

# DISCLOSURE

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A collection of poems that reflect the inner workings of mind, body and soul. Through my experiences in life.

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[Planet Rock]

Today is kind of boring,  
there's nothing to do and no where to go.  
So I called up some of my alien friends,  
and took a ride in there UFN.  
They picked me up around twelve,  
then we shot past the stars.  
Circled the earth twice,  
before heading straight for Mars.  
We arrive at the red planet,  
but it was dead, cause nobody was there.  
So we decided to head for Venus,  
while the people on Mercury pointed and stared.  
There are only females on Venus,  
over 400-years old at that.  
They were having a boring day as well,  
and wanted to know where the party was at.  
So we go check out Jupiter,  
the fifth planet from the sun.  
But the people there were up tight and stuffy,  
and wouldn't know the first thing about having fun.  
We quickly left Jupiter,  
for Saturn and its' beautiful rings.  
They were throwing a universal party,  
for the queen and their king.  
We partied for a week there,  
before heading out to Neptune.  
They weren't expecting any visitors on the planet,  
but said we could come back again real soon.  
We circled back to Uranus,  
but it was cold and covered with ice.  
I was starting to feel a bit home sick,  
and wanted to go home where it was warm and nice.  
No I didn't go to Pluto,  
that planet is to far away.  
Today was kind of boring,  
but it turned out to be o.k.

[Song of Fire]

My passion is pushing my desire,  
and the pleasure burning inside of me.  
The fire just burns and burns,  
till the fire is all I see.  
Like a moth attracted to the flame,  
the heat and the desire.  
Dancing through the flames of love,  
till your consumed by the fire.  
My body is growing so weak,  
it's getting hard for me to breathe.  
I'm falling to my knees,  
till I realize the fire is all I need.

Fan the flames of my love,  
make it so hot I can't stand the heat.  
Your love is so intense,  
it made my heart just skip a beat.  
Your passion is like a slow burn,  
the pain never goes away.  
Till they both feel like one,  
like the night reflecting the day.  
Girl the fire will burn,  
it will not be denied.  
So my love will be here,  
till you finally decide.

[Night and Day]

The sun has finally set,  
after filling the world with heat and light.  
The moon will now be our beacon,  
she will guide us on our paths tonight.

[Shattered Glass]

I walk through a war torn battlefield  
with a 50-caliber aimed, ready to shoot.  
Grenades stuffed in the pockets of my fatigues,  
a K-Bar sticking out of my boot.  
I hear the whistle of bombs shooting through the air  
then dropping with a "BOOM" all around.  
Continuous shooting, the bullets are flying,  
I see my men fall to the ground.  
Movement behind me.  
I spin around,  
my mind focused on killing and nothing else.  
I find myself staring at a giant mirror,  
the only enemy here is myself.

[Sympathy for the Devil]

God turned his back on me  
and said he didn't care.  
As I stood there with tears in my eyes  
and a heart filled with despair.  
The foundation of the earth shook,  
my star cast from the sky.  
If there's no sympathy for the first angel,  
then spit on my grave when I die.  
Yes I was there in the Garden of Eden,  
and asked Eve that eternal question.  
I was there while Jesus hung on the cross  
and there again at his resurrection.  
I have nothing against the heavenly kingdom,  
I love them all, I swear!  
But I've seen what you must never see,  
so they no longer want me there.  
I want no part of the destruction,  
I want no part of the corruption,  
I close my eyes and watch the earth spin.  
I was here before it all started,  
and I'll be here when it comes to an end.

[Celebrity]

Your dam right, I'm a stud!  
I'm cocky as cocky could be.  
You losers need to get out of the way  
so the ladies can get a better look at me.  
I know you wimps don't like it,  
but there's really nothing you can do.  
If I was you and you were me  
I certainly would hate me too!  
You see, I'm a young Hugh Hefner,  
flamboyant with plenty of class.  
When it comes down to the ladies,  
I'm first and your dead last!  
I know some of you are thinking,  
man! He's full of himself!  
While secretly wishing everyday of your life  
that you could be like me yourself.  
I got my chest out like a rooster,  
in a chicken coupe filled with nothing but hens.  
Who's the winner of the arrogant man contest?  
Ha! You already know who wins!

