

Collections of Poetry and
Prose. This collection
contains many of the best
poems and prose pieces
from the last 100 years.
Read with your family and
friends if you do enjoy it.



Leon Basin is a
writer in California. He
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Scribbled Voices

Leon Basin



Scribbled Voices

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Thoughts on Fire Vol.2

Scribbled Voices

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Do Not Complicate

There you are
The complicated men on campus
Do you feel taller than your counter parts?
How about bolder than he or she?
Do you feel confused for being so complicated?
How about lost in your own world?
Do you sit there alone, hoping for something to come along?
An answer, perhaps?
A prayer?
Why the complications?
Why not go with the intuition?
Is it because it's simple?
Is that such a bad thing?
Nothing is what it seems
Nothing is what it has to be
It is what you make it to be
Simple and not complicated is the right way

Complicate

Complicate the uncomplicated is turning the way of things into mush
Simplicity of life and the purity of the divine is the truth to reality
Sounding like a complete douche is nothing more but unattractive
You haven't noticed yet? Well, sit and relax, you will soon enough
Because things do catch up
In this life or the one you are supposed to live
If there is such a thing as afterlife
You will be the first to know
Soon enough
No worries to the ones who make things complicated
The ones who take the simple route
They are going to run miles around the sun
In any form they choose

Simplicity

People complicate things out of proportions unknown
When things are as simple as one sees it
Simply state it as a simple beginning
When things are complicated
State it or make it as simple as one can make it

They Walk

They walk as they got somewhere to go
Nowhere but, nowhere you have to go
Of all the places you have to go
It's your imagination running it's course
Giving up on you and your limitless ability to produce
Produce the thought of thinking logically
No places to go
No people to see
That is the real truth to this abolishing 3-d cube
The imagination is an encompassing disease
Hoping to spray it's virus throughout your body
Pain is greater than the sword
But pen is mightier than any belief system
Break down the walls you hide behind
Break away from the rules of society
Believe in nothing, but yourself
Real power is inside you
No where else does it hide
Not under a shed
Not in a relationship
Not in your parents
Not in your grandparents
Not in the media
Not in books
Not in love
No where
But inside yourself!

Humanity of Walks

Humanity walks as robotic form of puppets
One by one, they stroll throughout the mall
Spreading wide and long in order to catch their "last day sales!"
Someone yells behind me
"Hey, last day for 20% off for jeans!"
"Get them while they still in stock"
Ha-ha, I laugh to myself, thinking...
Should I spit in this persons face?
Or walk away, and let the nature take it's course
No answer comes to me
So, I do the right thing
I walk away...
Away from the illusions of money
Away from the illusions of popularity
Away from the illusions of caring
Away from the illusions of child's play
Away from the illusions of grieve
Away from the illusions of laughter
Away from the illusions of worry
For tomorrow
And today
What will come next, if we let this cycle continue?

Events in the Mind

Horrendous effects of the mind
A hitting image spit in vein format
Feelings of non pleasant movement
Developed into scenery of hate
Nothing but a fiery candle burned in the moon lit night
Compassion drifted from right to left
Tears rolled down the face
Like a lost puppy in the rain
Soldiers attacked the cemetery with Uzi's
Torture erupted in the back yard of someone's home
It was a combination of World War 1 and World War 2
Deadly and violent in many painful memories at everyones
Reminiscing moments
Casual business people forming lines at companies doors
Wanting a job in order to pay for their first piece of bread for their kids in a week
History is always written by the winners and never the losers
Why even debate about this fact?
Truth is difficult to grasp
Especially, when you ask to see it in written form

Healing

Magical happening is in the back of my house
Animals come to rejoice
Because humans are healing this planet
With sounds/dances and love

Connection

Purity of water
Engraved into the sweet melody of life
Consistent flow of light
Shines bright
Into a view of existence
And
Never giving up on the law of nature

Not Alone

Not alone in this cold world
Not alone without your reminiscing memories
Not alone without the laughters in our hearts
Not alone with beauty in our eyes
Not alone because family is always there
Not alone to kiss the cheek all night
Not alone to be alone tonight
Not alone to be with you my love
Not alone to be with you my dear
Not alone to kiss your lips so sweet
Not alone to belong
To something more than loneliness

Gone So Soon

Gone so soon
Without much anticipation
Of a thought provoking state
Mind is spread through glistening light
Gone way to soon
Beauty of light in your eyes
Gone so soon
Sweet melodies
I play to you each afternoon
Gone so soon
Truth outspoken when words are never real
Gone so soon
Laughter and memories are the best medicine
Gone so soon
Giggle and snorts on a rainy day
Gone so soon
Laying in bed for 5 min extra with you
Gone so soon
Twinkle in your eyes
Gone so soon
Butterflies in my stomach when I look at you in the morning
Gone so soon
Nothing lasts forever and nothing is ever really gone so soon

Battle

Lyrical battle of emotional catastrophe
Words of liquid erupted in your mouth you see
No poetry in rhythm just floetry in tone
Emotional zone
Propaganda through the xylophone
It's all about the saxophone in tune
Because I can touch the moon
Not enticing to predicate into outer space
It's only way I bless the Mic
When I speak in tongues
I touch the sun
When it's bright
I relax and take a seat
Make my mind just weep
For poverty inside my community
Nothing but fancy toys of purity
Nonetheless is not existent
I'm the psychic
In an orgasmic moan

