The background of the entire page is a photograph of a sunset over a body of water. The sky is a deep, vibrant orange, with wispy clouds catching the light. The sun is a bright, glowing orb on the right side of the frame, partially obscured by a thin layer of clouds. Its reflection is clearly visible in the calm water below, creating a vertical line of light that mirrors the sun. The overall mood is serene and romantic.

*Blake's Love Letters*  
*In Prose*

*The heart may rise and fall  
as the earth meets the sun,*

*Love is wise and in all  
a birth completes our run...*

*Ken BIG Blake*

# Blake's Love Letters In Prose.



United States  
Marine Corps

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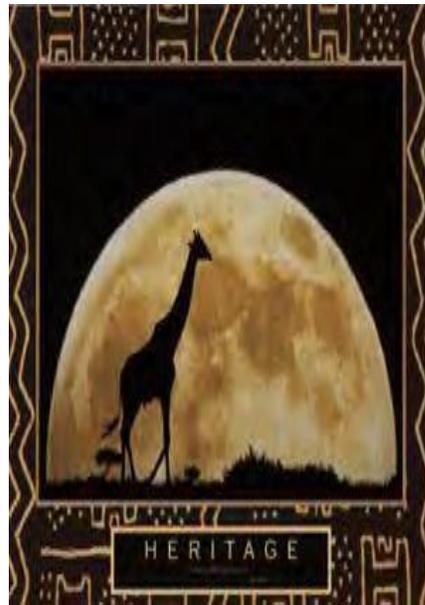
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# Love?

Love... A subject that creates a type of phobia for those trying to explain it. Let's refer to this phobia as loveanalystaphobia.

Scared of not being able to define love. Who has this problem? Everyone to a certain extent. Mankind has often tried to describe love but always adds following his words; more than words can say. Let's not try and define this with mere words then.

Let's let love overwhelm us with actions of love. A love for life. A love for lovers a love of surrendering our bodies too more than what mere words explain. But how can we do what we can't define? Primitive longing. Instinct so to say. Define primitive longing and instinct. Are you sure? That's something like love. I think.... Let's not talk about it.

Let's just (Love?) it.

# Little Princess

Little princess so pure of heart, how I feel for  
thee

Your laugh, your smile, your innocence  
Please cherish to eternity

If only our views had never changed we'd  
Live in a much better world

Our laugh, our smile, our innocence, what was  
Pure is almost spoiled

If I was a king I'd have one law and the law would be  
simple and clean

Whenever someone was feeling the least bit down  
I'd have the lil princess sing.

# If I

If I was a fighter  
I'd fight for your life as if it was mine

If I was a writer  
I'd write about you with all my spare time

If I was a singer  
I'd only sing songs concerning you

If I was to malingering  
I'd only hang around places that you do

If I was a poet  
You'd be the only one to hear me recite

If I was a lover  
You'd have no rest, in day or night

If I was a teacher  
I'd teach everyone what you taught me,

It doesn't matter what you are, true love fulfills all needs.

# I Love You

I love you.....I love you to.

I have knowledge of you as a person.

I know your likes, dislikes, hang-ups, mood swings and everything about you that you've shared with me.

I care about you.

I hurt when you hurt. I want  
To know if every things okay. I want to help as best as I can.

I respect you, your ideas and dreams are a part of you that you stand for.

I will look upon you with the highest regards and sincerity that a man is capable of. I'm willing to take and share the responsibility.

I will work by your side in all matters. When away from you, I wont be led astray for I am responsible to your feelings and our honor.

I Love You.

Knowledge  
Caring  
Respect  
Responsibility

# I don't know

I don't know, you say it's nothing. Why do I feel it's so much more?

I sense your pain and it brings me rain, my tears slowly fall to the floor.

Your unhappiness is mine, for I am you. Your feeling I reflect in every way.

I'm sorry if I hurt you because I feel it to, but there's nothing left really to say.

I don't know, but I do love you, I love you every day.

That's all I know, and not afraid to show, if only out of my mouth my foot could stay.

I don't know.

# I waited

I waited but your call never came. My pulse quickened in anticipation every time the phone rang.

When I answered, the sensations soon withdrew. My expectations seem unanswered, my thoughts are now all blue

and each hour more silent I would become.

The night now has ended, I must welcome the sun. I waited.....

# My little lovely

My little lovely, your voice tells me so,  
I want to soothe and make you well, but from here I  
just don't know

I envision your sadness, your need for me to touch you  
My voice seems to work, but caress it can't such do

Darling bear with me a while longer  
Our trials and tribulations will be shadowed by our hunger

Addicted, to each other's embrace  
Our longing of togetherness surely soon will take place

I do..... you do.....we do, and it we will, turn around  
bright eyes, let me wipe the tears which have spilled

Precious, I send you a rose, in the morn before it blooms I  
will have arrived.

We'll watch the petals unfold together, just my lovely and I.

# LEANNA

LEANNA where should I start? Where? When your beauty is never ending.

LEANNA It was so hard to part, for I feared I'd awake from dreaming.

