

RAW LINES

by

Sheldon Eugene Thompson

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PLEASE ENJOY...

ment" within these...RAW LINES.

It is my hopes that, one will find not only "inspiration" but also "en-lighten-
lyric to name a few.

ranging from, but not limited to: free-verse, spoken word, balladry, rhyme, and

The following output, is a combination of a myriad genere of poetical types,
frome me; the composer; a.k.a. "Alkemist Jem", b.k.a. Sheldon Eugene Thompson.

RAW LINES is a compilation of the most cutting-edge, thought provoking works

TO THE READER:

Poetry Book

Sheldon Eugene Thompson

by

RAW LINES

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Sheldon Eugene Thompson

Poetry Book

"ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS..."

First and foremost, I give all service, praise, and thanksgiving to the "father" which has bestowed His abundant blessings upon me for holding firm, zealous, and unwavering in my faith in Him.

Secondly, to my mother, Mrs. Terry V. Parker, thank-you for your unconditional love. You have never allowed me to fall short of your wisdom, encouragement, and spiritual advice, which has, (by all accounts) been my source of strength, inspiration, and purpose. "I LOVE YOU MOM!!!"

Also to my siblings: Te'Ann, Natalie, and Eli...I know that I haven't been the ideal paradigm of a "BIG Brother", yet, I ask that you PLEASE do not doubt the fact that, "I LOVE YOU!" and want nothing but the BEST for you! We're powerless toward changing or correcting the past, but we can work together to make our future alot better!

To my "ONE and ONLY DAUGHTER...SHONTEL"...MOM!...I very well understand that the "absence" is but the effect deriving from the cause of my absence. If I had three wishes, my first would be to erase every innermost pain that I've inflicted upon you. I never requested for the hand has dealt me, and who knows (honestly) where I'd be should I've known how to play my cards "correctly"?! There's no passing day without my thoughts turning to you, wondering where you are and if you're making your dreams come true! lol

Lastly, this could in no way be concluded without me giving thanks to "MY BEST FRIEND in the ENTIRE WORLD"...VICKY LIM!!! You've been more than a friend that I

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could ever wish for and I will cherish our bond to the ends of the UNIVERSE! Stay
Fierce!
A special thank-you to my readers...read on...read on....

I've thought of things to occupy my mind...
 the infinite space equipped with many mansions—
 expansive room for all I ideate in the
 jeweled e-state.
 No bounds difficult to surpass,
 for the non-existent is manifested in things
 seen which are truly never un-seen.
 Truth lies from the lowest to the highest degree,
 represented on a scale from beginnings with no ends,
 and ends with no beginnings.
 Is and ever was,
 never wasn't, and
 is yet...

Know-the-Ledge, a principle essential to growth in the cell.
 Surrealism; the theater where I entertain images
 beyond the scope of retinal vision, however,
 drawn accurately from the eye within the depths.. ALL SEEING.

by Sheldon Eugene Thompson

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ALL I CAN SAY...

You think at times that
I don't understand the pain,
the tears shedded on your heart
in the moments you think of me.
The wince at the mention of my name,
the silent prayers at church while you sing.
The minute you pull into the driveway...
walk into an empty home,
the seconds ticking down
as we talk on the phone,
know that I weep too,
I pain inside with each thought of you.
The frustration, confusion, sleepless nights
I put you through.
When I glance at your photos,
you've such a tender smile...
look into the mirror and I'm proud
to be your child.
I Love You Mom, God Bless You
tomorrow as well as today...
I LOVE YOU MOM, is...
ALL I CAN SAY!!!

Forgive me...please.
 we right from wrong.
 but thank God for now showing
 for so very long,
 Forgive me for having my eyes closed
 far and say good-bye.
 Forgive me for having you come this
 pride up so high,
 Forgive me for having my
 and would hide.
 Forgive me for when I lied
 stay strong by my side,
 Forgive me for the wrong as you
 good and still would do.
 Forgive me for what I knew wasn't
 I put you through,
 Forgive me for the bad and sad

Forgive Me...

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RAW LINES

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Make Me Believe

Make me believe, oh hear my plea,

be my guide through this misery.

Amidst the fallen, please make my way,

Make me believe you're the one

for me today.

My heart is spinning, thought so bleak,

Make me believe you won't fall weak.

As madness peaks and life seems

so rough,

Make me believe you'll hang tough.

Lift this confusion and shadow

of despair,

Make me believe...you'll always be there.

