By definition, I am another mad cloud?

I used to think that clouds didn't get mad
Then I thought about
The thundering, lightning, and
The way they dump rain on us
Are clouds meant to be bad?

Even, the beating rain noise
That sounds like some annoying
Little kid banging on pans
Do the clouds enjoy this?

The way the clouds slammed down the rain
One minute and then
The abrupt stop the next minute
Like someone just turn off a faucet
Do the clouds think this is funny?

Those damn clouds!

How they would soak your entire world
With irritation and annoyance
And those same clouds would then
Disperse just to let the sun
Bring in the sauna steam heat
That slapped you across the face as it
Suffocated you with the humidity
Or is it humanity?

Does it really matter?

Do I really have to provide you
With an example of what
Constitutes a disappointing cloud
Attacking a man down on
His hopes and dreams?

But then you would tell me to
Just put on my rain coat
So, I won't catch a cold
Like a nasty, smelly, homeless, wet dog
Who got caught in the rain of a mid-life crisis
Hey, am I too much of a bother to you?

That makes my head feel cloudy

And I think to myself
“Oh no, not more clouds – different clouds”
How did the clouds find a way into my head?

But then I turn around and say,
“Shut up and fix me something to eat”
Which clouds your judgment and leads
You to end this poem with a cloud
Of smoke bellowing out
Of a barrel of a 45
Asking, “Is it going to rain today?”

Now,
All I see,
All I am,
Is another damn cloud
And all I keep asking myself is,
“Wouldn’t I float greater,
If I pour down all this water?”

But I don’t feel any better when I do,
Because I’m just another
Mad cloud.

PART 1 - Dreaming of the next day

Born with the disease of black skin,
It has always been,
Those visions
Of how he could win,
If he was the color of
Bowling pins.

So, one morning
His dreams came true,
He, colored white
With a beautiful world view.

But he was too old to even chew
Fed entire meals
Thru a tube,
Yeah he's white but barely alive
In this zoo.

A statue for the caretaker's crew
To rape and torture
Until this white man knew,
Dreaming of the next day
Made not always be good
for you.

PART 2 - Dreaming of the next day

Third time today
This lady wished to be a man,
So – BAM!
She was transformed
To her biggest fan.
Although, in her master plan
Never envisioned
Being a trap black man,
Yet here she is
Being chased by the Ku Klux Klan.

Tired and scared
She wanted the dream to end,
Maybe she just too much of a lady
To comprehend.

To be a man is to slay and prey,
Hey, it's a "Man's World"
So, why don't you play?
You may feel dismay and betray,
But at least
You'll stop dreaming of the next day.

PART 3 - Dreaming of the next day

So many years have passed
Through this old man's eyes,
And before he cries another cry,
He begged to wake to another sunrise.

But to his surprise
He called for a revise,
He wants to be young again
So he begs for one more try.

In the morning
There's his prize,
A 16 year old boy
Revitalize.

But what his eyes have never seen before
That he had an uncle
That he came to adore,
That is until his uncle
Wanted more.

And the years wore
To where living young was now a chore,
With words like explore and hardcore
Becoming a rapport.

Now, a new dying came
And it could no longer be ignored,
And he wondered now
What he had to be thankful for?

Now the tears he cries through his young eyes
Is no longer child's play,
For he has a real reason
To be dreaming of the next day.

5 day old Robot

Day 1 - Monday

Fear is a god

Of all the fears I have trapped
This one has become my favorite pet

It's one I love to hurt
Even though, it has no feelings

The world is its enemy
It's a walking target

I make it my slave
As I am its master

You may ask
How can I be so mean?

Because of the way it lives inside of you
That is just the beginning

It has the limitless potential of murdering everything
Because it is the great destroyer

It's a god!

When I have trapped fear
It is like I have trapped a god

But what I have come to learn is
That the only thing I have trapped

Is me fearing
That fear is a god

5 day old Robot

Day 2 - Tuesday

Fear is a cage of conformity

That fear is living in me,
Me, the unproductive-impaired misfit,
I am to report to the office of society at once!
They will assist me with my mind, manners,
and disposition,
I will be uniformed with their way of thinking,
The right way of thinking!

Now, I will just be a face in this beautiful-
loser crowd,
Walking in a perfect line like a brilliant band,
During a half-time show of a football game.

They ask, "Why don't you just do it our way?
What harm would it do?"

Oh, I want to describe how much harm it
will do me.
But, they never taught me that.
I do not know how to think for myself.

