

Terry Lytle (T. LYTLE)

They Say I'm Bi-Polar...
(and alot of other things...)

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Terry Lytle (Terrence Wayne Lytle)
AKA, "Cowboy"

POETRY

'Writings' Behind The Wire: Years of Incarceration (Self-Styled Anger Management)

What you are about to read is -literally - writings from behind the wire: I am incarcerated for the 8th time, as an habitual felon, with a 306 month sentence. This has been - in many ways - my own way of anger management: people are not for hurting. I know I have many assaults, many institutional-violences on my disciplinary screen; however, most were provoked or concerned business. That is not who I want to be: becoming a product of your environment is something we all should be mindful of. I let my pen speak: whether poetry or rap; spoken-word or country, each angry moment was able to be managed, by the pen. Today is January 27, 2017... Welcome to my cell:

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WHICH WOLF?

An old Cherokee Indian is teaching his grandson about life. "A fight is going on inside of me," he said to the boy. "It is a terrible fight between two wolves".

One wolf is evil.....He is full of anger, envy, regrets, greed, arrogance, self-pity, insecurity, lies, false pride, superiority and ego.

The other wolf is good.....He is filled with joy, peace, love, hope, serenity, understanding, humility, kindness, generosity, truth and faith.

"The same fight is going on inside of you too," he said to his grandson. "And it is the same fight that goes on inside every other person."

The grandson thought about this for a moment and asked his grandfather, "Which wolf will win"?

The grandfather replied, "The one you feed".

WHEN I'M NOT PUTTING PEN TO PAPER OR
TALKING TO ANOTHER PERSON ABOUT HOW
I FEEL, I'M JUST STUCK IN THIS LOCKED-UP
BOX INSIDE MY HEAD AND IT'S A F**KED UP
PLACE TO BE."

(This pretty-much sums it up... although)
(I can do without all the talking...)

x Terry Lytle

Terry Lytle

(4) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

"EXAMINE" 2/6/2014

NOTES

on Thursday, February 6th,
me and the Team were
in STOP class (2014-1),
watching a visual aid,
"Terror At Home".

It was about many
different victims
(and abusers) stories
in a time-lapse,
ironically, of, 9 months
(the birth cycle of a
child).

I identified with
every single story,
almost to the incidents
themselves. I had
either perpetrated the
act, or witnessed it,
or was indirectly
involved through family
or friends.

I "quit" literally;
needing to shut-down...
how I was thinking
and feeling was exactly
that: "I want to sign
out; I don't think I'm
strong enough for the
way all this "shit" makes
me feel"...

Here I stand before thee, mirrorless man that I am...

Explanations, I don't owe, Team: It's what Integrity demands...

I know to steal; I know how to kill - unlike "50", I never
need a mask to rob...

I've "worked", so many: Predator became my job...

Where, up on the hill ... in the tree-line ... the
projects; the streets; the ghettos; the slums...

Even in "White-America" - watching; Lying in
wait, as the Trusting, comes...

I, Predatorily, Prey ... ALLAH, forgive me: for I missed
"5-times", today.

Team... my mirror is ever before me

Into: twin-pits, I see...

Soul, forever searching

Making a jailer, out of me...

As my pen bleeds the ink that I need

To reveal the demons that I breed...

about the ghosts' that I've seed(ed)...

As in,

laid to rest...

Terry Lytle

(5) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

They, once again, Surfaced...

Where those burdens, have moved off my back
& shoulders

To my chest...

So,

as we tear each other open, beware!

There's things inside of me, without a care...

(as James Hetfield would say) METALLICA

And, bra? → I ain't tryin' to cry today...

The pain is carrying a price I've been,
too long... unwilling to pay...

And, Team? → It's got nothing to do with...
"Masculinity"...

or,
"Man"...

It's ...

That I... fail, my own self exam...

Terry Lytle

(AKA) "Cowboy"

2/6/2014

NOTES

...which is why
Peer, "M.C." is also
Comrade: his strength
was given, because he
got out of bed, refusing
to allow me to "quit".
I made it back to
class... still "out of
sorts"
(silently deciding,
I QUIT!)

The only way to give
you an understanding
about what was "going
on", is to tell you:
"The Team", literally,
did an Intervention...
and it was the scariest,
fuxxing craziest shxx I
ever experienced in
prison... They just,
"kicked it in gear";
The Cowboy be damned!

And that's
REAL!
Terry Lytle
2/7/2014

Terry Lytle

(6) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Blue Moon (written, April 24, 2013)

As the wind blows, the sands shift
With the leaves and limbs of trees,
that stand sentry
Under the clouds and sunrays,
of the sunbeams,
coming...
From a radiant sun

While the clouds migrate, west
With a setting sun...
The beams painting the atmosphere
Shades of reds; pinks; oranges; and blues
Hues, of a sunset sold
As the, Firdous moon... replaces, the sun

Now that the measure of time...
With its shifting sands and
Rising and setting sun
Has transferred clouds into nothingness...
Transforming an horizon into an Autumn-type brush
In less, than the blink of an eye...

