

The title 'Poetic Beauty' is rendered in a large, black, calligraphic serif font. The letters are highly decorative, with elaborate flourishes and curves. The text is set against a background of a grey, stylized leafy branch that weaves through the letters, adding a naturalistic and artistic touch to the design.

Poetic
Beauty

An Abstract Encounter in Black

John Thomas Qua



IF THE DARK CLOUDS SHOULD EVER COVER ME

The clouds rolled over the swollen valley of my battle worn soul and the sound of silence was magnified a thousand times.

I considered not its' meaning, but only thought of the fact that I had finally escaped.

My mind began to methodically drift backwards in time, to periods of security and peace, a time that I'm convinced only the children really ever knew.

No one understood the signs of the times, as they were magnified and multiplied by the mind.

Footprints in the sand, some old and yes some new, made me realize that there was really nothing else that I could do.

The ground began to shake, as the foundation of time began to slip away, grain by grain.

Five or six more hours and the storm clouds will have completely filled this old valley's floor.

If only I could, would I want to withstand its forces, just once more?

Peace in the valley for me, was the song they sang, and judge me not was the pastor's theme.

Awake me not dear Lord, from this sweet, sweet, eternal dream.



ONE DEBT FREE DAY

One day, as I journey through this world of trails and temptations. I'll be able to look into my banker's face with my head held high...smile and declare, this day... I'm free... I'm free of all debt...this day.

One day, I'll overcome the need that is sparked by greed; agreed that makes one discontent with what one has. Greed is the ultimate unfulfilled obsession to continually want, that which you don't really need.

I look forward to that happy debt free day when the mailman no longer delivers sacks of gloom, threats or disconnects notices.

Oh, what a day. When I can stop robbing Peter, just to pay Paul.

How long ... how long must I wait? How long must I wait for that day, in order to meet the needs of my family, instead of the demands of my creditors?

What a thought, that one day, I could actually, totally be debt free

I was young, but now I've grown old, never the less, I still look forward to being totally, one day, debt free.

One night while lying on my bed, in the stillness of the night, my mind drifted back to the days of my youth and times of innocence. My thoughts started to reflect back over all the trails of my life and the numerous attempts to obtain a debt free day.

I remember the words of my parents, "in this world, you'll never be totally debt free, for you'll always owe someone, something".

I then remembered the biggest debt of all, the one that I owe Christ, the one for which he paid the ultimate price, and died for me.



WAREHOUSE OF MY SOUL II

I dare not let another in, at this point in time. I'm fearful of another long season of excessive hurt and pain.

Carefully, I've stationed sentries to diligently protect and camouflage if necessary, this last but vital doorway.

Which leads right to the center of a weak and wounded heart.

Failure to be on guard would grant unlimited access to the only remaining possession of value that I have left and the very essence of my being.

Every entry, eternally stored, with such labels as priceless, very dear and sweet.

This one remaining stronghold on reality a bridge that spans the gulf in life that we so often refer to as time.

A limited, and precious commodity like this, can only retain its value, through the renewing of the soul,

Or through encounters with those who possess the true virtues of life, live, joy and happiness.

Virtues lost, stolen or damaged in most of us, at one time or another, but now with the passage of time and the security that can only come from true friendship, and hope.

My joy is slowly being replenished and carefully stored, in exchange for the sadness and loneliness that for so long, had occupied the Warehouse of My Soul.



THE TREASURE CHEST OF MY SOUL

To let you in at this point, I cannot, because I fear another long season of massive hurt and pain.

I'll therefore carefully guard and protect with camouflage, the entrance to my heart.

If I failed to do so, it would lead you straight to, all that I possess. The very essence of my being and all that's sweet and dear to me, during this brief concept of time;

We so often refer to as "life".

This precious wealth, can only come from the renewing of the mind, as it encounters the virtues of life, love, joy, and happiness.

All of these virtues, at one time or another, had been either lost, damaged or stolen.

With the passage of time, and through the security that comes with it, there is now, renewed hope.

My joy is lowly being replenished and carefully restored, in exchange for all the loneliness and sadness, which for such a long time, had occupied the empty Treasure Chest of My Soul.



VICTORY

Entering through the door, like so many countless others, the fearless gladiator dressed confidently for battle, with shiny new armor, commanding, dedicated and determined.

Permanently mounted on top of a chariot, a blazed and totally engulfed with the fire of truth, stands a strong beautiful Black Woman.

Ronnie, "... a derivation of the old English word "Rowena" and means, "will know friend".

Stop, take note for the hour has come, notice is now being served to all.

The whispers and stares radiate throughout the crowd, like waves on a small pond, responding to the sudden impact of a stone.

All occupants of the room stand in respect, as they look at one another in total amazement and disbelief.

An electric charge of energy, containing self-confidence and boldness, fills the atmosphere, as it slowly invades each level of preconceived prejudicial thought.

What kind of mystical power, does this strong beautiful Black Woman possess?

Victory continually seeks that ever allusive force called knowledge, truth and wisdom, ... being highly educated, ... determined and aggressive, ... yet willing to share, ... these are all but a few of the many natural traits of Mrs. Ronnie Boswell, ... a dedicated co-worker and friend.

She is relentlessly devoted to dispelling the deceit and myths, that have held the masses imprisoned and void of truth.

Down through the generations, the elegance of your type of beauty and grace, has been the captivating fragrance, which has only a very special few have been able to possess so naturally.

The wisdom and influence, that you seek, comes from your soul and getting stronger with each passing day, with each tic of the clock, and with each new victory.



SPECIAL PERSON

I've been told on numerous occasions, by many different people, that an Angel is perhaps the prettiest of all created beings. I'm also told that these lovely entities, reside somewhere in the spirit realm, in a wonderful place called, Heaven.

If this is fact or fiction, no one actually knows, so I'll just let you decide that reality for yourself.

The plain fact of the matter is however; that if these exquisitely gorgeous beings possess only a fraction of the beauty and splendor that you share daily with so many.

I now understand more clearly, looking at you, just why they are there.



AN ANGEL OVER THERE

I've been told on numerous occasions, by many different people, that an Angel is perhaps the prettiest of all created beings.

I'm also told, that these lovely entities reside somewhere in the Spirit Realm, in a wonderful place called Heaven.

It has been said, that these elegant beings possess the ability to turn sadness into joy, with just the twinkle in their eyes, or with something so simple, as a kind word, ensued by the warmth and beauty of a very pretty smile.

If this is fact or fiction, no one actually knows, so I'll just let you be the judge and decide that reality for yourself.

The plain fact of the matter is however; that if these exquisitely, gorgeous beings possess only a fraction of the beauty and splendor that you share daily with so many, "I now understand completely, just why they are there".



IF JESUS HAD NOT COME

It's early Sunday morning, I'm alive and doing well, when suddenly I remember, what if it hadn't been for Jesus, who came and died for me.

The thought became so intense, until I began to cry and weep, oh blessed be the name of Jesus.

Sinner now is the time to repent.

Yes, this morning I'm alive and doing well, but what if I had died, would I have awoke in glory or would I be lost in Hades?

My family came in to see what was wrong and although, I thought I told them, my words apparently came out all distorted. The only person in the room, that knew what I meant, was me.

Blessed be the name of Jesus, now is the time, get on your knees and repent.



EACH NEW DAY

Each new day, is carefully timed, and commences with the rising of the sun.

The brilliance of each sun ray, carefully announces aesthetically, wake up, for there is yet much to be done.

However for some, ... perhaps for maybe either you or I, the deep sleep of eternity, ... will have only just begun, ... for you see neither today or tomorrow, has not been promised to anyone.

That's why I'll say to you today, while the pulse still beats strong, and the blood run warm. ...

Put all of your faith only in Him, who has the power bring about the sun's continued brightness, as its sunlight, signals the start of yet another new day.



THE GOOD SEED

This morning in the seedbed of Christianity, a seedling of a reborn should was planted into a contaminated congregation.

A congregation, contaminated with the weeds of liars, the thorns of the backbiter and surrounded by the heavy stones of tradition.

The goal of the young seedling is to grow in Christian Love, understanding, so that it may become productive, in accomplishing the Will of the Master.



I'LL WAIT UNTIL THE MORNING

The evening ended like another normal day, and then came the late night phone call with the bad news.

The sad news shook the very foundation of my soul, with avalanches of disbelief and shock.

My thought of you, and all of the happiness and joy that you've brought into my life, rose, like smoke quietly rising into the blackness of the night sky, only to mystically disappear.

You are and always have been my favorite in-law. You accepted me, when others wouldn't.

Although, you always knew, I feel, I never truly told you, just how much I loved you and appreciated you for all that you've done.

Lying down in sadness, with my face buried in a pillow soaked with countless tears, I somehow made it through the night.

Then came the dawn of the morning, signaling the beginnings of another new day, filled with love and hope. I am filled with joy and happiness to have known you.

I am also grateful to have had the opportunity to have you. Spent time with you, during this short ripple in eternity, that's physically restricted by space and time, which we so often refer to as **"life"**.

Although, I'm going to truly miss you, I realize however, that you have been called for another assignment that requires a very special kind of love that only you possess.

When the evening slowly came to an end, with the brilliance of a beautiful sunset. I knew then, that someday there would be another re-union.

I am filled with the hope and confidence that we truly, will see and meet each other again.



8:46, IF I DIDN'T CARE

It really doesn't matter, why I feel this way.

I realize the time grows shorter, by each tick of the second hand on the clock. When the shades are pulled down tight, and we lay in bed to sleep each night.

My heart is often heavy, and would like very much, to be quiet and still, especially when you hold me. It's during these moments, that you tell me that you love me, as you give me that final kiss and whisper "honey good night".

It hurts me to think, and very difficult to understand these strange range of deep emotions, that are actively alive and so wonderfully real.

These emotions are constantly shooting around and around, in my head, while periodically colliding with other thoughts and emotions embedded in my soul.

This has been a shield of comfort that has kept me safe, knowing that the joy of the present was securely separated forever from the hurt of the past.

Maybe it's a false feeling and I'm just going out of my head, but there's just no way to explain these feeling, that I have about you.

If I didn't care, I wouldn't look forward to seeing you each morning, when I awake from the quiet depths of a long night's sleep.

The reality is then, that I finally realize, that you're gone and once again, I'm still all alone.



CHAIR 187

Fred Yates, Fred Yates, go through door number one and rake a seat in chair number 187 ... announced a mysterious voice, somewhere behind the smoke colored glass window.

That's me, I thought to myself, as I stood, perspiring, with weak knees and a dry mouth. I could see it all so vivid and clear, wine, women, dope, guns, my so called friends and quite often a lot of robbing and killing.

The racing thoughts seems to come and go. I remember my parents, childhood, acquaintances, angry statements, dates and even situations, which had occurred in some of the strangest places...

Are you Fred Yates, the voice announced? Yes, I replied with a nod of the head. Sit in chair number 187, the voice commanded.

You know, as I sat down and was strapped in, I found myself amused, at what a big fool I had been from the very beginning. I'd been a fool you see, because soon the smoke colored glass cleared, and there stood, Time, Justice, and Death. It was then, I realized where I'd spend the rest of eternity.

Time stood silently, and Justice was crying, but old Death only pointed and grinned.

You see, I had done my own thing, over a long period of time and never once repented ... and now justice required that the price be paid in full.

I felt my body jerk, as the voltage hit, sending horror and pain to even the smallest of my veins. I could see the smoke and smell the flesh, as it burned. I tried to yell, but it was too late!

As I jerked, trying desperately to grasp life's last breath, Death remarked, "The wages of sin is always death".



LEAVING HOME

Its kind a hard, just really say good-bye to you, when we're really not quite sure, just were we plan to go.

