

Percipience

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A collection of poems from the
Institutional Library Services Poetry Month
April 2014

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artwork by CdK

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Poetry is the journal of a sea animal living on land, wanting to fly in the air.

— Carl Sandburg

When I hosted my first poetry program two years ago I didn't realize how powerful poetry could be. Poetry is many things to many people. Some may find comfort in hearing or reading poetry that expresses their feelings. Some may use it as a vehicle to express what might be otherwise inexpressible. It is, above all, expression. Language, verbal and written communication, can be frustratingly limiting. Poets are those who are able to use that frustration. They manipulate language; the words, the cadence, the pronunciation, and spelling to communicate what other can only think or feel.

I chose the title *Percipience* because it means good understanding of things; perceptiveness. The authors represented in this book have a good understanding of their subject. Hopefully the reader will experience their own understanding and perception of the works presented.

I have seen great talent in the events I have hosted in the institutional libraries. Performances, great performances, by some I have never heard talk before. Others who never stop talking have performed thoughtfully constructed subtle poetry that beautifully articulates love, or pain, or anger or all three. One of the greatest revelations I had was that we are surrounded by poets. Not people who write poetry, poets.

It was a great undertaking to transcribe nearly 150 poems from 11 institutional libraries. It gave me a chance to read and appreciate each one. I hope I have done all the poets around the state justice. Thank you to everyone, patrons and staff, who participated in the first Institutional Library Services Poetry Month. I look forward to seeing and hearing all the poetry our patrons produce in the future.

Anna Nash
Library Associate
Washington State Reformatory Library

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“Ishan” (sincere advice) by Ismail Hassan

- How does one explain to the blind the beauty of colors, or
the majestic sunrises or sunsets?
- How will the deaf ever appreciate the joyful cry of their first
born child?
- How does one describe the fragrance of the scent of roses,
or of the ocean breeze to those who have no sense of
smell?
- How does one describe the sweetness of freedom to those
who have never lost it?
- How does one explain to those who know no better to cher-
ish their blessings?
- How does one help forge these words according to theory
process themselves in the conscious of many?
- How do I offer Ishan to those who desire it earnestly?

Apologies by William M. Porter

I'm sorry for what my actions have done,
I'm sorry for the wrongs that I do.

I'm sorry for never expressing my cares,
I'm sorry for hiding the truth.

I'm sorry for causing you fear, in your heart and in your
mind.

I'm sorry for never returning;
after I left you all behind.

I'm sorry for the pain and suffering that your family had to
see you go through.

I'm sorry for many things; especially what I've done to you.

I'm sorry for all the memories; that we never got to share,
I'm sorry for always being late, after I told you, "I'd be
there."

Sorry is such a simple word; but it's how I feel that's true,
Lela please forgive me; I sincerely love and apologize to
you.

White Devil by Nick Harper

My cell is my Playground
it is there that I spend my finale days,
Tediousness Takes over, Fatigue sets in!
The song I sing is full of zzzs.
I flee to the wilderness the land called dreams,
glorious meadows churn and burn for
he has returned,
Lucifer the Arch angel cast from the
Heavens, embedded in my dreams
he's horrifyingly twisted, morbidly offensive
horrendously Repulsive, maliciously vindictive
A victim of Hate, a victim of sin.
A victim of Addiction and no will
to say no, this is my wicked addiction
welcome.

Offender Inspiration by Christopher Goerner

For the tears you've cried and the countless ones unshed,
For all the hurt you've felt and that which lies ahead.

Remember there is a purpose through it seems unknown,
Afterwards healing will come though at times it seems too long.

You are a strong survivor in spite of memories that unmask,
Only you know the depths of our mistakes made in the past.
I know there have been times when you wanted to take the blame,

Or wished for us it was a dream so we could wake up with a different name.

Please don't be angered at the person you are today,
Because you've given your heart, you inspire us through we don't often say.

You feel alone at times even if it's only on occasion,
You've given so much through your work, loving and caring,
you are an inspiration.

We cringe at what's disgusting and escape what's hard to embrace,

We hide from what is scary and ignore what we don't want to face.

You accepted every challenge, such courage you have displayed,

Exceptional strength you've shown, though other mistakes have left trust betrayed.

Everyone's life you touch respects you, though at times it seems you're left in despair.

Remember that we respect you for everything you do exactly as you are,

Everyone can see something special in you and accept you without hesitation.

As one of many offenders I feel the same, you are an inspiration.

Of Wendy I Wonder by Christopher Goerner

To my best friend, my lady, my love, my Wendy

I sit here all day and I wonder,
What it is you've got under.

Not the cloths that hide your skin,
I speak of your heart and what's within.

Inside that most important soul,
It's your love that makes me whole.

As I grasp at feelings far and high,
desperately my mind reveals a sigh.

Underneath the locks and chains,
behind the masks and all your pains,
there's a person deep inside.

To which the world is kept blind,
that's my lady, my love, who holds this heart of mine.

With anxious eyes and ears I wait,
for you to let me through your gate.

Ans so I sit here all day and wonder,
what it is you've got under.

I bet my soul with yours to blend,
One with another, my lover my friend.

To Mom by Christopher Goerner

In my eyes you are everything,
Through your eyes you've seen it all.
You were there when I did stumble,
You would catch me when I did fall.

And after all was said and done,
You would just say, I love you son.

No one can ever replace you,
You all the world to me.

I love you like no other,
You're my friend, my pal, my mother.

Not all that Bad for A Dad by Christopher Goerner

Matt, it had to have been hard for you,
to step into the place of another.
It takes a special kind of courage and love in a man,
to capture the heart of my mother.
To accept wild and rotten children who are not your own,
was a brave and difficult thing to do.
You tried and gained our love and respect,
not knowing or worried if ever we would accept you.
You are stubborn, constantly loving, and patient.
You are always and have always been there for us and me.
You have always and continue to set a good example,
of how special a Papa Mat, Father and Friend can be.
You agreed to be a father,
though you were not there when we were born.
You did everything and more that a dad would ever do,
even though you knew, by another our hearts were
torn.
You've been all and so much more, than someone else could
have been.
You gave and continue to give your very best.
Even through you didn't need to, you came and did another's
job,
because a real dad you are and always will be, a step
above the rest.

Wicked Illusions by Johnathon Soto

Fast paced, seems endless.
Hard to cope when feeling friendless.
Emotions you don't want to comprehend.
Sworn to change your ways, yet at it again.
Running in the wilderness, nothing to cling to.
Stumbling, falling, with no one to catch you.
The mind is so simple, yet so complex.
Need to grasp ahold of it and put it in check.
The world we live in is full of deception
Deviousness that leads to desecration
A wicked minded group causing destruction and mayhem.
How do we change that evil mind?
Being called Gods children is in itself divine.
His mercy and grace, showered upon the chosen.
A reflection of Him makes us interwoven
Righteousness in all things picks us up off the floor.
Bearing in mind Life keeps no score.
Hungering for advancement we must put a stop to micro-
cosm.
A world amongst worlds is like a prism.
Bending, shifting, prophecy or divination?

Some of My Skeletons by Kevin Hodgson

Alone and Empty
a solitary headstone
desolate and overgrown
somber and shaded
near a bare foundation
upon a time a happy home
leveled by a passing storm
nothing left standing

The Way of Things by Kevin Hodgson

If someone was to give me a wishing well
I can see myself filling it with lies
chasing all the wishes up and away
slowly waving goodbye

Goodbye by Kevin Hodgson

Letting go is harder by far than hanging on
all that was yesterday
can't be the same anyway
letting go is harder by far

Love by Talyn Benitez

Dedicated to Elizabeth

You took me by the hand
You said you'd never leave
All you said was a lie
I'm struggling just to breathe
The one true love I ever had died by the blade
The love of life to continue on was pierced by arrows stave
will I ever find love again
No I think not
I don't think I could stand to bear
The loss of the life I've got
so without adieu I say to you
Hold tight to those you care
for you never know when they'll up and go
and leave you standing there.

Life by Talyn Benitez

What is life but a dream,
Bursting, tearing fraying at the seam,
Tattered pages worn ink,
Through my skin these words will sink.
Torn between love and hate,
Is there a time when times to late.
Lessons learned from days gone past,
How long till I breath my last.
This pen my tool the ink my blood,
nothing left but to live and love.
Rewrote and Rebound,

new love and new life to be found.
What is life but a dream,
Bursting, tearing fraying at the seam

Nature by Talyn Benitez

The Breeze ruffles my hair as the sunlight kisses my skin
The blue sky opens before me like mothers open arms
The lush green grass soft beneath my back is dotted with
vibrant blues, yellows and reds
The trees loom protectively about me silent sentinels reach-
ing for the sky
The birds sing their song, sweet as I lay in the earth's em-
brace.
The sun goes down and the moon stands proud in her beau-
ty.
The stars woven through the night sky wink down at me in a
silent dance
Somnus drags me down into sleep as Gaia holds me close.

Smoke'n the Bubble by Stephen Franks

When I'm smoke'n the bubble, I'm blowin' out fat ass clouds
When I'm smoke'n the bubble, I'm in my own world
When I'm smoke'n the bubble, I forget all the stress and
drama

I forget all my pain, I forget all my problems

I know all I'm doing is running away, I know all I'm doing is
numbing my pain

but I feel all alone when I'm not in my place, running alone
through darkness
through nothing through space

I'm broken and lost, my soul is numb, I cry out for help but
nobody comes

I smoke the bubble, because I am scared, and nobody even
seems to care

The people I thought were my friends turned out to be fakes
The people I gave a warm bed and a warm place to stay
a place to smoke to shoot to do drugs, turns out they never
gave a fuck

So when I smoke the bubble I numb everything

When I smoke the bubble I go away

When I smoke the bubble, nothings the same
and that's how I like it in this day and age

Grace For Me by David E Cochran

I look upon The Savior I see
The one who would die for me
I see His hands his feet and side
His back torn because of me
As blood poured from his side
It fell to the earth because He died
The sky grew dark, the earth sighed
The earth shook the people cried
I think of all that I have lost
His friendship, love at such a cost

From Him who knew no sin
From God He would live again
To pay the price I could not pay
He rose again, "Oh happy day."
He comes again for all to see
In clouds of Glory for you and me
To receive His Bride, "Oh Glory Be!"
To look upon the one who died for me.

Untitled 2 by Mr. Malcolm J Jackson

Physically I'm smoother than flawless diamond bricks,
Mentally I'm the best that's ever thought and then breathed
this lit,
Spiritually I'm a follower of god not these religious tips,
And lyrically I'm not yet the best because I haven't began to
spit,
But by the end of this verse you'll call me your nemesis,
The way I decipher minds of philosophical geniuses,
I see through fake words like eyes on plastic lips,
I'm a third eye navigator on flying horses and what I mean is
this,
I'm beyond the universe and heavens elevated surfaces,
I torch down the Pantheon and check gods with simple wit,
You don't want a battle I bring the fury of endless chariots,
And unleash legions of soldiers that I hold down with solid
grips,
Look in the sky when you speak or get no acknowledgement,
I'm brighter than gods light so when you look at me protect
your lids,
Like Nas said you're lucky we made it over on wooden
ships,
My ancestors died for me so of course I don't fear a whip,
Look in my eyes and see the rage of black abandonment,
But hear me speak and you'd swear I was fluent in ancient
languages,
If you listen hard you'll realize I'm saying some basic shit,
But the way I do it you know I can persuade an atheist,
If you think for a moment I'm a tone it down for you to catch
my drift,

I refuse to subject others to your lack of simple intelligence,
My articulation has you drunk from the words I drip,
Out of the mouth of a spitter with precise and deadly sniper
hits,
This is my kung fu style master Mal with a pen so swift,
My mind is pure gold and I know you want a mine to sift,
And there are my words run down your should like old and
sacred hieroglyphs,
No it's not Halloween these lines are beyond the tricks,
They're the words of a man with a majestic and lethal con-
sciousness,
I'll tear down the walls of coward infested establishments,
And poetically torture you with the pain of Mexican immi-
grants,
I'm a militant minded revolutionary human activist,
With the consciousness of infinite graduates from ghetto
campuses,
I scorn falsehood dripping from the lips of Vatican indoctri-
nates,
Who are in it for profit not prophetic spiritual enlightenment,
And the problem is Africans went from the emancipated to
the colonists,
Every time we embrace the flag of the country that kept us
hostages,
And while we turn a blind eye when people are murdered for
oil pits,
Third world countries are called the land of barbaric savag-
es,
That's propaganda instilled into the minds of poverty-
stricken project kids,
Asleep with their eyes wide open unconscious of their un-

consciousness,

That's why I teach about the racism not taught in Harvard colleges,

And the insidious plots in the form of humanitarian gospel gifts,

Who taught us this? I came up with a new word to describe the plots against,

My people who are dying in the streets without even a pot to piss,

It's logicless to not use our brains or even our commonsense,

But that's what we're expected to do in order to still exist,

Because as soon as you challenge the box with a mighty African power fist,

They'll Huey, Malcolm X you, or convince you to live life like Martin did,

Patriot act taped to the front of your door so you can't forget,

And then tear down all the schools and build up more prisons brick for brick.

