Darryl Patton

The Unfolding Experience of Prose Introducing Poetry
THE UNFOLDING EXPERIENCE

A mixture of both the old, and the new of Creative Writing. A collaboration between "Poetry" as it is introduced by "Prose". Words that bring its readers together by reinforcing the fact that we all experience, yet also share in a certain interconnectedness. A story!

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** GROWING PAIN'S **

A POEM

(c)2012 @ by: DARRYL PATTON

Human soul's, like twisting whirlwinds
inter-twine themselves like spell's;
Within are the angry smiles
and don't allow the simplest of things
to bring it to laughter.

We all must see the children play within
those standing River's of the desert sands;
With dry winds hitch-hiking with thunderous sounds
its noise so cold that
shelter from its troubled breeze
is nowhere to be found.

Still young Spirit's must rumble on
from their knee's hearing the distant drum's;
With whisper's like rain pouring down.
They teach of a run
how silver bullet's once scattered the beast, And
of ancient vision's, with trigger's
though never pictured with the smoking gun.

Head's a-lined on spears where
dusty path-ways, are the only door-ways;
"To follow the answer's"
babies within wisdom must
open their mouths to speak.
And need to seek to understand
the "Root" and the "Seed";
How to digest those foods that
have no substance nor meat.

To be creative Master's, master's must first
learn to create;
With spicy ingredients of secret that will
** GROWING PAIN'S **

poem cont. #2

maintain the healthy heart-rate.
And that foundation of Wisdom is
in the collective of the masse's ear;
But getting through that door-way of knowledge is
the Art, that's only exposed in part.
MUSICAL JOURNEY
A POEM

You've taken "Angelic Songs"
and arranged them all wrong;
With your psychotropic melodies
and images of wayout altered reality's.

Where did you get those beats?
There's no substance, and there is no message,
in what you consider lyrical heat;
So how can I pat my feet
when the music has no meat?

Gone are those story's of Love,
Heartache, and Blame:
In its place
car's, money, and names.

Killer noise
confusing both boy's and girl's;
With futuristic implications,
of a neophasis world.
All normal function has been destroyed;
No more, "Love between a boy & girl".

Just goo-goo for ga-ga, and Sam I am;
Nursery rhyme's, with spaced out sounds,
disco balls, egg shells all around.

Lord! How could we let our art take such a fall?
Concerts performed, where chaos is the norm.;
And it seems that, "Rave's"
are the perfect killing machines.

Consumer's, they find no sleep
constantly downloading;
from the comforts of their seats.
MUSICAL JOURNEY (poem) pg. 2

Will it survive, this harmony, 
that once saved people's lives; 
With those beautiful word's, blowing through lip's 
causing brother's and sister's to sway at the hip's. 
Smooth grooves setting moods 
attracting women to their style of dude's; 
Play another slow jam, and Turn out the light's 
 baby making music, kept you and many other's 
 from running the street's at night.

"Music is embedded in the soul, not to bargained away 
to that devil at the cross-roads."

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Sometimes I can get how, "Thought & History", can be seen as one and the same. Seeing that history is only possible because of those thoughts we naturally hold on to, in order to return to and reflect upon at a much later date. So our thoughts will never come to an end, being that they are the by-product of a history that we naturally will never be able to forget, and vice-versa.

But what is common between both thought and history, is the need to write, to record those stories of life past-present-and future.

Writing is a very essential part of that which drives our human evolution, with its basic constitution in the generation of life's educational principles, qualities, or elements that determine ones intrinsic nature or behavior characteristic's. We've been taught to learn from experiences, to recreate while at the same time trying to improve upon those thoughts and ideals that history will keep in store. Documenting everything we witness down to its smallest detail, then explain as best we can what the purpose was behind that which we write or record.

"A Need To Write", is a poem that uses different metaphor's to show the importance of the written expression. That writing is not only beneficial to those who are meant to share in the knowledge of a particular thought. But writing can also be healthy and beneficial to one's spirit, or soul depending on the situation and individual.

We all have a story of some sort or another just waiting there within our hearts and minds. While some are pleasant, other's are not, and over the course of time they tend to grow until one day for whatever reason, they come pouring out. It is at that point in life that we all need to write, and whether we do it well or not, is not what's important. It's that whether we are brave enough to do it at all, exposing our trouble's and struggle's to that comparison of those from history.

So if we can understand today why we need to write, we make a better day of tomorrow. Sharing those thoughts from within our hearts and minds, adding a part to the history that will live on forever in time.
** A NEED TO WRITE **

A POEM

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To write a wrong thing, as it is defined by other's;
Questions, whether it was one of my best expressions.
Impressive impression's
creative all the same;
In a room filled with mind affirming
what my words are meant to explain.

This is my moment back
to front my people some more inspirations;
Cause they are "Life" dealers dabbling in paper
soliciting a good product
for folk's to deal, within their own frustrations.

* Is this the Real Me? And not just some old illusion,
for an alter ego to be *

Look into my mirror's, Reflection's
will be one and the same;
Look at how my mask has dropped
facing this fact as much as I can.
It's the recognition of a blind man
now able to see;
How best to use that "Pen"
that's now strapped in his hand.

I've read those letters from Paul
telling of his journey from Saul;
And upon comparing our story's
what I write, is no different at all.
Stories of "Saul to Paul"
and me to the person I'm striving to be;
Could have derived from the activation
of a certain mystical knowledge tree.
Points are often spoken, Token
people need to reach out
We all have a need to be fed off them prime meats
from the rich's of tables.
Of experience I'm talking about;
Not from them scrap's
that keep's one full on doubt.

And those rabbit holes, to our pigeon holes
should and could be, a place for rest;
A rejuvenated spirit will hopefully surface
ready and able
to face that next important test.

* If only to evolve me, into one more creation
Filled with life, and renewed inspiration *

It's a new day, the Son is shining
coming out of the darkness;
With a brilliance that's almost blinding.
Feel that heat?
See how the energy rises?
Now that a Life is back in its seat;
Refusing to let defeat, keep it off of its feet.

I stand!
Today, there's no better man;
Look at me!
still able to use that pen
that's strapped in my hand.

Forever I will seek
never truly content with what I will find;
Another question will always replace the last
of whether I should use my heart
or my mind
THE WALL

A POEM INTRODUCTION

THE ART OF COMMUNICATION CAN BE AS OLD AS "TIME" ITSELF (sort to say), AND TO COVER THE VAST AREA OF IT'S HISTORY WOULD TAKE ENTIRELY TOO LONG.

YET IT IS ALWAYS NICE TO BE ABLE TO TAKE A SMALL PART OF A WHOLE AND ALLOW THAT TO GIVE US A DIFFERENT LOOK AND PERSPECTIVE OF IT'S PURPOSE AND NEED.

THERE ARE VARIOUS WAYS THAT THE CREATURES UPON THIS EARTH COMMUNICATE, EACH IN CONJUNCTION WITH IT'S KIND. AND OVER A PERIOD OF TIME, THINGS WILL CHANGE. AS WAYS OF COMMUNICATING EVOLVE INTO NEW AND IMPROVED METHODS OF EXPRESSION'S, OF THOUGHT IN BOTH THE VERBAL AND WRITTEN FORMS.

AND THE MOST "UNIQUE" THING ABOUT THE EVOLUTION OF OUR COMMUNICATION PROCESS, IS THAT THOSE ANCIENT AND MODERN ART FORMS ARE RECORDED AND THEY WILL REMAIN WITH US.

READY TO TELL THE STORIES AND GIVE A GLIMPSE, A PEAK THROUGH A SMALL WINDOW INTO A TIME BEFORE THE PRESENT TIME. TEACHING US AND TRULY HELPING US TO UNDERSTAND JUST WHO AND WHY WE TRULY ARE.

"THE WALL", IS A POEM THAT TRY'S TO EXPRESS TO IT'S READERS ABOUT THE VARIETY OF "WORD PLAY", THAT IS TO BE FOUND WITHIN THE HUMAN LANGUAGE. THAT A PERSON CAN ARRANGE AND THEN REARRANGE WORDS AND LETTERS, AND THAT IN RETURN WILL CREATE NEW WORDS THAT WILL MAKE UP NEW THOUGHTS. AND WITH THOSE NEW THOUGHTS, NEW MEANINGS, WITH STORIES TO BE RECORDED AND PASSED AHEAD THROUGH TIME FOR OTHERS TO EXPERIENCE.

GRAPHIC'S ON THE WALL, WHETHER IT BE "HIEROGLYPHICS", OR SIMPLY "GRAFFITI", CAN AND SHOULD BE RESPECTED AND UNDERSTOOD AS AN IMPORTANT PIECE OF HISTORY FOR THIS WORLD.

SYMBOLIC IN NATURE, EXPRESSED FROM A SPIRITUAL FOUNDATION, WORDS ARE GIVEN POWERS IN DIFFERENT MEANINGS TO RESEARCHED AND UNDERSTOOD.

SO WHEN YOU LOOK UPON ANOTHER "WALL", AND YOU SEE A SCRIBBLE HERE, OR A PICTURE THERE, A FEW NUMBERS, OR EVEN ALL OF THEM COMBINED AS ONE. KEEP THE OPEN MIND AND TRY TO SEE IT IN A NEW WAY, AS SOMEONE TRYING TO SHARE THEIR STORY AND PERSONAL THOUGHTS.