Poetry

Poetry is beauty
Words and scribbles
Outlined in your notepad
I hope sometime it will inspire the young
Because no matter the outcome
It's a shame that I'm young

Dreaming

Wicked dreams, emotional films
Sweet poetry of rhythm
Flying through tubes of laughter's
Inside the heavens doors
Cleansing erupted into small icicles
Between the words nothing existed
Just a holy spirit in chains of darkness
Lightness crept into my window in the morning
Light's of beauty exposed it's name from my mind
Love became bright
Birds sang me a song
A sweet melody connected me to nature
What an amazing way to contribute to ones life

Debt

A debt to love of endless possibilities
 Treason the romance
 Of non existence of pure
 Dislikes
 Divine melancholy
 Called upon me to answer
 But nothing left to give
 But
Debt overtaking my mind

Sitting

I sat there
Alone, but seamlessly
In control of ones-self
A shine of light, began to become bright
It was a comfortable feeling
But a missing link in my human evolution
I did not know
What the outcome would be
I thought I knew the answer to my loneliness
But it was more of an
Ego
Speaking in tongues

Ordinary

Light at the end of the tunnel
Seems bright
But pain in their eyes, seem darker
Voices of discomfort
Beams of waves turn into gray clouds
Ordinary people confused to know themselves

Running Streets

Running on the streets
Hoping for some awakening
Will anyone open up their hearts
And pray for this
Non-existent prayer?
How real and deep does this rabbit-hole go?
Towards the infinity of opportunities of nothingness
How beautiful and how realistic is this feelingness
Truly a powerful uniting force
Of nothingness

They Don't Care

They do the drinking, they do the partying, and they do the fuckin'
What about the struggling families on the street
Without anything to eat
Poverty running so deep in their family tree
No one says a word
All quite in the clubs, when it comes to being poor
The voices run through the Smokey halls of wanting pussy or dick
What about the real issues that we all ignore
A walk behind your apartments and you bump into the real issues
A boy living by the river and being scared to speak
The reason?
He doesn't want his home knocked down by the police
Does that not sound like bullshit to you?
Do you ignore these issues?
And focus on the shit that does not matter?
I guess you say
"Not my problem"
"I do not have this issues myself"
"So why worry!"
Are you serious?
People are struggling
And you ignore this fact!
Well, in that case maybe your reason for living is not important either
Words and Scribbles

Words

Words sometimes do not come out correctly

I look blankly at the screen

Hoping a jet of energy into my brain

Will give me something to write about

But it seems that was a fairy-tale

Everything that has come out

Seems to be on the front page

Of my imaginary scribbles

Scribbles

I cleaned up the mess they made
I returned a few moments from my break
And found the mess was still there
"Sir and Ma-am!" I asked them
"Would you please not mess up what I cleaned up!"

Purity of Peace

Walking down the empty halls of laughter
Minds and eyes pairing into my view
Visions of speeches grab onto their mouths
Empty voices of dislike circulate throughout
I continue striving to achieve the impossibility of LOVE
In a world surrounded by the leeches wishing to suck
Your energy dry
Is something many of us dread, every min of every day
What is one to do, but continue living ones life?
In silence
Of purity and peace

Pain

Sounds of pain come out from the neighbor next to me
My window peaks into the parking lot
It's dark now
Grieve or trouble binds this person's heart
One man yelled "Shut Up!" to the person making all the noise
The person did not quite down, however
He continues to yell out in agony
I think it's a he of gender
And it feels like this person was in War
Lost many friends and acquaintances
His life is miserable now
Nothing to live for
Everything to miss
Family doesn't seem to understand him
People telling him to quite down, is not going to help him heal
What is one to do?
But hear another person in pain?
How can I be of some assistance?
I don't think there is anything I could do
Wait...
But...
Walk over there
And ask him if he is alright
That's it!
That is exactly what I'm going to do

I Am Water

Awoke by the sounds of laughter
The ears drummed compassion
But his dirty mind brought torture to his eyes
How to viciously enslave the human race
Was a question he begged himself often
Every night before going to bed
He outlined a plan
One day, he thought to himself
“I will control humanity in the palm of my hand”
I’m the “GOD” and the humans are my sheep
I feed on their insecurity and on their expirations
They are nothing but below me!
I’m gifted with words of scribbles
Onto a page, I’m liquid
The rain, writes precision
No one can mess with that kind of power

Question I and get the pen moved upon your soul
Engrave your name on the casket and I’m called upon
I outline the words written on your tomb
It’s the only way I know how to stay in-tune
You’re worried when someone is deceased
I’m the hipster that makes that happen
I act in anyway, I like
If I feel like shedding thunder
I make the stars spit fire
Not only that, but I can write in the sky
Where no one can see
When I like, I can turn to human form
Trade horror stories of cheating husbands and wife’s
And change direction to tell stories of freedom and love

My stories are in liquid form
It never evaporates
It only goes in a circular rotation
Just like when the pen is moving in the motion
I provide the oceans of ideas
I put the thoughts into his or her brain
In order for him or her to capture life in the form I choose
I give him or her a lifeline
He or she does not know, but they will when time is right

What is right and what is wrong?
I’m the one that makes good and evil act take form
You might let the thoughts pass you by
But I’m the one that captures it and puts it into liquid form

Because water moves through all of our bodies
Our bodies is at least 70% made off water
How did that come to be?
Well, surely you know the answer to that!?
No? Well, you need to dissolve and start anew
Because in this form you are missing your tune.