That's it.

The Way of Things by Stephan R. Garland

It is the way of Things.

men will pray.

Gods will ignore.

While all the while man is unsure

of what he's looking for.

And in his breast,

A steady beating drum.

Each move, each breath,

A note in the song that's sung.

Feet will treat, hands will hold,

And tongues will twist and turn.

For some the Joys setting the fire,

For some the Joys to burn.

like swarms of flies,

A field of rooks,

a whale's mouth full of krill,

for some The Joys in saving lives,

For some The Joys to kill.

Surely we are all broken watches,

More wrong than we are Right.

Illusive things, lonely Things,

Shadows in The night.

Angels in an underworld,

our feathers always fall,

No matter how big we build our gods,

we still are always small.

Forty Acres by Demetrius Dean

I want my forty acres and a mule
that was the promise I thought
when our black ancestors
from Africa was brought
to America, the land of the free
I mean free, but not for people of color
like me

In the blazing sun, cotton we pick
and even if our bodies fail
we was not allow to quit
we were whipped and whip
they needed no reasons
beating us down
through all the seasons
Yet we stayed strong
we just wouldn't fail
they say they're our masters
but we would've prefer hell
we survived the lynching
and the times of Jim Crow
we conquer all the hatred
and stronger did we grow
Harriet Tubman, Malcolm X, and Martin Luther King
They never gave up
The fight for our dream
But sometimes in our rise
we tend to slip
With some of the things
we allow to escape our lip.

Like calling women bitches, and our brothers niggas, words
of disgrace
we got to realize the mouth is a sword
that can cripple a race
so before I start blaming society
maybe sometimes my own people plays the fool
to not learn from our past
But still expect our “Forty Acres and A Mule”

I Was There by Stephan R. Garland

I was There when worlds ended,
There when time began.

There when god had said "I can't"
and man, he said, "I can"

There when stars were living,
There in oceans full of suns.

There when you said "peace, be still"
And man Then made his guns.

I was There when Jacob faltered,
I was There to see him hang.

I was there when god said "be"
And The Universe said "bang"

I was there when The cell divided,
There when The atom split.

I was there when god said "ride"
And Man chewed trough his bitt

I was There in The muteness and maelstrom,
There when the Rivers Ran Red.

There when god said "I am life"
And man said "you are dead."

I was There when the devils danced,
There when the temples fell.

There when God said "I am the truth"
And man said "you're the tell"

The Cost by K. E. Bradford

I don't really care I've lost all my faith, In man or my brother
and myself as of late...

Truth has found surface and arrived at the scene, it's rise to
the top has curdled my cream...

Arresting this mind where deepened thoughts dwelled, out
the door my beliefs and those old fairy tales...

Giving me pause to reflect on my life, well aware that it's
there cuts like a knife...

Working its wonder all the way to the core, through a sea of
my blunders washing up on my shore...

No longer adrift and on solid ground.

Bereft of all dogmas the truth now abounds...

Taking root in my conscience, how the pains made me see,
what it is and what it ain't in my minds reality...

Aware now I am, illumination is mine, and with it the bitter-
est feeling of all time...

Truth was I was wrong and right about little else, I swal-
lowed much pride to find it within thine self...

Now behold hear these truths, they have found me at a loss,
astounded, confounded and forever paying the cost...

Truth is Violent by Brandon Pedro-Guerra

The truth is violent.
If you don't assimilate into
then...
you'll be cast from without.
The truth is violent.
Conform...
or die.
Be a carbon copy.
Play by their rules.
Constructed for you to lose.
Act like you don't notice their biases.
Or,
don't...
Let the truth of their hate
shake you to the core.
Enough till it causes your soul to be sore.
You know...
they assassinate people for the truth.
How many truths have they killed?
"Che," George Jackson, Fred Hampton Sr.,
Malcolm X...
How many more have been imprisoned?
Mumia, Mutulu Shakur, Assata, Angela Y. Davis.
When you cover up or kill truth...
is this illusion what you'll except as
peace?
It isn't.
The truth is...
that it is violent tactics used to suppress...

truth.

It goes far beyond burning books & shooting
off sphinx noses,
Willie Lynch letters, Jim Crow, Whip lashes and...
Castration
to smother the truth of future Black lineages.

Lost generations.

The truth is...
all aren't seen as equal,
Yet we were created to be,
The truth is though, we aren't equal.
If we were, whys there a...
Feminist movement,
Black Nationalist movement,
A "Occupy Movement" (or moment)?
But shii...
What do I know other than...
The TRUTH is VIOLENT.

What I Am by K. E. Bradford

Am I here, are you there, is this real or a dream? Now we are what we are but we are not what we seem...

Philosophers have pondered these questions and more, from Socrates to Descartes it's been deeply explored...

The nature of truth, reality and time, their perspectives and views etched in our minds...I believe I think therefore I am, cogito ergo sum explained one learned man.

Another put forth the concept of matter, that we come from the stars, also made of the latter...The smallest of things are not seen with the eye, bunched together they form masses said a brilliant wise guy...

And inside of these motes even smaller things still, the closer we look the more that's revealed.

Particles, gluons, mesons and quarks, these are what I am according to reports...acids and proteins molecules too, these are but a few of a chain that forms you...Adam were from but atoms we are, get the spirit and the life and the soul from afar...a mystical place set apart from this time, metaphysical and elusive, it's nature sublime...a retreat where our essence gathers beyond the veil, bereft of past, the present, not time and no hell...that blessed abode a rumored heaven to dwell, till were called forth once again from the mans wishing well...

Where is the teacher by Vince Abbott

What Life is, What Life isn't,
In Search of the Truth, it's only the beginning,
The root of our problems, attached to the past,
Honesty with Self, our guide on the Path,
Stillness of mind, evolution of the thought,
One who know it all, psychologically distraught,
Stuck in our ways, stubborn to change,
Only to suffer a Life time of pain,
Focus on the positive, and keep the mind steady,
The teacher will appear, when the student is ready.

Never Give Up by Vince Abbott

No Matter what is going on
Never Give up
Develop a heart
Too much energy in your country is spent developing the
mind instead of the heart
Develop the heart
Be compassionate
Not just to your friends but to everyone
Be compassionate
Work for peace in your heart and in the world
Work for peace
And I say it again
Never Give up
No Matter what is happening
No Matter what is going on around you
NEVER GIVE UP

Prisons and Projects by Vince Abbott

They're caging us in prisons and projects
Confining us on Indian reservations
Delaying our progress
Entrapping us in concentration camps
Keeping us uneducated, poor, and jobless
Silencing us by confining us
To prisons and projects

They're planning our demise through platinum and diamonds
Filling our imagery with visions mindless
Enticing us to spend on the cloths in which we dress
Yet the time we spend without children is becoming less and
less
They're manipulating us like pawns in chess
Once A powerful nation we've somehow digressed
Into inmates and residents
In prions and projects

They're killing us with lethal injections
Poisoning our minds with ill-given directions
Coaching our daughters to accept disrespect
Training us to depend on food stamps and W. I. C. checks
They're distributing propaganda, distorting the truth
Blatantly stunting the growth of your youth
Misinforming us with lies blinding us with ignorance
Deafening us with the noise of their own belligerence
They are teaching our children to follow the same path

Teaching them violence and hatred instead of science and math
Not equipping them to do battle with authorities
Teaching them that all they can be are minorities
They are infiltrating our homes taking over Neighborhoods

They're hunting us down like deer in the woods
Depriving our people of substantial opportunities
They're pumping A.I.D.s and plagues into our communities
Protecting themselves with diplomatic immunity
One may ask what exactly should we do with these
Institutions of unspoken indignities
That are often referred to as prisons and projects

Who's idea was it to create
These Identical complexes surrounded by gates?
Affordable housing is the wolf in disguise
Which they use to make their plans for our demise
Ever notice that we are rising generations
In these institutions that hold back the Black Nation
Have you figured out yet that it's all part of the plan
That was masterminded and carried out by the Man
To ensure that we would never escape the shackles
Every step forward is conquered and tackled
They're limiting our choices, diminishing our projects
By keeping us caged in prisons and projects!

Here to Simply Be. . . by Jordan Silveira

Ladies and gentlemen: Welcome to an exhilarating ride!
Won't you take my hand, walk with me and step inside?
PAY ATTENTION. Listen Close. Be sure you're fastened in.
Remain in your seats, hold on tight, and with that we may
begin.

This ride is unlike any other so beware of twists and turns.
Within the mind we'll venture deep down, dark where the
furnace burns.

We'll see all the mind's tricks, just how it tics and tocks.
Into a conglomeration of perception clouded building blocks.
These building blocks are records of experiences in which
you've had,

meaning the mind is a stack of moment until now – can you
fallow where we're at?

What I'm saying is every experience that you've ever had,
whether remembered or forgot

Makes up the structure of the mind from the bottom to the
top.

Let us continue shall we to address the mind's sole mecha-
nism,

The purpose of the mind is survival of its host and any iden-
tity it's been given.

What that means is it protects what it considers itself to be,
See, you thought you were the mind and what it projected
you believed was reality.

Because you believed you were the mind it sought to protect
itself,

Convincing you every step of the way that there never was
anything else

Any threat to the mind was seen as a threat to your own survival,
So the convoluted problems came fiercely to which nothing could seem to rival.
The mind so wants to control and to insure so will start a war
Within yourself and against reality, never seeing the ocean from the shore.
This all began when you were just an infant, fresh out your mother's womb,
You faced the trauma of birth, quite an earth-shaking disturbance we can assume.
And so it goes the mind constructed its survival by means of association.
Animals and humans alike begin life with this inherited desperation.
Every trauma that you've ever had beginning with your birth,
Determined how you'd see the world and where you'd find your worth.
An innocent mistake but unavoidable and inevitable
We all came to believe we were the mind and body inseparable.
Why, you ask, have I taken you on the journey into the depths of the mind?
Well you are not blind and I cannot lie, I have an agenda you will find.
I have brought you here to show you that all minds begin the same
And with understanding we can burn our ignorance – self-awareness: the match's flame
Find what you are beyond the mind – beyond that which is

being thought

Seek out the one who is seeking – behind what is being
sought

See that in which you truly are and you will come to find that
you are free

And know that you are not here to be this or that; you are
here to simply be...

Thank You by Ryan Ellenberger

Thank you God for all your care,
Thank you God you're always there,
Thank you God you are the one,
Who gave your one and only son,
Thank you God you gave me space,
To learn and make my own mistakes,
Thank you God for coming back,
And helping me pick up the slack.

Untitled by Mr. Malcolm J Jackson

MAN BIRTHS
LIFE AND DEATH
FIGHTS BREATH
DYING FROM AIR
WHILE CHILDREN
IN REFLECTIONS
MIRROR GODS
DEVELOPING WORLDS
 WORLDS DEVELOPING
 GODS MIRROR
 REFLECTIONS IN
 CHILDREN WHILE
 AIR FROM DYING
 BREATH FIGHTS
 DEATH AND LIFE
 BIRTHS MAN

Loving by Darrell Cook

No greater crusade can a soul embark upon, than attempting to gift the heart's open door. Endeavoring to genuinely love is life's most arduous journey, perilous adventure and honorable undertaking. This magnificent commitment, selfless compulsion and noblest of causes, is mankind's only excellent glory; alone worthy of true praise. For no one has ever earned another person's love; none can claim the right to receive, not one of us is worthy of...

Such a wager, this extending love; offering the heart to those whom, (in possessing virtues we hold in high regard) providence has chosen for us – to be attracted to. So much at stake, extending our affection, risking so much sorrow, experiencing such depth of feeling; Ecstasy and agony.

Who doesn't fail – entrusted with another's heart – in ascending to lofty expectations and fulfilling romantic dreams? Weekend in this world, o-so-full of kryptonite, (the vulnerability in being human exposing our many flaws and faults) all appointed super-heroes fall.

Must we, therefore, hide our hearts from chancing such betrayal and thus, avoid engaging pain or shedding tears; which test and prove our love? Shall we instead, embrace a quiet, safe existence – our only intimacy, a long and lonely exile?

