENOUGH . . . . 
TO UNDERSTAND WHAT GAME SHE WANTED TO PLAY. 

SO I ZEROED IN ON THIS LONELY LOVER . . . . 
IN A WAY HARD TO DEFINE. 
BUT I HAD TO MAKE HER FEEL GOOD AGAIN . . . . 
WHY ELSE WOULD I BE AT THE SCENE OF THIS CRIME? 

AND, AS SHE WALKED I FIXED MY SPIEL . . . . 
TO MAKE THIS MOMENT LAST. 
I KNOW WHAT SHE WANT, AND I KNOW WHAT SHE NEED . . . . 
SO, I BETTER GIVE IT TO HER FAST. 

SOMETIMES WE REAP THE BENEFIT . . . . 
WHEN FEMALES HOLD A GRUDGE. 
CATCH HER BY HERSELF, ALONE AND LONELY . . . . 
CONT. →
LET HER WEAKNESS BE THE JUDGE.

IF SHE COULD TURN BACK THE HANDS OF TIME . . . .
SHE COULD PROBABLY PICK A BETTER LOVE.
WEARING A BLINDFOLD OVER HER COMMON-SENSE . . . .
SHE ALWAYS FIND THE SAME OLD LOVE.

SOME MISTAKES CAN'T BE CORRECTED . . . .
IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHICH WRONGS TO HEAL.
NO TWO WRONGS DON'T MAKE IT RIGHT . . . .
BUT I STILL MOVED IN FOR THE KILL.

FOLLOWING HER LEAD, I CONTROLLED MY PACE . . . .
AND THE WAY TO MAKE MY MOVE.
HER BODY LANGUAGE WAS SPEAKING PROFANITY . . . .
EVEN A BLIND MAN COULD SEE THE EYES.

ANYWAY, WHAT DOES IT MATTER?
I ONLY AIN'T TO PLEASE.
IF SHE SITS THERE LONG ENOUGH TO LISTEN . . . .
HER EARS WILL BE DECEIVED.

AS SHE SIPPED HER DRINK GIDDING GRINS . . . .
I HAD TO HIT BETWEEN THE LINES.
SO I CLOSED MY EYES ZEROING IN ON HER . . . .
THEN SAID TO HER ALL THESE LINES.

IN LOVE WE LEAVE NO STONE UNTURNED . . . .
THE ONLY GAME WHERE ALL IS FAIR.
HEARTBEATS INSIDE OF A LONELY LOVER . . . .
THE ONLY THING YOU CAN'T COMPARE.

IF A LIE IS THE TRUTH TURNED INSIDE OUT . . . .
AND, THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS SIN.
SOMETIMES FIRST STEPS NEED TO BE IGNORED . . . .
THEN LEAVE HER WITH NO WAY TO DEFEND.

"THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH A BROKEN HEART,"
SHE TRIED TO TELL ME LIVING THIS LIE.
AS I WATCHED THE INSIDE OF HER EYES CRACK . . . .
FROM DRY SKIN YOU RUB AFTER YOU CRY.

THE ONLY WAY FOR ME TO WIN . . . .
WAS TO HAVE HER RETURN TO SORROW.
THEN COME UP WITH A LIE OF MY OWN . . . .
TELLING HER THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS TOMORROW.

ALREADY TWO STEPS AHEAD . . . .
I BEGAN TO BREAK THE SILENCE.
IF YOU LOVE SOMETHING, LET IT GO . . . .
IF IT COMES BACK TO YOU, IT'S DOMESTIC VIOLENCE.

IF I TELL YOU SOMETHING, BELIEVE IT TRUE . . . .
I AM A GENTLEMAN IN THE FLESH.
I'M THE UNDERDOG CALLED, 'NATURAL LOVE . . . .'
AND, ALL I DO IS CARESS.

SO, SHE WINKED HER EYE, I WINKED MY EYE . . . .
AND TO HER DRINK HER LIPS RETURNED.
"IF YOU PLAY WITH FIRE LONG ENOUGH . . . .
ONE DAY YOU'LL GET BURNED."

BUT, I KNOW THAT SMILE, AND I KNOW THAT FACE . . . .
HER TWO PLUS TWO EQUALS DEVIL.
SO, I HAD TO MAKE A DIFFERENT MOVE . . . .
TAKE MY APPROACH TO ANOTHER LEVEL.

AND, AS SHE DRAINED I WATCHED HER THIRST . . . .
SHE WANTED TO TAKE HER CHANCE.
SO SHE MOVED IN ON ME TRYING TO KISS . . . .
BUT I PUSHED HER AWAY WITH MY HAND.

EVERY BIT OF SURPRISED, SHE SAID, "WHAT'S WRONG?"
BUT, I HAD TO MAKE IT SWEET.
"DON'T YOU WANNA UNDRESS MY LOVE?"
NAIL. I JUST WANNA PLAY WITH YOUR FEET.
SO, SHE LOOKED CONFUSED LIKE ANY WOMAN WOULD . . .
BUT, I HAD TO LEAVE HER IN DOUBT.
EVERY SIN STARTS IN THE MIND . . .
THEN FIND IT'S WAY OUT OF YOUR MOUTH.