Oh no, I can't find myself, my "voice".

Now, I'm going to step out into the real world.
I don't have an idea on what or whom I'm to
follow?
I've been led too much.
And I know if I turn down the wrong road,
They will find me and put me in,
Their cage of conformity.

5 day old Robot

Day 3 - Wednesday

Fear is a robot

They pay money to see this cage of
conformity
It's an exhibit of fear
And I remember the fear in fear's eyes
I know that fear
It's my fear
They may as well stick me in
There next to fear

I am the exhibit of the boy who
Wears fear
A picture for everyone to see
Nasty, ugly and scary but satisfying
Because I stop trying to be what
Everyone is and accept being a freak

Come to the new exhibit and stare at me

A modern exhibit called
The boy who lives with the fear of not
Wanting to be a robot!

5 day old Robot

Day 4 - Thursday

Fear is a scent of death

It's a sinkhole, man! It's a sinkhole!
I'm going to face down the robot ideology
Today.
It may cost me everything I have come to be.
It may cause disaster to strike for everyone I love, but
We all have to do something.
In a way, we all have to become someone.
Some may say it is an act of a hero,
Some may say it is an act of a coward.
Just as long as they don't call me a robot,
A robot whose fears' was his god.

5 day old Robot

Day 5 - Friday

Fear is me

To this day, I am still a mystery to myself.

Untraced footsteps (Son vs. Father)

Son

Seems like a never ending plight,
Always the conscience questioning;
The difficulties of doing wrong or right,
A boy sleeps;
Another dad-less night.

See me in this cage that you built,
See me die every night;
As I wilt.

You loving yourself more than me,
Was understood as the way;
For things are to be.

The lack of raising us,
Now I carry the burden inside;
So many questions of trust,
Left up to me to decide.

Now all I do,
Is ponder on what I'm supposed to be,
A slave to myself;
That won't set me free.

I am my so-called father's son,
But he's my phantom;
Of mysteries that can't be undone.

What's my objective,
To this game:
That lacks value,
That lacks fame.

With untraced footsteps to fellow you,
How am I supposed to be you;
Still wanting to be like you,
Even after all the things,
You put me through.

Father

I know you don't want to believe,
That you're not part of me;
And that the love for you,
Doesn't exist to be.

You are a product,
Of my conduct,
If you become corrupt;
It wasn't due to lack of love,
That messed you up.

We can dress it all up,
We can try to pretend;
And I can lie to myself,
And give you nothing to believe in.

All you ever do now,
Is doubt;
Why hate so much,
Is that all you're about?

Now all I do,
Is ponder on what could have been,
Without ever finding a way,
To ever win.

That's my life's motto,
A life of paths of wrong and right;
Hi, My name is Mr. Wrong Path taker,
As I embark another flight.

Since you never thought,
I gave a damn in the first place;
I will replace and erase,
The footsteps,
I came to trace.

Disko Bunny Chronicles

<u>Would you be different if I painted my face?</u>

She lives, therefore she is
The both. A painted pretty picture monopolized by misery
The dead before the growth.

You want to dance with her,
Funny laugh!
Can you exist with the thought that
She is the best you'll never have.

Now, she's under your skin, your phenomenon
How do I know?"
When you jump off the roof
You will have your proof.

But before you decide to walk past her
Let it be known
You will always have so many questions
And no answers will ever be shown

Could I love someone who didn't love me?
Could I play if you were never picked?
Could you be faithful if you never had the chance?
Could you be free of pain if I didn't love you?
Does the world owe you anything Disco Bunny #9?

You can't swallow what I'm thinking

My whole existence is here;
But I'm nothing,
When you disappear;
Why I'm not good enough,
Isn't so clear;
But what you think of me,
Is my biggest fear.

There are so many things,
I can tell you;
That I can't do;
Although I have not tried most of them,
I still believe it to be true.

My chance is never coming back,
Do you know what it's like to live with that?

You're definitely the gold,
That could fill my cup;
But instead,
You're the Disco Bunny I passed up.

Meet the Walk Off

She turned, leaving I – little reassured
That's when I cried out,

"Engage the scraping claws,
Rip open
The collective flaws."

A little about me….

The Perceived I,
A volunteered monotonous creature,
No perplexing picture, I
A mountain of destructive features.

Derelict I,
Skilled in sudden fright composure,
An indecent exposure, I
Spiked like a treacherous natural closer.

