

Book of Poems

# Maestro's Odyssey

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Fellowship  
of )  
( Spiritual Science

## Maestro's OdyBsey

"Under no Circumstances should the wise disturb the understanding of ignorant persons who are attached to actions. Instead, the illumined being, by conscientiously performing activities, should inspire in the ~~the~~ ignorant a desire for all dutiful actions."

Krishna

## Maestro's Odyssey

"I am charged to right the wrong, lift the burden from the backs of future generations, I will not shrink from my duties, I will never falter or waver before the task, but we will go forward to resolve this conflict once and forever."

George Jackson

# Maestro's odyssey

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# Maestro's Odyssey

## II) Introduction

I would like to write a few lines for my readers before we begin this epis Sojourn into the outer reaches of my poetic mind that i've kept inclosed, and locked away, unintentionally, from the world for so many years.

What inspired me to write this wonderful book of poems was a grand meeting of the minds between me and a good friend anget as we spoke on music, poetry and the arts, he began to resight a rap that lifted my mind and heart.

I was so inspired by his amazing work, and ability to compose such artistic work i was moved to finally write my first book of poems and share with you the reader the nebula i call my mind.

After Reading this book you should also check out my other book called the 'Doctrine and ethics of a seeker'.

Also before we move on i would like to give you a brief Summary of why i wrote each poem in this collection.

- Time; This was written to reflect my perspective of time, and also the worlds perspective in a grand scale but also in its most simplistic form. It also defines my constant mental, and emotional challenge with the concept, and reality of time itself.
- Sane within the hurrican; This poem is a expression of the ingenuity of humanity from the perspective of conciseness or a sane concise been not consumed by the insanity of society.
- Ego; This poem is self explanatory, It speaks to those consumed in false persona's of themselves, sometime crafted and installed by others intionally, and unintentionally. This false-persona can cause people to chase illogical, or unrealistic goals that cause there total devastation.
- The Shadow King; Speaks on the true enemy of humanity, the eight percent that utilize the shadows to control society for wicked ends. But this poems reflects that we can see them for they are.

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# Maestro's Odysee

● Loves, Love; This poem is the expression of the first impulse of Love that the Creator express through the multiverse. Its a telling tale of Compassion, and why we as concise beings should be so thankful for such a gift.

● Poetic Fury; Its a wild poetic expression of my emotional fire that wills me to write, speak and stand for those civil rights.

● In the Shade we shall fight; This poem is about rebellion, and how no matter the obstacles set before you while in the struggle if you remain united and strong you shall always prevail.

● Magi; This poem gives you the reader the idea of what a magus is, and what time has turn us into. It further express the fact that a magi or any seeker of truth can be present now and be gone just as quick.

● The Writers Solitude; Is about a Writers place of tranquility and how they seek such to express there artistic passion.

● The Odysee; This is about the Journeys we take in life, and how these same Journeys we take chasing answers to the ~~myths~~ myths, and legends of life also become myth itself.

● Forgiveness; I was inspired to write this poem when I was sent a few things on forgiveness by my fellow writer, and friend Jean. This poem express our ability to forgive and the path to forgiveness.

● Perfections paradox; A poem based on unrealistic standards created by man to forever trap people in the rat race for perfection, purity, and wealth.

● Monster in the mist; A poem about the wicked that hide from your, or others righteous glow out of fear, envy or ignorance, and the same game played that will never wins.

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# Maestro's odyssey

● Maestros odyssey; A poetic master piece..

● Fever and flow; A hint at what is coming, and what you can expect in the next poetic volume!

Till we meet again let the light of elohim be with you forevermore....

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Rev. A. A. Enoch  
T.R.U.T.H!!  
Fellowship of Spiritual Science

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Rev. Augustus A. Enoch

# Maestro's Odyssey

## III) Poems of the last maestro

### Time

"Time, Do you really exist? or are you something we say so the world can persist?!

Time, are we enemies? Because as day turns to night you take something more from my life!

Time, is my life to you equivalent like the life of the fly is to me...? Do my words sound like the fly's buzzing in the ear, and do I truly live in your eyes as long as a day?!