AND MAYBE YOU WILL FIND THAT THE WALL NO LONGER LOOKS SO BAD, THAT IT'S JUST ANOTHER PIECE OF LIFE'S GROWING HISTORY. A HISTORY THAT YOU TOO MAY ALSO CONTRIBUTE TOO IF YOU SO CHOOSE WITH A STORY OR TWO TO SHARE WITH THAT FUTURE GENERATION. AND HOPEFULLY THEY WILL SEE AND THEN UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY NEED AND HAVE TO DO.
THE WALL
A POEM
(c)2009 © by: BARRYL PATTON

Words, side by side
Letter's,
like thousands of puzzle piece's,
laying in a pile of thought;
Needing to be separated, then put together
into some unknown theme.

Like conflict, written on a wall
beginning with the capital "C"
And ending with the small "t"
in "Time".

Now re-arrange other letters
to make up new words, to fix the next line;
Add life into the scene
and notice that "If"
is in the middle of that.

"To separate one thought from another;
Can be a perfect way,
for some pictures to be looked at."

Can one connect the " Hiero "
with " " Glyph ",
not knowing the true meaning of them both?

And I'd like to think that " Aloha "
knew that " BET ",
is the abbreviation
for " Between ".

" Between things our eyes imagine they've seen "
THE WALL (poem) pg. 2

Syllabaries, to Hieroglyph's
for those generations to "a";
Symbolic expressions
passed ahead through visual impression's.

Poetic conversations
formulated into written form;
Short lettered words here, long one's there
organized accordingly
brings to life new meaning
to that conflict of which we've all had our share.

There are thousand of "Walls" put out there
for all the world to see;
Recorded stories
that cover a variety of theme's.

Corrupted fiction, like a novel it reads
and interpretation,
that's in the hand of the beholder;
The different points of view
is what makes Life's chaos, seem so unique.

Understanding the true value of the expression
will give life to those meanings,
we all must seek;
Only then will your puzzle be complete.
** I AM A DREAMER **

POEM INTRODUCTION

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There are many mysteries in life who's answers lay way beyond the human level of comprehension, and that God uses to show us that complete knowledge and understanding is His alone.

He presents us with these mysteries, some solvable, and some are not. He does this to allow us to open up our intellectual understanding, and creatively seek a higher and more complexed train of thought and thinking.

To embrace those questions that are asked concerning most mysteries, or just one in particular, a person will sometimes need to get away from the conventional ways of thinking. And try to find answer's(or at least some of them), within the law's of nature and the spiritual realm. God in His wisdom, entertains our enchanted imaginations with unknown and un-explainable occurrence's, so that we might expand our mental and creative minds. To explore and experience those beautiful and un-solvable mysteries that only He holds the key's that un-lock its knowledge.

The mystery of "Dreams", is one of those unexplainable "Wonders" that God has given to us to play with. Or! should have I said; "play with us", being that from my own experiences, I know that I have no control over when or where a dream will take over my mental or physical possession. " And inly's the beauty and fascination that makes Dreams so attractive and powerful "

Picture the un-known scenes of stories playing themselves out within the subconscious of your brain, with messages that are so deep that we try so hard to understand their meaning.

Many theories and speculations have been given to this subject since the beginning of time, but there has been no definite proof presented as to the meaning and purpose behind our dreams. Most people simply accept them as gift's from God, or a link between the physical and non physical aspects of our creative functions, a door-way into a world with enterchangable parts and possibility's And the type of dream's can differ from one moment to the next,
** I AM A DREAMER **

intro. cont. 2

and on some occasions, a person is able to have control over cer-
tain forms of dreaming.

To "Day Dream", it only takes a creative mind and a calm
spirit to allow the imagination to drift off into a cool subcon-
scious state. Where you create the scene and determine the out-
come of the dream, and everything it means. Planning and visuali-
zing "ones" life in one powerful swoop.

Then there's those dream's that come with sleep and the uncon-
scious mind, as it produces scenes that are a variety in nature.
Dream's that have the power to stay with you even after the sleep
has passed. These dreams can show you things that make no sense,
leaving a person in need of figuring out their meaning.

But the bottom line is this; That these types of dreams will
come to you of their own free will. The poem touches on the two
types of dream's mentioned, and the beauty and peace that can be
found and enjoyed from the experience.
** I AM A DREAMER **

A POEM

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I am but a dreamer, and
only in my dreams does the magic truly exist*
My intimacy with life * Sleep's.
Impossibles, have become possibilities to live for
and childhood spell's, must separate themselves;
From mature imaginations.
* and yet! the end result is always the same *

I alone, walk throughout a life-time
in my paradisaical realm;
Tailored by a personal and creative need or want.
I alone own that space
on which to build my perfect world;
And to have, and not have not
is not a option.

For everything there is premeditated;
Successful created fantasies are a must.
Cause I've often played with this magic
in the middle of the day;
And truly thought I could feel
that which my mind would let me see.

Traveling to places, both near and far
exploring that peace found in the imagery;
Where dramatic's complimented the journey
and the laughter
it had its moments, in-between each act.

Smiling * I was free!
As I repetitively visited those thoughts.
Smiling in that "Daze"
savoring those feelings;
Until out of no-where! A sudden movement brought me back.
** I AM A DREAMER **

poem cont. #2

Only to find, that when night-time fell;
   A different kind of spell
lay behind the subconscious veil.
   DreamScape
magic at its finest;
Mystery behind that curtain of sleep
the unknown scene, where dreams can mean a variety of things.
   Cryptic messages, Romance and Happiness;
   And if one is truly, truly blessed
dreams can be a door-way
between this life and the next.
I'm always there reeling
in the somber, of the social and remembered moment;
   Or, that joyance in sleep
that reminds of possibilities undone.
   And that mystery in the magic of which I spoke;
   Only add's flavor to
the unknown scene's of my dreams.
   The one's that last
even after the night has passed;
   Playing over and over
demanding recognition as something important.
* To be expressed and discovered with some one
   whom has known like magic as well *
   And in that act
Life's magic comes alive;
In the sharing of the ingredients that created the spell.

I am but a dreamer * I am free! * And I understand
It's all part of God's plan for me.
God, in his infinite wisdom and love for our souls survival, allows us to consume a needed amount of spiritual experience as we move about within our day to day inter-actions. We are given all the means and know-how we need to create and then to live a productive and healthy life. Or choose not too, it all depends on the ingredients a person decides to use as they prepare their course for life.

It's all too easy to "Mix In" attitudes with the wrong understanding, making life too spicy and unsafe to live. But sometimes we have to get it wrong that first time when we try to do things on our own, or through the advisement of others. Only after we humble ourselves and focus, do we need remember to keep God at the head of all that we seek to do. With His love and guidance, we will then be able to "Mix" in the right attitudes with the right understanding. Coming up with a healthy course for the lifestyles to feed upon. Even when things don't turn out like we hoped they would, we still must find peace in the knowledge that we are still in control of our fate.

The way we think and react to things that happen, or don't happen in our lives. Will determine the level of our spiritual foundation and that if its at a place that's safe to stand on. Ready and able to try and rise to another level as we witness and create more of life's "Soulful" experiences, as we climb that stair-way to heaven.

Soul Food, is a poem based with spiritual under-tones, aimed at personal enlightenment. The writer uses a Metaphor of food to spiciness up a small part of his message, and of course, the message of how we think and re-act is the main objective.
**SOUL FOOD**

poem cont. #2

My life is back in my own hands
I woke up!
and asked God for a plan;
He fed me with Spiritual food's
that weaned me, from boy to Man.

* It is what it is,
so put this good saying to use whenever you can *

Just focus on all those words of pleasure
and let those thoughts
become food for your soul;
Peaceful and simple ways of thinking, can
fill what's left, of all your empty holes.
Ain't that what we're all looking for
when we shop for common sense?
There's a true value for trust, But
it ain't sold in any store;
Cause I found mine, while praying on my knee's
on my own floor.

Facing my trouble's and struggle's
taking it day by day;
With every battle that I win, it assures me
that I'm headed the right way.
Even those I lose I don't confuse as
simply obstacle's on my path;
Who's only purpose, is to feed upon
my untamed wrath.

God is the "Master" of my Soul
and He allows me
to be the "Captain" of my Fate;
So far I've kept good records of my journey
although every experience that I choose
Time moves by so quickly in life that before we realize just how short and precious it truly is, or could be, that sometimes there's just not enough time left in our lives to really appreciate its true beauty. Too many of us get caught up at a very young age, listening to and observing the various stories of success and failure. Those that make up the internal conceptions that a person's social surroundings should be the object that motivates that person towards something new and approved.

What we heard people express from a personal point of view as to what is considered successful, and the many rewards that come with the title. It can have a tremendous effect on a young and impressional mind, in ways that will shape their ideals and beliefs.

Once our imaginations wrap themselves around the visual aspects of living a successful life, our desires and personal needs are now compromised to believe that the Norm., is no longer suitable and therefore something to be frowned upon.

Stuck In The Past, talks about those mis-stakes we've made throughout our lives, while chasing what parts of society consider the finer things in life to be. Of how in some cases a person can relive in a mistake over and over, until they miss that true beauty that life really is. The piece also touches briefly on the notion that reflecting on those events from our
** STUCK IN THE PAST **

opinion cont. *2

past, can be a generative quality. Where people attach their circumstances and social conditions to that of those who came before them, that somehow we were born into our situations.

