

# Behind These Walls....

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Behind these walls  
5\2\17  
Book of Poetry

This is a collective book of poetry assembled from the mind and heart of a prisoner from behind the wall; This book of poetry allows readers a glimpse into the prisoners life, retrospectively and presently, touching, basis on experiences from love to betrayal; From poverty to religion, etc... I, as well as several other prisoners behind these walls have stories to share of our trials and tribulations; though, unfortunately until now have been unable to do so. However, once again the good lord has made a way out of no way, granting me this opportunity to be able to share fragments of my story with you, composed within poetic verses from behind the wall.... 1 John 4:8

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Contact me via snail mail with any comments, appraisals or inquiries. Thanks and be blessed!  
Also my first novel "The Quiet Storm," coming soon, so be on the look out for that also....

## A Poem For Mamma

To the strongest woman I've ever known;

A woman whom has not only been my back bone  
throughout my life, but is also a part of my  
soul;

A woman whom raised three children on her  
own;

Gladly sacrificing her own throne to assure  
their house was a home;

You gave us strength and hope in some of  
our lowest times;

Assuring everything would be just fine, by  
emitting a bright smile and a twinkle from  
your brown eyes;

You taught us all the right things in just  
the right ways, to assure we were  
properly prepared for society;

And even though I mischievously disregarded  
those teachings, embarrassing you on many  
occasions, you stood right by my side not  
leaving;

Throughout all my struggles in solitude;  
I came to see; that the one person that  
could be counted on outside of God is  
you;

You are my world, my everything; the  
ever joyous melody of which my heart  
sings;

What's her name

I can remember as if it were yesterday;  
The way she touched me, the way she  
teased me, the way she pleased me;  
The way she looked deep into my eyes, her  
stare somehow making me feel so good  
inside, and always managed to send me  
to the moon as she aggressively guided  
me between her thighs;

I remember collaborating a moment of  
pure bliss, followed by hungry stares and  
a long kiss;

I then can clearly remember our brief  
departure on that very next day,

After she'd captured my virginity then  
sent me on my way;

I can remember assuming she loved me  
all the way up until the day she pushed me  
away,

And told me that I was far too young for  
her, and really needed to pursue someone  
my own age;

Though I still to this day find it a bit odd  
that I still can remember everything  
about her, from her age to her personality,  
to her hypnotic frame;

But there's this one thing of importance  
about her that I can't seem to remember

For the life of me; what was her name ....

## NEVER AGAIN

NEVER again shall I play a Fool, allowing  
love to pretend;

NEVER again shall I naively lie down my guard  
beckoning love deep within;

NEVER again shall I render love anything  
remotely close to a Friend;

NEVER again NEVER again NEVER again NEVER again;

NEVER again shall I reach out blindly for love's touch;

NEVER again shall I assume there to be more to  
love piqued lust;

NEVER again shall I fret to rectify situations  
when the light seems to be rapidly fading, dim;

NEVER again NEVER again NEVER again NEVER again ....

## Emancipation

Today is the day that I hang up my  
a/loves,  
I no longer care to Fight For you,  
but only to go back to those times  
when my days were as peaceFul as  
the heavens above;  
I no longer want to travel in darkness,  
I no longer wish to wonder why,  
I no longer want to be deceived  
I no longer want to live a lie;  
I no longer wish to open up, but, instead  
have chosen to remain unexposed;  
For I know that noone can enter these  
chambers, as long as the remain closed;  
I no longer seek to know you,  
I no longer care to understand,  
I no longer wish to make ammends,  
I no longer wish to hold your hand;  
I only wish to go back to those times  
when my days were peaceFul as the  
heavens above,  
oh how I truly long, to go back to  
those times before I ever knew of  
you, love.....

## Come back to me

Love, why have you forsaken me,  
why have you chosen to lead me astray,  
Why have you captured my mind and then  
Fleer your own way,  
Couldnt you see that I needed you to  
stay and comfort me;  
Love, oh love, Come back to me,  
Wrap your arms around me tightly so  
that I wont freeze,  
Capture my stress and worriation,  
Put my mind at ease,  
Nurture these open wounds, so that  
my soul wont continue to bleed;  
Love, oh love, I beg, of you, please,  
Grace me with your presense once  
again so that I may breathe..  
For without you my love, there is no  
me,  
oh please oh please come back to me....



