

(Return Address)

1-5-2019

David Summers #113941
Larned Correctional Facility
1318 Ks Hwy 264
Larned, Ks 67550

"PASSIONATE PRISON POETRY"

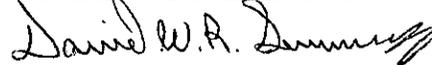
- #1.- "THE MOTH AND THE BUTTERFLY"
- #2.- "FIRST CHILD"
- #3.- "THE CYCLE OF LOVE"
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- #15.- "RIDE THE WAVES" (OR DROWN)
- #16.- "EXCAPE THE RAIN"
- #17.- "THE WAR BETWEEN THE HEART AND MIND"(BATTLEFIELD OF LOVE)
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- #19.- "UNITED WE STAND-DIVIDED WE FALL"
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To whom it may concern,

I David W.R. Summers give written permission and consent for the publication and sharing of my material.
(poems and narrative essays)

Please Respond with any info you have on publishers and your processes, Thank you very much!

sincerely, David W.R. Summers



(release address)
David Summers
P.O. Box 172
Garfield, Ks 67529

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION

David W.R. Summers KDOC #113941

About me: My name is David Summers, I was born 3-9-1986. I am 32 years young, 5-11 225lbs. I have green eyes, brown hair. I am currently incarcerated at Larned correctional mental health facility *WEST UNIT*(MINIMUM CUSTODY NOT WITH THE CRAZIES LOL) West unit does not have fences and is for min custody inmates who go out in the public and work minimum wage jobs.

I asked 4 friends to describe me in 1 word: Dependable, Outgoing, confident, Funny.

If i had to describe my self id say: Man of Integrity, Respectful and social.

I am a musician and aspiring Poet/Author. I love Poetry and recently got 2 poems published on the streets! (Thank you Arlin) I have been interviewed twice and been on news channels 2 and 12, Have had poems published in prison news letters and won poetry contest. I am currently incarcerated and my out date is 2024. I am incarcerated for 2nd Degree Attempted murder (This is going to sound totally cliché, But GOD is my witness i really didn't try to kill ANYONE, 2 thumbs up to the state of KS for such a wonderful job. (*winks, 2 thumbs up, love sarcasim))

since my arrest 4-17-15 i have been sober and have totally changed my life. I am a divorced father. My job on the streets was a Industrial Electrician. I am a very strong willed and mind individual. I like to think of my self as Intelligent and refuse to let my past mistakes define me. I am a very positive person and pride myself as being a great father. I am told i am a alpha natural leader. I am optimistic and a Pices. (March 9th) Being a Pices i have a soft sweet side (dont tell anyone) and am down to Earth. I still have some of my "Bad Boy" tendencies but i am trying my hardest to be good! lol. I have often been told i am the "life of the party" and many people have been drawn to my Energy.

Fav # is 106-(Dont know why i see this # everywhere!)

Fav top 3 foods: Italian, BBQ, Asian Cuisine.

Music: Alt Rock, Dubstep-techno, Hip Hop.

Hobbies: working out, outdoors, automotive painting. Football.

GOALS: #1. Work and save \$25-\$50,000.00 by my release so i can open own biz. #2.-Write and get published a book of Poems, Quotes, and Narrative Essays. #3.-Start my own Poetry Page.

WHAT IM LOOKING FOR: Over the past 4 years i have Accepted my Fate. I have been doing everything in my power to better myself and smile every day. I have "come out of my shell" and am learning to use my time and my circumstances to Educate myself and work on me and work on helping others. I have gotten 2 Degrees and several certificates as well as participate in several programs and help mentor other inmates. At this point what im looking for is friendship, correspondence, a connection, what is meant to be will be! I want to find people i can have good convo with, positive inter-actions, I want to build a good solid support system and network.

If you are interested in any of my material or just want to contact me, send Poetry, correspond, ect. there are several ways you can contact me: #1. Cell phone app or computer. Jpay.com ("add" David Summers #113941) KDOC inmate Email, send msg, pics, videoclip #2. Write David Summers #113941 L.C.M.H.F. 1318 ks hwy 264 Larned ks, 67550. Look to hearing from anyone in the free world!