LEANNA **L**ovely, **E**xceptional, **A**rousing, **N**oble, **A**cute, if it was I who captured your eye, would I really know what to do?

Yes, for I would stimulate your mind slowly with thoughts of tomorrow

Visions of warmth and caring a tender touch that erases all sorrows

If upon a pedestal your qualities were placed, nothing less than an earthly wonder would arise

I ask myself has heaven lost an angel, for you are indeed a paradise.

LEANNA

# Now and Forever

If I had Aladdin's lamp your love would be *my only wish*, to walk hand in hand in paradise living our own Genesis.

Every flower of the earth would be mine only *to give to you*, Then I'd arouse your deepest desires satisfy them under half lit moon

In a day we would walk the world, never tiring with feet so light  
Then in your ear, I will whisper *my dear* the best poetry I could recite

for the feelings that I have for you are as pure as a child's first born, from moderate to extremes, all in between *you'd find no comparison*.

*Now and Forever.....Now and Forever*

But *who am I* lest a modest fool to move mine fantasies thus way for surely there comes a many suitor upon you heart hath castaway

yet dreams are only my life now, memories of *your beauty* I serenade... chest to chest, cheek to cheek I caress you, with tender care as I've done each day

In my arms *I drink of your substance*, the elegance, the passion the strength  
then drown in the tranquility of it all as my skin the teardrops would taint

We'd *make love* under every waterfall, leave a trail of kisses that lead to the sea, We'd unlock all of earths mysteries together, yes my love, *just you and me*

*Now and Forever.....Now and Forever*

# OPPOSITES?

How can it be, *strength in my weakness*, why should it be, Hate and Love is what teaches

*What's stronger?* Who cares? Let's just live and eat the spoiled fruits of life.

Let's just pray, but only *who will survive*,

The good *the bad* all the same I love to *hate*, and my strength remains

How can it be *Light in a patch of darkness*, death in the web of life, Victory in defeat, Black, White All things are *together*.

*Contrast Contrast*

*hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha*

What am I then?

# EDGE OF REALITY

Somewhere between sleep and awake, lies a man in a  
catatonic state

Help evades him, but it is not help he seeks, He is help  
himself for those that are sleep

He bounds with leaps or is it leaps in bounds  
He's aware of but his name not surrounding sounds

This is his daydream, his awake dream, this is his play  
dream, his brief escape thing

# Blending

Tired as well there's no need for that, Up to early, Erect when I  
should be flat

I saw, I acted, but it was my dream where I was late, reality  
with fantasy a deadly mix of state

# Just Questions?

Is *excess* too much?

*Nothing* too little?

**And** Just right in between?

How should it be?

Why is it not?

**Or** is it?

Now Where Is It?

# BAN

No Smoking

No Eating

No Drinking

No Loitering

No Questions

No No

No No No

# LET YOUR LOVE STAY

*To look into your eyes again tear filled but not of sadness*

*To fill her body quiver next to mine, sexual peaks that have us both near madness*

*To hear her voice flow like music as the words echo  
I LOVE YOU*

*To touch her heart with a soft kiss telling her I will always be true*

*I prayed to GOD and my prayers were answered but what GOD giveth he taketh away*

*If I had but one prayer left..... I'd ask GOD to take all but please lord let her love stay.*

*ALWAYS*

# KING TAKES QUEEN

*Her presence illuminates the Surroundings as  
would a star Falling, but gently, feather  
weighted, rocking.*

*Steadily Encompassing the shadows  
to all but devour its darkness.*

*Royalty is within her majestic Essence. Her  
fiery moods set Off a glow that can faintly  
Be seen by one keen of eye.*

*Her spirit is wild and roaming, Determined and  
sometimes Shocking.*

*Yet her fear is as Evident as a wild mare  
Approached to be broken by the One Rider who  
can, as a dragon Approached by the knight to  
Become slain, as I to You.*

*As I one man, that has the  
Mind of you coexisting within  
me, emotionally, intuitively, inexplicably aware.*

*You may fight woman, fight for it is in your  
nature...and when you are done.*

*I will prevail and break you as the mare rode,  
the dragon slayed, the queen taken the love  
conquered.*

*Inevitably.*

# Mind & Health

Alas, tis it not Damien,  
He that says and does yet always needs a light!

# Hide & Seek

Where art though, you that pretends to have lost your way?

I search, seek, and look but can't find the thoughts your  
mind portrays

In memories I search and puzzle together, but the outcome  
is quite abstract

In future dreams I seek, but your thoughts are still out of  
contact

In the present I look, for there we reside,

but it's here that turns my insides

so in waves of thought, is

where I'll be caught,

that's the place I will hide

**Now you're it!**

# Awakening

You fool, haven't made me different, an outcast, one to be laughed upon.

I have made you different one to be pitied, almost hopeless, to have no meaning but that which is desired by your colleagues.

I've stood in your shoes for too long.

I must live my works and not work your living.

I must go the way I know. I'm sorry.....for me?

No.

For you.