SOME DUDES DON'T KNOW HOW TO SACRIFICE . . .
THEN BECOME PART OF A FEMALE'S VOICE.
THEY RATHER WATCH HER STUMBLE, THEN FALL . . .
INSTEAD OF PUSHING HER AWAY FROM MAKING A BAD CHOICE.

SOMETIMES FRIENDS MAKE THE BEST OF LOVERS . . .
SOMETIMES THE BEST OF LOVERS BE FRIENDS.
SOMETIMES YOU GOTTA KEEP THESE SECRETS TO YOURSELF . . .
UNLESS YOU WANT THIS RELATIONSHIP TO END.

"I'LL KEEP THIS SECRET, IF YOU KEEP THIS SECRET.
EITHER WAY I DON'T WANNA LOSE.
YOU CAN PLAY WITH MY FEET AS LONG AS YOU WANT TO . . .
LET ME GO GET MY SHOES."

SOMETIMES WHAT'S FIRST ALWAYS COME NEXT . . .
IF YOU KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO.
AND, IF YOU EVER SEE ME TALKING TO YOUR GIRL . . .
BEFTER BELIEVE EVERY BIT IS TRUE.

UNTIL THEN STOP SECOND-GUESSING . . .
STOP BEING SCARED TO GIVE HER THAT TOUCH.
BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T, AND ME AND HER RUN INTO EACH OTHER . . .

WHEN NOTHING IS NOT ENOUGH.

39. MAURICE MATHIS
"I CRY DRY TEARS. THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS WEAR A FROWN. A SMILE TATTED TO MY FACE. HOW I REALLY FEEL TURNED UPSIDE DOWN. DON'T SMILE AT ME UNLESS YOU MEAN IT. BECAUSE PEOPLE HIDE BEHIND FACES FLOODING YOU WITH SMILES THAT DON'T HAVE MEANING. SINCE WE ALL KNOW TROUBLE COMES IN TWOS.... EITHER YOU LOVE ME OR YOU DON'T. AND, IF YOU GET TO KNOW ME BETTER.... EITHER YOU WILL OR YOU WON'T."

—DOMESTIC VIOLENCE—
A love that died in me long ago... 
keeps coming back alive to kill me softly. 
Yet, every time I hide behind my feelings... 
my emotional side always crosses me.

I always knew something was wrong... 
In a sense that I had been blinded for no reason. 
If the love that hides inside of me... 
keeps committing suicide, isn't that treason?

I've never really known myself... 
To this extent, I feel like a stranger. 
It's like I keep moving in the same direction... 
with a noise around my neck that's made of anger.

At times like this I try to keep my cool... 
Because love makes it hard for me to breathe. 
So, don't keep on going if you see me down and out... 
help me get up off my knees.

A love that deserves no wings.

41. MAURICE MATHIS
A LOVE THAT DESERVES NO WINGS.

THE EXPLANATION. THE EXPLANATION THAT COMES WITH THE HIDDEN MEANING OF THIS PIECE IS DIRECTLY TIED TO THE FACT THAT I WASN'T RAISED BY MY MOMS.

AND, BECAUSE THE MOTHER-SON BOND NEVER EXISTED BETWEEN US . . . . I ALWAYS FIND MYSELF GIVING HER THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT. THEN, I ALWAYS FIND PART OF ME BASIC AT SQUARE ONE READY TO START OVER.

WHAT THE FIRST FOUR LINES MEAN IS AT ONE POINT IN MY LIFE . . . . I DID ACTUALLY FIND MYSELF WEAKENED ENOUGH TO HAVE LOVE FOR MY MOMS EVEN THOUGH THE LOVE FOR HER WAS FORCED. MY MOMS CROSSED ME IN A WAY THAT I NEVER WOULD HAVE ALLOWED ANYONE ELSE TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TALK ABOUT. AND, IT ALWAYS FEEL LIKE HALF OF THE BLOOD SHE BRED ME WITH SOMEHOW CREATED ME WITH THE KIND OF EMOTIONAL PUTTY ONLY HER HANDS KNOW HOW TO PLAY WITH.

WHAT THE NEXT FOUR LINES MEAN IS EVEN THOUGH I HAVE A FEEL FOR THE WAY MY MOMS ALWAYS LEAVE A PAIR OF FINGERPRINTS ALL OVER MY FEELINGS . . . . EVERY TIME I FORGIVE HER LONG ENOUGH TO TEMPORARILY OVERLOOK THE WAY SHE CAUSES ME HURT . . . . SHE ALWAYS COME UP WITH A REASON OR WAY TO MAKE HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF . . . . LETTING NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE.

WHAT THE NEXT FOUR LINES MEAN IS MY MOMS ACCIDENTALLY SHAPED ME INTO HALF OF THE PERSON I SOMEHOW TURNED OUT TO BE. IT'S ALMOST LIKE SAYING . . . . 'THE ONLY THING YOU CAN GET FROM SITUATIONS LIKE THESE IS ONLY WHAT YOUR HANDS ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY.' SO . . . . WHEN YOU SEE ME WITH THAT EVIL LOOK IN MY EYES . . . . IT'S NOT ME . IT'S NOT YOU. IT'S DOMESTIC VIOLENCE.