Narrative Essay

By: David W.R. Summers

Written: 6-27-16

THE MOTH AND THE BUTTERFLY
(INSIGHTS FROM NATURE)
A TRUE STORY

This is my first (and last) time in prison. I've been here less than a week now, locked down 23 hours a day in a 5x10 cell, alone. I'm just waking from an afternoon nap and as I peer out the 6 inch wide slit that passes for a window in my prison cell, lost in my own little world, pondering my future and wondering what the next ten years of my incarceration has in store for me. I get a very clear insight from a butterfly in nature.

I watch as the wind howls wildly and licks the green grass in invisible waves. A storm is coming fast. The dark blue clouds moving ever closer, daylight slowly diminishing...All of a sudden, I notice several butterflies. They are all struggling with all their might, every flap of their wings looking harder and slower than the last, struggling, flying head first into the storm's gusty wind, fighting for just a few more inches...It is then, at this very moment that I have an epiphany, a true revelation hits me...

No matter how much or how hard life's storms blow us among the winds, we must carry on, keep fighting, continue on with everything we have! When we are blown around, knocked down and forced back by the winds of life's storms, we must have grace like the beautiful butterfly and continue on with our lives. We must strive to seek the next flower that awaits us while transcending our regrets and past mistakes. We have to be strong and have the courage to go on, to try our best while not knowing what situations lie ahead or what life has planned for us. Go head first and prepare for the winds that pick us up and scatter us about. We must learn to fight the winds of life that try to beat and batter us. We must not let the winds of life's storms hold us back. We must learn to "ride" the wind like the butterfly and let the winds blow and carry us onto the next flower in our lives, moving forward, not backwards.

O how easy it would be for these fragile butterflies to just lift their wings and let the storm blow them where it may, lost among the scenery, aimlessly tossed about. How easy it would be to just turn around and give up on getting to their next flowers. No control of their lives, just give up and accept defeat.

But...surprisingly this is not the case at all. I'm starting to have a paradigm shift in my thinking. I am smiling for the first time in what seems like an eternity. For every single butterfly I watch confidently goes head first into the blowing wind, making its own journey in life, not letting life's winds weaken, but strengthen their wings! The butterfly's determination is AMAZING.

To many of us live our lives as the moth, struggling just to survive the night, flying around in darkness, drawn to flames of death and destruction. Drugs, alcohol, unprotected sex, just a few of the flames of sin and addiction we helplessly pursue. As the moth destroys

(OVER)

"FIRST CHILD"

You smile, I smile.
I laugh, you cry.
I stare into her big beautiful brown eyes,
She has your eyes.

I cry.

Life, purpose, thoughts, forever changed.
A miracle.
I'm complete.

I can see into her soul,
Feel her love,
She is so special.

My reason, A new life,
My gift to the world.

JoLynn Rose

BY: David W.R. Summers

"THE CYCLE OF LOVE"

There is innocence before love. Wild, raw, and free.
After love comes brokenness, denial, defeat.
Love lost to human nature, lost to life, lost to the pain.
After the truth we hold onto the pain,
After the pain we carry the lie,
After the guilt we let go off a little bit of ourselves.

Another cut, another tear, scar tissue.
A little tougher now, a little easier.
Another stain on our soul, another bruise on our spirit.
Our confidence and pride devoured by our insecurities.
Integrity slowly chipped away by selfishness,
Doubt and fear playing games on the mind.
Confused logic, irrational crutched emotions.

My spirit is as a dead flower, withered, the rotting pedals
give off a sweet yet bitter scent.
We are revealed by being broken.
Our character is a reflection in the mirror of our sorrow
and pity.

The more I give, the more you take.
The more I care, the more is at stake.
The more I try, the more I break.

Grasping for whats left, reaching for anything at all.
Yearning, hurting, trying to understand.
Pleading seems futile.
Loving you has become a lost mission to find the stranger inside.
Failure.
The deeper I go, the more I lose myself.