# Thoughts

There is no *pain* greater than *loss* of love, living and passed.

I act as if you're going *somewhere*. This is true. You are leaving me, the only place *I know*.

Knowledge is more than the ability to recall what is taught in schools.  
*Wisdom* is shown through *actions*

Mistakes are tools for learning

To be *unique* is to understand the *average*

I am truly *ignorant* to things *I know nothing* of.

I pretend *women* are my weakness. You'll never *guess* what really is.

What man is it that feels no *different* than other men.

*If you set free that which you love would their experienced gained be worthy enough for them to return to you? Would your experienced gained allow you to take them in?*

If everything was done in hopes of not offending others, what would get *done?*

## **Woman...Oh Woman**

I'm no longer the life of the party;  
I can't wear a mask because they see through.  
If this is the downside of love, then I know  
Why men have died for you.

### **Woman...Oh Woman**

What is it that you do to me, the male that stands strong in the eyes of other  
men  
You have brought me down into this tunnel of despair, this  
whirlwind of chaotic emotions that spin

### **Woman.....Oh Woman**

Is this the way in which men must learn, must look inward for answers that  
outward cant shape  
Every great man is you, one way or the other, but another route this man  
would of chose to take

### **Woman.....Oh Woman**

I lift my eyes and voice to sing of things I've learned, things you've taught me  
but there will always be a part of me that stings from things that ought be and  
things not before seen

### **Woman.....Oh Woman**

The fruits of your tree I have picked, your nectars sweet juices have  
quenched my thirst  
But take a good look at my face, you no longer give what I  
need and this is what hurts

### **Woman.....Oh Woman**

Why woman, you that intuitively knows what the universe holds, Why woman,  
must your love be so sweet but your actions bitter cold, Why woman shall we  
glorify you in song and poem, Why woman, did you choose to take out on  
Adam what you both did wrong

### **Woman.....Oh Woman**

# Let's work it out

When we first met I knew that you and I were true, no lie, I'd die for you

Standing in the pouring rain, playing all of those silly love games

I look into your eyes and there I realize that you feel the same

Maybe it was I that made the mistake, but should I alone carry all the blame

Together forever, part? No, oh dear never, endeavor to the end of the rain that  
strains drains maims us,

trust and discuss the true facts that makes us lack the knack that it takes to  
make, create, stake fate of life long mates

Let's work it out.

# Not Now

I'm not the kind of guy that can always make you happy doing the things you'd like to

So don't be surprised baby when I tell you I have to leave and think that it's not true

Can't you see girl that I want to make you happy but this time in my life I'm just not able

So don't cry girl when my destiny calls and please don't ask me to be faithful

I'm sorry, but in this moment, it isn't enough, and it never can be

You hate me for what I'm doing in your mind, but not wholeheartedly

Confused but why? The future is so uncertain

I'll always be there, somewhere, somehow, and when we break I'm also hurtin.

I care, I really do, and sometimes I really really try

To let you know, but I cant so, stop asking my friends why.

They don't know, they never will It's beyond what they will understand  
Baby eyes , Oh my baby eyes, I just can't so don't think I can.

Not now.

# Be My Valentine

To my dearest love with all my heart  
Though I've known you for a while where can I start

With your eloquent brown hair sexy brown eye stare  
Or the way you let me know you care

Your loving kiss which at this minute I miss  
Or your beautiful smile which clears darkened clouds

There are many things with which I can start  
But in the end I only want your heart.

Be My Valentine

# Marty

Marty's a vet on Elston and North  
He has a sign for work, a sign that supports

His most basic need, the need to survive  
Marty's eyes are cold, the system still hides

His war seems never ending indeed  
When will he come home from that place over seas

I never seen him before but I will always know of him.

I wonder who love's him?

# Against My Nature

Naked.

Here I stand, this desert afar, this strange foreign land.  
I am a portrait for an artist.

I stand alone with the clouds, sun setting, and a colorful horizon.

I Am Man.

I look as far as I can see and I am alone. There is a slight breeze  
which I welcome. I have never felt this freedom before.

One with the earth and sky.

My mind is clear and I am at peace.

A minute that lasts a lifetime.

Breaks over.

Where is my weapon and gas mask?

# What the hell do you want?

Did I not love you?

Was I not honest with you?

Had I not catered to you?

Was I not being affectionate?

You said your love was lost?

You laughed and lied in my face?

You no longer needed my little help!

You treated my affection with repulsion!

You see that you were being played!

You see that the locks were changed!

Now what the hell do you want?

# Second Time Around

I never wanted the futures pain I foreseen, to take you in thought,  
my Spanish blood queen,

But you wouldn't be satisfied until you could see, what I already  
knew; you love this black king

You'd rather stay away, than come back with dented pride, but you  
will and I'll soothe you as other times you've cried,

It was for the best, so our strength will be renewed into a  
stronger foundation, where faith and honesty hold true.

