

IF MY WORDS COULD TALK

A prisoner's Heart

By

Lawrence D. Smith

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A prisoner's Heart

Dedication

To my Majorie L. Smith, I dedicate this book of Poems to you,
it's a small gift to tell you how much I love you also this book
is to my grandson for whom I've never met, I love you

Love

Daddy & Papa

Vision Song

You are a vision a splendor of beauty divinely made, you are my air and my life, my heart depends upon your heart. Our love a rhythm, a rhapsody, a musical expression of how we feel for one another, the lyrics of our kiss is a melody that plays on my mind and as my hand touches your hand I am inspired to compose a love song.

Written by

Lawrence Smith

Rosebud

A sweeten aroma fills the air around me It's delicate colors of yellow, peach, pink, whites and reds surround me in it's beauty, I embrace the fragrance of scented love it blooms it's perfume, it's steady stem ensures me that it's beauty is supported.

I drink in your beauty and uniqueness, I am grateful for your splendor that show your elegance and exquisite charm. Holding you deepens down in my heart, the thought of how you make me feel when I'm around you, I inhale your surreal odor of sweetness often forgetting how fragile you are at times, which makes my appreciation for you even more special, but one thing for sure I love you more and more my little rosebud.

Written

9/13/10

revised

The Question

How my heart spills forth like acid rain that eats away my soul,
Amen..

Now I'm a man unable to carry the birth, of life and yet the
universal man suffers as a whole.

A question is asked how can one stand in absolute if mistakes
condemn him?

Why are there eyes of judgment that holds ungrateful- unforgiving
sorrow, for we are souls on borrowed time, we look for supreme
guidance but yet we let the world corrupt us.

I am like the corrosion that washes away over the rocks and I
am tarnished by the constant stress.

what am I? who am I? and does anyone care?

This is the question

MOTHER

Theres purpose to a mother's heart it holds the universe
unconditional love, for those she carries dear to her heart.
she shoulders the earths wisdom and reveals her purpose through
prayer and compassion

Happy Mothers Day

3/19/14

Lawrence

Untitled I.

Remote is the light that shines, mist hovers over head blocking
life's emotional beams, manipulation and lies washes a shore
while my feet slowly sinks in the sand of doubt I leap to avoid
the trap from which darkness extends, I know that my life is
a remote life that can be washed out to sea.

Written by

Lawrence

Smith

Limits

The heart of a real man can't be dictated too. the limits of emotions of a man will limit who he is which denies him of experiences for only life and love can offer and teach, when you allow others to limit your desires, they limit your heart, you also give others the power to you limited in growth and self

Lawrence

3/18/14

Untitled II

Some measure love with diamonds rubies sapphires, and pearls.

Some measure love buying furs, expensive cars and extravagant houses

Some measure love by sex, but my love for you doesn't depend on presents toys, trinkets and flowers along.

When I'm with you I am comforted by the touch of your hand, by us laying on the couch holding one another speaking openly honestly as our hearts beat in rhythms

I often measure our love by your laughter your sweet smile that brightens my world it's a blessing to take long walks and have long talks stare at the stars as the moon lightens our way and measures our future

Growth

The evolution of love is a characteristic mystery a perplexity that prevents our hearts from opening up. The truth why we shield our hearts is based on fear and bathing doubt hurt is a constant reminder which keeps us from discovering the vast conscience of untapped emotions and yet the heart has this penetrable layer that allows love to invade the complex functions of desire.

Love optic confidence must come from a person who wants to discover the mystery of their own complex fears which holds them from experiencing

loves elements and evolution

Lawrence

3/19/14

Fooled

Reflections of what seems to be a strong loving black man turns out to be a phony nigga looking upon my face while fucking me with disgrace, he lays within my ass deep without a sound he empties his nut without passion fraudulent words drips from his tongue like honey from a honeycone. I gaze into the eyes of a phony ass nigga and see no reflection of me, it's funny how I let someone say he likes me when in actuality all you wanted was to fuck me essential words fly like bullshit as they try to enslave my mind, ooh baby you know how much I wanted you, with endless verses I find myself dealing with a classless fool, wait and let me say I was the fool to suck on you.

I'd allowed this phony ass nigga to cause me pain afflict mental strain while holding on to I like you, maybe there's a truth I fell to see, maybe I'm phony for not loving me? I never thought I was capable in self afflicting wounds just to say I got a man I throw caution to the wind while trying to rise above your narrow mind love's imaginable, remarkable powers make one do strange things. But here I am a gaping wound all because I liked you.

So here I lay once again while you bump and grind making me a gaping wound open for all to see a hemorrhaging reflection. I move pass life's reality and question my own instinctive heart, how could I fall for a selfish self serving, self centered, self pleasing son of a bitch your dick afflicts blunt force drama and trauma to my soul you are a physical reminder of what falsehood looks like I know fucking doesn't make us inclusive but it shouldn't make you a phony wanna be who just wanted to

sex me, you kissed and teased which was attractive to see but
it hurt when it was only for you to get a squirt so now I know
what kind of man you are.

Lawrence

Smith

My Letter to punkass

Dear Punk ass nigga,

I should'nt be mad at you the fact that you spilled words that filled my head to me in your bed. I should'nt be mad to see how you carried me, you where no different from all the other nigga's who plays a part; you lie and lie just to play a game and to me that a damn shame. you're a punk ass nigga to the top of the head to the soles of your feet, that should've have been enough for me to see since niggas like you are always trying to use and play me. It's not all your fault I know I didn't have to give my desires from the start, but still it doesn't change the facts that you're a punk ass nigga.

The fact remains that you're the only lousy ass good for nothing ass man, who used me as his sexual trash can, how quick you are to celebrate your ultra manhood when you don't know the meaning of being a real man. Punk ass nigga don't you see the finger of another man fucking you, guiding you, punking you, you walk with a puffed up chest claiming I'm a man; but all I see is a punk ass nigga your lack of character and morals holds no heart, no truth no soul your lame can't you see calling me bitch, your hoe all because I let your dick wiggle inside of me hide in the world of manipulation to escape

Dear Punk Ass Nigga

the realness that is obvious around you, now don't get me wrong you know how to work your slang, you had me groaning and moaning which was cool but after we finished you turned into weak dick,

yeah fuck me! I'd screamed, fuck me I'd yelled but it don't hide the fact that you're a lousy excuse of a black man a waste of flesh that holds no manly traits at all.

Yeah it maybe to late for me but I hope others can see you for who you are? A weak little boy who lay in the shadows of his truth a punk ass nigga, you ain't no man don't get it twisted I ain't bitter because knowing who you are now make it better to see another punk ass nigga like you.

Lawrence

Smith

LOVE INSPIRES

Before I met you, I was a man who made many of life's mistakes with no regard at all. I must be honest if I'm to be truthful but the day I saw you and spoke my world started to change this is true.

I felt secure and loved, it was as if your emotions embraced mine and gave me one big hug. I love these endearing words you call out to me it seems to set my soul free, you told me it doesn't matter if we're rich or poor, this only encouraged my heart to be more, many times I wonder how I got so blessed?

Was it luck?

I do'nt know but at night while you're asleep I gaze upon your face and see God's amazing grace. That inspires me to change but most of all it inspired me to love.

Originally written

Lawrence Smith

9/14/10

Revised

3/22/10

Heavens Gift

Heaven opens it's ear and heard my prayers tears fills my eyes as joy fills my heart. The dream of you and me is no longer a surprise once a tainted soul without no one to hold.

You are a gift from God, it's a wonder to be hold because God has allowed you to travel to me through space and time.