[Unpretty]

One day I looked in the mirror and said,  
"Tell me what you see?"  
A 17-year old outcast,  
who wears glasses with bad acne.  
Not to mention Pugs Bunny type teeth,  
cause I like to suck on my thumb.  
None of the boys at school pay me any attention.  
Except the ones who are stupid, immature and dumb.  
I felt like I had been cheated,  
I didn't like the cards I had been dealt.  
I would need an extreme make over,  
to get me more comfortable with myself.  
So I changed my hair with different dyes.  
I wanted to change my waight to,  
so I nipped and tucked my belly and thighs.  
Then I went Micheal Jackson  
and changed my nose and skin.  
Then I looked in the mirror again.  
I realized something.  
Cosmetic surgery could never change or cover up  
what's deeply scarred inside.



[Concealed Love]

I have to say, you don't give up easily.  
You don't seem the least bit discouraged.  
You continually try to open locked doors in my heart  
as I grudgingly admire your courage.  
I see your hazel eyes looking through the windows,  
so I quickly turn off the lights.  
When you try to open any of the doors,  
I hold them shut with all my might.  
I can't let you inside, cause then you'll see,  
how pain and sadness fills the rooms within.  
Yet still, despite of everything,  
you're determined to still get in.  
The pain, the hurt, the sadness,  
my pride.  
I see you smile.  
Then slowly, ever so slowly,  
I open the door to let you inside.

[The Heart]

Everyday it will change,  
every holiday, and every season.  
It may make you do something you don't understand  
but the heart always has its' reasons.

Every night it's going to change,  
every month and every year.  
Your mind may not grasp the concept of love  
but to the heart, it's all very clear.

The heart is the center of attention,  
the heart is the star of the show.  
The heart knows your true feelings  
when the person it keeps alive, doesn't know.

[Zeus in Love]

Please, don't send any flowers,  
not a Primrose,  
Orchid or rose.  
Love has lost all its' powers  
to warm a heart that's icy and cold.

No, don't send me a card,  
declaring how you feel about me.  
Flattering me was never too hard,  
Loving me is where the problem seemed to be.

No flowers, no cards, no candy,  
light a match and let it all burn.  
No money, no diamonds for eternity  
just give me your love in return.

[Tunnel Vision]

Mirror, mirror, on the wall,  
take a minute before you recall,  
that I am the beautifullest of them all.

Glamorous and gorgeous,  
a goddess blessed me with this body.  
Being pretty alone makes me somebody,  
and my attractiveness can be matched by nobody.

Natural blond hair, with forrest green eyes.  
With a face and figure any model would despise.  
"You are the queen of beauty," that's how every man replies.

When it comes to looks, I'm in a different class.  
My body is shaped like a hour glass.  
I'm perfect in my beauty, with nothing to hide.  
So why do I always feel....so empty inside?

[Psychologically Speaking]

A cold darkness slowly consumes me  
till I'm paralyzed with fright.  
I lie here in a straight jacket,  
unable to tell day from night.  
My world is no longer turning,  
my path of destruction will never change.  
The odyssey of pain and suffering,  
in the thoughts of the crazy and deranged.  
Locked in a four corner room with white walls.  
There's no windows to look out of,  
no doors to go in and out of,  
and nothing good dwells here at all.  
Past and present clash with the future,  
the tragedy the worst of its' kind.  
The peeling walls of my prison  
exist soley within the depths of my mind.