# **So What**

**Is anyone going to understand this?**

**Is anyone going to read this?**

**What will they think?**

**How will they see me?**

**Are my thoughts alone?**

**Are those the questions that stop us?**

**What if they're not?**

**What if I stop because I am beyond definition?**

**Can anyone clearly comprehend?**

**Why do we worry so much about others conflicting with us?**

**What if I'm not even close to the answers?**

**What if I'm not even close to the questions?**

**So What!**

# I Deserve

I deserve in a relationship a woman who can appreciate my honesty and love. A woman among all other factors is honest, trustworthy and loves me unconditionally.

A woman who recognizes my faults and shortcomings and helps me to overcome them as best I can, as I of course will for her. A woman who has her own goals but can also accommodate goals for an us, as I can.

A woman who will let me make her feel special as she certainly will be to have caught my eye. I know in my heart, mind, body, soul, being and every other thing men have used to explain self that I am the man a woman looks to find.

Are you ready?

DO you have the basics for what I deserve?

If so we will soar, two as one. All for one.

# A Friend

A friend is someone you can trust to be there in thick and thin.  
A friend knows when to help and when to listen.

A friend is a person who feels your pain, joy and all the world has to give. A friend is patient, understanding caring and gives reasons to live.

Are you my friend?

# A Mate

A mate is everything a friend is and more. They share a different kind of love. An all-consuming bond

A love that doesn't allow others emotions to interfere with, and perhaps destroy what two commonly share. A mate has a far more personal interest.

Are you my mate?

# Second Thoughts

When I wanted, you didn't, I said I'd never quit  
I waited and tried everything, but after awhile tasted like bad  
spit.

I thought I knew how to .....winback your favor, to hold onto,

But you treated me indifferent, that I'd never matter,  
saying one thing, but things still got badder

Yet I still tried because I knew you'd soon see  
Even though the wait, was more than killing me

Couldn't sleep, listen, learn, teach, or speak  
My mind was on you from your head to your feet

You avoided the issues which caused more pain  
So now when you call I don't here my name.

You'll be ok though.

# INVISIBLE GATES

Invisible gates hold us down  
These barriers of pavement which this force surrounds

Sure you can step out for a fresh breath  
Away from that strangle grip, that depressed living death

Tears are all dry and wrinkles of anger substitute  
Conditioned to survive in madness from our roots

I am the universal minority, which represents every shade  
The effects of a system borne corrupt continually decays

I am always clawing, scratching, pulling from morn to night  
To keep above these waters that love to take life

many can't understand a reality of this type  
This unnatural system, feelings and plight

If you can step beyond these invisible gates  
Take another and another before it's too late

## **Thoughts of her**

So here I am thinking of you again  
How I would like to be your friend  
Every time you're around I'm lost for words  
I know this sounds stupid and absurd  
Look with your eye and your mind to see  
A poems here for you from thoughts by me

# Wolves Attack

I've seen the wolves attack

White on white      black on black

The numbers were superior always

As wolves always attack these days

They try to find others before they attack

To add strength to have an unbeatable pack

Then they descend on one like a savage

Ignorance taken form 2 become 1 to ravage

Look at how those white wolves celebrate

Look at how those black wolves celebrate

They don't understand why I don't want to take  
Part

Had even the nerve to ask, when I am of a Lions heart

# One of Ten

**10 men get together**

**1 man brings up evil**

**5 men don't hesitate to join**

**2 men after details join and try to convince**

**2 men left to join**

**1 man leaves**

# Was It Not I

Was it not I who placed you on a pedestal

Was it not I that made your beauty seem celestial

Was it not I that showered you more so with special affection

Was it not I that gave you attention in every direction

If this is so, then it must be I that made you want more of all that a man can give

You'll find out there isn't anything more once you've had a chance to live.

# Briefly There

I don't mind you watching me  
I don't mind your ideas about me  
I set here for that reason  
Now, will you remember me after I have left never to return?

# Full Moon Weekend

In the dark the wind whistles  
It's an unnerving song that tells of past nights deeds

The streets are full of snagging bristles  
They have grown long and are of a poisonous breed

The full moon raises the tension like the waves splash  
against the shore  
Powerful words hang suspended, then sink in with uncanny  
repertoire

The horseman saddles up for the weekend gallop it dearly loves  
It sees not friend, family or foe, and it does not care if the graves  
aren't dug

It lives for those that live death  
It comes in many forms but ends in last breath

Many families cry

# My Homey

Yeah, I remember my homey, he was straight up down  
this brother had a strong mind and presence when around

laid back, finger snapping smooth, point always straight.  
He knew that it wasn't just a key that opened gates

but that hustling side would come up like an ankle length leather,  
red feathered brim

he was quick to advise but advice was now beyond him

yeah, I look back on what this homey could have been  
if he had maintained a balance and kept up his chin

it makes me sometimes hate to reminisce  
to know he's down and out and crack did this.

# Thoughts Of Beauty

Here I sit with many and wonder how many sits alone.

There are conversations ongoing, but I can't listen because my mind roams

To thoughts of the most beautiful things  
That we most often seem to miss

Like the symmetry of a spider web  
Flowers dripping with morning mist

How often do you think of art and beauty, the very things that are essence  
is made of?

