Break Free

By Emmanuel Florial

Plus 7 poems by Patricia Florial

To:

Marie,
Florilien,
Gladys,
Patricia,
and
Natasha Florial

The cover design is a picture of a jail cell put under stained glass using Adobe Photoshop. It represents my soul, which is encased by stereotypes, tradition, and prejudgment. Everything as I know it, including me, is not what it seems; instead it varies and grows, staying afloat above quicksand. I continue to stay afloat, but one day I will not have enough to overcome my undeniable fate. Before then, hopefully we can realize we all sink in the same quicksand, endure through the same struggle, and fight in the same battle.

We are not what we think we are, but just a portion of what we could be. It takes risks and an open mind to accept things not normal to your mindset and background. Without progression, there is only death. A stagnant person will let a lot of good opportunities pass. How can anyone say anything about anything, unless you have live that life, done that event, or been a part of it?

Introduction

Break Free is a thrilling collection of poems portraying the souls and reflection of universal people. I describe and recount life and the environment in a sometimes eerie fashion. It is a great mural of my life as an African American man who has progressed to a higher plateau each day.

These poems, written in various ways, depict life, death, and all that is between. I have written about subjects in a unique style and voice, straight from the heart. As life progressed, I began to question the world and its ambiguities. My diverse environment caused change in my mindset and beliefs. I attempt to open the eyes of the world, to release the chains of hatred, capitalism, and anything else strapped to the arms and feet of every person.

Thank you

Thank you for waking me up
For allowing me to see another day

Thank you for my family
And the clothes on my back
The roof over my head
Blankets that keep me warm at night

Thank you for another chance
To follow your word
And fulfill my destiny willingly

Thank you for giving me the talent to write
So I can uplift lost dimmed spirits
And inform people about the real world

Thank you for forgiving me
For my countless amount of sins
Even though I continue to repeat them

Thank you for giving me life again
When I was in my death bed; seconds away
From dying and leaving this world
Because my work on earth is not done

Thank you for seeing my potential
And knowing what I am capable of
You give me only what I can handle

Thank you God for creating me
With your powerful, magical hands
Making me out of your likeliness

Thank you God for my flaws
Reminding me that no one is perfect
And that we all make mistakes

Thank you God for writing
So I can let my emotions out on paper
And heal myself through expression

Accidental

Never thought I would be writing in verse.
I couldn’t think of doing anything worse
then to write without mandatory compliance.

At first it seemed like rocket science,
until I started writing in defiance,
ignoring rules and guidelines that restrict.

Like a crack head, I have become an addict,
searching and exploring for things to write about,
until the never-ending ink in my pen runs out.

Writing, I can no longer survive without.
Standardization, my force field blocks out,
like an uppercut in a boxing bout,
causing a knockout of all natural creativity.

Don’t allow your mind to be placed in captivity
and fall into canonic writing.
Duplication of ideas you will be inviting.

Muhammad Ali
“I fly like a butterfly, but I sting like a bee.”
Set yourself apart from the lee.

Born Into a Society Full of Dead People

When you're born,

you have no control of where you are placed.
Whatever the circumstances,
you have to face.

I was born into a society

full of deceased people,
without dreams to supplant
their placed misfortune.

Their eyes can't see passed their love for hate;

Satiated with violence
deeply embedded in their blood.
To them success is surviving.

Sometimes,

I walk at night,
on a street without lights.
The horrible veracity

A world of vampires and zombies

Non-existent

At the peak of Mount Everest, my
arms are extended, fingers to the
heavens; my eyes are shut tight.
Nothing exists but a
free mind above all the
worries and stress
of a normal
absent
life

Today's Wish

Give me this day,
I can make it one more day.
The grim reaper's on my trail,
but he is miles away.

One more day,
let me see what I can do.
I am falling down a cliff,
flinging arms, a branch to hold on to.

Let me live today,
I want to start a life, anew.
Who would've though I would make it
this far, God knew.

Let me try,
I can make it one more day.
One wish,
give me this day.

What is Reality?

The days pass by
like cars on a highway.
Time has control over me,
similar to a slave master.

Everyday I live life
with no set plan.
Whatever happens
is my mindset.

I've wasted many years of my life
wandering inside my mind.
Being awake could be a rest
from the real world.
My entire life could be a dream
or a computer simulation.

Controlled by a higher level
computer who thinks he is real
Maybe I will wake up and
live a completely different life.

When I am dreaming,
my dream reality is pure.
There are no boundaries or restrictions.

I think all of my answers
will come to me in my sleep.
How will I ever know
what is real and what isn't?

When I sleep,
I think that my dream world
is completely real.
My entire world could be a fake.

A Man not yet a Man

I’m officially an adult,
living in my parents’ house.
I have a car that my parents bought
and expect to stay out as long as I want.
A man who has never lived on his own,
but thinks he doesn’t need his parents.

All the clothing that I wear was earned
from my parents’ hard earned labor.
They would buy me anything I want
without a second thought in mind.

They changed my diapers
and rocked me to sleep.
Yet and still, as I grow older,
I am growing farther apart from them.
No matter what I do or say in my life,
I will still be a child in my parents’ eyes.

Keep me away

This room is peace,
Blocks away trouble
Everything is inside my room,
Never want to leave again

This room is filled with me
Nothing ever happens in this room
Nothing! Nothing at all!
The answers to life

The answers to life,
Somewhere hidden in the room
Must concentrate hard enough,
Search through all this stuff

"I love you room"
Stay with me
Don't break my heart,
Do something stupid,
Break us apart

Room of mine,
Dependent on you
One day
I'll open the door,
Walk on through

Right now, desire my room,
These walls, the blinds
Block me away,
Until I give you a sign

On My Own

Silence is a fugitive on the loose
Mass violence sentenced for the crime
Twenty-five to life, vex, in first degree

Search to discover the man within,
and saddle on his back and ride.
Adulthood's horizon the sun sets on.

Wish to tell myself I'm grown,
yet not step past last youthful year.
Like a snake I shed, a tear.

My force field broken beyond repair
Out of my window I gaze and stare.
Conscience, "Take a step outside, I dare!"

My legs dormant upon this day,
still inside the lining way.

Sail away from everything I know.
Commence a life anew; John Doe.

A place once resided, now a vacation home.
Identity around the world it roams,
from place to place transforming

into a gigantic, enormous being.
Irremovable force takes on the world,
like black slaves on strike, plantation work.

A runaway slave going berserk,
on doubt. Like a plant,
it sprouts. From its soiled home,
it moves out. Inured to fatigue and hardships,
it remains stout, through winter and drought.

Wished Away

The ceiling fan spins on the roof
Reminds me of the days when I was a youth
Twirling around giggling on the merry-go round
Now all I can keep is a steadfast frown

A big grown up what I wanted to be
Wish away my childhood, my childhood did flee
An empty mind, didn’t worry about a thing
Money, greed, sin
Inside my head, church bells ring

Where can I go to get away?
Why did I wish away my childhood that day?
My wish not only came true
It pushes it farther away
Leaving me feeling high and blue

Rain

Downpour

People indoors

Family bonding

Appreciating each other

Rainstorm

Today

Birds flew across the sky,
but they were just saying goodbye.

We were lying under the apple tree.
A rain drop falls to meet my knee.

The sun was out today
until rain came out to play.

Kids played in the green grass,
now they look out their window glass.

You were having lots of fun.
Fun has left and fun is done.

We always run around in the rain,
but today my heart feels so much pain.

No one said it was right or wrong
before lightning came and sung its song.

Today makes my soul weep.
There you lie six feet deep.

Someday

Someday I will look back and laugh
at all the foolish acts done in my life,
but today I can’t produce a chuckle
or a grin from my ignorant experiences.

At the time they seemed to be rational,
but they were made from a young mind.
Everyday, learning from them and progressing
to a higher plateau on the huge mountain

Telling stories of them to my grandchildren
when they need guidance and direction

Today is a day to learn from yesterday,
and a chance to make new mistakes.