Star Wish

Wish upon a star
The fire burned bright then above your brow
Things do happen for a reason
When thoughts glisten
Moments are shared
Laughter's are missed
But love is still there
Purity defined to start it's own trend
Because the divine words are your own brand

A Brand of Nothingness

What is a brand but nothingness?
Marketers created it
Sales men are selling it
Program you to believe you need it
At home, you watch on the idiot box
Hope to be like that brand on your t-shirt
Is all you wish for
But truth is harder to acknowledge
You are so captured by the marketers and sales men

Nerves of Steel

Electric circuits run naked
Call of the wild is inside me
Nerves are endless
But then, they brake down
Into a form of deceased
You laying there in the casket
As the wind pushes your soul upwards
Cries of pain from the audience arise
Wishes up in the sky sent out
They want to bring you back from the dead!
Is their wish of LOVE real?
How do you answer?
Do you plea?
Or stay in the casket
Rotting away alone?

Cloud and Sun Beauty

Beauty never shined so bright as today
The wonderful skies full of gray
No darkness in my cloud
But pleasures of the sun
Hiding behind my cloud

Run Child

Run away, child
Run and keep the legs moving towards freedom
Pain is a bearing field of perverted voices in your ears
Nothing fancy about your surroundings
But pain of grieve
Do not speak to any strangers while you run
Keep the legs moving
Keep the heart pumping new blood
Keep the thoughts of laughter and love in the back of your mind
The only thing that will save you child
Is the calmness of a soothing voice
Here is the sooth-ness of calming voice speaking to you now
“Relax child, let the winds take you where you need to be”
“Let water run down your body, to cleanse the dirty perverted minds of hate”
“Don’t let anyone discriminate”
“Against you!”

Vicious

Slobber over my vicious mind
Gifted words are gifts of passion
Words are words of sweet dreams
Nothing but fancy words of hatred
 Sweet words of sorrow
 Sweet words of love
 Sweet words of dislike
And really sweet words of will

Bended Backs

On bended backs
I clean the clothes off the ground
I smile at the customer next to me
As I look to the other side
The customer tosses the clothes that I folded
I grin
And begin to clean up the mess the customer made

Nights

It's night now
I'm still cleaning up the mess the customer made
My back aches from all of the bending downs

Wait

Smile for the fortunate
Turn the cheek of the unfortunate
Kick the door down
And don't have sex when the sun is down
Wait for the sun to rise
Better things come for anyone who waits

Empty Land

Empty hallways hid the naked pictures of laughs
Probing of the young minds was something done daily
Feelings of emptiness felt like daggers hitting the heart repeatedly
What is on the mind of a writer?
When he simply is shocked to see the world around him
Vicious cycles of games of give, but not receive
Simple pleasures of life
To see/watch and observe
Seems like things are getting easier each day you live
It gets difficult sometimes
Because breathing seems to evaporate into a nowhere, land

Celebrity Gossip

Average fascination of celebrity gossip

What does it do for you?

Does it caress you?

Make you feel warm and fuzzy inside?

Does it take you out of your own reality?

You step into a life of beauty and brains?

You are being ruckus in my presence

If you believe these facts outlined above

Do yourself a favor, sit down, and relax your mind

Stop reading all of those Cosmopolitan Magazines

You could gain your IQ points back

Those are not promises

But researched outlining of how to improve ones brain

Most of the gossip you hear, is simply false

No truth in any of them

Why pay attention to something that could not help you in anyway

It seems to give you something to put your energy into

Is that what you want to do?

Focus on the negative and not the positive?

Be my guest and take the front seat

Let me know how the ride goes

I'm going to sit back and observe all that you do

I won't tell you that I told you so

Because really, who the hell am I to tell you how to live your life.

Numbers of Speaking God's

Love of deepness hate of life
Words of purity divine
Love for one another is truth
But hatred for another race
Is false
Creed is racism in no where to turn
So falling down upon your knees
Asking for forgiveness, I see
No melancholy in my vocabulary
Just simple laughter's all across the board

Pain hurts we all know that
Just remember from pain comes love
No way to spin the turntables in any directions
I got you beat
So anything you think
Is thought-out in triple steps of threes
The double-parking to wave hello
Is nothing more but vivid images of racism in you

Forgive yourself and then only then
Can you see the faltering ego?
Evaporate into outer space
Away from all the negativity in this life
I know that it's going to be difficult
But it's worth taking a step into the right direction
You oh, so forgot existed

Minded marks of three 666's
Existed before you even excused yourself from the dinner party
The lookout for the perfect lullaby is truly a remark of sadness on your part
No child is falling a sleep, because you follow the un-originality of Self-Improvement Guides
Your thinking is flawed in a congruency of thinking that you exist
Self pictures that you took on your vacation in Hawaii is not going to help you believe that you exist
All that you see around you is non-existent

Reminiscing of the first hello, you received from a girl next door
Is your imagination running away from your naked eye
Imagination is a powerful tool, but if not used in a positive way
Could have a negative outcome

Numbers are a language of the God's
However, the numbers you seek and the numbers you obey
Are not the numbers that the GOD speaks

You're soul is nothing more but a fairy tale full of laughter & jokes
The real decoy of what you have inside you is nothing

The secret has been revealed to you

The question is...

