

"POETRY IN FOCUS"

by: LAUSTEVEION JOHNSON

ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE

"Why is my life a constant struggle,

Every day and Every night

I am constantly trying to do good — and I am!
But nothing ever seems to go right.

Why do I always fail? Am I hated or am I cursed?
Seems like I'm waiting for The Reaper to take that Long ride
To his Heist.

Why do I keep going through these struggles to succeed.
I've learned from my mistakes,
But what can I do to Right my wrongs?

Is there anyone who could help me?

Help me to see the light.

I still try to maintain my composure —

Striving to be the best man that I can be.

And maybe one day I'll reach my goals of Building a
Happy and Successful Family.

It'll all pay off in the end,

Because I've survived the worst of the worst of situations.

And no matter how many times I fail, I must always
Strive to succeed. Keeping Hope alive!

Because — Deep Down Inside

I know that,

Only The Strong Survive!"

^{from}
"SCORN"

"No wound is as serious as a wounded Love!
And no hurt, hurts as much, as a heart, that has been Broken.
I Feel like my Heart has been stolen! I feel like my Heart has
Been stolen!

If I could chose, I would chose to give it away,
To the one who takes my breath away.

A wound - how does it heal? Because I feel like I wanted
New Love again. — I Let it Burn! And here it goes
Burning all over again!
Excruciating pain. Piercing me and taking my wind.

Scorn - since I was born! I Loved life. But she didn't
Love me back! I showed more than enough respect, but it was not
Reciprocated.

And the Ramifications are that my Heart has collapsed and deflated.
Call the coroner because I don't think that I'll make it!
Tina said, 'Who needs a heart, when a heart could be broken?'

My eyes burn because I miss you.

I'm tired of looking at your pictures. I wish I could go back to those
Days that I used to Kiss you. — Scorn!

Fragments of my Brain are completely torn — apart.

I guess that my Love ~~chose~~ skills were rpl up to par.

I used to have a Heart. Not any more.

When she left, she confiscated it and carried it off in a cart. . . .

I find myself trying to recuperate and recover, but
I'm smothered — smothered in misery.
Smiling faces back at me is only a memory and now history.

Now I know that it's far fetched,
But I wonder — I just wonder if she's missing me?

I guess I am a fool.
But to be dead with you, if I had the chance,
I'd choose to be a fool over you again.
Because if I have the chance with you,
I'd go through this same scorned love all over again.

I love you and swear that I miss ya.
How did we ever after go from huggen and kissen to cry and missing?!

Missing In Action!

Was it because we got used to the madness?
Not working it out and just pushing past it?
So it because I had so much on my mind,
But lacked the will to ask it?

Scorned! I made a vow to you now that I hope that I can
keep.

I promise to never give my heart to any other woman again.
Because if love is a cost. Then compared to you, every other woman is
cheap!

And if Love is a strength,
Then compared to you — every other woman is weak!

Scorn and torn apart!
My past decisions weren't so smart.
But lets try it again?
Teach me how to have you all over again.

them

"So WHAT"

The condemned in Hell want Ice water. So what!
All people in prison want a 2nd chance at Freedom. So what?

Prostitutes who are who are objectively insecure -
Are selling their bodies, while searching for Love,
But they have their priorities all messed up. But So what!:-

Our planet is dying from toxic gasses and pollution -
Global Warming,
And everyone knows the solution, but refuses to use it
Because you are more concerned about the Global Swelling
Of your own Bank Accounts. - So what.

The World desperately Needs a Savior,
But no one willing to step up.

Am I the only one that cares?!
Because it seems like I am the only one that cares.

Because when I express these things that I care
So much for they respond with,

So WHY! "

Poem

"AM I JUST A #?"

"82138 is the official # that the state prison has
Issued to me

But 82138 is no more than a # and does not
Reflect me — or my likes.

For I cannot Live my life like this!
Winter after winter,
Summer after Summer,

I wonder,
Have I officially been reduced to a #?
Until then, I guess I'll be

LAUSTEVEIAN JOHNSON #82138
HOSP

P.O. Box 650

Indian Springs, NV. 89070

"LIBERATION"

I feel as though My Heart has endured too much
At only ~~20~~ something odd years old,
I can express and articulate - Emphatically How I Feel
To Struggle

Emotionally - Hopelessly and desperately attempting
To get my parents to notice me
How do you expect me to feel Love, when it doesn't exist -
No more,

When MLK-Day metamorphosed from a civil rights
celebration - into a Gangsta Show,
I no longer hope that Religion can save us.