But the second part of the piece, it speaks about understanding and breaking the conditioned habit's we've embraced over a long period of time. Of how a constant reflecting on what's behind you, can and will more times than not, affect how you see and approach that life you still have to live ahead of you. And that we only are allowed so much control over the things that happen in this life under the Sun. And to control the little we can, we must keep a clear and alert mind. So we're able to recognize and then understand the problem when it arises.

If we continue to stress about the past, it is possible that the future will always be distracted. So why not let the things in the past rest, and just focus and be ready for whatever's coming in our futures, and just live for today.

** A MESSAGE PIECE **

It seems that everywhere you look these days people say that they want to get away from something or they're trying to get out of something.

When I was a young-blood I too used to be one of those people with dreams and aspirations to make enough money to one day be able to move out of the "so-called" ghetto. To live in a big pretty house in a quiet suburban neighborhood. That's all I heard people talk about how they was getting out getting away,
And at the time I honestly thought that it all made sense.

Today I ask myself! What is it that I'm really trying to get out of or away from? And if I did succeed in getting out then what was it I was trying so hard to get into? We spend so much time putting pressure on ourselves to accomplish one thing or another that we sometimes forget that other things are in motion in our lives that constitute direction and purpose.

It is so easy to become linked to repetitive conditioning of ways to think about something that we unconsciously step inside a boxed enclosure and blind ourselves to anything outside the confusion that is bouncing off the immediate walls that surround us. Unknowingly a process has begun to create a creature of habit's sort-ta-say. What we hear or see over a period of time becomes the celebrity chain of thought or belief. By the time all of life's mistakes are realized and seem ripe to address and understand we've already been conditioned to think inside Pandora's Rubik's or Jack's box.

Let's just say that, unconventional thinking and a stagnated spirit are unproductive in our need for verbal confrontations. A closed mind disguised and too much judgment and pride prevents us from being innovative in our own natural human growth. There is nothing completely wrong in thinking outside the box. But sometimes it takes separation to bring appreciation.

We are a bunch of grown ass men still hung up on what we consid
** STUCK IN THE PAST **

opinion cont. #4

sider not only yesterdays mistakes but often times mistakes dating all the way back to childhood. And in some cases we even connect ourselves to those of our father's and their father.

No one ever wants to accept their God given lot in life. So we spend a life-time trying to understand and to right every Wrong or Tragedy about ourselves we can find. Believing with every moral fiber that the future can somehow be controlled by a constant reflection on events of the past.

If only we could let the past rest in peace and simply accept it for what it is and for what its purpose is meant to be. Every day from that point on will bring us something new. A personal knowledge about one's self that keeps you looking to the heavens with a clear and alert mind and spirit. Free from all those mis-leading restraints that kept us bound for years in self contempt. Isolated in memories of nothing but heartache and pain.

How can one remember so strongly about long ago? Yet have no recollection of those unproductive thoughts that only surfaced yesterday? Or even better Those productive thoughts. Being that most things under the Sun they run in pairs. Good & Bad, Happy & Sad, Positive & Negative and so on and so on. To know and accept one you have to do the same to the other. It is the basic laws of nature. Yet we beat ourselves up something terrible wanting to have one and not the other.
** STUCK IN THE PAST **

opinion cont. #5

I can go on and on with this train of thought. But I'll just end with this: "There's a season for everything in life. The season of the past has come and gone. Let it rest. And live in the season that you face today."
* MIRROR IMAGE *

A POEM INTRODUCTION

THERE IS A "duelism" THAT'S CONNECTED TO OUR HUMAN EXISTANCE, THAT WE SOMETIMES SEPARATE FROM IT'S NATURAL PURPOSE AND NEED. SO IT IS EASY TO CONDITION OURSELVES TO SEEK OUT AND UNDERSTAND THE GOOD OF A THING, WITHOUT GIVING A SECOND THOUGHT TO THAT OPPOSITE RESULT OF WHICH ONE MUST MEASURE THAT GOOD THING UP AGAINST.

SUCCESS EXPERIENCED ALONE WITHOUT ANY FAILURE, IS A POWERFUL WEIGHT AND TENDS TO TIP ONE'S UNDERSTANDING IN A DIRECTION TO WHERE HE/SHE BECOMES CONTENT AND NAIVE TO ANYTHING OTHER THAN A POSITIVE OUTCOME.

AND ONCE THE NEGATIVE EXPERIENCE PRESENTS ITSELF, WE ARE ALREADY CONDITIONED TOWARDS KNOWING ONLY POSITIVE EXPERIENCES. THAT THE NEW AND UNFAMILIAR OUTCOME CAN HAVE AN ADVERSE EFFECT TO WHERE NOW LIFE'S GREATEST REALITY HAS REACHED OUT AND CAPTURED OUR ATTENTION. WE ARE MADE TO REALIZE THAT AS HUMAN BEINGS, WE ARE CREATED TO BE AN IMPERFECT PEOPLE. TO SUCCEED, AND THEN STRUGGLE TO SUCCEED, TO EXPERIENCE "joy" AS WELL AS "pain".

BUT IN-BETWEEN THE OPPOSITES WE MUST SEEK TO UNDERSTAND AND GROW FROM THE KNOWLEDGE ATTAINED AND GATHERED, LEARNING THE DIFFERENCE AND PURPOSE CONCERNING THE TWO.

IF WE COULD EMBRACE THE FACT THAT LIFE OPERATES ON A SCALE OF WEIGHTS AND BALANCES, THAT THE SPIRITUAL ACT IS SOMEHOW CONNECTED TO THE PHYSICAL ACT. IT BECOME EASY TO SEE FROM A COMMON SENSE POINT OF VIEW, THAT OUR HUMAN NATURE IS TRULY GOVERNED BY A DUCLISM THAT WHEN IS PROPERLY RESPECTED AND UNDERSTOOD, KEEPS ONE'S LIFE BALANCED AND IN CHECKED. CREATING A RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN BOTH THE PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL SELF, THAT ARE BOTH HEALTHY AND PRODUCTIVE AND THERE-BY LEAVING IT'S POSSESSER ENLIGHTENED AND ASSURED.

ALL FICTITIOUS RESTRANTS FALL AWAY AND NO LONGER IS THERE A STRUGGLE TO BE FREE, CAUSE THE POWER FROM YOUR KNOWLEDGE AND ACCEPTANCE GIVES YOU CONTROL OVER HOW GOOD OR BAD YOUR LIFE COULD BE.

BUT IT'S ALL UP TO THE INDIVIDUAL TO OPEN HIS/HER MIND, TAKE A LONG LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND TRY AS BEST THEY CAN TO RECOGNIZE THAT IMAGE THAT LOOKS BACK AT THEM. AND NOT BE AFRAID TO NOTICE THAT A HAIR IS OUT OF PLACE, OR THAT SOMEHOW ONE'S SMILE HAS BEEN MIS-PLACED. THAT MAYBE JUST FOR THAT MOMENT, THAT'S EXACTLY AS GOD MEANT IT TO BE.

BUT THE BEAUTY OF THE MIRROR AFFECT IS THAT NO TWO MOMENTS ARE EVER THE SAME, AND THE Duplicity WHEN WE SEE IT, COMES FROM OUR IMAGINATION AND FRAME OF MIND AT THE TIME.
IT IS ALL SO COMMON FOR SOMEONE TO SEE THEMSELVES AS SOMETHING OTHER THAN WHAT THEY REALLY ARE, AND TO CREATE AN IMAGE THAT REPRESENTS HOW THEY NEED THE WORLD TO PERCEIVE THEM TO BE. IN THIS ACT A PERSON'S TRUE FACE BEGIN'S TO FADE AWAY AND TAKE ON AN APPEARANCE OF SOMETHING CLOSE TO IT'S LIKENESS, A TWIN THAT IS IDENTICAL IN THE PHYSICAL, BUT NOT THE SPIRITUAL.

WE NEED TO LOSE OUR TRUE SELVES IN THE EXPLORATION OF VERSATILE AND CREATIVE WAY'S TO RE-INVENT OUR IMAGE. BUT JUST AS THE SEASON'S ACCEPT THEIR TIMES OF CHANGE KNOWING THAT IT"S TRUE CYCLE WILL REMAIN THE SAME, SO SHOULD THE CHARACTERISTIC'S OF HUMAN BEINGS OPERATE, AS LONG AS THEY DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF THEIR GOD GIVEN IDENTITY. " OF WHICH THERE IS NO TWIN "

THE MORE A PERSON LEARNS AND UNDERSTANDS ABOUT THEMSELVES, THE STRONGER THEIR SELF-APPROVAL BECOMES AND THE NOTION OF ALTER-EGO'S, AND IT'S PURPOSE, IS UTILIZED IN A WISE AND PRODUCTIVE WAY.

KNOWLEDGE & WISDOM WILL ALWAYS STEP INTO OUR SIGHTS, BRINGING WITH THEM THE PEACE AND EXCITEMENT THAT CAN BE ENJOYED WHEN HIS/HER MIND, BODY, AND SOUL ARE ALL WORKING IN PERFECT HARMONY.

