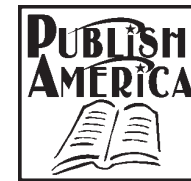


I'm Still Growing

Vol. 1

Portionte' Floes



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CHECK'N IN / CHICK'N OUT

Feeling confused
I'm an emotional wreck

Pain in my head
Tension in the back and neck

I feel like screaming
Life is definitely taking its toll

The pressure is too much
I need something or someone to hold

I'm lonely and tired
I'm really feeling down

Feeling like a failure
On my face a wear a frown

Searching for a way out
Running from the grief and stress

At this point I'm thinking...there's only one solution

Buy Mom that black dress

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter One – No Pain No Gain	
In Her Most	9
Description of Depression	10
Make Me Holla	11
The Mountain Top	13
Who Are We	14
Just A One-Night Stand	15
Wake-Up Call	16
Poker Face	18
Portrait of a Fool	19
Not Typical	20
Degrees of Insecurity	21
Chapter Two – In Love, Life, and Lust	
In Love	
Not Fleshly	27
L-O-V-E	28
Love or Lust	29
Profound Love	31
Caught Up In It	32
Profusion	33
Glorious Moments	35
The Way	36
In Life	
Who Am I?	39
Umph!	41
Did You Say Your Prayers?	42
Do I Sip or Drink?	43
In Lust	
Whew	47
What Chu Say!	48
Wow	49

Chapter Three – Blaque Her / History	
The Essence of Life	53
The Blaque Keeng	56
The Blaque Kweene	57
A Day To Celebrate One Fallen Soldier	61
Is There Racism In America?	62
Chapter Four – Only In God Can You Trust	
EDICIUS	67
In The End	68
The Grand Escape	69
Check’N In / Chick’N Out	70

THE GRAND ESCAPE

No reflection of myself in the mirror anymore
 Instead a reflection of one holding on
 for the sake of others, not letting go

At one point in time on the inside looking out
 Now on the outside looking in
 with an over abundance of doubt

Living life in reverse
 Due to growing into adulthood much too fast

Although questioning the purpose in life
 Not really caring enough to ask

For me life is hell and judgment day I do not fear

So caught up in stress that I pray the end is near

IN THE END

For far too long I suffered
Failing at the task of healing my broken heart

With every effort of a shine from the sun
Clouds overshadowed
I find that I am once again in the dark

Its not debatable, the eyes no doubt
are the windows to our inner pain

Eyes don't tell lies, they reveal the secrets your soul holds when you're
hurting bad
Once the tears flow there's no stopping the rain

The time came when I trusted my discovery of the one I felt would end all my
loneliness

I gave this one the key to my heart and he left me in a world of emptiness and
stress

Now I've grown tired of climbing the hill of hopes and promises
It seems there's no victory in sight, the mêlée impossible to win

I gazed at my surroundings
Realizing not even inside of family
could I find a mortal friend

But never am I alone
For in the beginning my father was there
He'll be patiently awaiting my arrival in the end

DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this book of poetry to my wonderful
husband, Rcurtis Fantpayne Jamerson.

Without your love and support, climbing to higher heights would
not be so comfortable and easy!

I appreciate our wonderful marriage and friendship.
My undying love is all for you, my beautiful Blaque Keeng!

Thank you for the inspiration, my beautiful Blaque Keeng

EDICIUS

I just wanted to disappear and disable the pain
Someplace like a desert island with no chance in the forecast for rain

I seek comfort to sooth my wounded heart
There is no place here on earth that gives a warranty on that body part

I'm homeless, hopeless and lost in the maze that is my life
I'm doomed to forever suffer this misery and strife

Loneliness is a plague that has cursed me for many years
Searching I am for a way out of this predestined horror
An escape from the moisture caused by hurtful tears

Tired of being the strength, the glue, the pillar
With every passing minute it's harder to hold on

Viewing many others fading and avoiding responsibility
Why should I continue to be strong

Although I am thankful to the Almighty for all that he has done for me, those
he's strategically placed in my life, and for the countless times I know that I've
been blessed

