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Inspired
By
You Alone

Freestyle poetry from a lonely soul

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Title: Inspired by you Alone

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Type: Book of poetry, quotes of inspiration and short essays

This book is a short book of freestyle and loosely metered poems, inspirational quotes and short essays that were inspired by a very unique person in my life. The poems in this book are created from a lonely and longing place in my heart and have been my only coaxed and secret confessions to the desire of my heart.

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Spring of existence

BORNE blue on its wings
Sings it does of A MANY of things
All of much query

Pleasant it must be,
to be; to be and to see
to see and to still be

FREE dom BORNE ARE WE
FREE to LOVE, laugh and to weep
Both from pain and joy

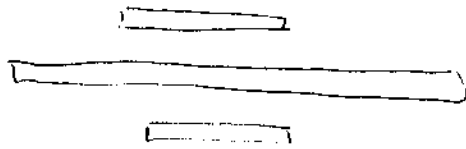
Pleasant this life truly is
But painful at times it will be
Laugh cry smile weep

Life is you and me
together with harmony
to you no harm shall be.

COME to SOLEMN REST

PEACE WE HAVE BORNE SO NOW WE SLEEP

TO HAVE PERPETUAL PENCE ETERNALLY



Ponder: All matter in fact 'does not' matter; what truly matters is the manner in which you perceive, articulate and resolve matters.

T. Roundtree.

In my mind

In my mind
You will forever be mine
For the longest of time
Most beautiful divine
And truly sublime

In my mind
You are the love of my life
Object of pure desire
Fuel to my fires

In my mind
My most coveted gift
First granted wish
Most intimate kiss

In my mind
Magnificent star in sky

Twinkle in my eye
Reason I feel high

But only in my mind.

A Robyn's quill

Scribbled across the heart of a man that barely feels,
dipped in his affection for the well of love is now overfilled.

A Robyn's quill, as sound and sturdy as a rod of steel
that has cured in me the profoundest emotional ills

A Robyn's quill

Unique and most special under the closest inspection

Written in the language of love in its every direction

Directing my affections every minute and second

Second to none and with a radiance as bright as the sun

The love that has grown is for the specialst one

A Robyn's quill

As rare as a leaf minted in gold

Of my heart this beloved has surely taken a hold
What once was cold is now the warmest of souls.

Consoling my fears and dousing these flames

Squelching the fires that were once fueled by anger and pain.

A Robyn's quill

AS SACRED AS A GIFT GIVEN FROM HEAVEN

Affecting my being from EVERY morning to evening

You have permeated the dough of my soul AS A little of leavening.

Leaving in me a most wonderful feeling

Giving me a renewed purpose for being.

A Robyn's quill

Which has written in my heart purpose so now that I am filled.

The pages of my existence once were blank but are now filled

Full of love, compassion and zeal

All because this love that was written in me by a Robyn's quill.



ponder: a few moments of mindfulness makes for a mind less full.

T. Roundtree.

TO EMBRACE A FLAME

With a beautiful glow and warmth up close it is still a question of who needs who most,

But as you view my flames as it burns to blue through the most intense desires.

The beauty of me will consume like the wildest of flames
And for you to make the mistake of embracing the flames will surely replace your longings with pain.

Yes, to you I say again, to make an endeavor to save you from so what I have already stated remains.

My intensity will abate with rain and when tinder is near and dry, my flames shall rage again.

At a distance I am a beautiful sight, possessing all the qualities to keep you warm and give you light,

Yet for you to approach and come too close these embers that rise from my past will diminish your sight.

And I must agree that for the cause of love I may shine a bit too bright.

Only to be doused with the floods of disappointment that
may cause the loss of a magnificent light.

So please don't query this attitude, just be complacent that
it was done what I've had to do.

No, I AM NEVER MAD WITH YOU AND AS A MATTER OF FACT, IF YOU ASK
FOR TRUTH, ME BEING A CONFLAGRATION AND EMOTIONAL ABOMINATION
I WOULD RATHER BEHOLD YOU FROM THE SAFEST OF PLACES.

FOR I WOULD NEVER SEEK PURPOSELY TO FILL YOU WITH HATRED
AND CONSTERNATION,

AND **AS** NO EXCUSE IT IS THE TRUTH AND I HATE IT TOO.

FOR YOU TO KNOW THIS FLAME THAT I WAS BORN TO BE AND BECAME
HAS CAUSED SO MUCH PAIN FOR ME,

BUT IT IS BEARABLE IF IN MY SUFFERING I CAN KEEP PAIN FROM THEE.

