

Collecting
On's
Thoughts

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POETRY BOOK

SUMMARY: Collecting One's Thoughts
is a collection of poems that I have
written over the last 8 years. I finally
felt that the public should see them. Perhaps
they may sing to your heart...

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HOMAGE TO AUWSAT

Blessed Mother of time before memory;
Sacred guide of the ancients;
Holy savior of eternal grace;
Esteemed provider for those seeking;
Everpresent ear;
Passionate teacher;
Kind disciplinarian;
Loving protector;
I offer Homage to thee, Great Mother Auwsat!

HOMAGE TO RÉ

King of the Skies;
Bountiful provider;
Living testament of righteousness;
Amazing God;
Deserving of praise & glory;
Daily light of cleansing;
Calming parent;
Awesome creator;
Wielder of truth;
Sacred ruler;
I pay homage to thee, Great Father Ré!

HOMAGE TO ANPU

Guide to things forgotten;
Leader of paths UNKNOWN;
Guardian of sacred knowledge;
Esteemed protector;
Bearer of secrets;
Watchful shadow;
I deliver Homage to thee, Great Lord Anpu!

MORE THAN THIS

Daily there are things I miss;
There's definitely more than this;
Currently reading & writing by light through the cell door;
No need to tell me, I know there's more;
Born into a family that cared;
If one of us needed & another had it, it was shared;
What brought about this present state of being?;
Only the blind leading the blind, hence, lack of seeing;
Should I count off items one-by-one?;
Rather it'd just make me bitter when I'm done;
I've had enough times of wallowing in self-pity;
Heavens above know that wasn't pretty;
Time alone is when I shed some tears;
Probably helped keep my sanity throughout these years;
Memories of past lovers no longer seem real;
Once enough time has passed, how did they feel?;
Arguments, disrespect, various challenges, & strife;
Gods' below, how much longer will this be my life?;
Envisioning better times provides a key;
One that removes the depression attempting to shackle me;
Freedom shall come some how, some way, some day;
Exactly when, who's to say?;
Yet it's the knowledge that there's more;
Keeping me strong until they finally open that door.

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THE FURY OF THE STORM

A hair's breadth away and my senses are overcome;
So much going on that continuing forward is an error in sum;
Disregarding the responsibility given would be punishment indeed;
Eventual reprimand after reprimand I definitely don't need;
Thus, through the threshold I go;
An emotional overload in store I know;
Oh, but I had no real clue;
Sensation after sensation assault me anew;
Your satisfaction denied;
You vent your frustration on me to the point I almost cried;
Angry words cast widely like nets;
I work hard to overlook your disrespect, hatred, ramblings, and threats;
Yet eventually I'm snared;
Caught up in it all shows I cared;
The careless way you're speaking;
Brings upon the vengeance I now feel needs seeking;
Insane rage has taken hold;
Caution thrown to the 4 Winds makes me bold;
Battered and bruised from dealing with fury of the storm;
Where lies the way back to the norm?
Realization comes as an epiphany;
Best to collect myself and flee;
Enduring this all turns a new page;
For what has once been mastered no longer becomes a cage.

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THE ACHING HEART

Pain and longing have started;
Knowing there was to be distance between us smarted;
Watching you leave saps my will;
Opening a door that emits a deep chill;
Burning cold radiates from an aching heart;
An ever burrowing dart;
No part of me eludes its touch;
Heavens above, the agony is too much!
Send me a savior, I do pray;
A merciful soul to take it all away;
Restore the peace I once knew;
To regain such a blessing what must I do?;
Minutes or hours upon end in a meditative state?;
Perhaps various acts of penance would compensate?;
Ancient and knowing spirits, show me the way;
Reunite me with the light which brightens my day;
Presences whom lie beneath, I do offer you a voice;
Speak words of wisdom as I make my choice;
Grant that my mind and hands stay steady;
Thus, when the moment arrives, I shall be ready;
Show me the path I must take;
Steer me away from all that is fake;
Please remove this sadness;

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THE ACHING HEART (CONTINUED)

Guide me through the madness;
Give my sanity a chance;
Time with the one sought for more than just a glance;
This separation;
Causes such devastation;
Out of necessity I take in food;
Anything to alter this dismal mood;
Neither drink nor drug will remove your memories;
Their sensations so real, I'm knocked to my knees;
That which is above, or that which is below;
I pray you find me worthy to know;
Provide the means to make this torture end;
May you find the pity to let this aching heart mend.