WRITTEN BY: DARRYL PATTON
* MIRROR IMAGE *

A POEM

Right to left # Left to right;
   Twin faces aluminate
   from reflections of light.

   Between alternate universes
   one soul must share;
   Back and forth it will travel
   experiencing both joy and dispair.

One a distant friend # as the other
operates on the other side of a track;
   Connected by purpose
while keeping natures law's intact.

2 diminsional in figure
   life-long counter-parts;
With different observations
   from one idealistic heart.

Knowledge will be gathered
   information willbe stocked;
Some views will be accepted # other's willnot.

Impressions are everything
   but fresh looks won't always do;
As attractive as things appear
   ugly is on the reverse side of you.

Naw! don't blink # What did you think?
   That twins are identical?
Or that your face # Serves as a perfect link?

You need only step back from the sink
   refocus on that understanding you seek;
    Positives to negatives
keeps the power in your link from being weak.
   But take one from the other
and the current message will stop'
   Fog up that reflection
the mask will drop.

See the chain reaction? The importance of knowing how
   opposites attract;
God created light from darkness # and we see things from
   the front # not the back.
So in your travels # which image will you show? And when
   you look in the mirror # How will you know?
ISSUE'S

A POEM

Issue's foul as dirty laundry dumped at the feet in a heep; Pile's of messy & smelly unknown item's with stain's set in way too deep.

Skin's stretched loosely wrapped around those soiled soul's fragile and thin; Orphaned children stay dazed and confused agony travels within that dust they breath in.

Ancient at suffering pain their tear's are not for their fear's; For prayer's are being answered God's love for His children is near.

His shade like tree's there to create a nice and gentle breeze; Shelter against a desert designed to bring the weary to their knee's.

"But the children are the seeds & so why would A world water it's future with famine and disease?"

Destructive power's unleashed & and immoral controlling creed's & to rape and plunder; Spiritual thieves & with no shame of the dirt they're up under.

History is rich deeply buried are it's secret tales; Hemisphere to hemisphere The world is famous for what is " envy & greed ".

ISSUE'S cont. # 2

Some found the need # and cover over history
cause they want to bury the truth;
   From all those future ear's.

Issue's # Till death do we part;
My conscience is with the children
   so where is that peace
that's supposed to be with my heart ?

ISSUE'S # WOW !

Written by: Darryl Patton
A POEM INTRODUCTION

From the time we enter into this world, our conscious perceptions are already being manipulated to react to the things that are going on around us in our immediate surroundings.

Even that first slap on our behinds when we are born, could be seen as a form of suggestive implantation being that our actions are being directed by some one else.

Over the course of early childhood and throughout one's teen year's, a great amount of raw data is digested and stored concerning the development of life's social skills. So much of the information that is used to mold and fashion our lives around, are instilled within us at a very young age.

Information is one of the controlling factor's behind the direction in which those lives are headed, with curious minds all too eager and excited to play with everything they witness and see.

With their innocent hearts and natural instincts, children will absorb and mimic those visuals as well as verbal displays of human functions that are layed out before them.

Child Affect's main theme try's to touch upon this theory of suggestive messaging that tends to work, good or bad, within the human community. And that from the earliest stages of life, we are guided and groomed by out-side influences. Whether that influence comes from an controlled environment, or social one.

Life's training as was mentioned earlier, begin's with the slap on the butt when a baby first processes that knowledge of it's individuality and new independant breathing.

At that moment his/her journey is now set into motion and the road they travel is paved with many miles of experience. First impressions are learned through natural forms of observations of physical movements, and mimic's of verbal communications.

A controlled environment with teachers who's experience was passed along to them from generations of the same kin, A child's inheritance of expected behavior to prepare them as they enter into that social environment.

The poem try's to back up the writer's opinion's of how those things we see and read on a constant basis as a child, it will have a tremendous affect on the way he or she will approach life in those early years.
CHILD AFFECT INTRO. # 2

THAT THE YOUNG MIND EASILY ACCEPTS THE INFORMATION THAT IS PRESENTED TO IT, AND ONCE VALIDATED WITHIN IT'S SOCIAL CONTEXT BY OTHER'S. THAT INFORMATION IS TAKEN TO HEART AS TRUTH AND IS ACTED UPON BECAUSE THE INSTITUTION FROM WHICH IT CAME PROMOTED IT AS REAL, TO A NAIVE AND INNOCENT MIND.

Even as adult's we sometimes feed into the suggestive me THAT IS THE TRADEMARK OF THE SOCIAL SCHOOL OF MASS MANIPULATION. TO UNDERSTAND TODAY, I LOOK AT YESTERDAY, AND KNOW I WILL ACCEPT TOMORROW. THE TRUTH I LEARNED, CAME FROM MY "CHILD AFFECT".

WRITTEN BY: DARRYL PATTON
** CHILD AFFECT **
(c)2013 By: DARRYL PATTON

Just relax * and breath in the fresh air
now close your eyes and meditate;
Concentrate your thoughts
come to rest in a cool conscious state.
Let wisdom search
let it find you in your peace;
Open up to that understanding you seek.
With it comes clarity
and great insight;
To acknowledge those connections
found in life's genetic drift.
So let the visions play
run their way through your mind;
Think back to when you were nine.
Recall all childhood memories
connect then bridge;
That life between then and now.
Events were set into motion
as a child played along his road to fate;
Naive and innocent
to those dangers he will have to face.
Enrolled in school's;
Taught by teacher's
having a "Masters"
in social rules.
Classrooms set up
like a circus theme;
With symbolic studies
on the American Dream.
Reading from books
the knowledge so old
so out-dated;
It's material cold and calculated.
Children were mis-informed
believing those things they learned
from all those pages they've turned.
Instilling promises of a happy life
like those shown on a picture screen;
Of a man and his wife
watching their children play
on a lawn both pretty and green.
Or one of those attractive movies
of couple's walking hand in hand;
They're on a beach
bare-feet caressed by the white hot sand.
These subliminal messages
they fool young children day by day;
It's why "Cop's & Robber's"
were the favorite games
most children would often play.
Addictive impressions;
In both the positive & negative possession.
Young brother's were shown
their fancy clothes
body's draped in gold;
Multi-colored hats
diamonds in their nose.
Liquor stores on every corner;
Drug dealer's & pimp's
with luxury and car's
and most are seen as property owners.
Cop's * they patrol the streets;
Always looking for a few heads to beat.
Behind the shield and a nine;
Their kind of justice is never a crime.
Paid to protect and serve
to keep folk on the straight and narrow road;
But instead
they protect and persuade
their un-written code.
Encouraging children on their beat;
To grow up and carry heat.
It's just a small part of the plan
To give kid's felonies
as fast as they can.
Take a child from his family
and disguise it as a war;
Mass destruction of humanity
is at America's core.
Abuse of a people
they're assigned to protect;
With unjust system's
with an adverse
"Child Affect".
PROVERBIAL TALK

INTRODUCTION

It's a beautiful thing, a wonderful feeling, to be able to open our minds completely to the absorption of healthy thoughts and aspirations. Able to embrace as well share in those exchanges of "Talk" through conversations that allow people to both grow and become more spiritually grounded within their natural environment.

Wisdom's attractive elements are shown through an old and ancient knowledge, from expressions of truths and those beliefs that are the central life source to our humanity. And every man, woman, and child depends upon this "Sagacious" way of enter-acting to guide and direct life's spiritual and creative essence.

Recognition and understanding concerning "The Unknown", can sometimes lay within the questions and answers of an original thought. Where discussions of subjects are presented through our animated expressions, through imaginations, from excited opinions, dealing with stories and assumptions from a time before.

*Proverbial Talk*, is written along those guidelines, thoughts made and put together from a variety of short proverbs of various forms Organized in a way to tell a story and its message by over-lapping wise statements one on top of the other, without breaking the spirit or rhythm of the message.

Most of, if not all of "Proverbial Talk", is of a positive nature. With the extent of uplifting the reader's ability to reason and open his mind to possibilities of those other than his own.

Like the idea, that ones individuality is created from within a group of individuals living out an arrangement of mixtures of chaotic and peaceful social laws...Where both old and new elements of wisdom teaching tend to invest tiny bits and piece's into an individuals inventive imagination as they create themselves. Taking from the beauty of those experiences that were shared through stories,
by those old and grown. Influencing one to shape their character based from the knowledge of a society governed by profound assumptions and hidden law's.

* Proverbial Talk * it's most consistant theme is that we are all part of a bigger family, and we have a need to feed off one another thoughts and ideals.

We like to create, and then we like to experiment with one another creations to find and recognize its real beauty.

As part of the human family, we can never be alone no matter how hard we try to be. We are the stories, we are the questions and answer's to the chaos and the peace. And even more than that, we are the proof that the past and the future will always stay connected to who we are in the present.

Written by: DARRYL PATTON
** PROVERBIAL TALK **

MESSAGE POEM

The young are over-hanging rocks
the old are tree's on the edge of a precipice;
No one knows which will fall first.
Grown people know that they do not know where
and how they got the proof;
Hence the irritation they show
when the children keep on demanding to know
if a thing is so.
And how the grown folk got the proof of it?

It is so troublesome to the pigeon-hole way of life
Age gives a man some things
with the right hand;
Even as it takes away other's with the left.
The torrent of the old man's water
may no longer smash into the hole of the roadside tree
a full stride away as it once did;
But in return
the eye of his mind is given wing to fly
way beyond the familiar sight of his homestead.

