

JOURNEY

JACK M. BRANCH

BOOK: JOURNEY

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This is a book of Fiction Poetry.

Please not: Some poems are sexual please be 18+ before reading,
I hope you all enjoy. I can be reach at any of the following.

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Contents

| | |
|------------------------|-----|
| Whats Love?..... | 1. |
| Love Is..... | 2. |
| What Is Love?..... | 3. |
| Intoxicating Love..... | 4. |
| Desolation..... | 5. |
| A Letter..... | 6. |
| Take Me Away..... | 7. |
| Untouchable..... | 8. |
| Justified..... | 9. |
| Could Be Me..... | 10. |
| Passion..... | 11. |
| The Invasion..... | 12. |
| Let's Dance..... | 13. |
| Deadly Silence..... | 14. |
| Ready..... | 15. |
| Jail Bait..... | 16. |

| | |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Hypocrite..... | 17. |
| Epiphany..... | 18. |
| Hear My Cry..... | 19. |
| Blueberry Wine..... | 20. |
| Love's Quiet Reverie..... | 21. |
| Valentine's Day..... | 22. |
| Nothing Has Change..... | 23. |
| I Will Always Be Honest..... | 24. |
| Guilt Trip..... | 25. |
| Suicidal Thought's..... | 26. |
| Time..... | 27. |

"What's Love?..."

"Love"...

What is Love?...

Love is the absolute strongest emotion,
Love is stronger than the currents in the ocean,
It would take a life time to explore the depths of an ocean,
It will take a life time to show true love and devotion,
I choose you!

It's through God that true love is chosen,
Love is pure...

Pure as a Dove sent from the heavens above...

What is love?...

Show me how to love....

Let's try Love...

Let's make love, make music?...

Let's do it, the desire to hear your love sounds...

The fundamental instrument value of your love is essential....

Love is the test of time till the death of time,

Love will make you mine,

Excuse me I just want to get to know you...

But it's love I want to bestow you.

Love can mend a broken heart,

Love is knowing it from the start...

Love can bring hate...

Love is having a friend until reunited at heaven's Gate's...

Love is when Jesus died for our fleshly mistake's...

Love is deeper than Men or Women...

Husband or wife...

It's God's sacrifice that gave us the crown of Life!....

God is love!... Love

By: Jack M. Branch

"Love Is"...

Love is respect, love is equality
Love is acceptance, love is loyalty
Love is pain, love is trust
Love is sacrifice, love is lust
Love is simple, love is intricate
Love is selfish, love is intimate
Love is communication, love is dedication
Love is anxious, love is patient
Love is blind, love can kill
Love can hurt, love can pull you in against your will
Love is joy, love is sorrow
Love is negative, love is positive
Love is what you take, love is what you give
Love is fast, love is slow
Love can tear you down, love can build you up
Love is Heaven, love is Hell
Love, love's no one but itself.

By: Jack M. Brunch

"What Is Love?"

What Is love?

It's silence when your words,
Is only words and not any action,
It is honesty when you show it,
And not talk about it.

It's deafness when it comes from a action,
That isn't true only a show,
It's courage when it's true,
And fall's into the hands of action.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Intoxicating Love"

Wine touched my lips tonight,
Upon my tongue,
Honey Sweet,
Drunk from loving you,
My mind recall's your bodies passionate heat.
Overwhelmed as I saw you last night,
I begin to burn.
My head's weighed down,
My mind sick for you, I yearn.
I've given you my life complete,
Because you sparked this fire,
Treasures of my heart never end,
Expect the best from love's vineyard,
To produce the finest wine.
I'm intoxicated with you,
Say that you will become forever mine.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Desolation"

There's everywhere left to run, but nowhere left to hide.
No shelter from the wreckage, that plagues me on the inside.
All my most secret thoughts, lay strewn out across the bed.
Such is but a consequence, for all that I've left unsaid.
Things I wish, I'd never done, I'd die for the chance to un-do.
Because I'm so haunted, by the faces of those I did them to.
I desire to move on with what's left of my life and yet,
It's like I can't gain any freedom, from the wretched regret.
Racking my brain constantly, in search of any type of explanation.
I wonder how, I got so wrapped up, in such a hollow vocation.
If you run from the truth enough, you still can't make it a lie.
Make the choice to accept it, or waste life wondering why.
Painful as it maybe, truth is one can never truly avoid.
Finally embracing myself as myself, I'm slowly mending a painladen void.
No longer do I feel the need or want, to offer any justification.
I'm only who, I'm meant to be, right down to my personal orientation.