WHAT THE LAST FOUR LINES MEAN IS EVEN THOUGH YOU MAY SOMEHOW CATCH ME AT MY LOWEST POINT SOMEBE. . . . I'M ALWAYS TRYING TO KEEP MY COOL. SO . . . . IF YOU EVER SEE ME WITH ANY RESEMBLANCE OF BEING WEAK . . . . EITHER LET ME BE . . . . OR KEEP IT MOVING.

WHAT THE TITLE MEANS IS EVEN THOUGH SOME FEMALES TRY TO PAINT A PICTURE OF BEING PERFECT . . . . MY MOMS ALWAYS COME UP WITH A WAY TO THINK SHE'S AN ANGEL, ACTUALLY . . . . I'LL BREAK HER WINGS OFF. 12-6-95.

42. MAURICE MATHIS
A BLEEDING HEART SMEARS A TRAIL....
LEAVING FINGERPRINTS OF ABUSE IN BLOOD.
WHAT MAKES YOU LAUGH, WILL MAKE YOU CRY....
THEN THE HEARTACHES BEGIN TO FLOOD.

SOMETIMES WE MAKE THE WRONG DECISION....
THEN BLAME OUR MISTAKES ON LOVE.
LIKE A BIRD TRYING TO FLY WITHOUT WINGS....
THE WAY YOU KEEP FALLING INTO THE HANDS OF ABUSIVE LOVE.

DON'T GET ME WRONG, YOU LIVE YOU LEARN....
ALWAYS WEARING YOUR HEART ON YOUR SLEEVE.
TRYING TO MOVE FASTER THAN THE WIND....
TO GET BACK TO WHAT BRINGS YOU TO YOUR KNEES.

DEJA VU BECOMES THE GREATEST TEACHER....
WHEN IT'S TIME TO SEEK REVENGE.
SHOWING EVERYTHING ON THE OUTSIDE OF YOU....
IS EVERYTHING THAT HIDES WITHIN.

POETIC JUSTICE.
POETIC JUSTICE.

THE EXPLANATION. To me... the hidden meaning behind this piece is... 'one person's justice... is another person's revenge.'

And, because it never fails to say we should learn from the mistakes we make... it goes without saying... something must be wrong when what hurts you... is the same thing that brings you joy.

And... that's probably the only thing I'll never understand about my moms.

Meaning... no matter how much I may feel weighed down by life...

Every time I think about... or visualize a memory of my moms... a phrase I'll take to my grave with me always come to mind. Meaning...

'Love made my moms weaker than it made me.'

And... though that's nothing to be proud of... I just don't see how one woman could come this far... being beat up her whole life.

I mean... oh the outside looking in... it seems like my moms always leave a drip of blood somewhere her next lover always sniff his way upon.

And... from there... say it for me.

I mean... why cry when you hurt if when you hurt you cry?

Sometimes I feel sorry for people. Sometimes I don't.

Under these circumstances I don't feel sorry for my moms because all the time she was out there loving a dude that hurt her... she could have been somewhere in my life loving me. 'A dude who won't hurt her.'

Thus... the title of this piece speaks for itself. 'THAT'S WHAT YOU GET.'

44. MAURICE MATHIS
SOMETIMES WE LEARN THE MOST SIMPLEST THINGS . . .
LIKE HOW TO HOLD A HAND, OR HOLD A GRUDGE.
YET, THE EASIEST THING TO DO IS OVERLOOK . . .
THE WAY PART OF YOUR EYE TEACHES YOU HOW TO LOVE.

IT DOESN'T READ, IT DOESN'T LISTEN . . .
TO ANYTHING YOUR HEART HAS TO SAY.
IT JUST LOOKS AROUND, FIGURING THINGS OUT . . .
SPooled IN EVERY ITTY-BITTY WAY.

YOU CAN LIE TO ME, BUT NOT YOURSELF . . .
BECAUSE YOUR EYE CAN SENSE WHEN YOU DECEIVE.
THAT'S WHY I LISTEN TO YOUR BODY LANGUAGE . . .
PRAYING TO GOD I DON'T FORGET HOW TO READ.

WHERE THERE'S A HEART, THERE'S A WEAKNESS . . .
TELL ME WHAT YOU NEED,
I'LL FOLLOW YOU AROUND, BEING STRONG FOR YOU . . .
IF YOU TEACH MY HEART HOW TO BREATHE.

I'LL TAKE MY TIME PAYING ATTENTION . . .
TRYING TO READ BETWEEN THE LINES.
I'LL HOLD MY BREATH LONG ENOUGH TO DIE FOR YOU . . .
IF LOSING YOU IS A CRIME.

**YOU CAN'T MAKE ME LOVE YOU.**

45. MAURICE MATHIS
YOU CAN'T MAKE ME LOVE YOU.

THE EXPLANATION TO ME... MY AUNTIE BOBBIE HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE MOST LOVELIEST FEMALE IN MY FAMILY.