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A Note to My Daughter

I never imagined that life would
be this difficult,
neither did I request this path of insult.
But in my trials I've seen triumph,
for in the face of adversity,
virtue has shown.
Gao gave me a wonderful daughter
to call my own, and I miss so
many things about you I've
ironically never got the chance to learn.
Yet upon my memories that I do
have to reflect,
your smile, the sparkle in your eyes...
I shall never forget.
Please forgive me for my absences
on your every firsts...walk, talk,
birthday, and graduations too.
Know that you're important to my life
regardless of how untruthful that may seem.
There's no doubt that I Love You,
my Little Princess has become a Queen!

Seven Reasons I Love My Daughter

1. Sagacious...she possesses wit beyond her years.
2. Hearty...she's brave enough to face her fears.
3. Optimistic...she tends to take the most helpful view.
4. Natural...no doubt, she's rare too!
5. Talented...she can do and be anything that she so desires.
6. Efficient...she's got skill and really bright, that's why she's admired.
7. Loving...how could I not adore, she's accepted me good or bad, I couldn't ask for anything more...

SHONTEL

Supplication

Standing in the mirror looking at myself,
wondering just how I've made it this far
with perfect health.
I bowed my head at that moment, some voice
in my ear,
I ignored what was said 'cause I was
focused on my prayer...
Lord God, I thank-you for the Breath of Life
you've provided me,
I'm so pleased to serve you for there's
none more worthy.
I'm grateful for your love...
the blessings you give,
please accept my supplication and
guide me to do your will.
Sometimes the road is rough but
I keep my faith alive,
knowing that with you I can't fail,
'cause you hold me in stride.
Almighty Father, Lord of the Universe,
I speak directly from the heart for
there's no need to re-hearse, AMEN

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Darkness looms...

in the nocturnal hours I weep,

insomnia lurking...

but it's not the reason I can't sleep.

My worries have led to misery,

and misery has adopted frustration,

feeling crucified...

when I'm seeking salvation.

Prayers have been answered,

yet they aren't mine.

Bow my head in humility...

still having faith in the DIVINE.

QUIII

You do your best to be an optimistic

fellow,

but your confidence often grades

yellow.

It's not that your conviction is

hollow,

just having hope at times seems...

narrow.

It's certainly a tough pill to

swallow,

with no water in the cup of life you've been given, you didn't ask to

borrow.

You don't want to live in yesterday's

shadow,

especially when the pain is done deep to the

marrow.

Adage says, "There's always hope for

tomorrow",

but what do you do to take away today's

sorrow?

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Quiii con't

You can, suck it up, move on, and fluff up your

pillow,

but will the bed you made keep you

mellow?

Cliche' tells you to, "Just go with the

flow",

and karma reminds, "You reap what you

sow!"

You keep your eyes on a future you don't

know,

with a passion that ceases not to

grow.

And once you've accomplished your goal(s) you say,

"Wow!",

then turn around and ask yourself, "What do I do...now?"

Quiii

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The Mirror

I look into the mirror
to capture an image of SELF,
the reflection I receive,
is certainly not ME.
The mirror is just an
imaginative vision,
for it only details my
appearance as coporeal.
The mirror shows naught of MY
inner-being,
in its sight MY personality,
MY heart, nor MY mind
cannot be seen, and
surely these things display
who I AM.
So why do I look to
the mirror when the view
is untrue?
Ask yourself that question
when looking for YOU!

My Chess-Like Life

Calculate my every move as it
depicts my fate,

one mis-step could cause a

detrimental state.

No common rule, only perpetuating

what's essential,

consequential...

In to win 'cause a loss is not

of right,

victory is a King's dutiful plight.

Maintain in the game and the true

story unfolds,

speak truth 'cause lies kill the soul.

Never allowing a monger to employ me

as a Pawn,

capture Queens like a Knight's

eight square swarm.

What I'm revealing is truly...

mystic,

(continued next page)

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My Chess-Like Life can't

be wise, no fool is

optimistic.

Submit daily prayers, I assure you

it helps,

for God will surely guide

your each step.

RAM LINES

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Pensive Penitence

I've often wondered who I'd be if I
failed at everything else,
that if becoming something more or less
is a deception of the self,
what philosophies or policies
I'd as soon perpetuate,
are contingencies to a reality I've
assumed without debate,
Neither excellence nor deflection,
natural denial or biased selection,
could completely compose a reflect perfection
in offering to our circumspaction,
I've attempted belief to soothe a grief
that cannot be explained,
only to multiply my broken pride
by what I've ascertained.
Common thieves and best friends:
confidence and need,
in second lives of lesser men
accomplishing the deed.

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Pensive Penitence can't

To err, is nothing consequential

to being wrong,

and, make-believing a better life

is wisely left alone.