Rather it be graffiti on a wall, Gericault in frame or a poem about  
found love

Close your eyes and think of your perfect place  
Is it not beautiful, an idyllic utopian hide away?

# Confidential

To give your body to me. What does it **mean to you?**

I know however **the meaning** I will make it remembered **meaningful by my** touch.

To say I don't **want you would** be a lie.

Am I wrong to **envision us embraced**, passionately with **no inhibitions** stopping the longing we both **crave for**.

**Let me** relax you with thoughts, **then touch you like** no man which has **mastered this craft**. I am love, emotionally, and **physically**.

**I am** lust, passion and sensuality in **human form**.

Open yourself, freely as I have **opened me**. It's okay to feel this uneasiness, **it only lasts a second**.

Look to me now.

# Lil History

You read my name, now picture my face.

You heard my works now picture my face.

I read his name but couldn't picture him

I heard his works but couldn't picture him

I do know that I was moved.

I'll give you his name.

Beethoven.

Do you picture a Black Man?

# Untitled

To be an artist is what I dreamed.

To put thoughts in picture for all to see, but my thoughts  
take form in writing, so this is how you see

But there are less people blind than those who can't or  
prefer not to read.

# Defining \*The Masters Hand

**She being a quarter plus my senior gave me the Masters Hand.**

**She said read this, read this, understand it if you can**

**I gave it 2 meanings, for her and for I**

**Now tell me how yours differ, and I'll tell you why?**

Read

*\*The Master's Hand... . a poem*

# Deadly 360\*

Every other weekend you, young  
man are at the funeral parlor paying  
your last respects.

Let's hope you awake  
before it's too late and  
you're the one that's next

# The Train Platform

Man I saw one of the most beautiful ladies in the world  
In front of the conductor with a ribbon white as pearls

Her complexion seemed unblemished Her skin tone was like  
the sand

She sat there, motionless in motion and caught my eye with  
her thoughts beforehand

There was loveliness in her mean gaze and still her beauty  
remained intact

I smiled enough to swallow a mountain, man you should of  
seen how she smiled back.

# Are You Happy?

It depends on what meaning should I take from that question.

Personally, yes, I am very happy.

I know myself and learn more each day.

Socially I am very unhappy.

We are living in a racist, bankrupt, impoverished society that slashes our living standards to the bone and more.

Poverty, Unemployment, Gang Violence and Police brutality are on the rise not just nationwide but global.

I am not happy with the injustice that involves all peoples.

Next question Please.

# Everything's Easy to me

Everything's easy to me. Tra la la laa tra la la laa.  
Everything's easy to me. Hey! What does he think he's doing? Hmm. I'd better put some glue in his path. That should stop him.

Everything's easy to me. Tra la la laa everything's easy to me. Tra la la laa tra la la what! How did he get out of that glue? Well, well lets see how well he fares in tar.

Everything's easy to me. tra la laa tra la la laa everything's Nooo! What is he doing?! What does he want? I must stop him before its too late.

I'll put laws in his path degrading social programs, guns in his home, lie to his neighbors anything so that it wont be easy for him

Everything's easy for me tra la la laa tra la la laa. Gee he sure does look angry.

I wonder why? I gave him everything. Tra la la laa tra la la laa.

Everything's made sleazy by me.

# Confidentially You

We meet, and in that brief second your eyes tell me  
somethings not right.

I can tell you would like to speak your thoughts, to get your  
feelings out in the light.

Whenever you need someone to be there don't be afraid to  
call on me

Don't worry about time, topic or place, I'll listen attentively.

I'll share the pain of loss and rejoice when you win.

Some people say these words and don't hold true  
but you can look into my eyes and know I'm confidentially  
you.

Now take a deep breath.

# I Remember my Ghetto

I remember my ghetto, all the hard times

But they don't even come close to what I write in these lines

To the ghettos of today where children can't even play  
For fear of their lives for fear they'll fall prey

To a generation with no self-worth or self-respect That strips  
them of theirs so that they follow their steps

And now they are blind to what they now do,  
Some will sleep forever.....  
.....Will you?

# Your Abyss

She wants to be taken there but yet she is afraid to open the door fully.

Pull me.

Turn away. I don't want you to relax.

The hair on your neck stands ready to spring anticipating my touch.

The aroma is that of the heated arousal, but only yours for I am yet to have undressed.

Don't look. Your imagination will be quenched. Your knees become weak, this makes me smile.

Though of age you are still but a child. A child seeking what only few women experience in a lifetime.

Do you know what it means, that which you ask for?

Are you willing to sacrifice knowing that limit perhaps never to return?

To late.....first touch.

# Indian Summer Nights

I realize how lonely I am on nights like this.

*Indian Summer Nights.*

I miss the holding of hands.

The warm embrace.

The cloudless moonlit starry roof,

The quiet moments.

The conversations.

The love.

Especially the love.