I mean... she always had this look in her eyes that I never did understand... but always wanted to get next to. And, I've always loved her for that.

And... from my understanding of things... my auntie Bobbie and my moms were always like the best of friends for a while.

How that started, I don't know. And, what went wrong. Who knows?

Nevertheless... during the time I was living in the city of Chicago with my auntie Bobbie... .

I learned two things from her. Worth mentioning right here. And, that's how to hug a female the right way... together with how... and why... it's not good to reject somebody who may be trying to love you.

However... sometimes... I think me and my moms feel the same way about each other.

I mean... there has always been a thin line between love and hate surrounding me and my moms.

To be honest... it always seemed like we hate the same thing about each other. And only have a little bit of love left over to share with each other.

I mean... I really don't know when... or how things went wrong with me and my moms. I just know it's been a long time since anything has been right between me and my moms.

I mean... I can still remember a lot of things that happened between me and my moms before I was even ten years old.
FROM PLAYING WITH TOY GUNS AND REAL GUNS BEFORE I LEARNED HOW TO READ AND WRITE...

TO EVEN ACCIDENTALLY WALKING PASS MY MOMS AND 'COUNTRY SWAN' HAVING SEX WITH EACH OTHER... AS ME AND MY YOUNGER BROTHER, WIL... CONTINUED TO MOVE ON AND ABOUT OUR OWN BUSINESS.

BUT... SOMETHING HAPPENED A LONG TIME AGO WITH ME AND MY MOMS THAT I NEVER LEARNED HOW TO FORGIVE... OR FORGET.

BACK THEN... MY MOMS HAD A BAD HABIT OF GIVE-AND-TAKE.

I MEAN... MY MOMS GAVE ME SOMETHING ONE DAY. AND, WHEN I MADE HER MAD SOMEHOW... SHE TOOK IT AWAY FROM ME.

AND... EVEN THOUGH I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT FULLY BACK THEN WHEN I WAS STILL A KID... I STILL HAD A GUT FEELING THAT WHAT SHE DID WAS WRONG.

SO... EVERY SINCE THEN... I ALWAYS LOOK AT MY MOMS AS BEING TWO-FACED.

SO... I ALWAYS TREATED HER THAT WAY... AND... BECAUSE THAT'S THE WAY I REACTED TOWARDS HER....

THE LITTLE LOVE I DID HAVE FOR MY MOMS NEVER GREW LONG.

IT'S LIKE... MY MOMS USED TO ALWAYS DO THINGS THAT WOULD MAKE MY LOVE FOR HER GROW LESS... RATHER THAN DO THINGS THAT WOULD MAKE MY LOVE FOR HER GROW MORE.

AND... I'M NOT ALL THE WAY SURE... BUT... I THINK SHE SENSED THAT, TOO.

BECAUSE IT SEEMS LIKE WHEN SHE USED TO MOVE TOWARDS ME... I WOULD ALWAYS MOVE AWAY FROM HER.

AND... NOW THAT I'M IN THE KIND OF SITUATION WHERE I SOMewhat NEED HER....

MAURICE MATHIS
IT SEEMS LIKE SHE ALWAYS FIND A WAY TO GET AWAY FROM ME.

EITHER BY PUTTING A BLOCK ON THE TELEPHONE WHEN I NEED TO TALK TO HER . . . OR BY CONSTANTLY REFUSING TO WRITE ME BACK WHEN I SEND HER A HANDWRITTEN LETTER.

SO . . . I HAD TO LEARN HOW TO TAME THE BITTER WITH THE SWEET.

THE TRUTH IS . . . I CAN'T MAKE HER LOVE ME. AND, SHE CAN'T MAKE ME LOVE HER.

THE ONLY REASON I REMEMBER LOVING MY MOMS ANYWAY IS BECAUSE MY AUNTIE BOBBIE GAVE ME DIRECT ORDEARS TO WATCH ONE OF HER MOVIES OF CHOICE . . . TITLED 'IMITATION OF LIFE. . . .' THEN REPORT BACK TO HER WITH SOME OF WHAT I LEARNED.

AND . . . EVEN THOUGH MANY MANY YEARS HAVE PASSED BY SINCE THEN . . .

AUNTIE BOBBIE . . . I NEVER DID FORGET THE MEANING OF THAT STORY.

WHICH IS . . . 'STOP TAILING ATTEMPTED EFFORTS OF PARENTAL GUIDANCE FOR GRANTED . . . BECAUSE YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN A PERSON WHO TRIES TO LOVE YOU WILL SUDDENLY DECEASE.'

AND . . . RIGHT NOW . . . AT THE HANDS OF MY VERY OWN MOMS . . .

I AM CURRENTLY SERVING A 'LIFE MEANS LIFE' SENTENCE . . . WITH A PAROLE ELIGIBILITY DATE OF AUGUST 3, 2038. FOR ONE COUNT OF FIRST DEGREE INTENTIONAL . . . EXECUTION-STYLE MURDER.