Someday I will look back and laugh,
holding on and cherishing them in my heart.

Beyond City Limits

Stuck on the outside, looking
through a fiberglass window,
I have been banished from
the rest of the world.
Peering through the window, people
are going on with their normal lives.
The weather is perfect; clear blue skies. A
slight cool breeze that soothes the skin.
Thunder mutes my cry for help on the outside. It
almost seems like I am a ghost walking through life,
A passing spectator, while the rest live their life without
care. My life is a sacrificial offering to
torment and pain, burdened since birth.

Light Gone Into the Dark

A youth sits on his stoop;
a shield of protection from
the world of darkness,
adulterated cosmos.
A beacon shines innocently,
protecting demons from his shoal

He looks out
with virgin eyes
and a pure mind.

He becomes
grasped by shock,
and slips forth into
a pool of blood;
his mother’s gore

The light becomes
heavy, vulnerable,
Imparting him helpless
to demonic plague

The stoop
collapses, obliging him
to dwell amongst the infected.

Fleeing light
zooms to another stoop
with another kid
looking out with virgin eyes.
The stoop goes into shambles,
and there is no other way,
but to go into the darkness.

While I'm Still Here

I walk through the world; pitch black.
A small light shines far away.
A voice in my ear tells me to give up
and live with him in darkness and decay.

Sometimes I worry about my flaws.
They take control of my life.
Firmly, they grab my vulnerable throat
like a robber with a knife.

Who is to say I will be here tomorrow
and live another adventurous day.
If I follow God's words without question
maybe I will live until I am old and grey.

At times, I feel like a worthless man,
watching life pass me by.
If I don't take control of my life,
I will never see heaven's sky.

I can not stay bundled up forever
This blanket has to come off sometime
The world is flooded with water
But we can find higher ground if we just climb

Help me find the path of righteousness
The devil is after my priceless soul
In the background I can hear him snickering
"No, you can't have my precious gold!"

Slowly, I am coming out of a coma
and I can hear the voices around me.
"You can't lie there in bed forever
Wake up and set yourself free."

Look in the Mirror First

You tell me to love myself,
yet you hate the way you look;
holding your head towards the ground.

You tell me to love others,
but you argue with everyone;
a part of conflict after conflict.

You tell me to stop criticizing,
however you talk about the flaws of others
to a point where it gives fulfillment.

You tell me to live without regret,
nevertheless you second-guess yourself
and stay within the regulations.

You tell me to live freely,
although you are condemned with greed;
chasing after easy money.

You tell me to have fun with my money,
but you never spend a dime;
counting it several times a day.

You tell me to look inside for confidence,
but you are the most insecure.
look in the mirror first!

If the world was mine

In five
I'd build a spaceship
Gather
Family
Friends
Provisions
Four
I'd make it rain
Forty days
Forty nights
Final Decision
Three
I'd throw away
Memories
Dreams
Of the world
Two
I'd say my last goodbyes
And say
Hello
To the new world
One
Blast off
To the waiting sky
Atmosphere
Galaxy
I wouldn't look back
No
Stress
Worries
Gravity
I'd leave a note
Carved
In a tree
Life wuz here
P. S.
We found
A new frontier
If the world was mine

In Life

There is no genie in life
to grant us all our wishes.
No timetable of vitality
to prep us for departure

Each second is a passing hour,
a cheetah tearing through terrain.
We ponder moves on a checkerboard
with entrails of a chess game.

Green Grass

O’ green grass
You are so meek
Trampled over
Abused and neglected
Yet you glow
In the sun
Dance with the wind
Endure in the rain
A land of creatures
Resting spot
For the weary
Playground
For little children
Under a tree
In the shade
You become
A dining room table
For a picnic
Adaptive and strong
A field of dreams
Blood-shed battleground

A Flock of Butterflies

Silkworms spun inside cocoons
attached to a mulberry tree in spring
soon hover about the banks nevermore.

Their homeland stretched across the globe,
flocks of beautiful butterflies to be
swooping down a pointed steel instrument.

From the forest to the closet hanger,
flocks of beautiful butterflies to be
waiting patiently for their time to flaunt.

In the grass a schoolgirl in a silk dress,
an amateur ballet dancer at best
dancing with a flock of beautiful butterflies.

Abandonment of the Opposite Sex

Mine heart another plunge in sea,
return to dungeon, lock and key.
Absent of light for centuries past

Witch scuba dives, sorcery in smile.
A spell too great no match against.
Heart doused in ether, out of the blue.

The key unveils from its disguise.
The prize, a hoax, slid from under a sleeve.
Abyss of grief my heart relapse.

In time, vanished my heart and reappears,
cold-blooded, flee trust behind to fade;
without need for the opposite sex.

Doesn’t Matter in the End

Spend away wealthy man…

Drive your plush car to the big city.
A crowd awaits your grand entrance.
Mucho Dinero, the greatest restaurant in town

Afterwards, invite guests to gawk at your mansion.
They sip on petty wine, crack out the good stuff.
Chateau d'Yquem Sauternes, wine favored by Thomas Jefferson

Sail away on your oak-wood finished yacht.
Don’t forget that you have an appointment at sea.
New York’s International Boat Show

Wear your three piece silk made suit,
specially designed and handmade to your liking by
Hubert deGivenchy, the world renown French designer.

Celebrate your wealth.
Smile at your fortune.
Live grand until the end…

For on your tombstone it will read
He was once a very wealthy man
Who cared about the finer things in life
and nothing more.

Blue Sky

Clouds on vacation
Birds flying in packs
Today is a beautiful day
Holding you in my arms
We look out at the ocean
No telling where the
Sky meets the sea
Appearing to become
An endless sea of blue sky

Cake Sprinkles

I am eager to hear your cries
See your eyes look back at mine
Hold you in my intertwined arms

We built you a room of your own
Filled with every color imaginable
With stuffed animals and toy cars

After my Grandfather you were named
Samuel, a strong name for a strong boy
But we didn’t get to call it out but once

In no time you would be saying “dada”
And I would be filled with extreme happiness
But you were taken from us in a moment’s time

In a year you would have been walking
Rummaging through the house exploring
But you are walking in another life

After you were gone we knew it was a mistake
Losing all insanity, my mind going goo goo gaa gaa
We blame ourselves for our pain and grief caused

Back then, we were young reckless adults
With only dreams and goals for the present
And we didn’t realize the gift we were given

After you were born we never saw you
You were taken straight to your adopted parents
Bound by legal documents signed by our hands

We tried forever to have another baby
To help relieve our long suffering
But we failed attempt after attempt

At your home we came to visit you
And become a small part of your life
But we found that you had moved away

I hope you grow to understand what we did
Though it does not excuse our selfishness
And live happily with the life you were given

Statistic

A number on a sheet
Crunched, averaged out
Mercy, passed defeat

Statistic increasing number
I worked real hard,
still no raise this summer.

Made to work
I call in sick
Picks up a jerk

You have to come in,
we need you,
figure something out.

Basically I am a slave,
I will free myself,
breakout.

Come on City Bus!

Feet tapping against the sun-beaten pavement
Arms crossed, intertwined, against my boasted chest
Sweat s
k
i
i
n
g
across the limit of my forehead,
trickling down my nose, and resting on my lips
Tap! Tap! **Tap! Tap!**
Eyes bewildered, incapable of reaching its objective
Left elbow pressed up against the bumpy
w

a

l

l
made of gravestone
Palm of my left hand lay dormant
above
upon the part of my face the eyes
Infected with hills of worry embedded
deeply
Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap!
Clouds blanket the sun, evolving into dismalness
Sanity flowing out my ears,
seeping into the cracks of the pavement
The fortunate drive by, without an understanding
of their outstanding God-given blessing
Drip!

Drip!