For all our dreams we find more meaning

within throes of old nightmares,

then in arms of those that lament the loss,

of what was never theirs.

The wisp of a brisk breeze,
the leaf casually falling from a tree,
the quickened flight of a bird from its perch,
the melodic sound of its chirp,
the intoxicating aroma of a meal cooked afar,
the invisible wave welcoming you to it from a door ajar,
the essence of the salt from your tears,
the reflection of things the mind only hears,
Those nostalgic moments that give us loving serenity,
and the wonders of our God given sensibility.

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RAIN LINES

It is said that there is no
honor among thieves,
yet, when we steal each other's heart
do we become peaved?
The pinnacle of love is:
unconditional admiration,
but there lies a thin line if we
succumb to temptation.
We can love to the point
of pain,
Love so strong that it
becomes a strain.

Love's Paradox

by Sheldon Eugene Thompson

RAW LINES

RAW LINES

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Thoughts on Love...

Love...

Love...

Love is like war,

easy to begin, but very difficult

to stop.

Love is: having a heart that never hardens,

a temper that never tires,

and a touch that never hurts.

Loving-kind words

do not cost much, and

they never blister the tongue or lips,

they make people good-natured,

producing their own image on people's souls, and

a beautiful image it is.

Love in its essence,

is spiritual fire...

the light that illuminates one's darkest

of days...

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Selfishness vs. Love

Selfishness, gives nothing...

Love, gives everything...

Selfishness is ego-tism...

Love is Eros...Aphrodite...Cupid...Venus...

Selfishness, responds quickly towards unaccountability...

Love, **attlingly** accepts responsibility...

Selfishness can only be found in one place...

Love, Love can be found...anywhere!

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Misery's Company

locked and trapped within these
prison walls,

my heart aches inside while

loneliness calls.

Fighting the temptations,

demons in my soul screams,

no room for smiles, only frowns

upon my face to be seen.

Every moment I appear

nearer to my death,

forever questioning, "when will be

my last breath?"

Hoping for freedom looks

to be a curse,

my everyday moves

all well re-hearsed.

Fading this concrete,

razor-wire, and steel,

not knowing if today I'll

devour my last meal.

Radio staticing, yet, I hear

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Sometimes, I feel like I'm on an island,
far away...
all alone...
loneliness being my only and constant
companion; my best friend.
Time and time again, I sit patiently...
anxiously...
desperately waiting to be rescued,
longing for someone to come along and take me
on a new discovery...
a paradise filled with all the comforts,
joys...
taboos, held in the wildest of dreams...
imagination...
like an oasis in the desert,
the sighting of land from the sea...
elation...
peace...
freedom...
no worry, pain, suffering, or adversity...
Where are you?

Where Are You?

by Sheldon Eugene Thompson

RAW LINES

to arose me from this dreaming...
 final doubts of day-lights' beaming,
 there abides a conscious gleaming,
 on the scope my heart weaning,
 there's no hope for me leaning,
 with confusion over-steaming,
 my fleeting senses teaming,
 that the nightmares unreliving,
 I awake into believing,

throughout my lonely dreaming...
 forcing fate to find its meaning,
 nor dawn to bring redeeming,
 no pleasure as it's seeming,
 with the weight of souls careening,
 as love and death go scheming,
 within this lonely dreaming,

Dreaming...

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RAW LINES

Running through this labyrinth, in search of its end,
 first I must assert where it all began...
 At Earth's core thy seed was planted...fertilized within deep
 waters, fashioned gender-ly...the wall burst...
 up-sprang the off-spring dangling by a cord,
 clipped and primped in sheer delight.
 Understanding held with much beauty, the Sun so radiant...
 crawled in innocence; not wrong or right—the essence of adolescence...
 eyes unnutured for hind-sight...
 ac-knowledge-ment;...
 Puberty gave rise to new awares, development providing a
 conscious mood just as the Moon know(s) - the - ledge of the stars.
 Young adulthood...what a wonder to discover peace
 in the throes of freedom...
 equality on the scale(s) of justice elevated by the pillars of wisdom...
 Now, walking the squares of the checkered floor on the narrow path,
 yet balanced upon the rule leading towards the winding staircase of
 the Upper-room...
 that blazing star nonetheless the guiding light illuminating
 the stairway to...Heaven.

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RAIL LINES

RAW LINES

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Precious moments lay as a stain on the glass
mirror of the lens within the
eye of the mind...

A vision the eye intakes,

the mind shall never forget.

It rests upon the pages in the library

of the subconscious...

shelved, stored, and reserved at the "Bank
of Memory" will it ever remain until it's

beckoned to buy the present.

How can a loving past develop into

a painful today?