Time conditions us, numbs us to the reality of the pain.
The love and desire left may be saved, rejuvenated by hope,
faith, forgiveness.
cautious and stable I show you parts of myself,
pull back the curtain slowly.
Never exspecting another love to penetrate so deeply,
Walls are up, Heart is still cold, defrosting.

Prepared for truth, looking for lies.
If only...
If only we are lucky we may find that the holes in our heart
can be patched and mended, healed, healed by the very thing
that caused so much heartache and atrocities...

Love.

The ultimate paradox.

Poem By: David W.R. Summers

"EX-WIFE"

God laughed when he gave me you.

Poem By: David W.R. Summers

POEM BY: DAVID W.R. SUMMERS

Can you smell the fear,
the pheromones and adrenaline pulsing through my viens?
Can you hear the hesitation in my smile?
Do you see the nervousness in my laugh?
I can feel the warmth in youre eyes,
inviting me to come closer.
Can you taste the intent on my lips?

"FIRST KISS"

"BI-POLAR TENDENCIES"

"Sometimes I feel like living like a top-secret undercover agent,
some days I wanna live life like a open book."

-David W.R. Summers

"BE TRUE TO YOU"

Be true to yourself,
Never let addictions devour you,
Your cravings deflower you.
Go into the world and create your own path,
Let truth empower you.
Don't ever let regrets cower you,
May your integrity tower you.

Be strong,
Be brave,
See all the lies,
Be yourself until you die.

Make mistakes,
Learn from your failures,
Be kind,
Be patient,
Respect your elders.

Be humble,
Be bold,
Take care of your body,
Nurture your soul.

Just remember...
No matter what you do,
Always and forever,
Stay true to you.

Poem By: David W. R. Summers

"LOST INNOCENCE"

As long as you are alive, have faith and hope that love lost may one day be re-discovered, revived, and or redeemed. As for innocence...Innocence lost is forever gone. Erased, givin away, or maybe even stolen. Never again to be had, never again to be cherished. Forever lost among the crazy dance of human nature we all experience called life.

Poem By: David W.R. Summers

"PRISON PARADISE"

Welcome to prison,
Lets take a stroll.
Lets play the game,
Let the dice roll.
We control it all,
We have no control.

Its us Vs. them,
Them Vs. us.
When we are questioned,
Most dont know much.
Fingers are brown,
Burnt to the touch.

The judge laughed when he gave me you,
Time in prison to think things through.
You take and you take,
We do it to.
Working in the kitchen,
givin them the blues.
Youre watching us,
We watch you to.
You think you know,
You have no clue.

Crying at night,
Seperation taking its toll.
Silent screams,
Secrets never told.
The lost youth,
The fractured old.
The broken spirits,
Shattered souls.

Hot days,
The nights cold,
Welcome to prison paradise,
Where dreams are lost and time is stole.

Poem By: David W.R. Summers

BY: DAVID WILLIAM ROSS SUMMERS

This is 3 - five line poems called Cinquain.
This style of poetry is five lines consisting of:

2-syllables.

4-syllables.

6-syllables (made up of 3 gerains 2- syllables each ending in ing)

8-syllables.

2-syllables.

"REGRETS"

PONDER.
REFLECTING ON,
THINKING, ASKING, WISHING.
CHEST IS HEAVY, STOMACH HURTING.
SADNESS.

"DESIRE"

INTRIGED...
SLIGHT CURIOSITY.
LOOKING, LUSTING, STARING,
IMAGINATION GOING WILD NOW...
SHE'S GONE.

"FREEDOM"

FOREST,
SO BEAUTIFUL.
SEEING, HEARING, SMELLING,
TAINTED BY NOTHING, FRESH CLEAN AIR,
SO PURE.

NARRATIVE ESSAY

"STAINS ON MY SOUL - SCARS ON MY HEART"

My soul is stained with guilt and remorse, stained with regrets. Stained by my actions. Actions that I knew would leave A Stain on my soul and scars upon my heart. By choices I knew would have consequences.

Even time cannot erase or completely remove these stains. I Reminis on the fractures, the cuts, the breaks, the scars... The memories and nightmares left that accompany each serve as faint reminders of the pain, regrets, and sorrows of my past, whispering to me, slowly playing clips in my mind of the betrayed trust and love lost that I have experienced in my years.