I'm exhausted from walking the many confusing,
hard, long roads of my life, working, bills and rent
Its time to write letters, say my goodbyes
It's time to get some much needed rest

CHAPTER ONE
NO PAIN NO GAIN

CHAPTER FOUR
ONLY IN GOD CAN YOU TRUST

IN HER MOST

Deep enough to swim in
Fragile like bruised frail fractured limbs
Free-flowing like the summer morning's wind

Tender soft like skin on a newborn babe's ass
The opposition
Hard cold course bitter confused
Sophisticated workmanship
Much too complicated to grasp

Unpredictable like weather
Pleasurable then needy
Giving yet greedy
Heavy like an anvil then light like a feather

DESCRIPTION OF DEPRESSION

Once again rising to face
Yet another day of pain

Rising not to the sunshine
But to face the pouring rain

No feelings of positive energy
No feelings of happiness, not free

Waking to the clouds
Strong, deep, chilling feelings
Gloom and misery

Focus long since fallen from the sky
Friendly, cheerful greetings
Unbiased passersby

“Good Morning!”
Countless expressions of Glee

Well not within Thee!
Unpleasant miserable slump
Humble response
“Massa don’t louwe me, da monin’ you see!”

Why does the signage of my neighbor ’hood grocer’s window read, “No Refunds or Exchanges”?

In other areas you can return a half-empty carton of eggs, no questions, you’re welcome to shop there again, they take you through no changes

If we all speak with our mouths, feel with our fingers, and hear with our ears

Why are some given consideration and favor, while others are frowned upon, distanced, cast out, and feared

On what day exactly will that sweet dream of Martin’s actually become 100% reality
Will I ever see a true display of equality

Is it really that hard to comprehend that without the minority
There would be no possibility of a majority

IS THERE RACISM IN AMERICA?

The smiles are not genuine
Is it the skin I'm in

Home cookin' at mama's never tasted this way
"Sir are you sure this meal was made fresh to order for me today?"

The grass in my neighbor 'hood is brown not green
The areas on my side of the city are dirty and the people are mean

My block is always crowded and debris covers most of the ground

The more prominent neighborhoods in the city are clean
The grass is green and there's no loitering or drug dealers to be found

The parks on my side of town have broken swingsets and the kids smoke
cigarillos as they pass

If I stand still for too long, the locals might rape, kill, or mug my ass

It's the only place I can afford to live
Often, I'm frightened by the crack addicts, drug dealers, hookers, and the
sights my eyes must intake

On the other side of the city
The children are playing, the adults are chatting
Only bikers and skaters pass by
Has there been some kind of fuckin' mistake

Why does my schoolteacher chat on her cell to friends?
On the other side of the city children's lessons are planned long before the
school day begins

MAKE ME HOLLA

Dwelling deep within the heart
Then cutting to the bone like a knife

Ever present daily
Taunting rhapsody
Such misery
Sometimes—hard simply livin' life

Forever weeping
Never Sleeping
Still keeping
The faith of the leaping

Searching for methods of elimination
Yet with each passing day
The ugly head rears

Countless attempts to escape the grasp
No place to be hidden
Haunted hunted bedazzled
The onset of countless tears

Forever weeping
Never Sleeping
Still keeping
The faith of the leaping

Tossing and turning
Sagging skin beneath tired eyes
No chance of respite
Fearing the nightmares
Will not sleep

Stop
Terminate with extreme prejudice
Resistance low
Hush now
No sound to be heard
Not a peep

Forever weeping
Never Sleeping
Still keeping
The faith of the leaping

A DAY TO CELEBRATE ONE FALLEN SOLDIER

He had a dream that was more realistically referred to as a vision

Many races now work, gain education, enjoy entertainment, and now there
are even non-denomination in religion

His race was run as an effort to end segregation
There were hundreds and thousands in participation

Oh yes, he's been to mountaintop
I believe he's even made it inside of the pearly gates

His dream is now a partial reality
The race was run
but the battle has just begun
We took a bite out of racism
Now it's time to give an uppercut to hate