## Foolish man

The actual significance of a diamond within sand,

is certain to go undetected by the eyes of the blind man;

For how can this blind man bring himself to give this diamond what it truly needs, when one obviously cannot appreciate what their eyes fail to see;

A Fool, he reaches for the duller diamond and attempts to mold it into what he needs it to be;

Sadly unable to distinguish the difference between sugar and feces;

Months later the brighter diamond absconders to richer land;

Hysterical, the Fool screams out, for this was not a part of his plans;

Turning, swiftly he runs back to the spot where he'd left the duller diamond,

reaching his fingers into the sand;

only to realize that this precious diamond had migrated to richer land;

Why God why! the Fool inquires as tears run down his eyes;

startled into silence when a gentle voice to him, as if within the wind, and said to him, "child,"

do not fret now, For if you'd understood  
the significance of this diamond, you  
would've been a man;  
but instead you rendered her a Fool and left  
her lying within the sand in wait for you;  
Now you've become the Fool and she resides  
within better hands and has no need or space  
for you;  
oh what a Fool you've managed to prove;  
oh what a Fool, oh what a Fool....

## Apologetic

Forgive me my love, For all the pain that  
was caused;

For all the time that was wasted,

For all the things that were lost;

Forgive me my love, For all the tears that  
you've cried,

when you demanded to know the truth and

I chose to tell you lies;

Forgive me my love, For being so inconsiderately  
selfish;

For not taking advantage of a heart that was

so selfless;

You gave your all to me - I in turn gave my  
all to the streets;

returning only temporarily to please you  
between the sheets;

Knowing full well that you needed far more  
than a few hours of me to be complete;

Then standing there confused when you spoke  
of your need for me;

And when you screamed you couldn't take it  
anymore and you were leaving me;

My heart hit the floor, my tongue crippled, I  
couldn't speak;

I felt I'd founded something that was  
special - truly unique;

Thank godly this is all I can do

## Painful Memories

I never knew of love before I met you;  
I'd actually grown to assume it didn't exist;  
But that was long before our first conversation,  
our first session of love making, and our very  
first kiss;  
Amidst these few things, it was also the way  
that you showered me with concern;  
And that concern has ignited a flame within my  
soul that still continues to burn;  
And even though you're not here with me, I still  
can feel your presence;  
I still can feel the love we made,  
I still can feel your wetness;  
I still can hear you call my name; I still can  
hear your breathing;  
I still can feel your body shake and go limp  
while beneath me;  
I still remember when reflections of you  
would emit sunshine in the midst of the  
heaviest rain;  
But now that you are gone those reflections  
bring me the most disturbing pain;  
Pain, when I think of someone else peering  
deep into your eyes;  
Pain, when I think of someone else getting  
deep between your thighs;  
Pain, when I think of you reciting someone

else those three special reserved words;  
Pain, when I think of the fact that I was  
never able to give you what you deserved;  
Pain when I opened my eyes to realize that  
I'm the reason why our situation was unable  
to work,

Pain, when I think about the fact that I drove  
a perfectly loyal woman through the dirt;

Pain, when I think about the fact that I never  
even tried to comprehend your worth;

Pain, when I think about the way I blatantly  
mishandled your trust;

Pain when I realize that a phenomenal  
uniting was taken for less than such;

Painful, Painful memories now, whenever I  
think about us ....

In us we have better days  
In my picture of perfection, none of us are  
imperfected;  
Not one of us knows to be lost, to be betrayed  
or deserted;  
We all share an energy that gives all joy in each  
smile;  
And our chemistry is reciprocated as if a moment  
is a while;  
However, that is my longing, that is the breath of  
my soul;  
In reality we have known Pain and betrayal and to  
be cold;  
So we have met in a state which requires loves  
healing,  
we have met as loves advocates, to hold and console  
a heart in hiding;  
Be there for me, I will be there for you,  
never too little or too much;  
Let us strive to be caring, thoughtful, gentle  
in voice and in touch;  
Certain that God makes no mistakes - all works  
to our good always;  
We have been granted love anew, gray skies  
turn blue,  
In us we have better days....