What will you do with this knowledge outlined in red chalk on a white sheet?

Vicious Darkness

Symbolically vicious metaphors equipped to dagger scrotum's

Vivid images in the bacteria of life

Purify the dying race of a fight

Wicked words of wisdom outlined in white chalk

Images provided to glisten in the art

Music combined to give meaning to life

Nothing more is left but speechless might

Stories told of a few greats

Ignored for centuries as something fake

Who knows what one is speaking off?

When one is high on life

Words of power ignited to give flight

You take off and never want to land in sight

The earth is hurting and that is not a lie

Who's going to save each individual

I know you are not

So what is one to do

But call for reinforcements

A guilty is dying of greed

Truth spoken out-loud

No laughter in the crowd

Hisses and verbatim thoughts of truth

Spoken directly into the tube

Who's going to face the devils tomb

The light of darkness beams so bright

No where to hide

No where to run

But down the fiery pit of hell

A Homeless Child (Spoken Word Album – Preview)

I'm going to record this for a Spoken Word Album, I am putting together a Spoken Word Album called: "MysteryOfUntoldTruth." I hope to have at least 10 tracks on it. It will not have music or melodies. I hope you keep checking back. It will be a free download and you will be able to listen to it free, all on my website. I might go with Lulu, to make it into a CD and if anyone is interested, they could purchase it for about \$5. On the other hand, I could also burn a CD if you want and send it to you. Thank you all for your support! I cannot wait to put this together. By the way. I have 5 writing projects in the works. One of them is collaboration with a friend named Jon. Hope you guys are doing well and taking care of yourself.

A kid dragging a wagon full of cans
His face red, from embarrassment
Because
People have been staring at him, since they saw him walking down a lonely pathway
He continues pushing the wagon, down the deserted trail
Alone and scared, he switches sides
His little hands are getting tired from the punishment his body is receiving
Little giggles and a few laughs in the crowd come out
The young kid looks down, as if he is about to leave his little wagon behind
And run away, away from all the punishment his young mind is subjecting to
However, he continues down the lonely difficult pathway, up
Holding tight to the little wagon
He runs up it
Never looking back to take a glance, to see if anyone is staring at him
There was I who looked straight into his direction
My heart and my girlfriends heart, broke into tiny little fragments
As the young kid pushed the wagon up the lonely hill
Pain in my eyes gave off a vibration of sadness
My skin crawled in disfigured harmony
And tears fell down onto the concrete
My girlfriend suggested we follow him, to see if he was all right
I hesitated because I did not know how to feel
As I see this everyday, and my mind and body becomes weak, when I do see it
It's like as if the pain I have inside me, stops
And my nerves are not sure how to react
And my heart skips triple beams of lighting
Confused and saddened by the emotional decay of the human Civilization
I try to catch a breath
Okay, that sounds like a good idea, I tell my love
We get onto our bikes, and pedal as fast as we could into the mountains
Hoping to get another glimpse of a blue eyed/blond hair kid
I look from the corner of my eye and see a glimpse of a child in need of my love
I get a bit closer, are you okay? Do you need any help? I see him coming down the hill
With that little wagon, banging against his legs
I am all right, he responds
Okay, I say in a low breath, not sure what my next question will be
My girlfriend behind me, stares at him, worried and disgruntled not sure what to say next
I think for a second and respond, is your parents around?

He hesitates; my uncle is over there, pointing his finger into the South direction
His small little hands, dirty and tired from all the garbage digging, he has endured in who knows how
long

I'm speechless, not sure what to say next
I pause thinking how dumb I was, because I left my wallet in my car

I wanted to give him something, anything

It would have made me feel better

I suppose the ego, talked most out of that whole conversation

What transpired, was another way of looking at the spectrum

Seeing the dark visible light at the end of the tunnel

When you see anyone battling with the beast, they call "Life"

You come to realize, that kid could have been me

I wonder if it wasn't me who asked the kid if he was all right

Would anyone else have done the same? Ask one simple question

ARE YOU OKAY?

Sickness

Sickness
I feel
Poor emotions
I feel
Cold and bitter emotions
I feel
Sickness
In my eyes in the morning sun
Sickness
I feel
Words not spoken
Sickness
Only shared through telepathy
Sickness
Not talking to you
Sickness
Talking to myself
Sickness
Hatred towards myself
Sickness
Pain and joy
Sickness
Laughter and games
Sickness
Captivated thoughts
Sickness
In my eyes
Sickness
Blood from my nose
Sickness
Blood from my hands
Dislike
Sickness
And pain by no any other name, but painful beginnings and a painful end.