SO ENJOY MY LIGHT AND HEAT FROM A MOST COMFORTABLE DISTANCE;

I SAY SO BECAUSE TO EMBRACE MY EXISTENCE YOU WILL SURELY REQUIRE
CONTESTING ASSISTANCE.

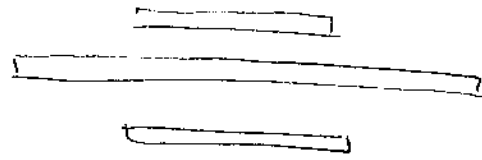
TO WARM, TO BRIGHTEN BUT ALSO TO CONSUME IS THE PURPOSE OF THE FLAME

AND ALTHOUGH THIS LIFE IS LONELY I AM PERFECTED AND SO THUS SHALL REMAIN

SO I WARN YOU DIRECTLY MY DEAR TO NEVER EMBRACE A FLAME.

Ponder: Seek first to understand . . . Then to be understood

S. Covey



DESSERT of Love

Petit fours, passion fruit and bedroom doors:

The sweetest confection of intimate connection is what I'm pressing for,
And in expecting more it would only lead to the presence of heaven's doors.
Yet it is yours profusing in sweat with nibbles on necks and the
most passionate sex.

Cordial conversations and insatiable appetites, longing for the greatest apex
And may I inspire you to fulfill your desire and most unquenchable fire.
In way and fashion, is what I shall only inquire.

~~Your~~ ~~now~~ opening the cage of a sleeping lion is a dangerous game,

For in his arousal you shall find that he is quite untame.

In my honest convictions I must admit you are my only addiction,
With those many positions and carnal repetitions.

With orgasms causing spasms to our bodies greater than ever imagined,
Guttural moans and emotional sighs with thrills of forever keep us alive.
Wondering if after having your attention I could be your life long extension,
Having to mention that it is more to me than your exquisite dimensions.

These have caused my soul and heart to live with pretensions.
Because from the beginning it was to you my love I longed to give
Giving to you my heart and soul and all that I am.

Basking in the reverance of your loving affections
has become to my soul as the sweetest confection.
Good is your love to me and better than ever imagined,
For your love has infected my heart as like blood borne pathogens.

A most pleasurable task it is in drawing your baths.
Anointing your body with the most sensual balms,
It is to you, the seed of my heart I give my usual rials
Longing forever the moments we are together in arms.

Preparing for you the most delectable meals
Knowing now how love most perpetual feels
Shocking to my heart and soul like electrical eels.

Now, Although these verses do end my expressions
expressing my love daily and beyond I shall give in confession
Confessing my love till eternity's end I now share these words

To you my dear love and near friend.



Ponder: To accept ones past - ones history - is not the same
as drawing in it, it is learning how to use it. An invented
past can never be used.

JAMES BALDWIN

It is more worthy of a fighter to fall than for fear to cause
you to fail to fight at all.

T. Roundtree.

To be a M. A. N.

To all my brothers 'and' sisters regardless of color or caste; I attempt here to provide some food for thought on what it should mean to be a M. A. N. For we who were once boys soon grow to be men having then at our faces the wellbeing of future generations, yet if we exist contrary to our correct order our progeny will be fated to flounder in their search for understanding.

Being M. A. N., without any racial or cultural distinctions emphasized we are meant to exist "mentally above nature", (M. A. N.) and in doing so civilizations will thrive. If we don't place our mind - right mental capacities - above our nature - desire/gratifications - our civilization will digress into chaos and hethenism.

Looking at our physical and physiological stature it is evident that our mind-mental- is situated above our nature. With this being said it should only then be proper and evident to seek to use our heads before seeking to shape our beds. A M. A. N. will not allow his mind to be subservient to promiscuities and proument expression; In other words he will not be ruled by his nature, instead he will rule his nature.

Most males can sire children, but his genitalia doesn't make him a man necessarily, only a male. A. M.A.N. takes control of his mind to fortify himself with sound reasoning, knowing his responsibilities.

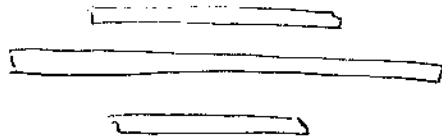
A. M.A.N. must protect his family and provide for his seed a sound model to facilitate proper development in his sons and a prototype for his daughters to seek out in their coming to maturity as women. A. M.A.N. without a doubt has a complex and multifaceted role within his home as well as in his community. He is not whimsical to an excessive extent crying and throwing fits when his desires are not filled; He seeks a way to fulfill them.