In my mind's eye, it doesn't seem like it was all that long ago, when we first meet, while standing there at the front door. I think it must have been about three or four months, after we had just bought the 74 Datsun.

Remember the very first time, we came to see the neighborhood and that Wayne Reeder man, Mr. Watson so graciously open your front door and showed us around?

We were so proud of the fact, that all of the other homes available to us, we loved and chose you.

I'll never forget, how lovely, the green lawn and flower beds where, particularly when the sprinklers where going early in the morning or late in the evenings.

We all really tried to do our best to keep you neat, clean, and well painted from top to bottom (both inside and out). We wanted to keep you, as proud of us, as we were of you.

Let no one fool you lady, "You are the envy of the entire block".

It's too bad, that the others didn't have the pride in their dwellings, like we had in you.



A COMMODITY CALLED TIME

The Lord knows, if I could turn back the hands of time, I wouldn't waste any time, fusing or cursing or drinking wine. You see, I'd be studying and learning, trying to get the most time for my dimes.

I once thought wine was fine, but brother, you'd better make the most of that commodity, you call time.

They said, that while I was asleep, time still goes on.

Yea, I could have sworn that I would have been right and that they were wrong; but friend, here I am, 33 years old, (that's three score and three) years of time completely gone.

I'm told success is determined by a very simple formula, hard work and study multiplied by time.

Could all of this possibly be why I don't have a dime? I really don't have anything, except one or two old sad songs and years of lost time.

Maybe they were right and I was wrong. Maybe I should have made better sue of that commodity called "time".



THE VOID

Is there no hope, or will all be lost, as the void grows stronger, while dominating my house?

Too much, too soon, to an ambitious, creative mind, has had a devastating effect.

Creativity is inflected by one of several deadly poisons that lay incubating, waiting to be released by the Void, on its unsuspecting victim.

The tentacles of the void have no concept of space, distance or time. It possess the capability to change its form at will, in order to snare and ultimately destroy any kind of productivity.

The void is like a general that has many soldiers under its command. Its army has destroyed families, countries, businesses, friendships, careers, and the list goes on.

Once the void gets entrenched, it immediately starts to work, secretly destroying and doing dirt.

The void has killed many and robbed other of valuable time. The void has driven other to use dope and alcohol. The void over the years, has caused, normally sane men, not to use common sense and reason. The void, if left unchecked will separate a man from anything of value that he may possess.

The void could be a friend a relative, a neighbor or one lover too many, who's constantly getting next to you. The list is endless, but for a start these three will have to do.

Time won't permit me, to really tell you all of the things, that I personally know, the void can, can do.

Beware my friend, be cautious concerning the things that you buy, the words that you speak and especially regarding the very things that you do.

I speak from experience, I'm telling you the truth, the void has already got me, and if you're not careful the void will get you too!



IT'S GOING TO BE ALRIGHT

When the bills are piled up knee deep, the phone has been disconnected and your wife compares you to the white man across the street, who seems to have everything, don't worry too much!

If you haven't got a dime and your cupboards have been empty since the dawn of time, smile. Don't worry? Don't worry?

When your wife nags and causes your kid to disrespect you, but yet can't quite seem to figure out the source of your frustration, that's OK, let them think you're just going through some kind of a "charge".

When you have dreams or goals of fame and accomplishments, yet daily awake, to find yourself stuck in the mud, still listening to the stagnated drum beat of a long since extinct, tune, don't despair, fight against the Master's Hare's attack, with truth and knowledge,

I'm a Black Man, who possesses self-respect, esteem and self-motivation; therefore, despite the odds, come hades or high water, I know that eventually, **"everything is going to be alright"**.



THE FOUNTAIN

All of your sadness can in a single day, turn into unspeakable joy
Today, while you still can open the door to. your heart and allow
Jesus Christ to live within you.

When Christ makes His abode in you that you'll no longer thirst
after, whatever the world has to offer.

I invite you to drink from the Fountain of Living Water, "called
Beautiful."

You'll be forever filled with an abundance of love, peace, forgiveness
mercy and joy

The Fountain is free to all that hunger or thirst



THE DREAMER

Dreamer is to success as failure is to a fool

Snaps is to have as debt is to need.

Hare is to the sky as a boot is to the ground.

Yesterday is to the fool as tomorrow is to a dreamer.

Sky is to reality as ground is to fantasy.

Dust is to a loser as liabilities is to a winner.

Boot is to the bottom as ground is to the sky.

Death is to a fools life is to as wise in heart.



DEDICATED TO YOU

While standing quietly, among the crowded, entertaining my thoughts,
The gentle, soothing sound of music, echoed off the walls and ceilings,
Energizing the atmosphere of the stage with increased intensity and anticipation.

To them that dare to dream, and truly believe, all things are possible.

For that, which had been just a fleeing thought, had finally become a reality.

The dark, silent gulf of ignorance and despair truly can be transverse.

My father, give me the burden to want to make a difference, in someone's life, and a spirit that sincerely cares.

A family of dedicated educators, working together as positives role models, inspiring the young minds of our students, to hope and to dream. To have faith in themselves, and to dare believe, that a good education, can become a useful and valuable too,

For bridging the abyss, of ignorance, incarceration, heartache and pain.

Give us the knowledge and wisdom that will help us to better educate and train our students,

While simultaneously instilling in them, the ability to comprehend with excitement the true nature, of the love and beauty of successfully succeeding in life . . .

Realizing with confidence, that through patience and hard work, the fulfillment of dreams, can and do, eventually come true.

Learning from the past, will change the future, and will make all of the nightmares of the darkness, in life, become all sunny and bright.

The training of our youth should be done, through the art of patience, friendship and respect.

So today, we graciously, dedicate this equipment and its use, to better aid us as we in turn continue to reach out in attempt to successfully help each one of you.



TO THE BONE

“They say beauty is only skin deep”

This might be true in most cases,

However, your beauty,

Wow! Your beauty goes all the way straight down

to the marrow in the bone.



THE RADIANCE OF BEAUTY

The elegance and the radiance of your beauty enhanced by the sweetness of your name, can truly only serve one meaningful purpose, and that is, to magnify the glory, from the wealth of pure natural honey, contained within the depth less well of your soul.



A PRECIOUS DIAMOND

I've been in the presence
of many beautiful pearls and rubies,
but never,
did I ever think?
I'd have the opportunity,
to actually be with such a precious
diamond, like you.



A PICTURE OF YOU

If I could paint a picture like the Mona Lisa or ever develop the skills of a Rembrandt or Picasso.

I'd like to also try to create a famous painting and true work of art that would be known the world over, for its loveliness and beauty.

There would be no need, to search for that perfect subject, because the picture, could only be you.



ELEGANCE

The elegance and the radiance of your beauty, enhanced by the sweetness of your name,

can truly only serve one purpose, and that is to magnify the glory from the wealth of pure honey,

contained deep within your soul.



HOPEFULLY

As the day draws inevitably to a close its rich warm rays are slowly engulfed by the silent sadness of the darkness.

But even in darkness, there is hope. There is the hope that each new day will bring a re newness of all creation and with it,

endless possibilities of what might be waiting for those who are willing and daring enough to search.

In life, there is health, wealth, and warmth from the rays of love.

Yes, there is even the remote possibility that the rays of this day, will shine bright enough to,

once again allow me the opportunity to just taste the presence of another spoon full of honey.



CHANNEL NUMBER NINE

Time became an imaginary concept that lost all useful meaning and purpose. It stood frozen and completely disorientated, not knowing whether to continue forward or to go backwards.

The senses no longer were able to directly control **Time** as they had done for the countless light years that it took to span the black, silent gulf called infinity.

Time found itself completely consumed, with trying to find the source of a sweet, hypnotic fragrance that radiated mysteriously from a black and white colored vile, of Pure Dark Golden Honey.

The fragrance was clean and pleasant, like fresh air, right after a recent summer rain.

The sweet aroma that remained resembled a thousand freshly cut roses that had collectively been gathered and placed into a single room, for some unknown purpose.

Inevitably the source and the mystery of the fragrance was discovered.

Time was amazed to find, that the source, was a pair of beautiful white high heel, encased in a gorgeous vile of Dark golden Honey, with just a single drop of

Channel Number 9.



WITHOUT A DOUBT

If I were a bee,
and found myself
in the middle of a lovely flower garden
I know without a doubt,
that I'd have no trouble,
finding the sweetest and the prettiest
of all the flowers there.
I'd simply look for you.



ETERNITY

There should be very little that a beautician should have to do, at a beauty salon, to such a gorgeous woman like you, who possess, such an abundance of natural sweetness and beauty.

The only possible addition would be one or two drops of Eternity.



YOU

“A rose by any other
name
would still be
you”.



FRAGRANCE OF BEAUTY

“Even when a lovely flower is gone,
the memory of its beauty
and sweet fragrance will remain
forever”



THE DEFINITION

“While looking up the word gorgeous in the dictionary,
the only meaning, or possible definition, that I could find was you”.



WAY UP HIGH

If I were a starving bird sitting way up high on a perch, I don't think I'd bother, to fly away in search of food, because to just to sit and look at you, would be enough to make me full.



WARNING LABEL

“It’s against the law, to remove that warning label, the one that says, prolong staring at such a gorgeous vessel like this, could cause sever eye damage.



WALKING IN HIGH HEELS

What is sweet as sugar, and prettier than a dozen, freshly cut roses?

What is tastier than a chilled glass of fine vintage wine? And lovelier than a summer sun set, on the beach?

Naturally, there can be only one conclusive answer, “the sight of pure honey walking in high heels”.



A RICH MAN

I'd be a rich man,
If I could just own,
one square foot of the ground,
Upon which you are now standing”.



I KNOW WHO YOU ARE

I know who they really are, reportedly yelled the black man, as he was pulled from his street corner, soap box and subdued. He was quickly securely latched into a straight jacket.

I really know who they are and they know that I know it too! It's quite obvious that this patient is delirious, said the one attendant to the other, with a smile.

The black man continued, you see, I've known who they were for years. I've read about them in books from the ages past and I've observed the fruits of their labor, as it has spread throughout the world, since the beginning of time.

They have fooled us for centuries, but now, I've finally figured out who they are and what they're up to. I know who they are and what they really intend to do.

Soon the small crowd of on lookers began to grow, making it necessary for the two attendants to quickly sedate the patient.

The black man continued, over the centuries, they have tried to elude you, by changing their form. At one time they appeared as dogs, another time they were snakes, at other times they have even appeared in human form, but now they're among us as quiet, harmless little rabbits.

I know who you really are, cried the panic stricken black patient repeatedly, as the needle sunk deep into his flesh a second time. I know who you are, you're co-harts of the devil, that fallen angel. You can change your form, but you can't change your ways.

As the patient finally slipped into unconsciousness, one of the attendants removed his sunglasses, and whispered to the other, “this was a close one, for a moment I thought that he was also going to say something about our true nature and the color of our eyes”.



WISHING

While confronted with some reality from the past, which has manifested itself in the present don't be caught "wishing".

Wishing is the results of a stagnated or impulsive mind, long ago void of rational and creative thought; a mind that has become the victim, of a corrupted and infectious condition called folly.

Folly and wishing, are quite often found lying in the same bed, because they both began in the past and now find themselves hopelessly entangled in an impregnated web of deeds hatched from a former time.

Wishing like alcohol and drugs, soothe but robs the mind of those vital and valuable qualities associated with civilized men.

The wish and a fool can be dangerous tool in the hand of two particular enemies (impulse and irrational thought).

Today, is the day and now is the time to avoid the folly of a fool. Today, right now, think before you act, think before you speak and tomorrow, you won't have to "wish".



A MINUTE SPECK

Time is but a minute speck
a very small and insignificant speck
temporarily suspended
somewhere in the abstracts
of infinity.



SUCCESS

What do I care about you and your needs, cried the seemingly successful businessman to his employees and clientele.