# After Midnight Diners

After midnight diners is where I'll go

To tell my thoughts to Mary or Joe

I'm not the only one that comes here

To drink a cup of coffee, talk to listening ears

There are the old men who are barely walking able

Discussing old news, political views at their table

There are the old woman sitting thinking thoughts to themselves

Tired eyes wrinkled thighs with 2 cups of coffee wealth

There are the teenagers with no place to call home

They sit and chat together, but they still are alone

Then there's me far from old or a minor

Thinking about all the times I've been in after Midnight Diners.

# What is Reality?

What you see is not always what you look at.

A realist will say.

This is how it is unless you show me different.

There will never be a man that can fly.

Were the Wright brother's realists?

There will never be a man on the moon.

Is this a reality?

Reality is imagination brought to view.

# Guessin

To create a Masterpiece,

Is it true one must be a master?

I think therefore I am.

What if you think of me what I not think of myself?

To be or not to be. Now, what is the  
question?

I'll leave you guessin

# Do you want the truth?

Do you want the truth?

Then I will give it to you, *bold cut and dried* but you will swear that I've lied.

knowing that you knew all along but failed to speak because you're weak.

I will bring you down to your knee's, with the weight of the words you heard the knowledge I state.

Don't look beyond that bedroom door, for what's in store was long before, four score and seven years, whose fore fathers, maybe not mine why bother,

to ask one for help who's clearly out for self, when help is within, but you've heard this again and again,

so now I will send you to another outlook, deals more than with knowledge and books, more than paying homage to crooks More than twisting any statement I make, to fit your ideals to deface this **Blake**,

meaning **B**rother **l**oving **A**lways **K**ind **E**ternally that sums up me, but don't think this sheep is sleep, I do more than peep.

I speak though meek, when the lions not crying to roar, will never bore, and can give you more, of what you ask, and what you not ask for.

I'm on a mission I just want you to listen and get what's between, what I mean is what's inside the lines, and if you want to, say I do, then out of the blue I will come to you, and give that answer that you search for,

*bold cut and dried*, you will know it's the truth but some will swear that I've lied.

# Those that can see

Those that can see, some want you to remain blind, to keep you in that down frame of mind.

To put you there, and me here, to hate for us to be near.

Isn't it in all tones of skin that we find these men that don't want the better, that will tell you, it's best to, leave well enough alone, though well is wrong. **Go back home!**

I'm lost, for isn't the whole earth meant for me to roam. Let's talk about something scarier, what's going to happen when we destroy color barriers,

when all are judged by content of character.

Whoa to you ministers that taught doctrine bent to legitimize the times, when in fact politics, and church don't rhyme.

Who are you to tell me it's wrong what I wrote, when you're the scapegoat

**Ha!** Like always those that are few to support views, must change the news, for fear of the masses mood,

but I fear no man So understand when the time is here, I'll be heard in all lands, giving this message and as a blink in an eye, you become wise to see the truth enclosed by the lie.

Peace I'm walking east till the sunrise.

# Pissed flowing

I'm a tell you other man, another man and brother man  
that what you're doing is what I can't stand,

letting paper empower thought over people, why not burn down the  
steeple. Look at what's happening to **our women, all women** having  
to step into our shoes to raise what we do

Don't pretend that it's okay, we the ones that are logical but illogical to  
the present state of day.

**Children pushing that stuff adults told them to keep away from, to the  
same people who told them in the first place. Dumb  
begging fools** to babies, backwards maturity that's  
enslaving, well maybe.

Every country that has a corner you stand idle, idle to find a rival, to  
do something, even if it ends in nothing.

Let momma try to raise that child alone, like you left her to live  
and roam. **Give that sister meaning woman an A plus** to do what  
takes two but can be accomplished with stern strict rule.

I've said nothing yet, but I can make you sweat, and then you want to  
run run run to your guns, to end a problem, like it's the only way to  
solve em, but I'll get you first, using dialect as Mach 10 Rounds and  
action as artillery shells, but that time is still coming, and it may not  
change something, but an attempt is **change and not all attempts start  
and end with bang.**

**This not today or yesterday this is**  
tomorrow, tomorrow, which is always a day away, but a day to late,  
only 7 or 8, causing fear, drinking beer, listen hear, don't cry to another  
man when you come of age, **venting your rage on others, that should  
be reserved for you seeing what you put yourself through.**

To hear that played out tired shit, you can kiss where you dare not  
lick. **Stand strong and make your offspring strong then maybe...**  
can't we all just get along, I have a dream, by two kings, one slayed  
one betrayed by the same system that wants no tomorrow, that thinks  
man is God because God is in man,  
as in mankind, when its really woman that are kind, but **they to  
can lose their mind**, so I remind you, that patience is a virtue, maybe,  
maybe not, but for now I'm through, making you wonder shaking you  
from slumber feel this storms thunder I gather and I hunt to, now  
**where you going to run to?**

# Who Makes Children's Eyes?

Have you ever noticed the eyes of very small children?

Some eyes sparkle.  
They show so much love and curiosity. They walk with a bounce and energetic joy for life.

Some eyes are blank and unfeeling.  
They seem as if there's no hope. They walk aimlessly  
With tired eyes. They make you uneasy.

