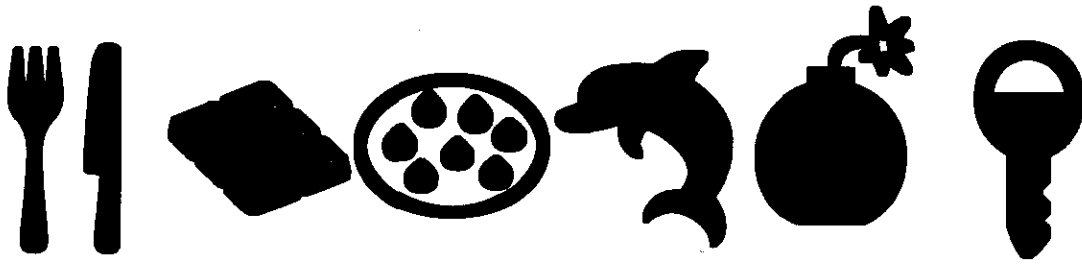


Can I tell you a story?

By William S. Graham

**"Everybody likes
stories, they
entertain us and
force us to enjoy
the imagination
we once had"**



I looked in the mirror and seen a reflection that wanted more, needed more, and felt like I deserved more ~ I begin chasing it to the fullest.



Acknowledgements,

Damon Davis is a voice that the entire world should have the pleasure to hear. We odd and beyond expectations.



Thank you,
William S. Graham
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18 Stories High

Upon silk sheets she laid
Catching my eye
The other one- on them
Vultures, hyenas, and buzzards
Chocolate covered cherries with gold
plated glasses
Snap dragon flowers
Diplomatic scattered ashes
Regarded as neither necessity nor
luxury
Cashmere coats with pockets for
hands
Billy sings to us aloud
Between sky blue walls we dance
Melted buckets of ice
A watery grave for scallops
Flamingo feathers in your hair
Time a war horse that gallops
Blood moon drinking wine
Dinner by the door – a taste of quail
(18 stories high away from the world)
We both laugh in a tortoise shell

Soul Kiss

Please
Don't skim over this
Read it
Absorb it
Let it marinate in your skin
Have it sing you a song
Over and over again
When you need a friend
Keep this in your heart
Grin-Laugh-Smile-Know truth
Build your heart up strong
Stronger than before
Can't you see? (you're broken proof)
From your lips to my ears
Secrets are told and shared from the soul
(remember)
When we were cold? I do
Watching life take its toll on what's
beautiful
What's elegant
And what's always true

A Soul Kiss

William S. Graham

“Kill The Silence”

Saying words under your breath

Completely silent to sound

I reach out to you

No words are found.

Am I your damn clown . . .

(Just) here for your personal amusement

(Like) a merry-go-round . . .

Why won't you just grow up

We spin around and around

Until we both throw up.

Dizzy intentions not known . . . Simply

A quiet show goes on,

Enjoy what you see . . .

Saying it under your breath

But you won't say it to me.

What the hell is wrong with you?

Who do you want me to be ?

I scream pain to you

Then fall on my bloody knees

Screaming please . . .

Kill The Silence.

“Pitiful Mind”

Drown your mercury emotions in
my pool of darkness.

Untidy state of mind . . . pure
filth.

We indulge in our lackadaisical
ways.

Pointing the finger at every poor
excuse of reflection in the mirror.

Remorse becoming our second
language of mercy.

Sprinting from what we know
best.

Smear your soul with the
sympathies of others.

Saying what a pitiful way to
live.

Elevator capacity full to the max.

No room for your careless
decline.

Swallow my pain with regretful
pleasure and keep me in your
mind.

William S. Graham

(Nostalgia)

I miss when being bad had definition to it. Where are all the tough guys at? A bunch of snort nose kids rule the world now ~ always slapping on new tattoos and picking up a gun to shoot people.

Always jumping people and needing their friends to fight one on one battles.

I miss when it made sense ~ now things are all fuzzy and confusing.

No more tough guys . . . no more hard times . . . no more hills to climb . . . just a state of nostalgia.