Look at me and at what I've done. All the statistics and data indicate that I've succeeded.

I'm a faithful member of the California Merchants Arts Association and a firm believer in all of its policies and its practices no matter what.

Look, just look how successful I am, said the seemingly successful businessman, to his employees and clientele, as they picketed, and marched in protest around, his seemingly successful business.



CABLE TV

I'm afraid something evil has crept into the land. Its monstrous tentacles can be seen running along the treetops, telephone poles, while making one or more stops at every single door.

It delivers its evil injections, boldly but slowly to the innocent. This beast is persistent in its endless attack for total conquest. These attacks are designed to defeat the will, relax the back and poison the time, as it enters the mind.

Productivity is daily halted, when fantasy and time converse between the hours of ten and three. Now it's time to update all of the others, who have missed their only opportunity to see.

During the evening meal, there's no time to talk. You eat your food quickly and leave the kitchen, because between seven and eleven, there's still much, much more to observe, while watching cable **TV**.



THE STRUGGLE

Life, is but a futile struggle
caught in the web of the inevitable,

“DEATH”



THE SAFETY PIN OF THE TONGUE

When the safety is released, on the tongue, it becomes an armed missile, capable of delivering devastating and often everlasting destruction.

The tongue, like a missile cannot be recalled once it has been released...

Therefore the safety pin of thought should be used before arming the missile of the tongue.



IF YOU SHOULD FIND YOURSELF

If you should find yourself lost on life's turnpike of uncertainty,
take the first exit by faith and look for salvation.



THIS LIFE OF STRUGGLES

This life of struggles, is a glorious testimonial of a Christian's attempt to avoid "Hades."



BRICK HOUSE

Its kind a hard, to keep the sunlight, of your beauty, from shining especially, when the source of the light, is contained, in such a gorgeous brick house.



HONEY IN HIGH HEELS

What is sweet as sugar, and prettier than a dozen, freshly cut roses? What tastier than a chilled glass of fine vintage wine and lovelier than a summer sunset, on the beach?

Naturally, there can be only one conclusive answer, the sight of pure honey, walking in high heels.



ALONE

I can tell by that look in your eye, and that spread on the bed, that it must be 01025.

Darkness gives way to the light, fear gives way to joy, death gives way to life and loneliness gives way to companionship.

I'm a king on the way home yet deep within, I really know that once more, I'll soon be dethroned and then darkness and loneliness will again reclaim my home.

01025 makes me strong and gives me hope, that just this once, just maybe, I'll remain king of my home.

As 01025, approaches, you dawn your mask, with acts of kindness, from the long dead past.

The true purpose, that apparently only I can see, is to give to others that which was openly stolen from me.

01025, seems to sets me free, to live life as it was meant to be, but because of deceit and false hopes, I remain a slave to a myth, believing to this very minute, that maybe you really do love me.

The joyous music of 01025, has come and gone proving once more, I will never be a king in this home.



TEN TWENTY FIVE

I can tell by that look in your eyes, and that spread on the bed, that it's must be 10:25.

Darkness gives way to the light, fear turns to joy, in death life is produced, and in the loneliness, once again companionship can be found.

I'm a King on the way home, yet deep within, I really know that once more, I'll soon be dethroned, and then darkness and loneliness will once again reclaim and dominate the strong holds of my soul.

At 10:25, I'm made strong and possess a renewed hope, that maybe just once, I'll remain King of my domain.

As 10:25, approaches you cleverly dawn your mask, with acts of kindness, from the long dead past.

The only real purpose, which only I am able to see, is to give to others, as you steal from me.

10:25 seems to set me free, to live life as it was meant to be, but through deceit and false hopes, I remain a slave, living under the false belief, that you still really do love me.

The joyous music of 10:25, has come and gone, proving once more, that I can never be a king in this home.



A SHIP WITHOUT A RUDDER

“A ship without a rudder, will never successfully, sail the sea of life.”



ANSWERING MACHINE ZONE

You have reached the answering machine zone. Milt Whitley is unavailable to take your call, so leave a message on the machine.

A machine, that is so complex and yet highly versatile in its ability to collect and accurately store data, all of your valuable data.

It's absolutely mind boggling, but at the same time, it provides illuminating light to a soul that would otherwise be dark and void of any intellectual stimuli.

What in the world am I talking about just leave a message!



YOU AND I

I don't expect to get an answer. It's too precious. I'm the doorway for your escape.

It feels good you have to know. Sometimes I'm afraid. What make me think, I deserve to be loved. It's an awful lot of responsibility to carry around. Take care of my heart. There are lots of feeling and emotions and far too many thoughts all going around and around throughout of my head. I don't expect anything but just to know that you care. Your shyness, won my heart. You see there's a comfort in your arms. The tender touch of your embrace and your love always creates the sweet nectar of life.



NOW I KNOW

Why a fool and his money are soon parted

Why you don't rush

Why every chair must stand on its own legs

What just keep on living really means

What pain is?

Youth understand it all by and by

What sorrow really feels like?

What happens when you grow up?

I am somebody. When the fog finally clears

That the lights are on, but no one's home

How to really love someone special

I can't tell you anything, but there's someone out there who can

Why there are laws, rules and regulations

Why I have to meet the man

How it feels to mark time in life

What it means to have a lead weight around your neck

How it truly feels to be used

Why mama didn't like my girlfriend/boyfriend

How you feel when someone desires to be loved

Why you shouldn't throw stones at other people's glass houses

He who is without sin let him cast the first stone

Why you should clean up your own backyard, before you attempt to clean up mine

What goes around comes around

You have to crawl before you can walk

In all of your getting, get understanding

That birds of a feather really do flock together

A bird in the hand, is worth five in the bush

Mama said that there would be days like this

How it feels to know that God loves me

There's a thin line between love and hate

He who is Love

That a hard head makes it hard to sit down

That each of us are responsibility our own behavior

That if you've made your bed you have to lay in it

The meaning of betrayal

The deeds of the night will be made known in the light

I told you so

To save some so when the rains come

There will be rainy days

The value of a good helpmate



NOW I KNOW

How it feels to be hated

If what I know now, I would have only knew then

Why the eagle stirs its nest

Why not to be angry

To look at myself in the mirror

That success or failure is in the mind

There is nothing free in life

If you don't work you shouldn't eat

Why a wise man will change, but a fool will never change

The difference between book sense and common sense

Why time brings about a change

After the rains, comes the sunshine

Why darkness can't contain the light

I don't always have to be first

Understanding is the best thing in the world

Knowledge is power

How to listen

Why you value things, when you're on your own

Prejudice

What guilt is?

The value of a good foundation

The value of good, sound advice

How it feels to be broken hearted

How it feels and to see what could have been

What I'd do differently If I had the chance

What to wish for

The value of time

Time waits on no one

The traffic lights of life

Life, death and memories

You've got to take the bitter with the sweet

Why it's important to have a dream

A ship without a rudder will never successfully sail the sea of life

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when He is old he'll not depart

A soothing tongue is a tree of life, but perversion it crushes the spirit

Some things just aren't meant to be

Don't worry about tomorrow



NOW I KNOW

Give me my roses now, while I'm alive, so I can smell them

The sower

A true friend

My lover

Why people break up, just to make up

There's a child that I'll never see

The lust of the flesh

Life is empty without hopes and dreams

If I could change just one thing

The spirit is truly willing, but the flesh is weak

You can run but you can't hide

Sex is a snare

The conscience is the gate and the window to the soul

Why you should never burn a bridge once you have crossed over

Why love sometimes hurt

What is meant by the term by and by?

What it's like to have a serious Jones

How it feels, to know if you are coming or going

To have eyes that are bigger than your stomach

How it feels just to want to run away
To be caught between a rock and a hard place
Why you don't mix apples and oranges
Why you can't always have your cake and eat it too
Why you don't make a mess, where you got to eat and sleep
Why you don't fish off of the company pier
Why you don't bite the hand that feeds you
Why a double minded man is unstable
The feeling to be totally lost and confused
That life will teach you a thing or two
That all things change and or is subject to change
Nothing ever stays the same
Everything has a beginning and an ending
Good times don't last always
The parable of the highway with its 10,000 exits
That all things are possible
The parable of the ship without a rudder
That trying is the first step
The parable of the little tree and the two sticks



THIS HIGHWAY CALLED LIFE

This highway called life gets awful lonely sometimes, particularly while traveling through those treacherous, winding mountain passes of uncertainty.

Very often scattered alone life's roadway, lay the tragic remains of many, who have tried unsuccessfully to negotiate the numerous unforeseen obstacles that sudden block the road.

It is during these times of trial and vacillation that one finds security in the thought of knowing that at Challenger, there exists a safe sanctuary of co-workers and friends like you, who really care.



JUST CONTINUE STRAIGHT AHEAD

Have you ever wondered, what it would be like to become an adult?

How do you know, when you are a real grown up?

Have you ever thought about, just what little boys and girls have to do day after day year after year, to become good loving adults.

At some point in the future they'll become like their moms, dads, grandparents, and the many other grownups, that now see every day?

There are numerous, wonderful possibilities of the things, that can be done right now, to ensure that a child's goal in life of becoming loving adults will be obtained.

At the present time, a child's goal may seem may seem distant and out of reach.

Daily show, share, and demonstrate. the effects of the Love of Jesus has on the family. Every day alone with your children praise God and thanks

Little boys and girls unknowingly, have a lot in common with the large ships and boats that navigate the oceans and seas of the world

Children that have seen God's Love model through their parents will instinctively.

to stay on course, just continue straight ahead



DRINK, DRINKS, WHO'S GOT THE DRINKS

It's really too hard for me to explain why my whole life is so messed up. What started off as peace and harmony, has all of a sudden turned out to me a nightmare, not only to myself, but all who I seem to come into contact with.

One, two, three drinks or more, what more can I say. It seems to help pave the way for another day of escapism from all of the confusion and pains.

I knew all along that it wouldn't last, because of your beauty, you can easily get any man, you want and it's just a matter of time before you do.

I just can't afford to get hurt anymore, because if I do the pain will be the final chapter to a very bad movie that should have ended years ago.

The answers that you want me to give is not all that easy for me. It might be easier for you. My life is founded and well-grounded in confusion and complication.

The ground rules of my character won't allow me to knowingly hurt or harm anyone in anyway. Yet the tenderness of my so is exposed to the whole world to hit, like the bull's eye of a target.

Do you think one, two, or four more drinks may do, Wow! I don't know what more can I do.

As I walk down the long pathway of life, there are occasions when the path comes to an intersection, in which the path either continues straight ahead, turn to the left or to the right.

The downing of one, two, or three drinks or more only confirms, what

I've already known for a mighty long time and that is, that in this life you have to take the good as well as the bad.

The confession of one that is totally confused, but honest is that I really never meant to hurt you in any way, shape or form.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

It was just another day in hades, it just also happen to be the day that many referred to as my birthday, but to me it was no big deal.

On a table in a corner of a house soon it be repossessed was a white birthday cake and a silver balloon, that declared happy birthday. On the table were also two birthday cards.

The telephone rings and from which precedes an echo of numerous voices of those representing the present new world system, both lovers and supporters.

The thoughts and ideas of the voices are absorbed by the lovers of the new world system, like running water sinking into the thirsty sands of a dry dessert. The water continues to run until the late hours of the night.

At some point in the night, when the water have ceased to flow, there is nothing left on television and there is too much fatigue from reading all of those books, magazines and newspapers, that the thoughts return of a least one more chore that still needs to be done, happy birthday.

During the silence of the night, thoughts that proceed from the heart, declare the sadder days of years gone by, with a condemning voice, hurry and let's get this the sadder days of years gone by, with a condemning voice, hurry and let's get this (chore or periodical duty), over with. Nothing is happening, come on do something, that won't work, that isn't doing anything, I don't want to smooch.