AND . . . WHAT'S SO CRAZY ABOUT THIS SITUATION IS I WAS BORN ON AUGUST 3RD. AND . . . I WAS FOUND GUILTY OF THIS HOMICIDE ON MY MOM'S BIRTHDAY, WHICH IS MAY 9TH. WHICH WAS JUST DAYS BEFORE MOTHER'S DAY.

AND . . . EVEN THOUGH IT'S OBVIOUS THE KIND OF SITUATIONS MY MOMS KEEPS PUTTING ME THROUGH . . .

48. MAURICE MATHIS
As soon as I finish getting this money right for another lawyer... she... and I... will meet up again.

This time... I'll let her go.

I mean... my mom has crossed... and hurt me so many times... my heart probably looks like a bird's nest made out of thorns.

And... even though it's only one emotional candle left on the inside of me for her... by the time she read these pieces...

The one last burn on this candle will have probably burned out already. 12-6-95.
PLAYING WITH THE QUEEN OF HEARTS . . . .
AND SELF-MADE RULES TO PLAY THE GAME.
THINKING I HAD HER LOVE ON LOCK . . . .
THE JACK-OF-ALL-SPADES PULLED MY DAME.

HE UNDERSTOOD HER BODY LANGUAGE . . . .
IN WAYS I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND.
HE PULLED THE MOST POWERFUL CARD FROM MY SUIT . . . .
THEN USED HER AGAINST ME TO BEAT MY HAND.

SOMETIMES WE READ BETWEEN THE LINES . . . .
SOMETIMES WE OVERLOOK THE HINTS.
THEN STUMBLE OVER THE WEAKNESS OF OUR OWN REACTIONS . . . .
DECEIVED BY WHAT SHE MEANT.

I FOUGHT A FIGHT I SHOULD HAVE WON . . . .
BUT SOMEHOW LOST WITHOUT A REASON.
GOT CAUGHT UP IN A SPIDER WEB . . . .
BECAUSE THE BLACK WIDOW KNEW HOW TO WEB MY WEAKNESS.

AT TIMES LIKE NOW I UNDERSTAND . . . .
WHERE THERE'S A WEAKNESS LOVE FINDS WAYS . . . .
TO EXPOSE THE ONE YOU LOVE TO ANOTHER . . . .
THE WAY A CARDSHARP PICK HIS PLAYS.

WHAT USED TO BRING ME JOY ONCE DRAINED MY VEINS . . . .
AND JEALOUSY IS ALL I FELT.
SO, IF YOU PLAY THE GAME, SHUFFLE THE CARDS YOURSELF . . . .
BECAUSE YOU CAN ONLY PLAY THE WAY THE CARD IS DEALT.

IF YOU CHOOSE, YOU loose.

50.

Maurice Mathis
If You Choose, You Lose.

The explanation. I can use fingers on both of my hands to think about dudes I've seen my moms share grins and friends with. And... because we see things differently... Her secrets are hers to keep.

I've learned many things at the hands of many men... but 'country swan' was the greatest of them all.

Though I see him do things to my moms... He still helped me pave the way by telling me not to do as I see him do. But... to treat females I deal with with a tender loving care.

Thus... I tip my hat to the one... and only... 'country swan.'

And, even though I missed out on the last years of my younger brother, Will's, teenage years... I know you picked up the pieces to help my brother go from there. Again... I tip my hat to you, country Good job, man!

No matter how many fingers I can use to remember pieces of my mom's pass... If I had to pick between all... or none of them... Deep down inside... I think 'stine and country...' were meant to be together as one. Somehow... I got in the way when I was born.

And... even though he made efforts to steer me the right way... I still went all the way to the left.

I mean... I've listened to many men tell stories about women... in real life... and in books.

I even remember a moment when I was approached by a different dude who tried to tell me him and my moms used to get down. And... when I questioned him about pieces of the pass... The easiest things for him to do was say they used to get down when I was living in Chicago.

To me... it was stranger than fiction how it happened.

That is... late one evening... I was pacing around a courtyard...
IN STANLEY CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION... WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN DUDE CALLED ME BY MY NICKNAME... 'NATURAL...,' THEN ASKED ME TO SPEAK TO HIM FOR A FEW MINUTES.

NOW... SOME THINGS I REMEMBER. AND, SOME THINGS I FORGET. BUT... I HAVE NEVER SEEN DUDE STANDING ANYWHERE NEAR MY MOMS.

NEVERTHELESS... HAVING TALKED TO HIM FOR A FEW MINUTES... I WAS ABLE TO DETERMINE NOT ONLY DOES HE KNOW WHO MY MOMS IS... BUT HE ALSO ASKED ME ABOUT OTHER FAMILY MEMBERS HE WAS ALSO FAMILIAR WITH.

AND... AT THAT MOMENT... THAT'S WHEN IT ALL BEGAN TO MAKE SENSE.

THE ACTUAL VISUAL THAT COMES ATTACHED TO THIS PIECE IS IMAGINING EACH OF MY MOM'S OLD LOVER'S RECIETING THIS POEM TO EACH OTHER.