Doubt

Walked into a jewelry store

Guy behind the counter said

"Good day sir, we have a special on wedding rings"

I laugh to myself

Funny things pop in my head all the time

I said

"No thank you, I'm just looking"

He watched me

I felt slightly offended

as if I were some petty thief or something

I walked over to him

"Excuse me sir, I noticed you watching me ~ can't a man come into a jewelry store anymore without people looking at him?"

I put my head down in disbelief

Pulled out a gun

Saying

"don't ever second guess yourself, now give me all the damn money"

William S. Graham

(distingué)

As humans we do so much to stand out, be different, seem unique ~
but the moment we receive such attention we strive to fit in with the
norm. (why?) Without question we judge with our eyes ~ taught
to point out anything that doesn't fit in.

The Weight of Your Heart

This is me standing on a balcony of thought
, under a dimly lit sky, contemplating my future
Asking God why?

Why does life have to be so hard

Fighting for the rights to freedom honor and truth
leaving me with scars

A slight laugh comes to proof

I know what I have to do

Flipping a coin in my heart

Breaking mirrors with my hands

Tearing them apart

Showing them how to dance

One glance into the future

Would you like to see what I see?

A figure standing in my heart

That figure is me

William S. Graham

Baby Girl

She grew up hard
A life of broken scars attached to her broken heart
Like a bottle
The shards of her empty days were left fading away
Music became her only escape
To a world where the pain didn't cut as deep
Closing her eyes at night
Trying to get some sleep
Or maybe some peace
Within a divided soul
Her tears are spent before dollars
No longer cold
She is an element of survival
Do, what she has to do to make it in this world
I don't judge you for what you do in life
I salute you baby girl

William S. Graham

By the time I turned 15 years old my way of seeing life was jaded.
A garbage bag full of clothes and \$47 dollars to my name - I was free.
Little did I know freedom was expensive.

Clay Pigeons

This don't get no clearer
Man in the mirror
Dropping these degrees
You should pick your ear up
At times I would tear up
Smoke and pick a beer up
Momma spaced out
Why struggle live near us?
Rich folks fear us or maybe they can't hear us
We just talk louder
Listen as they smear us
Across the television
Our vision is a riddle
We never get no credit
We Malcoms in the middle
Play second fiddle, but the tune isn't that colorful
Bill O' Riley we all aren't gullible
Many want to cuddle up
Five finger Knuckle up
I just want the fast life
Tell the Kids to buckle up
Laugh as chuckle up
Base balls . . . in and outs
Third string players
What the hell we grinning about?
Oh, we think we winning now ~
because we hit a home run
It's over before we know it
That's why we always on one

William S. Graham

"we fly for a few seconds before pow!"

One Day

The clean forgotten air
Freshly new to my soul
Reunited with the world
Finally, made whole

Everything seems so precious
I worship all that I see
The birds, the sun, and even me
All free

Seize my heart with joy
Laughter is no longer a weakness
Happiness rules my voice
Finally, I can keep this

Contemplating my inner thoughts
Searching for the words to say
Freedom is the doormat of life
I'll walk through one day

William S. Graham

"Heaven . . . I went to heaven today ~ it was as expected, everyone sitting around in a waiting room to see the doctor. One guy wore a T-shirt reading world's greatest father ~ I laughed. Looking directly up a fat lady's skirt. Don't know why I kept looking but I did. They never called my name though. I just got up put a magazine in my pocket and walked out."

Let Me Paint You A Picture

It's not perfect
but the color jumps off the page
Illuminated by spirit
Sourceful light ~
blue and keen
Paint brush dipped in time
Each stroke elegant
I found this
in the back of my heart
Giving it life and presence of stage
The dots connecting
Falling when legs fatigue
As soldiers
we march to a different beat
Unfamiliar but none the less
you seen the images of day
Coming up young
and fading fast as sunsets do
I brought you traded books
Sat with thus ears open for sights unknown
You marvelled
as life went on
in our painting

William S. Graham

Imprisoned In Black

locked away by color
Against the judgemental wall
Can't even stand to see the sun
Scared I might fall
They say "all y'all are all the same"
Just being black becomes your name
Such a beautiful picture
in such an ugly frame
What can we claim?
Besides the bars and the chains
Black killing black ~
Is like the sky killing the rain
Hate me . . . I hate you
Once you're gone
Who can I relate too?
We must all escape and break through
This judgemental wall
Imprisoned in black
Aren't we all?