I regularly find myself wishing I could turn back the hands of time and right my wrongs. That I could take back the mistakes that have shaped my fate..My mind tries to constantly suppress and fight back the waves of emotion that grip me so tight! As warm tears escape my eyes, travel down my cheeks and fall cold upon my pillow, my sub-conscience constructs a impenetrable wall around my heart. A fortress reinforced with trust issues, doubt, and suspicion.

My fear is that nobody will be able to break through and reach me before its too late. That no one will be able to rescue me from this dark, desolate, unforgiving, cruel place in which I now reside. The darkness has become a unwanted companion, keeping me awake at night to tease and torture me.

Sleep evades me as my trechorus memory haunts me like a ghost in the night, choking me slowly, suffocating me, draining my life and energy. Sometimes I dont want to inhale, dreading even one more breath. The bitter, frigid, lonely nights steal the warmth from my skin. Solitude leaves me numb, all alone, there is no escaping my thoughts or myself.

The silence quietly calls to me, whispering promises of sudden serenity, peace, and forgiveness. Humming its sweet song, a beautiful lullaby, a serenade that is captivating with no words, filled with the sounds only heard in silence.

Defeat shouts my name but I refuse to answer, I must regain my composure, I will not be seduced, I will not surrender. I will not go. I dare not go. I will accept my mistakes, hold my head high and be strong. I will overcome my past and I will endure.

Poem By: David W.R. Summers

QUOTES, HYPOTHESIS, AND RANDOM THOUGHTS.

BY: DAVID W.R. SUMMERS

"If I cared what you think, I would not write poetry." -D.W.R.S.

"I will die when i want...
unless its a accident,
or intentional.
HA. HA. HA..." -D.W.R.S.

"Even richous intentions fall away under the shadows of
temptation." -D.W.R.S.

"At my DEATH is my BIRTH, It is then I am BORN, for at my END,
is where I BEGIN." -D.W.R.S.

"This morning I forced myself to drink a WHOLE cup of cold,
left over coffe. Brewed fresh. Yesterday...I like tea a whole
lot more now." #RANDOMTHOUGHT. Life can always be alot worse
but with a little perspective, we can make life alot better!
-D.W.R.S.

"This biological suit (body) is only used for the amount of time
(years) we need it to experience "life" on earth, at the end of
our journey it is disposed of, but, our spirits experience is our
souls to keep. Our time on earth is never givin, only borrowed
from GOD, for one day we must go back." -D.W.R.S.

"Hustle with youré heart!" -D.W.R.S.

"In the space and time between good intentions and action
lie many obsticles." D.W.R.S.

"If there is enough meat left on the bone I'll buy and sell
about anything." -D.W.R.S.

"Life flows ever so swiftly on the strong currents of love,
soaring, rushing, crashing and spinning, rising and dropping
like lunar tides on endless emotional waves." -D.W.R.S.

"LONLEY"

Even though youre lonley, know that youre never really alone,
for you are with me daily in my thoughts,
a dial away on the phone.
You stay on my mind,
all day in my head you roam.
You live in a special place in my heart,
thats a promise set in stone.
My beautiful Queen endure lifes struggles as you sit upon youre
throne.
Wait patiently on youre king, soon I will be home.

In you I found a lover,
someone to call my own.
In you I found a soulmate,
In you I found my home.

A purpose for my life,
My shelter and my rock,
You help me win my fight,
When all I see is darkness, you are my guiding light.

Before youre sweet kindness I felt left out in the rain,
Heart was broke, spirit brused, all I felt was pain.
Even though youre not around, all I have left is blame,
Im happy that I love you, you make me want to change.
Smile when you think about us,
Smile when you hear my name.

Poem By: David W.R. Summers

"LET ME BE YOUR DRUG"

I want to replace your needle,
Let me under your skin,
I want you to want me,
Open your heart and let me in.
I will become your addiction,
You will love me more than any other man,
I will comfort you always, every way I can.

I want you to crave me till I take your breath away,
Let me be the air you need,
Baby please let me stay.
I'll make you feel so good,
Take a chance, let's play.