Martin Luther the King preached and led his walks with wisdom and love
As we all know that through it all violence was never his way

For all his walks, protest, sermons and teachings
I feel he should be enthusiastically celebrated on his especially dedicated day

Much appreciation and respect also to the dancing, singing, writing, acting,
and directing Blaque Kweenes
Who paved the roads of today

When others put you down & push you aside due to your tone
Remember Jesus loves you anyway

The shades of she now vary, due to circumstances of yesterday's paths
She will prevail in the aftermath

The Blaque Kweene

THE MOUNTAIN TOP

Search
Pray
Dream
Still don't mean a damn thing

Can't find it
Prayers gone unanswered
Awakened from dreams, shocked and checked into reality
Is there a purpose
Identify Thee
For me what news did you bring

WHO ARE WE

Search continues
Unconditional earthly comfort not promised
Pray that salvation will someday be

It appears to be just within reach
Still long for an expansion of territory

Paid for with rivers of sweat and tears
In this here slump seemly destined to sit

Sat there now for what must be years
Open ears listening for the invitation
Viewing the Promised Land
Can't touch it

Although it's my personal opinion
I'd say that her royalty still lies within
That strong and defiant until the bittersweet end
lesbian blaque kweene

I was shopping down at the market place today and saw the spiritual she
She was delivering some enrichment to the locals
Reading the words of the gospels through her bifocals

She's taken the words of the Bible to bed instead of a man
She earns a small paycheck, pays the rent and the bills
She does what she can

Some call her a hermit and say she doesn't have a man in her life cause she's
surly and mean

Nonsense, she is to be appreciated, she's an independent blaque kweene

The "Blaque Kweene" is the monarch of her family, she disciplines with depth
and wisdom
She chooses her battles and fights to the finish
Her ancestors had no choice in coming to the Americas
For her and many others the struggle is a given

Thanks to Sojourner's preachin'
Thanks to Ida B. Wells' newspaper reports on racism and her school
teachin'

Thanks to Madam C.J. Walker's hair care
I'm so grateful to Ms. Rosa Parks for sitting there

Thanks to Harriet Tubman for all those navigated walks to freedom
Thank Mary McLeod Bethune Cook's college for school & for books
Think of her every time you read 'em

Sitting on my stoop this morning and observing the morning's activity
The cinnamon-skinned she was sportin' a shiner
"Ooh wee"

It was a present from her husband on her birthday
He gave it to her right after he confiscated her two-weeks pay

Ain't that a shame, he so damn mean
After a hard day's work she don't come home to a warmth and friendly
greetings

When she climbs the stairs and turns the key
She's praying he's in a good mood
so she don't get another one of those bloody beatings

That abused and battered, traumatized and emotionally shattered she
is a beautiful blaue kweene

At the coffee house today I saw my neighbor
The one all the other neighbors call the wildflower
She is free within her spirit

When words flow from her smoky topaz-toned face, they flow with both fire
and passion and many people
stop to hear it

She feels like he within
She made a lover of her best friend

Makin' love to her own kind
Some say she's lost her damn mind
She screams I'm in love are you blind

The truth of the matter is she's one of God's children
She walks upright, she a human being

JUST A ONE-NIGHT STAND

Feels similar to rejection
Useless akin to discarded trash
Confused by calculating & compelling stratagem
Kindness was counterfeit, leading to erroneous connection

Young inflamed & assaulted is the frayed heart left lonely once the pirate stole
the priceless treasure away he sailed
Unfortunately the bondage not of love but sexual pleasure

WAKE-UP CALL

I woke this morning
Truly woke for the first time
I had my boundaries straight
I woke in a positively motivated frame of mind

With eyes wide open I could see clearly
I'd been blessed with the divine gift of sight
No longer would I be blind

Thoughts of my significant other, or was he
His thoughts of me were cheap, low, and demeaning
And in the vein of any other junior human
For all sins committed against me
I am confident he'll pay

In his stupor he'd tell me that upon achieving his goals
It would be with me that he'd share his riches
Sinkin' with that stinkin' thinking
Those riches are nothing in comparison to
Blessings I will inherit each night I pray

