

A

Bended

Mind

Vol 1.

By: Conard A. Hargest III

7-4-18

— Poetry —

- A word from the Author -

I would like to welcome all readers to the pages of "A Bended mind" Vol 1.

This book is a collection of idyllic, erotic, elegiac, dramatic, lyrical and academic poems.

All of my poetry is designed to touch the hearts of the enthusiast while expressing myself thru the art of the written form.

And even as an incarcerated individual I hope that my avid emotional output supersedes these walls that oppress so many of us physically.

So thank you for deciding to pick up this book and please enjoy its contents.

Sincerely,

Conrad A. Hargest III

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# "Prison"

In a cell is where I dwell  
So far from home so close to hell  
Losing weight and getting pale  
While stressing on the lack of mail  
Frustration grows and anger swells  
Submerges the love now hate prevails  
As words get thrown and punches landed  
Busted lips and black eyes branded,  
Cause the world we live in has many competitors  
A jungle filled with both prey and predators  
While the system in here is built by gangs  
And each man bangs for their own campaign.  
The weak will fall while the strong maintain  
So do your thing, but always be on your game  
Because the minute you slip you'll die to show  
On the hands of yourself, your friend or your foe.  
You got weak men, Snake men, strong men and  
Fake men,  
But most men make men want to take, shake  
and break men.  
You got men that's smart and some who are  
dumb  
most men will walk, but some men will run.  
You got men with years, decades and  
centuries  
A kaleidoscope of men hidden in these  
penitentiaries.

By: Conrad A. Hargest III

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# "Education"

C. Hargest III

from prison he comes to reign!!

Interesting saying, see before prison I took things for granted, loose in the way I performed my lifestyle, appreciating nothing and catered to by women in awe of my physique.

Never once fully exercising to a strain my own muscles of ability.

Living off of good looks and swagger!!!  
Lazy!!!

I always wondered why my African and Indian brothers were so motivated and eager to learn education, why it was so important, why it was bred into the fiber of their beings to learn to the extent that they would travel to another country while leaving behind all family in search of edification, discipline and instruction.

Now I see!!!

As many times as I heard it before, only now do I embrace the phrase?

Knowledge Is Power!!!

And in this being, education equals success  
So while success comes from the latin word "Succedere" which means; To Come After, what in life does it really come after?

Now being put away from luxury of the

ability and seeking ways to learn and grow.  
I simply can't!

Yet the point is to continue living while in that process and understand that these difficulties do not impede or stop my journey because after failure comes success.

We as Americans, for the most part, are so jaded by unearned luxuries that we are spoiled and feel entitled to a life that we put in no work or tone into acquiring.

It is not to say we should resign ourselves to unfavorable conditions as we should never abandon our efforts to improve, however, it has always seemed like we are forever waiting on certain things to happen before we could truly begin to live and learn.

The time is now as I understand from my own reflection on my life what it means to think long-term, learn and work.

By: Conrad A. Hargrett III

# "A Life Sentence"

There are so many ugly twists involved in a life sentence.

One is the feeling of being slowly forgotten by the world and by those you love and need.

The mail that used to come regularly, gradually trickles down to one or two letters a month. Friends and family who once seemed dedicated to helping us have started to fade away.

And as we seek solace, peace, comfort and guidance while constantly being humiliated, humbled, stripped bare of our dignity and we have nothing left as we are cast into hell and look upward for a way out.

So, how do we survive a life sentence?

I guess by not thinking about years or months or weeks.

We must only think about today and how to get through it, how to survive it.

When we wake up tomorrow another day is behind us.

Then the days add up, the weeks run together and the months become years.

And only then do we begin to realize how institutionalized we've become and how it must have never been meant for us to function on the outside, so now we function and survive as best as we see fit, only because we have no choice.

By: Conrad A. Hargest III

## "This Cage"

As I sit in this caged loneliness of what society calls a prison, I slowly begin to realize that I can either make a victory of my sufferings by turning my situation into an inner triumph or I can simply ignore the challenge and vegetate as do majority of my brothers in the struggle.