Happiness rides on the universal bolt of eternal love. A divine kiss wraps our soul and we become ultra soul mates, we are apart of one another so we are blessed, you are my precious spiritual gift and I am yours,

You are precious to the earth and heavens to me you bring joy to my heart and spirit, love ultra excitement from the start. I am often over Whelmed that I have such a gift that holds my heart. But I'm glad God saw fit to give me a heavenly gift that I call my heart.

Written

Lawrence

Smith

Dwell

I posse in me the living water of the creator of all that live and breath.

I am creation glorified, God's imaginative Mind spoke of me as If I was no other, I am translated, transformed, words materialized in to flesh, I'm divinely made, yet I am flawed not yet burned by fire to remove the impurities that captures my soul. MY acts of betrayal will play in the end, I will not say I haven't lied , nor will I say I don't sin after all I am made of that blows in the eyes of every man it's not God's fault I kill,, lied, or steal, its my earthly nature that needs to be healed. So when the time comes and I must make my appeal no so I can gain my gloried robs of white, but if I fail at the task I know its not the master's plan that I would fail, I take full responsibility because I decided to keep my heart in life's sands.

Written

Lawrence Smith

7/22/16

GRACE

you touch the hair of her gleaming glory she smiles at you the
brightness in her eyes make you feel glad to be alive

Yes; it's real to feel the warmth of her touch especially when
you're bruised by man's unforgiving hand. She comes to rescue
you without a word nor complaint, she even tells you time and
time again how much she loves you, she leans on your shoulder
to wipe away your pain while holding your hand. When everything
can't be explained she's wise and never weak, she's there in
your day and she's there in the night. She's there when you're
right and she's there when you're wrong. she never judge because
she knows how flawed we already are. Many of us takes her for
granted but she never seem to care.

she holds out her hands and pulls us to her breast and allow
us to take comfort throughout life's tests, she reassures us
that when time gets the best of us she'll always stay the same
and give us her best which is her grace.

Lawrence Smith

12/8/15

Loveless Crumble

My heart is worn from decay eroded by my own expectations of those I've chased or choose.

MY heart crumbles at loves seductive hand my emotions bleeds and bleeds from what seems to be my fate, fear of being alone is like a shallow grave, as the mortician spills essence and fill my veins with disappointment I lay there in pain while trickles of shame runs down my face.

Tangle webs of desire and lust now pours out of me lie sap from a maple tree I am dressed in choking despair. No one loves me, No one wants me, No one misses me.

I am vapor an empty vessel that no longer pumps for my heart is dead crumbling in the hands of those who no longer gives me reason to live or breath life.

Crumbles of a loveless life.

Lawrence Smith

8/5/13

Set Free

Like a infectious wound that can not heal I am left open,
feeling the elements that could cause more harm tender to the
slightest touch, feel the severity of my pain, unable to heal
that which is broken from words that are always spoken, nerves
now shattered and blood vessels shows a lovers abuse I lay on
the floor of mayhem, reeling from the struggle I went through
the pervious night. I'm unable to ~~mend~~^{mend} from my lover's knife,
you killed more then just my soul. Now life is running cold,
you shed no tears only because of the uncertain fear you show
no regret for what you left I'll never recover don't you see
because the shallow of love now set me free.

Lawrence Smith

4/23/11

What the fuck do you See

You said you wanted to be with me, but yet your words deceive me, you cast a spell upon yourself believing that I'm something else. I am not what's in your mind, can't you see you failed to see that person which caused you to see something that I'm not truth reveals who I am, that's what's important my sexuality doesn't make me it's part of who I am, I am a man who finds love and interest in another man. I don't play roles of girls, hoes, or slave... I am happy and free, don't let your eyes trick you into believing in a lie. That's not me because honey I am truly a guy.

I have hair on my face and a dick in place that can't be erased. Just because you fuck in my ass doesn't change the fact I am a man what the fuck do you see when you're with me?

A bitch with tits, pussy and a firm ass? Don't be deceived let's face the reality, just because you're playing a game doesn't mean I have to do the same because when push come to shove you're Gay that's your painful possibility.

Written

Lawrence Smith

Black Smith

Blazing embers flickers a radiant warmth the comforting air
welcomes pleasure as love approach with tenderness in hand,
passion gives off lyrical notes,

You notice me and I notice you it is true reflection of life,
a reflection of what should be desire being lit. We kiss in
a blissful hug, the sweet touch causes my heart to create a spark
that lites your flame.

You hold me and I am wanted, I feel needed and yet distance
seperates our world which leaves me to question? Can this
flickering flame touch my soul? What was then now burns like
paper filling the air with smoke, as I wave my hand to clear
my view I stop and look at the changing colors of the fire that
reminds me of who we are now...

fire makes us stronger, truth give us character while lyrical
words make a cozy night inviting once a harden heart now I'm
a flicker ember a lit spar of compassion as the heat builds my
love and forged into steal.

Lawrence Smith

2/18/16

Abuse

How can I express to you knowing that my heart is dull of rain.
the tear stains that reveals my shame and pain, how can I express
to you knowing I hate me so the abuse I hide either induced by
alcohol, drugs or physical rage, you say you love me and yet
you molest me, I am open like a wound for all to see submerged
in utter shame, you have crossed the point of no return, and
so have I.

My soul lingers in darkness I'm reaching out for the light.
I am hopeless in this life
I call out in pain the death of romance leaves a hole in my
heart because of your disinterest and disrespect holds me in
bondage, your words tare into me like a sword
I have given up on love for fear of being misused...., I express
my bitterness while my heart is full of rain. But whats crazy
still I can't brake the chain of loving
you!

Written by

Lawrence Smith

11/07/11

Unscented Beauty

Fragment pieces of a scented rose I am ugly all the world to see, no longer beautiful... my soul vanishes, my fragrance disappears... lack of trust smothers my soul, I can't be touched are held by hands because your love is unrecognizable.

poem by

Love Is Seasoned

Autumn leaves slowly falls while shades of summer fades, the kiss of winter fills the air, while petals of emotions shades it's beauty, I feel my heart beat in the warmth of your arms, as God's amazing love gives us the marvelous change. We are full of life while spring brings a renewed indifference which causes us to see the seasons within us.

We are like the waves of an ocean giving birth to uncertain life. While giving light to creation of love, time revolves within my soul bring about a change in my season. While awaiting the blossoms of passion that is awoken during the dawning of a new year, 356 days I exposed to your Romantic Rhythm you are my endless summer and for that I love you.

Written by

Lawrence Smith

10/25/11

Above and here with Love

Heaven opens it's ears and hears her prayer her eyes fills with tears.

As joy feels her heart, the dream of what you look like is no longer a taunting dream

**** Delon Nehiem Elan Smith, ****

You are a gift from God, God has allowed you to travel through time and space on the bolt of his amazing grace.

A divine kiss wrapped your soul and you became a part of Us.

**** Delon ****

You are a precious gift unto the Universe your presence is heavenly, you bring such love, such joy, such excitement to your mom, I am glad that you are here for you are a present for us all.

Happy Birthday grandson

10-02-11

We Celebrate you Delon N.E. Smith

Love

Mipa

AKA

Lawrence Smith

Grateful

Molded footprints side by side hearts unfold like a cactus flowers
curiosity opens the human mind awaken life, broken pieces are
made whole, darkness gives birth to light. I hold your hand
in mine it's warmth is smoothing like the morning sun, your touch
is emotional it motivates our possibility. Your swag inspires
emotions with a level of aspiration while giving gifts to sensual
motivation, I feel blessed now that I've found you, I feel blessed
now that can hold you.