I wonder who makes them like that?

# On Maturity

Age

Experience

Knowledge

Wisdom

If these are the qualities that makes one mature which is the lesser of the four?

# What's in a conversation?

What's in a conversation? A few or many words, which are symbols that make life's experiences cumulative, that is understanding to another individual. These words can take on many forms, have underlying meanings or be straightforward.

Every conversation is intelligent because in intelligence we find communication rather it be grandiose or simple, negative or positive. It's just in expressing oneself that we find difficulty and therefore shy away from conversing. This I find slightly humorous because everyone can be understood to an extent.....at least in conversation

# WORDS

Words?

What is a word but all that I have written, look, see them here as you read.

I can create any feeling with this that I want you to have.

*Yes I can!*

I can make you personally feel sexy, lovely, beautiful, aroused, sensuous, attractive, elegant, graceful, charming, pretty or just the opposite.

I can control your heartbeat and emotions just with words. I can make your heartbeat relaxed with thoughts of tranquility, or with a serene peaceful calm in my speech and writing, or I can make you *infuriated, irritated, and resentful,*

wait.... Do you see those three words?

They can ruin the fifteen pleasant words that came before them. Did you notice the change in your physical and psychological systems after reading or hearing those three words.

Words before anything led to decadence and death. Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words can be more deadly.

PEACE!

# Just Waiting

Maybe its because I'm looking to hard

That I can't find the sunshine to brighten my heart,

To share my thoughts with that special someone, to  
make them smile, to see them have fun,

so I wait like a lover under a window sill

Of an abandoned building, with a winter nights chill

Or on a bus stop, where no one tells me the route has  
changed

But I will wait for my time and until sure I'll abstain

# More Thoughts

*I lost my thought.*

*I do nothing more than you do or can.*

*For it is the jealousy of one man and greed of another that send innocent men to death or dishonor.*

*What's the difference between purpose and on purpose? Is there a difference?*

*I do these things on purpose because this is my purpose.*

*I say this to state that I say that to state this.*

*Some people are quiet so as not to show their ignorance. That is wise, is it not?*

*Nature is natural so its natural to be with nature.*

*A blind man doesn't have to see to know sight is not limited to what you see at present.*

# Blind Love

They say love makes the world go round  
My world is spinning, so that must be what's found  
I find my heart beating faster, sweat comes to my palms  
I get stiff, when I lift, my eyes to your charms  
You know that melody that they play on the radio?  
Fast and rugged, smooth and slow, ohhhh  
Here's your flowers here your candy and a lovesick card  
It's not valentine's day but why wait to start  
When we go out on the town we need not go far  
For in your eyes are the distance of galactic stars  
In your features resides the innocence of mankind's first child  
Your body is perfumed naturally and doesn't wear with the  
miles I touch you and tingle, shudder as I grasp for escaping air  
So unearth like your essence though mortal yet rare  
I dress you in silk robes, with live roses, each color for variation  
Your melodious voice fills the air I breathe which fills me with  
inspiration  
Atop the highest mountain I'd climb, bare, facing the elements in storm  
I'd conquer the known world and write of it, your name the title of the  
poem  
In my diary there wouldn't be a page without your mention  
And each line your names letters would start out each sentence  
Oh how can I escape the needless distractions and become consumed  
by yon fire eyes  
So foolish this malady, yet this foolishness I can't despise  
It is love, yes that giver of birth, taker of life  
It is love yes, that two sided emotion, that crazy feeling type  
Love.....yes love.

# To Lose A Poem

To lose a poem....oh no, dear no  
It's gone forever, from my memory it flowed

I can capture that feeling again  
Those precise words through my pen

A copy perhaps  
But one word changes maps

I try to recall, but to no avail  
So now this one ends and all is not well

# IMagiNATION

I've been taught how to remember

Not taught how to think

My vital organ is now dismembered

Not the heart that which I though speak

I can quote the soliloquies of Shakespeare

Word for word tell history that's clear

But what are these things, but those things that have no significance

Yet marveled upon without indifference

And this is just exercising remembrance

Now let me think but my thoughts are all past tasks That I didn't have to  
think unless to think to know to ask

Think about that, now think about this

What is education, what's vital often missed?

# You Woman

I cant give you to much at a time,  
Cause you wouldn't understand the nature  
But enough so your mind which I pray is as fine can be ready for the  
maker, the taker ,I'll bait ya so I can mate ya.

The offspring will sing a song of strong ancestors  
Histories of a past taken by molesters  
I give what you had forgot and then couldn't believe  
that you had it all along but couldn't perceive.

Yes the light is shining through and all the colors of the spectrum, for it  
all is now seen to be true, that we built and we wrecked them.

Who's on first? Our black foot touched this earth  
What's on second? I don't know, I'm just the base.