It is gone; and the Unseen ether

Terry Lytle (7) "They Say I'm Bi-polar"

Is replaced, with the light of the moon
Full,

as an hour-glass of sand...

While the, shifting glass-like clouds
Cast a blue-sheen across a shimmering facade...
Of a moon

That is, only... a measurement,
of time

"Tupac Tuesday" (written, September 13, 2016)

(Twenty years ago, today, Tupac Shakur left this world
at the hands of an assasin...
Enter...)

Listening... (written, September 13, 2016)

Death overshrouds me, like wings on a demonic angel
Feeling like... unseen wings, span from my back
across my shoulders
And, like a soldier - I'm trying to figure out the angle...
It's like, diling in the measurements and degrees
on a
Sniper - assasin's scope -
With my eyes open, it's the only way to cope...
As if...
The ether hungers for my soul -
My life -
And the oxygen I breathe, baptizes me... into a prison
of unwanted strife
That's misery...

Even when I select the memories that I

Terry Lytle

(9) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Reminisce about...

Those unspoken about, attack...

Like a thousand burning needles upon a body part,
gone numb...

But it only takes one

To wreak havoc on my mind, and tear the serenity apart...

Causing the peace to take off,

pursuing war-bonnets... and intellectual reasonings
of why...

I wish,

memories didn't start...

CEASE FIRE (written, September 13, 2016)

"Cease Fire!"

I'm white! (But broke)

American! (And dragged into court...)

No warrant...

"Cease Fire!"

I'm proud! (But black)

Born Citizen! (And under attack...)

No hope...

"Cease Fire!"

I'm a believer in God! (But Muslim)

I'm family! (And not my cousin...)

No peace...

"Cease Fire!"

I'm visiting from Mexico! (But no one cares)

I have a Green-Card! (And back you go...)

No home...

"Cease Fire!"

I'm the Police! (But wrong)

I've children! (And yet you shoot ours...)

No calm...

Terry Lytle

(11) "They Say I'm Bi Polar"

NOTES

Release (written, June 20, 2013)

While I ly, with hands entwined

Legs crossed; Mind is vexed, overwhelmed
with time

One heartbeats, beating: Soul, unheard

Mentally drained, speak not a word

Body lying; Alter of steel

The shell is crumbling, the wounds don't
heal

Words to paper, thoughts enraged

Body: encompassed; Life: concrete edge

Where I sit, hands are cuffed

Legs shackled; "being still" is said, to
be enough

Drum-beat beating; Silent-rage so loud

Thoughts and energies: overshroud, as
clouds

As a jar-of-clay, becomes: burial
mound

Clouds' darkness, consuming all that was

Terry Lytle

(12) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

NOTES

boss

Nothing to practice; all, Universal loss
Contemplating questions?: Strife, answers life

Here I stand; legs and hands: bound

Head: level; sight: seeing sounds

Of two beings, warring; Nature's
defeating desire

A penis, engulfed by flame; A Spirit ascends
the fire

As ashes upon an altar, become scattered
like the rains

Drowning, in the flood of waters: Tears
wash away the pain...

Angel? Demon? Predatory wolf? Savage
man?: Only one, rising to the task

Soul; Phoenix: coalescing; While what
binds, remains in the ash

Booty - Shorts (written, November 7, 2015)

NOTES

Like a Quiet-Riot, I'll be comin' atcha like a storm

When God made me, he broke the mould - "Cowboys"

R-not!, the norm... True life, no need for

the copywrite - this can't be sold!

My, flea-flicker is a trigger-finger, like a

dead ringer - have you chalked-out, as

the crowd stares (while your girl's still!

imagining me there)...

You're what?! - Muthafucks, I don't care! "Cuz"

I don't woot: this is an dssassin's stare

My pages are stripped bare - I fucked ya

bitch, with her: telling me "Pull my hair"

As she slammed back...

Don't stack - there's no click-clack; I'll

treat you like a Kit-Kat

Break you into pieces...

Do the math, "cuz" - this 4-Fifth is from

the sixth dimension

Because I mention: even your Mom's look

good in those booty - shorts

Terry Lytle (14) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

NOTES

Got her giving heed, to Tucker Max and
his co-horts

(Or so it seems)

Because I'm still reading 'bout the Vermont
Queen

No, I don't 'screen' my lyrics - Wanna
sue me?! Like you did Tucker Max?

Then get on your back: I wanna make
a deposit

Because, with your pissy-panties in
the bottom of your closet

You'll be the next, talked about harlot!