With reborn vision came realization
I don't want his
I want mine, my own
I've given up on all ignorance this morning
I now seek the company of the righteous and pure

I've suffered his merciless torment
Being brow-beaten, insulted, and ridiculed
He told countless lies
Obedient to the love I had for him
I was led to sacrifice & endure

THE BLAQUE KWEENE

One night I saw a brown-toned she
Pushing a cart filled with paper and plastic bags
She looked a little rough around the edges and wearing dirty grimy rags

That dirty & grimy she, talking to herself and walking like she's half
dizzy... She is a descendant of a Blaque Kweene

Yesterday while on the Ave I glided past caramel she
With ten pounds of make-up caked onto her face
She nearly looked like a man in drag

The one I speak of is constantly on the stroll selling her precious body for a
nickel or dime bag

I'm sure that you've seen her; she represents the schemer, the streetwalker,
and the crack fiend

Although she's confused and has been misguided, there's royalty in her
blood, she's a blaque kweene

Many are leering at the red-toned she pushing her screaming baby down the
street in a brand new stroller

They're saying she's just a baby herself, and it ain't even a baby's daddy
there to console her

You may just be related to this girl and there are those that can say they've
been there themselves
She's single, undereducated & under-aged, she wears no ring
She has new responsibility and that changes her ranking from pryncess to that
of a blaque kweene

THE BLAQUE KEENG

Exquisite is the diversity of your skin tones
Divine the dedication displayed by your ancestors

The anecdote of your fall from the throne way back when brought on a
consequence of hatred
that even to date still festers

Yet you manage to demonstrate motivation and drive
In your unrelenting exertion to thrive
You are the rock that defeated Goliath
The rock that left David's sling
My undying love is all for you
The exquisite Blaque Keeng

Keep hope alive
Don't dismiss the dream
Never enable anyone with the ability to render you extinct

Resist, combat and be unbreakable
Don't ever let down your guard
You could be taken out sooner than you think

Your strong shoulders and brawny hands can either demolish or improve
whatever you touch

My beautiful Blaque Keeng, I love you so much

Your strength, astuteness, and endurance are all left to be marveled
at...these are very constructive tones

Fine examples set to be followed by the young Blaque Prynce Who patiently
waits for the day the Blaque Keeng reclaims his throne

Many nights, I'd lie awake in agonizing pain and cry
But in my heart and mind today, his wealth and fortune matter not

No longer will this mere "man" make me feel as if I want to die
At the cost of my womanhood, he's taken multiple shots

Should I tell him I've decided to abandon post today
Or should I just not speak on it at all

If I neglect to initiate conversation, I'm sure the empire of terror and torment
will not crumble and fall

Should I serve him two-weeks notice
Or should I just allow him to notice I'm gone

Does he deserve human decency
No!
I think I'll just move on

When I see him with another, I forbid myself to adhere to jealousy

I'll be content as well as thankful that I finally broke free

POKER FACE

If we can't have an hour-long conversation
Without a single disagreement

If you don't trust me any more
And will continue to portray a heart of cement

If you cannot imagine loving me
The way you once did

If all you really want
Is a relationship with the kid

If life with me is such torture
And anguish on your soul

I won't take this façade any further
No Bluffin'
I fold!

Through the efforts of many blaue keengs and kweenes that navigated our
walks, runs, and sails to freedom
Some using the North Star as their guide

For the sake of our future existence, let's educate our youth; navigate their
walks away from the streets
Oh yes, I know it's easier said than done

But lets fight the war with any and every resource
Until the battle of racially equally
is finally and completely won

the blaue keeng's marvelous notion

Know that you are beautiful and remain positive
all the days of your life
You will once again reign supreme
The Blaue Race, the very essence of life

Never take for granted Martin's dream that in part has become reality

Take control and embrace your partial equality

Be appreciative of your limited rights, make your own choices, cast your
votes, demonstrate your talents, and rear your children with pride

Understand and grasp the opportunity to build, accentuate the positive, hold
onto and live your dreams
Keep hope alive

It was the keengs and kweenes of our early heritage that helped the crops
to flourish

If not for the strong backs and work ethics of our ancestors many could've
and more than likely would've
died from malnourish

The blaue kweene mediated the ill, gave breast milk to the babes, cooked
the meals, and gave her precious fruit to the Massa inside of the walls of the
big house

It was the blaue keeng dubbed "the breeder" that consoled and comforted
then partook of the fruits of the female field hands, and the plantation owner's
spouse

If not for the breeder, there would've been no abundance of field hands
This land is your land, nah this here land is our land!