In fear, we fail to live, abandoning this life's only genuine treasures – the exciting pleasure of being admired,

peaceful contentment & comfort of companionship; the enchanted beauty in exploring possibilities of love – finding out our soul’s mates….

Taking chances, facing fears and overcoming challenges, champions of the heart, (undeterred by time or distance, neither dismayed by circumstances) continue on, faithful in this quest: believing in – their own hearts – those whom have been chosen; loyal, compassionate, companions…

Legends of song & sonnet, poem and prose, possesses of true courage, (enduring heartaches) in not turning back, ultimately go on to obtain life’s sweetest gift and greatest reward – the realization of true happiness – RESERVED: For those whom choose to love….

Expressions of a Cloud by Darrell Cook

The unique beauty in each life, (even when profoundly expressed) is rarely recognized, acknowledged or appreciated – reserved till the hearts and minds which produce such treasured gems are stilled.

Thus, a single, lonely cloud, serene in its expression, slowly meanders across the vast, cerulean sky.

Of what value, these humble offerings of affection: kindness, compassion and generosity; delivered as, (momentary respites of shade over sun-baked brows, a soothing filter for dry, squinting eyes, the sweet relief and refreshment found in a cooling shower on parched & weary souls) nearly imperceptible gifts of love – from a brief uncelebrated existence – unnoticed?

The passion of my being is so carried in the air. Can you hear my song?

Do my words caress your heart, a rose; petals gently warmed by the morning sun? Does the melody my sonnet cause you to feel, (weeping tears of joy, or perhaps, sorrow) and smile in anticipation of new, delightful revelations of my heart? Will my prose inspire, lifting you to spread your wings, an eagle; soaring to amazing heights on the palm of subtle winds?

Contemplating from whence I come and the destination that I seek, discern the meaning of life's journey – yet, Van

Gough, Rockwell, Bach, Tupac; who am I more than these?
What then, of the beautiful sentiments this inconsequential
soul endeavors to express? Shall I fare well in time?

Listen, hear; look, see; touch, feel; know and under-
stand the rhythm of my heartbeat – yet, not truly till I, a
mist, fade into the indigo twilight of a cobalt night...

A Man I Know by Lucas A. Bates

There's a man I know, No lie he told nor was there a law he broke. But still He was hung on a tree so that if you believed you could live in victory. He could heal the sick raised the dead cured the blind His life was so divine. His name will endure for all time His sacrifice was to Pay the fine for all crimes. In the end when everything is said and done every knee will bend, and every tongue shall confess this lord of mine.

Don't hang your head in shame and guilt cry out to the lord He's so kind forgiveness he'll give salvation you'll have. The sins of the past will be washed clean by the tears he shed for you and me.

It's no secret but still if you don't know His name is Jesus The Lamb of God His only begotten son sent to save mankind. Beaten and hung on a tree for our crimes yet his love is so divine and endures for all time.

Reflections by Lucas A. Bates

Reflections on windows fade
like words whispered on the wind.
Promises broken, hopes dim,
wanting to start a new don't know where to begin.
Open my eyes that I may see
wondrous things, open my heart that I may
learn to love again.
For years I've wondered in my wilderness
No place to lay my head, No home to call my own
yet you descent from heavens throne to
capture a soul strained by griefs unknown.

Live Life by Lucas A. Bates

Hiding from the brokenness, trying to fill
the emptiness, fighting the unshed tears while
wrestling with so many fears. Dreams of
monsters and demons with Barbed wire fingers
and razor touches such is the nightmare that's
become my life over the years.

A darkness darker than the darkest of nights invades my
sight.

How could it be that I would allow this to become my Life.
Stuck in a house of mirrors, everywhere I
look I see the evil I've done The lies I've spun
wishing I had the sands of time so I could
turn back the hands of time making all my wrongs rights.
I cry out to the Lord above and that's when I hear him say
you've been forgiven
What's done is done, Now it's Time to live life.

Down and Out by Jerry Upson

All alone in this empty cell
It awfully sucks, it's Grays Harbor Jail
Each day comes and goes,
always waiting to eat
or getting woke up by black celly's beats.
I try to sleep as much as I can,
but now my schedule is fucked without a plan.
I sleep all day and lay awake half the night,
trying to sleep is my biggest fight.
I try to sleep,
to get rid of the shit between my ears.
But, when it's in my dreams,
it's the reality that scares.
I'm starting to realize, there is no escape.
So I'm dealing with this shit
with no release date.
My addictions for life,
seven years to go, to began the other side,
a journey to, it's been one hell of a ride.

Thinking Too Much by Joel Arroyo

I'm thinking too much – and maybe
I'll never make it out of this place.

I'm fighting a battle within myself
and for my heart that's too much pain.

I'm trying to see the benefits, but what
from it will I gain.

I'm hating myself more each and every
single day so sick to even look in the
mirror because I don't want to see my face.

I'm disgusted with myself for all the time
that I waste because a stupid decision I made.

Immediate gratification comes with a
bigger price I ain't really willing to pay.

But I should of thought of the consequence
earlier because now it's too late.

Time takes its toll – your thoughts and your
actions are yours, but everything else is out of our control.

I'm digging deep inside my soul searching
for something to make me glow its somewhere
in there I have a purpose, but what it is I don't know.

I'm trying to keep a sense of dignity
while living life in misery, but really don't
understand the circumstance because my mind
plays a game of trickery.

See yesterday is history and tomorrow a mystery
and today is the present, but can't take it as a
gift and if you know where I'm coming from then
maybe you get my drift.
and I'm sorry I apologize if my concept

was missed, but nothing is ever directly easy
for us just to get – I'm thinking too much

5:30 a.m. by Brian Brown

I wake, yawn, and stretch
Man that dream was really weird
What is for breakfast?

Little, No Recourse by Willie Haul

Here,
Desperate pleas,
So often weighty,
Heart rending.
Leaves one
woebegone,
hopeless
quite willing
to resort to magic's
without compunction

For Me by Marvin Francisco

The changes in me
Started as an adolescence.
Young at heart.
 Full of Love.
 Full of Hate.
I jus' couldn't Relate.
Couldn't see me.
Blinded by my ignorance.
Didn't know the TRU me.
Didn't want to find any answers.
Stayed in my minds misery.
Consumed in Rage.
Stuck in a Make believe Fantasy World.
Trapped in my ways.
– TROUBLED –
Running the streetz.
Staying strapped.
Drug infested.
Alluding Authorities.
Chasing that Mighty Dollar.
Telling every Cuttie Pie to Holla.
Couldn't change my ways.
After seeing that Purple Haze.
Running around the same ol' Maze.
Without this, there would be no Me.
Without these words, it couldn't be told.
The story of my life.
The story of my misery.
But it's told in our History.

I must change my ways
OR I'll be stuck in this Game.
I want a different life
I'm tired of losing
and plan on winning.
Through my Hopes – N – Dreams.
I see another means.
Pass all these walls holding me in.
Pass all the Hate that Resides within.
Pass all the Rage that made me sin.
And Pass the Hold the Devil had on me.
– To Win –

Seg, Half-Past by Willie Haul

Long, Bright receipt
Dwadels patiently across an
unadorned wall
At predictable intervals
Oblivious of service
A dial
sounds the hook
for the deaf,
the disinterested.
Self-absorbed

Prison Life by Jerry Upson

As I sit with three days to go,

It's only the beginning,

behind the fence I go.

Prison walls closing in,

with the clank of the door,

from the cells within.

I'm told when to lock down

or when to eat or shit,

behind the walls, this is it.

I hit the pile with every chance I get.

I'm stuck here for now,

too many years to list.

I walk many laps around the big yard,

to clear my head, but fuck, it's hard.

Go to church to stay close to God.

It's the only bit of sanity

I can seem to find,

It helps in the evenings

to relax and unwind.

When I think of his presence,

I know I'll be fine.

This shit don't make sense,

but it's doin time.

Walk to chow, always waiting in line,

but thankful to eat when it comes time.

Never to pickey, always eat what you get,

cause doin time, this is it.

There is always some punk, wants to run their mouth.

So, I might all well let be, unless I knock em out.

So that's doin time and it's what I get,

the prison life, this is it.

Life...a Conundrum by Youngblood

Should I be mad or sad?
Should I feel depressed or depraved?
Should I seek absolution or atonement?
Should it hurt this much,
Or have I just become hypersensitive?
Maybe it should hurt even more,
But I am now desensitized?
Was I pushed over the edge?
Or did I simply jump over it?
Should I feel like I have lost everything?
Or accept the fact that I never had anything?

How many people has this happened to? How many people in this world grew up like me, no knowing what to give their allegiance to; not knowing what to love or what to hate; what to respect and what to despise? How many people have had to find out just how tenuous the bonds between a mother and her son, a father and his daughters, between friends and family, homeboys and the set, things I thought were eternal? How many people have had to come to the very sad realization that anything can be lost, stolen, or simply thrown away...even a human life?

So did I lose my life, was it stolen from me, or did I simply throw my life away?

Downtrodden by David

I feel downtrodden.

As if society as a whole has run right over me.

People look at me strangely.

As if I had some terrible disease.

I am just the same as you are.

I eat, go to work and sleep in a bed.

I am no fool!

I have an education and abilities

Which you might see if you open your eyes. Do not slander me.

I have worth.

Believe it or not I AM a member of the human race.

Treat me as you want to be treated is all I ask for.

Don't sit in judgment on whether I matter or not.

All I ask is you respect me as a person.

Do not let prejudice color your thinking.

Do the right thing by me and it will come back to you ten-fold.

Live and let Live.

Be a part of the human race and embrace me as a brother.

May you be guided by God in your daily activities.

Try and lift me up so I am no longer a member of the down-trodden.

Playing the Pain Game by Logan Dancer

Why are we so different and not the same
Who made us this way who is to blame
confused in life, so alone
always hurting ourselves for reasons unknown
coke can tops, staples, disposable razor blades
Secret tools of the self-infliction trade
Our cuts heal but the scars remain
We are the masters of this pain game
Lost in the darkness of a youth without
Never known a day with no pain or self-doubt
There's no way out or so it seems
Living inside our failed dreams
Doctors commit us with psychiatric deceit and lies
Just another young misfit for their accusing eyes
Use us, abuse us take what you will
So much pain more tears and blood to spill
Clocks keep ticking and time flies
Pendulums swing and our youth dies
Will we escape the comfort of our fate
Or, has self-abuse become a natural state

Tiger Dreams by Robert Grey

Do you know of what a caged tiger dreams?
When his tail twitches, and his whiskers wrinkle?
My friend, when a caged tiger dreams,
He dreams of freedom, under open air,
He dreams of streams and stars,
Of the moon and sun and seasons.
He dreams of paths not yet explored,
Of new smells and sights and tastes.
He dreams of walking beside his mate,
And of watching his cubs play like kittens.

No wonder the caged tiger sleeps so much,
For, waking, he longs for his dreams,
For, his freedom...
And, as I sit in this cell, writing of
Tigers,
I say to you, my friend,
Yes, I know of what a caged tiger
Dreams.

Immortality is Killing Me by Jeremiah Park

This is your promised land
an Earth apart
forget
The world that forgot you
decide
create or die
lead, follow or fall
bear the burden
pay the price
awaken to reality
play your part
or fall
an Earth apart
beyond and beyond again
through our caves north and south
to return from the belly of the beast
never quite the same

Never Quite the Same by Jeremiah Park

A vast green meadow
In Asgard a songbird sings
In a minor key

Cruel Edge by Logan Dancer

Razor blade, razor blade this is a lonely, lonely place for me
Just look at my scars and then you will see
I often dream of the life I had before
I'm not the perfect girl I was anymore

Razor blade, razor blade only you can make me feel so good
No one understands just how you could
The pain you inflict is all I feel
The blood you draw is all that is real

Razor blade, razor blade I see you flash in the light
I strike you down in a practiced flight
I close my eyes and without a sound
I speed you up and press you down

Razor blade, razor blade you are the voice on my skin
You paint a new scar again and again
These scars are a mosaic of pain
My skin a canvas of the insane

Razor blade, razor blade these scars tell a tale
of a psyche, a psyche so damaged, so frail
This private ritual no one sees
Just another symptom of my mental disease

Razor blade, razor blade I see my skin part
This cut is another cry from my heart
Razor blade, razor blade please, please don't be cruel to me
That wasn't our deal why can't you see

Razor blade, razor blade there's more blood than ever before
Why does your edge always crave more
Razor blade, Razor blade why did you cut so deep
I feel so dizzy, I feel so weak

Razor blade, razor blade who'd done this to me
I'm so confused, was it you, or was it me
Razor blade, Razor blade I don't blame you
It wasn't your fault what could you do

Razor blade, razor blade I hear you whisper to me
...yours was a life that was not meant to be

The Giant Soldier by Patrick Alan Carpenter Jr.