Are You Wearing Clothes?

Are you wearing clothes that hide?
The eyes from watching you
Are you wearing clothes that show off your backside?
Are you wearing clothes that mold you?
Are you wearing clothes that hide you?
Are you wearing clothes that attract someone, anyone?
Are you wearing clothes that make you sweat?
Are you wearing clothes that make you question
Are you wearing clothes that are pure BS?
Are you wearing clothes that show off those sweet tits
Are you wearing clothes that hide your "baby fat"?
Are you wearing clothes to please?
Are you wearing clothes to be pleased?
Are you wearing clothes to find a husband?
What about a wife?
Are you wearing clothes to deceive?
Are you wearing clothes to impress?
Are you wearing clothes because you not sure if you should be wearing clothes or roam naked like
our Ancestors did hundreds, if not thousands of years ago!!!

Scriptures Fall

Falling like scripture provoked
Words never spoken about
Because hatred is a victim
Of surprises, and love is all but,
Never happy endings
I guess some things are spoken through
Truth of the dying
Pain for the friendship hurts
More than a knife being stabbed,
Into a cheating husband
No, jokes of irregular talks of life
Just never happy endings in life

Flower Invisible

Invisible flowers spoke to me in my sleep
Something out of the ordinary
Seems like things I see on T.V. nowadays
And the media changes
My
Perspective on things that don't really matter
However, it seems to me that they are just showing off.
How would I know?
I took a wild guess

Darkness in Cable-Boxes

In the room I sit watching darkness creep on me.
Lost without words of never finding my way,
I hold my head under a pillow to catch a fresh breath of sadness,
However, all I feel is something pulling me down.
Something heavy and nothing like light comes into me.
All darkness creeping slowly into me.
Media is the number one control of my mind.
The cable boxes in your room watching you and me.
Instead of you watching the cable, the cable is watching you.

I Prayed to the Upper Sky

I've seen the death creep upon me
Feelings anger and bind me
People scare me with so much ignorance
I guess it's all the puppy game of mind control
Things real scary down here below
Who will lift an upper hand
And
Help our struggling earth?
Is no one going to answer the call?
In this whole big universe?
A scary thought
Compared to all the prayers
I have sent out up above
Sure, their have been answers
Just not the ones I prayed for.

Emotional Decay

Emotional decay a misery of peace
Hatred in darkness of a moment
Fear abides by my lost soul
Purity fell down below the stars
Outlined my body in chalk
Called the Forensics to do the sampling

The Forensics confused and dreaded to care
I watched them, as I was an invisible ghost
Out of nowhere, Satan crept into my view
I did not budge I simply stood my ground

His breathe smelled like urinated waist
My eyes popped into the back of my head
Feelings of shit-less wanderings came into my mind
He stepped an inch closer thinking he could win me over
I disrupted his flow of rhythm and moved out of his path
Disgruntled and confused he became to shake like an earthquake

Pieces of his images fell to the ground without a thump in the forest
My heart skipped a dozen of beats
Happiness on my cheeks looked like summer was around the corner
Life was coming out of darkness and magical spells have been broken after all
A relief of locked up memories of the past have passed

Contemplating Reality

Truth in silence, sitting on my buttocks.
Contemplating reality
Speaking to it and sometimes listening.
What am I to do?
No reply and no answer in-stored for you! It speaks...
Am I here and am I alive?
Is this me creating my own reality?
Am I projecting all things I see?
No words spoken, no energy flown into thee
So I get nothing, and contemplate my presence furthermore

Embarking on the romance with the winds
My mind is equipped into an overdrive
To feel the passionate kisses of the rainbow
On my elbow
Bounce off them trees
Then dance underneath them freely
Sure, some might look at me in disgrace
Does one care what others see or think?
What is really normality?
It's all us projecting onto thee

Sun shined upon my face in harmony
Connection of energy connected to give a twirl of my own truthful nature
Beauty encompassed all the gifted children of our society
The ones who didn't make it
Will get another turn at bat
Don't doubt the doubters
They just lost in the sea of sands
The guides are here, watching upon thee

What is one to do, but see the visions of tomorrow?
Does one care to make it whole or break it into infinite pieces
Save it for your children's, children of tomorrow
They will need something to re-apply their gifts upon
Don't be a greedy pussy cat
There is plenty out there
Do your deed and justice will set you free
Community is unity and truth is hidden beneath the dirty bodies of the dead
It could be re-released if one asks for thee

Nobody Listening

When nobody is watching, the birds are singing songs.
The hidden walls are speaking to you
But no one seems to hear them
When mind tries to escape from difficult situations
The body gives up the fight
It's the environment, "stupid" the people say
That breaks down the body and the mind
If you don't believe me,
Look inside yourself
Do you see your heart scarred in multiple locations?
No?
Then you are not looking at the right places.