AND... WHAT APPEARS TO BE THE CRAZIEST THING OF ALL THOUGH IS THE WAY I PUT ALL OF MY MOM'S RELATIONSHIPS TOGETHER... TO TRY TO FIGURE OUT JUST ONE SIMPLE THING... . . .

WHAT WAS WRONG WITH MY POPS?

52. MAURICE MATHIS
DOMESTIC VIOLENCE:

DON'T DO IT IF YOU'LL REGRET IT.

INSTEAD, JUST LET IT BE.

STOP WORRYING ABOUT WHAT PEOPLE THINK.

CONSEQUENCES MAY BE TOO MUCH FOR YOUR EYES TO SEE.

UNDERSTAND SOME OF THE CHOICES PEER PRESSURE MAKES SOME OF US DECIDE.

LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO BE WASTED ON ONE MISTAKE.

INSTEAD, LEARN HOW TO SWALLOW YOUR PRIDE.

EVER BE AFRAID TO FALL BACKWARDS. BECAUSE IN THE END, WE ALWAYS MOVE FORWARD.
1. Don't get mad at me.
   Carry me around like a second skin.
   I'm where it all begins.

   'Self-esteem.'

2. Blood is thicker than water.
   Why should it matter how I bleed,
   If you bleed for me?

   'She loves me not.'

3. Tears drop from my eyes.
   Only part of my face gets wet.
   Will my emotions run dry?

   'Lonely lover.'

4. The ant and a grasshopper
   Had a conversation about leadership roles.
   Small minds in big bodies.

   'Stop bullying me.'

5. Open your mind a little.
   Let some of your thoughts run free.
   You never know who they influence next.

   'Each one, teach one.'
UNIVERSAL PHRASES.

THE EXPLANATION.

1. 'SELF-ESTEM.' THE HIDDEN MEANING BEHIND THIS PIECE OF WRITING IS THE SAME WAY YOU BEGIN A RELATIONSHIP WITH A FEMALE IS THE SAME WAY YOU SHOULD END IT WITH HER. IN OTHER WORDS... DON'T START THE RELATIONSHIP ONE WAY... THEN WATCH IT END DIFFERENTLY. MAN UP.

2. 'SHE LOVES ME NOT.' THE HIDDEN MEANING BEHIND THIS PIECE OF WRITING IS 'DO UNTO OTHERS... AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO TO YOU.' IN OTHER WORDS... THE 'GOLDEN RULE OF LIFE.'

3. 'LONELY LOVER.' THE HIDDEN MEANING BEHIND THIS PIECE OF WRITING is YOU SHOULD NEVER MAKE YOUR GIRL CRY... BECAUSE YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN SHE IS GOING TO SED HER LAST TEAR FOR YOU.

4. 'STOP BULLYING ME.' THE HIDDEN MEANING BEHIND THIS PIECE OF WRITING CAN BE SEEN WITH THE KIND OF RELATIONSHIP THAT HAS THE KIND OF DUDE WHO ALWAYS BULLY HIS GIRL AROUND BECAUSE HE DOESN'T THINK SHE IS SMART ENOUGH TO COME UP WITH A WAY TO BREAK FREE FROM THE ABUSIVE KIND OF RELATIONSHIP HE ALREADY HAS HER PINNED TO.

5. 'EACH ONE, TEACH ONE.' THE HIDDEN MEANING BEHIND THIS PIECE OF WRITING DEALS WITH THE KIND OF FEMALE WHO DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO TEACH PEOPLE HOW TO TREAT HER. SO, SHE CONTINUES TO WAIT FOR THE MOMENT WHEN THE RIGHT DUDE WILL FIND HIS WAY INTO HER LIFE.
ME AND HER LOVER HAD A TALK.

THE UGLIEST THING ABOUT A HUMAN BEING . . .
COMES FROM HIS TONGUE RATHER THAN HIS TOUCH.
THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE RICOCHETING IN HIS OWN EAR . . .
BREAKING YOUR WEAKNESS INTO PIECES THAT DON'T MEAN TOO MUCH.

TO LIVE ALONE IN A PLACE CALLED HOME . . .
THE ONLY PLACE HE DOESN'T WANNA DRAW PEOPLE NEAR,
SO HE CALCULATES THE MOST BEAUTIFUL DECEPTIONS . . .
TO STOP YOU FROM QUESTIONING HIS OBVIOUS FEAR.

THE WAY SHE SPEAKS THE SPOKEN WORD . . .
SOUNDS OF LOVELINESS OFF HER TONGUE.
THE WAY YOU BROUGHT Y'ALL LOVE TOGETHER . . .
IS THE SAME WAY SHE LEAVES YOU SPRUNG.

HAVE YOU EVER HAD A CRUSH ON SOMEONE?
A FEMALE YOU THOUGHT WAS LIKE NO OTHER.
UNTIL YOU PAID ATTENTION TO HER EVERY MOVE . . .
AND, TURNS OUT SHE'S LIKE YOUR MOTHER?