I sometimes feel like the proverbial rat that is caught in the trap as I no longer seek to gain the cheese, because my plans to do so have been abandoned as fatigue and tension have turned my mind into a muddle and my thoughts now refuse to come together coherently.

I now know only to survive, but beyond that my mind refuses to function.

Nothing seems to matter to me anymore, nothing but the here and now.

So I question will I ever succeed in getting free of the trap?

And to find a way back after being lost we must know where it is that we want to go and the obstacles that we must overcome along the way are the contingencies that we must plan for, then all we can do is hope for the best.

By: Conrad A. Hargest III



## "Which way is up"

A lot on my mind is unexplainable even to myself. The demons that I constantly fight are so directive, intrusive and overwhelming and after years of fighting, sometimes it feels easier to just obey their orders, which to be honest often seems like a perfectly reasoned response to a horrific assault on the senses.

So I think...

They say its not paranoia to fear your enemies, its called caution.

However, I've never been able to drain the reservoir filled with unresolved pain of the fact that the enemy has outpost within my brain.

I now feel weak in every sense of the word and a wise man does not go into a fight with less strength than he might have had otherwise solely because he is stubborn.

So I must realize that at times I am my own worst enemy and the longer I fight against myself I slowly deteriorate, killing my hope erasing my dreams and leaving me numb

By: Conard A. Hargest III

## "Why I Cry"

Like an eagle that soars high in the sky the pain knows no boundaries.

My eyes are swollen from grief, as the tears dampen my pillows, while I seem content with being only a shell of powerless knowledge.

So, tell me why do I cry?

When I sit in the darkness and gloom as the ropes of death have wrapped around me. My strength is starting to fail and my persecutors and foes have become many. Yet no one has taken notice of my distress.

So, tell me why do I cry?

Now all that is left of me is a fatalistic effort to stay alive for another day, just one, to escape this place, mentally, that hurts me in my every waking moment and ultimately regain enough back into my life of who and what I had been.

So, tell me why do I cry?

My hatred of what has been done to me is so invasive that it simmers on my face at every turn. The battle is personal and I'm driven almost beyond reason.

So, tell me why do I cry?

I found that it's terrible to be alone and frightened, at any age, but it gets worse as you get older and the future is a map drawn in the sand that the tide can wash away at any moment, so I fear the lack of any hope or any meaning to my life and as I see my-

Self being misguided by hatred and  
determination I know that I will never  
be the same, yet I am helpless to prevent  
it or to do anything more than despair  
of my fate.

And this is why I cry !!!

By: Conard A. Hargest III

## "Alone"

Lonely days and cold nights are all the memories that I can recollect because ironically my brain seems to have a mind of its own.

Yet, I am alone.

I was abandoned way before my time and forced to endure circumstances not fit for mankind as mother nature has been unfair to me in her ways.

I am alone.

I am alone not because I choose to be but because I choose not to be and the more I cry for a fortress, the more my foe - stress - is at the forefront of all my thoughts.

So am I really alone?

I was once normal or as close as humans get to that state, but now I am only a modicum of the man I used to be and as long as the presence of evil is lurking around every corner, death will always be my frenemy because no longer am I alone.

When we die, we die alone. When we cry, we cry alone. Two faces, one tear. My fears are my fears because no one else is here.

So are we meant to be alone?

By: Conard A. Hargest, III

## "One day"

As she ate I was fed, when I became disturbed and kicked, she felt my pain and over the months I grew preparing to face this world. I only had her protection to save us.

How would I have known that one day this woman would abandon me?

As a little boy when I used to play hide and seek, I learned that the only way to really find someone was not to look too hard and that sometimes, instincts are necessary, in which you must trust them. Then into my life came the girl from down the street whom I both played and prayed with and we made a promise to always be the best of friends. How would I have known that one day this girl would abandon me?

As I became a teenager I met this beautiful representation of a love that I knew I could live with forever and over the years we developed a bond that touched the core of my very existence. And despite the rumors about her character, I ignored all logic and reason even in the face of facts that were telling me otherwise because I became emotionally attached.