Time, will they ever know that your nothing but evolutions after-ego!

Time, I'm done your games, who's gonna win the next football game.





# Maestro's Odyssey

## Sane within the hurricane

" we are planted like silent, innocent, seeds soon to be feed the nutritions of life too one day blossom into the tender hands of the sun rays of our mothers watchful eyes.

Born ignorant to the world we see, but quickly trained over time to adopt the life of insanity.

What is insanity you say?! Well Let me take a few Lines to explain;

' It is the Slave who crys for freedom, only to sell his Soul and his fellow slaves, for a Pat on the back from his master slaver and a few promises of a couple favors!

We are instantly born in a Constant Cycle of insanity trained to adopt, and download its main frame while the one percent remain sane!

Only few grow to liberate there minds, but even then without the right form of elevation and Salvation from the cycle of insanity you shall remain caught in the hurricane with no way out!

For the few who find the Solace in Sanity, they find the world much brighter, the grass much greener, and those things they once found to be okay, become alien to the eyes and so strang that you wonder why, you ponder why, you even write this poem because you hunger why? you lived your life so long a Slave, Chained to the old dead master of insanity's Grave!



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Rev. Augustus A. Enoch

# Maestro's Odyssey

## EGO

"The helium of your mind, the spark of your dreams, inflame your self created Society. Your mind has hungrily manifested this toxic story of your life, from the acid rain of words spill upon your subconscious and concise mind, oh so innocently! . . . . As you make us believe.

Because the helium that inflates your dome will have you dodge bullets like neo, kill kings like David, and even live dreams like will and jada!

Your mind will elevate, and shall ascend into the reaches of the stars. In your minds eye you will be the man who conquered mars. . . . But as time kicks in, and you know, time kicks hard!

That self created Society inflated by the loving words of venomous minds, shall fall to noahic floods of life! And those toxic tails too tell your tantalizing storys. Will soon leave you weak, hungry and sick with nothing but bile as spit, and wines as words.

This shall be the global warming of the mind, body and soul caused by one simple toxic gas, Ego!"



# Maestro's Odyssey

## The Shadow King

" you puller of strings, the breaker of sturdy strides.  
The master to all those that accept your disfigured  
Fingers of devastation to massage the meat of there  
minds.

To those who willingly fall victim to your heinous  
games and hallow hawls of wonder and wealth,  
Know oh so well the ugly face you hide so well from  
the common people. They see the mania in the coles  
of your devilish gaze as you mesmerize them  
with gems, pearls and rubys of ill gotten gain.

You fool the common folk with false smiles, favours,  
and economic wealth. With well appointed puppets to  
masquerade for your whim, and your whams!

you construct illusions that reflect self blame onto  
the innocence of humanity, subjugating the poor  
populace to manufactured famine, poverty and war.  
Solely brought on by your mechanisms of guns,  
violence and greed! Trained for one imperial  
objective foreseen by the prophets of the past,  
and only witnessed now by the concise, courageous  
and even convicted criminals of today.

But we must be wary of the words we us, because  
a criminal can be who they choose, like when hitler  
tried to purge the jews!

But you the shadows of shadows, the string  
puller of the mind behind the mask. You heed no  
warnings of caution, or care fore you unleash  
your four horse men, fire, fury, famine, and fever  
to feed, and fester on the innocent souls of society.

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# Maestro's Odyssey

What you don't know puppet master of the poor,  
Polluted minds of the people.

We see you!

Who you may ask?!

We are those that cut the Cords of Corruption,  
Shed light on the Shadows of deceit.

We Stand when all those fall in fear from the  
tyrannic hands of power impose there unwanted  
Will upon the people!

We are the Zoo at the hot gates ready to die a  
beautiful death from your Imperial arms that  
March on our Citys, and Streets!

We are what you hate the most, and at first  
Sight you would vanquish us from time and  
Space itself!

Shadowking, we live in every home and mind that  
See your illusions as lies, that resist your  
governments tyrannic rise!

We are love,

we are Courage,

we are unity,

we are...!

Hope!!



## Loves, Love

" Compassion covenanted by nature, found to be  
Scarce within the human soul.