I'M WAY PASS THE STAGE OF BEING SHY . . .
I KNOW HOW TO LISTEN TO WORDS.
THE PERSUASIVE KIND THAT COMES FROM HIM . . .
THE EMOTIONAL KIND THAT COMES FROM HER.

COMBINE THESE WORDS IN CONVERSATION . . .
AND, TWO DIFFERENT KIND OF LOVERS YOU GET IN THE END.
STICKS AND STONES AND FISTS BREAK HER BONES . . .
THEM WOUNDS STRETCH OUT LIKE RUBBER BANDS.

IF HE HAD THE CHANCE TO SHAPE YOU AGAIN . . .
HE'D USE WORDS INSTEAD OF CHISELS.
HE WOULDN'T MAKE YOU PERFECT, WOULDN'T MAKE YOU FLAWED . . .
HE'D MEET YOU DOWN THE MIDDLE.

CONT. →
There can never be what never was....
Unless you teach that female how to love.
Infatuation multiplied by attraction....
Domestic violence wearing bloody gloves.
"THE TIME HAS COME TO SAY I DO....
LOVE YOU IN A WAY THAT'S HARD TO DEFINE.
HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU COUNT THE WAYS....
YOU USED TO LOVE ME BETWEEN THE LINES?

I THINK ABOUT YOU A LOT, STINE.
AND, IT FEELS LIKE PART OF ME IS MISSING.
THE PART OF ME THAT SHOULD BE THERE....
IS THE PART OF YOU THAT'S ALWAYS MISSING.

WHAT WENT WRONG, I CAN'T CORRECT....
BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FEEL.
BUT, IF SILENCE IS THE GOLDEN SOLUTION....
YOU SURE PICKED A WAY TO OD.

I WAS MOTIVATED BY UNNECESSARY THINGS....
BUT I ALWAYS TRIED TO KEEP MY FOCUS.
WORRIED ABOUT MY ENEMIES CLOSING IN ON ME....
NOT KNOWING MY REAL ENEMY WAS THE CLOSEST.

WALKING AROUND WITH MY SECOND 'SELF....'
WAS THE REASON I WAS HEARING VOICES.
LISTENING TO OLD WORDS OF WISDOM....
INFLUENCED ME TO MAKE MANY A BAD CHOICES.

I PLACED MYSELF BENEATH YOUR FEET....
DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND....TRYING TO BE SMART.
LISTENING TO YOU I WASN'T SMART ENOUGH TO SEE....
The way you left footprints all over my heart.

IN A WORLD WHERE WE LIVE ALONE....
THEN HAVE NIGHTMARES ABOUT OPINIONS....
TRYING TO LIVE UP TO OTHER PEOPLE'S EXPECTATIONS....
PART OF YOUR MIND BECAME A PRISON.
LISTEN TO ME SPEAK MY OPINION...
BEFORE YOU JUDGE ME BY THE BOOK.
WHAT ONCE WAS LOVED, IS NOW WHAT'S LOST...
THE OLD ME IS MY OLD LOOK.

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY...
WHEN PART OF MY HEART WOULD BE A BAYOU.
ALWAYS TRYING TO BE TWO STEPS AHEAD OF YOU...
I WAS USED TO LOOKING BEHIND ME FOR YOUR SHADOW.

HOW WE CAME TOGETHER ONCE...
WE'LL COME TOGETHER AGAIN.
I HOPE YOU TAKE A PENCIL WITH YOU...
SO YOU CAN ERASE SOME OF YOUR SINS.

SINCE I DIDN'T GET THE CHANCE TO SAY GOOD-BYE, STINE...
I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER YOU THROUGH NEXT OF KIN.

SIGNED.... AND SEALED.

-LEON.-

WHERE THERE'S NO BEGINNING.... THERE'S NO END.
THE COFFIN:

READ THIS PART LAST.
PLENTY FACES COME AND GO, BUT HOW MANY PEOPLE HIDE BEHIND DECEPTION? LIKE A FEMALE CLOWN WHO DOESN'T KNOW HER PAINT HAS SmeerD. SHE CARRIES ON HER PERFORMANCE NEAR THE INTERSECTION.

Hiding behind her Blackened eyes, you can't see because of pain. The happiness of her smile, she lies to the world, isn't the real her because of pain.

What makes you laugh, will make you cry. One man's justice is her cry for revenge. Every person that passes by can help her out. If they only knew what she does to pretend.

That nothing wrong is everything right, if you can't see behind the layers of abuse. Everywhere to run, but nowhere to hide. Only because her feelings have cut her loose.

Using sign language to communicate that her feelings do cry for help. Shedding tears down her face she just can't wipe away, trying to deal with the cards she was dealt.

If mistakes she made were carved in stone, and you don't like the way she wears her shoes, pants sagging, and two afro puffs. You probably wouldn't understand what it means to lose.

If changing places mean changing faces, and you don't want to hide behind shadows of abuse, trying to speak a language you probably wouldn't understand, to help her get away would be of no use.

So you continue going, not thinking to look back, because you live in a world of your own. Not knowing the world that female is trapped in is called domestic violence. A world where his anger is too easily turned off and on.