I want to be your source of pleasure,
Very little pain,
My love will get you high,
Dopamine and serotonin to your brain.
Relax and let me hold you,
Show you a world with no rain.
Make me your naughty desire,
The fire running through your veins.
I will become your best friend and lover,
Become your everything.

Poem By: David W.R. Summers

Ride the Waves (Or Drown)

The storm approaches, see the lightning, feel the thunder.
Taste the water as the waves wildly plunder,
Smell the elements that fill the void, can you hear their hunger?
Will you ride the waves or get sucked under?

Unexpected rain.
The wind, it screams, and the clouds, they weep.
The calm it whispers, the world breathes.

We are briefly awake, briefly alive, ...
Then we sleep, then we die.

Keep swimming, ride the waves,
Least you drown, fight all day!
Let your weakness claim you if you wish to stay...
Surrender your will, you just may.
Being beat against the rocks of life as the tides spray,
The night is cold as is the day.
slipping under the surface, lost in a maze,
To survive we must swim or learn to ride the waves,
The ups and downs, we are dropped and raised.

Lost souls swim and fight against the waves, But for this, prices are paid.
Tragedy is they have lost their way,
Struggle their whole life, to just give it away.

(In life we all go through hard times, we must keep fighting!)

By: David W.R. Summers



"EXSCAPE THE RAIN"

The wind blows and whispers,
The rain falls to lay where it may,
try as it might, this sin it cannot wash away...
Lightning strikes, thunder rolls, the trees bend and sway,
yet here in the rain i stand, trying to get my way.
The air is warm, the rain is cool, softly touching upon my face.
I can no longer see the cruel world, just a beautiful place.
No longer do i feel the wieght of all of my real mistakes.
Now if only the memories that haunt me would vanish from thier
hidden place...
The guilt and pain inside is lost to the storm, it feels so great
You beg me to exscape the rain.
Why would you ask me to when i feel so secure and safe?
Briefly lost to life, in this serene moment is where i wanna stay
Trying to find myself, a battle to see if there is enough left to
save.
If i ever find the strength, then maybe someday these demons i
could slay.
I wish i could confide in you about the shame and regrets i keep
at bay.
In this wind my spirit is free, running in this rain my mind can
play.
My problems are all gone now, but my clouds are still very gray,
You want me to exscape this storm, for this i know you pray.
Sobriety sounds amazing, the suns shiny rays,
I promise someday i will listen, leave this crazy maze,
But right now im comfortably numb and there are no worries
here in the rain where i lay.

POEM BY: David W.R. Summers

NARRATIVE ESSAY

THE WAR BETWEEN THE HEART AND MIND (BATTLEFIELD OF LOVE)

I feel empathy for the spirit of men and woman, for a battle rages inside the human body and mind... The mind tries to justify, reason, and plea to the heart, the greedy, impatient, selfish heart it is! The heart being a kniving, seducing temptress, constantly seeking its own will and independent agenda, never satisfied, never ceasing, just wanting, yearning, and longing for its own ultimate desires! The heart is magnificently amazing and efficient at getting its own way,... Physically distorting the clarity of our reality in the mind. Engulfing our emotions our emotions and training, carefully guiding and steering our emotional responses, motor skills, and even our natural reflexes of the body and the chemical reactions of the brain! One clever trick the heart has up its sleeve it uses against its enemy in this war of heart vs. mind is its ability to "hi-jack" the mind by getting it to release endorphins and dopamine, this "love potion" tricks the brain by giving access to the body and mind over to the HEART! The heart tricks us into thinking we are in "love" then the mind is cleverly reprogrammed by the heart, who is now in charge of the mind and body, is nearly a slave to the hearts every command, a tool to carry out the hearts every wish, demand, and desire!

The only thing the heart now has to fight is the will of the mind, "freewill". Our mind fights back but the heart ruthlessly pursues its own interest! For the heart wants what it wants. Whispering distractions, ideas to the mind of its host with sweet promises, holding our minds thoughts and actions in contempt. Showering and flooding our brains with thoughts of ecstasy and ~~wicked~~ wicked potions, soothing arrays of war the heart has in its arsenal, rewarding our bodies with the pleasures of the flesh. the mind arguing its case with proficiency, declaring victory of its own decisions with no regards for the minds opinions. Debating any attempts by the mind to make rational, sound, solid conclusions based on facts and truth! The heart feably mocking and taunting its advesary.