I feel feel blessed just to gaze upon you, we are one, connected
spiritually while exploring the opportunities of wanderous
pleasure, your kiss is blissful I am blessed to know.

when we are hand in hand

We are Blessed which makes
me grateful

Written By

Lawrence Smith

COLOR

don't let my metaphysical shade be the motive of your distorted view of who and what I am, i hope you can see theres more to me as there is to you? Don't let my hue prohibit you from the truth, don't let lies and bigotry become your excuse criticism nor jealousy, don't let my lustrous beauty stop you from being real, see my metaphysic look has come with a price.

Many whipped and sold, worked in fields see we fought, cried and died and stripped of pride, our meta-physical existence was made a slave, shackles upon my neck, hands and feet and still you find ways to disrespect me, you raped my identity and you deny my history.

you steal my ambition and claim I am wrong to harbor the feeling I have. My color defiled, sold, stolen and fought for you and all I get is beaten and bruised you call me names I dare not repeat, you lied about my freedom and make it worst a ride on the front of the bus was to much, so you made a fuss.

I asked to be treated equal you laugh in my face and say that will be the day, but despite what you done to my Color I am stronger then no other "yes" I know I have my flaws, don't we all? you still hold a bag of tricks with drugs and alcohol.

Tell us it's against the law, but you use it to try to finish my color off. Don't let my appearance mislead you to think my color a fool. See what I've learned, I've learned for you I've mastered my skills not to abuse you like you did me my color.

Now fight against brutality, prejudice and social shame, I stand for civil rights for those who are mocho brown, mahogany,

yellow brown, ultra dark and reddish too. So your view of me may not have changed in the past 200 years but it doesn't matter for in my history I hold records of strength, faith and endurance I am a soul wrapped in a body covered with the colors of my ancestors.

So don't let my pride come across as brass but I now understand why black is beautiful I now understand why my color seem to threaten you. Because being Gifted and Black shows a dawn of proud for tomorrows haters I am not colored

I am the ultra metaphysical existence

Black Power

Written by

Lawrence Smith

11/20/10

revised 5/19/11

Work Of Art

From my imagination you where made a creator's masterpiece,
a special clay I slowly molded you into a work of art.
a worldly exhibit for all to see.

I chiseled you a marble sculpture by hand the imagine of a
fine black man, as you slowly transformed you into living force
your beauty is inspiring like Ernest Hemmingway Way, who's pen
pen creates characters, I then use the strokes of the brush like
Leonardo, to capture your essence, I continue with the thought
of Micheal Angelo to express your strength and masculinity, I
then use the eyes of Pecso to express your sexuality, I am
impressed by the expression of you, you're a true masterpiece
from my heart.

As I admire you I am charmed by your smile, your dark silhouette
is bold and manly to me. Your demeanor is provocative through
and through, I notice your low cut fade, braids, and sexy dreads,
hell I even love that shiny bald head but thats what makes you
special, your a piece of seductive art with your massive muscles,
your rippling abs, your endearing thighs and tone butt, but your
arms are strong I am pleased on this work of art you are for
me.

Written by

5/10

Revised

3/23/11

28

Lying Ass Nigga

Lying Ass Nigga your fabrication of counterfeit emotions and cheapen love fills my veins which once pumped the warmth of my life spirit my body spills of it's joy, all because of your trade mark of deceit and foolish lies, you lay me in your passionate embrace while sticking your fangs deep into me, clouding my conscience and using my feeling against me, to gain a selfish gain. You lying ass nigga all the time I knew in my heart you where still on making mud pies. Your childish ass games and immature ways let me know I'm the one who caused my shame for trying to make a boy into a man.

Blood now days drips from my punctured wounds, you rape me of my sense of desire, love, and truth and to you I stand looking like a fool. You pretend to convince my heart, and yet you know from the start I was a toy, really your sexual ploy. Your sanctimonious smudge let me know I was used by a ----- Lying Ass Nigga

4/7/11

Guess Whats In The Mall

I was out shopping and OMG!

what a special and wonderful find. It was chocolate and fine, I walked in to take a glance it was behind the glass, it was sweet and also bitter, as I reached to taste a piece it melted in my mouth but it was to warm to the touch.

I'd played with it in my hand it came in so many sizes some so tiny you could barely see it at all, but then there was some so large you could barely take it all.

Some chocolate is dark, some chocolate is milky, some chocolate is creamy and there's with a splash of cream. I like for my chocolate to be steamy and hot with fluffy marshmallows, because it can really hit the spot.

Whats really tasty and that knocked me out are chocolate covered cherries, nuts and strawberries. But what really excited a boy's taste like mine? Is chocolate covered bananas that are fine, it don't need no sprinkles are fancy coverings at all.

To tell you the truth I like my chocolate just as fine and sweet as it can be but I do have a puzzling question that you can answer for me?

What type of chocolate are you?

Lawrence Smith

10/5/16

MOTHER EARTH

Her breast are the foundation for which many men have traveled,
her beauty abused and her kindness taken advantage of. yet men
rape her of her sweetness and giving heart. she lacks the
nourishment that feeds our souls and even though she pleads for
mercy time and time again but all we do is ignore her cries.

she yells in pain as we rip open her legs robbing her of life..
in the midst of her anger she fights back, eyes swelling with
tears, she fill the land drowning man's simple mindness toward
her. she groans of stress releasing her force upon man's
ungrateful head we ask for her forgiveness, she ignores our
request she shakes in violence leaving some in dismay.

Yet she holds no ill feelings when we ask to cover us in the
darkness of her bosom when we exist no more

Originally written

Lawrence Smith

5/22/10

revised

3/22/11

Raped

Forged from your anger, selfishness and greed I am found powerless, weak and afraid, I am molded in skepticism and drenched in bitterness. Rage consumes me like hot red fire, burning hot, causing me to blister, stagnate water leans me temporary coolness with no true relief.

Deceit smiles in my face while manipulation comes wrapped in a poisonous tongue my flesh reeks with shame as my soul decays trust deceives as my butt bleeds, I try to fight to no avail*** I am choked with hands like weeds. Wanting, needing to scream but death threats holds me to be loyal as thrones and thistles invades me, my heart stops I am unable to breath callus hands rips at flesh while vultures eats the rest, what was once innocent is now tainted flawed and damaged a lifeless flower that holds no nectar to beauty all because of the sting of your penis you push your way through the light of my thighs and darkens my emotions stripping away my defenses leaving me in a puddle of disgrace doubt as I pull up my pants the lingering scent of your violence haunts me forever changing me.

I am on display wearing your scars a open exhibit of your hate, disgust and rage the morning sun dawns in a new day it also reveals life kicking inside me trying to exist among the living.

It's purpose is yet to be reveal, it feeds on the complexity of my heart and it washes away in my reflection while smothering my hope, deep, deep, I am drowning trying not to be faithful to the shame, the inhale and exhale within me.

Reaching for razor blade I open my wrist to allow my veins
to spill the depression that pumps forcefully within.

I will my life to expire but someone calls me from the darkness
and shrouds me

Suddenly I feel the life pushing through me tryin, tryin to reveal
it's hideous

face, fear keeps me from loving it's gruesomeness, I force myself
to look into the mirror and stare at it's reflection I am shocked
at what I see.

It's evil and disfiguring, it's haunting, long teeth it appeared
to have spooky eyes and disfigured hands but whats really
frighting was the fact it was me for who I saw and yell at myself
and call me rape.

Written

Fag I

so why are you calling me a fag? to be honest I'm surprised as hell.

I guess you thought I was going to run and hide but honey I know you're surprised I can tell you used that word to humiliate and intimidate, but I'm not one when you want to patty cake but yet you use dick sucker, punk maytag and yeah fag to twist my soul.