## Reciprocity

I still find it to be amazing, the way you hung in there with me through all I'd been faced with and all that I'd taken you through; Even when I inately degraded you, calling you some of the worst names possible, you just smiled to me ever so calmly; You'd always come across to me as the thoughtful and considerate type that would never intentionally shamble anyone's soul, and I truly loved you so; Though, far too many hurtful experiences from my past left me too afraid to really let it show, or let you know; Though, out of consideration, I will let you know this for your own benefit; Sometimes in this life, our greatest strengths can be just as much our greatest weaknesses; Love must be reciprocated or simply holds no relevance; Reciprocity has proven to be the backbone to the maintenance of warmth throughout relationships, so whenever you shall choose to extend your heart to next, be sure to look for this; Reciprocity....

## Bridges

I am a Firm believer of all things  
happening for a reason  
like sunshine cast down amidst  
a bad season

All things were meant to be, we  
just have to find the meaning,  
then once we've found this  
meaning, we must never stop  
believing,

I truly do attest that there be  
purpose in our meeting,  
we may just be two blessings  
in disguise amidst gray skies  
so let us stroll together down  
this path that leads to refine,  
and build upon a solidified  
foundation that will remain one  
of a kind

Aligned with trust, consideration  
and unconditional love throughout  
the darkest of times

A path that leads to me becoming  
your bridge and you mine ....



## Closure

All I needed was closure to exonerate my  
soul;  
But you've refused me this exoneration,  
denying what I needed to know;  
Continuously discombobulating, luring,  
my mind into an atmosphere of boagyling  
suspense;  
When all I needed to know was if this thing  
was really meant,  
Why couldn't you have just been honest and  
told me so;  
that you were incapable of loving me the  
way that I loved you, and had preferred that  
I ap,  
I needed to know; I needed to know; I needed  
to know;  
so that I maybe finally liberated my soul;  
of all the hurt and anguish that I'd been  
left to encounter over the years;  
In the beginning, all it took was a letter,  
a thought of you, or the sound of your  
voice to enhance my spirit, allowing me  
to breathe;  
but now those things disturb me badly;  
Why do I always long for things that may  
never be attained;  
things which are so fiercely guarded

because of past pains...  
Why am I left to do time for another man's  
crime;  
When all I wanted was to alleviate your  
heart's ache with the feel of mine;  
Why do I have to search so far to find,  
which through the promise of karma should  
already be mine;  
And why do I feel as if I'm losing my  
mind;  
All throughout these days alone, I fight  
to maintain composure;  
As lost as the blind inside, until I'm finally  
given closure....

IF Only in my dreams

My heart dances wildly, as I witness a tan  
angel, upon white clouds, pulling at a  
golden harp strings;

Her fingers moving diligently, thus, sending  
sensations throughout my being, that can  
barely be contained with each note that is  
played;

I long to be within the peace of her  
circumference, regardless of the distance;

Thus, clarifying her consolidation the  
fulfillment to the aitch within my heart that  
has been missing;

Her aura captivating, as I've never encountered  
as beautiful a presence in all of my days;

Her eyes hold the color of the bluest sky, with  
pupils the color of a ray;

Her golden hair hangs in thick waves, the  
color of the harp that she plays;

Her halo brightens, as she opens her mouth  
to hum a tune;

Her breath pervading, the scentless air with  
the smell of honey dew;

Her hands reach out toward me; beckoning  
me to come nearer;

Though as I begin to walk in her direction  
she vanishes mid-motion

I awakened minutes later, angered at the

Sight OF a prison scene;  
Her presence had Felt so real,  
how could this all have been just a dream;  
I cannot win For loosing in this life, that's  
how it seems;  
Closing my eyes tightly, in Frustration, I  
set out to Find another sleep;  
Capturing this peace again some way;  
EVER IF only in my dreams....

## Walk in my shoes

Look deep into my soul, and tell me  
Can you feel my pain;  
Not even the least bit, For you, yourself  
have never lived these things;  
But yet your so quick to judge me  
and so quick to call me names,  
but if you'd traveled only a mile within  
my shoes, you'd probably be doing some  
of these same things;  
Using some of these same drugs and  
holding on to this same attitude;  
Running from this same tragedy, while  
trying to locate the best road map to  
feeling happy;  
Committing some of these same sins and  
drinking some of this same ain;  
Subverted by poverty and headed for this  
same pen, IF you had only taken a walk in  
my shoes....