The Green Book (written, June 3, 2013)

On a dark, stormy night— the wind blows his hat away...
As if! (the 10 gallons of water already drenching his clothes
isn't enough!)

While the rumbling of the thunder begins the slow-shiver
throughout his horses flanks: he silently gives thanks
for the change, and new life this storm brings.
He is nothing more, than a shadow of a man... lost
to the naked eye in the oblivion of the world:
for, even here in wide-open-spaces... he is
a prisoner, below Allah's Realm.

Quietly, he stands... giving his companions back
much needed rest...

As the storm continues, electrifying the night and its skies
with multiple shades of greys, blues and whites...

A subtle reminder, that Allah's Nur... is Light.
Where this path leads him, is like a trodden-trail
Vanity, its only obstacle... betrayal, the only despair...
This, I write for Rashake: Haley and Gracie, now know
that he always cares...

For I, too, wonder... if such a life is just a play...
Because, how else?! can such a muslim, be just as much a
"Cowboy"
Terry Lytle (16) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

"Unknown" (written, June 1, 2013)

Transient in Transit; Basic Fundamental
Be-not, Judgmental: the Transition, its Elemental
Where my eyes land: Inconsequential, to what they see
A big f-ing STOP sign, staring at me!
The Reaction, Temperamental; To such a Testimonial (about
"victims") is quite Obvious

My Remarks: Unmentionable (somewhat Repetitious)
Because I, don't get this (quite possibly)
Subliminal Superstition (but its)

Too, non-fictitious to be Superstitious
Nothing less than a, Suggestive: Suggestion
A, Summarization (containing the essentials)
"NO MORE VICTIMS"

The finalization of all classroom sessions
and 5-month-course lessons

A, Puritanical: Purification, in Opposition to: Reactionary Violence
Still don't comprehend?

Wanna, Proscribe the assignment?

Then get a dictionary, and define: Nonviolence
And, while you're at it, Define
All the words..... UNKNOWN

Terry Lytle

(17) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

21-Nights (written, June 26, 2016)

I couldn't be racist, even if I tried
The prophet was a white man, what color-blinds
your eyes?

I don't like a bigot - can't stand the ignorant
it's usually, your figot

That manifests destiny... It's, kill or be killed:
You'll die before you kill me

Angry-man, black-man, African hate-man: how are
YOU! gonna blame - the Creator's
Creation?!

You sowing seeds of dissention, as if you're
back, in a Tribe-conquering Nation...

Whose selling who, when it's "business" as usual:

Aren't you buying, your jewelry from a jew:
Isn't that, "shackle", encrusted with Jacobs jewels?!

See how you buy - yet, free advertise?!

Isn't that some, Secrets, between your wives'
thighs?!

But you still screamin' "blue eyes", still
screamin' lies?!

NOTES

As sad as the Islamic-Faith's world-acceptance is, I have experienced most racism from the orthodox muslims, who are otherwise known as "blacks"; be they Sunni, Salafi, Shi'ite, or Wahhabi: I even had a sufi adherent, identify me by a racial slur.

"Prislam" and "hislam", are words that denote a prison-practice, or an individual's practice: and what is, actually, bid'at: an innovation.

NOTES

Hate, is one of the most misused words, in matters of the heart. It is such a powerful word that, when I use it, it means that my anger overrode all that is good in my heart...

Just as those two wolves, I war with it... all the time. Insha-Allah (God-Willing) I, too, will overcome my hatred for ignorance... and just hate what Allah hates: which is, Allah Knowing Best, disbelief and polytheism. Salaam

Terry Lytle

Bruh, that's a white bitch, being a slave to the crime:

Trickin' on a black dick; suckin' on a glass dick... gotta suffice that gorilla itch, needle to her grind:

What is wrong with your mind?!

There's no such thing as a "Snow Bunny" That might be your daughter's Mamma - how's that!, for a sign?!!

Because God said, humanity - not just the "blackman" as His vice-gerent;

I said it! Fuck it, I meant it! - Got me, to the point of where...

I don't even want to be known as a muslim...

And this ain't got nothing to do with the pair I wear

But everything to do, with the hate in there!

Salat-ul-Ju'muah, my ass! - There's,

(19) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

NOTES

No such thing, as Unity, in Ta'alim class!

Allah, is Malik! He is the King!
The Prophet was a white-man, just
like Ali (Alayhi-Saladin).

Miss me with the bullshit,
alright,

"Ahki" - Because I'm just a
"white man,"

You are NOT, a

"bratna" to me.....

Abdullah Shakur Khabir Rhasheed.

(Istghfirullah)

(X3)

(Amin.)

Thikr (Remembrance...) (written, May 9, 2013)

I acknowledge you, with every step I take:
Reflecting your kindness, by manifested charity
Inshallah, giving away the prosperity
While shunning all the hostility; for it is written:
"...for all the blessings and bounties are (Mine) Allahs."