Fairy, sissy, prancer slob nocker, hell even sweet boots, just to name a few.

fudge packer, dick gobbler, homo, sweet cakes and booty bumper I've been called them too all by you.

you make jokes by saying what kind of man are you? It doesn't matter if I'm your brother Father or son all you see is a Gay man.

I am creative in my own right, naturally, beautifully supremely. .. but no, you only see a theatrical drama queen.

I'm not dramatic as you want to believe I don't try to hide or even lie. But the thing that puzzles me most, do calling me fag make you a superman? A mighty man? Ultra Man? No it makes you a super stupid foolish man, it makes you a jealous man, bigot of a man but I don't blame you for your words are fear and doubt but your words are just words. So call me names if you must

Fag II

I've been called worst and not just by you to be honest I

understand whats all the fuss? So you call me fag now what am I suppose to do yell and cuss you? To be honest you all can go to hell. But I'm gonna take the high road and wish you well but before I leave may I ask you a question? If I am a fag and you know this for yourself when you fucked me what kind of man does that make you?

7/31/15

Lawrence Smith

Scented and Devour

Her lips glisten liked fresh washed cherries so full and plump they where glossy sweet like fluffy cotton candy. I licked my lips and she licked her's with a seductive roll of her tongue she let out a moan. My body went slightly numb, I could smell the aroma of her ultra goodness as the breeze blew her scented lips my way. My hunger increase as her nectar exploded spilling into my soul. Upon first glance you could tell she was a temptress with a passionate halo; I knew she was captivating and devilishly sweet.

I started getting hot with that fat ass of hers I couldn't resist her kiss, so kiss her high while my fingers played below her belly. She shivered in my palm, once again there was a hunger but this time in my pants. I told her cherry was may favorite, she only laughed and didn't speak, I lowered my head as she arched her back. She told me don't draw back in a soft sigh as I ate my fill of cherry pie after I finished she just smiled and said "wow" and said good bye.

4/22/11

rewritten

7/31/15

Expired

Your words sits on my heart like spoiled milk, my stomach aches with pain as my heart burns with untrue desire your cursed words leaves a bitter taste in my emotions, my feelings reeks of vomit.

I can't believe that you could take the words of I love you and make it bitter and sour to my soul, you told me not to love you how can love be looked at as a expired purchase? How can I be received as a useless commodity?

Lawrence Smith

Untouchable

Fragment pieces of a single red scented rose ugly thrones and weary leaves, I am disfigured for all the world to see. No hands would touch me for my beauty is no longer beautiful a vanishing soul my fragrance disappears, lack of water my existence is smothered I can't remember your touch when you held me last by your nurturing hand it's unrecognizable therefore my life is untouchable.

Lifted

Falling falling, I look at density falling out of the window pane of my heart, gazing at the falling stars and disconnected soul. Life is wrapped in glorious beauty, my existence is cloudy because gloom holds my soul I cry out in confusion hoping for you to reach out into the darken universe and pull my lifeless heart into your emotional light.

Your kiss resuscitates my essence, I am emancipated from lostness, your hands embrace my tears, thrones of time past polluted my mind love is hindered for the sake of fear, you say try I am emancipated, I tell you all is a lie, you ask me to trust, I am delivered, your loving word encourages me with laughter.

I am emancipated life is a density uncertain but I am sure that with you I will be forever

Rescued

Written by

Lawrence Smith

9/24/11

I like to know the question

What sort of man are you? What I see is'nt much, you lack the magic touch you lack skill, charm and sexual personality, you lack more than just intimacy, you lack the light that brightens my eget soul when you're around I am so cold your hands lack the warmth to set me free you lack masculine ability to be my real amn, you smear me with worfs you call your truth which makes me feel like a fool.

I am reluctant to call you my mate because lets be honest you relly don't know how to stimulate you lack pleasure, penis and passion, I know thats a little rude.

But I must tell you the truth, you're a useless fuck, your little dick aggravates me with the slightest touch what sort of man are you to me?

I know we share no futrue, no hope and dreams of you and me. I come to realize I like being free in my heart there's only room for me. you may dismiss what I feel that seems to be your thrill but let me say this to you. I am more without you and thats how I feel you're dismissed you selfish nigga.

I'm giving you the boot don't call me the silly rabbit becuase matter of fact I wouldn't take you back what sort of man are you?

Humm I really would like to know the question to that.

Lawrence Smith

written

12/3/11

Praise Anyhow

In this time of toil I can not understand I try to see my sailor's
promised hand he said he would be with me in all that I do.
But the harder things the harder it is to see you!

I try to pray and keep hold of my mind. But trials keep on
coming and sanity hard to find.

My soul does cry out under the pressure of this life and my
heart had it's fill of all this constant strife,
Lord I'm in need, my help has to come this season of testing
must be almost done yet I will stand still and in you will I
trust,

Enduring and going through all things that must
for when the things settle down and my life is refilled,
re-purposed and restored I will have learned to praise you for
what I've endured.

There's no need in writing and delaying for now is the time
to sing aloud and shout in joy, for you I now I should praise
you anyhow.

Lawrence Smith

12/29/16

I Need A Man

I need me a man is that desperate as it sounds? Please, please tell me nothings wrong with that? I asks whats wrong with you?

Can you just be that? Is it hard just being real?
Can't you see how attractive you are? Evidently not because you are always acting like a fool, why can't you just grow the fuck up and face the facts?... I need me a man and so far my friend that man ain't you.

I'm not looking some sort of brawny man or some sort of superman, I just want a man whose not ashamed to hold my hand or to pat my ass I need a man whose not afraid to slightly dictate but most of all stimulate.

I need a man who is able to ensure me when I'm with him, I am fulfilled and he is confident with himself, I want a mate that can arouse my mind and trickle my emotions, but most of all I want a man who can dig in my soul is that to much to as? I need a real man that has soft hands and believes in the master's plan.

So if you are reading this poem don't be ashamed to ask me out because you may be the real man that God had in plan.

12/18/11

8/1/15

revised

Weather Love

Barometric pressure brings about cumulous clouds that hangs over head revealing thermo-receptor of emotions like appetite, desire and indulgence, our bodies respond to various thermal reactions as our temperature rise. I viewed love out of the north east to the south west but when I felt the subtle flow of the erotic jet stream of happiness, the forecast seem bright, but like most meteorologist we can't fully predict the nature of the heart, precipatation suddenly fills my eyes without warning, I try to broadcast what I'm feeling as darkness rolls in I'm ignored with moments of thunder and lighting which leaves me clueless to the thermo-chemistry, but the climate change in your attitude makes weathering an unpredictable thermo pressure relationship that was once the power of our thermo-dynamics I once considered a atmospheric romance now a national broadcast warning

Lawrence

4/15/2014

Recipe Of A Friendship

One day while sitting I was trying to create a new recipe, thinking about you I created this. Mix together life experience in a world of confusion, strife, growing pains, joy and happiness. while beating together time. Add a couple of pinches of truth and reality, mix in a pound of heart and a few drops of tears.

A dash of a smile and a sprinkle of a sounding car, and a little encouragement, before getting a grease pan of things of the past that has challenged us best before you bake take the tolling pin of pray and flour in your Jesus name.

Bake for a little time until brown pull from life memory oven, let cool and decorate with laughter, kindness and warmth and place in the window for all to smell with the caption

I love you

Written by

Lawrence Smith

6/28/15

Light Noise

Symphonic ecstasy interacts with circles of passion making my heart clairvoyant seeing into the complexional reality of consciousness we experience as human emotion. I search for spiritual confirmation while keeping my awareness on the eyes of the universal God who has created the essence of man.