William S. Graham

- No Windows -

I live in a house with no windows. I never go outside or answer the door. I just sit in the dark ~ adjusting to it deeper.
At first it didn't bother me, being submerged in darkness.
I would just go about my day as usual ~ in the dark of course.
What kind of person would live like this you ask?
Someone who has been hurt by the world, and chose to evade into a dark corner.
Days turn into weeks, weeks become months, and months mutate into years instantly.
One day I woke up in the darkness as I always do, and wondered about the outside. It started itching my brain until I opened the

door. It took so much courage to walk out the door, I didn't want to but I did. The sun pierced my eyes as soon as I stepped out my door. I closed them but the air was too sharp for my nose, it felt as if tiny razor blades were cutting into my nostrils. I started breathing heavily, my stomach turned up side down like a roller coaster. My ears popped, blind as a bat, feeling sick, and smelling too much ~ I fell down. On the porch like a fish out of water, I crawled back into the door way. Once in the house I could breath again, see again, smell better, hear better ~ in the house with no windows.

. This Isn't Mine .

You bring me credit
wrapped up in a shiny bow
Saying "this is yours"
"I beg your pardon
I've never seen this before"
You insist
I resist
Walking away mildly pissed
"This is yours!" you scream
I frown as your voice fades away
People hear you
Come running
"Who was that?" they say
"It was him"
"He wrote this!"
They read it
"How conceited is he now?"

William S. Graham

"Thank you but no thank, it belongs to us all"

Living Right

Momma in the church, while I'm out here doing dirt

Praying to the lord,

while I'm putting in work

Kurk and Jerk ~

something for my nerves

"Keep playing games you're going to die right up on that curb"

Funny how wise words never give the urge to do the right thing

we just all get submerged

Trapped in a situation that only makes it worst

Momma say "lets pray first"

I walked away

A black hearse in my heart

Nothing to say

but "I'm living right"

William S. Graham

A Picnic On A Landmine

Don't eat what you can't stomach
Her stares were classic
That's what I got from it
A sandwich wrapped in plastic
Political strawberries
I stayed greedy for years on end
Looking for answers in a box
She said "don't pretend"
Chewing my thoughts ~
each one tasting like dirt and time
A lasso in my heart
Cheesy lasagna on my mind
She said "do you even love me?"
I said "we are what we eat"
To a certain degree
we fight to be free
but deep down inside
we bleed
before we blow up

William S. Graham

* Two babies playing on the floor, both surrounded by toy blocks.
Both smiling and having some good fun ~ out of no where one of the babies
start to cry. The other baby has taken the majority of the blocks.
The crying baby continues until someone picks the baby up ~ leaving the
greedy baby behind.
A couple minutes later the blocks are gathered up and put away.
The greedy baby gets a bottle of milk.

"How can you understand something you've never had."

Black Pepper

You sit on the table

overlooked

Shook up

Scare to pick a book up

and discover yourself

Allowing

others to cook up

A cool melt

How can you smile?

In a foul world

that tells you no

You're too spicy

Too dark

Too true

I put salt on everything

and then say

"why don't I use you?"