MORE THAN IT MAY SEEM?

Amidst a pit of vipers do I dance;
Caught in my movements, they are lost in a trance;
Every moment allows another breath of life;
Spinning, twirling, grooving, all another dodge of the knife;
Energy expended comes from no endless supply;
Foremost in my thoughts is, when will I die?;
Fangs with paralyzing venom are a part of my fate;
Eager serpents ready to pierce my flesh, though unknowing of the date;
Actors on stage, we move to our places;
Worry heightens my awareness, now do I witness the desire in their faces;
Who to pray to for hope?;
Some god, goddess, or entity must be merciful enough to provide a rope;
The music guiding my body isn't meant to last;
Why does the urge to surrender take hold so fast?;
Faith is tested in times such as these;
Nerves on edge, weak in the knees;
So simple just to give in;
Would it really hurt to let the predators win?;
Sure the initial pricks would be painful;
Yet the blissful numbness hardly disdainful;
The desire to keep breathing guides my body to twirlings;
All the while, my mind is whirling;
Absorbed in woes, I miss the sight of the rope ladder descending;

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MORE THAN IT MAY IT SEEM? (CONTINUED)

Shouts from above bring home the reality my dire worries are on the verge of ending;

Weaving toward the greatest prize;

No comprehension dawns in their dead eyes;

A daring leap breaks the spell;

Scaled forms converge, as I fearfully yell;

Adrenaline pushes me quickly forward;

Each coiled lunge gains no reward;

Hands lift me from a treacherous end;

In a state of shock while body & mind begin to mend;

Hours, days, & weeks fly by;

Lost in an UNKNOWN high;

Times alone and in the dark;

Will the thought often spark;

With all that's remembered, along with all that it may seem;

Was it really more than just a bad dream?

SEPARATION

"Come out with your hands up," I see guns drawn;
My face pressed into a wall, a hand on the back of my neck, frisked for weapons;
Hands cuffed behind my back;
Guided into the backseat, the car door painfully pins my knee when slammed;
Thus begins my separation;

Eventually placed in a cell;
Sleep overtakes me;
Awake, I worry constantly;
Bitterly weeping;
Life so chaotic;
How to turn back the clock?
Thus begins my separation;

The sentence rendered;
I've fallen through a hole with no visible end;
Nothing to stop this descent;
The gavel slams;
Enter the all too familiar smoldering rage;
Thus begins my separation;

Smiles shared initially;
Tears shed while visitings;

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SEPARATION (CONTINUED)

Love expressed;

Strength shown;

Goodbye's said;

Thus begins my separation;

Mail call;

The good and bad news given;

Letters put to the side;

Plenty of time for reflection;

Perhaps while slumbering I'll dream of

better

days;

How to end this cursed

Separation?

THE STRANGER

A MAN in white;
Covered with a Misted light;
Appeared from Nowhere;
Wearing an expression Without care;
The thought crossed my Mind;
Is he troublesome, or perhaps Kind;
To my surprise, he read my thought;
And replied, "I bring peace often sought;"
Surprise and awe were exhibited on my face;
I thought, "Could this being return peace to its place?";
He stated, "I offer you tools to help become calm;
Listen and learn to acquire this soothing balm;"
Lessons followed as time moved on;
Soon I wondered where the sorrow had gone;
Love replaced hate;
Stupidity absconded for an enlightened state;
Depression held no appeal;
Joy was all I cared to feel;
All too soon his instructions did end;
Yet thanks to his guidance, life had begun again;
I spent some time thanking this being with all my heart;
His wisdom and understanding made me smart;
Before I went on with the rest of my days;

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THE STRANGER (CONTINUED)

He gave me one last task, pass on these ways;
No longer blind or lame;
I began this chore with no shame;
I never learned the stranger's name;
Though I am glad to have met him all the same.