Drip!
Rain tumbling southward onto my uniformed garment
S g in this quicksand of insanity
i n
n i
k
Eyes filled with exigency, nearly enclosed in its nest egg

Tap!Tap!Tap!Tap!Tap!Tap!**Tap!**

Drip! Drip!

Drip!

Drip! Drip!
Customarily, you round the corner,
turning gracefully into my avenue,
pulling me out of my insanity.
Your beautiful glass windows
and the ROAR!!! of your engine
as you make your way toward me
You magnificent gazingstock!
For I am the namby-pamby, impatient and unappreciative
of your journey across the route of designation.

Come on City Bus!
Standard Version

Feet tapping against the sun-beaten pavement
Arms crossed, intertwined against my boasted chest
Sweat skiing across the limit of my forehead,
trickling down my nose, and resting on my lips
Eyes bewildered, incapable of reaching its objective
Left elbow pressed up against the bumpy wall made of
gravestone
Palm of my left hand lay dormant
upon the part of my face above the eyes
Infected with hills of worry deeply embedded
Clouds blanket the sun, evolving into dismalness
Sanity flowing out my ears,
seeping into the cracks of the pavement
The fortunate drive by, without an understanding
of their outstanding, God-given blessing
Rain tumbling southward onto my uniformed garment
Sinking in this quicksand of insanity
Eyes filled with exigency, nearly enclosed in its nest egg
Customarily, you round the corner,
turning gracefully into my avenue,
pulling me out of my insanity.
Your beautiful glass windows and the ROAR!!! of your engine
as you make your way toward me
You magnificent gazingstock!
For I am the namby-pamby, impatient and unappreciative
of your journey across the route of designation.

Money

Money comes and goes.
I can’t keep track of it,
from my pocket it flows.

The more I make is the more I spend.
It seems I’ll never have a nest egg
to live from retirement to the end.

I work for hardly any pay.
Finding a new job is hard so
I have no choice but to stay.

Sometimes working doesn’t seem so bad
when I have nothing else better to do.
I cover my frown with an invisible clad.

No one likes to labor all day.
I would soak in the sun with a martini
if I had a choice to do it my way.

Money is the root of all evil and
some do everything to obtain it
to put their status quo in an upheaval.

Don’t let money make you old.
Have fun with your money,
til’ you have no more to hold.

Night Walker

Hidden behind thick rose bushes
Dressed in complete black apparel
Waiting for the right moment to attack
Searching for the most arousing victim
Fewer people walk by as time passes

She walks out with power and grace
Blind to her apparent tragic demise
High heels click clack against the pavement
Her honey skin glowing in the dark
Body shaped like a hand-crafted hourglass
Keys jingling like Santa Clause bells

A sinister sneer passed off as a smile
Implanted from his neglected heart
Ascending from the prickly rose bush
His body motions in whispers, gliding
Eyes moving slowly surveying the area
Face blanketed in an old ski mask

Moon watching over them in full bloom
Like a worried, overprotective parent
As he approaches the vulnerable dame
His tongue begins to moisten from hunger

Showing no signs of oppression or remorse
From the last killing deep in the forest
Two nights ago at this very same time
As he reaches into his deep denim pockets
For his partner in crime over the past two weeks

She twists around with eyes wide open
Like that of a shocked night hawk
Out of his pocket jumps out shining steel
With dried blood painted on its jagged edges

Sliding down to the ground abruptly
Kicking him in the shin repeatedly
Ascends and runs for dear life

Around the parking lot she is chased
Like a cat chases a mouse
Suddenly red and blue lights blink
From across the street inching closer

Screaming unanswered pleas for help
Grabbed by the arm with a jolt
Her arms are placed in captivity
Struggling for them to be released

Stabbed in the heart by the blade
She is sent crashing onto the pavement
Picked up off the cold hard concrete
He walks in the night with her on his shoulder
Back to the forest where many victims dwell

Mirror, Mirror on the Wall

I look in the mirror in awe.
Is this a trick mirror?

The person I see is clearly not me.
When did I grow up to be an adult?

I used to tip toe to look in the mirror.
Now, I have to duck under to see my face.

It was just yesterday I was saying my A, B, C's.
Then I moved along to my 1, 2, 3's.

Playing outside was the highlight of the day.
Now its going to work each and everyday

Life is quickly passing by without permission.
Seconds to minutes, and minutes to hours
Hours to days, and days to months
Months to years and years to death

I went from "Baby Boy" to "Boss Man"
Soon or later it will be "Gramps"

Everyone has to face the reality of life.
It stares at you straight in the eyes.
Everyday is an adventure of its own,
looking for something new to hold.

What will you do with your time?

Before you look in the mirror and say
Mirror, mirror on the wall
Who is this person so old and grey?

Free

I am displaced from the rest of the world
Stagnant, away form life’s tides and currents
Miles across the sand, my eyes are fixed
On you, walking across the sand toward me

The wind blows my hair to the west,
Dancing along the entire distance of the beach
Playfully tickling the nipples on my breast

My thoughts are roaming in space
Like a broken piece of a shooting star
Out of jail, my heart has broken
Momentarily, from the world, free

Through the Eyes of Poverty

I have never purchased a car,
or escaped on a vacation afar.
The world chuckles at my condition.

Shivering, I lie out in the arctic, frosty
pavement, invective and deflowered
Filled with drugs and adulteration

Yet I do not envy the pirates
that desire material things.
I think of my fortunate parents

that worked all day and all night,
barely earning enough to pay
the bills to keep my family alive

and off the street, so my sisters and I
could get schooling and gain esteem
among society's sundry priorities

But I somehow became infected
by the Cupidity Plague that has
become the common cold

It is leisurely rending apart my will
and desire to perform good deeds.
Winning command over my ship's course

Veering straight into a thunderstorm
Waves crashing against the liner's sides
Sending cargo sliding across the deck

Consumed in water
and not equipped to match up
against the force of a sinner's destiny

Follow the Crowd

Listen to the footsteps of tomorrow.
You submerged in your sorrow,
looking for people you might follow.
Fastening on to their every word
Plow ahead and follow the herd,
They, in all likelihood,
won’t even recall your name.
You’d be better off if they
merely take out whips and chains
and seize you by your reigns.
And ride on your back,
until you can’t be ridden anymore.
Then leave you on the side of the road,
dumping you off like manure.
So they can find somebody newer,
who they can bend and fold.
Until they get old
and sensible enough
to realize the stuff
they foxed you with.
Cramming your head with myths
and stories you once perceived true.
To the select few,
they are leaders of a one-man crew.
The people they respect are miniscule.
Never are they made a fool,
but here to set their own path.
And can do nothing but laugh,
at the populace that haven’t any grasp,
Of their own individuality

Fear of Rejection

Brick by brick
I built you up,
cement between the slabs
thirsting in the sun.

A place my heart may dwell
under protective custody,
love will hunt me down again
and end this seriocomedy.

Me, Myself, and I

There is always someone that contradicts me.
That doubts every action I make
He criticizes me more than anyone else,
as if he knew the exact time I made a mistake.
He knew me ever since I began existence.
Every thought I have, he has simultaneously.
If our footsteps were traced,
they would land in the exact same spot.
He cries when I am sad,
and he bleeds when I get cut
Can this be an obsession?
Does he feel lost at times like I do?
When I see myself, it is like a reflection of him.
Who is this person really?
As the years progress he helps me to discover myself.
We have a lot in common, and have walked the same path.
If anyone can make me unconfident, it can only be him.
For he is the only one that actually knows me.

Move Away

I am sorry I have to depart.
It would be a bad time to remain.
We've known each other only a week.
My knees buckle, shake, weak

When I hear your voice,
my heart jumps for joy.
I am a bored infant
in search of his favorite toy.

When I kiss you, my body goes numb.
My heart pulsates like African drums.
In my mind you run around all day,
blowing me kisses and flashing me waves.