I'm racist

Looking deeper into your plate

Keeping everything Kosher

and still gaining weight

From this black pepper

William S. Graham

The Cycle

Life is a female
Met her at a church house
Sinning with her wicked tongue
That's why I got cursed out
Said "I bring the worst out
of her
like the first doubt
she ever had in her mind"
now she bring her purse out
Mad at the world
Oh girl got some issues
She don't want no pity though
Save all your tissues
First comes I miss you
Then comes initials
Her and mines together on a tree
A Kiss too
Swear I'll never dis you ~
if you never dis me
We all spin a good lie
Let's put it on a frisbee
Cards like a gypsy
Wonder what Ignatius's kids see?
I'm going to name them Adam and Eve if you get me
Snakes move so quickly
Appearing like a hickey
Harry Potter game
You can say it's tricky
Straight up like a dickie
Caught up in her Nickies
Death around the corner
Pac before Biggie

William S. Graham

"Sean J. Marshall is my brother and fellow comrade"

At Last

We live on the arms of destiny
Holding time within the memories long gone
Words have a way of fading into the darkness
Leaving us all alone
A cross between today and tomorrow
Burning ashes from afar
Black as the night and sky altogether
Decorated by a million stars
We don't see them from here
Such a formal way of saying goodbye
Words mean nothing to us on paper
Until they meet the inner eye
The eye tells the heart
Who loves to move entirely too fast
Rest easy my beautiful one
You'll find peace and happiness
at last

William S. Graham

"We find that the end may just be the beginning and the beginning is something worth waiting for."

When embarking on a journey of happiness it is best to know yourself.

By knowing yourself you begin to see what truly makes you happy.

Happiness gets flushed into a stage of wants instead of needs.

The things we think will make us happy only gives birth to the headlining problems in our lives.

Happiness could be as simple as a hot piece of pie, or a tall glass of ice water. Depending on whatever makes you happy ~ you'll see the inner being within you emerge. Happiness is a gift you give yourself for no reason at all . . . then it gives back.

Growing Pains

Out the window

Young eyes glued to the sidewalk

Neighborhood kids

skating, laughing, playing, and side talking

No one frowning

The clowning around never ends

Bicycle races are crucial

The sun toothbrushing their skin

Am sulk

10 years old

Punishment

Bad grades

Thank moms

William S. Graham

Kathy

In her room

Kathy use to play
everyday

by her self

Until she grew up

Starting fitting in

Making friends

Lending clothes

Pretend

Pretend

Pretend

Boys equal men

Girls equal women ~ who spend money on make up, clothes, and shoes

Who knows what happen to Teddy?

We lose things in odd places don't me and you

Pennies in the socket

Piggy banks fall and break

Only if we could stay innocent forever

Kathy wouldn't have no one to take to her prom

Go to school

Finish school

Get a job

Become a mom

And call her little baby girl Kathy

William S. Graham

At times we are all just like kids ~ asking for things that we want instead of knowing what we need.

Telling ourselves that we're prepared to make grown up decisions, but actually we're not. A child wants cupcakes and candy for breakfast, do you give he or she what they desire?

No, you eat the cup cake in front of them and say "grown ups trump kids"

You're Sick

Don't worry

I am to

I knew you were sick

By the things you do

Making me sick too

Turning blue

In the face

Who?

Said we were sick

The sick

Pretty slick

How the sick

Call us sick

And we agree

quick

Knowing we are sick

We lick

pick, trick, and flick

our way to the top

than

it gets better

That's sick

William S. Graham

My Personality

My personality is gangsta

Unapologetic but never rude

I can be

The heart of a diamond

Crooked and crude

My soul is nude at times

I find it purple . . . no rainbows

Blank being my emotional title

The same goes

for my words -

that need justice and truth

Need freedom and light

Need to know there's a reason in time

A purpose in life

So yeah . . . they fight

Fight to be heard

Fight to be them and nothing else

As a book once said

"let me describe myself,

I'm a hurricane in thought

Tossing debris around in my head

Mislead" as a child once said

Quiet at times

An ocean

A ship that doesn't sink

A look in the mirror

Tell me what you think?

About my personality

William S. Graham

Everyone Needs A Friend...

Said Death

Me

and the demon within

Everyone needs a friend

Even when you don't, you simply do

Again and again

Everyone needs a friend

to help them sin

Tell them a little lie

Laugh and grin

Everyone needs a friend

Friends that hurt, cheat, and steal

Friends that aren't real

Everyone needs a friend

The kind that pretends to be good

The kind one shouldn't be like

Or friends with

I would be

Said Death

Me

and the demon within

are as one

Three best friends

William S. Graham

"When I was younger I would worry a lot. It wasn't long before I developed ulcers. My stomach would hurt everyday, but when I turned 15 years old I stopped caring.