I shall call my husband and add my essence with yours as you you call me wife. We time travel creating a cosmetic collaboration of separate worlds into one, lyrics and rhythms echos our compose love into a melody, that we share openly before the world.

Angelic voice sings of our union while our children laugh in praise. I take your hand for better or worst, for richer or poorer, for sickness or health until death do us part, pledging heart to heart the notes to our love syncopation in the circles musical passion.

Lawrence

3/24/14

Chocolate Man

Hushhh... Hushhhh..., and listen to my chocolate serenade lullaby. hear the pouring of his rhythm heart as it beats a sweet candy melody that plays a tasty symphony of passion for me, he melts holding memories of cascading love which shimmers over me.

An open heart and twinkling eyes that the chocolate beauty, charm, and strong masculinty pours freely.

I lay in your arms sweet like little hershey kisses, Hush.... Hushhh... and listen to my heart god has given a me a ultra delight wrapped in Lustrous Mmmmm.....

Rhythym arranged on sugary sheets, maple sweet, molasses deep hinges on the cords of Rich fudge, chocolate and coco brown, almond and mocha just to taste a few but so sweet is how you taste when I'm licking on a delicious chocolate man.

Lawrence Smith

5/25/13

Science

The astronomical and astrophysics of heart ache can be a gravitational pull that is surrounded by emotional asteroids of pain which keeps love galactic star from shining it's passionate light disappointment shoots like solar blasts that holds me to the ground, faith, hope and trust prevents me from orbiting to the atmosphere of you the sun's radiant solar rays makes a hazy halo over love, hurt looms over head leaving me to gasp for oxygen.

Deflecting light from my soul causes a blackhole in my feelings making love a vast void, cosmos knots of desire gravitate to the core of my heart opening up an astro-world to a meteor of questions, thermal gases of pain blinds me of our once time traveling odyssey now damaged by space debris that lingers like space junk in my heart.

I'm stuck in a non-time continuum atmosphere lies prevent me from riding on the cosmic tail of forgiveness burned by solar rays of betrayal I am unwilling to explore new voyages because comic desires that once guided me now darkens my universe with insecurity and fear which keeps me in a vortex of tears the more I feel hurt by you the more I feel thermonuclear pressure building within me.

Because I believed that our thermo chemistry was like no one else's but I see all it took for you to lose interest in our physical systematic operation we called love was to find an artificial intelligence that gave you a sexual functionality nothing real, nothing cherished, nothing out of this world but

wait I realize it wasn't love you wanted ... it was the science
experiment.

Lawrence

3/22/14

Lawrence

3/22/14

We Ponder the Thought of God

We ponder the thought of God, especially when it comes to the issue of death, but what he is true to is his promise, that man will return to the dust for which he was made but that isn't what bothers us we question why God takes babies or children?

But this is what he knows, He states that man is a perishing field-he doesn't promise we will see old age not one of us, if we who live to see Pass our single digits to our double digits that is a gift granted. But he has the knowledge and foresight to know when our life is called to it's actual home.

We all live on temporary time from the time we are conceived to the time ~~the time~~ of our ^{death} ~~birth~~.

Love Hungry

Feed my soul with your love, starve not my heart of your securing embrace allow us to feast on the emotions that keeps us hungry for one another.

We dine on the table we call seduction, the candle light that flickers in your eyes is from the pale moon above, holding your hand is a delightful treat. The nectar that come from your lips is a tasty experience that makes a palatable journey of ecstasy.

I'm made drunk from your savory nectar I lick my fingers from the appetizing goodness of your inner thighs.

Feeds my soul with your lingering desire and serve it on the dish of passion feed me with the fork of confidence while I stir with the spoon of trust. As we dine, wipe my mouth with the napkin of affection.

Pleasurable passion is served as our slice of desert, we close out the night with a toast the event of dining was enjoyable I am made full by our enlightenment of love hunger which keeps me hungry for you

Lawrence Smith

7/14/13

Compose

Forbid me not from thy loving melody allow me to recite your creative strenght give my body the breath to capture your pleasant lullaby, my heart beats within a romantic rhythm as we kiss each others lips I am sweep in a sultry solitude of music, succulent is the taste.

I feel the atmospere thicken, with your aroma of manhood it's burning to my soul I am made dizzy by your swaying linger fragance and yet the radiant embrace of your passion scores a 4 count beat holding me in amusement like a cozy lit fire, our sexual desire surrounds us like a symphonic chorus, you are my musical lyricist for such a time I am made poetic through your creativity, I'm not just a note or a clanging sound, I am a compose thought within the mind of a artist who decided to make us music.
when we're together

Written by

10/06/11

Inspired by G Money

Ambiguous

Love ambiguous definition leaves me to question loves true intentions and connection that realities to my emotions. I know love can't be always be defined even through my loyalty, faithfulness, compassion and feelings aren't always disclosed to you.

Love unexplainable expression is often addressed with the meaning unconditional but instead of answering the question I got what sounds like an excuse than an explanation leaving me without clarity.

Mixed thoughts of clairvoyance that holds my heart in clandestine, a box which translate into a secret, do I have the right to question such a fragile word or do I complicate things with more questions? Ambiguous means unclear do I approach love with with physical eyes and touch it with mental expectations while experiencing it on a spiritual level?

Only for me to question it's feelings, loves undefined nature comes with and without motive, its uncertain views leads to question its character is it blameless, flawless, fault finding?

Careless? abusive? manipulating? thats the question I am always asking because love is so confusing, nurturing, compassionate and still be ambiguous.

Written by

Lawrence Smith

3/26/13

Heaven's Gift

Heaven opens it's ears and hears your prayers tears fills your eyes as joy fills your heart, the dream of you and me, no longer taunts my soul you a gift from God, God has allowed you to travel to me through space and time while riding on his bolt of eternal love.

A divine kiss wraps your soul and you became my ultra soulmate, we are apart of one another you are a precious spiritual gift unto the earth your presence is heavenly you bring me joy, such love and excitement I feel I am overwhelmed that you are here from now on you are my heaven above, right now right here, gifted

9/14/13

Rise

Celestial diamonds outline a dark velvet sky, illustrious gems shines brightly over a roaring sea crushing waves roll tenderly on the shore leaving a beer foam, passion hangs over head like moon light while loves silhouette lingers... I hold your hand in mine uncertain of our destiny our feet molds in moisten sand.

A gentle breeze blows a mythical song that sings to your hearts, while lyrics of our love replays deja'vu which makes the night the prefect setting to tell you how much I love you... we kiss in the whispers of the sea as the man in the moon smiles with irradiate pride to see our love glow.

We sit on the sandy shore to watch the morning sun give life to our soul, our eyes gaze up one another as the dawning light shine forth neon orange, yellow and greens, sapphire clouds bow gracefully to a pale blue sky which now shines the radiance of our love which rises on the horizon of our future

originally written

Lawrence Smith

"Circle"

So my life has now come full circle my children are now grown,
the branches on tree has bared fruit for all to see, I'm no longer
afraid of what is to become of me. I can now say it's time for
me to reach for the stars, do'nt cry with tears of pain, let
not the salt stain your precious face, see I am happy just being
me. and though my spirit is at ease I'm proud to say it's be
cause of you and you, and you and you, and you, and you, and
you. And I am well pleased I had the chance to share my love
with you all. Lift your voices in a celebrated song. Know that
I am not dead, I'm on another side waiting for His Return, so
that once again we will all be back together as one as a circle
once more.

Lawrence

Smith

3/15/11

Strongest

The strongest element isn't the sun, "yes" it burns and shine bright but it's not the strongest

The strongest element isn't the earth, "yes" it gives birth to life and hold the one's who sleeps now in peace.