But so simple to seek, you can find it in the  
small gestures, and beauty of life.

It takes hold of the wondering mind, and leaves  
them with nothing but feverish, fond, sensations of  
pain and pleasure that cause a paradox of passion  
unknown to the human mind!

So confounded is the flux of sensations torrent,  
you can lose perspective of the true foundation  
that forms the totality of empathy.

The nebula was given life from this gravitational  
pulse of relativity, inspired by the need of a  
concise connection of unity.

This thing is so profound, but so ~~so~~ simplistically  
sought if only you surrender to the true sensations  
within your soul.

Will you survive when you come to realize the  
reality of the curse found in the concise minds  
of living hearts of celestial souls, forged by the fire of  
creations compassionate cosmic eye.

And for those unconcise of the latitude, and cosmic  
origins of this life forging, life changing, life breaking  
essences we know as sympathy, now let me give you  
a understanding of this poetic symphony!



"Its Loves, Love....."



### Poetic Fury

"The abysmal flames that fill my soul, Is the Inferno that fuels my mind. And the path I pave with flames emanating the very fury within my soul, like the winds that fan the flames that burn the fields of earthly groves...!"

My poetic fury is a philosophical combustion that propels bright light and heat, A burning sea of wild embers that reflect the passionate, artistic, pain and fury of my mind's eye while I manically write this last line the fury consumes my damn mind, there's no more time... stop...  
...!

Like the collapse of a supernova my fury implodes into a controlled state of chaotic thought, wow wasn't that a paradox! But humanity's never so simple, so what would make you think my poetic fury would come to you straight and nible.

In the end my mind will clash like two kings, wage war like lions and hyenas, Thus before your eyes I shall come forth from my primal flame forging manifestos of poetic mastery.

Soon after 60 many internal wars of the right mind, versus the left mind and external unification of both minds versus humankind! My poetic fury shall lead me to one path.....



"Oblivion"

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# Maestro's Odyssey

## In the Shade We Shall Fight

"We march on our foes with our spears, and leather tribal shields, singing songs of honor, and glory as our bear feet lift the dust from these streets.

We march in the shade as the whistle of a thousand arrows fly, but we never break our African stride!

We scream "unite!" and raise our shields as one, deflecting the cowardly tyrants arrows!

Then we march on and continue to march as one, for each step we take the tyrant slowly begins to quake, for he knows that conflict is soon to break from our revolutionary wake.

Woe to the foe that forgets the desolation, and triumph of our righteous cause, to crush the imperial thrones, draconian laws and demonic cleric's cursed cults.

Crumbling Conquers of Corrupt Crowns who stand by and collect the wealth of the poor, then plunge their society into economic strife. We stand in the shade and fight toe to toe, shield to shield, spear to sword, so your tyrannic reign shall never become this oppressive entity you so strive to be, you shall never be that imperial empire you seek to be, because;

## Maestro's Odyssey

We Shall fight in the Shade, with a hundred  
thousand arrows raining down on our Shields,  
Whatever the odds we shall fight till you yield.

In the Shade we shall fight, till the Shade turns  
to light"



### Magi

"Lifes gift is the understanding of the Cosmic Cause,  
Perceived by perceptive Craniums of Conciseness that  
Witness the very ~~very~~ configuration of the Complex  
Synthesis.

These gazers of galactic maps of master pieces profess  
in Secret Schools of Science and philosophy, In harmony  
with mathematics and Spirituality.

Majestic masters of numerology paint mathematical  
Portraits only few can unlock and see. This is the  
magicians glee to watch and see the eyes held in  
wonder, from his artistic mysterys.

Can't you see!

Or did this poetic verse just fly by like American  
airline. Sorry to break the bad news but things are  
about plunge even further into the depths of the  
mathematical matrix of time and space...



# Maestro's Odyssey

The magi emerges....

From the infinity of ether the magi walks the path  
of time....

The watcher, the teacher, the cognitive mind that  
merges old thoughts with innovative images created  
by the creative thoughts of perpetual pondering.