How would I have known that one day this young lady would abandon me?

As I became a man who understood that the definition of a soulmate is someone who completes you even in the worst of times, I met this goddess who I knew would one day be my wife. It was her smile that forced me to take notice of her but it was her true beauty within that made me want her with a passion. I never had anyone care for me the way she does, I never shared so many secrets with anyone else and I never had anyone give their all to me unconditionally. I am blessed to have such a dedicated, down to earth and intelligent woman by my side. She's my friend first and my love second and I will always cherish her both now and forever. Then one day she gave birth to a beautiful baby.....

I knew then that I could never abandon them!!!

By: Conrad A. Hargest III

# "Questions"

I've learned that when there are no answers the questions tend to linger.

And the question is ...

Who amongst us know what we really want all the time, in every situation and never succumbs to temptation or self-destruction?

This has a tendency to lead to false confidence and intellectual blindness to changing conditions, all the while the story seems to reverberate.

And yet the critics may say that you can't make an omelet without first breaking some eggs.

This in turn causes you to recalibrate your ambitions.

So now the question is ...

Do we put too much faith in our dreams coming true and risk the heartaches?

And like the rippling effect of a stone thrown on still waters the result of this possible pain can spread far beyond the initial impact.

Now we're forced to feel like fugitives from a fate that we can no longer escape.

And what we do in any situation is based on what we know, however, only by tempting fate shall our true destiny be determined.

By: Conrad A. Hargest, III

## - Passion -

A passion is ignited, your love flows like rain, you're driven by desire. Can you handle this sweet pain?

From your lips to your eyes and hips to your thighs, your body is a map in which I long to explore

While you whimper and moan then scream as you buck, yet you always ask for much more.

As the emotion of love begins to mix itself with the emotion of sensual sex, the result is the calmness that comes before the storm so you crave what you know must come next.

And even when I'm not around, do you imagine how I must feel?

But five eleven o'clock and the televisions off I know you're missing 'The Real'.

Just know that I will never turn you away as I will always be there to guide you. Whether I'm fucking your mind with this pen and this paper or whether I'm coming deep up inside you.



So close your eyes as I go deeper and deeper and you yell out "keep going baby I'm almost there",

you say that's your spot, I'm hitting it right and even beg me to pull on your hair.

your body convulses, your legs start to shake  
your eyes roll back in your head,  
you're losing your mind, I'm breaking your spine  
as our inhibitions begin to shed.

Round two starts and I aint even bust yet  
as I'm saving the best for last,  
I place you on all fours and our rhythms  
unite then I roughly spank that ass.

I pause for a minute, you ask me what's wrong  
I tell you "there's more to cum" (literally) then I  
smile.

You say "Boy you crazy, but your D-game is  
live and I aint trippin bout having your child.

My stamina builds my head starts to swell as  
I'm beating it out of the frame,  
my seed explodes as your walls contract and  
now your neighbors know my name !!

By: Conard A. Hargest III

## "fear"

They say the bleeding always stops - one way or another - yet alot of times we lose sight of our goals and begin to live for others that are near to our heart. so when they lose our heart knows no difference and the bleeding starts again.

Optimist may say dont cry because it happened, smile because its over.

And never allow what happened in your past define your future - yet the bleeding continues.

How much can you really accomplish worrying about secrets that may not even exist. because the truth is, secrets dont harm you, worrying about them will however.

And as the bleeding begins to minimize the pain starts to arise

Sometimes we become dependent on the things that give us comfort and a scared person is so unpredictable that they will even kill themselves not to face reality so we now become grounded in opposing principles like a schizophrenic mind-state

And we must flee the danger yet find a way to face it. And the blood has become the least of our worries as we now only want to stop the pain.

fear pictures vividly the situation and these pictures objectify if they are not neutralized and whats more to fear than to have your own brain turn against you?

The bleeding cease, the pain is gone and no longer are we human.

This is what I fear.

By: Conrad A. Hargest, III

## "Success" Pt. 1

Before we begin to reach for the stars we must first be able to climb the mountain of faith. Because only then can we pull ourselves up on a cloud as we fulfill our goals towards success.