## What's in that Place

Dad, when I first gained wind of  
your incarcerated absences, I  
immediately began to feel shame;  
I honestly began to assume that  
me and my brother were the reason  
for this phase;  
Did we do something wrong, daddy, to  
cause you to feel some type of way;  
And if not, then why weren't you there  
for us to assure us that you loved us,  
and to aid my mom at teaching us  
many things;  
Why'd you choose to continue committing  
crimes and doing time?  
Didn't you know that it was corrupting  
our youthful minds?  
No, you couldn't have, for you'd rather  
have been there, weren't here, and  
apparently didn't care...  
Though, regardless of the fact of your  
apparent not care attitude and not  
being there  
I have one question for you, of which  
I've unfortunately never been given an  
opportunity to ask you face to face;  
So I'll ask you now daddy  
What was in that place?...

Still haven't Forgiven myself  
As I sit here today, reflecting on my life;  
A life of unfortunate hard times, senseless  
crimes and wasted time, along with an  
intelligent mind;  
I brace myself as the teardrops of regret  
slowly make their way from the creaks of  
my hardened eyes;  
My whole life I've felt as if my spirit had  
been demented, and I couldn't quite  
understand or fathom why;  
But one thing I could fathom was this;  
I chose to travel down this path which  
has led to my being viewed the hardened  
criminal of which I am labeled today;  
I chose this ....  
I chose to be a thug and use drugs  
and bust stugs, seemingly not giving a  
fuck about the mishaps or the  
consequences that would come;  
I chose this ....  
So despite what society has to say in  
attempt to alleviate my shame  
and regardless of the fact that  
several say I shouldn't blame myself  
for several mistakes made throughout  
my trials thus far in this life,  
I still haven't forgiven myself ....

## Calling Your Name

I Find it really difficult to express the  
ways I Feel inside;  
Too many years of disappointment lead to  
reclusion that has motivated me not to  
want to try;  
I've heard so many peoples crys; but not a  
teardrop left my eyes;  
untill I heard my daughter died, and this  
is when I lost my pride;  
I cryed as if I were a newborn baby;  
Pleading, with the lord to spare her and to  
take me;  
What had she done Father; to deserve this  
type departina;  
she was such a beautiful, innocent girl,  
her life was merely startina;  
Some things I'll never understand; For one,  
your mysterious but perfect Plan;  
A plan that has managed to rip upon my  
heart and soul,  
enagulfina it with dark and cold;  
I'm truly lost Father, For what I seek I  
do not know;  
I'm in the dark lord, so tell me which  
way do I go;  
I'm humbly on my knees, willing to give  
up everythin;



Please touch my heart Father, For I do  
not like what Eve became;  
Open the gates to me;  
For as I am, Lord, I have come;  
Answer me as you've promised,  
For this child here is calling your name....

## Mercy and Truth

Tears drop From my eyes into a lake Full  
OF Frozen tears;  
All Fallin on the inside so noone will know  
theyre there;  
steadin, walkin, with my head high, so  
noone can sense my Fears;  
Cause people take advantage of a man  
when they see he cares;  
They say we dont deserve to live  
They say we should die here;  
They treat us less than humane, and they  
dont understand Fair;  
They Feed us less than children, sendin,  
us to bed with weak minds and achin,  
stomachs;  
And there, every night, I push up lenathly  
prayers For the day that my savior shall  
cometh;  
And take me From this wretched place,  
A place thats Full of so much pain,  
where For speakin, truth a man gets  
beaten relentlessly, as a wild animal  
bein, forcefully tamed;  
Helplessly succumb by the feel of shame,  
trappin, stagnation within a mind that  
perhaps will never be the same;  
Hummin, the bluest blues of Billy Holiday

in search of a change;  
Nights steady getting colder as I stumble  
over the plains;  
Family love and support alleviates, though  
ever slightly for their being so far away;  
Plus they're in the midst of a well earned  
summer, no need to selfishly drag them  
into my rain;  
Instead, I'll pull on my hoody and strap up  
my boots;  
And continue traveling, alone in the physical  
in search of mercy and truth....