Historic writer of history,

Philosophical forger that philosophizes the philosophy  
of eternity.,

The Scientific Savant that deviates from the methodical  
to pave new paths in the husk of the matrix,

The Spiritual oracles of Cosmic cause,

The one you must seek, fore what they possesse is  
only for those worthy possessing!

But don't stray, or hope on false stars that the  
Patron of mathematical portraits shall hinder there  
stride, intoxicate there concise thought with your  
social follis, because.....

The magi is nomore.....



# Maestro's Odyssey

## The Writers Solitude

Solitude....

Its my place of artistic bliss....

Where i write every poetic words with every Stroke  
of the wrist...

Solitude....

The haven of my poetic heart strings is my  
Silent place of Symbolic curiosity.

Solitude....

My place to escape the Storm of the writers  
Worst enemys.

Torrential rush of writers block,

blinding blizzards of Creativity,

Forest fires of financial folly,

Thus Solitude free the mind, and Soul of the  
never ending Calamity of affliction.

Solitude....

The writers bēarth place, and the writers death!  
Silence"



# Maestro's Odyssey

## The Odyssey

"Life is a Long Journey, but for some it seems  
like a dream. Traveled only inches by the Short  
Sighted,

Lived long by the concise minded,

bridges formed for the misguided,

The path is paved like a pyramid,

A journey only a seasoned Savant could  
Survive,

For the perils of this odyssey rise like the  
infernos of the abyssual Seas,

As you reach the end of the odyssey, you  
find yourself amongst the Gods of myth, Osiris,  
Horus and Hehet...

And myth becomes reality, and this odyssey  
becomes a epic tall later told in a Sages  
Saga.

A odyssey is born, and a odyssey is myth."



Forgiveness

"The feminine friend we fight to forget,  
ashamed to admit,  
that we knew her since yeah mamma used to  
pack your kit,  
But you deny her to every thug in yeah click,  
Because nobody wants to hear about that chick,  
But only if they knew,  
that in the end she will be his only way out,  
of the cold grasp of sorrow, and doubt,  
Fore Lady forgiveness will be your only way to end  
your endless pain..... Forgiveness!"



Perfections Paradox

"A reality Created by an illusion,

Purity Crafted by the the hands of poluted hearts,

Ideals forced upon pillars of perfection, by fellowships,  
and brotherhoods of hypocritical historians,

holy hymns Sung of hermetic hero's who secretly  
lived homosexual fantasys,

Perfections Paradox, A Sharp edge of a deathless  
Sword, The place were truth become lies, and lies  
become truth, and both become absolute!!

When will the cycle of divine wind, Poluted by  
Whirlwinds of cold winter nights that continue  
the contradiction of perfections paradox come to  
a sudden end. Thus ending the humiliation  
of humanitys hypocritical existence.

We shall soon see mens fate with blind eyes,"



# Maestro's OdySsey

## Monster in the mist

" Monster, you hunt me because you hate me,

I hear the hatred in your hawls,

I sense the treacherous traps, grizzly glares you  
Set upon me,

Your envious eyes stalk my every step,

And every word i utter causes you to flee into the  
Shadowy haven of your mist,

Fore you see the penetrating eyes that illuminates  
the soul of my foes, and the piercing aura that  
shines like our solar star,

you can never escape my ever persisting presents  
that consumes your very dath entity,

Monster, no matter where you run, or hollows you  
hide, nor people you pollute for your puppet mastery, the  
time will come when we must walk the valley of death  
with no mist, or tricks, or traps! Just me, you  
an total desolation, and the death of one  
out of two!

## Maestro's Odyssey

But in truth what i found with my sword ready  
to slay the monster of man. I find in the clearing of  
the mist only a what you hide from those consumed  
by the illusion of fear, panic and blind terror,

Monster you are not, what i see, what i have found,  
What you hide so well in your monstrous mist,  
Is the lost child that seeks to be found..."