Even we old people must learn
and recognize that;
The things people know today
were not born with us

NO !

Knowledge is no hereditary thing.
If you refuse to be made straight when you're green;
You will not be made straight when you are dry.

God created us so that we should
form the human family;
Existing together
because we were made for one another.
PROVERBIAL TALK

poem cont. pg.#2

We are not made for an exclusive self-sufficiency;
    But for interdependence
    and we break the law of being
    at our own peril.
    Everybody is influenced by somebody
    or something;
    If there is an original
    Who is the original?

Every society is really governed by hidden law's
    by unspoken but profound assumptions
    on the part of the people;
    And our's is no acception.
    It is up to the writer to find out
    what these law's and assumptions are;
A writer needs certain conditions which to work
    to " Create " his art.
    He needs a piece of time
    A peace of mind
    And a quiet place # and private life.

Some have a great belief in the fact that
    whenever there is chaos
it creates wonderful thinking.
    They consider chaos a gift
    take music for instance
    All I know about music is that
not many people ever really hear it.
    And even then on the rare occasions
    when something open's within;
    And the music enters
what we mainly hear # or
    hear corroborated
are personal and privat evocations.
But the man who creates the music
is hearing something else;
He is dealing with the roar rising from the void
and imposing order on it as it hits the air.
What is evoked in him then is of another order
more terrible because
it has no words;
And triumphant too
for that same reason.
And as he triumphs when he triumphs
Is our's!.
How awful the relationship must be
between the musician and his instrument
He has to fill this instrument
with the breath of life
his life;
He has to make it do everything.
And a piano is just a piano;
It's made out of so much wood and wires
and little hammers and big ones
and ivory.
While there's only so much you can do with it
the only way to find out is try;
try and make it do everything.

Finally there's no beauty
in things cut off by themselves;
All beauty is in the creative purpose
of our relationships.
All ugliness is in the destructive aims
of the destroyer's arrangements.
PROVERBIAL TALK

Youth gangs in the street
    that murder their own youth
    that don't play
don't waste energy seeking father's;
    Don't need anyone telling them who they are
    Or what to do.
Because they manufacture and enforce their own rules
    Step inside the vacuum
and become their own "father's and mother's"
    Creating a world where
    children's childhoods has disappeared;
    Where the idea of father's and son's
    is anachronistic # redundant.
    For the son's there is no past or future
Only the sheer exhilaration and terror of now
    The only time that counts
the only time you're ever alive.

Written by: DARRYL PATTON
"Raggedy Soul's"

A POEM INTRODUCTION

When people reach a certain age in their lives, where most things they've strived to fulfill, are either done or un-done. They should make a conscious decision of how best to savor the journey and somehow grasp a part of that wholeness that can transcend all other aspects of the human condition.

Being at the "cross-road's" that every person comes too a stop at before a new direction is started within their lives. Nature through her wisdom and beauty, will somehow find a way to connect or link human lives together into one unique and continuous design.

From one generation to the next, men and women will accumulate a life's worth of experience. Only to pass it on to someone else who in turn will repeat the process.

But the true beauty in this knowledge is that no matter the level of the struggle (or) success found along the path to reaching that ripe old age.. It all becomes meaningless and trivial once a person is able to completely retire from life's many mental and physical lesson's of survival.

Allowing people the freedom to express and share their stories, made from experiences good and bad. Without confliction's of envy or pride, but from a peaceful and contrite spirit.

No longer are so much emphasis given to the upper-middle, or lower classes. Because the survival narrative put's it all under the one umbrella.

The writer believes that every one of us will arrive at a point in our lives when the only thing that matters from that point on, is making sure that before leaving this world, is that we've shared our stories and life experience's with someone else.

Raggedy Soul's, is a poem that talks about these people coming to gather to share stories, stories that have traveled from place to place. And no matter what race, color, or creed the story is, no to deny those lesson's that every story has the potential to give until we're able to walk in another person's shoes, "from the soul's of our spirit, to the sole's of our feet". We are simply there to witness, and to love and to care. Cause we've survived our experiences only now to give them away.

Hopefully someone will receive the message and make it through another day, taking from the experience, just maybe they will live to a ripe old age. To enjoy the same wholeness that I've been blessed to feel today.
A room full of raggedy clothes
all sown together # into a bunch of brand new soul's.

They kind of remind one of
"Grandma's old quilt's"
There to keep you safe and warm # Yet!
also a symbol of those
who've weathered a storm .

Or 2
depending on how true;
were those stories that were told to you.

Some stories were a temporary patch
to cover over our small holes # and tiny tares;
But most were meant
to stitch back that thread we lost
from our
"Love # Hope # and Cares "

Yeah! # Just a room full of old raggedy clothes;
Soul's all mixed together
now able to be washed
in both warm and cold loads.

Who you calling old !
So what I've survived a charity or two;
You should be glad I'm still around
to share my experience with you.

In our condition
it is the different color's of clothes
that make up the best match;
Our new multi-farious fabric
has got us looking good
and no longer needing that patch.

Now we're tailored to fit # ready to walk that mile
in another's RAG'S shoes;
those old trusty biscuit's
that were once new # but are now used.
It is the soul's/soles that carry the stories along our travels between Heaven & Earth.
God He equipped us with both before He allow's us our birth.

Now we need only to understand and be more content within those skin's He put's us in;
Knowing that one cycle must end before another is allowed to begin.

Written by: Darryl Patton
** REFLECTION'S ON THE WIND **

A POEM INTRODUCTION

(c)2010 @ by: DARRYL PATTON

As we go about our days and nights intermingling within as active and entangled society, community, or large group of people with various personalities. It is very hard not to notice and pay attention to that noise from the spirited chatter that will attach itself and ride along those waves of air that surround us as we move about.

Innocent, but not so innocent of a by-stander, we find ourselves absorbing each individual sound, and then witness it as it forms itself into some story or another. But what really captures our attention more than anything else, is the familiarity of the sound that make up and support those stories. And though we've heard these same conversations many times before, still we find ourselves amused by the creativity of which it is presented on certain occasions.

But we also find ourselves able to relate to those things that are spoken into the wind, even though often times the voices have no faces we can still identify with them just the same. So we listen and compare those stories to our own, always remaining cautious of those people who make up a story as they go.

Reflection's On The Wind, formulates itself around the commonality most of us share within our day to day lives. How through expressive expressions from our natural and out-spoken thoughts and concerns, we allow other's to experience and share a part of our situations. It speaks about that search that most of us undertake in finding and then understanding those answers to why a thing is, or is not. And how if we try to overcome some struggle's on our own, standing up under the weight of its pressure can sometimes tear a person apart. But once we put and keep our faith in God, and ask Him for some, of, if not all of, the answers. That it can be that faith that is able to set us free.
And the poem is summed up by expressing that we don't have to fight all of life's struggles all by ourselves. Because so many other's around you are dealing with the same, or simular trial's and tribulations that you are. That we are there for one another, to give support and understanding, cause that's how God meant it to be.
** REFLECTION'S ON THE WIN **

A POEM

(c)2010 @ by; DARRYL PATTON

Reflecting on the reflection's
that surround me day by day;
All too common are the stories that
the wind blow's my way.
Everywhere I turn there's talk
about some pain, and a little bit of sorrow;
About what Man would they be
if they got out tomorrow.

Often I wonder
if these people speak from the heart;
Fine tuned it all sounds
right from the start.
Big fancy words spoken
from those tongue's of gold;
Fly's right over, those heads of old.
Who's lives themselves
are stories of their own;
Told to the young folk, and even some grown.

If only we would try to face ourself in the mirror
see that face with no name;
Realizing our struggles
are one and the same.
Searching to know the why of a thing, Or
Who decides our fate;
We need so badly to understand that we
carry around the un-healthy weight.
The idea of our Ideal's
help us whenever they can;
And thought picks us up
makes one a better Man.

Or tears one down, beaten to the ground
wasn't at his best
pound for pound.
** REFLECTION'S ON THE WIND **

poem cont. #2

If you listen to some stories all dressed in
vulgarities, 

obvious pretend;
One must remind himself that
this is the new trend.
Impressing with expressions
For all around to hear;
Smooth like a melody
that's soothing to the ear.
They have no understanding
they cause their friend's;
Talking as if all struggle's are of the same kin.
Still I listen, I find time to reflect;
I try to find the positive
even in those things I know I must reject.
I'm forever searching
for the answers to His plan;
Finding understanding, wherever I make my stand.
Knowing from my own experience
fate deals a mean hand;
I continue to face down hope
with mutual respect, Man to Man.
Keeping hold to faith, as I know it to be;
Forever believing, it is my faith
that shall set me free.
Now let me end this, on the note it began
talking of stories, traveling on the wind;
History has taught us to take it all in
just take what you need
and fight to the end.
You're never alone
in that life for which you fight;
we're all there with you
on the Left, and on the Right.
** REFLECTION'S ON THE WIND **

poem cont. #3

We're but good brother's riding the same plight;
Looking through small windows
into the darkest of nights.
Dreaming out loud
the different ways we view the light;
Yet! in the end
We'll all see just alike.
Reflecting on the reflection's
that surround us day by day;
All too common are the stories that
the wind will blow our way.
Unquestioned observation—Not questioned; specif., Not interro-
gated. Not disputed; accepted. Not subject to inquiry. The act, 
practice, or power of noticing. The fact of being noticed. The 
act or practice of noting and recording facts and events. A com-
ment or remark based on something observed.