It feels like I've got the weight of the world on my shoulders
but I'm a giant soldier
while you kick rocks I move boulders.
And I can only take so much of the pain
so when I cry you will know
because my tears are the rain.
They say, "Life is short," so now I'm living it up
but life has me nervous like some virgins
before their giving it up.
And I've always been told the world was mine for the taking
so when I take big steps
that's when you feel the earth shaking.
When you feel the wind blow that's just my sigh of relief
but when it's me against the world
I can take only so much grief.
And when it gets dark and time seems to freeze
don't make too much noise walking by
because I'm catching my zzzs.
Yeah, it's a tough world and every soldier needs his rest
but when it's me against the world
I always have to be at my best.
Since birth I've anticipated taking over the earth
but how can one do so
when everyone judges your worth?
But I'm a Giant Soldier and I stand way to tall
to listen to judgmental people
because I'm way better than ya'll.
Plus I'm a survivor see and that's what I do best
and if ya'll don't believe me

put this Giant Soldier to the test.
And when I pass yet again watch the fall and rise of my
chest
So tired of this ugly world
I go back to get some more rest.
And the day they take this Giant Soldier out of the game
Patrick Alan Carpenter Jr is on his Tombstone
this Giant Soldier's real name –

You Are by Jose

You are the heat that warms my soul.
You are the heart that I stole.
You are the words to my favorite verse.
You are the center of my universe.
You are the one I caress.
You are the one I possess.
You are the one I dream of.
You are the one I love.
You are my inhale
You are my exhale.

Time by Tammy Stewart

You are not one time

You are not small time

You are not big time

You are a gracious time

You are moments

You are minutes

You are seconds

You are existence

you are but a space filled with existence

A journey for the conscious to be centered

Your final destiny is to remain yet the gift of TIME

Beautiful Things Seen and Missed by Lorraine Netherton

A harvest moon, over the fields,
A walk in the mist,
Makes me feel, the power it wields,
For beautiful things, seen and missed.

Leaves on the trees, with colors so bright,
It makes you believe, if you held them out,
You could warm your hands, as if it's firelight,
Painted by God's hand, I have no doubt.

We should all take the time, to play in the leaves,
See frost in the moonlight, walk in the mist,
Smile at the harvest moon, catch rain off the eaves,
Or grieve for the beauty God made,
 ...and we missed.

Thoughts by Jeanette Mary May

Women hurry, books clutched to chests
to the library inside the tall, razor-wired fences.

We can go places, they say. Inside this prison
we create visions with what we learn. We can prosper,

We can change our habits of self-destruction
and we can be what we through we weren't worthy of
being,

HAPPY!

Happy for the imagination that innovates our mind
waking up dormant brain cells, creating new areas of
access.

Words form ideas true or not.

We are engaged connecting with others

We took the time to think, to brainstorm,
and research the material in the books we read.

Sleep Awakened by Shellie Collins

My eyes are covered, my head hung low,
tied to a chair. Where am I at? I do not know.

The room feels small, eerie, and vacant. I can tell there is a
bed not far from where my mind is at.

The only reason I know this, is because that's where they
laid me on my back.

My hands, mouth, and wrists were bound with tape.
I couldn't move either leg, there was no escape.

I felt the sting of cuts on my neck and I could still smell all
of their sweat, my body racked with fear as I heard the foot-
steps get closer yet.

It seems like hours had passed since the last assault.
There are too many of them and they say it's all my fault.

I did not cry nor could I scream.
I only awakened again to my nightmarish dream.

The images that go round and round in my head are the
flashbacks of my life when I wished I were dead.

Paying the Cost by Shellie Collins

How do you know what to feel?

Another year has passed but I still am not healed.

I keep wondering if what they say is true,

That in time and time alone, will heal all wounds.

My heart beats, my eyes blink I swallow hard and try not to think.

The pain I still feel or is it mental stress?

I don't want to be a victim of past history's duress.

At times I lay down and look at my ceiling,

so many thoughts, a whirlwind of feelings.

I want to numb it or better yet, make it go away,

like it never happened. That's wishful thinking so I sit and I pray.

Now it's all out there for everyone to see.

All the feelings I have,

feelings about me.

The shame, the guilt, the feelings of loss.

Wish I thought before acting now I'm paying the cost.

Our Story by Michelle Yildirim

You awakened my heart the first time I laid eyes on you I
waited so long to find a love so true our life together was
more than a dream we were destined for one another or so it
seemed

I never imagined we would fall like we did

it happened so quickly

in the darkness I hid

back into the light

was somewhere I wasn't yet

The memories of us I vowed never to forget

I missed every turned away kiss

If only I could get one more chance

to taste your sweet lips

The time came when we were re-united

I was more in love than before

Our spark was re-ignited

but the road we continued down

once again tore us apart

I regret it so very much

every day it breaks my heart

I want our paths to once again cross

without you in my life

My love I am lost.

You Ain't Shit by Porsche Washington

You ain't shit, you never was the shit
but still in all you thing you're the shit
you do dumb shit, say dumb shit
Then turn around and still think you're the
shit
I'm tired of this shit, I deserve more real shit
than all this fake shit
You expect shit, but don't wanna give shit
Then when things don't go your way
you wanna flip me shit
This is bullshit, you know it's bull shit
but you don't want to accept it because it's your
shit
It sure ain't mine, you give me this same
shit all the time
Your friends pumped you up to be the shit
Then you turn around and think I'm gonna
deal with your shit
I can't tend to my own shit because I'm
so overwhelmed with your shit
You know that, I'm leaving you now
because you ain't shit.

I AM by Casandra Cottrell

I am a daughter growing up scared
feeling like no one care

I am a sister showing them what not to do
preventing them from walking in my
shoes

I am a mother to give birth to a beautiful being
to experience such a miraculous
thing

I am beautiful it's not always about what you see
it's about who you show yourself to
be

I am changed my past does not define me
people will see what they want to
see

Don't give up when you think all is lost
Show them you're amazing no matter the cost.

My Addiction by Casandra Cottrell

I want to be the best I can be,
I can't do that with you right beside me,
You help make all the pain go away,
It feels like I need you more every day.

Some people say I'm co-dependent,
Surprisingly I'm not offended,
I used to think I couldn't live without you,
Like I deserved you after all I'd been thru.

You were my only friend at times in my life,
I want to give up and quit all the strife,
In the loneliest hours and darkest days,
With you it all went by in a haze.

I put you above even my own kin,
To go out and party with you all the places we've been,
So now I'm taking my life into control,
Starting with you where I dug my biggest hole.

Your lies don't reach my ears anymore.
I will not listen to what you've said before,
I'm on my own free and clear,
I don't have to live with anymore fear.

Father God Mother Earth by Rose Edmondson

Father Mother we thank thee
For flowers that bloom about our feet
Father Mother we love thee
For tender grass so fresh and sweet
Father Mother we care thee
For song of bird and hum of bee
For all things fair we hear and see
Father Mother in heaven, we thank thee

For blue of stream and blue of sky
Father Mother we thoughts thee
For pleasant shade of branches high
Father Mother we faith thee
Father Mother we hope thee
Father Mother we humble thee
For fragrant air and cooling breeze
For beauty of the blooming trees
Father Mother in heaven we grant thank thee

Jesus Christ

Listen by Adam Joseph Thomas

I hear you when you speak
But I listen to how you feel
I'll hear when it's fake
But I'll listen when it's real
I pay attention when you're talking
But I'm listening for when you're not
I listen for the dropping of the pin
Not the pin drop
I listen for your emotions
In between the talk
I feel you kissed me
I listen when we're not
I hear everything you say to me
I sometimes listen too
But when you said 'I love you'
I didn't know what to do
So I just
Listened

Reason by Adam Joseph Thomas

I know there's a reason to go outside
If you know it's going to rain
There's a reason to cut yourself
If you know there's going to be pain
There's a reason to lie
One that everyone believes
There's a reason to wear a jacket
When it's 90 degrees
There's a reason to take medicine
Even if you're not ill
There's a reason to have a gun
Even if you're not going to kill
There's a reason for everything
You must have one so why
Why do you say you love me
When you're with another guy
If you could tell me when I could tell you
Why I'm with another girl
When I'm in love with you
There's a reason

Life by Adam Joseph Thomas

It is the feeling of a summer rain
It's seeing the wind as it blows
It's the feeling of a cold flame
It's bathing in the warm snow
To think you found this feeling
Without having a chance or inkling
Of knowing what it's about
Is like having the calm without the storm
The rain without the cloud
The right without the left
The risk without the doubt
To risk pain is to risk the rain
No one will admit emotions are like the weather unpredictable
To see the prey and not attack
To see the girl and not react
To know the reward and not take the risk
Now that is unbelievable
To do the wrong but see the right
Is to breathe a breath and not have a life

The Eagle in Me by Norman Kelly

From the depths of my soul there is an Eagle that soars full of life. I have heard it cry out wanting to be free! To shine full of life ever so bright for all to see. My soul is always far off into the distant horizon. There it sits looking over the other side. Looking for that greener pasture, for the bigger grandeur, for that one dream that we all share, for the truly happily ever after.

There in the far off distance is where my soul is. Like an Eagle it is soaring the horizon. If you look hard enough you'll see me there.

This man's soul is always soaring, always seeking, always searching. Looking for that ultimate joy & happiness, that one true love, the happily ever after, the ultimate life with all its goodness rolled up together as one!

You'll see no rhyme or reason...by Anthony Kiona Fesili

If you understand your feelings and the tear drops they express, you'll slowly slay the demons sorrow growing ever less.

Some they stumble blindly through the shadows they create, to steal their won destruction on the path that leads to fate.

Others overcome and choose to change their own demise, to spread their wings in freedom chasing rainbows across the skies.

Beyond the far horizon sleeps the sun 'til mornings dawn, the heart that sets in darkness sings the sadness of a song.

If deep in thought you ponder life and all that you've embraced, you'll see no rhyme or reason for the tears upon your face...

Words that make no sound...by Anthony Kiona Fesili

I need someone to heal my heart and free my burdened mind, and show me how to spread my wings to fly self back through time.

My life is such I do not weep I've looked but never seen, I sleep but do not close my eyes and wish that I could dream.

I've searched the world over in a constant state of rage, sad because I've fallen short and somehow lost my way.

The day has come and time has passed my thoughts they find no voice, perhaps beyond the nights embrace there waits for me a choice.

If I could overcome the fear that seems to have me bound, I'd learn to master silence speaking words that make no sound...

Poetic words of wisdom...by Anthony Kiona Fesili

The truth to all existence is the presence we create, being mindful of the moment and the choices that we make.

I speak my mind in riddles in a tongue that time forgot, but most time I fall speechless if you seek you'll find me not.

You'll look but never see me you may search but never find, I hide among the chambers and the darkness of my mind.

If no one understands me or the poems that I write, they'll never know true freedom or fulfill their heart's delight.

What's whispered in the silence are the thoughts I often keep, poetic words of wisdom this the knowledge that I speak...

Listening in the silence...by Anthony Kiona Fesili

I've still no understanding of how things were meant to be, so I hide among the shadows waiting for my destiny.

To lead me towards my pending fate how sad is this for me, blindingly walking forward though my mind can clearly see.

If I can't remember yesterday or how it led me blind, perhaps I'll never find a way to free self in my mind.

I've never seen the setting sun or in the morning watch it rise, such sadness one should never know it often makes me cry.

We need to overcome such trials that life would have us face, for me I fear my time has passed I'll never find my place.

Rebecca by Gabriel Phipps

Do you remember when,
I kept you warm like a mother hen?
And when you grew in Mommy's womb,
I went and made you room.

Do you remember when,
Your older brother turned just ten?
You danced to every song,
Your birth would not be far too long.

Do you remember when,
Mommy sang you to sleep again?
Her beautiful voice soothes your soul,
And your little belly full.

Do you remember when,
Your tiny bubble would open?
Entering – a strange new world,
Into which you were hurled.

Do you remember when,
Mommy was the saddest she's ever been/
The day you were born – you were laid to rest,
Now in heaven you're My special guest.

Jesus by Floyd Williams

When you've finally hit rock bottom in the whiskey bottles and dope. Or you feel your life has soured and it has you're cornered against the ropes. Just open your heart and Jesus you will find the only true light of hope. When you're path in life seem the most darkest and bleak. A hand of love Jesus will reach if Him you turn and seek. When the thrills of the world have left you empty and crushed. Call on Jesus because He love just that much. When your troubles pull you down like a pool of quicksand. Let Jesus be the rock on which you stand. When on your heart weight is heaped. Jesus is the answer patiently waiting to be reached. If you stray from the Father's love and throne. Jesus is the forgiveness and grace that the Father has shown. Jesus is more than a friend tried and true. He gave His life on the Cross for me and you.