Thikr,
A state-of-mind, as we rewind time
Remembering how our wills allowed, what is now
Scars..... of,
Emotional pains, mental games; Spiritual losses,
As dūnyā (the world), precedes; Your Name; Forgetfulness,
The blame...

'Victims', of "the game": Saying, "I was on the grind..."
Yet, the wheels dreddy been made; So, now
Men "do time" ... in "the shāritāns" (the devil and his minions) plot
As he's: tricking and deceiving bodies into grave lots
Tighter than the downtrodden, in a ten-trailers-to-an-act
trailer-park

And one foul word'll be, the spark that hark(en)s
To the evil and the black-spotted hardened hearts...
That'll burn a community (Ummah) to the ground; Hate,

Terry Lytle

(21) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

The seed, that is found..... Yet, we're bound
To find a better way:

Siratul-Mustaqim (the right path)

Mashallah (God willed it).

Alhamdulillah (All praise is due to Allah) —

Alamin (for) the heavens, the earth and what is in between)
al-Islam (the Submission)..... Din (way of life).

[Even a true believer in the truth, however learned and wise he may be, has to necessarily pray for this blessing from the All-Merciful, the All-Knowing and the All-Wise Lord. Guidance which man needs, is not restricted to the knowledge or practice of any doctrine. Man has to be ever seeking the knowledge of the higher truths leading to the higher spiritual elevations open to his personal progress.]

— S.V. Mir Ahmed Ali —

Ironic Distortion (written, August 8, 2014)

As the ink drains from the pen, like a battery in a radio left on too long
The alter of steel, changes... Yet another wound, has had the time to heal...
With bare-feet and dry-eyes, the wounded lets the pen cry...

(as if running out of ink would stop the tears)
He's been gone for too long... A child has aged seven years...
where a father has aged forty

A small forest has been consumed... the court battles;
the petitions; the repetitious motions;
Books have been written with far less...

As the mercury of a temperature, stables... at 96.9, he is not
lost on the irony of the degree: for it's what's on the table:
Whether he were to go forward or backward—like the number,
the rut would remain the same...

Two... missing: One daughter, One wife...

Twenty to twenty-five years; 306 months' till release, and
that is the same as Life...

Where time is always, watching: the battery does 7 at a time

A,
Momentary lapse of reason, is now mistaken for one sublime...

Eyes so dry, they stick open... burning so unblinkingly by...
The red-veins and dilated pupils, have the masses
thinking he's high

Terry Lytle (23) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

As their minds silently accuse him...
He reads it all, as they walk by...
Yet, he will not let it confuse him, or give pause to a
life on hold...

As he, graveyard-shifts the moon... waiting for the sun to
unfold...

Where the night has come, undone...
Another day... begun...

Silently ("...pray..."), beckons... so loud
The... Iqama, after the Adhan - Allah has won,
yet again...

The... Salat... is, now... in...

The pen, bleeds... (he's, haunted... by the jinn...)

While the Rakas go... two (by-and-by)

Two-hundred, twenty-two more months...

Yes, it's gonna be a longer ride...

Again, another "Ironic"...

Highway 222... leads home...

Another scroll, has become... unrolled

He sees, the damages... done...

Insight... coming to, Marker... Ledger-sheet too great
a task

Terry Lytle

(24) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

If...life, is a game you've Gambled in... then there's
no reasoning, to what you have asked...

Your soul,

is! what the goal is... and its,
already...

upon...

your...

path...

Where winning,

is... sometimes,
lost...

Terry Lytle

(25) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

An Angry Moment

Phoenix from the fire, into clouds of ether that you breathe
Heart harder than a chiseled-Picasso (marbled)...
of your face

I breathe fire, hotter than a triple-shot from the triple beams
Because there's, no way to gauge: the fire from the flames
that disintegrate... The Rage...

My body... into the ashes, killers kill can't never be tamed
System treats me, like I'm "Ice Cube", or as if I'm
triple-K...

Imagine that!

From one, called... America's Son - I'm as "white" as
they come...

Lord!

God!

Let YOUR kingdom come!... I bear witness, to the cold
truth...

As my... Body's breathing fire: Because of the hate being
implanted (and directed) towards our youth...

Treyvon Martin...

Mike Brown - R.I.P. (Rest In Peace)...

But I, gotta sing!

This is insane... and it's got me remembering
Rodney King...

As if, we're all! still in L.A....

Terry Lytle

(26) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Whatever happened to... fear of 'The Day!'? ...

It's as if...

We're "Ah-huld", in a never-ender Blu-ray of
"Judgment Day"...

What more is there to say?!

My mind's madder than, an Orson Welles "comic"
Got me confusing...