Calmly Sitting by the River

Calmly sitting by the river, water moved in an undisturbed rhythm, progressing to begin anew. A cycling process of the nature was continuous. Life beginning and ending to give room for future life force to grow and develop. Ducks swam without a worry of where to swim next. Birds sang tunes of freedom. And I sit here and begin to sing my own freedom tune.

*“Gentle waves of the river
Let me flow with you
Therefore, I know what it is like to be free!
Nothing on my mind, but
Freedom in my eyes
And in my heart and in nature too
Tears rolling down my cheek
Because life force is calling me!!!
I want to be free*

*“So, let me sing a song
With you birds today
Long forgotten
Since the Ancient Times.”*

*“Let my heart speak to you
So my soul could be released
From the dark caves of time
It's the only way I know
How to live!”*

As I sang the song of freedom. The birds followed for chorus:

*“Lovely day
Lovely night
Let his heart be free tonight
Of darkness in his mind
And with that he can
Write more so his writing touches all.”*

All that singing power came to a sweet haul. And the sun came out to join the fun. The sun beamed upon my face. I felt blessed to sit in silence, while singing my freedom tune.

Generic Killer Mode

A generic code implemented into the mind of a killer
A killing machine on television screens
Media bolts and advertises the killer
People dead and they ignore this fact
Host moves as a spider does through the web
Truth hidden underneath the roots of a tree
Who will bring it out and set it free?
Not the people on T.V.
Truth seeker might ask questions
But is he just trying to save himself?
What a real speculation
Mind control erupted throughout the system
No one budges
But you know in the corridor profits arise
While the stock market dies
People losing all they got
Tent cities arising throughout the streets
While the elite gather in the Bohemian Grove
Feeding each other strawberries and whip cream
Kids continue dying from malnutrition
What a sick and dying generic code of a killer mode.

The Day

Die by a gun
Die in the eyes you belong
Beauty is truth
Words are love
Feelings are more
Emotions run wild
So, do feelings at the end of the night
Midnight hits
Words are sprinkled
The day the sun shined
Upon your beautiful face
Is
When I felt free
And
Alive
To be with you my dear

Sit, Watch and Listen

What is love but hidden in the meaning of Symbols?
No real words are ever spoken
Only repeated in a consistent motion of a rhyme
Feelings are dark control of beautiful minds
Purity of a human being is bliss
Secret teachings are thrown and buried
In the darkest underground city bases
No one will know to look there
The true nature exists...
Will one care to question?
If he is not silent?
Most will ask but not pursue
So what is one to do
But sit, watch and listen....

Our Culture in the Blimp of an Eye

Feelings weep like eye lids beam in the morning sun
Beauty passes all ugly memories of the past
Truth never held from the public
Given to all to devour
Problems arise, but controlled within a touch of a magical spell
Magic happens in places never before thought of
Feelings connected through each individual living or dead
Pain is controlled through re-verse psychology
Words describe feelings, pleasure and love in ways never understood
Love encompasses all
Divine beauty stretch all of our imaginations
Politics is a game played by usually the Kings
Queens stands by the Kings
President is like a King
First Lady is like a Queen
Soul is something we are
Body is something we rent out
Mind is something we possess
Heart beats one moment then stops the next
Computers connect the knowledge of our past
Cars drive us from point A to point B
Books open up the imaginations
Lyrics flow through the stations
Poetry opens up the racist
Death is something to look forward to
Living is something of a different stroke of keys
Guitar played in the background
Movies tell a story written down in words
Music touches our souls
Communities are divided in some parts of the world
Poverty is on the rise
Rich are on top of the Pyramid
Conspiracy Theories tell a different story
Who knows who is right or wrong
Laws should be followed
If you cannot use your own common sense
Logic is important in this day and age
Young pregnant beauties ignored
So they fall
Throw away the kids
And run away
Hoping to get with their life some day
Never to forget what they have done
Cops using their power to kill the innocent ones
They never question and get any answers
Don't they know they work for us

The people
Hidden secrets are deep in the gutter
Search and you will find the ultimate truth to all that that is.

Here and Now We Die Alone

Living in this world is pure evil
A deceit at last
I cannot stand next in line
Something seems to blind me
Rip the eye sockets out of me
Don't tell me, it's all a dream
It is all real to me
People dying, left and right
Families falling
Like soldiers yelling in another Vietnam War!
It's all done in pure evil form
In a way to shatter brain walls
Truth has never been spoken
For the real people of this country
They are scared shitless now
So, what are the answers now?
The governments not answering
People continue never questioning
Worried for their youngsters
What is next for us?
Reminiscing of the past
Thinking of the times
Of how gas was cheap
It was easy to get away
But not today...
People worried now
Gas up now
Stocks falling now
People losing their homes now
Stocks down now
Retirements of baby boomer's gone now
What is one to do, now?
Pray and ask for help?
What if you are not a religious person?
An Atheist at best?
What if you don't believe in life after death?
What if you hate it here
Who is going to save you now
Whose going to ask for forgiveness for you now
What is one to do now?
Die
Die
Die
A single lonely death
Just like when
A human is born alone

We
Will die alone...