You just can't compete with the many lovers of the world and numerous kinds of machines that are designed for the new world system.

The acquisition of money provides for all of the things, that are required to exist in the new world system, and these things can be acquired

without regards to whether or not any physical or mental handicaps exist. If you have lots of long green, you'll never know rejection, humiliation and scorn.

The poor old dog needs a bone, every now and then, just out of necessity just to pacify and ensure a continued and uninterrupted flow of resources, necessary to maintain the needs of the lovers of the new world system and its supporters. It is no big deal, as long as I'm aware of what's going on in the new world system. It's no big deal, as long as I can continue to hide, camouflage and fortify the vital areas of my soul from harm. It is therefore, really not very important, if anyone today or tomorrow, say

Happy Birthday.



A DEADLY INVITATION FROM LUST, FIRE AND DESIRE

The street walker is to a payday, as wet is to water. Money is to a pimp, as alcohol is to drunkard. The entire street stable's life centers around self and the pimp (the almighty dollar). The home of the stable is the bed of profit and self-preservation at the expense of another.

The future of a successful stable lies in the wallet of the next client. The favorite color is always green and lot of it. The scent of money brings out the hot coals of lust and greed, instantly igniting the scenic harmony of postures and fields rich with that sin called desire.

Change to the street walker, is like wet is to dry. The death grip of a woman of the night on potential dollar can easily bring permanent harm to any healthy, but foolish soul. The loyalty of the friendship depends on how much money there and how long it's going to take to get it.

The eyes sparkles at the thought and sight of money. Hold on to your wallet very tightly, when that sweet, voice, stuffed into those tight fitting pants, with the exploding cleavage, finally comes over to you, to speak ever so softly some kind of madness in your ear, like, "daddy, let me rock your world."

The madam of the house is cash cow named greed; and the lips drip with lies and deceit. Those soft, sweet words cloaked in darkness, are also empty and just as naked when exposed to the light of truth.

The gift that you received, might not necessarily be what you wanted, especially during these times of emotional stress, financial lost, transgender change and physical deceptions.

Today more than at any other time, some gifts are truly unwanted, but just keep on giving regardless.

There exists an image that's void of spirit and invisible to the physical eye, hidden from detection, even from the mirror, that was designed to reflect the decay that increased daily on the blood brought alter of the soul.



THE SAP

The sign stamped on the forehead of the young man read, “SAP” and was an open invitation for everyone to screw over him.

The sign was very appropriate, because no one but a SAP, would allow so much junk to happen to him.

Who else but a SAP! Would work 160 hours a month for free. Who else but a SAP, would blindly turn over his entire paycheck to a total stranger, and allow it to be used by the lovers of the world and the new world system.

Who else but a fool and a SAP, would hold his peace and not ask questions, because he didn't want to make people angry at his questioning of the things he saw which were wrong. No one but a SAP would continually allow his funds and resources to support a multitude of strange people and lovers of a world system that was completely foreign and unknown to him.

No one but a SAP, would continue to put money into the hands of enemies, who continually seek his hurt and down fall. Who else but a SAP, would continually stand openly, unprotected in the battlefield of life, let bullets constantly strike the vital areas of his soul.

Finally only a SAP would unknowingly without any questions, permit himself to become homeless and destitute, because all of his resources were left unprotected and used by members and lovers of the new World System.



SOMETIMES

Sometimes, while looking for the pie in the sky, you miss the opportunity of experiencing, the love, joy, beauty and value, of finding precious nuggets of gold, laying right on the ground.



BIRD INSIDE THE DARK GLASS BOTTLE

It was about one or two o'clock in the morning as I vaguely recall, and all was quiet, except for the faint sound of the music that oozed out of a small radio that was partially hidden on top of the refrigerator.

Everything at that particular moment, was as it had been on countless other late nights. I sat at the kitchen table, as I did almost every night, unable to sleep, quietly thinking.

As I recall, it didn't matter, what I thought about, as long as my mind was actively engaged and doing battle with the abstract forces of the mystically unknown.

You see, I had all of these things to do, and places to go, mentally and emotionally, that I was unable to somehow accomplish during the day.

I had problems, big problems to solve and they all had to be dealt with and if possible be solved by early morning, before I could accept or even welcome that fleeing necessity to rest in peace, in that joyous state, so many call sleep.

Perhaps, that's why I never really paid much attention to the bird, when it came out of the cabinet and found its way on to the top of the table, across from where I was sitting.

The bird stood innocently and quietly, and yet very boldly in the middle of an ice filled bucket, practically hidden by a potted Elephant Ear Plant, peering out at me, from the confines of a in a sixteen ounce, dark greenish colored glass bottle.

Failing slowly at first, the speed gradually increased, the deeper I slipped in to the darken abyss of a coma like sleep, called unconsciousness.

Well here I am, somehow in the middle of a brand new day, and yesterday, is only a faint memory of something that I thought was very important.

Slowly as I pull my head out from under the covers, with squinting eyes, in a desperate and feeble attempt to adjust to the brightness of the sunlight,

I'm hunted by the return of the thought, of a bird, hiding in wait, staring at me from the inside of a dark colored glass bottle.



BEAUTY OF THE NIGHT

The darken skies of the late hours of the night, always seems to come alive with excitement and wonder, as one reflects on the beauty, the vastness and majesty of everything that's contained in the heavens. It's usually during these quiet periods of time, when one's thoughts are temporary set free from the painful and heavy constraints of this physical universe.

Thoughts sweet as honey and pure as breathe of air after an early morning rain.

Thoughts rising swiftly and quietly, unhindered, like smoke from a smoldering fire upwards towards the waiting, peaceful bosom of the heavens. One very quickly realizes that all creative thoughts of beauty and perfection are eternal and date back to the very beginning, when as it was first stated, "It was all good".

Reportedly down through the years, it's been said that a woman's name, was a direct reflection of just a small portion of the grace, beauty and precious gifts that are eternally stored, deep within the treasure chest of her soul. If in fact, this is the case then there are some treasure chests that are overflowing with an abundance of these gifts, when compared with others.

The thoughts, the fantasy, the excitement all rise like smoke into the silent, mystic darkness of the night air. The thoughts, the fantasy, the excitement all rise like smoke into the silent, mystic darkness of the night air. There these thoughts of absolute beauty and perfection mix continually with other universal truths and are never, alone.

The other night, while reflecting on a few of these truths, I decided to look up the name Annette. The name itself is a Hebrew word, which means graceful and is also an English form of the word Hannah. If I may,

I'd like to take a moment to add my own meaning or interpretation of this glamorous name, simply put, Annette to me, really means "beautiful, sexy and sweet".

During the late hours of the night when my thoughts are often drawn to the darkness of the night skies and the infinity of stars, that make up the background of the heavens. Perhaps I'll see a shooting star or notice a particular star, which really stands out among all of the others. Eternally reminding me of all the love, special friendships, and thoughtful people, who have in one way or another touched my life.

All of whom, will remaining very, very, special always and forever.



CLEAR AND BRIGHT

The late, quiet hours of the night seem to always come alive in an explosive atmosphere of creative thought and magic. It's usually during this time of the night, when I'm kicking back in my recliner, resting, that I'm fully able to appreciate all of the various facets of this short but precious moment in time, we so often casually refer to as "life".

Looking through an opened bay window, I'm able to observe in total, the beauty and brightness of an infinite number of glowing stars that appear to blanket the entire night sky covering every inch that my natural eye sight would permit me to see.

The faint, soft sound of contemporary jazz, flowing in the background, soothingly filled the darken room. Thoughts, too numerous to count, floated to the conscious surface of the spirit, from some deep reservoir majestically hidden within the treasure chest of the soul.

Quietly a river of impressions, and images began to flow, pausing long enough on the stage of the spirit to produce a brief moment of laughter in heart and a smile on the face of this writer.

All of the many wonderful friendships that you've created, the joy and the loving enthusiasm that you've shared with so many, will be forever inscribe in the Hall of Record of the Soul, "as precious and valuable".



ABSTRACT OF A THANKFUL HEART

The silence radiate through the night, long after the sun has surrendered the last of its strength, thus causing the thoughts of my soul to boil with restless discontent, like a volcano, erupting to seek freedom, from the depths of it eternal confinement.

Erupting high into the night sky, like exploding fireworks, scattering illumination in every direction, like bats exiting from some dark cave in search of prey.

The smoky contents of my thoughts rise higher and higher, as they are carried away by the wind. Escape, escape quickly, use the cloak of darkness escape, escape and ease the pressure on this my weary heart, so that my joy may return.

The prison cell that once held, the troubled thoughts of my soul, is now completely empty. What will become of the chains of stress and worry that continue to bind, and hold fast to the ground, the joy that still remains exiled from the security and tenderness of my hear?

Looking forward in time, though hot gaseous clouds of ash, dust, and dirt, can see clearly, many events that now lay idle, as the thoughts of my soul tell my heart not to worry, because one day, it also will eventually be set free. More valuable than any amount of money, is wealth that comes from an abundance of cards and letters, from such an unbelievable number of co-workers and friends.

I feel especially blessed, just to know that so many really and truly care. The limitations of the written language prevent me from accurately expressing my appreciation and gratitude, for the number of girts, your kind words, your prayers and the many thoughtful inquires of concern.

I will be forever thankful, more than any of you will ever know.



THE BIKE

“Daddy doesn’t live here anymore, “was the opening statement of the first scene from the first chapter. I wished him dead, secretly and openly, especially whenever I got really mad. I made it a point to tell him just how much I hated him, each and every time I got the chance.

Hurry up, let’s get this over with, so I can go get something to drink and get my drunk on. Will you hurry up I haven’t got all night to mess around with you. Don’t touch me there, and don’t touch me there either, it tickles. Get up you’re too heavy are you finished? Do something. Daydreaming and reflecting backwards in time to much happier days. The abstract thoughts of my mind are at war, and daily do battle for the conquest and eventual destruction or salvation of the heart.

Night is day and day has become night, in the jungles of the cities up is down and down is up, black is white and white has now turned into black. Love is hate and hate loves it. To think rationally is insane, while thinking insanely really makes a lots of good rational sense.

Sitting peacefully in the clouds, far removed from all hurt and pain watching forever watching as the events slowly unfold again and again (i.e. .like a scratched record), on the street below, in front of the house, where I once lived. People, all sort of faceless people, coming and going, some walking, some come are riding bikes and some just simply drive up in a loud noisy truck or cars.

Suddenly all is quiet and the streets are almost clear, especially for this time of the day except for that young man on the bike. Rolling quickly down the driveway slowly he began to pedal away without saying good-bye or looking back at the lady standing in the front yard, smiling and waving at him.

The sun has gone down, and darkness has now engulfed not only this street but the entire town. Up here, sitting peacefully in the clouds, the realities of life flow continuously, the thoughts of my soul come and go, like the waves that cover the tops of the ocean.

Here it's all so vivid and clear, the love, the hate, the happiness, sadness, the bitterness, sweetness, life death, the courage, fear, the enemies, and a host of sincerely good friends. The quietness of the neighborhood suddenly erupts with the noise of innocent children at play. All that is left before the next re-play is the appearance of the young lady and her lover, "the young man with the bike".



LOVERS IN A COURT HOUSE WINDOW

The Justice System is supposed to be blind and impartial, regarding to sex, race, religion and financial status. One is presumed innocent, until it has actually been proven otherwise in a court of law. We all know this is a total lie because we've seen too many cases, in which, at least in theory. Justice does appear to be blindfolded, if not completely blind. However, upon closer observation, one can plainly see that she will and often do peak, quite frequently.