Your strawberry lips I could kiss forever.
In all my days, a finger I will not harm.
My heart is engraved with your name.
Waiting, come and stake your claim.

You make me soar above the heavens and stars.
Only you leaving could separate me from this fantasy world.
Stay with me in this surreal reality of peace and purity.
Let the viscous remain that binds us together.
You give me great intention to love.
Turn you and me into one supernatural being.

Self Defense

Why are you nervous?
Shaking
with sweaty palms

Is there something on your shoe?
Looking down,
afraid to peer up

Why are you so tense?
Strong grip
against the leather strap

Are you afraid?
Walking
in a jogger’s cadence

Do you have somewhere to be?
Turning sharply,
around the brick wall

Where is my car?
Oh yeah,
it’s around the …

What did I do to deserve this?
Mace,
burning up my eyes

Did I warrant a blow to my body?
Soccer kick
straight to the shin

Is that your car?
Beep! Beep!,
Echoing on the parking garage walls

Could that be the sound of your engine?
Approaching,
upside down as I lay on my back

Why is your grill so close?
To my face,
Nearly in contact with my …

Love

True love

Consumes, beckons all

Happiness is replaced

Sacrifice is the key of life

Cared for

Forgetful Love

Yesterday we were at each other’s throats
like a mammoth surrounded by lions
looking to fill our bare stomachs.

Today is a celebration of love,
erasing everything in the past
like a severe case of amnesia

Yesterday was a day of hate,
filled with extreme violence
and demons controlling our minds

Today we are close to each other,
able to see every intricate detail
like a lens that is zoomed in.

Yesterday we couldn’t speak;
the sound of each other
caused vomiting feelings.

Today I can not wait to hear
your lovely voice in the air
caressing my eardrums.

What a difference a day makes,
so powerful and renewing.
Our love that was lost and forgotten,

reclaimed from the lost and found
and given back to its rightful owners
to renew what was blocked by ignorance.

I want

We have been apart for centuries.
I want to hear your heartbeat pounding
and feel your caramel skin against mine.
Smell your breath blowing through the air

Let us lie on the couch and cuddle.
Rollerblade at night in the park
Ice skate for the very first time
You can fall; I'll be there to catch you.

Sit on the sand at the beach and converse
Let me look into your love-filled eyes.
So mysterious and predictable coincidentally
Close your eyes and feel my lips against yours.

Do you feel the passion and love in my kisses?
We kiss until we both start gasping for air.
The firm grasps of my hand around your waist.
My chest tightly pressed against your bosom.

Your heartbeat pounding like a hammerhead,
against a nail being driven into a wooden door.
I rub my fingers up and down your body,
until you moan for more and more and more.

Our bodies pressed so tightly against each other,
turning two bodies into one magical moment.
Shared through unconditional love and passion
Through your eyes, I can tell you know what I want.

In the Dark

I can feel your love through your motions.
Head pressed tightly against my chest,
as if I had returned from a long vacation

Arm rubbing up and down my right breast
Heart beating with extreme elation
Legs of silk passionately kissing mine

Our bodies' warmth producing sexual magnetism
Your voice lingers in my dreams,
causing me to sleep in sweet serenity

Who’s to love a hateful man?

Who’s to love a hateful man
whose line of sight halts at a flaw?
How does a man love himself
when his flaw obstructs his sight
for love to enter through?

A man who lingers on a flaw,
"sign upon this donor card"
God created him a special way,
not to waste and hate
his unique design.

A hit-and-run, a man, he dies
A child loves a hateful man.
Bring his heart and lungs,
throw away the eyes.
He resurrects inside
two perfect eyes.

Regret

Everyday I look forward to seeing you pass by.
My mouth is filled with words but it is locked.
And the key is safely tucked away in my pocket.

I saw those glancing beautiful eyes.
For a brief moment, we shared the same thought;
our emotions moving through each other’s paths, connecting.

Everyday that you pass by with angelic grace,
I feel like I have lost a day in my life worth living.
My heart cries for the time I have lost with you.

After that moment you walk out of my life,
the rest of the day is a repeated recording.
I think of you effortlessly from time to time.

I wonder what your name is and if you feel the same.
Today you did not pass by and my soul weeps for you.
Where are you angel of my heart, princess of my thoughts?

Years have passed and I still remember those moments.
Flashes of time I could have taken you captive.
Amongst the world you are, traveling abroad with my future.

I regret not taking the key out of my pocket.
Those words I wanted to say, now meaningless;
adrift in the middle of the ocean far away.

I should have taken the chance.
Pass me by once more.
So I can reclaim my future,
and live in peace with my heart

You Can’t Accept It!

Interminable cockamamie queries,
Testing perpetual love
True love
Exceed unruly imagination
Perfect, unacceptable

Hundreds of miles away
Love firms, cultivates
One day
Miles become inches
Never part again

Before sunshine, come a storm
Grey clouds emit anger
Sky bellows pain
Only then
Cantillates happy blues

You're What!
Part I

What's wrong?
You look depressed.
Is there something on your mind?
Just tell me, I'll understand.
Come on, don't keep me worried.
No matter what, I won't get angry.
What is it?
You're having a what?
No you're not!
You still look the same
It's not possible!
How can you tell?
That test is not accurate!
Where did you buy it from?
Let me read the directions!
Pink means you're pregnant.
Blue means your not.
It looks like its red not pink!
This is not happening!
Are you sure?
How did you get pregnant?
How long have you known?
I'm not ready to be a father!
I'm too young!
I have my whole life ahead of me!
I need some air!

You're What!
Part II

Walking down the street
with thoughts of having a baby,
my life is placed on a two-way road.

If I go left, I can keep my life the same.
A decision to go right will lead to change,
and my life is no longer only mine

Do I really love her?
Am I responsible enough?
Will the baby like me?

My soul is a rebel on the loose,
leaving things behind in catastrophe
with only thoughts of the present.

I'm just a selfish man without care,
and wouldn't help the homeless if I were rich.
All my dreams and goals will die with his birth.

Yet his unplanned birth brings joy
in my heart and uplifts my soul,
representing two people intertwined.

Two people in dire need of each other
Most intimate fantasies shared and fulfilled,
through sheer happiness and sexual passion.

Making a sharp right on the boulevard,
I decided to take the road less traveled
and take care of my responsibility.

Childless fathers lack a part of their heart
and grow up to become violent and cold-hearted,
seeking revenge for their misfortune and pain

Fathers make children strong and tough.
Able to endure anything put in their path,
and take on the world with two horns

One day when I'm old and grey,
I will smile on my rocking chair
when my child comes to visit.

When I die I will watch over him,
protecting him from harm’s way
And leave a piece of me in his heart.

Pimper’s Ecstasy

I found you outside the corner store,
You look like you snort cocaine
Come get rich, come get clean,
By the way, name's Big Daddy Wayne

I got everything you need,
Food, shelter, and transportation,
Let me fill the void, let me fill the hurt,
I’m your only chance at salvation

She likes my style
And the way I stroke
The way I smile, The way I talk,
She laughs when there's no joke

If you got problems,
I’m the one to call
Big ones, Small ones,
I can solve them all

We can rise to the top,
All you need to do is agree
Come along baby, come along with me
We can get this money

An average man can't take his girl
sleeping around with another man
My mind is different, my mind has transformed
and focused on the plan at hand

You're not selling your body
You are selling conversation
You lookin’ for right, you lookin’ for purpose
Or are you lookin' for compensation

Come over here
We are not leavin'
One more score, one more transaction,
To make the money even

Don't worry, I'll be there to
pick you up, if you should fall
If you need help, if you need me
You know the number to call

I need money everyday
Like a junkie needs adhoral
Let's get this dough, lets get this cash
We can have a ball

You are my bottom chick
That’s why you ride in the front seat
Hurry up, get that money, get that bread
And then we'll go get somethin' to eat

I came back around the corner
and you were no longer there
I don’t joke, I don’t play games
I want half of the share

No gunplay, no murders
Word of mouth is good enough
You found a guy, you found a new man
He thinks he’s hot stuff

He's not cool, he's not smooth
But he’s got a master’s degree
I thought we were in love
But he weaned you off my pimper's ecstasy

Lamp of the World

Your eyes are the
light switch of the world.