If you are only jumping half as far as you can. how will you ever learn to fly? Live for the future now!!!

Stop putting forth half an effort when you know the goal that you have in mind requires more.

Man is the cause of his circumstances and that while aiming at a good end result he is continually frustrating its accomplishment by encouraging thoughts and desires which cannot possibly connect with that result.

Thoughts of doubt and fear never accomplishes anything and never can. In fact, they almost always lead to failure.

However, men are anxious to improve their circumstances, yet they are unwilling to improve themselves, therefore they remain bound.

By: Conard A. Hargest III

Knowledge comes easily to the perceptive as the one who follows instruction is on the path to a successful life.

But the one who rejects correction goes astray.

The road to success is full of detours and stop signs with lost souls littered along the way, yet the most paved path is the one in which has been traveled the most. So in all essence in order to minimize failure surround yourself with the ones who are most successful.

However, each individual person holds the key to his or hers success by gaining knowledge, while being the master of their thoughts, for we are literally what we think and our character being the complete sum of our intellect.

Some may agree that success is to be measured not so much by the position one has reached in life as by the obstacles which we have overcome while trying to gain that level of success.

We still must understand that if one was to depend on another's opinion as to what they feel is successful for us we would more than likely fall short everytime.

Success is personal and the person who has achieved much has sacrificed much.

By: Conrad A. Hargest III

## "As the World Turns"

How can a mother, any mother, give birth to a child that she has carried for 9 months, felt him moving around inside of her womb and bonded with, then just give him away like she's dumping the trash?

It's actually ironic that my life didn't mean anything to my biological mother and I guess it doesn't mean anything to me either, since I tried to take it over a month ago.

As the world turns...

Now I sit here in a prison cell, the same as both my biological mother and father did at one time or another and despite the privileged upbringing that was bestowed upon me by my adoptive parents I still chose a life of crime, so the judge decided to give me a life sentence. And once again it's actually ironic because my life didn't mean anything to the courts and I guess it doesn't mean anything to me either since I actively destroyed it.

As the world turns...

By: Conrad A. Hargest III

## "Still been free"

Lying in my bunk at night I am torn with guilt and shame about what I have ~~let~~ happen to myself.

I had still been free even if only in mind when I used to awaken suddenly here in this jail cell sitting upright shocked to discover that I was no longer in my bedroom.

But the last time that had happened was many years ago.

I had still been free even if only in mind when memories of Houston, Texas and its beauty had been the only thing that sustained my mind during its darkest hours.

But months have pass now without a single thought of my birthplace.

I had still been free even if only in mind when each new outrage or oppression dealing with this penal institution sent me straight to my knees asking God, why? Now I can't even remember the last time I prayed



I can't fathom what has happened to  
so destroy my mind and I sometimes  
hope this is all a dream.

Am I still asleep?

If so, will I ever awaken?

Because when I do I would have  
still been free!!!!

By: Conard A. Hargest III

## "How I feel"

I no longer relate to the great many things that human beings spend a good deal of time over; small talk, little white lies, gossip and bickering.

I don't understand sympathy or empathy as I am not concerned with others feelings, their pain or their grief.

Yeah, this life sentence has robbed me of the things that makes everyone else human.

Yet, I'm still living to become the person that I will one day die as. Because death is inevitable as we are all born to die.

However, my reason for being alive has greatly degenerated to the simple fact that if I give up now I would only vindicate what haters already believe.

So I'm fighting to leave a legacy and it's far from easy being surrounded by so many people who don't give a damn about you.

And it's crazy because you would think that there was some type of commiseration among us despite the

Seemingly commonality of loss. but truth  
be told this is each persons own unique  
hell.

Tomorrows a new day what will it  
bring and will I survive?

Only time will tell but as of now my  
attitude is fuck the world,

Because after all what has it  
given me?

By: Conard A. Hargest III

## "What's Love" Pt 1

A lot of people go thru life not knowing because they were too scared to open up to others or other possibilities and an opportunity missed is a pain that I cannot live with, because the only failure with love, is in not trying !!!