Will now's grief glean into a ball

of joy in the future?

Future is actually now, or is it a degree

of a distant time gone by that

those after us has reached?

Prolonged Proposal

Arose from my sleep this morning

recognizing I was all alone,

and felt like a creep

even though I'd done nothing wrong.

Put my hands to my head

thinking about the night before,

all the things you said of

how you deserve something more...

DAMN!

I need you in my life,

this I must confess.

Can't stand your rejection,

it'll make me a mess.

My life surely has no meaning without you,

so before we kiss,

please say, "I DO".

I need an answer from you so

I can clear my mind,

I vow to love...

honor...

and cherish you

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Prolonged Proposal can't

until the end of time.

I want you to share my last name, Sweetheart

this is for real,

though a name doesn't explain

exactly how I feel.

As I stand before you and the Pastor

does his thing,

looking into your lovely eyes

as I place this ring,

know that I'm only half a man

without you, so make me...complete.

Will you Marry Me?

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I'm Just Saying...

There are things I've always
been meaning to say,
though somehow, never found
a way
to put them into play.
Betray a potential friend for wealth,
and lose resource for
cheating yourself.
Be true to thine self, and
soon be slandered,
what's good for the goose...
is only use for the gander.
The people you know are you practice
in trust,
if you don't or do know many then...
you're practically just.
Forever and never are longer than
whenever,
so...starting what you finish
is an essential endeavor.
It's okay to hold on to what you

(continued next page)

RAW LINES

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I'm just saying... can't

know you'll lose,

if the pain of letting go

is something you'll also choose.

True friends can be closer than family

if you let them forget they're not.

Often people argue hardest over

facts they just forgot.

I'm just saying...

The essence of reality breaks one's mental realm,
when the course of cognizance was never true at the helm.
Transparent illusion—rejuvenescent mirage of de'ja'vu,
subconscious memorabilia lain in the cranium dark-room.
Visions of our tomorrows we label as dream, yet, when those
episodes manifest, what does that actually mean?
Met with purpose—readily perceived psychology, we relate
to situations through allegorical symbolgy.

Truth

by Sheldon Eugene Thompson

RAW LINES

as...LIGHT.

existence, we metaphorically describe it

in its infinite and intangible

In essence, it cannot be measured, yet,

it historical.

when an era has diminished, we term

to record distinctive events,

Time : an epoch we employ

TIME

by Sheldon Eugene Thompson

RAW LINES

Time is of the essence,
 which is essential to the cause.
 As insignificant as an epoch
 may seem,
 surely it's effectual
 by all means.
 Tied never, for it flows free,
 even the unbound slowly decays,
 withering as the leaves
 of a tree,
 darkness but only the
 shadow of day...

Defining Time

by Sheldon Eugene Thompson

RAM LINES

Madness : an imbalanced emotion that is felt
when one becomes deprived of reason,
as in: defining the sole purpose for a cause—
cause being the cycle of an event—
event whereas an action has taken place
forcing the helm of energy into a dimension
which is far from possible reach.
Perhaps, therein you have been shown a cosmic
regeneration of pattern, and a conscious
interpolation of how intricate the
Universe is to human-kind.

Madness

by Sheldon Eugene Thompson

RAW LINES

There are moments that one reflects on the past;
cherished episodes, mistakes, the good, the bad.
Of-times, we wish the power to turn back the clock,
take advantage of when opportunity knocked,
or reverse the misfortunate consequence of shame,
those unpleasant affairs that only we are to blame.
The present as our fortune, a gift so divine,
it cleanses our yesterday, new thought for our mind.
The past is a flash of life we should not dwell,
for its gravitational power can create a coporeal hell.

Reflections...

by Sheldon Eugene Thompson

RAW LINES

Chasing a dream...
reality struck me.
Once I was blind...
now truth let me see.
All of the glitz
and ritz that I sought,
was only an illusion
that I bought.
The price I'm paying now
for being naive,
wasn't the bargain
I was looking to receive...

Delayed Epiphany

by Sheldon Eugene Thompson

RAM LINES

RAW LINES

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Help Answer These Things, Please...

Is it **pessimism**: when you're certain that unfair judgement is the inevit-

able result in a circumstance?

Or, is it **optimism**: when you're certain that the result will be contrary

to the one you seek in a dilemma?

If one knows the consequence(s) that will derive from a situation, should

he lie to himself; believing that he will overcome it, especially when the

condition precludes him from receiving a favorable or just outcome?

Is negativity actually a **predilection** or the reality behind the event?

Being conservative, one favors traditional views and values. So is it

truly rebellion when one decides to trust in his own ideas?