A. M.A.N. is protector, provider, father, husband and a myriad other things and in these roles sound reasoning and rational cognition is necessary. To be able to evaluate, articulate and prioritize matters and be able to find and pursue efficient resolutions is needed to be able to rightly be labeled a M.A.N.

How can a father, husband/boyfriend with adequate physical capabilities and at least some vocational skill allow his children and change to be without sufficient provision? He can't and won't if he is one who is mentally above nature; A real man!!

A. M.A.N. has or should have as his number one priority to be a rock and foundation of his family. To his daughters

An archetypal figure for whom measure the lands they may seek to be counted by. To their sons a beacon and an aspiration. And to their women a friend and confidant. Most of all a M.A.N. is unwavering in his determination to be a dependable source of light in darkness and resolution during conflict. This is the meaning to what a M.A.N. is.



Ponder: It is more noble to give yourself completely to one individual than to labor diligently for the salvation of masses.

Dag Hammersjold



Soul to Venus

Above my lunacy rests the mystery of the most beautiful morning star,
resting perpetually in its allure to become my soul's most coveted desire.
So destined to burn forever with desires as numerous and hopes as far,
This morning star, Venus has always had a place in my heart.

But beneath a beautiful sky set with the most luminous clouds
rests an array of discord a planet forever on fire.

Burning not only with flames that can consume body and flesh,
but a passionate heat and aura so intense that a man's soul finds no rest.
Being attracted by the perpetual beauty of this morning star called Venus,
I view its beauty and presence as greater than any place between us.

And be it as so stated thus far

That women are from Venus and we men are in fact from Mars

Is this beautiful creation truly by which the first sin was caused
I shall say not for our sin was sinned and is a mutual flaw,
A flaw given by the Gods or God wherever and wherever they are,
Tortured and scarred must we blame the sky's most magnificent star?

Kneel pray and enjoy not the lessons of this place
For this life is evanescent so strive for life in the next.

And I fatefully striving to embrace the countenance of your beautiful face
Seeking to experience the planes of such a magnificent place,
yet a place as tumultuous as this soul my body animates
Filling me with emotion and pain that is as deep as oceans

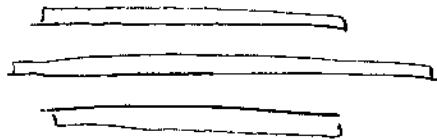
For I ask now all there in these seas any water,
or must I drown in this salty sea of my own tears.

Come near to me, near and close to console my many a fears,
Refect my heart must wonder at star of the mornings.

My dear Venus fear not that I will bring to you any harm
For you are to me a perpetual symbol of order from chaos

And lo, as oxymoronic as this may seem
this is the nature of things when you and I verse

So when from me my soul departs let it be to you that it is whisked
Embraced, loved and kissed by this beautiful entity,
And knowing my destiny I can hope that at the time that must be
God will see my troubled soul to Venus.



Ponder: It is terrible to die of thirst on the ocean. Does your
truth have to be so salty that it can no longer even — quench thirst?

Friedrich Nietzsche

Loving in life

It is said that it is better to have loved and lost,
but I ask why must one lose at all . . .

To never love is a poor state with the highest of costs.
It is like trying to fly while always being afraid to fall,
Before long you will cease your attempts to fly at all.

Shielding affections and fearing its approach from every direction
Soon your heart becomes a stone without an emotional essence .

Yet one must develop suitable relations that will carry the ship
Instead of relating in ways reminiscent of tumultuous waves,
In empty seas of love and desire who will endeavor to save.

Life jackets and rafts are all emergency crafts
just as much as loving embraces and intimate laughs .
With bubbles in baths accompanied by a gentle massage.
You will know your victory as it is reflected in the lovinest eyes ,

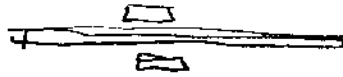
So to live without love is a life devoid of light
Because a loveless life is at all hardly a life

So learn to live by loving in life

And truly your life will be filled with the most beautiful light.

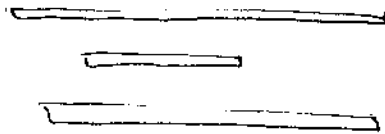
PAIX MI VIVO ESE POR MI AMOROSA POR SIEMPRE

And to love and to live is a lovely life, if I should say.



Ponder: Things that matter most should never be at the mercy of the things that matter least.

Goethe



The 'I' in you

Today's world has grown significantly more selfish and cruel toward its peer inhabitants despite so many technological advancements to connect us. I as a child remember being told that there is no I in T-E-A-M and that is mostly true, but would you believe it if I said that there is an 'I' in you?