Wish by Floyd Williams

I wish I could make vanish the sorrow and hurt in your eyes, from all the broken promises, and too many lies. I wish I could erase the misery and sadness etched in your face, and restore that picture perfect ageless beauty and grace. I wish I could fill the empty and void I left here in your heart, and take the pain from your beautiful eyes life caused to tear. I wish I could turn back the hand of time when love was our song and wine. I wish I could take away all the shame and drama life put you through, and make you shine again like new.

You by Floyd Williams

You descended from heaven to bless me with your precious love. You're so perfect in every way. Even a glimpse of your beauty takes my breath away. Yet you're by far more than just beauty to behold. I treasure you more than rare gems and gold. You're better than a dream or wish too. You're a gift of love forever true. You love me in spite of my imperfections. I cherish you with much love and affections. You've filled my heart empty state. Me finding you surely was the hand of fate.

Inspiration Lost by CdK

Thinking

endless rows of thoughts
not going anywhere

digging deeper
finally hitting a wall
coming up with nothing at all

running around in circles
coming to a point
where there is no reason possible

nothing leaves my pen
my brushes do not connect
but my paper waits patiently

Proverbial Profit by Gabriel Phipps

What Prophet comes to a man,
If in seeing – he does not believe?
And in buying his eternal play,
That, without faith, he cannot receive.

What Prophet comes, but in the name of love,
Speaking the language of the heart?
But if your currency is not from above,
You and Prophet will surely part.

What Prophet comes – to men seeking praise,
Surrounded by many – to be adored?
Filled with all their worldly ways,
A prophet, they surely could not afford.

What prophet has a man of great wealth,
If he can purchase his every desire?
The world cannot save his failing heath,
And cannot pay to put out the fire.

What Prophet does your future hold?
I guess it depends on where you've been,
For if you've done what you were told,
You'll not end up with Leviathan.

(If you've received a Prophet, keep the change)

My Hero by Gabriel Phipps

A 21 line salute

She gave birth to my baby boy,
My only son – he brought me joy,
Going back to work was hard – I will not lie,
But I had to say goodbye.

He grew up in a time of war,
Not knowing what we were fighting fore,
He marveled at soldiers – though he was shy,
Not realizing some never got to say goodbye.

Recruited straight out of high school,
Brain and brawn – he was no fool,
I must let my only son try,
But not without a hug goodbye.

Letters written not meaning to send,
This is for real – not pretend,
A phone call telling me to go and fly,
And tell my son my last goodbye.

Life flashing before my eye,
Asking my Lord for a reason why,
I hold his hand as together we cry,
Moments before he begins to die,
Grateful I got to say my last goodbye.

Vampire Valentine by Jason Jarrett

Our love is as immortal as the beings that we are,
It's never to be killed and never to be scarred.

It is because of you that I am what I am.

On Valentine's Day is where all of this began,

A date for us that is filled with hope and romance,
We stared into each others' eyes which leaves me in a
trance.

Not knowing if it is because of your beauty or something
more,

But I do know that there's something about you that I truly
adore

That only makes me want us to be together eternally.

It's love so rare that it only happens eternally.

Little did I know that's exactly what I was dealing with.

Something that could make me yours forever with just one
kiss.

You let me know that not even death could pull us apart

If I allowed to suck my blood that pumps from my heart.

Without hesitation, a stutter, or even a held breath,

With my eyes, my heart, and my voice I tell you "Yes."

My heart skips its last beats because its me that you chose

As you finally lean in closer with your fangs exposed.

It's with this action that you ask me "Will you be mine?"

With that bite you make me your Vampire Valentine.

Yaddiaholla by Terrell Wilson (aka Tehuti the Great)

I'm dat cement flower, grew and rose from the crack, All I owned was the cloths on my back.

Lived on my toes cause on the bus in the hood Death sits in the rows in the back.

Hoodie pockets hang low it's some'n heavy in there, some say it's something betta than air even a friend to me ain't the friend he pretends to be so a pistols some'n betta than pray-er.

It's better him than me cause my violence domestic and silence is used to accept it.

The concept of peace in the streets is a Lion wit no teeth a sight some'n betta then rare.

So a straps a investment, to the latch-key kid the key to success is to believe in what beats in ya chest
Cope with some yaddiaholla, use a little finesse buy for a penny sell for a dollar.

I never asked to be black, never asked to sell crack,
Never liked cops when they was sniffin abound.
When deaths at the door whipping his feet on the mat you steal a car and start strippin it down.
Sell the rims and the deck, no one besides me, no one to guide me.

When I got emancipated like MIMI

I bought the things that life had denied me.

Now it's hard to sleep and harder to lay down,
but it's easy to lie threw ya teeth,
cokes so easy to buy now.

Closed my eyes at the grave of one of my peeps
Thinking dame it's getting hard to cry now.

But it's easy to leave and never look back
cause I got this hungry look in my eye
Now that says! Yaddiaholla buy for a penny sell for a dolla.

Time Squandered by Willie Haul

Tally
Etched on a crowded wall

The count serves poorly
Mars the ascetic,
reduces this cloister

Reminds
of time squandered

Rhythm by Terrell Wilson (aka Tehuti the Great)

Every dance step is a rhythm of feet falling and bodies swaying to the repeated tandem of musical jazz notes.

This Soul Train and American Band Stand that Electric slides it's hips, turning and twisting, swinging and swaying, bobbing and weaving, in a set pattern of timing that becomes the tango's and two steps of our movement.

This magical show between action and reason, knee jerking and finger snapping between the winging pendulum of rhythm.

Today, I will move on the balls of my feet to the turning tables and sound mixers that urge the crowd into a hypnotic smooth groove.

Today, I will feel the flow of movement as the bass line sends tremors through the floorboards.

I will balance the swinging motions or events that set the turning tides of each day.

I will know that where even a foot falls another follows in its wake.

I will live in RHYTHM with the musical force.

I know that life is like the dandelion that withers IN the absence of the suns beaming rays. OR the tomorrows that

move between the moonlight and the sunlight.

I will skip to the tune of the sound repercussion that drum
the cadence of a marching band.

Hear the Flow of the Waters Falling, Splashing into puddles
and pools. Its streams move with A silent sound that rushes
in the bed of waters until it finds rest. here is where the still
waters run deep.

This is the tone that the rhythm has et,
The metric rate of movement.

I will live in RHYTHM.

Grey Walls by Willie Haul

Grey Walls.

Serve this place well

Shucking all spirit

Leaving in exchange hopelessness

Dry husks

Patience by Terrell Wilson (aka Tehuti the Great)

Timing is our ability to aim the points of our approach at the target of our choice. To lay in wait is to be aware of the moments that are approaching and when the right one presents itself, strike with speed and accuracy.

Nothing can rush into itself all things are creatures of timing.

Patience is one's ability to know the timing is right.

When timing is met with tactic patience is in practice.

I will learn patience

I will know that all things are in a constant state of motion.

Though opportunity may seem to be passing many more are steadily advancing.

The grace of manner, the beauty of attraction,

The clarity of mind, the brilliance of resilience,

These are all products of patience.

Patience rest in the pillows of grass that grows in our fields of unplowed potential

As the seasons flow into years patience runs into the Delta of the Nile's Basin.

Like A butterfly from its chrysalis, you will fly as high as patience can carry you. Neither the wasp, dragonfly or mantids will obstruct the course of your direction, for patience is your greatest virtue.

Be patient with your progress. Count your patience with

gratitude.

That which is acquired with the most difficulty is retained the longest. Those who have earned a fortune are more careful than those by whom it was inherited.

Every noble acquisition is attained with its risk.

He who fears to encounter the one must not expect to obtain the other. Patience.

by Eliose S

Take your pills right on time
Go to class just before nine.
Get a pass to leave the gate
Never come back to Western State!

Untitled by Joe Vela

Son, please bear with me as hard times go by
For I know it's not easy without me by your side.

When your times get tough and your days are sad
I know you need love and support from Dad.

So I ask for a chance when my time is done
To show you how a good dad should treat a son.

So please bear with me as my time goes by
For in the future I'll be at your side.

Prison by Noah Thomas

Every day we wake up with hope for a better life,
Constantly weighting the choices we've made that weren't
always right,

Most of us missing parts of life we can never get back,
And while dealing with these emotions the slightest things
make us react,

Hardly ever is there a positive result,
Majority of the time after we reflect it's our own fault.

Something we could've said or done and make better the
situation,
Instead we're always trying to get ahead through different
means of manipulation,

Toward one another even sometimes the cops,
The all the madness in the end it never stops,

So I believe the best thing that all of us can do,
Is stop pretending and strive to be the best you,

You have to live your life pick and choose what works for
you and you alone,
Because what works for one MAN won't always work for
you and your attempt to get home,

In the end you are all you've got,
And I know one thing's for sure I'd rather be hated for who I
am
Than liked for who I'm not.

The Good Stuff by Christopher Looney

The best things in life are too often overlooked.
They're the things you can't buy, or have stolen by crook.
Like the intoxicating fragrance of a springtime bloom,
Or remembering the scent of a first love's perfume.
The wind whipping softly all through your hair,
Or a refreshing nap in your La-Z-Boy chair.
An unexpected phone call from a long lost friend,
And realizing the humor of a 10 year old trend.
Like the brilliant smile of a toothless child,
Or the grace and beauty of a creature in the wild.
The hypnotizing flash of an electric sky,
Or the drifting sweetness of Mom's fresh apple pie.
The smell of clean after a summertime rain,
A band-aid and a kiss to help soothe the pain.
Like an unforgettable tune you can't help but sing,
Or Dad giving pushes on the old tire swing.
The warm summer rays caressing your skin,
And watching the miracle of a new life begin.
Like the calming effect of a gently flowing stream,
Or cheering like crazy for the winning home team.
Consumed by the intensity of a gripping good book,
Or the time you got noticed with that sexy, desiring look.
Like a double side-ache after a good hearty laugh;
And a gentle back rub after a long bubble bath.
A beam of pride from a child's good deed,
Or when someone else understands your innermost needs.
Like offering a favor for nothing in return,
Or your lover's embrace as a small fire burns.
Someone to cuddle with in the middle of the night.

Someone to tell you it'll be alright.
Like holding hands on a salty beach walk,
A hot cup of joe and some early morning talk.
When beauty is finally found in your own looking glass,
And the smell in the air of freshly cut grass.
The first ever bike ride, completely on your own,
Or your first big break on a little wish-bone.
Like the amazing colors in a dazzling sunset,
And all the vivid memories you won't ever forget.
For any one of these, we could never pay enough,
But the best things are free; and that's the good stuff.

Sexual Assault by Benjamin Braaten

In America, 1 in 3 women have been raped
All of our respect seems to have escaped
Should it be left un-noticed
Even if it isn't forced with an angry fist?

Sexual assault is any unwanted touch
It does not have to be rough
Without consent, it can't be called love
It can only be called lust

Doesn't it make you so sick
That it has become such an epidemic?
What can we do to change this crazy fact?
More bills to enact?

No, the change must come from within
And how we all view women
When we no longer see them as sex objects
When these attitudes we reject

Please join this movement with me
To change the course of history
Stand up; tell them they are being rude
You won't tolerate their sexualized attitude

I Am Always Chasing Rainbows by Stephen E. Graham

I go on running in and out of the mist trying
To get a glimpse of color in the sky.

It seems I have been chasing rainbows
All my life

I have always been looking for a pot of gold.
And in doing so I have been gone from you most of my life.

Rainbow became my life.
I have lived a long time, but not found a pot of gold yet.

The years have become tears,
For I have lost the look of love in your eyes.
I'll never forget how happy we were, your smiling face.
The love we shared.

I have been chasing rainbows for the colors
Are so beautiful to me

Now most people would say that I have
Nothing to show for my life.

But I have something to smile about,
Because I remember the love in your eyes
And the beautiful colors in the sky.

My Soul Yearns by Gerald Miller

Oh how my soul yearns to be
With those who are so close to me.
But these bars keep me away
From the loved ones I hope to hold close one day.
As I ponder what I have done
I realize now was it really so much fun.
Now my soul cries out in pain
When I think of all my shame.
Please don't cry for me
Because of all the foolish pride inside of me.
It is I who cry for you
Because I have become the fool of fools.
So as the tear rolls down your face
I wonder why I have become such a disgrace.
In all of this I must confess
It will be God who gets us through this mess.
Look to Him and you will see
The healing of our souls from all the hurts caused by me.