[Ladies and Gentleman]

Ladies and Gentleman! Step right up!  
If you have a need for speed!  
If your on a crash course with suicide  
then we've got exactly what you need!  
There's a million ways for you to die,  
all you have to do is choose one.  
You can die a slow and painful death  
or go out with a BANG! Making it fun!  
Ladies and Gentleman, we have what you need!  
We know you've been thinking about suicide for awhile!  
Drink a poisonous cocktail like Heath Ledger,  
or blow your brains out Curt Cobain style!  
No one here will question your motives,  
no one here will ask you why.  
Cause our objective here ladies and gentleman,  
is to make sure every one of you die!

[Frozen]

I'm a 9-year old kid,  
my name is Mark.  
I have a confession to make,  
I'm absolutely scared of the dark.  
I know, it's silly.  
The foolishness of a child's imagination.  
But at night, when the lights go out,  
I feel the presence of dark temptations.  
My parents don't believe me,  
they insist it's all in my head.  
As soon as they turn all the lights out,  
I hear something move under my bed.  
Could it be the Headless Horseman?  
Or the Boogeyman?  
Or maybe it's Freddy Kruger,  
slipping that razored glove over his hand.  
Alien or Predator,  
one of them for sure is on deck.  
Or maybe it's a vampire,  
just waiting to bite me on the neck!  
My whole body is shaking,  
I pull the covers over my head.  
Envisioning zombies filling my room  
from A Night of the Living Dead.  
Somehow I still fall asleep.  
No monster attacked me, but instead.  
I wake up the next morning, alive and not dead.  
But there's a BIG wet spot on my sheets,  
oh no, I peed in the bed!

[The Three of Us]

Me myself and I are having problems,  
cause me is always stressed.  
Myself is very paranoid,  
and I is constantly depressed.  
Myself tried to talk to me  
about emotions he's struggled to control.  
Me said he can't talk to I,  
because he's anti-social and cold.  
I really don't think this is about myself,  
I know all the pain has made me numb.  
I only cry on the inside now,  
Me myself and I understand that well.  
Myself needs to make a change,  
I need to learn how to let go.  
Only me can make a better way  
that me myself and I can all know.



[Capital Punishment]

I happily accept my death sentence,  
in a world full of chaos and lies.  
Call me the second coming of George Jackson,  
cause there's nothing but blood in my eyes.  
Warden day slavery is being enforced,  
freedom and liberty is nothing but an illusion.  
Everyone is turning against each other,  
through conflicts and confusion.  
I don't need no stereotype speaking for me  
who has never been through my pain or shared it.  
Why listen to the things you have to say  
when the things you say have no merit?

It's capital punishment

When they sentence you to die it's the kiss of death,  
you gambled on life and lost the bet.  
Then they strap you down on a gurney,  
still wet from another mans' sweat.  
The preacher is there but he looks like Cain,  
"Am I my brothers' keeper?"  
Convulsions of rage blur your vision,  
as the illegal cocktail runs deeper.  
Everything happens for a reason,  
the truth is hid from you for a purpose.  
If you still can't tell who your real enemy is  
you haven't even scratched the surface.  
So we blindly walk through the shadows of death,  
a path that's narrow and dark.  
While our enemies circle like vultures,  
smelling blood like hungry sharks.  
The fall of our people, we all participated,  
to build it backup, we have to be dedicated,  
if we overcome capital punishment,  
it'll be a blow no one anticipated.

(Circumstances)

When I first started to get my education,  
and was told we were all Gods' creation,  
I found that through out the nation,  
people were held by chains of limitation,  
and it will take a lot of praying and meditation,  
to help this awful situation.

You want to hear a real revelation?

To make a change it'll take dedication.

The rationalization and realization,  
to keep from falling to any form of degradation,  
to better our situation.

But it seems if you go to a certain location,  
where the government doesn't show appreciation,  
and the people out of desperation,  
tend to do things out of frustration,

so now they are faced with incarceration,  
locked up for years on a prison plantation,  
for trying to better their situation,

Now comes the temptation,

no sex in jail so you turn to masturbation,  
but for that you need a good imagination,  
but its either this or the gay association

I'm strong so I side-step that affiliation,  
cause my mind is set on retaliation,  
the assination, mutilation, and damnation,  
of a country that can't solve its' situation.