The strongest element isn't the water "yes" its a powerful force, it can be enjoyed and feared.

The strongest element is love it has so many abilities, it can shine it can be feared and enjoyed, it can destroy and even cool a sweating brow, it has been known to give birth and even bring peace, but most of all we where created out of love which gives us

LIFE

originally written

Lawrence Smith

2/18/11

Appectance

I am changing

slowly time will come and change my looks it's slighted hand and gracious touch will play apart of the Master's plan.

The black in my hair will slowly gray and the pain on my face will fade away because stress will no longer bother me. The light in my eyes will mildly dim not yet dark to say I'm at end.

My skin will loosen from it's frustration alone with it's wear and tear like fine leather on an old E-Z boy chair.

Soon my step will slow it's pace I'm aging because of God's amazing grace.

I will hold no regret can't you see, my mind at ease and I'm set free, my memories are a soothing melody.

I am changing

It will be hard for some to see though through this life I've gain new eyes to see, I can't tell you all I've seen because to be honest it would be hard to explain. I'm not sad so don't you fret this change was meant to be.

I am happy if you will see this one thing is true, rest assure this change is also in you so run and play it's part of your growth, laugh and make your silly jokes if you must because when the time comes there won't be to much of a fuss.

I was once like you this true I had my days of hardy parties and great folly now I'm no longer filled with childish glee, for I now see God change in me.

laugh if you must for this change you see isn't just for me,

OH, you don't believe well wait and see, for the time will come
for you to change just like me.

written by

Lawrence Smith

5/10/10

revised

3/23/11

Living

The thus of life are just symbols our experiences wrapped in complex feelings and emotions, that tells a perplexing history of how we live revealing the simplest of our flawed human character that is mingled in flesh. What we see, hear, share plays apart in the things we do, prays are just hopeful request some call it faith, but the story our lives are still incomplete. I walk on the shore of despair while fear and empty existence cloaks me. I drink from the glass of discomfort and use the towel of hopeless to wipe my brawl struggles play a role in the growth of our life journey which turns into living destiny is an on going experience but some simply call nature natural living

Lawrence Smith

A Bullshitter's Love

Captured Reminisce poses a threat to all I am and what we shared in our lives are they now lies?

I die within myself yet having no regret to what was shared amongst us was it pure? was it real? I laugh, you laugh how can this thing we have be a liar's tale? you hold fear in your hands it trembles with doubt and insecurity teardrops stain your finger tips, a kiss allows me to die willingly.

Every time I see you hold another, when will I know it's my turn to be desired? when? damn it when?

I solely gave to you without fore-thought how damn it, how?

Can all of this just be a portrayal of cherisherable memories when you refuse to address me, us, our past, you pushed I pulled and yet I looked for the world to end within and with us. Linger in questions like a story for a soap opera there was a time when we were side by side now because of jaded guilt I am of no assistance, no longer a dream, a fantasy, a romantic interest now I am your pain a emotional stain you wish to wash away

3/19/12

Fierce

Love an ambiguous entity that's what's fierce when is love true? How can one be sure that love is real? Does experience test the diligence of love? Are the encounters just a testimony of our endurance when confronted with love's ambiguous nature?

The spirit of love's comforting, conquering and supportive, but yet the elements of it can be betrayal, conflict and insecure. Along with multiple levels of manipulation making the task of trusting just as ambiguous, the character of love can be most complexing and perplexing which makes the experience of loving you

fierce

originally written

Lawrence Smith

9/9/13

Owner Ship

Don't shhh's... my heart of it's pain allow me to bleed from the abuse and shame muffle not my fear, nor the adversity that pumps in my veins let not my words go unheard give an ear unto my passion and turn not a deafness to my love. Gag not my affection are quiet my body, mind soul and spirit don't tape up my optimism with pathetic excuses you censor me with doubt and seal my sweet caress, holding back my experience of freedom.

You make sex a flirtatious game causing my heart to be wrapped in silence. I scream and scream not being heard all I ask is that you stop choking me and let me breath and just be me. Cover not the truth of anguish I feel I open my mouth to speak, but there is no air, I have perforated lungs which keep me from speaking, embodied by your power over me I'm perfume with your harm and rape, secrets hushes me while control blankets my essences, but prevents me to escape, manipulation marks me property.

written by

Lawrence Smith

3/3/13

Copy

How my heart does reflect the reflections of your heart I can not tell you, it mimics your motions freely without worry, it follows without concern, my heart glares at your emotions, it stares at you with deep passion while smiling back with pleasure. It mirrors the comfort we have for one another asking the same questions. Do you love me? Do you want me? Do you trust me? Oh it's faithful, it does not lie it smiles when I smile, and that leaves me with a trusting feeling, all because you are my reflection and I am yours.

Written by

2/18/2013

Conductor

Sing into my ear a rhapsody tone, whisper me the lyrics of your heart cry into my soul and reveal unto me your melody, whisper your hypnotic notes deep into my subconscious, open my eyes to the reality of love.

Share with me your composed emotions and play me an opulent orchestra of your feelings.

Allow the music to produce an rhythmic echo of our thoughts into a physical composition. Record our sexual essence into a symphonic scale.

Whisper in my ear I love you, allow the warmth of our expression of our Music be a song for all the world to sing, let our desires be a poetic cleft note for all to read, kiss me in a rhapsody tone.

For inside of us is yet a stage of untapped talent that sing through out the heavens above.

Written

Lawrence Smith

3/18/12

It Stinks

The stench of your absence dills my nostrils with the scent of emptiness, oh how I miss you!! The lingering pain of yesterday can't hide sorrow my tomorrow aches I miss your smile in my today which now makes my nights long and forever.

You where my morning, now memories haunt me I am unable to reach for you kiss you, hug you or tell you how much I love you.

The essence that which held me you physically here is now a shadow, my friend is gone and the love that once embraced me is a vapor. I'm now reminded how alone I am. I mourn for your scowl, yell or even your sweet words go to hell.

I listen for you voice in the wind, it's like a whisper, Oh mama, Deloris, Billy, Kerry, Donna Rae, Tamkio and Lee, don't you know we miss you we love you and even though God knew what was best, don't mean it doesn't stink. Please don't tell me I should'nt have or feel no regrets but I do, because I miss you I want you to know that it stinks that you're Gone.

Lawrence Smith

7/27/13

Mis-ter-ess

Spitting lips speaks flaming rhythms hidden codes of a lying tongue your heart fell to speak of who I am to you. what is it that causes you to hide me in the shadows of your mind? Ignored me openly while being fucked passionately in secret does not acknowledging who I am in the mist of your life.

I am free to love you without shame or worry, but burning embers from your mouth denies my declaration and all my expression I know you said you have nothing to hide, but why? Why is it hard for you to see me?

Once again its ok when you fuck me or when I'm sucking your dick but then sneaky words of your wife, girlfriend or baby mama seeps you speak empty promises you know your mouth had no intention to keep, lies lies and more lies kills my soul, tears block my throat while under cover down low actions robs me of my acknowledgment but what really hurts is when I hear you say.

I'm just your mistress when you I am a man.

Lawrence

9/15/13

Where Are You

A weary cry is heard in the night while a weary soul takes flight hope is lost in darkness vice grip as a prayer tightens on a sinners tongue.

God is lost... God is lost... on my knees I pray and seek release, in my chair I read my word, but instead of finding peace for my weary soul, I'm stuck with a life with no hope and rescue for all is gone.

God is lost... God is lost..., some would say we know not God's plan for us, but when he tells you to ask and he will reveal, that makes it hard to believe that there's is such a man or woman with a master plan?