An evil eye looks in
darkness and searches for
wickedness. A good eye looks in
brightness, hunting for trees that bear
good fruit. The worst eyes switch
on and off, serving masters of the
dark
and the
light.

These eyes are despised
the most. They are most definitely
lukewarm. It would be better to be in
pure darkness, and live in complete rebellion
against God, than to serve two masters.

Pity the eyes which are
half-hearted, for they will receive
severe punishment,
eternal damnation.

Queen of the Bees

The queen of the bees
chosen by the Great Worker Bee
to reproduce a new generation.

A new form of bee will emerge,
producing the finest of honey;
envied by all who taste of the batch.

She lives deep in the forest
waiting for the right man
to live with her for all eternity.

There he will live among the bees,
madly in love with the leader of the pack.
Entangled in her hive of sexual pleasure

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz, all day long
Pollinating the finest of flowers
Roses in full bloom, exotic lilies
Returning back with the best of the forest

What man dare fall upon her hive
and live deep in the wild jungle.
He will never return from whence he came,
because he has fell upon the greatest creation.

Oh Tim!

Tim never played with kids
at the park or in the backyard.
Instead, he looked up at the sky,
looking for the answers to life.

He saw his childhood as lengthy,
itching to become an adult and on his own.
He would gaze outside the window
and watch the episodes of different lives.

His room contained his entire life,
crammed with unhappiness and tribulation.
A closet of clean laundry
unworn and untouched, lint free.

He never required the Laundromat
to clean his new clothes.
He walked around in the nude,
never tempted to visit the tree of life.

Tim never felt the sun’s rays
against his room-temperature skin.
Or the feeling and the smell of grass
after falling into it many times.

A hug was not ever received
or a kiss on the cheek.
Tim lived in a highly sanitized room
in a bubble to protect him from germs.

He would risk the chance of death
to be part of the world for one second,
but his common sense took over
telling him to stay inside the bubble.

Please Rain

Its' been raining all week
Stop this rain,
my roof’s gone a leak
Rain, rain,
please go away
Leave rain,
I want a bright sunny day
Come on rain,
more than enough
You have to stop,
I’m calling your bluff
Oh rain,
my furniture’s gone a float
I am lucky,
I have this little boat
Rain,
you covered my life
My pictures,
my dog,
even my wife
Oh rain,
lead this boat astray
Keep raining,
take me away

Life

Life
Patience, Adversity
Breathing, Experiencing, Emerging, Learning
God-given, Blessing, Peace, Rest
Spirit, Beginning, Undisturbed
Death

Nature’s Work

The wind is a tattletale
spilling out secrets of the forest;
never to be heard by human ears.

The moon blooms near,
its imperfections, easily seen;
blushes a bright yellow.

Scents of mildew rise from the grass,
a fragrance of Romantic delight
naturally produced by the clouds’ tears.

As birds dart out of an oak tree,
similar to a discharged missile, shooting
straight into the night's black attire.

A nestling falls out of an oak tree,
like an acorn to heavy for a leaf
in the vicinity of a single squirrel.

He picks up the bird's odor, suchlike
a bloodhound on a scent, recoils,
causing the bird to take flight.

Recklessly back into the tree,
striking leaves as he approaches his nest,
knocking down a green acorn

The squirrel scurries toward the acorn,
snatching it from the ground, bipedal locomotion,
and rushes into the thick, spiky rose bushes.

Drunk

I don't seem drunk,
but I do feel great.
Walking wobbly, definitely not straight
My mind is lost in the atmosphere.
Floating around with others alike
who decided to drink upon this night.
We danced the night away,
until our legs said nay.
My physical surroundings seem to sway.
Sexual emotions fill the room.
Hormones in full bloom
I kiss on her neck,
plush perfume I presume.
Rubbing all over her body until she utters ooh
What time is it?
I don't have a clue.
Who knew what ten shots of forty percent vodka could do?
O' I wish this night would never end,
so I could lay there in forever with my lady friend.
But class I have to attend
I finally reach my resting spot,
tis' the end of my evil plot.
My record now contains a solitary felicitous blot.
The morning sun strikes my eyes.
A sign of my elation coming to its demise
Out of the dark blue a hangover arrives.
From hell below pain rise
Its wretched time for school.
Let me tumble back into my drool.
Today will be no class.
Tell the professor to kiss my ass!
Goodbye vile morning.
Now you have been given fair warning.
Time for sleep and slumber
for sleep I can’t encumber.
An elephant without its trunk
I don't seem great,
but I do feel drunk.

Wrath of the Flies

Flies take over the world,
swatting out humans in existence.
All day long they fly around,
with little or no resistance.

Fly-sized humans without wings
Can not fly away to escape our demise
We hide behind anything in sight,
even behind some oily French Fries.

"Where's that little human being,
he's been bothering me all day."
"I'm right here, come and get me
and bring along your human spray."

Try to catch me if you can,
and bring along your other buddy.
You will not get the last laugh, think again.
Today your swatter will not be bloody.

Do not think you're our ruler, just yet.
In time, you will surely understand.
Listen up; it is easy to comprehend.
You are a fly and I am a (wo)man.

You may be a supreme giant,
but you have a pea-sized brain.
Listen carefully to my words,
I wouldn't want you to strain.

Let me make this plain and simple.
You are Abel and I am Cain.
Watch your back at all times,
Or you will surely be slain.

Dog Gone Tired

Every day is a repetition of the last.
I keep my mind on happy thoughts
to make the days travel fast.

On a schedule, my life is controlled.
A number on a sheet of paper
Why can’t I bump into a chest of gold?

After a while my brain shuts down.
A human robot takes over
with a mechanic sound.

I wish I could stay a kid forever,
happily, in the land of worry free,
but life and time are way too clever.

My stomach muscles moan and groan.
Please, I need some food and a seat
to rest my tired, weary bones.

Something is wrong with my head.
Someone shoot me with a shotgun,
so I can collapse and drop dead

Please let me get fired.
I have worked two long shifts
and I am too dog gone tired

Like That

We were friends
with similar goals
and dreams for life.

Some days we sat on the corner,
sharing stories to each other
that happened in our lives.

From the entire world,
somehow we met,
and shaped a sturdy bond.

You were my right hand man
and sat adjacent to me,
as if we were neighboring houses.

Then one day we had a few words
that insulted each other's intelligence
to a degree where it caused division.

On opposite sidewalks,
we walk and look in differing directions,
away from each other's visage.

I desire to step up
and be the "bigger man,"
but my pride holds me back.

The time is near to move away,
back to my hometown,
leaving a grudge behind to survive.

Hopefully, we can make amends
before the times comes,
because the chance speeds by "like that."

Unconscious Awakening

Awoken from a coma
Body stretched along a desert road
Inside the body of an alien
Memories nude
Face flooded with bruises.
As far as the eye can see,
There is endless road.
Clothes and hair dampened from rain
Neck aching
I ascend decisively.
Legs stumbling in discomposure
Harassed by migraine
Tumbling back to the slick hard surface
Head cracks against the pavement.
Preceding unconsciousness, pitch black
Sudden downpour
Cured from migraine
Arms and face flawless.
Mind covered in plush attire.
I walk down the road with steel legs, feverishly.
A lion roars in the sky.
Thick grey clouds
Walking blindfolded by heavy rain hitting my eyes
Out of nowhere a blinding zig zagging light encounters me
and places my body into submission.