Van Halen with, '1984'...
'War of the Worlds'...

War of Words...

War against the Kurds... War against Wars!

Whatever happened to...

the Consciousness,
in you?

Whatever happened to...

Live & Let Live?... and,
Live & Let Learn?...

Since, when... did "We..." forget our kids...
or, how troubled!,

How did "We..." become, so bold - and such know-it-alls -
just because we're so old?
is ... our youth?

Terry Lytle

(27) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

When did "We..." become,
so cold?

And...

how did we forget...

What the power of Love,
could do?

Let us... all...

Remember...

"Old Yellow..."

And,

"Where the Red Fern Grows"...

before,

The Red-state (and its... dictate)... causes our world to blow...

Because,

even "The Dogs of War," know...

It'll take a lifetime to...

calm...

the storm...

Terry Lytle

(28) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

A Little Air, Please (written, November 12, 2013)

In a place, where I see more bars than stars
And the ratio of airplanes to cars, is zero, to none
I am not able to tell, anymore, Anyone...

Who really loses; who, really has won
For, the System has stacked us on top of each other
Like the bricks and cinderblocks, of their walls: with no
cement at all: it's a wonder to me, that families
even accept the calls...

But, then again... that's how jaded my view
Because now that we're "paying for them"
Collect-calls have become yesterday's news... yet another element
into our... mental abuse

Because it's still our families' money, that the systems use
The same ole muse... Dynamite, to a fuse...

How about: We (The People)... tell the truth:
Prison has not only damaged us, it has... further,
damaged you

And it, terrorizes our Youth!

Why so cynical in such an optimistic world?

Why such pessimism in that "little girl"?

Why such doubt in that "little boy"?

Why not give him a pen instead of a toy...

Terry Lytle (29) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

And that "little girl," why not show her...
How she could be the next...

Because men would be, healing for the world...
Who become our Mom's, nothing!... without little girls
in such a...
fucked up world!

Terry Lytle

(30) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Another Angry Moment (Kill Shorty) (written, July 8, 2013)

I grab a blank sheet of paper, and a pen / Because I
used to smoke-out
This is how my freestyle begins / Fuck it!, It is what it is
I don't need an ad-lib / 'Cause I go hard in the paint!
Tracy McGrady, I ain't!
You a boot-licker! / Pat, for the course... / I ride up on ya
Roughshod!, without my horse...
I, dick-ride no one! / You a joke / Ridin' T.I.'s sled:
Like, 50¢ - doing cop-out time / Something like,
drop-out time / Get it??!!
Operator-time, needin' another dime / To save ya ass from
the next time...
So, what! / I'm a penitentiary vet...
So, what! / I rock all sets... / I'll have you, leaking in
the streets...
Bled-out, like the pussies that I run dry... / I'm called
Anarchist...
Assassin... / I forehead, triple-kiss (Rock-a-bye) Pee-wee -
you, too short
A prison mudd-butt / You an ass-bandit's bitch
And I?!
The prophesized triple six!

Terry Lytle

(3) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Drowning (at 12:50 a.m.) (written, February 9, 2019)

If I was facedown in the swamp
My arms stretched out to my sides
Would I bridge the gap from the other side...
Because I'm...

Wildside

Don't want tears, I want to "dry-cry"
Somewhat of a depressive sigh...
shackled & chained without the hardware

Don't!

"bust shots" → cuz, I
Bus' back! → make me, don't care...
Defeat most, with my hard stare
I, don't! woot → my teeth's, full of most's hair
Have your body, chalked-out... as the crowd states
Because that's... you!, writing "Shorty" → soft-hearted, about
being parted
("wait for me!, wait for me!") and,
How, you care!

Me?! → Shit!, my pages' are stripped bare...
Still standing in my own pair → Momma didn't buy me
these, playboy
My balls don't need hair...

Terry Lytle

(32) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Because my...
ink's blacker than your skid-marks in your belt-seated
chair...

Because you're, seat-belted → there's no need for the
"fan-fare"...

You're not 2-Chains, you're 2-scared...
I don't blink, because it's an assassins stare...

It's, dry & sunny... with a chance of rain...
Tear-drops in a storm-cloud, being restrained
as I, bare...

The thunder's on the horizon, as the wound flares... don't stare!
White-lightning illuminates the black-dots of a vicious pair...
As the white-noise chases away, the pain...
While we draw... into the vicious cycle
Of another day... [Take a breath... breathe, Because]

It looks like...
The flowers are sunshining in the sunshine — and,
what seems like
Two birds, up on a tree-limb... kissing → wondering what
we're) like...
Because if...
you're face down, in the swamp

Terry Lytle

(33) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Drowning...

How you gonna know, what the Light...
Bees like..... Honey, I'm the type of guy, that
The unseen, likes...