I can't see help but carry doubt for I can't see because God is lost.. and I am too..

I can't blame the world for my tears my doubts and fears, but it would be better if I didn't feel that

God was'nt lost.

Written

Lawrence Smith

revised

12/30/16

Liar

False words mixed with sentiment tingled with false hopes tells me of what you express with your wagging tongue, it reveals you're useless character with false intentions, what use to be what I considered love was an act of manipulation, counterfeit reflections mingled with doubt, mistrust and hopeless dreams.

Clouded trust handled with an errier feel of fraudulent emotions that chokes what is not true, you spill slimy words and speak with a slandering tongue only to leave dry soil with no moisture behind it's all just empty vapors to just carry a disguise of a simple lie.

Lawrence

Smith

5/27/16

Untitled II

Satan laughs and claps his hands as he watch a Christian cry,
he whisper words of "I told you so" to prove God is a lie,
You listen with your heart and believe in your soul that God
can't just be as cruel you fight in the dimlessness of light
as you struggle with the plight of your life God says "he'll
never leave you nor forsake you! but you question why should
I fight? Death is easier to ease a man's weary soul, then to
believe tomorrow will be better.

They say prayer is the key, faith unlocks the door. How is
that so I would like to know? for I have asked and my keys have
not been a prayer that has given me a pass I knock at the door
and there is no answer.

Lawrence

Smith

5/10/16

Lyricist Of My Soul

The day I met you, you where walking in what we called our secret garden, the look in your eyes caused me to savor that one moment in time, I thought I could compose myself until I realized when I'm with you, you make me lose control my heart and emotions were now caught up in the Rapture of love, you brought tears of a clown, upon my face but in my heart I Realize I found a Winner, in you.

You are far more beautiful, I wasn't regretful for you being My Angel, like you I never thought we would find that always and forever, love. Because when you're looking for that someone to be the sunshine of my life, there always seems to be some drama, you have to experience in order for someone to understand, you're giving it the Best that you Got, I recalled the time I just said to you, just Be My lady you said yes without hesitation One In A Million, was my response, the more we shares the more we loved, I stroked hair to Killing me softly, somehow I new you could see right thru Me, you where my Funny Valentine, the day you said and Am I'm telling you, you wanted me to lay you down, while putting diamonds and pearls around your neck, you told me to spank you and call you Dirty Diana or Nikki, We laughed about being international lovers, we wrote our affects while living off the wall, as we made love slowly.

I slapped your ass three times saying there's no place like Home, as we held one another I thought about how much you Bring Me Joy, I closed my eyes knowing we where together Because you loved me, I never have to say I dance with somebody, because

I felt the fire that we shared and I knew without a shadow of
doubt you where the wind beneath my wing.

Lawrence Smith

written 11-20-10

revised 4/22/11

Scented House shoes

Your Name is Beautiful,
Swish, swish, swish, I hear you glide through the house in your
house shoes swish, swish, swish goes your pretty little feet..
upstairs and downstairs in the kitchen and in the hall. I hear
your soft and sexy swish.

How beautiful is beautiful? My pulse races at the curves of
your body, mind rumbles at the touch of your lips sweet smells
of jasmine, lavender, and vanilla touches my soul. I sniff the
aroma floral and scented roses as you swish, swish, swish in
these fuzzy little house shoes a flavor of citrus lingers in
the air channel, Elizabeth Taylor, Elizabeth Arden, Christian
Dioc, Ralph Lauren, Britteny Spears and Halle Berry just to name
a few makes you a ultra perfume of delight as you swish, swish,
swish in your house shoes,

Written

Lawrence Smith

2/2/13

Enlighten Joy

We where transformed into translucent a mode of light as we made love by the pale moon lite.

Our senses made of florescent passionate energy which propelled us in out own erotic intoxicating universe.

Our embrace is of splendor as we expel our existence leaving behind a radiant halo, our minds and spirits are electricfied we are illuminating for all to see, we are transfixed into a beam of emotional energy surging through one another's heart.

We are a hypnotizing light acting as a guide to those affectionately blind in the pale moon light, our love penetrates the sky showing our expression of enchanted ecstasy that shines a pleasurable glow of our delight

which leaves us with enlighten

Joy.

written by

Lawrence Smith

Written by

T.B./L.S.

Captured By Love

Here I am held captive by love, sometime I want to escape,
but then I realize I love you...

shackle me with passion, lock me away in the vault of heart.

Tell me that you'll always be with me. Once again I am held
captive by your beauty unwilling to surrender my thoughts that
keeps me to you it's not an injustice towards loving you.

It's a captivating pleasure to know a woman who posses such
a delight and Charming Gift.

Chemistry

I am seduced by your metaphysical beauty in it I found a metabolic desire, that brings me a passion and strength, how my mind lingers on how genetically you are designed your overall makeup is like sodium nitrate my heart explodes with desire and is comforted by your creative DNA that makes you science, your gentle embrace is a loom over my body and my sensory is over powered by your chemistry, I am made helpless and out of control like an experiment gone wild, I am made drunk by your formula, it's warming effect washes over me like a sweet fragrance.

We connect making out heart, mind and body altered state of physics made real. We are science made whole, some call it many names, I call it

Loves Chemistry

Written by

Lawrence Smith

1/16/10

revised

3/22/11

Resuscitate

One-one thousand, two-one-thousand, three-one-thousand passion,
one-thousand, two-one thousand, three-one thousand affection
one-thousand, two-onethosand, three-one thousand love.

I lay before you lifeless unable to move my essence has not
gone but never less I am motionless, what caused this mere
affliction you ask? I say love is the reason that I am
breathless. One-one-thousand, two one-thousand,
three-one-thousand I feel your tongue compress my emotions back
to love.

My feelings collapse like falling leaves when I am around you,
I am without a pulse so my heart races skipping it's rhythmic
beat. I am slowly flat-lining with everyday I don't see you,
one-one thousand, two-one thousand, three-one thousand I love
you, one-one thousand, two-one thousand, three-one thousand,
I need you, your lips touch mine and I am revived compassion
gives life to my love, hope gives my heart the shock it needs
to beat I inhale with our future.

Written by

Lawrence Smith

1/17/2013

Leafless

Lifeless tree have no roots with falling leaves a naked soul shivers, abandoned by love I am made barren. My heart reflects life's stain while earthly pain remains, I can only wish for God's holy rain to wash away the weary life

Open to the elements there's no shelter for me to hide, why damn it why can't I say what I mean and mean what I feel? One moment my mind is drowning and my roots grow thirsty I feel faint from the glorious sun, unable to maintain a level of consciousness. I feel lifeless as a man, lifeless as a friend, lifeless as a son, lifeless as a brother, but worst as a decaying father.

Lifeless to produce budding leaves that will extend the branches of my soul weathering emotions brings about climate changes that brings leaves to fall, once I was a mighty oak blowing free in the earthly breeze. My scattered leaves slowly fade as my soul hibernates I am in a light coma, which holds me lifeless.

8/2/15

Timeless

The velocity of time and space can often be measured by time.

How do you measure friendship? Do you measure it with sundials, hour glasses or watches, or can it be measured by days weeks months or years.

I can't imagine a century or decade without you being a friend.

Not one second, one minute not even one hour.

Our friendship is on Time

continuum.

Never the Same

We are like snow flakes molded and shaped differently effortlessly falling we are formed by our circumstances and situations that gives us our own inherited personality never the same. Like snow flakes we are uniquely made created never to be replicated how we are viewed and how we view others is often depicted in our attitudes and our realities.