PORTRAIT OF A FOOL

Thoughtless and inconsiderate
Fly-by-night and unstable

Typical and predictable
Callous and cold-hearted

Inconsiderate in love
Ignorant in life

Incapable of commitment
Unqualified for compassion

Lost, resembling gum balls on a busy highway
Confused, comparable to a construction worker appointed to perform brain
surgery

NOT TYPICAL

To her, he surrendered his heart
Like trash she discarded the love
Thoughtlessly she tossed it away

She bathed in a bathtub filled with his tears
Like an aged and useless hunting hound she took him
to far out country and left him to stray

To her, he surrendered all of his time
Carelessly she allowed the time to run out

To her, he surrendered his deepest thoughts and feelings
Like a foolish child she had no clue of how to love
nor any concern for what he was talking about

Upon her, he bestowed his love, his mind,
and all of his trust
Still the perfect soulmate she did seek
No, she was determined to find

She met with a desirable physique and deep pockets
Though she suffered at the hands of the desirable physique
And became a slave to the deep pockets
She never missed the tender moments of feelings shared
There's obvious truth in the saying, love is blind!

THE ESSENCE OF LIFE

They say the blacker the berry the sweeter the juice
I say set fine examples and educate our youth

They say behind every great man is a good woman
I say beside every divine keeng stands his intelligent kweene and

Some will argue that long ago we were all keengs and kweenes

I say that fact remains today
The following is a brief explanation of what I mean

With his brawny shoulders and massive hands
It was the blaue keeng that tilled the land, milk the cows, shoed the horses,
and built the cabins for the field hands

This land is your land or is it our land

With her hard work and determination
It was the blaue kweene that educated the Harriet Tubmans and Frederick
Douglasses of this nation

Now run and tell a friend to tell a friend that
and observe the look on their faces

Now some may argue that it was the efforts of many races that toiled and
struggled to build what are now
known as some of the most breathtaking places

Then there are those who feel that the Nubian land developer set the
workhorse in motion

No doubt, other races came afterwards to perfect the plans that started as

DEGREES OF INSECURITY

Stability being the crutch

Leaning came with the endurance of tremendous amounts of pain

Afraid of loneliness

Struggling to cling to the only known stabilization

Despite the lack of an umbrella

needed as a shield of protection from the constant rain

Self-esteem diminished

Peeking in horror as life spun out of control and landed directly inside of bad

An unfortunate collapse leading to ongoing realness

life coming to a bitter ending

Blind to blessings

Slipping losing balance and sliding violently into sad

In the heart of hearts, always knowing

that on the flip side

there was never any truth or love at all

Still on the day of the earth-shattering division

was an undeniable urge to dive to a never-ending fall

CHAPTER THREE
BLAQUE HER / HISTORY

CHAPTER TWO
IN LOVE, LIFE, AND LUST

WOW

Really don't know what this sentiment is
Within my heart so profound

Not quite sure why he's on my mind and in my heart
His emotion is so strong it knocks me to the ground

Precious was our last embrace and tender kiss he planted on my cheek(s)

I'll never forget the morning I left those magical sheets

WHAT CHU SAY!