By: Jack M. Branch

"A Letter"

A letter is the warmest way,
To bid a friend the time of day,
A keep in touch that brings the smile's,
Across the very longest miles,
And a wealth of strength and hope,
Is neatly tucked inside each envelope,
Reminding love ones that you are,
At least in heart and not very far
In any state, country, or camp,
The wealth is powerful beneath a postage stamp,
For memories that never age,
Are written down on every page,
And though it's nice to use the telephone,
One of the sweetest pleasure's ever known,
Are moments shared in thought's we send,
That can be read'ed and re-read'ed again and again.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Take Me Away"

How long will it take to die from an overdose,
the cocktail of pills causing my heart to burst?
How long will it take to choke on my own blood,
an unholy sacrament no part of the church?
My body breathes while my soul bleeds;
Could death's sleep cause my pain to ease?
What happens when my heart finally stops?
Will my spirit feel the pain when my body starts to rot?
Is living in death better than dying in life?
Is there life after death or just death after life?
If the demon's had their way and smothered me in my sleep,
would anybody care? Would anybody weep?
Am I insane for dreaming of being baptized in Hell's flame,
of it's fire burning in my veins causing orgasmic, rapturous pain?
Thorned shackles encircling my ankles and wrist,
body slashed and lashed by chain's and barbed whips.
Is Hell just a myth? Is it as bad as they say?
I'm no angel so fuck it!, GrimReaper, take me away.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Untouchable"

In the hood she's considered as the baddest chick,
beautiful face, luscious lips, slim waist, real thick,
Not your average by any means, real intelligent when she talk's
Quiet, sexy, confidence in every step that she walks.
But her attitude is shitty, thinks that just 'cause she's pretty,
that gives her a reason to act all saditty.
She could be lovable, is definitely fuckable,
but acts like a man can't touch her, she's Ms. Untouchable.
A lady in the streets, but behind closed doors an uncontrollable freak,
lustful and wanton in the pleasure she seeks.
Then she gets some bad news from her doctor one week,
She tested positive for H.I.V.
There must be a mistake, this can't be.
This is impossible, she refuses to believe.
This must be a nightmare or a very bad dream,
but she can't escape the reality that she has a deadly STD.
Never thought that this could happen to her, she was indestructable.
Now she see's, she really is Ms. Untouchable.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Justified"

Illegal choke hold
Justified

Unarmed and in a hoodie
Justified

Hands up, don't shoot!
Justified

Stand your ground
Justified

Racial profiling
Justified

City, county, state, correctional
Justified

An abuse of authority
Justified

Justified because of a badge

Justified in their eyes

Justified because might is right

A justified injustice of human life
Justified lies

Justified half truths

Justified cover ups

Justified, but not right.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Could Be Me"

That could've been me,
Michael Brown, left in the street to bleed dry,
the death, police try to cover up with lies.

That could've been me
Eric Garner, choked to death in the street.

That could've been me
Sean Bell, 50 shots by police.

That could've been me
Jordan Davis with my music too loud.
Shot dead because I wouldn't turn it down.

That could've been me
Trayvon Martin, killed for being Black in a hoodie,
racially profiled by a wanna be crime fighting rookie,
his only crime, going to the store for some goodies.

That could've been me

No,

That could be me.

Because of the color of my skin, and not the content of my character
eventually it WILL be me.

By: Jack M. Branch

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"Passion"

Anticipation action
Ready for passion
Up for the measure
guaranteed to bring pleasure
Clothes tearing and ripping
Sex, practically dripping
Two yearning bodies bare
fingers tangled in hair
Thrown on the bed
head between legs
Wanton moans and groans
deep into our zones

In the 69

Switch to let you ride
Hit it from the side
then get it from behind
Sex all over the house
from the coffee table the couch
Up against the door
before we fall to the floor
Carpet burn's on kness
parting trying to breathe
Hickeys and back scratchin
breast grabbin and ass smacking
The essence of sex
embedded in our sweat
On top of the kitchen counter
the sound's of sex getting louder
In the shower drenched
tongues entwined as we french
Gaspin' climax
relaxin in the glow of passion.