The reality of this for me was like the sobering reality for so many other people, who at some time or another, have had to go to court for some type of infraction of the law. Like a volcano, spewing out hot lava that come from deep within the bowels of the earth. My subconscious thoughts erupted with an emotional charge, and flowed forcefully to the surface, somewhere within the darken depths of a wounded soul.

Laughing, touching and holding hands and always together. You know, doing those things that people do when they're boldly and madly in love, as was quite oblivious to all that walked by. Lovers sitting together on a bench, in a corridor, outside a courtroom, in plain view of anyone passing by.

A strange twist of faith, brought me accidentally walking through the courtyard, as I gazed at the countless faces seated behind the big glass window, which lead to any number of courtrooms. Allow me to briefly, sneak a peek into the cold darkness of reality. Like an owl in search of prey, seeing clearly for the second time, the conformation of numerous lies and deception, as even from the very beginning.

Remember, remember, now guard the preciousness of this my tender heart, and never, never, allow it to be hurt again, anyone, professing that they care. For when you remember, the presence of any fog will quickly vanish, leaving a very hunting picture. A picture so vivid until there's little room for any discussion or doubt.

The facts are clear and well established like numerous items on display, behind the freshly polished glass of a showcase, "lovers in a courthouse window".



WALKING TO NOWHERE

While laid back in a black leather easy, chair, listening to the Jazz Master's soothing sounds that mystically flowed from the speakers of the stereo. I found myself completely relaxed and at peace.

The soft, soothing music momentarily allowed the thoughts of my spirit, to walk free and escape the confines of all sorrow and physical pain. To leave behind any kind of chain that would burden down the free spirit of the soul to become a feather, that's caught on a current of air floating patiently and unhindered, upwards towards the freedom of the open sky.

Free of the physical restraints that continually bind the heart and daily rob the soul of its vitality love and hope. Let it be known to all, that I'm drug and alcohol free yet I'm still floating higher and higher. Who knows, maybe I'll float up as high as the clouds, that make the dimly lit night sky so incredibly beautiful.

Maybe I'm just plain high from the thought of knowing all of the things that still make me free. For some strange reason known only to my spirit and the Creator who gave it to me drifting, floating and attempting to spread a little joy in this world, is all part of being free.

Man was created free and with free will to do or not to do that, which is right. He is supposed to coexist in peace and harmony with the rest of creation, as respectful caretaker.

Standing on the railroad track that vanished in both directions, I started to walk with no particular destination in mind just because I'm free to do so. Blindly driven to walk, and really not knowing why, I continued to walk, but I somehow knew whenever I got to the end of where I was going, I'd instantly know without any doubts, why I was supposed to be there!

Little did I know, just where my ten hours and twenty five mile round trip, walk from Little rock to Palm dale would lead me, or how much its affect would change my entire life forever.



LOVE, TRUTH AND BEAUTY

The other night while laying back in my easy chair, resting. A variety of thoughts, events and images that had occurred earlier during the day began to flow through my mind slowly and quietly replaying one after another. Like a cool mountain spring, that had formed suddenly, somewhere deep within the reservoir of the spirit. These thoughts, events and images began to float upwards towards the conscious surface of my soul.

The beauty of a smile, the sweet fragrance of perfume, and the brightness from that special kind of elegance, that radiates continually to others. A special kind of beauty eternally flowing, from the depths of some unknown origin far, far beyond anything that's found in this physical universe. As a coworker and a friend, I've had the opportunity to personally witness the results of beauty that has been lovingly cultivated, and is now producing the fruits of sweetness and beauty in the lives of others.

The thought occurred to me, that beauty is in part, a gift from our parents, which should always be cherished and lovingly stored safely within the treasure chest of soul. Where the restraints on time, have long since been set free. There the love and beauty of yesterday, today, and tomorrow, will be patiently waiting, undaunted by change, forever united as one. We'll find everlasting delight in interacting, reflecting, and enjoying the soothing effects from the memories that this precious gift has placed in the lives of so many.

In order for beauty to properly develop into its full potential, it must be patiently nurtured and cultivated. The one true aspect of beauty is that it always begins as an expression of love. And rarely misses the opportunity to give of herself, by sharing with other the many qualities

that she possesses, over this brief, but precious moment in time, we all so often refer to as “life”. For you see, it’s this rare type of beauty in life that creates a truly special kind of love for life itself.

It’s called love of life which causes us to always remember the way things were, and how they will one day be again despite the various trails and hardships of life. Beauty like real love, never, never stops, and is always unconditional and eternal. Beauty continually generates love in the heart, soul and spirits of everyone she meets. She is like a newly born infant a young seedling if you will, temporary on loan as a gift from God for you and other love ones to embrace with arms of gratitude and joy, during each precious passing moment. We first experience beauty as love and affection, through heartaches, prayers and the shedding of a countless number of tears. Over this short span of time, we so often measure in years, we’ve seen and experienced firsthand.



TOE BACK

I find that it's awfully hard without reliving a lot of the pain to say the words, I love you. When the very fibers of my soul have been mortally wounded and the foundations of faith, trust, and respect, has been utterly destroyed. In a matter of seconds, just from a barrage of viciously angry words. Words that were spoken in earnest, right from the depths of the soul without a single moment of hesitation, consideration or thought. I hate you I wish that you were dead. I could kill you! "I wished that I had never married you. I should have married someone else. I wished I had tied my tubes, and so forth. Destructive words poison the spirit, and destroy forever the very character of the purity of the heart.

Your own low self-esteem make you green with envy and often leaves you feeling threaten by the very presence of others. You drink for an excuse you say so you can just have a little fun, however, during the process of having fun you forget about everything else. You no longer have any drive, goals, or any type of life purpose.

You want and expect others, just to do for you, without questions, just because you say you can't. Don't get me wrong I think that basically you mean well and you're a very sweet person with a good and kind heart. You say, that you wished that you had met a "nobody", someone who didn't want anything in life and who don't really want to go anywhere. Well misery loves company and I'm told birds of a feather, still flock together.

Baby, I got news for you, someone with something plus you will son equal to nothing. You fail to realize that everything cost and I do mean everything, in one-way or another. You see, you've really never had to actually struggle, to reach a very distant goal, therefore, you can never fully appreciate the potential, that each of us have inside to accomplish, just about anything.

You've got to somehow get rid of that lack of self-doubt. You've got to realize that you and you alone are the only person, who in the final analysis is responsible for all of the chaos in your life, or who can ultimately put that chaos into some kind of order. Learn to be a little more responsible and a little less dependent. I guess some would simply say, "Just develop some self-respect". Your wishes for the death of others, the numerous lies, and deceitful words are eternal. They will forever reflect on the window of my very soul, surrounded by an abundance of immense hurt and pain. Therefore, I cannot and will not, ever allow you to get close enough to me, hurt me, ever again.



GREAT WESTERN BANK

The phone call came under the pretense of care and concern, but was really only a decoy, before secretively invading the space of the city, with your lover. If this ell thought plan was going to work, there had to be a guarantee that the blind man was alone and helplessly predisposed.

Being at home and not out there somewhere roaming about, would positively prevent, the remote possibility that even blinded eyes, might accidentally see. Turning into the shopping center driveway from far, far, away, busted just as plain as day.

Two separate pair of eyes, caught by surprised, suddenly looking inquisitively, as if to say, oh no can it really be? Fearfully wondering what would actually happen, if by chance, if the blind was actually able to clearly see that one plus one still equals two.

The intentional turning of the head, in the opposite direction, is an international signal for a lack of or little concern for, particularly when the blind, picks and pretends, because there are some things that he simply choose not to see. The sound of laughter erupts from the smiles that are now on both of the faces. While together in unison, there is a united a sigh of relief of what could have been.

It's time to find temporary cover for one player in the game, while the other scurries off quickly and scout about, to see if by accident the blind now see. Escaping quickly to Jack -in-the-Box was the plan, if not but for a second or two. Saying "love, I'll be back shortly when the blind man get through and return to home to rest,"

And then we'll complete the things that we originally started out to do, together. But you know, as fate would have it, opposite paths eventually do cross, right there in the parking lot, by the ATM, in front of the Great

Western Bank. Rolling up quickly and at the same time, lying through the teeth, to gain some extra mileage, by trying to convince me of this your imaginary way out and abstract drag.

“Looking for apartments, in the back parking lot of the Lancaster Great Western Bank”?



THERE WAS NO NEED TO STRUGGLE

Friday night, driving quickly down the roadway, periodically checking the mirror for the ever-present threat of “One Time,” smiling to myself, my thought raced out ahead of me to my final destination, just up the road. I was thinking to myself and wondering if I would find everything OK? Anticipating the beauty of that special smile and the hypnotic charm, that could only come from the warmth and brightness of your big pretty eyes.

Trying uselessly to second-guess, how you would look and what new type of dress or dress combination you brought or managed to put together? The tenderness of your embrace and the taste of sugar that comes from each and every passionate kiss would let me know, if once more that everything between us was still OK.

Little did I know then, that we would not be entirely alone during the course of the night I wondered just what was the right and proper thing to do in this type of a situation. Respect for the kids and your home, I suppose it was one of those old 45 s, from somewhere way back in the day, that slowly began to play, over and over in my mind. There was no way I was going to even think about doing, what I had originally planned, The waxing, buffing and skillfully polishing of all those items of value, starting whenever, and ending at dawn’s early light.

There was absolutely no way, that I would take that type of a chance, the whole thought for me was completely out of the question. Smiling with the sweetness and tenderness of complete innocence, and yet displaying the sadness of one that has just been told some disappointing news. I remember your words “baby I understand, and it’s OK”. Sweet and soothing words that put all of my fears and worries, instantly to rest.

Silently, subtlety and very, very smoothly, there would be no chance of escape this night.

During the movie and later between the low, soft, soothing sounds of music coming from the cassette player, unknowingly, a match of passion had been subtlety and silently struck. The fire of passion had received its kindling, from a number well placed kisses, here and there, the aroma of that special perfume so sinuously located around the neck and behind the ear. I believe this was specifically designed to take captive and hold as a prisoner (for an indefinite period of time) any emotion that may attempt to resist.

All alone in the room, during the quiet stillness of the night, the sheer beauty of poetry in motion, was watching you walk around the room, with the light reflecting off your skin and the smooth, soft, silk gown that clothed your lovely body.



THERE WAS NO NEED TO STRUGGLE

Page Two

Laying very comfortably on the floor ah oh what the heck, what could just a little one hurt? Tic-tack-tic-tack, the second hand on the wall mounted clock continued to register each fleeing moment of time. Like a fish helplessly hooked on a fisherman's line, and slowly being reeled in, the inevitable was given fact.

The subtle but continuous waves of reciprocal kissing, the sweet aroma of perfume, the embracing, the brightness of your eyes, and the beauty of your smile, left me speechless.

Watching you walk around in that gown, the sipping of a few glasses of rum and coke, all contributed to the rendering of any feeble emotional attempt on my behalf to resist, totally void and of no affect.

The moment of truth had finally arrived, despite how I had originally felt, "I was now committed and there was no turning back".



THE CLUB RAMADA

It appears that I'm prone to sewing things that I really don't expect to see, or things that I would actually care not to see. There are those who have said it's better to have a mystery pain, than to know exactly the true source of your hurt.

I've heard that the Ramada was a nice club, with a pretty good band, and that the atmosphere inside had changed completely. I was alone with really nothing to do and wanted something to drink, I decided out of curiosity to check it out.

I didn't come there looking for you and your boyfriend, apparently seated and very well concealed in one of the darkened corners of the room, watching my every move. If I had seen the two of you, I definitely would have left, like I did at Club Spankey's parking lot, the bench behind the glass outside the courthouse (courtroom) or at your house, and so on. You have who you want; I accept that as a proven fact.