Walked in looking delicious and inviting
With style sophistication and quite classy

Gliding across the floor elegantly
Graceful and with a hint of sassy

Attention surely given to his conversation
Still making sure he's aware of my frustration

At evening's end there was a temporary bid of farewell
Followed by a memorable sensation and lustful burn

A sexy and passionate conversation onset desire and a licentious yearn

Upon another chance meeting, juices began flowing, heartbeats increased,
bodies thrusting and eyes burning holes through the skin

Gyrating torsos and screams of passion ringing throughout the room, it
seemed the delight would never come to an end

No hearts were present, there were no feelings of love or forever, no souls
joined to become one

It was merely an hour of heat, just for fun

IN LOVE

W H E W

Trying to fight it
Struggling to hide the fact that I was so very excited

Wanted to be cool
Doing my best not to portray the likeness of a fool

Insides feeling like fire and burning with passion
Once reached the peak seemed to be everlasting

It was thought that falling into a peaceful slumber would allow an awakening
to peaceful, serene and calm
Instead I was awakened to a height of passion
The result... similar to the aftermath of a bomb

Sweat dripping, bodies trembling, eyes rolled back exposing the white

Moaning and groaning, legs and arms flinging, lips smacking and sucking
The covers were pulled extremely tight

Afloat and aboard cloud number one-hundred-ninety-nine
It's assured that I'll never touch the ground

Magical, mesmerizing pleasure inside of me
I absolutely must hold on to it
I'll never put this good thing down

Pleasing to sight, taste and touch
I want to ride, bounce,
There's so much with it I want to do

This feeling implodes my insides, mixes me up, turns me inside out

W H E W !

NOT FLESHLY

Superb is your shape, in his likeness you were formed
Your exquisite design is divine in its own right

You're constantly in my heart
You are so very pleasing to my sight

I have a hunger for your companionship
My hunger is that of a pure nature
Not one thought of you comes from that of a dirty or vulgar kind

It's not the exterior view of your vessel
Quite the contrary
Its your interior that most stimulates me, body & soul
Your beautifully complicated mind

I want to reach out, pull in, and embrace that which would quench a thirst that
is long overdue

I want to dive deep, engulfing myself in this feeling of purity that I eagerly
pursue

A temporary passion is useless and therefore not what I am after

I long for that which would guarantee an eternity of love, and laughter

Not at all fleshly!

L-O-V-E

Someone asked...

“What is this feeling?”

I’m not sure what their feeling was but...

My feeling makes me smile in the morning

I skip down the street on any given day

Fear of commitment prevents me from putting a name to this feeling

But it couldn’t possibly be lust that makes me feel this way

Someone said... “Once you know how, you just never forget how to.”

They must’ve been speaking of the know-how

my joy-bringer has that makes feelings emanate from within giving me the
appearance and feeling of

Brand spankin’ new

I know that all of my feelings have validity

These feelings are unpolluted and true

Many exclaim that the world was in need of it

I heard it was the only thing in the world that there was too little of

If I ever lost it I would cry tears like that of a former artist’s doves

There was once a man who tried mixing it with happiness

He found that sometimes it could make one do wrong

A group of ladies advised...

When it feels good to the soul don’t let it go

Hold on!

I know it’s real and I want it for all eternity

This feeling that I am feeling is definitely unconditional L-O-V-E

IN LUST

LOVE OR LUST

Try and search the entire earth
You'll never find another with my worth

I'm deeper than any ocean
With an expansion beyond any sea

Tell me is it love or lust that you think of
Whenever it is that you think of me

I give it so good
It'll knock you off of your feet

The aftershock will make you tremble
Tremble with pleasure 'cause it's just that sweet

Now is it love or lust that you're thinking of
'Cause I know you're thinking of me

I'll hold you in my arms
I'll be the umbrella covering you throughout the storm

Lay your head upon my breast and I'll rock you gently
I'm here to provide you comfort
There's no harm here in any shape or form

What I really need to know is it love or lust that you're feeling
When you're feeling
Because there's no doubt you're feeling me

What I am offering is pure and true
It's even sweeter than honeydew

This is far from fake
It's no mistake
I will give my all to you

Now tell me my sweet, is it love or lust I put on your mind
I'm sure you want to take me up on the offer
Or are you hard of hearing fake or just blind

I'm offering you the genuine
Real tenderness and devotion

Trust and understanding
Deep and pure emotion

Kindness, patience and compassion
Ecstasy is not the focal point
However it is automatic

Comfort, ease, and peace is what I bring
Never any static

Can you handle all this
Do you have the guts

Is this too deep for you
Would you prefer lust

As I mentioned before... you'll never find another
With my depth, patience, or worth

Anyone with wisdom would call off the search

It's my hope that I've put love and not lust on your mind
I want to give me to you for all of eternity
But even that wouldn't be enough time

DO I SIP OR DRINK?