"The Invasion"

Imagination's running wild into territory unknown,
Invading the house of another,
But far away from home.
A stranger lost by habit,
But guide by instinct,
With animal desires on his mind,
Bright and colorful for all to see.
Forget about neutral ground,
Calculated steps gives me the advantage,
Pound for pound.
Many kingdoms have caved in before me,
One glimpse of this white knight.
Their sure to bow out gracefully.
Fire sticks and thunder machines,
Like the ultimate fourth of July it seems.
Swords clashing, under horse feet, bodies mashing.
A battle not won with arrows or shields,
Not by chance, only by keeping it real.
Come One, Come Two,
On any occasion I'm armed,
And ready prepared for your invasion.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Let's Dance"

Boogie night's,
Highlight of the hour,
A night out on the town,
A little partying,
A little clowning around.
Stepping in a fresh pair of Gator's,
Smiling at the frowns of hater's.
Growing in the name of a good time,
A predator on the prows,
Seeking prey that I can call mine.
Time and chance happens to all,
That's why I'm content at going to,
The Country Club instead of the Bar,
Smoke some sess,
Lets get lifted,
Check out my vibes,
You'll swear that I'm gifted.
Hand in hand we'll creep on the low,
Round and round we'll go,
Where we end up for the night nobody will know.
I beheld a dazzing sight before my eyes
Come to me baby
Come let me grind on my prize.
Put my best foot forward,
Winding to ever beat doing what,
I do best in the night with no sleep,
Baby we have done all else so now,
Let's Dance.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Deadly Silence"

Inmate Brother beat down by prison guards
Another case of police brutality and excessive use of force
Many eyes are watching, watching, watching...
But they are worthless witness that do nothing.

Unarmed brother shot in the back; mistaken identity
They claim justifiable homicide though
People peeping out the blinds watching, watching, watching...
Silent outrage but their fear brings no action or change.

Young sister, virginity still intact
attacked and her innocence stolen; her pleas falling on deaf ears
Someone is watching, watching, watching...
But their feelings of helplessness helps noone.

Now the table's have turned
and you're screaming for help, fighting to stay alive
Everyone is watching, watching, watching...
Until your dead eyes are no longer watching, watching, watching...

By: Jack M. Branch

"Ready"

Tangled tongues, heated passion

Ready

Heavy breathing, anticipating action

Ready

Racing pulses, can't deny the attraction

Ready

Tender caresses, comforting and relaxin

Ready

Hot and wet enough to drip

Ready

Hard and moist at the tip

Ready

Ready

Ready

But, no condom, no protection, no barrier

We're not prepared were not

Ready.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Jail Bait"

Petite and fine, big breast, round behind
a feast for the eyes but a downfall in disguise.
So visually pleasing, fiending for a taste
a very tempting set up but gotta stay away.
Cash money, fast money plus it's tax free
From crumbs, to rocks, to ounces, now moving keys.
No longer necessary but greed has led astray
temptation makes it hard to stay away.
Images on the screen telling me that
I have to have a gat, have to stay strapped;
have to watch my back or risk getting whacked
but failing to tell me that it's all just a trap.
Just another way to lead me astray
to be another statistic, another case
Caught up by some jail bait.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Hypocrite"

So you think you know me huh?

Got me all figured out.

Well the opinions of people like you, I can get by without.

So eager to pass judgement on me, to point the tell-tall finger.

Do like everybody else; go on! Get away!

No need for you to linger.

I love whom, I do, I don't expect you to understand,

Take your condemnation and the like, to a far away land.

If you won't respect my love, don't expect me to answer your call.

Perhaps you should be grateful, instead that I can love at all.

Who says love has to conform to this society's standards?

No longer do I need your misguidance like that of a turn-coat commander.

Since for you it'd be beauty unrefined,

But for me it's called "ATROCITY".

Truth be told you can't even say anything, because it'd be based in Hypocrisy.

You taught me to follow my heart; provided I did as you wanted me to.

I'm not sorry, I'm like this; I love the way, I love for me not for you.

After all this, you're just like everyone else, imprisoned by social cues and mis-cues.

But I'm ~~through~~ through being blind, by everyone else's points of views.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Epiphany"

Not conscious of every day life,
And some people help to shed some light...
But why am I naive to such help,
When bettering myself is suppose to be priority delt...
Oblivious to my flaws that others clearly see,
In denial, I become when there reveals to me...
Because in my eyes flaw is not upon my character,
Which is a lie because a flawless life is a rare factor...
So I ponder what darkness has been brought to light,
And accept the truth to what's called life...
As I sit here with 6 years left in prison,
Wishing I can rewind the clocks ticking...
But the only thing now is to change from my past,
And re-write the script to be free at last...

By: Jack M. Branch

"Hear My Cry"

Bright stars & lonely night's,
Rumpled sheet's, sleep putting up its usual fight...
Laying there thinking of day's past,
Surely my decision's will not continue to be so bad...
Warned I was numerous time,
Here in this concrete jungle I reside...
I've sure benefited from my stay,
But for my release I pray comes the day...
Patience and faith attributes I now own,
Naysayers come now see how I've grown...
No longer the bitter cold young teen,
Compassionate and understanding after all the pain and suffering I've seen...
So as sleep finally overtakes me, I exhale a long sigh.
"OH' FORGIVING NATION HEAR MY CRY"...