No matter what is done, small or major it affects everybody and every aspect of reality so this is why I direct people to notice the 'I' in you. My Hispanic peers may be more apt to grasp this concept as abstract as it may be.

Simply look at you - the word and concept of you in a more abstract sense and it will be clear - if simplified - that in you, yo is present which is the Spanish form of I. In combining yo with the rest of the original word discussed you have yo plus u so as to say I plus u (you) which is us the universal self (U.S.) together in one correlative reality affected and manifested by our every action and thought.

Being unbiased or prejudiced by color we must see our brethren no matter of culture, nationality, religion etc. because your brother is like you and a reflection of you, he seeks happiness; let him not suffer. You and I are of the universal essence and division is a very counter productive tendency because hate never dispels hate it only culminates more, but love prevails.

If I am Buddhist, my friend a Jew my neighbor catholic and my brother a pagan does that have to divide yo and u (I and you)? The world is all of this and our creation is to be recognized in all things but the notion of existence is all present, all potent and distinguishes not in us and to individual preference. He is to whom we belong and whose essence animates us all. Satyat Nasti Para Dharma \leftarrow There is no doctrine greater than truth. . .

Beginning with Passion

I can sense your underlying fears and can feel you shivering,
And yet **I** still desire for it to be with you to whom I lose virginity.
You are probably wondering why, but I am sure its the chemistry
Wondering how you look undressed without clothes obscuring the imagery.

After discussing our vast intentions in its many dimensions
I still desire to feel your flesh and all of its inches.

Its you are reaching for my chest while I nibble gently on your neck
It is through sheer passion and desire that I strive to give you my best.
Viewing your silhouette while massaging your flesh
Noticing that your hair and flesh is now silky and wet.

It is here and now that I shall surpass your boundaries
Hoping you are pleased with the quality as well as the quantity.
This infatuation turned to a lust and then into this flaming desire
Simply because in the beginning it was your figure I so desired.
Never visualizing this present moments most blissful existence

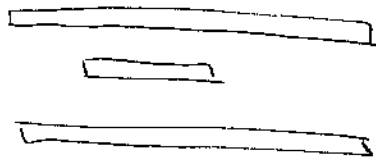
This has to be the best part of living as I am making admission

Emotions are all protection forgetting that we must soon part directions,
But this day shall not be forgotten, for it is of memorial recollection.

My body was yours if only to pleasure you

Never accepting how much our longings were the most base and sexual.

Truly my thanks and gratitude for this greatest day I have imagined,
For it was with the surest hearts we indulged ourselves as beginners in passion.



My Beloved

To my most beautiful beloved

How beautiful you are to me

My beloved how you are much endeared

And forever to my heart you will be near.

With no pain or fear or the shedding of tears
I will love you till earth's end for quieting my fears

Doing so with your presence and heavenly essence

Confessing how our love's beginnings was quite unique

You are my source of strength whenever I feel weak.

Day by day and week by beautiful week your love I will seek
And it is of you who is dreamed of when I am asleep,
Dreaming of your loving embrace,
After baths adorning your body with lace.

Travelling these lands with you as my world
Greater in worth than the most precious diamond or pearl.
Seeking out your love more than the heavens above
Because for a wretched soul you have shown the meaning of love.

So my love for you I hope you will submit
For as queen of my heart and joy you shall forever sit
And knowing that my love will not diminish one bit
It is you to me the Lord has given as gift.

Gifts and Tools

Good morning to life's most beautiful creations!! Today I seek to
elucidate the minds and mentalities of my sisters aside from race,
culture or ethnicities - you are all my sisters. . . I find a lot of my
sisters living in a dis-ordered fashion contrary to their natures. For
the women and blossoming flowers of the subsequent generations
I ask what is your gift and what is your tool?

I know that the female at birth is imbued with a gift and a tool. The gift to be given to a beloved as one would share their most sacred possession. This gift is most delicate flower that buds in its appropriate time as the most beautiful garden for the one who a sincere affection is shared.

A females sexuality is her gift to her lover not a tool to be used to gain any sort of advancement. The tool that is to be shared is her most wonderful and resilient mind and to confuse the gift for a tool shows how much she is confused. The female mind is most magnificent if developed and used properly achieving what is the presumably limited success in a male dominated society.

When young women are not properly educated and start to use her most sacred gift as her tool she is in fact demeaning her own true worth and ability. When used properly the mind of woman hood is most alluring and with a sound gift her worth is magnified. You would not give gifts to animals or strangers on special occasions so protect the most precious gift of your life for the one whom you wish to share your life.

Ponder: 80 percent of the results flow from 20 percent of the activities

For my Jones

For your love

I must dismiss any notion of accepting defeat
Yet this feat seems like a mountain quite steep.