Hope

A flower
growing
on desert land
A needle
in a haystack
Drought
Drizzling rain
The street lights
on a dark night
Last dollar
Dawn
A crying baby
Alcoholic
Rehab
Sober
Simple job
No responsibility
True friends
Love
Annoying parents
Holy Bible
Under my pillow

No More

I try to change myself into a better person.
But for every successful attempt there is a drawback,
pushing me farther into the depths of the ocean.
And I can’t swim; I can only float in my notion.

There is some success, but failure is inflation.
And in the future, I will not have enough to overcome.
I am to the point where I run,
away from my dream, and in this animation
I would become somebody with extreme elation.

Or maybe I can float,
until the current pushes me to shore.
I waited, and wait I can no more.
I swam then I swam some more.
My soul, separating itself from my core

Then I looked up, and close was the shore.
I stood up; my feet could touch the ocean floor.
I feel like a bird. I spread my wings,
and soared, and soared.
And soar I can some more.

Depression

Depressed

No care for life

Relinquish optimism

Brings anger and hostility

Weigh down

Thin Line

Why does the wind blow east?
When I walk toward the west
Why does the world tear at me?
When I'm at my weakest

Do two wrongs make a right?
For I have been doubly mistreated
Am I the devil's little toy
Forever under his evil torment

Are my sins coming back to haunt?
Following my life like a shadow
Will this madness ever end?
So peace can begin its journey

Do you think I should commit suicide?
To ease my worries and troubles
My mind is reverting to complete insanity
And I am getting tired and my body is weary

I'm afraid I will become a madman
Causing great harm to other people
A serial killer sounds like a nice thing to be
Preying on innocent people seems like a good hobby

I should get drunk and jump off a bridge
Controlling my own fate and death
Swallow non prescription pills with reckless abandonment
So I can sleep forever and never see the world again

But it would hurt my mother to see me in a coffin
A sister incomplete, living life without a role model
My father would feel he has no reason to live
God would not take this lightly

For suicide is the worst sin of all

No more sand

Thought of as some faraway number
Never does it occur that it is already planned
From the time you wake up the day is filled
With predetermined steps and events
Eventually leading to that final hour

In that hour he comes to visit
He is known as "The Death Angel"
Merely a messenger of God's will
And he will show no pity or mercy
For the life that he will end upon this day

There is no more sand
At the top of the hourglass
It has slowly descended down
Over the precious time
Given to us by our Savior

Replenish

Black shirt
Filled with small holes
Made from the test of time
Crying to be patched and mended
Renewed

Nomad

Don’t search for me.
I am clear across the country,
in Africa, searching for our ancestry
to prove that we are all family.

Not So Bad

I am better off
than some other misfortunate souls.
Sometimes I forget this,
so when you walk by me today,
do not cry when you see me.

Call to Power

Ten skeletons dance and chant
around stone enclosed firewood, ablaze.
Human flesh spinning around like Shish kebabs
with blood dripping down into the flames

Their feet kick in the air,
holding each other by the shoulders.
Right foot then left foot,
at the sight of their immortality

On some, little pieces of
flesh remains, near the joints.
Earlier, they buried their vital organs
in a ditch, hearts still pump

Burn flesh, burn
They raise their bony hands to the sky.
Channeling power, great power,
to cause destruction and chaos.

New skin grows, thick, black, and rough
over their skeletal frame.
Red fiery eyes light up
The dancing stops, fire dims out

A Chance

My human transformation
Change is inconceivable
A piece of clay on a tabletop
Life’s nimble fingers, molding

Want to remain the same
Accidentally, approve the change
Timorous where new direction leads
Apperceive, “old me”, a dead end

Expanding from the atmosphere
Nevermore haunting my old friends
Environment evolved from the impossible
Chance, a sought out diamond

No obstacle hinders
Sprinting in the wind
Hurdling Rocks, Sidestep bullets
At the road’s end, happiness

Oh Why!

Oh why! Oh why!
The little girl cries on the side of the street.
Oh why! Oh why!
Does she not have shoes on her feet?
Oh why! Oh why!
Her hands hold her head.
Oh why! Oh why!
She does not go to bed.
Oh why! Oh why!
The little girl starts to cry.
Oh why! Oh why!
Did her parents have to die?

Quest for Importance
Men’s common goal is happiness
And with joy comes a woman
Men look at them infatuated
Over time they fall in love
Until in her they find the treacherous
Depression takes on importance

Yet love returns, demands importance
Happiness is quicksand, treacherous
Men can not fool their need for love
It glows in their eyes, infatuated
Most men want one woman
To bring them happiness

What is a young woman’s happiness?
She explores the sea infatuated
Until one fish takes on importance

Whore of the World

Many men worship your God created body
and fall under the devil’s evil scheme.
He works through you as a temptation,
removing the souls of men from grace.

Like a pack of pigeons to wheat,
they flock to receive what they desire.
Quick sex from a whore without a mind
Mission, to weaken the minds of men

Men visit you, leaving their wives behind
and live alone when they are old and gray.
When you are no longer part of their yearning,
another woman takes your place among them.

Straight addicts, living only for quick passion
One at a time, they come in deregulatory fashion.
Rushing to the front of the crowd in haste
to satisfy their hunger with an entrée

When you die, you will dwell with the same men
that you strayed from the narrow, arduous path.
Under, they will pull you to fire and limestone
for all eternity, suffering for sins you committed.

True Beauty

If true beauty is on the inside
Why do I look in the mirror in disgust?
So depressed it causes chronic fatigue and nausea
I wish I could sleep until forever came twice

If true beauty is truly on the inside
Why are there flawless people in advertisements?
Determined to hide their flaws in make-up and surgery
Infiltrating and disrupting the minds of adolescents

If true beauty is really on the inside
Why does the world look on the outside first?
Out-casting what is not considered normal
Making normal a regulation for society

If true beauty lives on the inside
Why have I been an out cast since birth?
Laughed at without making jokes
Is my exterior a joke of its own?

If true beauty is all on the inside
Why do I scream to the top of my lungs?
When I am alone and no one can hear me
Wishing I looked a different way

If true beauty lies on the inside
Why do I cry for no particular reason?
Until the point of committing suicide
Heavily contemplating slicing my wrist

If true beauty roams on the inside
Should I open myself up to find it?
Cutting through all the flesh and tissue
Ripping all intestines and organs out

If true beauty is not on the outside
Why does my soul mate think I am so beautiful?
Showering me with her unconditional love
Dampening my heart and making me whole

Apart from the Lee

The side that always shines
is the side that reigns.
The side that always rains
is the side that suffers.
When the sun shines
on the side that always rains,
the plants grow taller
than the side that always shines.
And when it rains
on the side that always shines,
the trees are already dead.

Time to Go

As my life passes by,
there is something
diminishing in my body.

It is something that
is unbearable, as if I am
bleeding slowly to my death.

There is no way
to control what is happening.
How do I stop the pain?

The questions go on unanswered.

I look out the window from my hospital bed
and view people going on with their lives.
People that can be cruel,
casting out what they feel is
not acceptable by most.

Those lives have
just begun, and have
every opportunity to achieve
their goals, dreams, and ambitions.
For some reason,

I can’t seem to overcome
the feeling which has left
a permanent scar in my mind.
Pain that flows
through my entire body,
making every aspect of life
harder to deal with.

Experience all that you may,
and live your life right.
Treasure every moment that you have,
for it will fade quickly,
faster than a thief in the night.

If you ever doubt your worth in life;
the purpose of it.
Think back and search for anything

that made significance in another’s life.

Forgive everyone that has ever
done something wrong to you,
for there should be no
enemies in death.

Show joy,
stress and depression
is about to end
When it is your
time to leave
this earth,
there is no avoiding it.

The soil you were
made from, you will return.
Remember that life is only
a step before death.

I'm Not Sorry

You're always there for me,
though I'm not always there for you.
My spirits you lift up from the bottomless pit
and send them soaring into the heavens.

I can hear the love in your voice,
caressing my ears each time you speak.
Your love is unrelenting like
the reoccurrence of a new day.