By: Jack M. Branch

"Blueberry Wine"

The mercy of my eyes is more,
then love that's within me.
It's faithfulness that reacheth,
the clouds of your soul.

My Queen your loving kindness is my shadow of wings,
that fly into a angel that will always be a angel,
Of all your dreams that come true.

You satisfied my heart with your pleasures,
that drink the rivers of blueberry wine,
that flow into our hearts of everlasting love.

What can I say being your man?
The well of life we both here to stay for all our dieing day's.

Be happy and never cry,
I will always be with you no matter rain or shine.
Always remember this day on,
Your my Blueberry Wine.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Love's Quiet Reverie"

With life's obstacles in the way,
You couldn't hear my plea,
My heart limp my soul,
In anguish love's pain seized me.
The sky become dark white,
I mourned engulfed by this pain,
You have been enthroned upon,
My heart forever you're to reign,
Your ways are superlative my Queen,
Together our lives will share,
Away from you my Queen,
I'm caught in labor's of despair.
In my heart you've projected true love,
By some mystical beam,
Because it's you whose made it come true,
My exotic silent dream.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Valentine's Day"

Circumstances and distance
have temporarily torn us apart
and though we're physically seperated
you're never far from my heart.
The fate's smiled upon us and blessed us
by intertwining our souls
giving this white knight a beautiful Queen
that I can call my own.
Saying "I love you" is a tired,
cliched expression,
inadequate word's that can never show
how much you've truly been a blessing.
If action's could speak louder than words
the surely I am dead
and if your love was an ocean
I'd probably drown to my death.
You're more woman than mast
in fact, you're a sincere, caring goddess.
In blessing me with your love and affection
you've been far from modest.

So I pray that we never part or go our seperate way's
and my promises to love and cherish you are true
and not just on Valentine's Day.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Nothing Has Changed"

From whips
to nightsticks
From shackles
to handcuffs
From slaves
to inmates
From plantations
to prisons
From the overseer
to the prison guard
From lynching
to police brutality
From the Ku Klux Klan
to the police department (Law Enforcement)
From injustice
to no justice
From blatant racism
to hidden racism
Nothing has changed
nothing ever will
From slaveships
to prison buses
From negroes
to niggers
From yes suh
to yes sir
From Master's property
to state property
Nothing will ever change.

By: Jack M. Branch

"I Will Always Be Honest"

My love for you is beyond description.
I have always been honest with you,
Because if you love someone,
You've got to let them know regardless,
Of how they feel about you,
I can't control the feelings in me.
All I know is that you're human just like anybody else,
And you deserved to be loved the right way,
I never thought this could happen to me this quick,
But your love has turned me around.
I can't take the blame for loving you...
It's natural to love.
If loving you is wrong,
I refuse to be right.
I'll rather die than to refuse your love.
My heart needs you like the flower needs rain,
My heart needs your smiles and laughter,
My soul needs your friendship and love,
Associated with familiarity, confidentiality and companionship.
A friendship that isn't based on convenience,
But devotion and caring instead,
You're the best that ever happened to me,
You always stood by my side,
When I needed someone there.
Now all I ask is that you know,
I love you and I really do care.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Guilt Trip"

Ringin' ears, empty slug.
Acrid smoke, smell of blood.
Stained concrete, smoking gun.
Oh, my God! What have I done?
Finally home, slam the door
Stay away from the windows, gotta lay low.
Paranoid that someone knows.
Take a shower and change my clothes.
Don't panic, everything's under control.
Take a deep breath and let it go,
'cause noone saw and noone knows.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Suicidal Thoughts"

Highrise, rooftop,
inches from the edge.
Look down, long drop
step right off the ledge.
Click clack, gun cocked
pointed to the head.
Get it over with, one shot
brain pierced with lead.
Slit, wrist, drip-drop
blood flowing red.
On the floor, flip flop
until every drop is bled.
A cocktail of pills popped
overdose on meds.
Pitter patter, heart stop
now amongst the dead.

By: Jack M. Branch

"Time"

Time can be a wonderful essence,
If one knows how to wisely use each second,
Don't sit wondering which road to take,
Because not making a choice can be a horrific mistake,
"LIFE'S SHORT" You hear most people say,
But isn't it with time that we reach life's destination,
To me time is a four letter abbreviation,
Trust, In, Moral, Essence,
Time is of a wonderful essence,
And these seconds are last tic's,
of which one should not waste one bit...

By: Jack M. Branch