But I don't trust HCR because SHE has bartered
Peace, Progress, and Prosperity
For Murder, Mayhem, and Destruction.

What do you expect me to feel Pain or RELIEF?
When the media and society has equally played an
Instrumental role in desensitizing me?
Attempting to compel me to feel this though what I
See and feel is not actually Real

As though the American Government hasn't locked
Me up and illegally thrown away the Key.
So until Lady Justice decides to show her face,
I'll be sitting inside of my cell pretending that I'm Free!
But I am free - Spiritually.

TAKE NOTICE

Life is strange.

Have you noticed that I am in excruciating
and extreme PAIN - Mentally and Emotionally?

My soul is on ice, and in isolation.

Have you noticed how long I've been waiting?

Stop hating on me - I don't deserve your hate,
I did not earn it.

It burns and is now your turn to give in.
Take a moment to take notice.

Don't just drink it,

Take the time to smell the wine.

Don't just drink it.

Major and catastrophic events are taking place.
Nations and Kings are falling.

Households are collapsing.

You will either rise or fall
"Take Notice"

Poem

"Stop Niggafying My People"

"No! Nah, Nah — You can't be serious!?"

The Miser, who keeps more than he gives.

You'd rather steal from me than to allow me to give charity.

I would have learned, donated, given, and then given again — My friend. If you would have allowed Me to and controlled your sin.

Isn't it strange how I invite you to Salvation and how you invite me to The Fire.

For too engulfed and consumed — in to,

This Racially Brainwashed and Blinding Culture.

You memorize the programs that they use to program you.

You allow them to and tune in to their Tell-a-Vision

I asked you what your purpose was?

And I place no blame, but it is still a shame

That — you have no clue

And are comfortable with that.

Stop Niggafying my people!

And Hell NO. I am NOT ~~a~~ Nigger, Negro, or a Nigga!

For that is so small of a word to call me!"

¹⁰⁰⁰
"My Hearts - Heart"

"Son, You are - In The Heart Part,
Of My Hearts - Heart.

I could not have imagined,
Before you - That I could Love
a person to this degree,
Or to this extent.
Therefore, when I realized it, I was
Compelled to produce it - in paint.

My soul glows when you are in my presence
All unpleasant thoughts fade away.
And like clay mud,
Love is molded into shape.

I think that at times,
That I Love you ever Love you
More than I Love me.
That I Love you More than I Love
Myself.

From the Very Start Son,
You were always in the Heart Part of
My Hearts Heart!
I Love you Son!"

"INSTITUTIONALIZED"

"My youth is gone! I haven't lived a day of my 20's. It honestly feels like I've been locked up for a whole century. Days are passing! How am I still lasting? Bragging - about how Mentally strong that I am! - DAMN! The Devil is still laughing - even though I've stopped Gasping, ~~and~~ even though I've stopped Saggioging The Madness!"

My spirit is passing, while my flesh is eroding away. I've realized that I have been crucified and am now Institutionalized! It is not something to be proud of or to smile at. Only something to Frown at! One day I pray that I bounce back.

Prison after Prison! Sinning after Sinning! So unloved. My Mother has even intentionally or accidentally abandoned me. Knowingly or unknowingly. - Release all of your remaining Fears. Here! Here! Here and now it seems lucidly clear - I am Institutionalized! And this is nothing Less than an Institutional cry.

I used to wonder why, individuals would often and seemingly, foolishly say that; 'I'd rather kill myself than to serve life in this place! And Now, after being sentenced to life in that place, I understand why they used to say what they say. I may seem like it's getting better. Nay! I tell you it's getting worse! As I was cursed with this curse before my natural breath affected by the thoughts, feelings, and accusations of those who came before me. -

Is SHE A QUEEN?

Is she a Queen? — How could she not be,
When even Her Very Hair Defies Gravity.

Is she a Queen? How could she not be,
Her Hair — Naturally forming the shape of a crown!
Strong, feminine and deliberately genuine.
Nothing is obscure or hidden. Reluctance is forbidden.

Right now and Right Here. I must make things
Transparently clear.

You can vigorously place your hands on your hips, Roll your
Eyes and smack your lips.

And you can Roll your neck in protest — while being
Upset.

Yet and still, you are still my Queen!

Is She a Queen?

Beautiful Black Woman — Embrace me, don't Hate me!
Come Near to me, don't fear me!

Beautiful Black Woman can you hear me?