Thoughts of You by Joshua Boykin

The sun will rise
The sun will set
But I will never forget
The day we met
Every time
I go by that place
It brings a smile to my face
For I am reminded
Of your elegance and grace
And I want you to know
That this day
Thoughts of you
Still make my heart race.

Components by Benjamin Scott Pearson

Eyes are the windows
To the soul
The heart is what you
Really get to know
The body is there
For physical space
For when you just need
Someone to embrace
Words are there for comfort
And reassurance too
Words like these
I'm always there for you

Oh My Dear by Benjamin Scott Pearson

Oh my dear, can't you see
There's naught to fear, when you're with me
I'll hold you tight so you may feel
Your heart is right, let's make a deal
Open up to me and I'll promise you
This heart you see is honest and true
I want to know that you want this too
I'll surely show that I truly love you
I really need you to hear me girl
Don't take lightly what I say
When I say I love you, and you're my world
Know that my soul is with you everyday
I know that the times get hard
And we may be sometimes too far
But darling please believe it's then
That we're truly the closest at heart
So what do you say?
Do we have a deal?
Tell me what you say
Tell me how you feel
My heart is on the table
My cards are all laid down
Know that this is not a fable
It's exactly how it sounds

My Love by Dylan DePaula

Roses are red, violets are blue,
My love is true, just for you.
My love was lost, but now it's found.
My love was gone, but now it's here,
Forever my love is true to you dear.
Roses are red, violets are blue,
My love is here, All for you!

Blocked by Michael Lauderdale

My story is still up in my head,
Waiting and waiting to be free.
I'd assemble the pieces,
All one hundred and three.
But no glue have I
For its species.
Just this mind,
And it's
Blank

Blind Faith by Jason Brooks

Nothing seems to pacify
My minds incessant chatter
It never seems to stay too long
On just one subject matter

Like religion spouting politics
Sweeping through the land
Preventing the spread of sciences
By holding up their hand

Or why can't kids praise the flag
For patriotic sake?
Another form of government
Convoluting church and state

A thousand years enlightenment
Was taken from this land
All because religion
Once again had raised its hand

Galileo sat at home
'Til he told the Pope he'd won
Agreeing with him at long last
We don't revolve around the sun

Onward Christian soldiers march
God said take this land
This is one advancement
Where we won't raise our hand

History has shown us
Too much faith can make you blind
I prefer to look ahead
And keep an open mind...

Emo Heart by Michael Damman

What is an Emo Heart?
It's a heart made out of pain
When someone felt there was nothing to gain,
It starts with a line,
Ending with three more,
Shaped like a heart,
No curves, don't want it to break,
They call it an Emo Heart
Some might know it as the cutters heart
Each line represents pain their heart received,
Still don't know what it is?
I got one,
Let me show you.

Urd Beneath Skuld by Jason Graham

Thoughts toss and turn repetively into
Turmoil, becoming an ocean of feelings
That rush back and forth like the tide,
Powered in and out with their own
Rhythm that few begin to understand
Why.

We share their walks together, but
Many more are left to it alone, carrying
A burden too dark to see, because of
Their lost reasons of knowing why.

They become buried and hidden away,
The keys that so many are afraid to see,
The paths that are left behind you have
A way of steering you into the direction
That can finally help you to see.

Eccentric Opportunity by Joseph Megna

Within my intellect I hold principles of
Truth
I transfer mindfulness into actions of nobleness
Although my vision is eccentric
My world view is peace
Love I reflect through the meticulousness of my words
Mental wealth is true existence
Worldly riches the ventriloquist and we the puppets
My faith in tranquility fact not theory
Knowledge of self is key to inspiration
Refuse the destruction of self
Believe in you, Live holds a promise of change
Hold endurance in the presence of obscurity
Numbered are the setbacks unlimited opportunity
Awoken from the nightmare
Joined by the believers
My hope my tenacity polished and no longer imagination
My being has purpose and goals of elevation
This journey has just began
And will end with Man on the moon and castles in the air
To the lost this is empty sound…
But to the enlightened confirmation that the voice is real
And the emotion we feel is real
Righteousness is clarity water to the soul
No metaphor but wisdom
Bean interpretation of originality
Utopianism a way of life
Open my mind and opened my eyes
I open my arms and over these walls I fly

Idaho by Mick Huges

Towering mountains of pine trees, cedars and firs
Quaking aspens that wave to the skies
The colors of rainbows, of yellows and reds
Like a feast, straight from God, for the eyes!
And flowing between are the creeks and the streams
With waters as pure as can be
And so cold to the taste ever flowing with haste
It's a land made from love that I see!
There are meadows only known to the butterflies
That are shared with the whitetails and bear
And the only sounds heard are the songs of a bird
As the meadowlark echoes the air
There are sweet peas and daisies and buttercups too
And a fragrance of how heaven must smell!
But I do know one thing, that if angels do sing,
That it's here in the wind that they dwell...
Like dancers, the dragonflies soar through the fields,
As the honeybees gather their dues
There's a mist in the morning that enters his land
And the skies are the bluest of blues!
So if ever a place was called perfect
And if ever on earth we could see
It's the closest to God that I've ever been
It is here, almost heaven to me.

For Life Well Spent

Tis Measured How Ye Spent it by Richard Akuna

Tis seems to ye success tis proof of ye use
But ye accused are hidden thy truth and accuser obtuse
What hell hath found, for thee come with sound
Thine art shackled to thy ground, yet thee beast kick ye
down
Thy pain ye endure, that thee tyrants ensure
As thee tyrants laugh, and thou beasts growl
That ye sorrow multiply on thy morrow
I say vengeance ye gain tis thine vow
For these words to keep for thine sake of sanity
Not for what thine seems but what must be.
On thy high horse thee grip thine whip
And strip ye lip with thee superior trip
To show of force thine difference
Of thee and convict.
To one day await when ye freed from thy fate
To escape thine hate thine monsters create
Thine measured depression among fallen men
Is so vastly spoken like Job to his friends
And yet helping the distraught who are found in want
Thee monsters art brought for ye are told ye cannot.
Then thee made ye bleed and planted thy seed
That ye art failure to be so ye must succeed
To prove I meant it when I mention
Ye greatest vengeance, tis to be successful and independent
For life well spent
Tis measured how ye spent it

Wasted Time by Matthew Hutchison

I've wasted so much time
Dreams come true...
Not mine
I walk the road less traveled
My soul's been beaten
I spend so much time alone
I've caused all this misery on my own
It's time
I'm ready
I'm on my way
I have a future
I've changed my old ways
These tools for life
They're mine
No more worries
I'll be fine
No more wasting time
There's mountains to climb
Dreams do come true
I know this
Because you were one of mine
I'm done
I'm done
I'm done wasting time

A Word about Words by Stephen Graham

A word can mean a lot even when

It is not much of a word.

A word can express a thought or not.

But a thought is never expressed in

A word not heard.

A word can say more than it means to.

Or mean less than it seems to.

But when not said it will mean nothing at all.

A word can say more than it should even

When not heard.

A word can go into a heart to fill a void there.

Or it can make a void in a heart when heard.

A word said or not can still be felt

And cared about.

I have heard that there are some words

Written somewhere that say

Home of the brave and land of the free

But it seems these words

Were not meant to be heard

By you and me.

Simpleton's Paradise by Italy Brumfield

Almost anything you could possibly dream of, is just at your fingertips

We're full of anxiety and ambition, while we chase our dreams within'

I'm floating as high as the clouds and they say that the sky is the limit,

Yet when I chase 'em they seem evasive, could this all just be a gimmick,

I'm situated for a minute, but want more because there's no limit.

Why am I hounded by vagabonds, bums and even beggars?

Yes, I have more than enough, but I'm too proud with my head up,

I don't know what your excuse is, even though to me it'd be useless,

So the proof is in the hustle, full sail ahead, no tears, all muscle,

Why deny myself what I can buy, in this Simpleton's Paradise,

Controlled by the sway of the world, and enticed by the look of the girl,

Yet in a world filled with trouble, so to ensure myself I'll double,

Hoarding more than I have room for, like my days are numbered for sure,

For me I seem to know what's best, even though my love seems indirect,

Around the bush you'll beat, at least until the fire pushes through the heat,

So I'm complacent and discreet, yet so direct but very brief,

My time is money as precious paper, so who catches life if
it's but a vapor,
The futility of my endeavors, chasing fate I'm anxiously ea-
ger,
Money is a powerful tool, but I believe the tongue can make
one a believer,
So high on life and living it, so confused I choose where
trouble is,
My mind tends to enthrone this life, while my pride proves
to me its right,
This and that of my choosing, so to my ears its blissful mu-
sic,
Adored because of my status, and admired because of my
appeal,
This lifestyle I'm accustomed to, I sweat at moments seem
so surreal,
My swagger's unlike any, however before me there were
many,
My mission is to make it, so being broke I can't relate it,
And if poverty is abhorred, then being rich must be full of
joy,
Life makes a man out of a boy, though we still treat life just
like a toy,
There's feelings of me being lured, in which I cannot fill this
empty void,
In dire desperation, I search without very much patience,
In hopes of finding fulfillment, I'll need to know what God's
will is,
As my tranquility builds within me, so serene I lean on God,
I was lost but now I'm found, my home's in heaven,
With Almighty God.

Rain by Christopher Looney

Home is not my home anymore; I live in an empty shell
The life I worked so hard for, tragically left behind
There's no going back now, and no magical wishing well
And my cowardly, beloved vultures have all but robbed me
blind

Where my happiness once dwelled, where it used to be
found

Now seems so far away from the ignorant bliss of norm
Even the smells in the air, the reverberating of sounds
And the familiar invites no longer feel warm

My fair weather friends won't tell me the time
And won't offer me shelter from the pouring rain
Out of their sight or out of their mind
Is a kick to the face when you're already in pain

So who has the strength to turn their heart to steel?
To endure the disappointments and the days of blue
With ice in their veins and with pure iron will
Reinvent and adapt to see the bad times through

Optimism itself is the port in my storm
A saving grace to be treasured like a hidden gold mine
I'll keep fighting to stay up in any way, shape or form
Because it's true what they say: It can't rain all the time

Strangers by Stephen Graham

Sometimes I see you before you see me.
You will have a bored look on your face.
Then you see me and your face lights up
And you give me a big smile and a friendly word.
I can never find the words to tell you how I feel,
So I make a joke or say nothing at all.
How do I tell you words I cannot say?
Yet somehow I know you and you know I am
As happy to see you as you are to see me.
But how you know I do not know.
Is it my eyes that give away what is in my heart?
I see an understanding in you that makes me feel
You know how much I want to say the words I cannot find.
And I see the sadness in you because you
Want to hear those words.
Will it always be that way?
Knowing each other so well, yet not at all.
Are we destined to live in polite hellos and good byes?
Or will we begin to dread seeing each other
Not knowing why we feel so bad inside?
Will we start disliking each other because of how bad
We feel for just being strangers?

Our Home by Samuel Merrow

I leave my house
And walk down the street.
I head for the forest
To beat the heat
I walk through the trees
With a canopy overhead
This is the place
Where the animals tread.
As I walk along
I see all the pine.
Trees like these will b here
Until the end of time.
In the trees ahead
I see squirrels playing.
They chitter and chatter
What can they be saying?
Birds are busy
Making their nest.
When they are done
They will take their rest.
I walk in into a meadow
And look up in the sky.
I spot a big eagle
And wished that I could fly.
Out on the meadow
I spot some deer.
They are grazing on grass
And are really quite near.
A lot of animals

Call this forest home.
I wished that man
Would leave it alone.
What a wonderful place
The forest can be.
If you only open
Your eyes to see.
God gives us
Good places to live.
Because this world
Is His to give

Untitled by Michael Martin

Let the day be quick
For noon tomorrow
Because today
Is filled with sorrow.
Hurry up tomorrow
It's still today
I can't make these nightmares
Go away

Untitled by Anonymous

Because we chose to tell the truth
(The cool of age, the rage of youth)
And stand against the lies of old
(The whispers soft, the tales untold)
We find ourselves the walking dead
(The loves unkept, the words unsaid)
And in the crypt of all we've known
(The broken blade, the breaking stone)
To know that we were in the right
(The coming down, the ending night)
So here is when we stop the lies
The time is come. We have to rise

Dearest Daughter by Bobby J. Nichols

To my dearest daughter
You are the most important
Person in my life
The best day of my life
Is the day you came into
The world.
You are on my mind
Constantly
I know I have messed up in life.
I know I've done wrong.
But you are never too far from
My heart.
There are things in life
I wish I could change
But the first thing
Would be a better
Father to you.
My daughter, my angel
You are my life and
I love you.