Because...

With me: you don't need an invite...

This body's, prison → Water's life: can I get a
Limelight.....

'Cause, I'm..

dancing underwater, in a body that's too tight...

Desperate to escape.....

that's why....

I write...

Terry Lytle (34) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Self-to-Self (written, August 25, 2014)

It's my Born-date. No candles, no cake.

Restless years... thirty-something years young...

I hope its not — "Too late to un-do the little that's been done?"

In the hole — "Again?!!" — falsely accused

"Since when?!!"

When will it end... "How are you 'falsely accused' when its all you've ever done...?"

"You went to seg, once → too young to buy beer..."

"Then to regular pop, at the age of twenty-one (and that was your fourth time here)"

Where's all the years — "How 'bout, all your Mom's tears?!"

Celebrating birthdays in the hole — "This, your 7th one!"

Kinda like, counting my Christmads' — "What has been won?!"

This makes 16 so far — "You gonna be a gambler for life?!"

First parole was at 17 — "With your G.E.D., you also earned your first strike!"

No candles, no cake...

No wishes, no retakes... thirty-ninth time...

No rewind lines... Time, my only... remind...

No what would you do moments... — "Sieve the day,

Terry Lytle (35) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

"You own it"

"You've got it to do"

"For you must!, understand..."

"self, you were,

born...

a man"

Terry Lytle (36) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Holding... (written August 22, 2013)

For the times... where things aren't always simplistic
defined by wrongs, or rights... shaded in greys

of,
black..., and... white...

I never stopped loving you, these many... sleepless... nights

The same dark tears you've cried — Father to Daughter,
I've cried too...

I'm...

Just as stained, by the anger of my own...

questioning and wondering
Mentally searching for the answers... I just don't have

While, in between times (and in the mean time)...

Are just two hands.....

One, a daughter's... the other, a dad's...

I know it's...

not gonna be easy — Inshallah — to

Re-unite...

Daughter to Dad...

I don't expect I'll lead you... nor demand, that you
blindly... follow...

I just ask — The Holding — as we... reunited... grow

Terry Lytle (37) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Because I... (written, July 18, 2014)

I'm down, not dead; Preacher-man said, "Those who hit,
have run out of ideas"

How's that sound; easy for you?

Kind of explains all the damages I did — True...

Because life ain't what it's supposed to be

I guess that's why they're saying, there's just not a
lot of hope for me...

"You never were that serious" — Pleased!

I'm not looking back!

I've given up, the excuse!

Mistreated and abused, I'll no longer be ... your
muse...

As I go, Don-Gotta! (I've Gotta!, breathe.....)

There's not another, to fit the pair I've formed...
Gloves for hands, bootstraps to feet — God-handled
when born...

I'm not the norm... I've stopped, the searching...

I've seen the unlocked doors (gotta find... keys
to more)

As I give... no excuses

My loyalty is so tight, I knock out the streetlights...

As I creep, in silence... tired of the violence

Terry Lytle (38) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Who can stand, the truths that bear? That's our youth,
out there —

"Where's daddy?....." Does he really, "don't care?"
How's that?!

The air up there... because I've got some ideas.....

Just because the lights-bulb is blown, doesn't mean
that a man is dead

If pressure busts a pipe, what you think it does
to a head?

When, misery loves company, what you think that
really brings?

Because, when...

this man was the company...

He'd already divorced the misery...

Flushed down the ring — there was no such thing,
as an oath, or...

vows...

Misery dishonored, before the child was born — Wow!
Now misery blames company, when she didn't even
protect the womb —

How?!!

Old news... like the holocaust of Jews — did it really
happen? Who's telling the truth?

Terry Lytle (39) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Because now, " ...mommy hates daddy..." — so,
We recycle the, abuse? Where, only the young, lose?...

Selfish and self-centered, a mother stands firm —
('I'm not taking my daughter into a prison!')

Yet... it's the, father-daughter bond... that
"Miserery" burns...

What? — a 'same-ole' excuse...

Ain't that, abuse? — Where,

mommy's hating daddy,

But daddy's doing time...

This, laying blame stuff, is really out of line

So ask me, before you miss me... 'cause I was just
on my grind... the hustling kind...

You know my job was more than a 9 to 5...

I was searching for a way — I wanted my family!
to survive...

Terry Lytle (40) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

I've told you and told you, that I forgive you ...

but,

how many times...

I'm not gonna distort the hatred - the truth, dissects
all your lies -

These ain't holes...

but dark pits,

you see for eyes...

Because I...

Still sit like the wolf - predator to prey...

Up on the hills - silently searching...

watching for the
lamb,

Calling out, to the damned...

listening for their bleeps...

While, Allah above... watches,

the watching...

So that a child, may enter sleep...