Existing In The Darkness Of The World

Things seem too adequate for the energy of time
Prosperity shined about the underlining cleavage of the girl next to ya
Poetry in emotion, rhythm is the devotion of the holy...
Truth never spoken; only passed on from generation to generation
Floe-try combined to expand the truth-ness in the words
Scribbled onto the paper without missing the thought
From everlasting you when you pass on
Words are contagious and blind sometimes
Feelings are dangerous at times as well
You afraid of the big bad wolf that took you as you were brought to him
Without a care in the world of gravity
Ever existing nature of the human thought
Is the feeling to be loved
Cared for and caressed by all the compliments one receives for paying attention to something
missing...
Miss-giving the pleasure of the heart, is the real compassionate truth of this darkness that creeps into
your dreams when you think you are awake...

Society Spiral

Society on a down-row spiral
Pieces missing from the puzzle
Words unspoken
Feelings hurt
Emotions running wild
Economy continues sliding
Into an abyss
Of melancholy tears
Words untold
Truth behold
Hiding inside them walls
Will it set us free?
Or make us fall
Under the trap

Pretty Dream Questions

Pretty colors in the sky
Wanting to turn blue
You looked at the person next to you
And questioned your existence
Am I dreaming?
Am I awake?
The words that you produced
With a single sound
That came from your mouth
“You are in fact dreaming!”
“And, you are awake!”
“Is this what I dreamt of yesterday?”
“Sure, could be!
But... maybe.. just maybe...
What you dreamt yesterday
Is what is going to happen today!
And what is going to be dreamt today!
Is happening now!!!
And what is happening now....
Has
Never actually happened....

Day and Night Burns Bright

A day in the night of morning sun
Beauty encompasses truth
In the ever living life
Knowledge plays a different tune
In many ways that were never discovered
Living has become a surviving game
Continuing to provide for the loved ones
Has become something of a dangerous fate
It seems questions are never answered
And truth is ensemble
Underneath the wooden halls of
Empty broken down houses
Knowledge lies
Gift for human kind dies
Why have we never looked, there?
Some
Pray on our stupidity
And many program us
To
Never question...

Mind control
Erupted throughout the society
Like a plague
Of leeches
Gun control
Is coming down to the town near you
Do not be afraid
The government will save you
You think?
No!
That is the lies they feed you
Do not worry
Uncle Sam
Will tax you some more
Take your kids from you
And smack you with a lawsuit
For resisting arrest
Funny games
They play
The control you thought you had
Is slowly being taken away
Without you seeing it

Do not be afraid, however
Fear is what they pray on

Things can change
Not any slogan by thy name
Not by changing the government
Or others in power
But ourselves
Can we only then
Understand what we are here for
Our true nature lies in ourselves
The true beauty is LOVE
Not the puppy LOVE
Nor
Infatuation LOVE
But
Love of people, Mother Nature and ourselves

Patience Is Key (Wrote It In 5 Min)

Things come to those who wait

Patience is key

And the truth has never been so fully spoken

As when I tell you

Patience is virtue

Truth is kindness

To the even cold hearted

Don't be afraid of the light

Hitting you at night

It's maybe an answer

You were looking

For

A day in December

When you

Said

I want

An answer

Do Not Judge Me

Sitting in my house
Alone at night
Praying to god to answer
But he missed it again
A prayer I gave
On one bended knee
I wished upon a start
That heavens door will be free
In order for me to enter
And not be judged for what I have done
In present life
It's the beauty I posses
Is what counts the most
Do not judge me dear Lord
I did not mean to do things I have done
I am a better man
For doing things I have done
Give me your hand
Do not give up
Just show me the path
I was meant to follow
And from that point on
Lord
You will not have to worry
Because
Dear lord, I will be a better man from your help

The Avenue of Reality

My friend Reggie wanted to share his poetry with me and of course, I agreed. He wrote the poem and posted it on his Blog. I was inspired from his poem and thought I would write my own.

Mommy Avenue seems the only place I knew
Because of the memories that blinded my soul
 Threw away the key
No more scary places like Mommy Avenue
 I am scared and alone now
 No one to turn to
 No one to speak to
 No one to hold me
 Tell me
Everything will be all right
I reminisce of them times
 When I was younger
And my mommy loved me
 Mommy Avenue
 The street I only knew
The memories slipped through my fingertips
Because of what I have been through
 I used to have people walk on by
 Outside my life
 Inside my life
 And through my life
 It's a dreary dream
To remember the times
 It was hard
And it's still difficult
The hidden passages
Written in scriptures
Tell of a similar story
 Like
 Mine
 Truth be told
 It is coincidental
To know that I was
 Brought up
 Shut down
 And
 Fooled
Into believing in fantasies
 Truth be told
There are no such things as
 Good things
Things do not happen for a reason
 Things do not occur

Because you want it too
Truth be told
Killing
Violence
Pain
And fuck ups
Is the name of my game
Truth be told
I have no one to blame
But
Myself
In this dirty picture, perfect reality