# To Court You

Under her sill I see a lovely lass laden with hair  
To her knee  
Otherwise bare  
Her charms teasing me

A smile, a short pucker, yes the kiss it blows my way  
Mine words float like water, but yet to tap the flow she persists to  
display

Beads of sweat roll my face, the lovely lass has  
gone away'  
From her sill lingers her perfume if only today,

I could enter her room

Unlock the treasure chest, pleasure yes, with each measure rest, slowly  
digest the feeling, the thought, that finally sought is mine  
Though it was all the time.

This was known before the first line had come to pass,  
Now she's my lass.....drink up

# 17

Time stood still and I couldn't help it. I wanted to be 17 so bad.

Hey look Richie, Fonzie, I can hang out with you guys.

Maybe the partridges will let me spend the night.

If only I were 17 ...17 ...17..17.

Time is standing still and I can't help it. If only I didn't look 17.

Reruns and I seem to never age.

Hey Roger, what's happening with the good times JJ.

I guess different strokes of time for different folks and I'm

still at 17

# Soldiers



The soldiers came today. They came in their berets.

We needed the soldiers bad, everyone was really glad.

Things were safe now we're all happy.  
The soldiers killed my pappy.

He was unarmed and screaming madly  
In the confusion they shot him badly

I wish the soldiers had never come  
There are enough blood stains

# Soon Invisible

Hi! I don't know what's really good for you, but I know what is good for me.

It is good for me to draw the line between you two in your house.

It is good for me to set up your government for keeping you two at peace. I'm the third party.

Of course, I really don't have any business here but it is my business to take what I can get.

I've got a deficit you know.

**Hey!**

Keep us at peace, draw the line, it's okay.

Soon you will owe us just like you deficit everyone else.

# 1000 Pictures

I could have a thousand pictures, but they are worthless without  
you to hold

There is no weight with which I miss yaa,

My heart aches beyond reason, it's beats are like drum rolls,  
increasing till nearly explodes

Then it folds, half of it has left me gasping,  
My hands I'm now clasping, it is not I but I am fasting

Starving for food that's hunger is of an embrace  
I brace myself for that first taste,

Hope has now relined my face  
But the facts I must face as my path I retrace, To find fault  
within my case

My mind now drifts to inner space but inner peace I  
cant now reach, but reached with yaa...

I Could Have A Thousand Pictures.

# Destiny

Darling without you is like a world devoid of life and hope  
An endless array of decay, vision without scope

A mountain with no preceding valley  
Streets that are but alleys

Chaotic, twisted and dreadfully bare, As I am bare,  
stripped of my one care

My hope and longing for your beauty to coincide with my life  
As friend for folly, love of a dear wife

I write to chance a meeting perchance  
to enhance your sight with mine this late night

Meet me by the moonlit rays  
Where sensuality is the pay

A small price for what lays at stake A dream, a fear, a  
joy, please stay

Share with me a mortal eternity  
Bare with me and when hurt you'll turn to see

A caring hand, thoughtful bliss  
Loving insight, a tender kiss

Now look into my eyes and you'll see.. you'll see... You'll see.. it  
was always Me,  
Meant to be.. meant to be.. Meant to be

# Yesterday

Tomorrow tomorrow tomorrow has come will come  
and went, But where is yesterday?

Looking back in time is not hard to do  
Now I'm wondering what happened to you

The things we shared I know they have'nt blown away  
I reminisce on how I wish they could of stayed

We live each day it becomes a week, month, year, a decade  
Don't 10 years ago seem like ten days

And yesterday, and yesterday has passed me by  
And yesterday, why'd I have to say goodbye

So fast it happens we take our parents place  
Looking back trying to retrace

the path we led the things we did  
Growing up on the block with all the kids

Hide & go seek again and again  
The fire hydrants on I'm the first one in

What happened to those days when we were so carefree  
Tomorrow came upon us more times than more than likely

And Yesterday Has Passed Me By And Yesterday,  
Why'd We Have To Say .... Goodbye.

# Perception

Today the weatherman was again mistaken. His forecast was for a lovely, sunny day in the lower eighties. It made me think the sunflowers would sway in the breeze happily smiling at everyone that passed.

If they were there I couldn't see them. It had been three days since the sun stopped shining. I could hear thunderclouds arguing in the distance. I knew it was going to rain again.

“Mr. Joy, I think it is now time for us to remove the bandages. You are a very lucky man to have survived a blast in such good shape. Yes, yes, there, there, it will be a few days before your sight returns fully and for a couple of weeks I would like you to wear these dark shades. I will be back shortly Mr. Joy.”

Oh, the sun is shining like the weatherman predicted. Its such a lovely day.

# Journey

My bags were packed, and I was ready to go. I checked over the gear once again to make sure I had everything needed for my journey.

The sun was barely ready to wake up the world. I was on my way before it could. There were others like me thrown about the city. We all had one purpose that day.

I wondered if they were as afraid as I. It seemed like hours before my destination was reached. I looked around for familiar faces but found none. I knew I hadn't made a mistake and no one home had even known I left that morning.

I wanted to call home to talk to someone I knew before the sound would draw me inward. No such luck.

I was on my own, freshman year in high school.

**The**

**End**

**Is**

**Near!**

N

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