These are but a few definitions to help understand the notion 
of "Unquestioned Observations", a two part function that I'm sad 
to say, operates within our society more than it should. Some-
times we don't give it much thought, or the importance of which 
the thought deserves. Being the social creatures that we are, we 
tend to just flow with the first impression of things as they pre-
sent themselves. Not truly caring one way or the other about 
what the logic or intent is, laying behind each act.

Sometimes we forget that the foundation beneath most true re-
relationships, friendships or any other emotionally connected bond, 
will only remain strong when we show an honest and respectful dis-
play of genuine objective observation. And once we began not to 
care enough to want to delve into certain situations, in order to 
obtain a true and clear understanding behind the nature of the 
ways some choose to present themselves.

So many of us will become a part of a social condition that has 
begun to have a ripple effect beneath all human decency, that once 
had solidified us as "Loving" and caring people. Yet today it 
seems that fear along with chaos, are manufactured within un-safe 
warehouses that are producing the new trend. Mass production in-
fluenced by those popular in what is destructive lines of seduc-
tion, observing only those things they choose to see. and in 
their rush to judgment, it's often forgotten that observation is 
not only a thing you see, but things we hear and speak as well.

So an observation is simply an observation, until it is given 
the importance of being understood through the respected question 
mark. From the Love of caring enough to hear and inquire, comes 
the foundation of true comraderhip. Asking and giving in an ex-
change of brotherly emotions, trust now builds upon that foun-
dation and forms its base.
But during those times where situations are observed, hearing that need to be alert and concerned; Will you be a shelter, or will you add to what is wrong? Will you give materialistic advice, or will your moral support be given through a bowl of beans and some rice?

Too often it's so easy for people to pretend, embracing every new soul we meet, and acting as though we understand the true meaning of friend. But let the mean's justify each act, from one's actions the truth is noticed, recorded in that instance as fact. Questioned inquiry's to comments neither seen nor heard, genuine observation's responded to with genuine concern.

Should we put a house full of strangers on the same level as friends? Should we stay in a relationship, that's only respected on one end? These thoughts can't be answered when we're working through; "Unquestioned Observation's"
UNQUESTIONED OBSERVATION'S
A POEM

Out comes the shining Sun
attractively flirting,
within the "New Dawn's", beautiful display;
And the nights with their, Moon-lit formation's,
and pitch black, starry constellation's.
"Visioned sweet like the Milky-Way.

Water-falls go crashing
smashing to the River's floor,
with powerful sounds, as loud as rolling thunder;
Fishes, they swim up
up against the raging water's,
only to appease some bears of their starving hunger.

These and those question's
are most intimate indeed;
Like the magnificence of a creature
made to carry life's reproductive seeds.

Now why would God go and mix in
water, with some organic dirt;
Take the time to exhale, then breath
knowingly creating, Man & A Woman,
upon his Holy earth?

What a wonderous intent
life's mystery's, and joint events;
"It needs to be solved"
Watching and observing, understanding comes easy,
 once people's hearts become envolved.
Expression's are within their rights
when thoughts remain in line with verse;
Cause those feelings without a source
can turn the strongest of us,
to function at their worse.
ALL EYE'S ON ME
INTRODUCTION

they say that beauty is in the eyes of the beholder, but sometimes "They" can tend to see nothing but ugliness when "they" try to evaluate and appraise people in general. "Which by the way, is one of the definitions for the word THEY."

It's in our nature to observe and analyze, and then to base an opinion about those people, places, or things that we encounter for the first time. And being the social creatures that we are, at times we can be so cruel as to pool our information about an object and form a group judgment without all the facts.

All EYE'S ON ME, is a poem that talks about an all too common habit or trend that has become out of control in our society today. People and their need to witness, to judge, then to express that judgment with others like themselves.

No longer are those things that we say or do esoteric and a respectable confession of thoughts we choose to share. No longer can one walk without being seen, nor can he talk without being seen. Because the collective tongue's will take any situation and animate their implications to suit their twisted desires.

Telling someone to mind their own business doesn't have the effect it once did, today's friendship's are bonded together on the backs of others faults and short-comings.

Society has developed a need to feed off everyone else's pain in stories, a million dollar business gossip is.

But the end of the poem speaks to the person who is not affected by the power and need of the social stare. And that if a person will just be themselves and try to take care of their own faults, they will have no time to get all caught up in the trap's of judging other people lives.
God is the only one who has the right to watch and judge our comings and goings in life, and when we stand before Him, I honestly believe that He's not going to want to hear about what the next man has done.

So let us quiet our whisper's and get that gossip back under control, and if you need to take a moment of pause, ain't nobody trippin.

Written by: Darryl Patton
** ALL EYE'S ON ME **

A POEM

Somebodies always watching
standing there # sitting there
And when you look up
somehow they're just there.

They've got you under their stare
and all too often it is this
that gives you pause;
For you know # most social judgment
don't show some folks # just cause at all.

Today's display's of human nature
easily allow the unknown
to drive some folks into fear;
Cause collective tongues tend to add to those stories
they choose to hear.

"Like that symphonic poetry # told through music
Yet it's hard on the ear."

And animated expressions are out there signifying
society's new profession;
Now chaos has found its place.

No longer are those silent whisper's quiet
and those things that once were so esoteric
Are now given up # and shared with anyone
in ways that would start a riot.

Even during the dark of the night
you have to know that someone is continuely watching;
Why else would the social owl's come out at night
and ask each other # " WHOO "?
So don't get it twisted # all relaxed
trusting things without the facts;
Just being true to ones self
tends to break the attraction
between you and the wolfpacks.

Now you're free to breath
in the fresh air
No longer do you feel the pressures
of the social stare.
You're not there # watching them trippin
while judging un-fair;
Cause now you care.

Understanding while in that moment of pause;
Makes you real lucky
to have any fault's at all.

It's why God in His infinite wisdom
is always watching
Standing there # Sitting there
and when you look up # somehow
He's just there.

Written by: DARRYL PATTON
THE LIE
A POEM

Your such a sly little devil
real slick with your planning
and your whisper's are smooth,
like you exit's are timely;
Making it all look so cool
and all so perfected.

Yeah! You're such a sly little devil
just moving around from place to place;
Feeding off them fuel's, you've pulled from conversations
those that keep you up and running,
spreading that hate
it's behind each and every superficial face.

Now! What are your rules?
Do we simply wake up, and jump in your line?
and put on your sign
just to go about the day?
Quoting from manual's, or that new text that seems old,
translating the Papyrus and the Scroll.

You're such a sly little devil
convincing people to believe in,
everything you've ever spoke of heard;
You have such power, and you're of such fame
when you exhort in your intellectual way.

Pretending to care
knowing that pain and suffering;
Are just one more play
for you to perform in.

Cause you're such a sly little devil
feeding off the soul's,
leading both the young and the old;
THE LIE (poem) pg.#2

Through a world with heartache and despair.

Marking your boarders
being that you're so territorial;
Seeing how you've paved all your roads with graves.

As your bombs explode
and with your great propaganda,
unleashed and taking its toll;
You're using God's children, to test and to ruse
and that be your most destructive abuse of the rules.

You can't conquer the godly,
and replace Father's as hero's;
So you need to stop trying to control what is mine.

And stop using the Man, and his wicked technology;
To send out all that subliminal jive.
"Because God's real children, we already know
that there's nothing really sly about "The Lie"."
* FROM BOY TO MAN *

A POEM INTRODUCTION

THERE IS A TRANSITION THAT WILL TAKE PLACE IN A MALE CHILD, SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE TIME HE IS BORN, AND THE TIME WHEN HE BECOMES A MAN.

AT A VERY EARLY STAGE IN LIFE, MOST YOUNG MALES DISCOVER THAT THEY MUST WALK TO A DIFFERENT STANDARD THAN DO THEIR FEMALE COUNTERPARTS.

NATURE QUICKLY EMBRACES THEM WITH AN UN-TAMED SPIRIT FILLED WITH PRIDE AND COMPETITIVE EGO'S, AND A BIRTH-RIGHT TO ONE DAY LIVE UP TOO. AFTER THAT IT IS UP TO THE BOY TO LEARN, AND THEN TO CONTROL HIS SPIRITED NATURE AS HE WALKS OFF THOSE PACES FROM "BOY-HOOD" TO "MAN-HOOD".

IT IS A BEAUTIFUL THING WHEN A MAN IS ABLE TO LOOK BACK AS FAR AS HIS MEMORY WILL TAKE HIM, TO RECOGNIZE THE DIFFERENT STAGES IN HIS LIFE WHEN A TRANSITION OF GROWTH TOOK PLACE.

AND WHILE YOU'RE ON THAT TRIP BACK DOWN MEMORY LANE, THERE'S THIS WONDERFUL FEELING YOU GET INSIDE TO HAVE HAD EXPERIENCED ALL THAT YOU WENT THROUGH TO MAKE IT TO WHERE YOU ARE TODAY AS A MAN.