Respect Your Mind

Sick melancholy beats around the clock
Tune into my mind and hear me tick-tock
Mind is gifted to recite any tune
Memory is equipped to hop onto the moon
Begin to skip to the beat of my drum
Entire force of nature has come
Join hands and walk around the fire
Let the burning sensation kiss your lips
In embracing the grace
I am giving you a chance
To get onto your knees
Pray to the waters that quench your thirst
It's nothing but a game you think
But what you don't know
Is energy is taken when you think negatively
Responding to main stream news, is truly negative velocity
It takes over your mind and doesn't let go in time
You are programmed to think the way they want you too
Is that good for you?
Is that how you want to think?
Let me take a wild guess and say
NO!
Well, then relax your mind and catch a few words
Learn something underneath the dark and hidden halls
The screams are getting louder
The words are getting powerful
The classic legends have awoken
To give you something for you to embrace
To take in and substitute for things that is negative
Open up your mind
Stand up to the fools
Who tell you differently
Tell them you want to be your own women or men
Because after all things are through
Your mind will respect you

Endless Possibilities

Fearing the endless possibilities
When rain wants to come out and play
Things don't always look the way you think they do
Dangerous things is sometimes good for you
Bad things are even better for you
True beauty does shine in the night sky
I truly do hope, that birds fly high
Never stop for rest, because we need the air
That they produce from flapping their wings
When we are alone
In the park
Starring at the stars
Asking ourselves why
Do things occur
Sometimes without a warning
Sometimes without a word
Sometimes without a feeling
But always on time
Nature belongs to each and every being
The energy is connected in between one another
The beauty never shined so brightly as today
Wonderful memories you should always embrace
Reminisce of the times; you held his or her hand
Never deny the possibilities
That he or she can be yours
Forever and evermore

Define Your Path

Define the danger in our lives
The government is full of lies
Truly you see the truth to that
Or else you wouldn't share your thoughts
With people in your family
But truly you missing a piece of the truth
By you not sharing with others
People falling
Down to the concrete ground
Looking into the sky and praying
Hoping something from the sky
Will come down to save their lives
And as they look for something different
Nothing comes
So the endless possibility of life
Continues slowly crawling
The mind is then retraced to think
A different thought
Walk a different walk
Why do you think you are a righteous one?
And everyone around you is wrong?
Why do you think they sinned
In all that they have done on this earth
And you continue living like you are not wrong
You are confused and see no bottom to this rabbit hole
And that is alright
Sooner or later you will find the light
The torch you need to guide yourself
To take you where you need to be
Not a spiritual kind of path
But a path full of truth
A truth
That bears your name
Engraved into the skin of the dying

Dying For

Worth dying for
Love worth killing for
Beauty worth feeling for
Reaching for
Uncertainty in my disgrace
Under privileged
Child
Falls down to the floor
Unable to escape
Shouting loud
No one hears
So he continues dying for
Something
He
Wished
For
Love perhaps
A phrase perhaps
No, No, No...
Love definitely

Engraved Into The Skin

Digging the hole deeper into the core
The mind is shattered with thoughts of lore
I continue to catch onto what belongs to me
But it slips through my finger tips like nails crossing
Beauty engraved into my skin at autumn
To feel that ignorance is common
I pray to never give myself that common light
But it's just damn hard
To breathe that single breathe
Before the water screams my name
In bubbles and in wrapping paper for Christmas Day
The beauty is continuously engraved
Into the skin of fallen soldiers
The missing piece
Is
That
No
One
Seems
Too
Care

Love of Togetherness

Love the endless possibilities of laughter
Beauty through the sharing of loose grips
Sweet memories of kisses
Upon cheeks of summer day
Nights and evenings of giggles and laughs of autumn day
Feeding each other ice cream
Pleasure in our stomachs
Butterflies
Intertwined to produce one huge butterfly
In the sky
Up above our heads
It flies slowly in motion away from us, while we kiss
Not in reverse but in a calming soothingness of a melody
Of our hearts and minds

They Watching Me

They watching me
They see me
They have different faces
All of them zoom in and out into my view
I jump from bodies to bodies
I have flashbacks in every body I come into contact with
I was a Native Indian dancing around the fire butt naked
They attacked me on many occasions; these entities
Every time I try to close my eyes there they are
Watching me sleep
I saw a lizard watching me
It came into my view
And put it's tongue out at me
Hissing at me with venom
I jumped from one dimension to another
I saw me when I was a child
I saw myself when I was a bit older too
I was by the bond with someone I knew
It felt like I possessed another body

Eating Food With Wife or Girlfriend

I get on my bicycle
And there I see
A man using his chopsticks
Puts food into his mouth.
An observant girlfriend/wife/friend
Looks towards his view
Her pupils dilated
Hoping maybe even praying
To hear the man say those sweet words
“I’m liking this food!”
No response and no sound
The man continues stuffing his mouth
Full of food
At the park
On the bench
Just them two

They Watching Me

They watching me
They see me
They have different faces
All of them zoom in and out into my view
I jump from bodies to bodies
I have flashbacks in every body
I was a Native Indian dancing around the fire
They attacked me on many occasions
Every time I try to close my eyes there they were
Looking into me
I saw a lizard watching me
It came into my view
And put it's venom into me
It also hissed at me to scare me
I jumped from one dimension to another
I saw me when I was a child
I saw myself when I was a bit older too
Scary times
But felt so real, oh so real