Ten of the most powerful men couldn't
keep your heart from pounding with love.
You taught me more about life than any teacher ever could,
and raised me up to become a leader among followers.

Everyday you are there for me
like the oxygen that I breathe.
I can't remember a day that you were weak,
except the day that I said "I hate you."

My heart will never be the same.
After I saw those words cut into your heart,
I wanted to say that I was sorry,
but it wouldn't change the crime I had committed.

If you do the crime, you must do the time.
My sentence is a lifetime of sorrow and regret.
There is nothing I can do or say to compensate
for your spirit that was momentarily broken.

But I can make you a promise.
I promise to become somebody in life
and to make you proud of me;
to treat women like the queens that they are.

Stay strong in moments of hardship.
Love my kids similarly to the way you love me.
I can feel in your heart you know
those words weren't meant to be said.

Your love is a mind reader,
conforming to my every need.
God must have always known
that I ought to have you as my Mom.

Young Boy

Wipe away your tears young boy.
Your mom is not dead.
Only for a while she will sleep.

Do not weep young boy.
Dry your misinformed tears.
A part of her lives in your heart.

Let the air evaporate your tears young boy,
So they can reach the skies and fly into the clouds
to rain back down upon the world.

You should not grieve young boy.
There is a greater award in death;
to live for all eternity
amongst the angels of heaven
in the realm of God.

Cry young boy,
tears of Happiness,
Because after death is life.

Window of the World

Peeking out the window

from my hospital bed.
Rays of the morning sun
hit my face and
the top of my stitched head.

Sounds of an ambulance siren
pierces my ears.
I wonder what it contains
in the rear?
Now that I look at my knees,
it appears to be skinned.

Tubes and chords to my body pinned.

I look back up and spot
a blue and black butterfly
with yellow spots.
One like my dad and I
once caught.

Then, I heard a shot!

A blue jay loses its composure
falls to my window sill.
Our eyes meet
and I feel a connection.

Maybe it’s a wind chill,

Flowing through my hospital gown,
and throughout my body.
In his wing is engraved a sign
of what was meant to be.
I look back into his eyes, and he says
the world is no longer mine.

One in the same are me and the blue jay

We are victim spectators
in a criminal active world.
Living carcasses
Watching the world
through helpless eyes

One day our souls will rise;

From under the world.
Without tears
Without fears
And return
to who placed us here.

Walking Down a Path

A path that never ends
It twists and bends
There are no signs,
but power of my mind.
I know this path will end someday.
I hope my mind has lead me the right way,
through this maze of many days,
to a place with one race and ample happy faces.
Where the temperature is always the same,
and no need for names.
War does not exist;
only time that never ends.
Life will never cease again.

Grandma!

An angel brought from heaven to momentarily live with us
Your love for nature and freedom was always present
God picked you from his garden, you were in full bloom
With him you’ll live decorating his kingdom with your grace

Four Walls

Break me free from these walls I created for myself.
Brick by brick I created you
out of fear, rejection, and self pity.
I built these walls to cover me from the world;
to shed me from being victimized and ridiculed.
To stop the annoyance of my pointless life
To free the world from distraction
I hang onto life by a thread.
Break me free from this mirror of hatred.
Give me new eyes to see the world through.
Take the chains off of me internally.
Break the bond of self-hatred adhered to me.
Save me from this safe haven.
I am ready to face the world
and claim my place amongst the living.

Poems of Patricia Florial

Can't Be Duplicated

I'm an outcast, separated from the world
I'm not into being in the crowd
I want people to see me as a
leader instead of a follower
I develop my own sense of style
and my own sense of creativity that
no one can match
I invent a mindset that people
wonder "Why?", or "How can that be?"
I bring to life what people
put to death
I'm original and never can be
duplicated

Complete

There's one person that makes
my world seem meaningful
It's as though my world was
made perfect, to be here with him
Challenges are placed in front of me,
but it seems as though with
one word it becomes history
Nothing impairs me to miss
one minute without him
Nothing makes me escape his
soothing touch
Nothing can replace time
with meaning
Because without meaning
there is no time
But that one person makes it all...
Complete

Deep

This is deep
So deep, that it goes into my soul
and deprives my heart of it's emotions
and feelings
So deep, that a hug is nothing less
than a mere touch
So deep, that I lack a soul, a soul
that has a mind of its own
So deep, that a knife couldn't go
deep enough no matter how many
times you stab
So deep, that your first kiss seems
like a dream
So deep, words can't describe how
deep my love is for you
This is deep
So deep, that...

Hooked

The gentle tapping of his fingers
upon the wooden table
This hypnotic vibe hooks me
into his arms
Insures that he's mine
and only mine
The vibrant flavors of his breath
enriches me to be colorful
Allows me to be free and
not incarcerated
Doesn't limit me to anything
It's the gentle tapping that
I came rapping, at his heart
Which confined me to his touch
Which captures my soul to his
hypnotic vibe that from the start
hooked me to him to begin with

In the depths

In the depths of your eyes
I begin a journey
I know what secrets you embed inside
It's as though everything in
your past has died or try to hide
But somehow they escape and are
released, so I could get a peak
through your past
Oh, I wish it could last
On to the present, and then to the future
I imagine myself in your eyes
So when the time comes I
don't have to say good-bye
'Cause I would be back, so
my dreams won't lack the reality
of your visions as I seen in the
depths of your eyes

What's in a Name?

What's in a name that's so deeply used?
Could it be a transgression
to use another name other than your own?
What's in a name?
You decide.

What's in a name that builds the character?
Does it provide a state of being?
What could be of importance?
It's just a name.
But what's in a name?
You decide.

What's in a name that provides a barrier around oneself?
Feeling of security, protection and health.
What's in a name?
You decide.

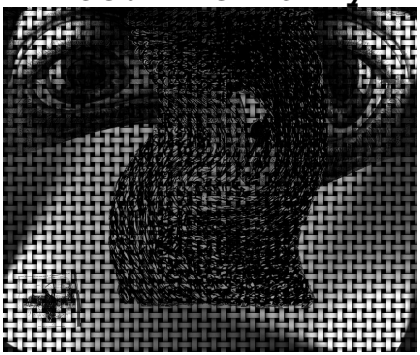
Decisions, decisions:
Your choice.
What's in a name?
You decide.

The Truth

He's the Truth
When the truth talks some
people want to listen, but
others run and hide
But why would you hide when the truth
is the only thing that'll set you
free
Meditate on your soul and not your flesh
because your soul rises up and your
flesh lies 6 feet deep
The Truth provides everything that's essential
It doesn't leave anything out
The Truth is what you need to escape
from the world
A world that's filled with sin and schemes of satan
You need the truth to show you the way to those pearly gates
He's the Truth
He gives you Basic Instruction Before Leaving Earth

Coming Soon

Sacrifice: The Early Years



Ezekiel has been cursed since he was a young boy, by an evil creature. The creature left him alive, confused and dazed. Since the day of the red sky, Ezekiel has been having these weird dreams. They seem so real. He wakes up drenched in sweat almost every morning. All of life's troubles are headed his way. What will happen to poor Ezekiel? Will he survive, or fall into the hands of the creature from the red sky.

Sacrifice: Preview

Chapter 4 On Deck

"Argh Matie," I could hear a man say in the distance.

I opened my eyes, and I saw two men chattering ahead at the entrance of the cabin. "When he wakes up we'll gut 'em and hang 'em up on the mast till he bleeds dry," the other man said.

I could see clearly now that these men were pirates and they were obviously talking about killing someone, as my arms and legs were tied to the bed.

The heavy rain sounded as if it were performing a tap-dance routine on the deck above. A gust rocked the boat from side-to-side nearly tipping it over each time. I became sea-sick as the ship shuddered in the ocean.

"Argh, I say we throw 'em of tha plank and let the sharks have their way wit' 'em."

"Hah hah hah," they laughed in unison.