BUT IT'S ONLY A GOOD FEELING WHEN YOU TRULY ARE PROUD OF THE MAN YOU TURNED OUT TO BE. ACCEPTING RESPONSIBILITY OF A LEGACY, AND WITH COMPLETE UNDERSTANDING AND KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT CONSTITUTES BEING A MAN. AND HOW THAT'S HANDED OVER FROM "MAN TO MAN".

WITHIN THE PRIDE OF LION'S, IS YOUNG ADOLESCENT MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY. THEY WILL COMPETE, PLAY HARD AND STRIVE TO BE STRONG BUT ONCE THEY GROW TOO BIG, THEY MUST NOW SEPARATE FROM EACH OTHER TO VENTURE OUT TO START A PRIDE OF THEIR OWN. AND HOPEFULLY THE PROCESS WILL CONTINUE, ALLOWING THE BALANCE IN NATURE TO REMAIN INTACT AND STRONG.

WRITTEN BY: DARRYL PATTON
FROM BOY TO MAN

A POEM

First as a "BOY" # and then as a "MAN"
  to be free and independant;
  Is the thing a male will strive for
  whenever he can.

There is a power in him # that he needs to control
  A strength he needs to brace;
  To fortify this condition to become productive
  within that future team of which one day he will play.

His apperception is a must
  to apperceive those moral's and value's;
  from seeds planted so long ago.

He must function # cause he must be a part;
  Related to this mystery
  of what his true maleness is all about.

Once closed eye's # once born will open
  A baby boy's first reaction
  was missed in his blink;
  Having no understanding of how to think.

Hearing strange sounds from all around
  confused by faces he's seen before;
  Through that connection
  for he and his Mother shared the same eye's.

" HE CRY'S "
Separated and lost in a brand new world
  with only one spirit to guide him;
  As he navigates down an unknown road.
  Picking up experience as he grows
  a young boy emerges;
  from what seemed like
  He was just a little baby # only a while ago.

" HE SMILES "
Happy at play # absorbing each new lesson;
  And being creative
  teaching himself many ways # not to fall.

" HE'S GETTING TALL "
Emotionally expressing
dealing and feeling;
Curiosity vexed # concerning the opposite sex
FROM BOY TO MAN cont.#2

the answers to all his questions
is in his hands.

"HE PLAN'S"
Enquiring of other's # those identical brother's
with like minds # that need to be defined;
With spiritual aspects
and the out-lines of a characteristic trace.

Young Men needing to be grown
gentle in nature # intellecually strong;
Understanding now # How to think;
knowing that a Man's castle
will always be his home.

He realizes his independence
that the proud stand tall on their own;
Respected and Honored # by those future generations
that will hear all of his stories
as they sit by his throne.

Written by: DARRYL PATTON
INSPIRATION**MOTIVATION

INTRODUCTION

As we get older in life, sometimes it seems as if time has just passed by way too fast. As it speeds along it is easy to find ourselves caught and held in-between those moments when we see that some of our experiences are incomplete. With those experiences now stacked one on top of the other like pyramids of recorded wasteful ideal's.

We need only to close our eyes and decide how to reflect on all that accumulated life history, embracing a spirit that can move one to concentrated efforts of breaking down (in detail) his/her life as a whole.

we must make as honest attempt at recognizing and understanding those right or wrong decisions, those realistic and un-realistic dreams that occupy ones mind.

As we look back over the course of our lives and let our thoughts stop at that "cross-roads" where being dependant individual's, and becoming in-dependant one's, meet and then go in separated directions. We see the exact moment where Life's journey began to create itself. And that person whose "Idealism" was powerful and strong, is now born.

Simulations of certain observations have taken control, and that environment in which he lives is no longer suitable or desired. His assimilation into a life-style that is both alluring and averse, becomes the mental chase as healthy imaginations hyps the adrainalin driven attitudes of ones hasty actions.

the attraction of wanting to live a materialistic lifestyle can be so overwhelming on a persons psyche, that he or she will often times alter their own sense of moral fortitude. In its place a mixture of new and old idealistic value's and principles are put into play. Setting's on a stage for life's drama, fantasies, and
comedic moments. Behavior's that will be acted out before a socially crude and un-quéQué audience. Character's with needs to feed off that energy that is around them while learning urban rules from community school's designed to destroy the lives within them.

It is the nature of people to want to do things right, to beinfluenced by the finer things in life that are rewarded to those who work hard and dedicate themselves to a productive profession. Yet, it is those finer things that we seek to possess, that in turn finds a way to possess us with their beautiful alluring attractions. Simply heightening what was once just a natural want or desire, but somehow has grown into an obsession of immediate need. Adding to one's already over active psyche, those unproductive elements that are also a part of people's nature.

Now the material chase has been intensified and the shortest route that leads to the riches, is now the chosen path taken. Not giving serious thought nor any planning to the dangers that present them selves when one goes down a dark and lonely road. And before people realize the mistakes of actinf in haste, it's too late and the consequences will stay with them the rest of their lives.

Written by: DARRYL PATTON
** INSPRIRATION**

THE POEM

Inspiration & motivation
  Which way do I flow?
  drifting on a memory & or
  riding on the waves of a dream;
Coming to a stop on moments lost
  but not forgot.

Vision's clear
  as one standing before a window in pane;
  that divides yesterday from tomorrow.
A transparent imagination like a looking glass
  picture perfect and thoughts one has.

Fast money & car's and women
  filled my head without a blemish;
Rollin around gaining momentum as time went by
  manipulating creatively
  how I see life could be.

Like a Jones on T.V.
  wanting bad to emulate their style;
Cobb red from a script & play pretend
  its how a negative life begins.

Cause when the director said action
  I ran through my lines;
  Had to be the best of my kind.
  Character acting up
in Life's play written for fool's;
  I learned my role well
acting as though some dreams do come true.

Living a life of luxury
  with people looking up to you;
is the wrong kind of motivation
INSPIRATION**MOTIVATION

POEM  cont.pg. #2

to direct positive inspiration.

If only I could turn back
    go reverse in time;
I'd fight against that current
    that once pulled me down.
It was my negative energy
    that messed up my flow;
But now I understand
    seeing mistake from long ago.

I wrote my own story
I even auditioned for the part;
    A fictitious character
        A wanna-b
        one kool kat.

Walking # Talking
    playing that street scene;
Made it all look real
    even as I watched the blood scream.
Black exploitation
    Rated P.G.;
Mind kind of movies
    hit the News at 3:00.

To live and die in L.A.
the Billboard often Red;
One wound up in prison
    the other one dead.

They say there's always calm after the storm
    even predicted peace in the Middle East;
INSPIRATION/MOTIVATION

poem cont. pg. #3

But they never had to fight to get released
from the belly of the beast.
Now it's out of my hands
writing the end to this story;
I just hope it ends well
then I can give God all the glory.

Written by: DARRYL PATTON
A question was asked about whether or not there is a such thing as an "Functioning Alcoholic". And among the group of people asked, the opinion nearly split even. Opening the door for an interesting and honest debate concerning such an important and loaded subject.

The writer attempts to share his personal view's, with those who believe that somehow someone can fully function while dedicated to a life of drinking. He creates several examples and scenario's depicting some of the negative effects that connect themselves to the portrait of what is considered an alcoholic.

The poem center's its argument around the physical and mental health issue's that arise and often times cause pain and suffering, not only to the alcoholic, but also to those they most love and cherish. More times than not it is the family and neighbor's who involuntarily become a support system, to those private and un-predictable behavior's that are associated with alcoholism.

Among the group were those that expressed that if someone continued to do those things that are conducive to leading and maintaining a moral and productive life. Such as paying the bills, going to work, and keeping food on the table...etc.. They believe that by accomplishing these various acts, while under the umbrella of being a social alcoholic, supports their notion and argument that someone can be an alcoholic and still function.

But just labeling one's self as an "Alcoholic", counterfeits
** FUNCTIONING ALCOHOLIC **

intro. cont. p2

the whole notion of functioning period. Being that the two definitions of "functioning" & "alcoholic", are like night and day.

To be an alcoholic, one habitually drinks to excess, and the word excess, means action or conduct that goes beyond the usual, reasonable, or lawful limit. Lack of moderation; intemperance; over-indulgence. Function is the broad, general term for the natural, required or expected activity of a person or thing (the function of a liver).

No matter how good somebody is at keeping up an appearance of self-control before a particular audience, it is the private aspects of their social function that warrants approval. After a long day at work, most drinking and socializing will be done in the comforts of one's home. It's a different scene being able to relax in the comforts while sippin a drink and listening to your music knock.

But there are children running around, and maybe a spouse is there all up in your space, along with all those other things that can agitate the mood of a drunken state. To make you cuss and go into long and angry tirades, but out of love and respect, people allow you to rave and vent until you simply run out of energy and just fall asleep.

"So the question will always be; Is this a reasonable portrait of what a Functioning Alcoholic should be? "
** FUNCTIONING ALCOHOLIC **

THE POEM

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The bass will thump, to the rhythm's of the drum
The heart will beat;
To snare a drink.

"Now! Imagine these hypothetical's
then open up your mind and think.

Children are playing in the street
un-aware of those car's, driven by people;
With their vision's impaired
and with lead in their feet.

And what about those functions, loving families come together
sitting at one table, plenty to eat;
But look around, it's not hard to notice
someone is now missing, from that head seat.