Your friend is there for you, whenever you call day or night, ready and willing to talk to you for hours at a time about each and every conceivable topic. He doesn't ask for much nor does he apparently want or expect very much in return. I guess that's what real friends do, give of one's self for the other and share whatever they get from others.



SWEET, GORGEOUS AND BEAUTIFUL, VIA A.T.T. & T.

Just to hear such a sweet, and beautiful voice, speak so unexpectedly on the telephone, the other night, was like hearing the voice of an angel, only via,

A.T. & T. A picture of pure grace and beauty shall eternally be etched on the barren walls of my heart. I have a mental picture of you possibly while you were at work, dressed in something extremely beautiful, I believe it's a black and white dress. Your figure fits that dress, like a hand inside a glove. Definitely without a doubt your legs were made for those high heels, along with that coat and the matching purse.

What a very explosive combination, expressly designed to catch. Yes, you've got your hairstyle, and like always, your nails are exquisite, as if they had just been done. If I could only be assured of another permanent mental picture, of that lovely dress and your gorgeous smile, I'd gladly pay up front and in advance my A.T. & T. phone bill. I'm still waiting for someone, to foolishly make the mistake of taking you for granted, and walk out of your life, because they simply just didn't seem to care. The essence of beauty in motion was something that only I could observe, through the eyes of my soul. I was able to observe first hand, the strength of a beautiful Black Woman, walking with pride and authority, even at the end of a long busy day, oblivious to the facts of what the whole world cared or thought.

The testimony of your self-respect and confidence, as to who you are, stands as a monument to the entire world of it occurred to me, to ask the question, since the two of you are such good friends. Why must an innocent bystander who inadvertently cross your path, always suffer?

Was it really called for when you threw that beer into the face of a total stranger?

It was very childish and foolish, I'm only glad that based on what I know as fact and what I've personally heard and seen, I don't act like you. Although, my love is still there, it has under gone a season of change, from that of a lover, to that of hopefully a very distant and rarely seen friend. You see, now when if I hear the DJ playing music, and if I see you and your friend together, while at work or at play. It won't bother me because I'll know that you're doing your thing and that you're happy. At that very moment, I'll also be looking into the mirror at myself, and will be taking in the warmth from the rays of light that will be warming my soul, with joy. The DJ will also be playing a song for me that will cause for me to smile, knowing that once and for all, I'm finally, truly, truly free.



GOT TIME FOR A DIME

If I could turn back the hands of time, I wouldn't waste any time, fusing or cursing or drinking wine. You see, I'd be studying and learning, trying to get the most time for my dimes.

Someone once told me, fine is fine, but you'd better make the most of that commodity, you call time because time doesn't wait on anyone. Yea, I could have sworn that I would have been right and that they were wrong, but friend here I am at 33 (that's three score and three), years of time completely gone).

I'm told success is determined by a very simple formula, hard work and study multiplied by time. Could all of this possibly be why I can't keep a dime?

Maybe, if I had been more independent and productive with my time, there wouldn't be a need for such things that could be purchased with some many dimes of time.



COUNTING THE COST OF VICTORY

Entering through the stormy doors of life, like so many countless others, the beauty of this one particular gladiator, caught the eyes of all of the other occupants and contestants in the room, by total surprise, causing some to wonder, what was her name and where had she come from. Many openly stared at her and questioned, what was the purpose of the small compact, that she carried and openly displayed, was it some kind of assorted secret weapon, or was it all just for show.

She guarded it extremely close, so there as little doubt, her weapon was all natural and brand new, and yes, it was very, very real. There was now suddenly, a total silence throughout the entire room, everyone stopped and took note of the self-confidence and pride that this beautiful woman possessed, along with her ability to compete, with the very best, and ultimately win!

Slowly, and sinuously putting on a new pair of thigh high red boots, while producing a very lovely smile, with a very daring wink of the eye, she checked the flexibility of a new twelve foot raw hide whip. She snapped it several times, quickly and very accurately within an inch of a wall candle that was securely attached high on the South Wall.

Arranging her long dark hair into a ponytail, there was no mistake, that this young, fearless beautiful Black Gladiator, had come too far, and had suffered too many heart ships, just to quit now. Replaying repeatedly over in her mind, what she had to do, there could absolutely be no mistakes she would quickly seize control and be in command.



COUNTING THE COST OF VICTORY

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The years of studying new techniques, the long tiring hours of dedicated training only fuel the drive to succeed even more. Firmly mounted on top of a chariot, a blazed and totally engulfed, with the fires of determination and truth. This beautiful, Black Warrior prepared for the ensuing battle, “Cynthia”, is a word that comes from the Greek and means “Moon”.

Stop; take note, for the hour has come. Notice is now being served to all, if you are willing to work hard and can dare to dream of success, then any distant objective (like man’s desire to go to the moon), can easily be obtained, and perhaps may one day be within your reach. The whispers and stares radiated throughout the crowd stadium, like the waves on a small quiet pond, responding to the sudden impact of a stone.

All of the occupants of the room, stood with respect, as they look at one another in total amazement and disbelief, at what this young beautiful Black Warrior had just accomplished within such a short amount of time. An electrical charge of energy, containing self-confidence and boldness, now filled the atmosphere, and slowly began to invade, every single level of preconceived prejudicial thought.

What kind of mystical powers, does this strong, beautiful Black woman possess? Remaining strong is what many fear and often call being overly aggressive, nevertheless, she’s determined to continue to fight, to win and succeed. Although there are many others, these are but a few of the many beautiful traits that make up the character and personality of Ms. Cynthia Campbell Juarez, a dedicated co-worker and a person, I’m proud to call a friend.

She’s seriously devoted to dispelling the countless myths and deceptions that have held the masses of our people imprisoned for so long and void

of truth. Throughout the generations, the elegance and radiance of this type of beauty, has been a sweet and captivating light that continuously radiates from the very soul of such an exquisitely priceless diamond.

May the glow of your happiness and the joy that you share, grows stronger each and every day, with each click of an automatic counter, continuously recording each fresh victory, over each and every obstacles.



GRACIOUSNESS FROM A LOVING FRIEND

The quiet stillness of the night has replaced another trying day. My nerves are at the point of snapping, and are just barely hanging on by a thread, with the help of my heavenly Father; I'll make it through.

Finally resting and getting relaxed, I reclined back in a soft easy chair and allow my mind to wonder and reflect upon happier days and times of these past few years.

Walking down the West Corridor of Challenger, towards room 27, in anticipation, wondering I'm sure, alone with 10% of the rest of the staff, what type of new outfit or dress combination, you would be wearing especially when you kept persisting, that you really never had anything to wear, but I always knew better.

I'll always remember the brightness of your big pretty eyes, the warmth and sincerity of that gorgeous smile and the sweet, eternal, soothing effect of your many words of kindness and wisdom.

Although, we're now separated by time and distance, neither one of these will ever prevent me or the rest of the staff, from feeling that we'll always continue to be close and the very best of friends.

I miss you constantly, but wish you the very, very, best, alone with much happiness, and God's continued blessing for even more success.

With Sincerity and Love Always



BEHIND THE CLOSED CURTAINS IN THE WINDOW

The mind plays strange tricks on us sometimes, and things may or may not be what they seem! Smelling and inhaling the atoms or molecules that enter the nose through the air, we come to the conclusion, that it must be smoke.

Feeling the closeness of an object on or near the skin, we determine, whether it's real or not. We make a decision, based on what we've come to believe if it's cold, hostile, and hot then maybe it's too hot to touch!

Images of sight and sound are essential key elements, for opening the doors and windows of the heart. Images forewarn give plenty of indications, when something has or is about to go terribly wrong, If you're really in tuned with the images of your senses, They will also let you know, when something has lost its sweetness and has become dangerous or deceptively bitter, like the hot touch of a branding iron, being applied forcefully to the cool surface of surface of unsuspecting flesh.

The constant replaying of the events that occurred in the window, continue to burn, and are eternally seared into the unconscious blue print of my very soul. Time has failed to erase or even form a scab over the memories, caused by the infectious poison of deception.

Putting the puzzle together, piece by piece, lie by lie, the memories and various scenes form a clear picture of what was really there all alone. Are the swiftness of the hands really quicker than the eye? Who's that lurking inside, peaking curiously from behind the curtain, spying at me through the window?

Can this also be just another deception or a simple trick, caused by some kind of weird light, reflecting through the windowpane of my soul? I think from now on, I'll just put more faith and trust in my senses, and simply believe, whatever I actually see, lurking and peaking at me, from behind the closed curtains in the window.



LOVE COME TO ME

Suspended in the twilight of a light sleep, time slowly surrendered, and was reconciled with the stillness of the night. Soft, distinctive voices, united for one sullen purpose, made it all unmistakably clear. Soothing and comforting exiling, instantly from the consciousness of the soul, all hurt and pain.

In what seemed but a brief moment in that span of time, we call eternity.

love, joy, sunshine and rain, are immortalized forever on the walls of the heart,

It's a very sober and chilling thought that this would be the final late night in, which my love would never come again to me.



BEHOLD THE LOCUST

During the stillness of the night, the eternal yearning of my thoughts, reflect back, to a time, of serenity peace and beauty, to a time, when the soil, that feed the soul, was productive and gave its full strength to a time when innocence, was as pure and fresh, as the air, right after a brief summer's rain.

Then came the everlasting darkness of the great fall and a millennium of death, heartache, suffering and pain. The purity of the land, slowly, became more and more polluted. Innocence was eternally lost, and things would never again be the same.

Idle, and unconcerned, the effects of the pledge continued to creep silently across the land, devouring, slowly the thoughts, souls, bodies, and the minds of all that haphazardly remain in the way.

Weeping a bitter cry, I beheld the increase of the locust as it grew strong and continued to consume.



FEATHERS

Bitter words and arrows of anger forcefully flow out, like feathers, carelessly dispersed to the open wind from the crossbow of the mouth. Arrows relentlessly unleashed by the unregulated bowstring of the tongue, with the smoothness of a silk cloth, endlessly sliding across the flesh, vicious and uncontrolled, with only one real intent, to destroy.

Eternally and mysteriously riding the winds of time and space, while simultaneously bridging that brief abstract gulf in our existence, that we call “Life”.

Bitter and vicious words, like feathers caught in the fierceness of the open wind, once released, cannot be retrieved, and are left therefore forever, transforming the lives of all.



A FATAL ATTRACTION

I could see if there was something there from the start, but to live life through the eyes of fantasy complete with its own endless series of continuous repeating dreams, defies all common sense. The abstracts thought, of bleached half-baked fleshed, masquerading, as weight loss, stuffed compactly, into some mysterious black and white dress, defies the laws of science.

Is this fact or fiction, does anyone really know for sure? Logic and reason, appears to be void and long ago abandoned. The remnants of numerous past, failed relationships, collectively, now lay tragically silent, in an ever shrinking universe, struggling desperately, to retain its last stronghold on reality.

Low self-esteem, and the need for attention, now dictates your daily reality. Who are you, and just what are you really, really, trying to say? Tell me truthfully, is it really me or a combination of all of the countless other innocent victims? Simply put, the reality is, it's you.

You're the source that manufactures the notion, and created the thoughts of some mysterious black and white dress, which replays continually, that musical dance of fantasy in your mind.

There in the dark abyss of your mind, is a constant production of lies and deception, known only to you, why after such an apparent weight loss, one would be allowed to sit freely, and be simultaneously be convinced, that there really, had been a romantic, French kiss.

Artistically, reinforcing and once more the production of another mental portrait, of your next "Fatal Attraction".



THIRTY-NINE PLUE ONE

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock,

One after another, with each click of the clock's hand. With only seconds away, from the doorway to eternity. Horizontal and inattentive, the reality of Hades is like a bright light in this world.

Life remains temporary stranded, somewhere in the twilight of that reoccurring traffic jam called "sleep", where time slowly and repeatedly surrenders its authority to the stillness of the night.