As I struggled to break free, the headboard punched the wall alarming the ears of the two pirates. The gigantic, red pirate walked over toward me with a great big smirk on his face that could pass off as a smile. I quickly cloaked my eyes back into their nest eggs as he trudged his way over. When he reached the foot of the bed, he leaned in to get a better examination. I could smell his rancid breath hovering above, polluting the sea breeze.

"He's sound asleep, it must be tha ship rockin'," he blurted out as he slid his feet along the wooden floor.

After about ten steps, he jumped back to the foot of the bed and let out a mighty roar which made the buttons on my shirt fly off. My eyes rolled to the back of my head and back. I could feel the disgust on my skin from the spit of the monstrous pirate beast.

"He's wide awake now, hah hah hah."

"Hah hah hah," they laughed again in unison.

"What are ya snickerin' about? Untie 'em already."

He snapped the ropes from the bed posts and clenched me in his right hand. My abdomen was numb from the excruciating pain of my compressed body. Up the stairs to the main deck the creature walked, proud of the prize he held.

Twenty five paces ahead stood a man with a parrot on his shoulder. He wore rag cloths as a garment. It gave the impression he had been in a million battles, but he still appeared to be very dangerous. Half of his face had no flesh, and all of the blood from it was dried up, giving him the appearance of Scarface.

"Eergh, Polly want some dead meat," said the parrot.

"Bring 'em here Nicarus," he thundered.

The creature's grasp was absorbing all the power out of me, and I begun to feel light-headed.

"Aye yay cap'em," he replied.

Pirates were everywhere on the ship doing their duties as part of the crew. Some scooped up the water in pails keeping the ship afloat, while others controlled the sails. Their red eyes seemed to be lifeless, as if they had no soul.

When we arrived at our destination, he released his strong grip sending me crashing into the deck at the foot of the captain. His other foot was the leg of a wooden table.

I could see the fury in his eyes. “You think you can run steal my treasure and get away with it scoundrel.” He stepped on my face with his wooden leg and kept it there.

“Today, you will suffer the consequences of your actions. Feed ‘em to the sharks.”

“Aye,” all the pirates said in harmony raising their fists and swords in triumph.

“Aye, feed ‘em to the sharks,” said a lone pirate.

Two pirates dragged me to the plank, scraping my back against the deck of the ship. The older pirate took out a sword and sliced my right forearm to entice the sharks. He picked me up from the ground and was about to fling me off the ship.

“Wait, I change mi mind. Bring ‘em back,” the captain barked from across the ship. “He needs to suffer a little first,” he said with a sinister face.

A pirate drew out his sword.

“Let me get a little poke at ‘em.”

His eyes wide awake filled with pleasure and anticipation.

Another pirate pushed him away.

“I’ll slice his toes one-by-one.”

The captain drew his sword.

“Hands off, he’s mine. Get up and fight like a man.”

As I got up from the floor, I gained my composure. I balanced myself against the constant rocking of the deck.

“Ha ha ha,” the captained cackled. “Argh, first I’m gonna cut of ya ear, then I’m gonna give ya a nice clean shave.”

He swung his sword for my head with a quick swift, but I ducked under. Again he waved his sword, this time toward my abdomen. I jumped back, and stumbled to my knees. The blade caught a piece of my body leaving a deep gash wound under my left breast. If I didn’t find a way to escape I would soon become an entrée for a hungry shark.

“Stop toying wit ‘em,” another pirate said angrily.

He rushed toward me, but the captain of the ship grabbed him by his neck.

“What da ya think you’re doin’?” With a jolt he threw the pirate back to where he once stood.

As fast I could, throwing one of the pirates aside, I ran away and grabbed a rope connected to one the masts of the ship. I climbed the ropes all the way up until I reached a small resting spot, where the watchmen scouted for upcoming land or anything that was breaking news.

“He gotta come down some time,” a pirate said with a snicker.

A lion roared in the sky, and a light flashed before my very eyes. From under me I could hear the cracking of wood. The mast was damaged, slowly losing its balance. It came tumbling down, colliding into the rail of the ship.

I fell into the disturbed ocean and a wave consumed me with one swallow. It vomited and I was released back to the surface. Rain hit my face with stinging blows. I swam for dear life until my arms tired. Under the surface of the sea I returned.
My body was sinking deeper and deeper into the ocean. I was in liquid quicksand, and it seemed I would never reach the bottom. Soon, my lungs would pop like a sat-on balloon. Hope lost its way until a dolphin with glowing white eyes came and plucked me out of the sea.

Still half conscious, I heard the dolphin begin to speak.

"Ezekiel, Ezekiel," she said. "Ezekiel, Ezekiel," she repeated.

"Ezekiel, Ezekiel, wake up."

I opened my eyes. To my surprise was my mother gaping down at me. Even though I couldn't see clearly, I knew it was her. "Are you okay," she said in a low pitched voice. She sat down on the bed and wiped the sweat from my forehead.

My chest was pounding like African drums, and my lungs were working overtime as I gasp for air. I pulled off the soaked shirt with plenty of help from my mother.

She held my hand as I got out of the bed, guiding me to the kitchen table. As we were making our stroll, I saw the bright light from outside the window of the living room. My bandaged eye burned like hell's pit and I fell backwards on the floor, landing on my bottom.

"I'm so sorry," she said as she ran to close the living room curtains.

She ran back and picked me up off the floor.

"Come on baby its okay now," she said with encouragement.

A hot bowl of steaming food waited for me as I sat down in the hand-crafted chair. It rocked sparsely when weight was shifted because one of the legs was shorter than the others. My mom sat in the chair to my left. As my mom fed me the soup, I thought about school. It was already a week and I was still at home, away from my friends. I knew that I would remain home for the remainder of the week in boredom.

My mother tried her best to entertain, but failure made its presence felt with each attempt. She created a play with sock puppets as the actors, and read supposedly scary stories to me at night. Once she even tried to take the place of Chin Yijitsu and become a samurai warrior. She called herself Mama Yomora; it made me laugh every time she said it out loud.

I hardly ever saw my father because of his two full-time jobs. By the time he got home, I was usually sound asleep, but I knew he loved me with all his heart. Everyday he would ramble about the things I accomplished.

Since I could not shower on my own, my mom scrubbed me clean every time it was necessary. I wasn't uncomfortable about her cleaning my body, but I rather do it on my own.

The cloth over part of my face was no longer bearable; it was like a bee square in the middle of my nose that wouldn't fly away. I felt the cloth sucking out my brains slowly, causing extreme torment. In that instant, I ripped the cloth off my head, and threw it to the ground.

A weight had been lifted from my eye. After a moment, my eye adjusted to the light. It was such a relief to see everything in detail again. If I had to tolerate that bandage for another minute I would have turned insane. Everything seemed to be back to normal, and I was a happy young boy again, until my mother walked into the room with clothes for me to wear.

Her eyes opened up in shock. "What happened to the bandage"?
She surveyed the floor and her eyes met the bandage. "Why did you take it off? You know that you have to keep it on until tomorrow."

"I know, but it was bothering me and it hurt," I said in a low sympathetic voice.

She walked over and gave me a gigantic bear hug. "It's okay. Momma's here."

I put my legs in the Superman underwear and pulled them up enough to warrant a chafe against my waist. A Batman shirt hovered above my head and descended down upon my chest. My ensemble of super heroes wouldn't be complete without black Spiderman shorts.

My mom lifted me off the ground and placed me on the twin-sized bed. She threw the handmade comforter over me and landed a big wet kiss on my forehead. "Go to sleep now honey. You need some rest." She left the room like a ghost lingering through the world.

After she left, a loud shriek filled the room. I put my head under the blanket and peep through the small holes. My eyes roamed to the far right, inside of the large closet and up to the ceiling. To the left, nothing existed by the television resting on the bureau. I drew out a sigh of relief, and rested my head back onto the plump pillow. I close my eyes, and gave in to my mother's plea.