Written

Lawrence Smith

1/25/2013

Victim

What happened to the man I loved? fiery hands nails me to
the cross bitter words puts a crown of thrones on y head

The arms that use to comfort me now inflects me with anger,
fear, doubt and rage, the mouth that once gave praise, now sing
bitch and hoe and other lyrics of slurs, the smile on your face
haunts me like a bad dream.

breaking glass over shouts and screams cigarette burns hinge
on the tongue of venom, what happen to the man that loved me?

All I got is a foot of scrutiny a punch are two of skepticism
I feel blow after blow of criticism I am slap with it's your
fault and you're useless my heart beating in my ears as I crawl
within myself

I scream it's ok, I scream it's alright, I scream it's going
to get better, at night I cradle scars muffling the sound of
my tears

Dawn breaks giving light to death's hand I hide while disguising
pain with loyalty, with secret shame.

Blackeyes cracked ribs, punctured lungs swollen lips and split
head all caused by your fingertips.

You drink my soul and embalm me with disgrace, self loathing,
grief, my heart is a gaping wound what happened to that joy that
celebrated us?

Cloaked in darkness I survive but at what cost? for when I
think at what I endured I will never forget you made me your
victim.

Written

4/19/13

Lawrence Smith

Fell In Love With An Angel

I slept with what seem to have been an angel, they where heavenly and fine as can be, to tell you the truth he was sexy to boot, I saw him across the street and he saw me too. We where looking back at one another, we both smiled as we greeted one another, we I couldn't believe my eyes how fine this brother was to my eyes, "shit" I wanted to kiss his father and mother, we exchanged names, I believed he said his name was Ricky?, Randy?, no, no, it was Micheal, to be honest it really did'nt matter at all, I looked into his eyes and I believed they where blue?

Hazel no, no, they were baby brown to tell you the truth, it did'nt even matter his touch was warm and inviting his kiss smooth, he asked could we go out tonite, I said to myself Damn right, but to him i said if you like? We dined by candle light and drank a few glasses of wine, he held my hand and said "I could really love you" to my surprise "I said I love you too," we laughed, he even made me cry. He asked me can I take you to paradise? I was reluctant at first, but then I said of course why not as he removed his clothes I saw no wrong, no flaws his body was wrapped in divinity hell he was physically phine or was that all in my mind?

He was smooth to the touch, as he held me in his arms he spoke gentle words, "he said I love you" again the second time "I said, "I love you too. As his hands grasped my thighs and lifted me closer to him he slowly injected himself pass my mind, I never heard a warning bell before he filled me with his taunted spell

now I must experience the living hell not once did he actually say "he loved me," so I can't be mad, it was just a game for him to get me in the bed and poison me.

So to all who think that she or he is sexy don't believe don't be like me and not think, and if you just so happen to read this poem.

Wrapp it up. No matter how (Phat) or phyn that person may appear to be, just take precautions so you wont become

HIV.

Originally Written

by Lawrence Smith

8/20/10

Revised 3/22/11

NUDE

Uninhibited are my feelings I am carefree, I am exposed unable to hide, I lay transparent before you there are no secrets my heart is an open exhibit to what might be, I am revealed for your heart to see.

My emotions are on display for you and the universe, my desire is unveiled while my love is a spectacle to be adored.

I am without restraint my passion flows like a shallow stream I lay blushing in my insecurity as erotica becomes my shame, I yearn for your sexual comfort it's warmth disguise my nudity I am un-inhibited by the outwardness of nature, but I'm enlightened by the beauty that exposes my openness of life, love and affections which leaves goose bumps on my heart all because of your seductive touch while I lay in the buff

Written by

Lawrence Smith

1/25/13

revised

2-2-13

Secret Glance

My heart expresses it's feelings openly without question how
can I get you to see me in the darkness?

I communicate to you in secret code to spare you shame and
outcast but I feel that my feelings are poured openly before
you while you linger in the shadows of uncertainty.

I wonder would you love and desire me with the light of passion
and shine loves radiant glow?

How can that get you to communicate those desires that you
hide from yourself and hide from my heart the only glimpse I
see is the glance you give to me secretly.

Lawrence Smith

July/26/15

Lyrical Notes

You are a vision a splendor of beauty a divine composure that makes me sing you are like notes on air and my life depends upon your hearts rhythm, my love is made a rhapsody a musical expression of how I feel for you.

In the lyric of our kiss is the melody that plays on my mind, our hands touch as cymbals clash to an inspirational composition that is composed for our Love Song.

Lawrence Smith

7/26/15

rewritten

To be Loved

Submerged in fear, doubt and hopelessness I am drowning deep within myself, I scream for someone anyone to save me. But there's no one to hear me, no one to hold me, no one to hug me, no one to kiss me, no one to love me.

I cry asking oh Lord why? why am I alone? what have I done to be on my own?

I often ask is it my looks, are can it be my talk, or maybe it's my walk? Love is judged by so many actions it shouldn't matter if I'm gay bisexual, lesbain, transgender or straight, reach for my heart with a life saver of love.

We want to be loved that is true, but more then most I want to be wholesomely, rightly, compassioantely with fondness.

I want to be loved without judgment or name calling but most of all I deserve to be loved uncondictionally.

Lawrence Smith

5-2-13

Captured By Love

Here I am captive by love, feeling a need to escape and yet something holds me I suddenly realize that it's you and I love you... shackled with passion and you lock me away in the vault of your heart.

Imprison my emotions and tell me that you'll always be with me. Once again I am unwilling to surrender my thoughts that keeps me chained to you. What I feel toward you isn't a injustice but a release of ~~pleasant~~^{entranced} bliss.

Its a captivating pleasure to know a man who posses such a delightful gift that can capture my heart.

Lawrence Smith

rewritten

7/26/15

Work of Art

From my imagination you were more a creator's master piece, a special clay I slowly watched you molded into a work of art, a worldly exhibit for all to see.

You are chiseled from marble sculptured by hands that imagine how a fine black man looks, as you slowly transform into the living force your beauty is inspiring like Ernest Hemingway, whose pen creates characters, I then see the brush strokes of Leonardo who captures your essence, I continue to watch you and the thought of Michael Angelo comes and express your strength and masculinity.

The use of Picasso's eyes express your sexuality I am impressed by the expression of what I see you're a true master piece from my heart, as I admired you, I am charmed by your smile, your light brown, dark brown skin, your silhouette is bold and manly to me.

Your demeanor is provocative through and thorough, I notice your low cut fade, braids and sexy dreads, hell I even love that shiny bald head. That's what makes you special your a piece of seductive art with massive muscles, rippling abs, thick thighs and a tone ass your arms are strong and your looks are F-i-n-e... but what pleases me most.

I am pleased with the work of art you are for me.

Lawrence Smith

revised

Love Embers

Challenges fall like logs on a fire, a Romance heard with every snap, crackle and pop as the heat intensity, comfortably you lay in my arms allowing the coziness of my warmth to assure you of my love.

Your heart embraces the confidence , loyalty and safety my warmth and our love has to offer. As we kiss there is a level of trust that shadows all my doubt and past hurts.

I dare not lie that I will not make mistakes along the way but believe this I will stir the coals and right those things that bring tears to your tenderness. Life gives birth to newness, while love awakens the feelings of passion that may have lost it's fire. I am ignited heart, mind and body my soul gives warmth to your soul.

We are wrapped in tasty encouragement and lay in the radiant joy that we now call embers of love.

Written by

Lawrence Smith

2/15/13

Untitled

Whisper in angel ear and it will carry it as a prayr. Cry unto an angel and it will bottle your tears and will carry your pain to the Father pray unto an angel and it will burn your words as incense in the nostril of God.

Make a joyful Noise unto an angel and they will offer it as praise.

Lawrence Smith

1/2/11