Every woman on earth innately envies her —
What she naturally possesses,
From the Top of Her crown, to the fullness of her breasts.
From the curve of her hips, to the shape of her lips.
From the slant of her eyes, to the deepness of her skin.

So Is she a Queen? How could she not be
When even her Very hair defies gravity.

I'm Burning inside! - Baptized in Pigs Blood!
I've tried and I've tried! Yet and still - couldn't prevent
Myself of the inevitable of becoming Institutionalized.
Cry! For what! That doesn't solve or resolve anything!
And emotional stress has become a Very Natural Thing.
Sing! Nah, I'll sack that for the Bieds and the sparrows.
I'm enraged but still mellow.

Who dares to care for me?! I guess that I only have
God because the world has rejected me.
To my family, how did you weigh and allocate Love, Justice
And money. How did you distribute your time?
My son is in the world suffering daily, which only adds to
My crazy. Again - My son is in the world suffering
Daily, which only adds to my crazy.

Whats important to you. Over 14 Calendars have
Passed and you didn't even notice, and you showed it!

Am I cold? No! I'm actually Hot. Because I
Hit directly and accurately dead - Right on the spot
On-point! Of what actually happened. And I question:
"What actually happened?"
Actions speak louder than words. I've heard a lot of
Words, but seen no actions. ~~Have~~ you seen me lately?
Never mind - I'm institutionalized.

I'm glad that you Never made promises in my
Cause to hold a Strong position. And that is precisely why

This next point was emphasized and mentioned,

I am Institutionalized! And I reside in
An horrendous and inhumane place.
Do you ever ponder on what I go through Day by Day?

As I rot away like rotting fruit, in my 5 by 9
Cell. Time flies, as I watch the clock and MARK off the
Perpetual consecutive days, months and years that I've spent
Away. How I've been forgotten. Do I even exist!?
Why, ask yourself this, am I Institutionalized?

Lock him up and throw away the key!
For what?! What have I actually done to deserve
This. Our Freedom has enslaved us. Starting from the
Top that the food chain - why do so many of
You with power refuse to use your brain?
Because you refuse to - I suffer. Because you
Have been reluctant to issue out JUST-TICE.
Whether or not you realize it,
You have caused or created the conditions for one
To forever be,

I Institutionalized."

"I Don't Know U"

"Yeah I've seen U.

But Dear Kin, since then, 5,110 days has past us by.
The Day that I can feast my eye on you cannot
Come for soon!

For we have been robbed of many moons.

Dear Kin, since then, Blind havoc, as Time passes,
Nostalgia sets in - deeper.

This soundly hurts — Profoundly.

Since I ~~was~~ kidnapped,
Though my Love for you is still intact and unmatch,
I feel so distant and detached from you,
Mentally and emotionally — To the Core.
Feeling like, I don't even know you no more.

And it seems like, Life has, out of spite,
Stripped me of my natural Birth Right!

The mental pictures that I have taken of
Us and stored away,
Deep down in my happy place.

I am incapable, unfortunately, of getting close
to U.

Why, Because I feel like I don't know you.

poem

Disclosure

Truthfully - I reluctantly gaze, from a hundred miles away,
At your Light.
I've seen your Light, and it was definitely shining.
Your Light shone upon a dim light and inspired ~~it~~ to
Brighten.

I love you and I thank you - because you as
a human being have been my only form of therapy
I Love you for what you represent.
Honestly - I didn't know that there were people like you
that even exist.

I'll continue to be guilty until proven innocent.
False imprisonment! As I serve these sentences.
This is my Venting Trip.

Why is everyone playing politics?!
Integrity doesn't exist!

Poem
"NEW LIFE"

"From a heated moment of passion - Like art,
New life was created, and presented itself.

A new life without dirt, without stain, and without the
Bleaching of the brain.

A life, who's moral fiber hasn't eroded away from life's struggles.
A new life, who's innocence hasn't been stolen away.

O' how I love to watch you pass afar - and look at the
Blessing that we created.

O' how it melts my Heart to see you laugh, and
How it absolutely offends my Heart to see you hurt, or to see
You sad.

With your new life, I have been introduced to a new
Type of Love,
That I can't fully articulate through speech, professions,
Or even through expression -
Because it is so very profound.
I now understand - intimately,
The height and the flight of "The Wright Brothers."

If I had one wish, it would be for you to never
to have to shed a tear, or to feel pain.
That you never feel helpless or invaded
For you to never feel insulted or dismay.

I wish you Peace, Mercy and Blessing forever!