## Maestro's Odyssey

"Time flows while i remain sane within the  
hurricane,

And the ego of the shadow king goes unchecked,  
till love, love sparks a poetic fury that fuels the  
rabble-rouser in the hearts, and fist of the  
people,

In the shade we shall fight with the wisdom  
of a magi to guide our every step, while the  
writer lives in solitude on his odyssey for  
self forgiveness,

Can perfection's paradox truly reveal the  
monster in the mist,

# Maestro's Odyssey

Or....,

Will the maestro's odysseys be the maestro's end,  
or will the fever and flow begin! Whattha, "



## Fever and flow

"An internal desire to unleash a fury of  
artistic vengeance,

To vocalize a millennia of man made master  
pieces marveled by the populous that moves  
to the song and ~~music~~ currents of time,

The Surge of passions, Compassions erupts from  
the volcanic beauty, and violence of lifes flows,

This fever has capture my minds eye, and even  
as pen dries the words of this poetic mastery  
still flows from these frenzied fingers, will i  
ever stop?

Or will my heart pop from this panic of  
creativity, my mind is a rush of fantastic,  
futuristic day dreams lost and found through  
the flow and forever fever of time!



I Say this now fore I see time like  
testla, and like the past, present and future  
you may only have two because the future  
is mine!!

Will you ever understand my fever and flow?



### Authors notes

1) To my readers and soon to be fans, and followers.  
I want to thank you for your support and readership.  
This work wasn't a simple task and it took a lot of  
time, coffee, and a whole lot of fever and flow to  
write this poetic journey into a complex work of art!

2) I've also held my salute and regards for all my  
fellow dreamers out there! I want you to know  
that if you focus on something know matter how  
difficult it may seem you can accomplish it  
no matter what people may say or think!

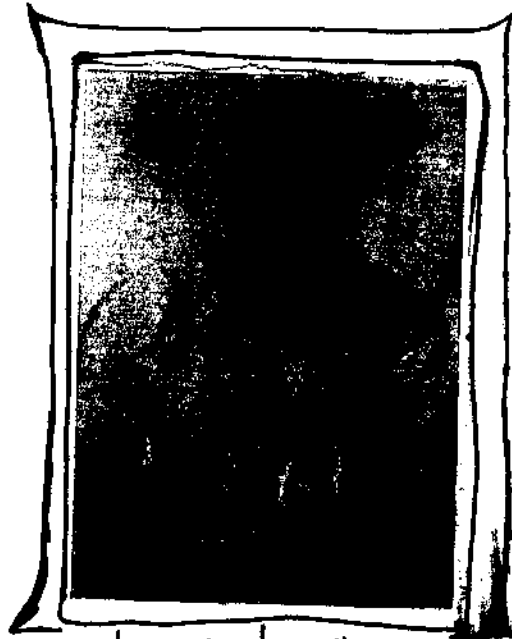
3) Since I was a boy I was doubted by educators,  
brought down by adults, and told by so called  
friends I could never do what I am doing now

# Maestro's Odyssey

- 4) So ~~ma~~ never stop dreaming, never stop looking to the sky because life is limitless, and only you can limit your life.
- 5) Greatness is measured by the achievements, and goals you set for your self. So the next time you hear someone say "nah, that's impossible" you remind yourself its only impossible if you believe it to be impossible to accomplish. How do you think they accomplished to climb to the top of mount everest, or travel man to the moon.
- 6) Also I wanted to put a face to the prejudice held about prisoners, and the idea that we are all evil, crime consumed men and women. Many of us seek change, and have creative drives to do so but the system has no outlet for men, and women to really practiced there talents.
- 7) Instead they create environments that further repress many prisoners, so know wonder society sees so much criminality, re enters civil society.
- 8) I want you society to read my poetic words and see a human been with a soul, with a mind that strives for love, honor, success and happiness like every other human on earth.
- 9) Thank you for reading my work and I will catch you next time on the maestro's odysseys

# Maestro's Odyssey

## Fellowship of Spiritual Science



The author was born in brooklyn, new york of may 1988 and has traveled the east coast from new Jersey, Pennsylvania, and even toronto, Canada. He was also raised by two loving parents from trinidad and tobago with his brother, and sister, Rev. Augustus A. Enoch overcame many life hurdles and now is the founder of the fellowship of Spiritual Science.

Rev. Augustus A. Enoch is now imprisoned in the PA D.O.C and is struggling for a soon to come liberation. Contact him at;

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