Heart and Soul by Bobby J. Nichols

Living in this life of hell
There is only one thing
I truly think of and that's
You.
You are my better half
My soul mate that I've met
In a place of darkness.
Some people may say love
Is just a four letter word.
But when I say it to you
I mean it from my heart and soul.
At night as I lay in bed
Thinking of you, my heart and soul
Cries out for yours
You are my light at the
End of this dark tunnel
I call life

Sealed with a Kiss by Matthew Hutchison

I'm forever yours faithfully
Long term
Whole heartedly
To death do us part, that's how I started this
No questions asked
You're where my heart and soul rest
As long as you're my friend at the end of this
I'll seal it with a kiss.

Prison Love Can Exist by Matthew Hutchison

True love from prison...
Can exist...
If you don't believe me...
Read this!
I was lost
But now I'm found
I look over my shoulder
True love is all that follows me now
No more worries
A whole new outlook on life
Try to stop me
You better be ready to fight
I have no end in sight
You've made my heart beat right
No time to stop
I've taken flight
With true love
I'll make all my wrongs right
True love from prison can exist.

Metal by Michael Lauderdale

Thumping, bleeding, burning, crunch,
The deepened hollow is much too much.
Your brain is seizing, your thoughts are red,
My deepest waves are in your head.
You look, you scream, you cannot run,
In your mouth your words are dumb.
The rumbling thunder of my bass,
Melts the skin right off your face!

Lucy by Michael Lauderdale

The dog
Just looked at me
In careless attention;
With muddy feet and a dead mouse,
She blinked.

Haiku No. 1 by Michael Lauderdale

A single black mouse
Furrows quickly through the snow,
His work just begun.

In the Eyes of My Yesterday Lover by James Neidigh

In the eyes of my yesterday lover
I seen the pain so clear
The lonely nights, the painful fights
The waterfalls of tears
True love remains in the depths of her heart
Buried by wasted emotions
I know in my mind someday she will find
Her way to the shores from the ocean
Until then I'll just sit and wait
Tossing rocks from the shore
On hopeful dreams and memories
Until there are no more
The pain is obvious it cannot be hidden
Her smile can reach from ear to ear
But sadness is how she is living
There is only one so no woman
Can ever rise above her
The day is so near I see it so clear
In the eyes of my yesterday lover

Almost Home by Mickey Hughes

It's almost as though I can hear his steps
As if he's close enough to see!
I can feel his presence in my heart,
As he comes for you and me...
I know our time on earth is short
The suffering and the pain
T'was nothing like the Son of God
For He'd do it all again!
No one has showed us "Love so pure"
No greater sacrifice
No one could ever quite endure
The pain of Jesus Christ...
Within His heart upon that cross
Imagine how He felt
Looking out, the shameful faces moaned
As below His mother knelt
For her tears my friend were not in vain
For she knew her Son was free
As she said, "Be strong, You're almost home,
Save a place, my Son for me."

Porchlight by Cory Kjarstad

Her porch light is a warm welcome glow
Her door is forever open, lover never ceased to flow
Never turned her back on me, she was always there
Believed in me dearly, put me in her prayers

When I was away she always wrote me letters
Forever assuring me, life will truly get better
I really do miss her, her demeanor so kind
Her smile and bright eyes burn deep in my mind

She will be my guardian angel for this I am sure
I feel her love so right, so clean so pure
She said to be strong; she was going to leave me
That bright light was fading, a sad sight to see

I hugged her and held her, and said my goodbyes
She smiled so slightly and opened her eyes
I told her I love you, she said I love you too
I will never forget that moment so blue

I kissed her cold cheek and looked to the sky
I asked God to take her, tears welled in my eye
Her spirit is in heaven, this I have no doubt
On that sad day the porch light went out.

I love you Karen. Rest in peace.

Prison Minded by Jason Jarrett

It seems to me that since we were removed from civilization
That we are supposed to behave as if we are part of a bar-
baric nation

Where there is no need to remain respectful and civilized
It's screw the weak and only the strong shall survive
Doing anything and everything to impress your friends
wanting to be cool

Instead of doing what's right, you show no regard for the
rules

And not just the ones created by the higher up authorities
But also the one by your peers, just because they don't fit
your priorities

We have a chance to make ourselves better in this place of
corrections

But you'd rather see who else you can guide in the wrong
direction

You can't even think for yourself programmed to be a robot
Letting everyone else tell you how to think whether you like
it or not

Always pointing the finger at someone else saying they did
this or that

Yet not even once attempting to take responsibility for your
own acts

Your childish, immature behavior just makes me want to
throw up

So please, I ask, I beg, I plead you to grow up

Monster Within by Jason Jarrett

As I look into your eyes I see the monster hiding inside
It's deep within you and you can't cover it if you tried
There's no concealing with smiles or your little acts of kindness

Sooner or later it will come out and there's no way to stop this

It's clawing and scraping trying to break through your skin
How much more can you take? How much longer can you hold it within?

There's an internal struggle between the you that we see and your true nature

Wanting your facade to win and you will do anything to make sure

Slowly but surely your mask is peeling away from your face
Showing your sins, your crimes, and all your past mistakes
Leaving you only wanting to create more havoc and hell
Doing things so evil and wrong they make hell's fire swell
Can you prevent this and not give into your deepest desires?

And can you truly become what people see of you and what they admire?

I just know what I see when I look into your eyes

There's a monster inside you that's trying to arise

If you don't believe me take a deeper look into your soul

And understand what you are before you completely lose control

Then with a sudden realization things have become ever so clear

When I notice it's my own eyes I am staring at in the mirror

Silence by Gerald Miller

Silence is a world within a world

In silence you will find no joy or laughter

In silence one jitter will make it something beyond its own
world

Silence is where the dead and deceased dwell forever

Love by Gerald Miller

Love is like a butterfly

That is free for all

But when it is crushed

There is nothing at all

Despair by Gerald Miller

My heart is heavy laden from the total emptiness deep within.

I find myself surrounded by these walls I call despair who I call my friend.

I have tried to escape this prison I am in

Only to find there is no escaping what I have locked myself in.

As I cry out and the tears roll down my face

I find there is now one who hears me outside this cold dark place.

With the passing of time I realize this one thing

That despair has become a friend I cannot replace.

It hears my cries and sorrows and shows me no sympathy

Nor does it lie or hide from the likes of me.

Despair shows me one thing I will always be

A coward until I break down these four walls of despair that surround me.

Someone Special (You) by Noah Thomas

It's been awhile now and I hope you miss me
With thought of good days and the way you'd kiss me
Still sometimes you get mad at me and I don't get why
You're an angel without wings you you're so fly
Goodbye was the last phrase that we shared
I knew I'd lost your love though I wasn't prepared
For the shifty eye contact and mean tones
It's because of this I knew you were no longer at home
Your heart was someplace else and I want you to be happy
So do what you must, no reason to get sappy
If you've got to leave to kill a need don't delay this action
I know what the problem is the problem subtraction
Take away you and leave me, believe me it could've been
special
Silly fights some nights your eyes red like the devil
Yet and still I tried staring right into your eyes feeling you
lied
I told you I loved you and we've finally succeeded
We shared these few words we both so drastically needed
Now I'm just beggin' you and pleadin'
Don't leave me right now in life when you're the only person
whom
Doesn't make me feel eternally defeated.

Why A Child? by Derrick Billy

Why does a child so precious so innocent
Become an easy victim?
What child do you know asks for physical infliction?
Who am I to put one in that position?
Every move and every word a child speaks do I truly listen?
I once felt that too, alone and confused
My son how could I do that to you
The pain from me to you, there's no excuse
There's no minimization for any abuse
My child you don't know any better
What gives me the right to treat you like you don't matter?
When I'm not happy or accepted
Where is the joy for me and you when you are backhanded?
What child can stand up and say it's okay I can stand it
What child can say it's my fault I deserved it?
Some children don't live to speak or enjoy their innocence
Because of my anger and selfish amusement
What pushes me to lose it and have this illusion?
What if it was my son that never made it?
What if it was my son to another's hands his life was taken?
Is it not enough attention or is it possession?
Why do I cry for a child I never knew?
Why do I cry for a flower that never bloomed?
Is it because I knew it would be beautiful?
Why a child so precious and innocent?
But now I trust they play peacefully above
No pain, no sorrow, no fear, but full of the purest love
What will it take to understand that the battle is not against
flesh and blood
But against the evil forces that separate us from love?

Evoke by Anonymous

The paper seduces the pencil
Coaxes it, caresses it
Precision strokes and strong bold lines
Eyes of glass capture expression
Continuous curves ending in points
Picture perfect frozen in time
Beauty now graces the paper
Eye sees eye sadness reflects
Behold generations stare in wonder
Such beauty such pain
A single tear rolls down her cheek
Only the artist knows
Why does the picture cry

Untitled by Anonymous

My passions are in my pencils
My lust is in my eyes
Desire fulfilled by simple touch
Experiences seen in black and gray
Terrifying truth revealed
I love my work and it loves me back
Peace finally achieved
Shades perfected, highlights bright
My passions are in my pencils
My art is my life

Nine Years from 1990 by David Enders

I was never the voice that anyone heard until after I was released from prison. Then they called to me the “Blackbird” hanging from the lowest branch in my outcasted family tree until Madam Freedom finally finds me.

I lost myself and my family when I walked away nine years from 1990. at the age of 15 I chose to walk these dangerous dark streets until this dream called true love finds me.

I’ve paid for the sins of an ignorant street kid, but this system disagrees. They don’t believe that I did. So here I find myself once again spending 13 ½ years in a state pen for nothing I did.

Forced into captivity because of the lies that have been told about me ever since that “Dark September Day” nine years from 1990. I’m a small town backwoods boy that grew up in this place called D.O.C., into the man my grandma wanted me to be. As I sit in this prison cell feeling alone some days, but I know she’s looking down from heaven on me.

I’ve never looked to my past or the pain because I know that it will be washed away by my tears that fall like rain as I conquer my fears collected throughout the years.

Women by Bradley Williams

And as for women?...For the moment I loved
Them, and for the moment, no doubt, they...They
loved me, and who can say how long such moments
can last? I drink the wine and put aside
the glass, but the taste lingers...the taste lingers.

The Voice of a Tear by Jason T. D. Smith

I am a single tear that rolls down his cheek
I came from his eye to say to you
The words his lips could not speak
Before he wipes me away
Did you bother to hear what this single tear had to say?
What was said, was done without a spoken word
I was a message that could only be heard by the heart.
If you don't teach your heart how to listen
There will be a million messages like this one
You will end up missing
So the next time you see him cry and from out of his eye
I tumble out in a salted tear of blue
Open your heart's ear
Because this tear is speaking to you.

Still Human! by Jayson T. D. Smith

Come now before you...

...Is a man with so very little to offer

Though what I possess...

...Has value to me beyond mention

My three greatest virtues are...

...courage, generosity and honesty

My most vital possession...My word!

My humanity continued long after my freedom ended

And just as the sun shines in many directions...

...So does my ability of all human emotions—

Compassion, fear, love, anger, affection, pain, joy—

“I’M STILL HUMAN!!!”

Though men lock men in cages like animals...

...Thus not make us animals

“WE ARE STILL HUMAN!!!”

Think not of the crime committed or the given sentence...

...See the human and desire for repentance

Think not of us as garbage and prison a place...

...of sanitation

See the human beyond the bars and concrete...

...hear the cries for help, education and rehabilitation

Give us a fresh start without the remembrance...

...of past mistakes

Know we are still human and we all have bad breaks.

**Forgive Me Son by Jason T. D. Smith
for Merrell T. D. Smith**

I beg for your forgiveness son
I apologize for the crime to you I have done
I have stolen my presence from you like a thief
My heart weighs heavy with a ton of grief
I made the mistake that got me 46 years
My face is filled with pain and tears
I'm locked down, slammed in the slammer
Please don't feel hate for me
Or use any foul grammar
For this was not the scheme in my fatherhood dream
I wanted every morning to rise
See your smiling face witnessing the sparkle in your eyes
At night tuck you safe into your bed
Wish you sweet dreams and kiss you on your forehead
Whisper into your ear telling you what the Lord said
It is what I know to be true
For our sins He died on the cross
So God will forgive me and you
Son I pray for amends
I want us not only to be father and son
I hope for us to also be friends
So you would never feel shame or shy
That you could be truthful with me
And never feel the need to tell me a lie
To always be a shoulder upon for you to lean
An open mind to speak what you feel
Plus eyes to see what you dream
To be a strong and dependable hand

Guiding your growth to become a strong man
Son, as your father, this is what I had planned
From the moment you were conceived
To when I cut your umbilical cord, on the day you were re-
ceived
A real father to you is all I wanted to be
From your first tooth, word and step
Watching over you protectively as you slept
There for you on your first day of school
Safeguarding you from all things harmful and cruel
Those are just a few of a father's golden rules
Though I have failed you
Because I'm here in this prison cell and not here
And from your pictures I feel your precious eyes stare
Down deep into my soul and heart
I pray every day you will forgive me
For making the mistakes that have torn us apart.