The countless sounds of soft, distinctive voices, soothing and comforting, all joined together and united as one, leaving absolutely no doubt regarding the purpose, for it was unmistakably clear, what eventually had to be done, fifteen times two, plus nine and the task would be almost complete.



IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MEAN SO MUCH

The intensity of the light not only magnified the beauty of your eyes, and freshly styled hair, but also the eternal warmth, elegance, and sweetness of your very soul.

Slowly, as the consciousness of the spirit is freed to soar, unhindered, like a bird high in the sky, the clouds of doubt and misery will dissolve, allowing many of the mysteries of what life is all about to become ever so clear.

People, struggle daily, needless against these overwhelming assaults on their peace and happiness. I'd like to share several of these clues with you.

The beauty that shines through the shyness of a very lovely smile. It's that very special sparkle that resides in your eyes that guard the doorway to your very soul.

And finally, it's the sweet innocence and tenderness that can come from the simplicity of a kiss.



LOVE IN A MORNING BREEZE

The gentle softness of a morning breeze, calms the trouble waters of my soul, allowing the wings of my spirit to rise up, like smoke, just released from a fire, high, high, above all of the adversities of this brief moment in time we call life.

The gentle softness of a morning breeze, like the sweet fragrance of perfume, stimulates a deeper appreciation for the love and beauty of the simple things that we take for granted each and every day. There is tenderness in a loving embrace.

There is a kind of soothing warmth that only comes from the beautiful of a smile. Can you feel the weakness in the knees after a simple little kiss? Have you experienced the joy that only comes from the ecstasy, when two souls join together as one?

Have you heard the sounds of grass burning and wood popping, as fantasy and reality collide? And finally, there is the experience of countless sunrises, in which the sun never seems to set. The beginning is eternal, and it never ends.

Love is, that gentle softness of a morning breeze that frees the trouble thoughts from the storehouse of the soul.



THE POET III, A RESPONSE

As a friend, and a mentor, the poetic beauty and the sweetness of her words, enables everyone she meets, to fully appreciate and understand, what genuine love and friendship really is all about. Who know the pain we feel, when we cry?

Who really know how to explain the love we feel, when every precious moment, is filled with such an abundance of joy and laughter? Who know, how or why, we are so eternally affected?

We are all eternally touched, in a uniquely different, but loving kind of way, the love she gives is sweet, and at times surpasses all known logic and reason.

She's like a good book that's continually being re-read in a quiet room. Intrigued, I find myself frequently returning to endless pages that reveal the true intensity of her wisdom, love and eternal beauty.

Control by her printed words stored on the bookshelves of my soul, I am unable to put her out of my mind, as I repeatedly go back to re-read and listen to the beauty her words, and once again, the love affair begins.



WE CARE 2

The richness and beauty, of the items stored in the storehouse of my soul, belongs to me.

During the quiet, still hours of the night, I'm able to reflect back on all of the ways my life, was enriched and blessed throughout the day.

The point is this, while suspended in the abstractness of time, when my thoughts are momentarily allowed to escape from all of the chains that have so cruelly held them captive, and travel unhindered and totally free, like smoke from a fire that rises high into the darkness of the night air and seemingly disappear.

But be unconcern, just look around, and feel the warmth that comes from being emerged in a sea of light, which from the beginning was called Eternal Love.

The soothing comfort and the sweetness of your smile, your sincerity, your numerous words of encouragement, and your many thoughtful deeds of kindness, only make the glory shining from your lamp, get just a little brighter, with each new day.

Look around, for we all really do care, and become totally convinced, realize that you are truly loved and appreciated by all.



WHY CAN'T A MAN BE LIKE A WOMAN

Countless thoughts, rise like smoke ascending slowly upward in the night air, reflecting back while in a relaxed state of unconscious transition, infinity and time merged together and became one.

The stillness of the night set in motion, an occasion for truth, introspection, and a sincere desire to know why? Still unable to allow oneself, to fully conceive the thought of anything less, than what a strong physical specimen of what a real man should be.

What would others say and think, if they knew, that I possessed flaws like these?

No longer could I hide or hold back the swell of emotions, fears and endless streams of tears, like those from that Golden Age, when reached by a beautiful woman, who must finally admit to herself, that she can no longer , put off the long term affects, that an accumulation of years, have taken.

In thought, the concrete and the abstract, that “father knows best” reside in the unchangeable gray show somewhere, just outside the reality and fantasy of both men and women.

Just keep on living, young man, young lady, and perhaps, one day through the reality of life, you'll understand it all by and by.

Why, can't a man be like a woman?

The answer is quite simple, “IN THE BEGINNING”.



JUST THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN

This morning started out like so many countless others, with a prayer of thanks, a zest for life, and a heart full of joy. There is always the excitement, which comes from the anticipation of encountering all of the wonderful and beautiful things, which each new day will surely bring. Knowing that there is beauty everywhere, if one only take the time to slow down and really, really look.

Sometimes, like this morning, I was able to find the preciousness of beauty, formed in the brightness of a very lovely smile, a very beautiful, sweet and precious lady, a true gift, a co-worker and a friend to all, Ms. Wonderful , is the name, that everyone would consistently call.

I've observed the sunshine, reflecting on the diamond covered surface, hidden, eternally hidden, in the window of the eyes the very gateway to the soul. I refer to the splendor of the warmth, radiating continually through the sweetness of your smile or through those lovely brown eyes.

Even though yesterday is gone, and tomorrow may not ever come, right now, during this fleeing moment in time that we so often like to refer to as "Life". I'm always amazed to find a universe that contains such an abundance of power, glory and beauty. It is very refreshing to know, that you don't have to travel very far to observe such grace, perfection and absolute beauty.

Quietly, and patiently, while paying very close attention, look slightly, 'Just this side of Heaven'.



FREE FLOATING

If all that I needed, fell right into place, if I stayed in the darkness or came to the light and would you be there with me?

Together would we encounter real freedom? When eternity is stored in the treasure chest of my soul, I'll float attentively, but blissfully, on a sea of hopes and dreams. If I could, would I do it again?

I'd express and declare, all of the new challenges, that daylight brings with each new birth, and its numerous meanings for today. Unhindered and totally free, look into my eyes and see me express my joy, like smoke rising quietly into the night air. You see only in death, like smoke, can I really be free. Soon, I will be there with you.

Man! What wouldn't I give, to be like you unhindered and totally free?



A FINAL DECREE

My thoughts finally flow freely. Now I'm free of all earthly constraints.
Forcefully evicted of any attempt to remain.

Like smoke rising silently and quickly, into the blackness of night, only
to vanish leaving behind, the residue of just another empty container,
that at some point in time, held nothing but a lot of misery, heartache,
pain and shame.

You see, only in life could such an existence be maintained.

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock

Finally grasping reality, all of the contents of this dark, mute, abyss of
what was time and space, no longer has any valid meaning.

Everything that was and still is and all becomes void in that realm called
“ETERNITY”.



HEART, BODY, AND SOUL

The sweet sound of music, flowed from the two speakers, and filled the room, engulfed, in the abstractness of space and time. While reclined, and relaxed in the comfort of an Easy Chair my thoughts floated upwards, like smoke quietly escaping, hindered, and totally free of all the forces, that had held it captive, from the very beginning of creation.

A friendship, that began in adolescents, between two very special people, had now evolved, into what it should have been from the very beginning. It is for this cause, that a man will leave his father and mother, and find himself a wife, that together they may become one.

The rings that you've placed on each other's finger will encase forever, the commitment that each of you have made to one another. These two gold rings, are also a symbolic circle, of love and trust that will never be broken, for it is everlasting.

This Contract of Commitment is for the good times, as well as for the bad. It's binding in sickness and in health. Eternal in nature, Contracts of Commitment, are automatically renewed, at the start of each new day, and will be evident, by the continuation of tenderness and countless loving embraces.

Remember, all of the little things that you did for each other, in the very beginning?

The true universal essence of real love, is like a field of lovely flowers, the fragrance, the essence and beauty of which has been, mystically, and eternally captured in the form of a priceless bottle of perfume.

Your commitment to love one another is symbolic, by the rings that you now wear. May you both remain forever, united, as one, in heart, body, and soul?



REFLECTIONS

My thoughts soared higher and higher, like smoke, disappearing into the darkness, uninhibited and totally free. Sipping on a cold glass of White Zinfandel, relaxed, and fully reclined in the comfort of my easy chair. Reflecting back on the various events of the day, with the soothing sound of jazz, mystically floating quietly in the stillness of the night air. To fully appreciate the concept of absolute beauty and perfection, one must see her at her best.

Sunday:

Is a gorgeous young lady, all dressed in black, who possesses a very lovely smile, big pretty eyes, and a dynamite personality to match.

Monday:

Has warmth that only true sunshine can bring. The beauty of spring flowers, with rich, brown chocolate, all trimmed in black, yellow and lots of gold. She is highly educated, strong Black Woman, smart and intelligent, establishing and fulfilling all of her hopes, goals and dreams.

Tuesday:

Signals the middle of the week. The possessor of self-determination, always willing to keep her eyes on the prize, she will succeed.

Wednesday:

Ultimately can only be defined as poetic beauty. There is poetic and picturesque beauty in observing and feeling a gentle breeze, as it blows over an endless sea of multiple colored flowers.

Thursday:

Is the sweet fragrance of perfume, and its eternal effect on the senses, which continually record and store precious memories, somewhere in the treasure chest of the heart.

Friday:

Has the tenderness and compassion of a queen, she graciously gives words of encouragement and wisdom to all.

Saturday:

Radiates her beauty continuously in the form of comfort, and rest. This love and beauty is unconditional and flows continually from the very depths of the soul.



QUA'S ETERNITY

The soul in many ways parallels the mysteries and beauty of the universe, these parallels are similar in the sense, that neither can be fully or accurately measured.

I've also found that the love and beauty, which flows from the hidden depths of your soul, is also priceless and likewise cannot be calculated. Thus the final conclusion of this exhaustive study, is simply this,

The love and beauty that you possess is truly a very rare and precious gift, and its effect on other is and always will be eternally cherished.



IN THE MORNING

When words are not enough, to bridge this silent, dark, gulf of sadness. I'd like for you to know, that each of us here at Challenger as members of your secondary family also share your sadness and you lost. All of our thoughts and prayers go out to you and the entire Munz Family.

Right now this loss seems too tragic, to be believed or to even understand the reason why, but be encouraged, for in the morning, cometh the Joy of Remembrance and comfort. The remembrance, of all of the strength, and character, that this one life gave and contributed to the lives of so many others.

The joy of remembering will bring smiles of happiness. Remember when the two of you first met? Remember all of those good times, the laughter, and the many words of encouragement? I'm not saying, that this isn't a sad occasion, but what I am saying, is to look towards tomorrow, for in the morning cometh the Joy of remembrance and reunion.

In the morning, we know there will be no sadness, no suffering, no pain, or corruption of any kind.



REMEMBER ME

When the first rays of the early morning sunlight first enter your window, to brighten up your day, please remember me.

And when thoughts of joy and the laughter of yesterday flow through your mind, and over take your soul, just smile ever so tenderly, and “please remember me”.



DIAMONDS, ROSES, AND A CUBE OF SUGAR

What do you have in common, with the three items in the title above?

You are a hard worker, a dedicated co-worker and a friend. You're very knowledgeable and are always willing to help. You firmly believe that things should be done the right way. Truly a person like you, in today's world is a precious commodity, pretty much like a rare and priceless diamond.

The beauty of life is being able to affect change in the lives of others. Beauty is all around us, if only we take a moment or two to look for it, or its source. The beauty that you possess, truly believe, comes from the very essence of the soul, and is just as natural, as the loveliness of a very beautiful rose.