He came quickly, keeping she – like a
prisoner
That's when she cried out,

"Engage the scraping claws,
Rip open
The collective flaws."

A little about she….

Who cares?
She turned me down!

As for me – I reassumed my service there.
Why not?
No reason why such an incident should keep me from finishing out
my service there,
Is there?

666, the warning

It's time, for the weak to shine

Double click on the big "e"
Search sites for free

Porn can be viewed
Monkey see, monkey do
Cuz, this sin monkey owns you

I am the sex that your thoughts will provide
Your lust for this rollercoaster ride

I am the hardcore and nastiness that you like
to find
I control you and most of mankind

I'm no stranger to you
And the relief that's overdue

But I make you a stranger to yourself
Affecting you mentally and psychologically
But not physically and literally

Now start the task
See how long u last
Pop shot now
Ends with a blast

Game over

Feel the hollowness inside your filthy mind
Its regret, guilt of your time

It starts to speak to you, influencing you

Don't you fucking know what you are?
Don't you think your prick controlling you
is bizarre?

Go on get back to where you belong
And quit playing with your dong
And hearing this same old song

What the fuck where you thinking?

Don’t you know your values are shrinking?

You want someone to tell you that you’re
fine?
That everyone lets pornography control their
mind

Internet sex is and will always betray
Delete from favorite folder
And make it die today!

The nameless

Is your life worth living?
Should I even let you live out your sinning?

Show me what you wanna be
But don't you dare pity me

I'm going to empty you,
And fill you in with me;
You may find it hard to breathe,
Or hard to believe;
To find yourself brave enough,
To see,
These reflections of me chewing,
Your inside until you bleed;
Afraid to speak of it,
Even when you're on your knees;
Because I'm the deadly disease,
That likes to feed.

Yet to formulate a cure,
Or even a name for me;
Maybe now,
You'll understand severity;
Brutality – cruelty,
Your life of brevity.

So fight to empty me,
As you please;
As I place you closer to your grave,
Simple little me;
The one they call,
The nameless disease.

The Kill

Accomplished story of an inevitable tale,
About the camouflage bliss know as the
Angel of Hell;
The sensual scenario of the unwavering try,
Ends this deceitful labyrinth of lies.

Start with the taste of decadent medicine,
The stratagem deluded to infect;
Agonizing sorrow,
Proclaimed the side effects.

The amusement of butchering love,
You’re insane ingredient does its part;
Like a explosive bullet,
Inoculated into my heart.

Addiction can be too much,
With your behavior oh so cruel;
Especially in the promise,
That I would die for you.

The yearning has yet to die,
Disregarding your last goodbye;
Although it all seemed too easy,
I still can’t comprehend why?

Red eyes,
Colors my endless cries;
But they are now red eyes,
That can’t stay disguised.
If a look could kill,
Who knew?
That I’m killing me,
By looking at you.

Left Behind

Close your eyes
And wonder why

Cry until you bleed,
Just to see,
And hear me say;
The only way to go,
Is to go away.

I slam you shut,
I can only take so much,
Much to the surprise,
I will wake up;
To the nightmare,
I'm made of.

I've tortured your heart
From the start

Because I want things,
I've never had before;
All I needed,
Was everything and much more.

Now my questions,
Are answers to my sins;
This is our ending,
Waiting to begin.

Free is the way,
I was meant to be;
Before I let you go,
You have to let me.

I’m such a slave

Carve you name,
In my face;
To remind,
The period of disgrace.

Scars form,
Thick and hard;
As my heart,
Is hollow and dark.

That place,
In my mind;
Is that space,
You call mine;
It’s running out of ways to run,
Trap in confines.

I’m going to shit,
On your face;
So you can taste;
Your love of waste.

Your guilty of your crime,
I’m hanging you from a tree;
So you can do the time,
And set my hate free.

Sit back and do nothing,
If that’s what you want to do;
I will have my day of days,
When I take vengeance on you.