We must realize that only once in a lifetime will we find that one person who will truly care about us more than anyone we have ever known, So why deny your heart and soul something so precious?

Eventually this person will love you with every ounce of energy that they have and they will give so much, sacrifice and surrender until it scares you.

But as sure as the sun sets the two of you will grow into a beautiful representation of what true love and unity is all about.

They say that real love is one of the hardest things to give away because it usually comes back to you and while heartaches and heartbreaks only last for a moment. Real love last for an eternity.

Mankind is only manacled by his/hers beliefs and our wishes and prayers are only gratified when they harmonize with our thoughts and actions. So in all essence ...

Be the love that you want,  
Give the love that you need  
and never pass up your blessings just  
because you might think that they  
are not meant to be.

By: Conard A. Hargest, III

## "Whats Love" Pt. 2

The one who pursues true love will find life righteousness and honor as true love is always before your eyes if only you examine your heart and mind.

However, to broaden your spectacle you must first have the knowledge of what that love consist of in order to recognize and receive it.

True love is patient, its kind, its a love that does not envy, nor is it boastful, conceited or selfish.

Its a love that doesn't keep record of any wrongs and it finds no joy in unrighteousness.

True love means to share your feelings, fears, hopes, dreams and even frustrations with the one you cherish the most. your equal opposite.

And while it is a love that may cause sadness at times, it is no way about pain.

True love means to go all the way up or all the way down, while having a current radiate from one body to another.

Its a love that endures forever as it pours itself out upon the object of its affection like the water that flows

thru the mountain tops, without  
demanding any return.

True love is selfless and free from fear  
and its joy is in the joy of giving  
because true love is wanting someone  
else's happiness even before your own.

By: Conard A. Hargest. III

# "Change"

C. Hargest III

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world while the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself.

Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man due to the fact that struggle builds strength and strength is needed to conquer ones fears.

And change is what we as humans fear more than anything as we are naturally creatures of habit.

So while the easiest trick in life is to camouflage your fears, however, rather than admitting that they exist, that still does not make them disappear.

All great leaders take the initiative to make changes and what man has done, man can do.

Prime example if Rosa Parks were to have taken a reasonable stance and given up her seat and simply moving to the back of the bus the boycott that would desegregate public transportation would not have taken place.

Yet, by her refusal to do so she opened many doors without actually making a change all at once but by simply augmenting the movement that was already on a rise, which to many people what she did was ideally



Unreasonable because after all how much further really was the back of the bus?

But change in fact did take place and the great and honorable Miss Rosa Parks will forever be a hero due to her fearlessness and intrepidity.

By: Conard A. Hargest, III

"Why"

Why, my brothers and sisters I must ask do we continue to live in a struggle?

When the world can change for everyone except a person of color.

People can change, perceptions can change for bad or even good.

Not everyone is who they used to be but neither are they who they should.

They say the experienced life is more fulfilling than the blissful and innocent one but why must every black man continue to look over his shoulder and why must we carry a gun?

We've been marching for years and preaching for peace, yet a piece is all that we've got.

Cause the police negotiate that Black Lives matter and our youth are still being shot.

For coats and mansions are constantly sought, no matter the price we pay. The drugs we deal, we're killing ourselves the hoods are fading away.

So the dreams we chose and the lives we live are all going down the drain.

And the jewelry we wear are handcuffs now as our race is bonded with chains.

Its time for a change, a new beginning so where and when will it start?

Go look in the mirror and point to yourself and promise to do your part.

Never give in and never give up our strength lies deep within,

The intelligent win before they fight while the ignorant must fight to win.

My hands are tied my mind is open I refuse to accept a loss,

as long as I try I'll die with a smile and know that I've paid the cost.

Thats why !!!

By: Conard A. Hargest III

# "Life's Impermanence" C. Hargest III

I came to the realization that like so many boys who grew up without a father I searched for ways to fill that void, sometimes in places I shouldn't have looked to begin with. I made some tremendous mistakes along the way. I have done things I deeply regret, said some things I wish like hell that I could take back and disappointed people in ways that still embarrass me.