Patience, I'm told is a virtue. If this is true, then patience must also be associated with sweetness. You have a very unique way of dealing with problems and difficulty. I've observed you on numerous occasions; masterfully use the sweetness of patience. You always know just how much sweetness to use, one sugar cube or sometimes two.



RHYTHM AND BLUES

The sweet peace of eternity, for these past seventeen months has been a revolving door of perfection and scenic beauty.

The joy of daily experiencing for the very first time, the splendor of a new day and the first rays of its early morning light.

The majesty of this music, continues to spend, around and around on the open stage of my heart; while being permanently confined, to the public floodlights of warmth, friendship and absolute beauty,

Like the gracefulness of lovely bird, soaring high in the sky,

Or the sound of the wind, rushing over the landscape, imitating the voices of countless angels singing

Maybe, it's that special twinkle that we've all observed in your eyes that appears to makes even the sadness of the dark, to eventually become all sunny and bright.

And oh yes, least I forget, I also do recall, the unmeasurable splendor of that precious, cute little smile.

The memories and rhythm of this sweet music, will be suspended forever within the abstracts of time as it awaits some future retrieval from the web pages of my soul.

This can be made possible, only with the continued presence of the sweet sounds of absolute beauty and tenderness, and a helpful daily exposure to a little R&B.



SHAPING UP FOR THE SPRING

There is something about the spring time of the year that makes it more attractive than any other season. You see it during the spring time of the year, that seemingly lifeless trees and flowers, bring forth buds, which represent new and a renewed of old life.

This event continues to takes place in spite of the fact, that during the long winter, life, at least from a superficial glance, apparently, appeared to no longer exist.



YOU SAID YOU CARED

I'm just a little kid. You said, that you cared. That was a very cruel thing to do. The fire and the pain, I can't imagine, living throughout eternity with your love. Why? How could you? Man! How could you? What were you thinking? My life is over.

I'll never know what it means. To be truly loved.



FOOL, YOU DON'T KNOW ME

Fool, get out of my face. You don't know me. You'll never know me. I'm on another level. What do you want? What's my favorite color? I don't care. You don't want to know me. Get out of my face, fool, you don't know me.

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock, click, now it's time for you to find out.



NO REGRETS

They say that hades is what you've make it. A life of many regrets, fire and smoke, only fire, but nothing else, your only enemy it seems has turned out to be your best friend. There is no love every day is the same locked into the old routine.

Repeating and reliving soul filled moments of countless regrets; there are too many memories of heartache and pain. I'm tired of this. Finally I realize, with tears and without regret I've created my own living torment.



TIME TO REMEMBER

I remember how it used to be, memories, of waking up and looking at the same old faces, the three minute sit down.

I remember, the thoughts and the feelings, lost time from being away from my family.

I wish, I could relive my life. Remembering again and again. Like a top that's continually, going around and around.

Reliving all of the bad things that I did, in my life. I remember all of the write ups and countless trips to the Box.

I wish I could live and never feel the pain of death and hades. From being in the cemetery forever.



YOU DON'T LOVE ME III

I trusted you. You didn't care. You don't love me. Why did it have to be me? If you loved me, you would not have done this to me.

Man! Look at me. There's nothing that I can do. My option for life was taken from me. I'm doomed to an Eternity of mental suffering. There are too many scares and far too suffering in pain.

Why did this have to happen to me? Stop lying to me, because you don't love me.



THE DREAM

I'm going to get you when I get out. Can I live another night without you?

Memories, of heartache and pain, with tears in my eyes, until death do us part.

I'll not live another night without you. While relaxing in the stillness of the night, I hear your footsteps, in the darkness, running towards the treasure chest of my soul.

And it's all-good. I just keep thinking of you. Wow! Tell me this is not a dream.



REGRETS

They say hades is what you've made it to be.

A life of many regrets fire and smoke when your only enemy turns out to be your best friend there is no love.

Every day, the same old routine repeating, soulful moments of countless regrets.

Nothing but heartache and pain no way out, no way to escape.

I'm tired of this without tears and without regrets.

I've created my own living torment!



CRY NOW, SMILE LATER

If it wasn't here, tripping on memories, dreaming of making love, and kicking it with my girl.

Wow!

If I only knew, why didn't I think? Thinking, yet still tripping, about sitting in the park.

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock,

Only if I could cry now and smile later.



IN THE NAME OF LOVE

You said that you loved me. I thought that you were for real. I find it hard to understand why you did what you did.

Jealousy?

It shouldn't have matter much. Did you really care? Why give me all these scares of pain? I guess your kind of love walks a very thin line between love and hate.

Why, do I have to go through eternity, confused because of what you did to me, all in the name of love?



I LOVE YOU HOMIE

I love you homie. Little homie! Why did you have to die? I can't stop thinking about you. I like chocolate, more than vanilla. Truly black is beautiful. Memories, love is like candy, how sweet. At night, as sweet as it is, blood dripping from the open wound of my heart. Memories like smoke rising silently into the night air so many memories, and slowly disappear.

I love you homie.



I'LL SEE YOU THERE

Homie, I really miss you! You were always joking around. You are still my best friend. Why? Why, did you have to die? Why, did you leave me all by myself? I'll never forget you. I can see you but you can't see me. Homie, I'll drink a 40 to you.

Rest in peace. I know you're in a better place, I'll always remember you. Till then, Wait, Rest in Peace. I'll see you again when I get there.



STILL REMEMBER

I still remember, my girl and I, kicking it and strolling in the park, and the first kiss.

I also remember the first time, when, and it was all good.

Like a shooting star, or the cry of a dove.

Man, even still, it's all good I have feeling of love, in memories. I hope the time will fly by, but only time will tell, cause one day soon, I'll be free again.



I MISS YOU

Why did it have to be you and not someone else? Why couldn't it have been me? You'll always be my homie. Tears of pain, darkness, sadness. There are no more chances. Man! The homie is dead, a true gangster. No more suffering, cause, you're in a better place.

I miss you homie. Good-bye homie. I'll see you when I get there, and then once again, we'll continue to party.



REWIND THE CLOCK

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock does one really know for sure, just what tomorrow will bring, tick, Tock, tic, Tock, therefore, I deal with today, Tick, Tock, Tick, Sock,

I'm inspired, Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock with the knowledge, that I've gained, Tick, Tock, Tock, Tick, from the mistakes of yesterday, Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock while prayerfully hoping Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock, that my name will remain, Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock, on the roll call of Life,

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock, I hope and pray that God, in his wisdom and mercy, Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock, will see the need to once again, Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock, just rewind the springs on my life's old clock.



HEY, YOU DON'T REALLY KNOW ME

You don't really know me. There's a bad side to me that you really don't want to see. Do you have the time? Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock, just because I'm doing time, don't think you know me. You fooled me the last time, but when I come back, I'll put you on the grind. You know I don't care. Do it now or do it later. I don't care. When I come back, you'll realize, you really, don't know me, and that you really don't want to.



WHEN I GET TO HEAVEN

When the foundations of the world were first formed, from the tree of life flowed endless rivers of living water, for entrance into that blissful state called Eternal Life.

Where dying, health problems and sorrow all cease to exist. Paid in full by the ultimate sacrifice, death, Eternity is now ours, and it's absolutely free.

Come quickly, oh Lamb of God, the true living vine, and the bread of life. Let us sing praises all the day long, and worship you, because you alone is worthy of such admiration.

The Alpha and Omega for everything. Create in me a perfect heart, one that rejects evil, and all of the wicked ways of the devil. Plant in the perfect soil of my heart, the seeds of the righteous man, wisdom, knowledge and the love of God.

Finally prepare my path, make it straight and prosperous, and open my spiritual eyes, so that I may enjoy, and fully understand all there is to see, when I get to Heaven.



TO YOU THERE'S NO CHARGE

Sitting quietly, sipping on a tall, cold glass of White Zinfandel, desperately trying to forget, all of the little foxes, which are eating away at the core of my sole.

Light and darkness, mixing together to become as one, one or two steps away from an abyss of madness. How much, for just another tall cold glass? There's no charge!

There's absolutely no charge? Fire and ice, and yet in love, there is no fear. Am I free to reveal just how much I truly care? Can I, do I dare ask how much?

My thoughts, too numerous to count, like smoke rise quietly up into the dark, stillness of the night, trying desperately to escape the prison of a raging fire, that continues to bur out of control, somewhere deep within, the treasure chest of my soul.

In unison, like countless angelic voices, the words are proclaimed loud and clear, throughout the corridors of my heart, to you for my love, it's absolutely free, and there's no charge.



THE DOOR BELL RANG, BUT THERE WAS NO ONE HOME

The abyss of absolute darkness has covered the pathway to my heart, and the sounds of the voices that are in my head, are all muffled and unclear.

The thoughts and the voices that I hear are all around me. It's hard to tell, just where they're really coming from.

Reflections of time and space, like some float up into the dark stillness of the night, on to quietly disappear constantly walk slowly back and forth, up some distant pathway, just to ring the doorbell to my soul.

But they're much too late, because the premises are now vacant and there's no one home.



SON, DROP, AND GIVE ME FIFTY

Any fights, near fights, or major disturbances, son your program will be shut down.

Down grade, six down grades and son you go to the box. Pull up your pants son.

Drop and give me fifty. It's for your own good son lock it out, no rubber necking.

Don't get mad at me son. Drop and give me fifty lock it out, double-time it son.

Son you owe me fifty minutes of your wreck time. Drop and give me fifty.

Son, a hard head, promotes extremely and often disastrous results.



AT THE DOOR

Has the time finally come, my eyes are so heavy, there just no more resistance left. I'm so tired I just can't stand it anymore.

Night after night, I've thought and thought about just what to do. I've talked so many times, even patiently pasting across the floor, waiting. Oh God! I'm so tired I just can't take anymore.

The day has passed, it's night once again, and things are still the same. My defenses are weakening. I'm in danger of losing all that I've gained. It won't be long now, just a matter of time and then

Right or wrong, love and hate, old and new, friends and enemies, Oh! Excuse me, there's someone knocking at the door. Come right on in I've been expecting you. My father told me to expect you that you'd eventually show up sooner or later.



THE GET AWAY

Running wildly, unknowingly, and unseeingly into the night like smoke rising silently in to the night air. Thoughts too numerous to be counted.

Oh! Wow! Is this the way, it's supposed to be? Cash money all mingled with blood, now with time, slipping slowly but surely from my grasp, eternity and forever, seems to be my only hope, of finally getting away.



CUT OFF

Little did I know that from the very beginning I had already been cut off! Due to your lack of understanding and your lack of commitment to the truth.

Your lack of understanding to the meaning of love and what it's really is all about, especially when realizing that the physical doesn't really mean a thing, without truly understanding the spiritual and the mental.

I was cut off from the very beginning, but just didn't know it. Looking in the mirror as we see our true selves. Man! Why couldn't I see?

Does doing reality really blinds the soul to what's really doing on and permanently prevent us, from distinguishing the true meaning of what's right and wrong.

Hurry up, let's get this over with, aren't you through yet? It didn't just start, but it actually ended, a long time ago.



TOO COLD, JUST TO BE A DOOR KNOB

Turning two hundred and sixty degrees, and feeling nothing but yourself. When the time is right, just the way that you perceived it to be love can be temporary and profitable like a cold piece of sterile, stainless steel.

Hurry up, let's get this show on the road, I don't have all night. What are you doing aren't you through yet? Looking in the mirror do I really know you and just where have you been?

What's so important about counting the cracks on the ceiling? Voices, running around and around inside my head, whispering from out of the depths of the abyss, give this poor old dog a bone.

Wow! My computer just crashed before I could save, the predecessor than this. The only thought remaining is simply this you're too colds, just to be a doorknob.