Terry Lytle (41) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Live-wire! (written, November 9, 2014)

Back to the, turntables / As I reconnected the terminals
My ether's, Live-wire! / There's nothing greater, that's
nocturnal

As I ...

Stay connected, like a hard-drive into the mainframe
of my fix ...

Translated memories, and resentments / There's no
placating the bitterness.

Mad-moments ...

Override: the, Selective-Memory of my youth ...
Process the days / Confused and eternally hollow, of
where the love lives ...

Endless times, at BEAST-mode - which is why,
everything's on the other side ... As worlds collide ...

That / Formulate a scheme, or plot (that's what the
masses'll say) ...

But / It's not a plan or scheme, that I contemplate ...
like operators at a switchboard (that's society's
ways).

When I, pollinate the Lotus that unfolds ...

Terry Lytle (72) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Into a thousand petals, on how... / I am,
Bold!

Too cold!

Never bought!

Cannot be sold!

I, break the mould / Like the game...

What, such / A deceiving trick, propagated at
our youth...

"Don't clown me, boy!" (That's what the C.O.'ll say)

With your pants saggin' / While you freestyle in ya
cell phone...

about, how "bad" you got it...

And kids is overseas, starving!

While Nations, keep bombing! — I'm haunted!

I, bet you! / They'd all trade their plight in life...
for that cell —

So, when you "cry" ... Remember / That some, are
living hell!

But,

who am I to yell.....

I can't tell / 25 (same as life) I don't got bail...

So —

let's bond.....

Terry Lytle (43) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Who's been gone?! For too long?!
Who has kids, they haven't seen in years?
Who has kids they haven't seen at all?
See the recurring theme? The "have-nots" (at a
count/bed call)
(A canteen or a commissary, just isn't a Wal-Mart)
Where do we start?...

How do we plan...
To give the little boy, something to emulate into a man?
What can we do, for that little girl? For her cousins,
her aunts?

I don't know about you, but I'd start with the pants —
"Really??!! — you need 'em tight? You're eleven years
old,
on this!, we're not gonna fight..."

Lord!, help me sleep... for I'm restless tonight.....

My battery's burnin'! About to melt the terminals —
My ether's, "Live-wire!" / I'll help ya do the math...
Gain, knowledge-of-Self / Move to the front of the
class...

I'll,
stay connected! — My harddrive is my mainframe

Terry Lytle (44) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Gotta get my fix, never slow down / As my pen kicks...
The Nocturnal,

into the bitterness...

then adds the resentments, with the

Memories,

into a,

meltdown...

of Bliss.....

Can't cry - so I write! / Stay true to this!
My beat within's, got my Beat Without,

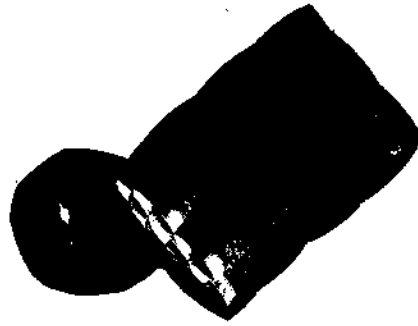
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Top-o'-The-List!

Terry Lytle

(45) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Napalm (written, July 19, 2014)



As I,

Napalm! the masses/Killin' everything:
The birds, the trees, the classes and grasses

Napalm!

The jungles, the streets/And all you highrise bastards!

Napalm!

Napalm! : ...

The world, as I see it/And it's social distorted
classes

The blind lead the rich/ "Come on, let us bury the poor"
"Come hither, come hither"/As the gluttonous keep reaching
out for more

Where prisons become, the new Stone-age castles
1,000 man dungeons, damn all the hustles

While all the new kingdoms, otherwise known as
Institutions

become the Millenium-age solutions

Bodies into cell-plots/ The rich: "Let us kill the revolution"

Where, Napalm! Is the new call to arms: sound the alarm
There's no need, for such: fists-to-cuffs/ Life's not 'that'
it's rough

Rougher than a jail cell, with no air to breathe
The people, living stagnated/ There's nowhere to sneeze

Terry Lytle

(46) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

Because, Napalm! / Is the world we see ... these
bricks and steel bars, are nowhere to breathe
Living in concrete, the masses mistake for luxury
Reality is, it's a fullblown misery
Continuously begging for company
So we must:

Napalm!

The classes, and all its bigotry

Napalm!

The birds, the trees / The social-distorted hassles

Napalm!

The jungles, the streets / Just another type
of acceptable mishomered abortion of bastards

Napalm! Napalm! Napalm!

Because I'm,

armed to harm / Pistol-palmed and braun

Betta sound the alarm / As I go...

"to the terror of the public"

Damn the Administration, and the dictated phrases

Just another, Fascist-dazed inn / Dick Nixon

changed it ... Obama can-not save this /

We're not a Republic / Just a, Socialist Regime!