I guess this is precisely why they are called - Growing Pains - !!

Yet, even the worst decisions we make doesn't necessarily remove us from the circle of humanity, or so you would think, and even that doesn't mean that I am guilty of every accusation brought against me. Innuendo, supposition and accusations of others unfairly placed against us should by no means sum up who we are as people because I believe that a man's circumstances at any given time is not an indication of his entire character.

When you see someone for who they are they become worse.

When you see someone for what they can be then they might just become who they should be.

I refuse to become a product of others expectations or assumptions of whom

they think I should be or shouldn't be.  
This is my life, I tried, I failed, so  
guess what?

I'mma try again !!

Because the greatest thing about being  
successful is that once you achieve  
that status, it no longer matters how  
many times you've previously failed.

You then become one who has:

Came... Seen... And Conquered !!

Try again, fail again, fail better.

By: Conard A. Hargest III

## " His & Hers "

I ask myself does she care or is this all just an act?

Then I realized that how you feel for someone might not be reciprocated back.

for if you knew my heart and the passions deep inside,

And the feelings that prevail in which keeps me so alive.

Its like chasing down a rainbow with the hopes of finding gold,

Or like a fetus in the womb still searching for its soul.

The direction in which I'm driven is a course thats full of pain.

Like the proverbial moth thats still attracted to its ever burning flame..

Yet, you're all I've ever wanted even when nothing else made sense,

When they said the grass wasn't greener on the other side of the fence.

And whats a king without a Queen cause on the throne she surely reigns,

So why do we always want whats real, but all we do is play these games?

# "Sexy Black"

Chargest III

Sexy Black whenever I'm around you all I can think of is how I want you to feel and how I want to feel you. Damn, why do you have to be my taboo? I guess it really is something about the ones who play hard to get that makes you want them that much more.  
You feel me?

Sexy Black, when they said that "Black is beautiful" I never pictured a goddess so breathtakingly flawless, now the lust that's infecting me deep down to my core has me longing to be inside of your heart, your body and your mind all at once.  
Am I wrong?

Sexy Black, I want to penetrate your mind so bad that my plans for stringing you along have all been aborted. Fuck pride, all I got left is desire and with the right mental stimulation I feel as if I just might cum too quick. But I could never be that selfish, so be prepared for a ride of your lifetime.  
Are you ready?

Sexy Black, It drives me crazy just hearing you talk, then turning your words over in my head over and over again, savouring them, then ripping them apart looking for hidden meanings. Yeah I got it bad, but you made me realize through our verbal escapades that although your outer package is appealing, the real treasure lies within. I'm knocking will you let me in?

Sexy Black, If truth be told no other man deserves you. but I know that I do, as I simply cannot contain my attraction to you. So when are you going to become an active participant as we fan the fires of our obsessions to a new height?

Sexy Black .....

By: Conard A. Hargest III



# "God's Angels" C. Hargest III

If God's Angels were to descend would they be spitting images of the most beautiful women to ever walk the face of this earth?

With wings the color of creamy silk and a note so harmonious that it hypnotizes like waves at dawn as they threaten to break the surf.

Would an angel exceed my every expectation of an unconditional love in the lives in which I've never known?

If this be the case, then please God hold me dear and allow me to reside at your throne.

When she comes and holds out her hand to guide me afar do I submit and beg to repent?

And if this is the day that the Lord has made then surely she's heavenly sent.

I suddenly realize that my life was too short and I ask, her is it a must that we leave ?

Then she smiled a smile that reached to her eyes and I understood then how Adam fell for Eve.

Her radiance starts to fade as she slowly begins to drift away and I feel as if a piece of me has gone.

Yet I send a silent prayer of thanks to God while reminding him that I also have an angel waiting for me at home.

One half of me is here yet God is so near and his ways are close to me at heart.

And who would have thought that to deny an angel so pure would indefinitely tear me apart ?

By: Conard A. Hargest III

The

End