BRANDI, DEAR

Brandi, dear, I'm so far away from you;
I miss you like crazy, it's true;
From the moment we first met;
Our destinies were ~~set~~;
You may not have known;
But I claimed you as my own;
Though we may be apart;
You're always in my heart;
Know that you stay on my mind;
As you're one of a kind;
My sister was wrong to leave;
When I learned everything, did I ever grieve;
For the way things went;
Oh honey, but you in diapers was heaven-sent!;
To know & raise you is a gift;
A child such as you gives one's spirit a lift;
Why, you're a lady of the 1st order;
You're kindness knows no border;
Continue to grow and love life;
May you never be a victim of pain & strife;
Although despite all my well wishes;
Life serves up some hard dishes;
So I promise to you that I'll never waiver or stray;

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BRANDI, DEAR (CONTINUED)

To help you, I won't delay;
I adore you, and pray you always keep me near;
Brandi, my pretty baby, my love, my dear.

A POEM OF THE MIXED VARIETY

Mother dearest, I offer you a poem of the mixed variety;
To pay tribute for the times of gladness, sadness, love, & anxiety;

Going back to the earliest of years;

When you changed my diapers & calmed my fears;

On to the beginning of school;

Where you made sure I learned the "Golden Rule;"

Time passes and the little boy learns scholastic success;

Through your intellectual guidance he overcame all tests;

As life goes on he's now a little man;

Thanks to stories read by you he understands, "I think I can!"

Some hard years go by;

But he learns when you're with family it's okay to cry;

By embracing your strength it becomes a brighter dawn;

For once again, "life goes on;"

A young man is on the scene;

Swears to know it all, but is nonetheless very green;

Your steady discipline kept him in class;

Various tools of the trade made clear there would be no free pass;

From there the days of the adolescents;

Became evanescent;

Then there were times of oddity;

Filled with despair & madness, sadly;

Despite how stress grew quicker;

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A POEM OF THE MIXED VARIETY (CONTINUED)

Our bond of love grew thicker;
Were it not for you, I'd have gone insane;
Because of your influence does a grown man remain;
With joy & propriety;
Do I present this poem of the mixed variety!

THE ONE IN THE MIRROR

Where does one hide;
When pain reverberates inside?
My state of being seems pulled in different directions;
Although this is not a by-product of my heart's reflections;
Locked inside a ragged cage;
Each day that passes turns another page;
I spend time reviewing my mental diary of affliction;
Yet understanding the cause remains outside of my jurisdiction;
Lost in this realm of hurt;
Interaction with others is curt;
Better to keep it simple, be kind;
Instead of giving others a peak at what they could find;
Dodging inquiries of concern isn't hard;
Just smile and give them their cards;
It's only the one in the mirror;
Whom is always near;
With him there's nowhere to run;
Keeping things cloudy, when you really need the sun;
Though despite my troubles, and the adversity;
I'll overcome everything, just you watch and see;
Because what he doesn't know is that it's already done;
When it comes to this fight between us, I've won;
Steady kept down, but never out;

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THE ONE IN THE MIRROR (CONTINUED)

For victory is mine, without a doubt!

WHAT ROLE WILL I PLAY NOW?

(For the book, Clash Of Civilizations Over An Elevator In Piazza Vittorio, by Amara Lakhou - Written from the perspective of "Amedeo," before & after his accident.)

Coming to the land of Italy;
I remade myself into the man I am presently;
Someone patient, loving, and kind;
Most different from the old me others would find;
I married and made love to a woman who now haunts my dreams;
How I miss her smiling face it seems...;
People around me have considerable woes;
Yet I do all I can to ease how it goes;
Those in power are sometimes swayed;
With words of reason & peace, their harsh judgements can be stayed;
Why am I now the victim of change?;
Couldn't a more dastardly soul have been within range?;
Since the accident, I vaguely remember my name;
Who is it that decides the rules of this game?;
How is it I don't know the woman claiming to be my current wife?;
Where did the Fates get such a cruel knife?;
Nonetheless, this lovely lady has my vow;
So I've been asking myself, what role will I play now?