Yes, the heart can be cruel indeed... The mind of the "victim" who is at war with the heart, suspicious of the hearts intent tries to understand the hearts intentions, while simuntaneously trying to keep their composure, is forced to fight and resist the hearts advances, forced to construct that wall we have all built up to contain our hearts from letting us get emotionally hurt, devastated, or wrecked. Now you may start to understand, start to see the clear picture why the heart and the mind are at war, why the war wages on inside the male and female human body. Are you cautious of love? Have you been hurt, let down? Had your heart "broken"? Maybe more than once.... Now do you see why you have "trust issues". That is your minds first line of defence, one of the very few.

(OVER)

"EX-LOVER"

I think about her sometimes late at night.
I wonder if she misses me,
Does she still taste the same?...

Does the light still shine and glisten in her eyes?...
I want to tell her hello,
I want to say goodbye.

She has a smile that still haunts me,
A heart that makes me cry.
She promised she would never leave me lonely,
Like a fool, I believed all her lies.

She borrowed my dignity,
Stole my respect and stripped away my pride.

Her name is CRYSTAL METH,
In the end, she takes your life..

POEM BY: David W.R. Summers

United we stand - Divided we fall

" A Tribute to Reaching out from within "

Locked up Behind this fence,
Surviving in this prison.
Yes my body is incarcerated but my soul does my hearts bidding,
Before I found myself, I felt something missing.
Since I discovered my purpose, crystal clear is my vision.
My mind is finally free on the inside, now that reaching out from within has
Become my mission.
I know we can break the cycles of violence and all its evil living.
Striving with each other's help, I believe we can get it.
We choose to eliminate hate and induce change,
Look deep within ourselves and really start digging.
We must forgive those that hurt us and ask to be forgiven.
For united we stand and we fall with division.

It is not easy but if we want to change, want to become the best person
we can become, we need to start within ourselves. We need to plant the
seed of change in our own minds and heart. Cultivate our character with love,
compassion, and understanding. Water and nurture our morals and principles with
dignity. Be an example and reach out to others. Show integrity.
These are just a few of many things that reaching out from within has
Helped me realize and put in to practice. Reaching out from within has helped
Give me tools and knowledge to be able to strive to be the best me.
Has helped me realize I must take responsibility for my own life and hold myself
Accountable for not only my actions, but my thoughts and reactions in response
To situations.

" Reaching out from within " has helped me accept the fact that it is okay
To let people help me. I now realize and understand that everyone has something
Teach us, and, United we stand - Divided we fall.

David Semmes

"EYES OF FIRE"

The first time I looked into youre eyes of fire,
was like looking to the stars.
Beautiful and mysterious,
perfection with no flaws.
I was lost in youre gaze, intriged, captivated, awwed.
When I meet you there were sparks, chemistry and emotions so raw.

Today I still long for youre kiss, wonder where you are.
So close yet so far away,
Sepated, touch terminated by fences, walls, and bars.
Time helps heal the wounds,
never heals the scars.

I remember youre sexy smile,
youre sweet suttle moans,
I remember how kissing youre soft lips made me feel at home.

Untill the day I can hold you again,
all I have left is my memories and dreams.
Thoughts of you whisper to me daily,
my urges for you scream.
You are trully my addiction,
for you I am a fien.

Im drawn to youre eyes of fire,
like a moth helplessly drawn to the flame,
I will forever love you,
that I promise will never change.
Ill love you till the very end,
help you through any pain,
Ill hold you through the sunshine,
shelter you from the rain.

At first I was so scared,
im sorry for the hurt I caused you,
Now im all in.
Will you let me tear down youre walls?
Can you look past my sins?
Will you forgive me for my mistakes?
Can you love me again if I let you back in?
Will you give me another chance someday,
do you remember when...

Poem By: David W.R. Summers