**(Interrogation)**

I see right now, I've got to go there.  
You're green as a pool table and twice as square.  
You need to free your mind, I mean empty it of all sound.  
Reach down deep within yourself, then tell me what you have found.  
If wisdom and understanding are the brand new things you've heard.  
You can go out into the masses and speak to others who are concerned.  
Teach them every thing they can learn under the sun.  
Then and only then, will the battle truly be won.  
But look at you.  
You're staring so hard you look right through it.  
The truth is right in your face, but you're stuck on stupid.  
Sit down, shut up, and roll up your sleeves.  
While I try to scrub away the residue that ignorance leaves.  
Now analyze my brain front, back and center.  
Before coming into my mind, please take your shoes off before you enter.  
Here is where you'll find me, with my hands covered in dirt.  
From digging holes in my brain, trying to bury everything that hurts.  
Now look at you.  
You can't cope,  
You're losing hope.  
Life has you skating on thin ice.  
You want to overcome your situation, you've got to use every device.  
Seek a higher power, as for evil do not sale your soul.  
Your boat is still able to float but you've got to plug every hole.

## {Dracula}

Dreadful and hideous,  
Surrounded by death and decay.  
The bodies of men, women and children,  
Come here to slowly rot away.  
Spirits of foolish, sinful people,  
and those who dared to dream.  
Are all stuck here in limbo,  
mouths open in a silent scream.  
They stare, point and accuse,  
as you walk through the graveyard alone.  
Moving like the Grim Reaper,  
with a face carved out of stone.  
Cold, bloody and mechanical,  
a taste for blood is all you require.  
In a life where every step you take  
brings you closer to the fire.  
But this is what you desire.  
You're a time bomb about to go off!  
Killing plenty and sparing a few.  
The light will no longer save you,  
so anything dark will do.  
Inhaling fear, exhaling hate,  
till everything else disappears.  
Your screams of madness echo of concrete walls  
for only the dead live here.  
You've walked the halls of sin very often,  
with a heart that could never soften.  
And a soul that continues to darken,  
You rest now, lying motionless in a coffin.  
Waiting for night.

(Curtain Call)

Nobody writes poems that rhyme anymore  
and I really don't know why.  
Like the traditional way of writing poems  
has withered away and died.  
A constant uphill battle  
but a battle I must keep fighting.  
Before poems that rhyme disappear,  
becoming extinct like cursive writing.  
You don't see them in books or magazines  
these types of poems they no longer except.  
Shakespear must be turning over in his grave  
just screaming how literature has become so inept!  
I think I first began loving rhyming poems  
the very day I was born.  
Its sad to see something you love....  
Somehow become a vanishing art form.

I wish the whole world  
was color blind.  
So the love we're searching for  
would be a lot easier to find —

*(THE GODS DECIDE)*

*My heart is rusted with corrosion  
bloody tears fall from my eyes.  
I pray to the ancient Egyptians knowing,  
these silent Gods will answer no cries.  
The 4 horsemen are now upon me  
the demigods will not remain.  
No thor, no thunder, no rain,  
I hear the vikings God cry out in pain.  
Chaotic symmetry, the burning and  
clearing of the forest by man.  
By the trunk of a tree lies an arm and leg,  
the remains of the woodland God pan.  
The Sun God screams all night,  
The moon Goddess cries all day.  
Unable to break their own imprisonment  
their useless to me anyway.  
Condemned by Yahweh to be buried alive  
until he proclaims judgement day.  
The wooden casket that you've buried me in  
will not keep the maggots away.*

**{Messenger of Hope}**

He rode a bull into the city  
already knowing the truth would hurt.  
Unrecognized by most of the people  
cause he had on dirty jeans and a shirt.  
Mary screamed, "he died on the cross –  
the word of God is he!"  
The rider pointed at Mary and said.  
"If I died for your sins then keep your  
promise to me.  
The Torah, the Bible, the Koran,  
these books are all the same.  
The law never changes  
so the law is not to blame,  
Me, Muhammad and Buddha  
are the same people with a different face.  
If you can not understand this,  
then your soul isn't in the right place.  
Spit on me, beat me, praise me or hate me  
but you all heard what I said."  
Then just like that he was gone.  
And the bull laid there dead.