## Rainbow In The Sky

You probably are most certain you see  
me, as I witness you from afar;  
You don't see the tears that fall from my  
eyes, you are such a beautiful falling  
star;

They degraded and violated your essence  
and spirit, a need for love calling your name;  
Believing love to be so close that you  
could feel it, left you to blindly pursue  
your shame;

And what about me, am I innocent?

Men are raised to behold women vulturistically;  
I picked the flesh from a many, took a dollar  
and gave a penny; Father please have mercy;  
understanding has liberated, but I am now  
a man that so few can see;

My flesh will perhaps feed a many;

I will be that penny til my physical ceases  
to be;

So let me tell you what I've learned by way  
of having lost most everything;

We need to check our roles, pursue the best  
of goals, a heart lives to sing;

A heart can't sing in isolation,

it takes love of life, self, family and  
community;

It takes a road of edification - making

every interaction the best it can be;  
And every little girl is the seed of a  
woman; Hillary Clinton and Michelle  
Obama;  
Someones daughter, sister, niece, aunt,  
teacher, leader, guide, friend and mamma;  
And our little boys are the other half of  
the equation - we need raise them  
carefully;  
In order for anyone to contribute to a  
nation - he/she must be respected by  
society;  
Some say get in where you fit in,  
I say gently proceed your way;  
Let go of all that keeps you stumbling -  
tomorrow is a brand new day;  
And every human should respect humanity -  
the cost of inhumanity is too high;  
I gotta respect others if I truly  
respect me;  
wisdom is a rainbow in the sky ....

## Driven Ensnare

Nothing ever changes here, everything  
seems to remain the same;  
In a place where you no longer feel respected  
and can't help but feeling neglected;  
Most of those who'd vowed to be by your side  
have slowly slithered off in the midst afar to  
hide;  
And the dis-spiriting reality of truth begins  
to manifest that their promises to you were  
all lies;  
As you reflect in the late hours of the night,  
tears exit your lonely eyes;  
You've just gotten word that your wife's  
been sleeping with another guy;  
And it's not so much as the fact that she was  
sleeping around that upset you; because you  
didn't exactly expect her to remain celibate;  
But it was merely the fact that she was  
sleeping with your relative;  
Most everyone that you once held faith in  
appears to be dispersing with the wind;  
And you begin to assume that you may just  
be your one and only true friend;  
Years of suppressed hurt and anger mix  
forming a heartfelt rage,  
And self aquital becomes the primary  
thought to ending the pain;

reclusion has threatened to ratify you  
inane;

As thoughts of hatred towards all who've  
deceived you parade manically within your  
brain;

You've begun to devalue life, because to you,  
your own has gone down a drain;

A hopelessness has conquered your wounded  
heart, leaving you to feel nothing, but shame;

Thus, rapidly you become more and more  
acquainted with the affliction of darkness,  
thunder and rain;

Running blindly towards the fire, meeting  
the devil in the flames;

Indeed, finally driven insane....

## Behind these walls

Behind these walls is where you'll spend  
some of your most loneliest nights, meet  
some of the most triflinest people, and  
see some of the most senseless fights;

Behind these walls is where misery and  
stupidity lurks on a twenty-four-hour basis,  
and where you'll encounter a million different  
personalities and see a million different faces;

Behind these walls is where an ink-pen becomes  
your main source of connecting with the streets,  
and where it's best to move in silence and very  
seldom speak;

Behind these walls is where I constantly pray,  
and though I sometimes question his intentions,  
I still believe in him and allow him to lead the  
way;

Behind these walls is where you'll loose a many  
friends and family members to the struggle;

Behind these walls is where vultures swoop  
down and befriend you just to see what they  
can pick from you;

Behind these walls is where you'll stay caged  
in like an animal, and where grief and anxiety  
will eat you alive like a cannibal;

Behind these walls is where you'll wish you  
could turn back the hands of time;

Behind these walls is where you'll fight



Constantly everyday with yourself just  
not to loose your mind,  
Behind these walls is where you do not wish  
to be,  
Behind these cold walls of silence is where  
my choices in some form or another have landed  
me....