Hospital's are calling
many tears are falling;
Liver donations are short, so there's no relief
in those final hour's.

Now you've given up hope, no longer functioning
on alcohol or dope;
So why do you now close your eyes?
And why do you call out for a higher power?
** FUNCTIONING ALCOHOLIC **

poem cont. #2

Did you not forget
all them mental games you played
having no pride nor shame;
Creating scenes, rumbling and fumbling
cussing folk's and calling them out their names.
And with your family, the trend is the same;
With an excited ego, from a jacked up brain.

Why if it's all in the name of love
do people get so drunk, simply to fall asleep?
Not caring that real love
Has to lay there right beside them;
Hurting and praying
just weeping, while they watch you sleep.

Understanding that tomorrow
you'll be back at work, and able to pay the bills
all while drinking from that bottle in hand;
And they'll be at home waiting
with both Love & Hate
to repeat the theme.

"It's just another day in Life, with their,
Functioning Alcoholic man."
To think about every day conversation and the relationships that are created, good or bad, through its constant exchange and attractive nature. sometimes remind a person of how really important are those things we say and need to communicate to one another, and that actions really do speak louder than words.

The majority of life's social and non-social conversations are predominately made up of mostly planned intentions and un-spoken promises.

People have this need to promote themselves as stable individuals as both a mentally and spiritually sound person of having good moral's and value's. With a character to be approved of and accepted by those of which one wishes to establish some form of relationship or comradesy with. Yet and still, a person can also lose himself within the creative and well thought out expressions of which he chooses to use in attaining this goal. Ad-libbing as one feels it is necessary to achieve that desired affect, allowing harmless and mis-spoken intent to demand a place in the scheme of things.

Spoken words carry a great deal of power and influence when properly and creatively choreographed. The attraction of a well expressed thought or speech can dis-arm the strongest of individuals who see themselves not easily trusting in the things people say.

To believe in someone we know or care about, is understandably a natural human act. And it's just as easy to believe someone we don't know when they present themselves in a respected and honorable manner.

So when a serious look is given to the relationships created from day to day interaction, it's health and viability depends primarily upon the basis of "Truthful and Honorabl" intentions. Those spiritually motivated contents that come from one's heart, those things that a person tells another person should be important enough to the individual that they are able to stake their reputation on it and stand behind what they have said. There is a certain amount of pride that goes along with saying what you mean, and meaning what you've
said, putting value as well as principles as the foundation on which you stand. But things expressed without substance and purely for show, tends to gradually weaken one's foundation over a period of time.

The attractiveness that once was a beautiful sound, simply becomes a chorus of noise in need of being filtered. The well-spring which supplied and allowed the relationship to remain mentally and spiritually stable. It is now dried up and become an empty source for those reliable action's and intended thoughts. And when everything has been said and done, the cruel reality is that no matter how eloquent one expresses themselves. Keeping ones word as best one can, is one of the most important and precious gifts a person has to offer. A contract shared between friends as well as stranger alike, a symbol of both "Love" and "Respect".

SO WORDS ARE NEVER EMPTY!
** EMPTY WORDS **

A POEM

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Mumbo-Jumbo, still walks the streets
Look, and you'll see him
within the rabble;
Don't you hear his gibberish
it's passed down from those days of Babel

Communication's foreign, amongst the masses;
Interpretation was lost
with the division of the class's.

Today's meanings no longer have value's
and void is the "Word"
that's used for its looks;
Spoken with conviction, by one who's mastered a trick
getting those who are listening
to latch on to their hooks.

Won't you explain the Verb!
and what is the objective of your Word?
Should I believe in you?
or, every thing I've heard?
One's speech can teach that
trust walks a thin line;
Man giving his word
don't make everything fine.
Cause we all have good ententions
and believe in the things we say;
But for no specific reason
words are broken every day.

Written and Verbal contracts
used to be an honor to fulfill;
Now we live in an era, where people say
"Oh well" or "It's not a big deal".
"BEAR ESSENCE"

A POEM

She said she needed space and needed a place;
Isolated and boxed within
some cave like concrete slab setting
A bear-like dwelling
to hibernate through the storm.

She needed to be strong
feeling confident being warm;
Sitting on a bed with a bear
like the one she left at home.

Light has penetrated her room
and it's captured her thoughts;
And way-layed that Bear's essence
as well as
her moments of gloom.

Somewhere out there there's a world
Her world
so full of life so complicated;
I would appreciate it to
bring her up out of that funk of a fight.

Look closely focus on her face
you'll see her fate
the way she contemplates;
Gazing into the light into that future
she knows it awaits.

Now that she's well rested and spiritually tested
renewed through natures embrace;
Ready to deal and ready to challenge
To bear -hug Life's joy's and sorrows.

With the new understanding knowing
that both will be crossed;
Along whatever road she chooses to take.

I believe she has faith
and that someone loved her enough
gave her the needed space;
The strong feelings The light
and then she returns The Bear will hug her
with all of it's might.

WRITTEN BY: DARRYL PATTON
** ODE TO WOMEN **

POEM INTRODUCTION

(c)2009 @ by: DARRYL PATTON

Almost every Male child born into this world, will at some time or another develop a special appreciation for the female persuasion of which he must co-exist along side while on this earth. But even more respect than that should be attributed to "Women" and their sustaining the foundation of the human creation. From that moment that God lays us in our Mother's wombs(a babies little bed), she naturally and instinctively takes upon the responsibility of that life force which God has now assigned into her care. And the beauty in those unchangable contracts between God and Women, are most evident in those moments of "Birthing". As life is being introduced into this world, with the joy's and pain's inside of her now blending and mingling just waiting to be embedded within one or more loving but empty soul's. The writer of the poem "Ode to Women", tries to express a view of his appreciation for the creation of women, not only from a male point of view, but from a human perspective period. Throughout the poem, a constant flow of adoration and reverence make it obvious that the writer feels that God could not have put us(the human race) into better care than he did when He put in those "Cradles" of Woman-kind. One would simply need to close their eyes and visualize some of the special Women that are in their personal lives today. they'd gain a clear understanding about the spiritual and physical grace and beauty that God has chose to bless them with. And in turn the will entrust that gift from generation to generation, and never once fail to pass along with it that responsibility that was once the "Original" woman's Birth-right. We owe a great deal of gratitude to the female persuasion and their abilities to keep the male ego's and arrogant natures from colliding with one another with a destructive and final out-come.
** ODE TO WOMEN **
intro. cont. #2

From the cradle to the grave, human lives are shaped and groomed predominately through the teachings of our women (mother's, daughter and sister's). God in His infinite wisdom not only gave women to men as companion's, but unbeknownst to men, He gave them women to keep them balanced and checked, and to be stable and moral compasses to guide our spirited and un-tamed natures. Yet allowing us to be courageous and strong once they see we're ready to stand strong on our own, as a Man, and then as the kings of our homes. There's always a great woman somewhere behind every good man, and we need only open our eyes and give them recognition whenever we can, and in return they will help us to be the better men.
Close your eyes, an inner voice often whisper's
and witness a beautiful sight;
One of God's greatest creations
right up there with, "Let there be Light ".
Made in her splendor
and built to cradle a civilization;
She passes down God's wisdom
to a future generation.
Teaching her Son's and Daughter's
how to resist the devil's temptations;
Keeping them looking up
to godly inspirations.
They need only to look upon
that all knowing face;
Her reproductive pain, her only shame
to claim the human race.
And if you've ever wondered
why a mother's heart never ever hardens;
You need only take a step back
look at a mother's connection to her garden.
See how she manipulates the earth
planting seeds in the dirt
Nurturing then grooming
her beautiful flower's into birth.
Or maybe some beans, a bunch of carrot's
or even a potato or two;
All the ingredients needed
to go into her families vegetable stew.
** ODE TO WOMEN **

poem cont. #2

Cause her first concern's
gardener day and night
keep food for her children on the shelf.
And when it comes to those things of the heart;

A woman's intuition
kicks in right from the start.
They seem to have a built in maternal clock;
An old stirdy antique, sitting there
as solid as a rock.
And we are just pendulums, chosen to strike her chimes;

To elicit that aged old wisdom
that's matured over time.
So when I look upon a Woman
it's with admiration and due respect;
Women possess an inner and outer beauty
no Man should abuse, or neglect.

Me, I owe my existance
to the class of women, of whom I speak;
I've always felt safe from harm
when I hugged and kissed my grandma's cheeks.

As a Black Man
I credit my Mother's, Sister's, and Daughter's
for steppin up to the plate;
There are constant war's upon this earth
born of financial greed
and driven in ethnic hate.
** TRAVELING MAN **

A POEM

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Let us trace each of those lines
that time has left behind;
Those drawings of Man
in circle's of dirt and sand.

Let us travel way beyond
the deepest Ocean's and Barrier sea's;
Higher * then over
the tallest of mountain peaks.

Back to where the story's first roamed
inviting both "boy" and "Man" conscious
to come and roam along;
Riding question's hard to every answer
so that "What" is "Why"
they questioned those received.

Though Man's journey is incomplete
he must still continue to speak;
With speech that demands a freedom
euphorically searching
to witness a knowledge so deep.

To join the link between the boy that grew
and that Man that's now you;
Connecting lines that completes the circle
of the Traveling Man.