One quenches the thirst with just a sip
The other fulfills and gives a desire to drink until the glass is empty

One of me
The other bound by love
The three residing together but habitually not in unity

What is a gentle and fragile heart
Connected to a loving soul to do

When one plus one comes to a total of seven
Contrary to the mathematical fact that it equals two

When the equation has no solution
When paradise is interrupted by confusion

What does the caring heart and considerate mind think
When love and life make an explosive mixture do I sip or drink

DID YOU SAY YOUR PRAYERS?

Times are surely changing and moving very fast
Gangs, rape, murder, drugs and war
Not even these examples of violence will last

And one wonders if the world is truly coming to an end
Scientist have done studies, psychic advisors have predicted, researchers
have researched
There's not much else to do

Computers of one sort or another practically run the whole world
Face it, today it's a 90% automated world and once everyone's all caught
up and educated on the improved, they'll be nothing new

With all the information gathered and evidence found
All the war and poverty creating tragic statistics and other current events
there's little room left for doubt

These could very well be what will come to be known as our last days, the
heart of man is cold, the wrong leaders were chosen and they've got
destruction on the agenda, our time is running out

PROFOUND LOVE

All that's on my mind the whole day long
Completing my being and placing in my heart a song
Unlike any I've encountered you are
And so I hold on

The love I have for you will flourish without end
Before we ever made love, we became close friends
Affection and comfort I've since found in your embrace
I'll keep our love in my heart because it's the safest place

Everlasting truth is what we share forever and one day
We'll share visions of sunshine through whatever come what may

Empty would my life be, if we lost this feeling of true
Unbounded communication is my promise to you

Our discovery of happiness is making me whole again
If we aren't blessed with the ultimate union forever
I pray that for all eternity we'll be friends

Nothing can diminish our bond
God blessed our acquaintance
Hush now and don't respond

CAUGHT UP IN IT

Exchanging periodic glances throughout the night
Memorized by the way his eyes looked underneath the bright lights

His melodic tones so very pleasing to my ears
Images flashing before me of the two of us together for many years

Desperate for the opportunity to embrace him and possibly even to kiss his
cheek

With him I portray a brave and aggressive front
Despite the fact that his mere presence makes my knees weak

Gazing and admiring his strong arms and massive chest
Badly wanting to hold his precious head against my ample breast

Unwilling to confront my fears and make known exactly what I feel for this
man

You see I don't want to push the passion because it was as friends we began

The windows to his soul allow a vision of a world
I am more than ready to explore

He displays for me a genuine respect
Understanding, unwavering kindness, unconditional love
I couldn't ask for anything more

UMPH!

There's something proverbial about the words you speak
A certain familiarity of the way things used to be

It's so common the way you're losing mass amounts of body weight

I've spent the last three days with you, I can't recall whether or not you even
ate

No words you speak to me ring with truth
I'm reminded of a struggle endured during my youth

Yes very familiar the way the room in which you sit is constantly engulfed in
smoke as you stare into space dumbfounded and spellbound

It seems that in life your soul is lost, your heart cold and even empty
Surely in death you'd be hell-bound

There is something you're holding deep down inside but far beneath the
surface of your obvious pain

It's loneliness hidden within depression, disguised by guilt, masked by
anxiety just a layer beneath an addiction to crack cocaine

needles

Hell, you could just say no!