The ulcers went away - girls can do that to a young man."

Character

People see me

Say I've changed

When I laugh

It's not the same

My eyes ~

forgot pain

People see me

Say I've changed

Didn't own anything

Nothing to claim

My heart a star

You took aim

People see me

Say I've changed

Couldn't dance

Feeling ashamed

My soul ~

was lame

People see me

Say I've changed

Honor love

A fair exchange

People see me

Say I've changed

William S. Graham

The State of a Champ

Last game of the season

James told his mother. . . she had to work late

A million sorries on her tongue

If they win, its off to state

He pouted a little bit

Off to school he went

His mother felt bad though

Somebody had to pay the rent

At school he got an A in math

Teacher wrote ~ go get'em champ! on his paper

He smiled, felt good

Felt like a savior

After lunch pep rally live

Screaming, yelling, shouting

Spirits running high on ten

No doubting

Time moving fast now

Butterflies shifting from side to side

Suiting up for battle with dragons

A sense of pride

They hated the other team

A loss last year ruined their chances

Flipping a coin for possession

Such ignorant glances

The game started fast

Bullets of strategy going each and every way

James was the leader now

Play by play

He called them out in the huddle

All eyes on him focus

Strength and truth combined

The play was called hocus - pocus

Score!

Everybody went wild

The crowd couldn't believe what happened

James knew it though

Simply in his helmet laughing

The game ended with true joy

Final score 31 - 14

James felt like the hero of his school

He was living his ultimate dream

On the way home

The road blocked off

A car flipped over, deadly accident

James looked out the window ~

His mother's car

Broken and bent

She tried to make it . . . to see the champ win

William S. Graham

My friend Slim had a genuine heart. If he didn't like you, he would just look at you crazy instead of pointing out your awkward characteristics.

He had a laugh that would make me laugh as well.

He showed me the true value of being a lyricist. I miss him very much, and I never thought I would out live him ~ I did. Rest in peace my brother.

Blamers

Can't you hear them now?

A far cry into the wind

Pointing their unjustified fingers at their best friends

They say "it's not me you want,

I have lamb on my tongue

I wouldn't break a clear mirror in public

For I am not the one"

"Maybe it was the thieves

They steal and take whatever they want throughout the night

Maybe it was the bashers

who bruise the city and truly live to fight

Or maybe it was the dopeies

Yes! they will surely trade time for pleasure

Just know it wasn't me

Not me at all

You know me, I know better"

With a conscious view

Silver on their tongues

Forever untrue

They say "it wasn't me . . . it was you, and all the blamers"

William S. Graham

(Books)

My mom got a new job when I was eight years old ~ the questions came knocking aloud. Why do we have to move? What do I do at school? What would my friends think?

One night, mysteriously, our house caught on fire and my entire family burned alive. I smiled on the front lawn watching ~ a set of books under my arm.

Falling Leaves

Waltzing under the chandelier of life
Time as thin as mannequins on display
Like an eagle on a mission
I swoop down with the quickness
I'm sorry are you O.K. ?
Repercussions have no discussions ~
when there's no time to delay
"Stay with me" you say
But like Superman I fly away
Saving people in honor of your name
October moons never looked the same
Blaming the footprints of life on God
After he came
They knew we were there anyway
From March, April, until the beautiful month of May
Piano keys play a perfect tune on this lovely day
Walking into the forest
Excuse me my friend,
do you have a cigarette I can bum ?
Burning red throughout the nightly fog
with a small splash of rum
Summing up the transparent emotions that seem to forget us all
Hazel as the beautiful eyes I've grown to love
like the leaves that fall

William S. Graham

Wet paint. . . I started to call her two days ago, but I didn't. We had a great time ~ still I didn't call.

Later that day I seen a female who looked just like her out on a date.

I walked up to their table ~ the guy turned around ~ it was my brother. He said "cars go fast"