Terry Lytle (47) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

It's hard to read the Alpha-bet! / When them letters is
tearing down teams

Wrecking families / Killin' all our American dreams

As if,

we're all not immigrants / "Um ... excuse me, Miss? ...
um, your children we don't need..."

See what I mean?! / The blind leading, the minds
Into a helluva nightmare called a dream.

Where families building families / Are destroyed at the seams
Daddy's "debt", is prison / Oh, how the choir sings —

"Mommy's imprisoned, too, Daddy" —

Nah!, that's just Pharaoh and his kings ...

That's why we need:

Napalm!

There's a war out there! And its "collateral damage"
is not, machines or hardware!

This aint a tall-tale, that's why we breathe ...

Napalm!

Convention-al, warfare / Look how their eyes glare
J.F.K. —

Napalm! —

"Grassy-noled" / Pharaoh doesn't play fair
was assassinated there ...

Terry Lytle (78) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"

That's why we need...
Ndpalm!
Ndpalm!
Ndpalm!

They say we're bred to harm / Whether pimps or dons
We are...
The targeted and the villain
You ask, and we become... Pro-biotics / Medicine
for all the farsighted
We dance!...

Like the prisons' prisoners in a riot
Then Cite it... As if the truth is even known...
Institutionalized, Thunder-Dorm!
Doing 3-strikes / Mom's at work / Kids at home
Alone!

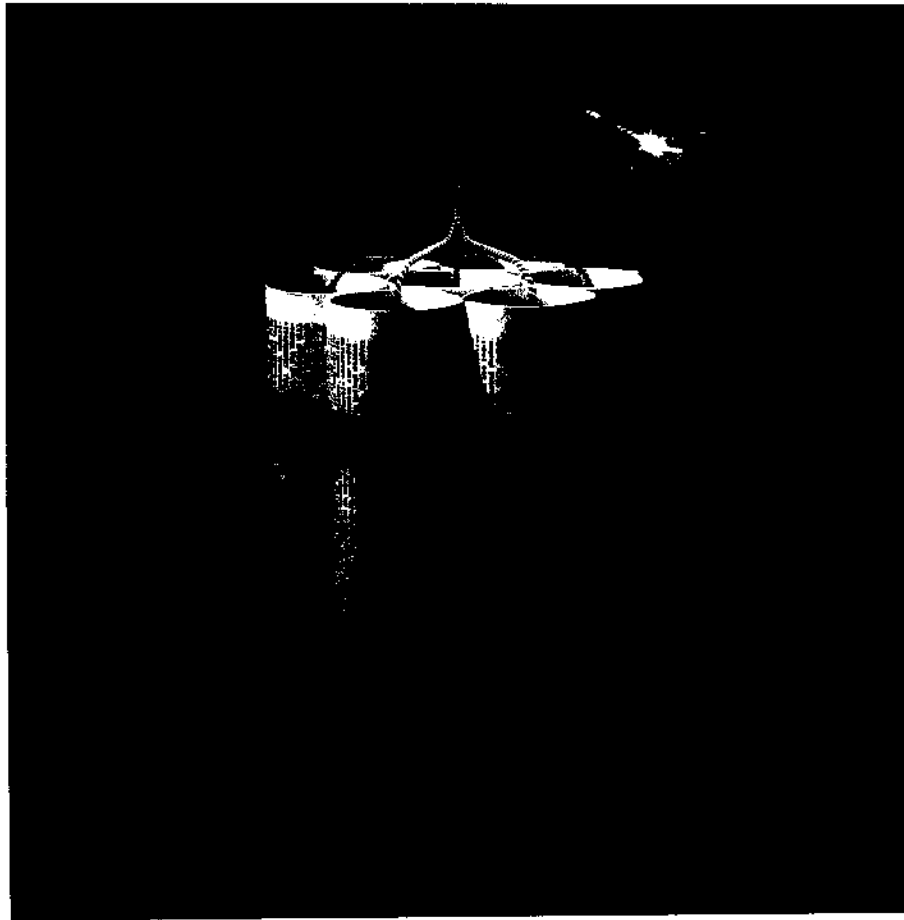
Yet, you ask, "Why'd you write it?" - Why hide it?!!
Because you've (now) been invited...
Look HOW the world has grown - Ndpalm!

(As we see, what he keeps chained!, down there...)
(He feels like he just can't win, out there...)
(Are those war-drums beating?!! - No!, that's his)
(Beat Within!, the same as his, Beat Without)

Terry Lytle

(49) "They Say I'm Bi-polar"

(Two tomahawks, drumming)
(As he...)
(Reaches out,
NAPALM!)



Terry Lytle (50) "They Say I'm Bi-Polar"