Is it true that what we cannot see
does not exist?
What realm of our faith allows us to
bear the risk?
If it's true that the hand is much
quicker than the eye,
is it really luck when you choose right
on the first try?
Does one believe's transcend another's just because
he holds more knowledge?
Isn't that like saying you're guaranteed a
job simply because you went to college?

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RAW LINES

Fantasy and reality become parallel
when you open the channels of the mind
that stimulates the inherent regions of your soul.
It's pertinent that one visualizes this in all of its
subliminal conformity, for it paradoxically outlines the
oft-times relation(ship) we share with others...
A mere reality that's so great to fantasize about,
while at the same time,
a fantasy so compelling that, at any given moment
could manifest...in reality.

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RAW LINES

It's trite but it's true...
time lends perspective,
when you're trapped in the emotions
of the present,
you cannot really see
because you're like a leaf...
driven before the autumn winds
by the demons that possess you.
Time dulls and sometimes kills...
the demons of love and hatred,
leaving behind only the tinniest thread
of its memory so that you can peek
through the key-hole to the past and see
much that you couldn't see before...

TIME

by Sheldon Eugene Thompson

RAW LINES

I can't and won't weep forever...
not the prickly pain of a needles point,
but not as deep as the feeling you get from the
lost of your very last dollar, when you've gambled odds
that appeared a sure win!
Even winning doesn't provide an everlasting feeling of
elation, for once you've conquered, the thrill and adrenaline
of victory slowly and assuredly dissipates to another realm
though still extant.
So why weep at all knowing that that feeling
shall all but become void?

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The Message Is Very Clear...

The message is very clear...

but who truly cares to give an attentive ear?

Why before Trayvon or Freddie Gray,

minorities could only cry in dismay

for the likes of an Emmitt Till,

proceeding him it's too many to count but still,

the media will focus more and shift

on ish like what Kanye did to Swift...ly

make it appear that people of color are aggressive,

therefore, police brutality isn't excessive?

The message is very clear...

people of color must walk in fear,

put your hands up, you still get shot,

and the justice department claims there's not

enough evidence to indict the cop?!

He goes home to family on paid leave,

while colored folk sit home and grieve.

Peaceful protests emerge to awaken the land,

then next we witness cases as Sandra Bland's.

The message is very clear...

mass murder comes in the form of "SHOOT TO KILL",

eventually claiming lives like an Orlando Castille.

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The Message Is Very Clear... can't
Tell me, when will it end and what will it take
for all to see,
Eric Gardner could have surely been you or me?
The Message Is Very Clear...

On a clear day, you can see...
The entire world before you very eyes: the mirrors upon the doors in the
fortress that contains the furniture which seats, in its magnificent fashion,
your expansive energy...
A man's soul absorbs the oxygen within the ether that encircles the realm
of the INFINITE, its light and reflection thereof, shines as a halo...the rings
of Saturn...cosmic energy...
Love has all the strength of a GOD...invincible and most irresistible in all
its splendor. How can one know of it? One knows neither how to avoid it, embrace
it, nor escape it, yet, one knows its energy...

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RAW LINES

They just called **Realize Essential Duetain** (REC)...recreation-al moments are good
 for your body (of work) is okay for you, but...
 it's not what you can do for me,
 rather,
 what benefit are you to me...US—just us,
 as (justice) was deprived (jes-us)...salvation...
 true revelation is: only us can save us (by any means)
 means: we ain't stopping short **for nothing** (from nothing) leaves...
not-a-thing (in this world)
 comes for **free**-(dom) to ring you need a **bell**(boy) to pick-up-your-trash...
 can you see yourself...the man in the **mirror**,(mirror) on the wall...
 will you save this helpless soul (on ice) that's melting away...
 in the "**Heart (of the Moment)**" is part of the lyrics to a song
 that I can't recall, but I can re-create...re-create...**re-Create**...

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RAW LINES

Class is now in session,
 to grasp the lesson, pay close attention...
 Oft-times, the knowledge is already in your possession,
 but, it's no harm when you "don't know" to ask a question.
 Holding doubt in yourself can surely stunt progression,
 just as foolish pride leads one to affliction.
 When you procrastinate, it only results in regression,
 so if you're truly determined..hello lucubration!!!
 Remember: your main builds your reputation,
 maintaining your integrity displays a good foundation,
 Lies, they only push you towards damnation,
 so it's best to be truthful no matter the situation.
 "The truth shall set you free"..emancipation,
 hold firm to faith, trust, without hesitation,
 Now I shall conclude this exhortation,
 with confidence that you enjoyed this information.

"ION"

by Sheldon Eugene Thompson

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