Damaged Goods by Chey Uebler

She has seen some abuse before
But she doesn't say she's a victim
It doesn't happen anymore
Because it's been a while since him
There are still marks he left on her
From days he tried to force his will
When he took things a bit too far
And of him she finally had her fill

He's been belted too many times
Now he tends to be a bit skittish
He has committed a few crimes
And even got himself a fetish
One of the nicest guys you'll ever know
You wouldn't guess the road he's taken
He's good at hiding it when he's low
But you can tell he's broken

He gave no thought to gasoline
As saving a life pressed him more
The explosion took his legs clean
Later, his wife left him out the door
Now alone does this hero fare
Still striving, but with quiet wishing
Chin high, pushing forward in his chair
Rather obvious what all is missing

*I am looking at damaged goods
The mileage is easy to see*

*You have been down some rough harsh roads
But that's not a bad thing to me
See I've a few scrapes and dents of my own
Is damaged goods that bad to be?*

A Dozen Roses by Chey Uebler

Each of her dozen roses
Stands for a past memory
In time, their focus loses
Clearness in their imagery

That moment's expectations
Were toward a life together
Enrapt with all the visions
Of being wife and mother

Life threw an interruption
By way of an opiate
Changing her path, addiction
In a twist form of debt

Now gone is that rose bouquet
To the side, her hopes she's lain
Her old dreams were pushed away
By new ones plunged in her vein

Tú Tienes Mí Corazón by Chey Uebler

Tú tienes mí corazón
Y toda mí atención
Te pudiera dar razones
O muchas descripciones

Tú eres mí refugio
Mí santuario del mundo
Y mí refugio de paz
El escondite de mí corazón

No es posible pedir mas
De mí amiga y amante
La belleza yo miro
De adentro como a fuera

Tú tienes mí corazón
Llévalo donde dese'es
Que a través del tiempo y la distancia
Mí corazón contigo esta

Light or Dark by Seth Fulmer

It's the little things in life that means so much.

Like sharing precious moments, or just a physical touch.

There's certain things you can't get back, no matter what you try.

And the same things that make us laugh, will often make us cry.

But it's like we don't understand until those things are all gone.

How important they were, or where we went wrong.

Because everything reflects off the choices we make.

The good decisions, the mistakes, even our pain and heart-ache.

But somehow we keep going, and let go of our past.

Some memories forgotten, but some memories last.

It's crazy to try to quit, or give up on life.

That's like saying you're a Christian, but gave up on Christ.

So I'm counting all my blessings one day at a time.

But in order to get to the top, you got to be ready to climb.

Because time is of the essence, and it goes so quick.

There's a battle for our souls, so which side to you pick.

It's not about right, or wrong, but how you feel in your heart.

So I let God light my way, because I'm afraid of the dark.

Built 2 Last by Seth Fulmer

I was born into poverty with no helping hand.

On a crash course, I wasn't expected to land.

In deep deliberation about my life, and where I stand.

Plus the road that I chose, was like walking through sand.

It's almost impossible to think I could of made it this far.

If I kept falling for whatever, and accepting things as they are.

Because the direction I was heading, was discretion advised.

So I respected a suggestion, and a plan was devised.

Now I'm taking more precaution, keeping myself at a distance.

Preparing from the pressures of living, for my future existence.

Because I've dealt with disappointment for most of my life.

Living close to the edge, thought about jumping off twice.

I've been in plenty situations, where I barely survived.

Because I've doen so much dirt, I was almost buried alive.

But still emerged from the bottom, although I got to admit.

I wouldn't have resurfaced at all, but my shovel got bent.

Shaking off the despair, and replanted my feet.

Determined to achieve what I always thought was out of my reach.

There comes a point, and a time, when we have to make a decision.

Because only the strong survives in this world that we live in.

Striving for the greatness, that I never saw in my past.

So I became durable, steadfast and Built 2 Last.

Heaven's Above by Seth Fulmer

Is it through fate that we met?
A simple reminder I could never forget.
Because loving you is something I could never regret.
And I'm not giving up on that thought just yet.
Because my compassion in life.
Is so real like the passion of Christ.
A slow kill like a stab from a knife
Is how I feel, without you in my life.
I would go to any length, and walk barefoot through snow.
Because your love gives me strength, as I continue to grow.
So I just want to give you thanks, and continue to show.
Appreciation for completion, because you made my life
whole.
So with all due respect to the woman I love.
Who gave me that boost, that push, or that shove.
You are my perfect match, like a fresh pair of gloves
A blessing sent from God, from the Heaven's Above.

Civil War by Alex Dalgardno

I'm going out on a limb
I'm limitless, or so it seems
I gotta win!
I gotta win the battles that I fight within myself.
Can't ask for help from anybody else
I went through hel to get this wealth
I made myself sell myself
to power, \$, sex, & pride
& it shattered my life
It fills the gap that divides
the two warring sides

A divided house will not stand
the Civil War
when will it end?

A young mother with a gun
As her baby is face down
& her blood is screaming up to God
from the ground
the little boy that's too afraid
to come out from under the bed
As he witnesses the family's blood shed

A divided house will not stand
the Civil War
when will it end?

There are angels & demons

And the voices are screaming
I wake up in sweat
But I know I'm not dreaming
there's no freedom or choice!
Hear the Conviction in my voice
As this Civil War is raging
in a little boy's heart

There is nothing new under the sun
4, 3, 2, 1, BAM!
My tongue is making love
with the sour tasting gun
But this scene is not real
yet you know how I feel
Because this Civil War in ourselves
is more real than reality itself.

A divided house will not stand
the Civil War
when will it end?

Butterfly by Alex Dalgardno

Dear diary, I'm alive
the energy that builds inside me
wants to blow & make me sing
but my tone-deaf ear can't hear a thing...
So instead, I'll settle for a poem
& later down the road it might transform
into a masterpiece
like a butterfly that spreads its virgin wings
to realize the beauty that it brings
to the world
Oh butterfly, just stand & stretch
Stand all cocky, poke out your chest
I'm pretty sure your little chest's poked out
You feel like you're the shit, no doubt
Only days ago, you were a worm
getting fat & waiting to transform
Eating my plants & pissing me off
But my generosity paid off
Stay a while, eat a flower
let my eyes feast on your colors
Because everything about you is intriguing
Like a poem turned into a masterpiece
You were beautiful from the beginning

As I'm writing from my cell
the concrete room retains no heat
As November cold froze my hell
I feel good & have a lot of energy
However gloomy my life appears

I don't care
If I had beers, I would crack them
in a celebration
No, I do not need an occasion!
I'm alive! & my pen is moving
the talent God gave me, I'm using
Improving, moving toward my dream
In prison I am living out what my free self
dreamt about!
Like the butterfly that was a masterpiece
from day one
So is this poem, no need for a song
This is my masterpiece
The burden of untapped creativity
is no longer there

I Heart You by Alex Dalgardno

My mouth is on tap
And I can't make it stop pouring out
the deepest aspect of my heart
There's so much I want to say
Yet the words just get in the way
If you had 40 constant years of rain
This flood of words could not convey
the way you make me feel.
But all in all, I want to call
To speak with you, I'd give it all
But your phone is off the hook
The busy signal signifies
my heart is on the other line with you
Because all this time you held it
When it stopped you resuscitated
It's beating now & speeding up
It effervescently erupts
My heart is glad & sings this song
As my mouth only longs to express
But only whispers "Yes"
To a threatening volcano of the words beneath the surface.

Disfruta De Su Felicidad by Jose Juan Velasquez

La felicidad a veces se ha de disfrazar, llevando una careta con una falsa sonrisa en sus labios.

Y el amor con sinceridad se lleva por dentro como ese amor que nació del ser más lindo que la cigüeña me regalo.

Los angelitos que con su llanto con su sonrisa.

Muchos sueños me motivo para darles a ellos lo mejor.

Y que obtendria por recompensa...? Abrazos un millon de besos que ni por todo el oro del mundo cambio yo.

Pues en su corazoncito a su mami y a su papi los conservar por siempre y vivirán en su interior.

Y con mucho orgullo dibujaran en hojas de papel, dandote a entender que lo hizo pensando en ti, y adornandote de bellos sentimientos, le darás gracias a Dios.

Y con paredes ralladas y con sus caritas chorreadas, correrá a tus brazos.

Es mejor mirarlos haciendo travesuras o peleando con su mami par la televisión es algo más que una simple caricatura es verlo feliz...

Alrededor del mundo hay angelitos sufriendo terribles dolares que al amancer de su vida y sus padres dieran hasta su vida para darles salvación.

Un milagro se realizara con fe en su corazón y lejos de mi razón de vivir soy como esa marioneta que tiene careta de felicidad...

Un Lindo Ejemplo by Jose Juan Velasquez

Ayer apenas era un angelito y una linda mujer me dio su sangre.

Para poder tener vida para poder formarme

Oy discutio mucho con un hombre y llore junto con ella lo que ella sintio me lo transmit ella sentia un gran dolor al llegar la noche con migo platico y me dijo te voy a tener aunque sea una madre soltera.

Ma diecita linda si tu pudieras ser un lindo ejemplo

Y dejaran de asechar a quienes los van a mas mas que nadie en toda la tierra.

No nos dan ni la oportunidad ni siquiera de conocernos.

Te mirare con amor nunca con odio.

Mi sonrisa nunca sera fingida siempre sera sincera.

Y mis bracitos te abrazaran lo mas fuerte que Puedan.

Y aunque mi corazoncito es tan chiquito esta lleno de tanto

!!Mamy!! gracias por no abortarme.

Diosito esta orando para que la jente cambie.

!!Mamy!! te escuche decir como se me antojan tantas cosas.

y tu de embes de compararlas estas a horrando para mi rropi-
ta.

!!Mamy!! Pore so te quiero tanto.

Pero algun dia crecere mucho y trabajare y te comprare todo lo que tu me pidieras.

!!Mamy!! contigo aprendi que la felicidad no se compra.

Y soy tan feliz y tan orgulloso por ser parte de tu vida.

Nunca te defraudare madrecita querida...

Mi Sepultura by Jose Juan Velasquez

Una noche oscura y sigue y sigue mi tortura
Me Irena de Pena, guiero encontrar mi cura
a este dolor que va matando poco a poco mi alma
Como le ago ha entender a mi corazón que lla eres ajena.
Como envidio a esa nube biajera
Que va llena de rocío que va llena de vida
Crusando mares para ella no existen barreras
envellecendo mas al imenso cielo no es una nube cualquiera
es una mas de las velias creaciaciones que Dios iciera
Por igual a ti vella mejor
Lo mas lindo que ay en la tierra
Mucas cosas que son cotidianas otras que son muy caras
Una es Privarte de los seres que mas amas
Oy mi pelo cambio de color esta lleno de canas
en mis lavios una onrisa pobre una sonrisa vana
tengo temor a que llegue una muerte temprana
y quien le qreguntare si aun ahi tu pen ate presiga
el estar sin queienes tu amas
y tan solo te acompanara? la misma noche oscura?...

Before Tomorrow by Shawn Cottrell

Two Sides one of wrong one of right
teaching before meaning
battling the inner through
these fists I bear
Will I run from or toward the fight
Endless tunnel finding a way through
Standings of the me that once was part of you
Gray as night clouds so dark
Invisible I smile just to leave a mark
Where there once was brilliant spark
Lost left twisted the lance true
Stillness in my feet
Waiting deeply for what will ensue
The deeper side of me
Blessing and a curse in a pool
Drenched by me the happened fool
Sitting in the mind of I
Am I to assume that it's okay to cry
Will they see me will they wonder why
It's my critical it's my soul
What next will I try
Is it so that there is more
something sought distance for
created moments before
Tangled up into a mess
lying to hide
behind having to confess
was it real

Did it all matter
Mad my eye
The storm of one
me the mad hatter
Torn, tattered, done

feeling of lost fate
my life turned into
a debate

wondering which way
Path to call home
Fork in my Road
stepping stone
will she remember
this poem
from her looking
glass dome.

know you need me there
And I don't feel so far away
So many things left to say
Words to assure me
of another day.

A price left to pay
It's understandable
we both couldn't stay
fear of facing
things that way

That's what matters
to me this day