One man's justice is written in blood, if you put blood she sheds on a scale. Written in blood the strange love he shared. Shadows of abuse only her secrets can tell.

Trying hard to hold on to her smile, blood and tears cracking her grin.
Trying hard to regurgitate her voice, to let you know she lives in constant sin.

Every day is 'Judgement Day,' and all you do is laugh at this clown. Constantly walking past a broken heart. As this beat up lover moves quietly across the town.

Trying her best to fingerprint any female who understands her abuse, walking around, living the same lie. Tied to the same kind of shackles, who doesn't want to break loose.

If birds of a feather flock together, why don't you feel my pain? If a thorn in my side is a pain in your heart, why isn't our hurt the same?

Revenge wears a cloak that looks like eyes without a face. Facial expressions that try to tell, on the outside she may look like a thing of beauty, but on the inside her life is a living hell.

If you ever see her looking down, feeling left out in this world, tell her most of the sky is made like a diamond, and her every word should be a pearl.

Pearls of wisdom that takes the form of what it means to love. If you teach your lover how to treat your mind, he should never have a reason to beat your body with abuser gloves.

The kind of gloves that open scars and return you to old wounds. Deja vu in living flesh. Like the wicked witch flying by on a broom. Pulling strings like a puppet master, cracking jokes that make no sense. To you, on the outside looking in, you would see a clown that knows no common sense.

So you point the finger, cooking for flaws, not truly trying to offend. Till you strike a nerve, then the clown lash. Every reason for her to defend. Her beat up self that has no reason to go on without love. So she keeps running back to her old time lover, because she rather feel pushed than deprived of love.
AT TIMES LIKE NOW IT MAKES NO SENSE BECAUSE WE WEAR TWO DIFFERENT SKINS. ALWAYS FEELING LIKE A LOSER, IN A BODY THAT WAS MADE TO WIN. STRIKE A POSE, TAKING TURNS, ALWAYS LOOKING FOR A MEANING. IN A WORLD THAT WAS MADE TOO BIG FOR THE TWO OF US, HER COMFORT ZONE IS AGAINST THE POLE SHE'S LEANING.

IF THE MEANING OF LIFE CAME WITH INSTRUCTIONS, YOU'D SWEAR TO GOD SHE DIDN'T KNOW THE RULES. YOU CAN BURN YOUR HANDS IF YOU PLAY WITH FIRE. BUT, EVERYBODY PLAYS THE FOOL.

TOO FAST FOR THE EYES TO FOLLOW. TOO FAST FOR THE EARS TO HEAR. TOO HARD FOR THE HEART TO FEEL. SO EASY FOR THE MIND TO FEAR. THAT DOMESTIC VIOLENCE IS A PARASITE. ON A LOVER'S BLOOD IT FEEDS. DETERMINED TO OPEN A COVERED WOUND, THAT ALWAYS MIXES UP HIS WANTS AND NEEDS.

TO TELL HER THAT HE LOVES HER NOT IS LIKE THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND. IN ONE EAR AND OUT THE OTHER THE WAY HER PAINTED TEAR DROPS PORTRAY HER CRYING.

IF YOU TASTE THE BITTER WITH THE SWEET, THEN LET WORDS COME OUT OF YOUR MOUTH. SHE PROBABLY WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE SOURNESS OF WHAT YOU TRY TO SAY. BECAUSE DEAF EARS DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CONVERSATE ABOUT.

SO SHE MOVES IN SILENCE HERE AND THERE, COUNTING THE FOOTSTEPS SHE LEAVES BEHIND. ONE LIFE TO LIVE. THESE ARE THE DAYS OF OUR LIVES. SO SHE VISUALIZES SANDS IN THE HOURGLASS FALLING AS HER ONLY WAY TO PASS THE TIME.

RETURNING TO HER STARTING POINT WITH TATTOOS OF HER MISTAKES, THE MEANING OF LOVE TURNED INSIDE OUT. ALL THE DAMAGE DONE TO HER FACE.

THOUGH ME AND MY MOMS MADE MISTAKES . . . I'VE NEVER MADE HER SPIT UP BLOOD. EVEN THOUGH I WAS RAISED BY GANGSTERS . . . THEY NEVER TAUGHT ME TO SHOW HER HOW I THUG.

TO LIVE AND DIE IN THE NAME OF HONOR . . . MY HEART WAS PARTLY STEEL. MY MOMS NEVER SHOWED ME HOW TO BE EMOTIONAL . . . SO THAT LACK OF LOVE IN ME IS WHAT HELP ME KEEP IT REAL.

MAURICE MATHIS
So, if you ever see me and my mom in conversation... that ends with her telling me she loves me... that always remind me of why I chose the streets.

I'll never be what I used to be... because the quicksand dried up long ago. I just wish I could stop having visions of my mom in a casket. But to death by a love she really didn't know.

So, if you choose to turn away... I wouldn't be disappointed with your look. The last piece to this puzzle is to close the covering of my mom's casket... by closing the back cover to this book.

‘Everybody plays the fool.’

- THE END. -