{Dance of Faith}

Our inner circle is tight knit,  
there will be no infiltration.  
As the wiccan foretells prophecies  
through the moon and constellations.  
In meditation...

We call upon the powers  
and through prayer we all listen.  
So the lady of wisdom can show you  
life's most important mission.  
Listen to the song of the world,  
stay in time with nature and it's essence.  
There is no Satan, only Gods and Goddesses.  
You'll find in our presence...

{DEAD ROSES}

An assembly line of emotions,  
a truck load of mixed up feelings.  
Life was cutting him again  
before the other scars had even finished healing...  
His young mind already warped by insults  
his demeanor passive and mild.  
Sexual transgressions of the gender lines  
made his parents disown him as a child.  
Never taught the uses of a Trojan  
while having different equations of love with strangers.  
Not knowing that AIDS will hide behind love,  
promising future harm and invisible dangers.

{Captive Audience}

Don't tell me about the judicial system  
and the white house passing some worthless bill.  
I don't want to hear about the death penalty  
or the next person their about to kill.  
Don't ask me if I'm going to vote for  
a Republican or democrat.  
No more about September 11<sup>th</sup>,  
or the on going war in Iraq.  
Don't bother me about Israel or Palestine.  
Trying to kill each other whenever they can.  
I don't want to hear about North Korea  
or nuclear reactors in Iran.  
Forget about China and Russia,  
Terror networks or Osma Bin Laden.  
America has so many enemies  
Who know what's about to happen.  
But who cares about this or the economy,  
and the millions of dollars being spent.  
And just for the record so you will know  
I don't give a damn who's the next president.

{Happy}

I'm feeling very happy today,  
I'm feeling good indeed.  
Today I'm going off in the world  
and try to help someone in need.  
Today I'm making it my mission  
to help a woman or man.  
Be the best that they can be,  
by assisting any way that I can.  
Let's take all of this love inside of me  
and spread it all around.  
Let everyone experience,  
the happiness that I've found!  
I felt it this morning when I woke up.  
I felt it when I was getting dressed.  
Joy to the world,  
Today I feel truly blessed!  
So to the person reading this poem,  
for whatever reason or case.  
By the time you read this last line,  
I hope there's a smile on your face!

## Disclosure

I read a book of poems by some inmates  
who were scheduled to soon get out.  
I wanted to see how they expressed themselves  
regarding the issues they talked about.  
All the poems were about sunny days  
and a sky clear and blue.  
About rainbows and stars,  
and how God's love was pure and true.  
How they wanted to dance and sing  
under the moon's luminous light.  
That they fully believed and felt,  
that everything would be alright.....

Someone please tell me,  
what universe do they live in?  
In my world everything is black,  
from the sky, to my soul, to my skin.  
This place breeds nothing but hatred,  
corruption from souls that are darker than dark.  
The people here are like vampires,  
no remorse and definitely no heart.  
The stars I see are blind,  
for the light could never linger here.  
I don't see any rainbows, I don't smell any flowers.

The only thing I smell is fear.  
See the judge didn't just sentence you to do time,  
he cursed you to walk among the living dead.  
At night when the predators come out,  
looking for prey lying asleep in their bed.  
So rainbows and stars are nice,  
sunny days, sky blue and clear.  
But stop sugar coating the penitentiary,  
you don't see any of that here.