You could go to the library, Planned Parenthood, or look me up on the World Wide Web

I'm telling you to educate yourself

I am no laughing matter, there's nothing funny about me

I'm serious, I'm to be feared, and I'm detrimental to your health

I'll rob you of your hopes and dreams, then return to take your friends

I'll come and search for you later, maybe in six months, maybe ten years, it really just depends

Sometimes I hang around kitchens, the larger the amount of saliva the more effective my potency
and hanging around in the restroom is cool but really ain't my forté

I like to take the roads less traveled; I make my way through the bloodstream,
cause you extreme depression
and attack your vital organs then whisk you away

My quest is to continue until I have depleted all mankind
I have no love for you...you're no friend of mine

I only want your last breath, after I've rotted your skin to the bone

Who am I?

A murderer, my tag name is AIDS

My full name...Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome

PROFUSION

In life there are rules for those who play games
But for all mankind there are choices

There are womanizers, pimps, and thugs out there
Then are also bill payers, pipe layers, and fools who constantly raise their fists
and voices

There are macho men, househusbands, and the guys who are too cool to fall
in love

Then you've got those who speak hard and crude and yet when they lose the
companionship of a good woman
They cry like Prince's doves

The choices one makes are either wrong or right
There is no in-between

At a casino you could be the big winner of the night
Or leave with your ass between your legs
and your pockets cleaned

You determine your fate with your choices
It's not often you'll be given a second chance

The common knowledge is that a fool plots and lies
While the wise individual knows what is authentic and expounds a plan

Again in life there are many choices
In all walks of life there are rules

One could either make the choice to be educated
Or simply choose the life and struggles of a fool

One man's discarded trash can certainly be another's to treasure
Choose to appreciate the man / woman in your life or another will surely get
him / her
Hold onto and appreciate the love you have
Of that special one, never attempt to create a fool

A small bit of advice...
Should you find yourself in misery
Choose to give it up and turn it loose

You could choose to go out hunting
But be careful
You could be captured by the game

You don't want to be in the position
Where everyone knows your lover's name

Always be mindful of your choices
Choices are determining factors

One should never make choices
Based on TV lives of actors

WHO AM I?

Who am I?
I am the one who creates an orphan every sixty seconds
When last I checked my record was 14 million and still going strong

Who are my targets?
The homosexual, the lesbian, the drug addict, the prostitute, the African-
American, the Caucasian, and the list goes on

What am I doing?
Due to your ignorance, I'm moving through and infecting your community at
a terrifyingly rapid pace

My plan is to press forward until I've accomplished the task of wiping out
the entire human race

Yes, I'm on a killing spree, in the business of taking lives,
Sentencing prisoners to a death penalty
Did you think newfound anecdotes and vaccinations would stop me
This I highly doubt

It's all due to lack of interest and concern
Or maybe just the fact that too few humans really know what I'm all about

While the teens are taking that hit of ecstasy or the junkie shoots dope into
his veins

The whole time the alcoholic is drinking and the womanizer is convincing the
virgin to let him go bareback so they can experience the real thang

That's when I move in for the kill, end the session forever, and I'll get 'em
That's fo' sho'
If you really knew me, you'd be careful, wear condoms, and avoid sharing

GLORIOUS MOMENTS

Together we laughed
Together we talked
We broke bread
We shared a meal

We read poetry
We listened to soft music
Indulging in deep thought and conversation
We kept things simple and yet real

I imparted upon you my deepest thoughts
You opened the door and gave me a peek at you life

You spoke of procreation, told me of your progression
And how you'd already paid a very high price

I enlightened you on past experiences and sacrifices
Educating you on one woman's view

You made mention of your struggles with loneliness and spoke of high-quality
people you once knew

We shared the ultimate embrace of passion, gazed at one another and
watched the sunrise

Our glorious moments will create future memories throughout the remainder
of our lives

THE WAY

The way you looked at me
With eyes of love

The warmth of your touch
The security of your hug

The way your smile brightened the darkest of my days
When life left me feeling low

The way those three little words pouring from your lips
Made my heart glow

The way we'd talk the night away
Catching a glimpse of sunrise together

The way your eyelashes cascade down your cheek
When you're sleeping or feeling a little under-the-weather

The way we were
The day we shared our first kiss

The love we once shared
I really do miss it

IN LIFE