At the steeples gather a number of people
In a world peopled by those with natures both good and evil.
But to you my love I feel there is no equal

As I begin to mensurate the burden of such immeasurable weight
I seek not to burden you with my pains and fate
but shall my feelings write it is quite hard to state.

Yet for your love my persistence is the gambut up the sleeve
So till my peace I shall seek the lace of your heart in part and peace
Never to succumb or acquiesce

Because I feel that your love will make my fractured heart complete
So with those words I shall leave you in peace.



BEAUTIFUL GARDEN

As if tending to the wealth of a most wonderful garden,

Filled with fruit and the petals of beautiful flowers.

Flowing with vibrations from the mouth of its stream

Removing from man the biggest fears like powerful dreams.

Filled with melons that are quite pleasantly firm

And peaches of texture and taste amazingly sweet.

Wrapped in the vines of its most loving divine

To frolic in its foliage is quite pleasant to mind.

Minding the petals of its most beautiful flower

To pluck and ponder upon ~~for~~ hours and hours.

And for hours on end to lay prone in its plush

covered in its thickness so vibrant and lush.

This garden of pleasures so very filled with treasure

whose gates are guarded and protected by the strictest of measures

Tied but not tethered and tended forever

Forever a pleasure for the hands of her kindest possessor

TO LEAVE it with gate AJAR may cause the heart to suffer
while pinning its bushes and pinning its vine

The gifts of this garden are both pleasant and kind
One at a time shall its visitors mind
never to trample on to treat unkind

The pleasant smells of its flower is so pungent and fresh

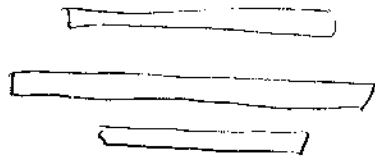
Giving a burdened soul some place tender to rest
As the sparrows and chicks alight upon their nest

Partaking in its beauty and soaked in glory
I have given into this a most enchanting of pleasures
What if I, to give myself to this garden forever
It as my haven my home and shelter

Shall I never fear a cold heat on a miserable swelter
Because once the seeds are sown their blossoms shall bloom
The fish shall play in the pond and the sun birds shall crown
To stare at her face is to behold the beauty of the moon

And to feel her breath is a breeze putting my soul at ease
At heart and rest with this garden I am truly pleased
Pleased with being amongst its beautiful trees embracing its leaves
So to leave and the thought thereof may cause my soul to bleed.

For this garden has been to me as a most magnificent dream
A safe place to sleep this garden to me for you know who you be



Σ = motion

Emotion, how can it be explained in an accurate, understandable manner for most people to grasp. The better method of interpretation is via mathematical and scientific jargon and concept mingled with a bit of personal philosophizing.

Upon this journey to elucidation definition must be sought to assist in articulation of the topic discussed. Emotion, our topic must further be interpreted to see what this truly entails.

In science and more complex mathematics Σ is the symbol used for energy which itself has two basic states: Potential and Kinetic. The etymology of the word energy is derived from the Greek term 'energos' meaning 'active' which equates to kinetic energy for this purpose in our discussion of energy and emotion.

Kinetic energy is 'active energy' which translates to motion. Energy plus motion (Σ plus motion) defining the energies that move us to respond to emotional or environmental stimuli.

Potential energy is idle energy only possessing the potential to be active. When affection or even indignation is felt energy moves that person to active expression. Energy is a factor that does not cease to be present; only to fluctuate in state. $\Sigma = mc^2$, Energy equals mass times speed of light square. Mass being defined here as the quantity of matter a body contains. This matter being philosophized as things that matter i.e. love, hate etc. while light is expressed as the manifestation of the energy - what is seen.

Energy is the force that moves existence in itself and is imbued by all things. Atoms have energy as does people both positive and negative. Energy is absorbed, used and reproduced. Emotions are energies in motion and energy that causes motion.

Final point to ponder: What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Word from the author:

We as humans are by nature loving beings with very resilient hearts and minds. This is true and I say so because I alone in a cell and in a different state both mentally and physically have learned not only to survive, but to thrive.

We has no specific place where it is to grow, it is like a wild weed that will sprout in a foreign garden and take over. I say so in this manner because in prison we are forbidden to establish any affection for female staff, but it does grow and is not unnatural only trained, but even birds fly through bars.

To my sole motivation and inspiration for these writings I thank you for compelling me - without intent - to express my reflections. I wait for my freedom when I am not freed and fly when I have yet to have wings

Terrence 'Tboots' Roundtree.