ADDICTED TO YOU

What in the world am I to do?
This feeling is something new;
It burns, yet I want more;
Chills that permeate my inner core;
A love so powerful it freezes my brain;
Joy so intense, I'm driven insane;
Every aspect of you I see;
Is the true meaning of beauty;
Substances I've used have gotten me high;
But the level of affection I get from you makes me wonder why?
However we interact, I feel complete;
Nothing from you involves deceit;
When we touch, I feel the level of power;
Sensations so strong they last over an hour;
Don't get me started on the love that's made;
So much pleasure, it never seems to fade;
Oh baby, it's true through and through;
I'm
addicted
to
you.

THE WAYS YOU HELP ME

There are simple ways you help me;
One's that eases my mind, you see;
It's nothing exotic;
Or even erotic;
For starters, you take the time to write;
And for someone doing time you are a light;
A beam of warmth and sincerity;
That envelops and relaxes, thus, bringing me glee;
Then there's how you give me a peak into your life;
A much different & welcome outlook from this strife;
One's own thoughts begin to suffocate;
Thank you for the fresh air, it's great!;
Intelligence in here is not a common trait;
Yet with your wit we can relate;
Both of us have health issues;
But joyful words expressed keep us from tissues;
The cute stationary makes me glad;
Helping me overlook fools that make me sad;
Before I got your letter today, I was mad;
Now, thanks to your positive attitude I feel rad;
From the bottom of my heart I express my gratitude;
You positively change my mood;
Making Montony flee;
Is one more special way that you help me.

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PAIN

Distance from each other is for the best;
Discord amongst one another goes with all the rest;
There's longing and sadness;
No form of gladness;
A perpetual state of monotony,
Seems to have affixed itself to me;
Colors, sights, sounds, & tastes hold no appeal;
Existence is moment by moment, but it feels unreal;
Drifting is the current mental state;
Lest I acknowledge my heart's fate;
Your heart belonged to another from the start;
Guarding myself would've been smart;
I thought I was ready;
That I'd accepted there was no going steady;
Learning new levels of anguish from the Fate's apothecary;
Has been a difficult load to carry;
Thoughts of you bring tears to my eyes;
This only acknowledges what others did realize;
Through enough time I became that fool whom was captured;
Sold to do your bidding, yet nonetheless enraptured;
Forsaking all thoughts of reason, just to see your smile;
Generally clueless, and in denial;
Though it could be said I'm a victim of love's game;

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PAIN (CONTINUED)

You were upfront & forthcoming, therefore it's not you I blame;

My thanks to you for these lessons earned;

Misery and despair have now been learned;

One day of happiness is all I've sought;

Preferably before becoming distraught;

Comfort may eventually come through another's embrace;

Yet I do not eagerly seek a new face;

For now, pain & I are the best of friends;

Continually sharing each other's dividends.

UNCLE TED

My Uncle on my mother's side;
Is an individual in whom I have pride;
His friendship I hold dear;
His words of comfort help me overcome fear;
He's tall & stout;
His wisdom will lead you on the correct route;
His attitude is kind;
And he holds an old world courtesy you don't often find;
Even when giving correction;
He proceeds in a calm direction;
His brain remains in charge;
Yet he uses his heart at large;
In his company I find no wrongs;
Much joy & laughter is shared all visit long;
I thank you for being around;
With you I'm safe and sound.

THE JOY YOU GIVE ME

The joy you give me when you write;
Gives me much more throughout the night;
The presence of your letter makes me smile;
Not just because we haven't talked for awhile;
When I hear from you I know I'm in for a treat;
Good or bad news, it can't be beat;
You offer kind words and your love;
Both gifts from above;
You understand my rage & pain;
With sympathy, you bathe me in a soothing rain;
What did I do to deserve a Woman of your worth?
You're an angel that walks the earth;
You've been my friend again & again;
And I hope our friendship lasts 'til the end;
Pictures of you are a window to beauty;
Yes indeed, you are a cutie;
The time you spend in each letter you write;
Is never in vain, for it brings me a warm light;
Your words of comfort remove despair;
Know that if you ever need a shoulder to cry on, I'll always be there;
I'm in your debt, don't you see?
For one way or another, I must repay the joy you've given me.