Ballad of Zoey Zane

It's nothing new
For me to dream of you
With a taste
Of seeing your face

U know the night
The boyfriend fight
3 kisses long
Made it all alright

It hit me hard
When I just started to see
Living in a world
A world that cannot really be
But it's so amazingly real, real for three to believe
Everyone is imperil to the Deed
And the ballad of Zoey Zane is the key

Pick up the phone
Use a different tone
Excitement builds
It builds for the unknown

TV the only light
1 move down to ignite the night
She grabs for anything
To hold on tight

Los E-gos

A land we all knew
A place where eagles are far from few
Never hard to get into
Where all lies come true

Now like a clown
I watch you strike me down
So you can shine your crown
In this wetback town

But cry, Cry out loud
Make me proud, No respect allowed

Keep me strong
Teach me wrong
I know I don't belong
Welcome to my song

I am a stray
A hunted prey
For you to slay
For your interposable buffet

This age of
No more reasons
For my false treason
End this season

Dream too real

What a crazy dream I had!
Yes, it was that bad!

Everything around me,
Wasn't quite as it seemed;
In my world I thought I knew,
In this crazy dream.

What a crazy dream I had!
Yes, it was that bad!

I saw myself as a reflection of me,
And it wasn't,
What I wanted me to be;
In what I called,
One crazy dream indeed.

What a crazy dream I had!
Yes, it was that bad!

Through the smoke,
I found myself,
Myself afraid to see;
How easy,
It was to believe;
That I believed,
In something,
Besides,
Believing in me.

What a crazy dream I had!
Yes, it was that bad!
But it wasn't a dream,
And that's so sad.

~~The only way~~….maybe not the way!

P1

The more I touch, the less I feel;
Wondering if my life, is even real;
Killed myself yesterday,
So, living today isn't a big deal.

Everything I ever did, was any of it even pure?
Feeling normal, I can't seem to endure.

P2

I fixed my sorrow, with my blade;
My eyes turned, from brown to gray;
Check Monday, as my last day.

P3

Wait your turn, in this infinite line;
What you have done,
Will cause suffering 'til the end of time;
It's not a beautiful tale,
We like to sale;
Living a eternity,
Of this tortured spell;
Maybe not too late,
As far as I can tell;
But this could be the beginning,
Of living in hell.

P4

This is a sign;
I changed my mind;
Maybe I'll watch,
Another sunrise shine;
And tell myself,
That "I am fine".

Bereave, I wear you like a stain

What is it worth
For me to believe
That I'm great
And I can achieve
Like a winner
For all to see
But the irony of the feeling
Is to perceive
In something not real
And I'm not that naïve
To conceive
To a plan of deceive

Hold your breath

She is everything to me
Everything I've come to dream
A love much supreme
A song I love to sing
With a ring
Symbolizing I'm her king

She is everything to believe in
A soul mate and a best friend

I do
And I will
Love you
Till the end of time

The Rain Dance

Rain falling from the dark angry sky,
Some many questions to ask,
But nobody really cares why.

Chaotic running directed,
Toward a cumbersome destination;
In a death is upon you style,
Of idiotic fascination.

No hazardous acid here,
To destroy the flesh;
It's just a sarcasm perspective,
In this labyrinth test to stay fresh.

You're just a prisoner,
Of innocent rain;
And the style,
Of fashionable hysteria fame.

Melt to the touch of water,
Formulated trance,
A scared rabbit dashing,
I call the rain dance

Unaware Liberator

Trouble again
As the authority figure explains
Mother smoothes the pain
Rationalizing for his disdain

Off the hook again
Thereby reinforcing his campaign
His pattern of inhumane
The never held accountable domain

This empowers him
Encourages him
To try even more extreme behavior,
It also reinforces the lack of respect for his mother
His only savior
And his own destructively unaware liberator

The dog that gets beat

I am my own video game

Load up, guns, friends,
Win, lose, pretend

I am my own video game

Better answers, solid problems, x-ray head
Dead heroes, late suppers, society fed

I am my own video game

Lights, action, section off blame
Wonder, hype, useless fame

I am my own video game

Polls, moles, goals
God is the guy on my controls

I am my own video game

Guilt

8 ball, 8 ball,
Derange me to the core;
I ask a question,
You answer with much more.

8 ball, 8 ball,
Make your call;
Don't listen to loves ones,
By putting up your wall.

8 ball, 8 ball,
Shut the door;
Lock it;
My individualism is ignored.

8 ball, 8 ball,
You're the perfect gift,
Perfect gift to return;
You weren't worth a shit,
As far as I'm concerned!

Freezer full of meat dogs

Those shoes, these shoes
The shoes,
The shoes,
Gimme the shoes,
I wanna be you!

Let me lay in my idolizing-bed,
For my individuality is dead.

Everything I am will be gone,
When the night turns to dawn,
For the dream of wanting to be like you,
Lives on!