LITTLE KNOWN GOOD FRIEND OF MINE

There's a little KNOWN good friend of mine;
Quiet in stature, yet her presence does shine;
A conversation by phone or pen;
Fills me with laughter again & again;
Always bubbly and full of life;
She's the cure for boredom and strife;
When you're sad or in pain;
Her happiness washes over you like rain;
Definitely a good listener & very smart;
Thirty minutes tops, and she's in your heart;
Considerate and kind;
I tell you I'm fortunate, for she's a rare find;
How to repay a love such as this?
Is an answer I often miss;
What's grand, you see;
Is that she's family;
As close as a Sister and Brother can be;
Is how ~~it~~ is between her and me.

ANOTHER DAY

Today has gone by fast;
Then 24 hours sure didn't last;
Sometimes the days drag by slow;
It's these days you pray would go;
Occasionally it is a great day I don't want to end;
But before I know it, it's gone like the wind;
Then there's the days that make my heart break;
These tend to take forever, as I ask what will cure the ache?;
Some days are utterly boring;
When they occur, I'm tempted to do some snoring;
On days of envy I do realize;
With bad decisions come a sad surprise;
Last but not least, are days of hatred and rage;
Both by products of living in a cage;
All move in their own way;
Incarcerated or free, it's just another day;

LOSS AND DEVOTION

With the bad news of your loss;
I'm sure your heart & mind are nailed to a cross;
In this time of separation and pain;
It seems everything's been taken from you, nothing left to gain;
Gone are all thoughts of pleasure;
Tears fall from your eyes without measure;
Sorrow and rage cloud your mind;
Where is the peace you seek to find?
Sadness has left you in doubt;
All is swirling inside making you want to scream and shout;
What to do?
Who to run to?
Before your thread of sanity snaps;
Look no further for someone in whose arms to collapse;
I will hold you in your time of need;
Do all that I can with speech and deed;
Not just during this time of heartache;
But also times that are unbearable to take;
More than a lover, I am your friend;
Unlike the many, I'm here 'til the end.

TIME WELL SPENT

Could time well spent be a passionate embrace?;

Or hanging out at your favorite place?;

Maybe a letter written in haste?;

Perhaps the love of a food's taste?;

The caressing of your body;

Discussions with someone naughty;

Watching something good on T.V. ?;

How about seeing a movie?;

Singing alone in the car?;

Drinks at a bar?;

Time on the phone?;

Being alone?;

Many other things you may see as time well spent;

When all is said and done, it leaves you wondering where the time went?

WINDOW

Inside my mind, there is a window;
It's a lovely place to go;
Through it I see different places;
Sometimes there's faces;
Where will I focus my attention to?;
Past, present, or future could do;
Should I view someone I know?;
Maybe somewhere I want to go?;
This glass can show things from different points-of-view;
Another perspective makes things new;
Revelations follow, if you choose to see;
As to what was, what is, and what could be;
The imagination's a powerful tool;
But don't let it rule;
Live, love, everyday be cool;
Show them all your no fool;
Viewing that which goes past;
Occasionally the images do last;
Use the sights for reflections;
All the better to bring on corrections;
What does your window show?;
Whatever it may be, guide it, that positivity may grow.

DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL

Agonizing torment;
Unbearable weight, stealing life's breath;
Panic claws at my mind;
Madness whispers seductive promises;
Grief steals warmth;
Utter anguish, is your end in sight?;
An epiphany dawns;
Comprehension becomes a soothing balm;
The Dark Night wanes in the light of the New era.

BEAUTIFUL BABY

Bothered;
Burdened;
Bewildered;
Bored;
Broken;

Brought by Baby;
Bravery;
Broadening;
Beatific;
Broadcasting;
Beauty;

Beloved;
Blessed;
Bubbly;
Best;
Beautiful Baby!

≡ CONFUSION ≡

The day began;
All needed for work at hand;
Sustenance acquired;
I shake off being tired;
Time to take the usual route;
It's a short commute;
Usually little stands in my way;
Minor hassles, but that's okay;
Arriving at the usual doors;
Heading down the same floors;
But today the routine did change;
Leaving me to feel a little strange;
I was told, "I was not needed;"
To which, a small part of me felt cheated;
A message was passed, but not received;
Another day off, yet I was not relieved;
This slight is an intrusion;
The certainty of day-to-day replaced by confusion!