

"My Prison Progress"

A book of Poems

This book shows my heart in writing. And charts my feelings towards Family and friends as I served my 30 year sentence.

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The Game

The game has no rules
and the players are unknown,
The only thing we know for sure
is that torment is shown.
Every face I behold
spreads misery and hate,
These are the feeling we choose
over freedom and fate.
To play in this game
you must allow others room,
Or the next experience you'll feel
will be that of being entombed...
It's the suffocating feeling of death
pressing in from all around,
Then the faint smell of dirt
as you're trapped without a sound.
So if you think you're ready
let the game begin,
The price is your mortal soul
so you better play to win.

Pen Vs Sword

The power of the pen supersedes the sword,
but would you carry a pen in battle? Oh dear Lord.
I never met a warrior who lived by the pen
unless he's killing paper, not men...
So unless you're getting ready to write a book
with pen in hand and a mighty look
You better not depend on it to defend your land
or you'll find yourself buried neck deep in sand.
A sword however can cut a man in two,
this is a fact from me to you...
Pain can be inflicted with a single blow
one swipe and off your head goes.
So choose your weapon to attack your man
and hold it tight in your hand.
The sword draws blood, the pen shame,
both can bring you wealth and fame...

Opposite

If yes means no
and up is down
How would I tell
you to turn around?

If black is white
and good is bad
Should I tell you a joke
to make you sad?

I don't understand
the world today
It's not black or white,
but always gray.

Times were much simpler
fifty years ago,
If you wanted to eat
you had to sow.

We're headed toward destruction,
this is clear,
But when I try to warn you,
you say I don't care.

"Mom's Memorial

**Mother's are foot soldiers,
always on the home front line.
My mom has won more purple hearts,
than any other kind....**

**She raised four kids and a husband,
Never concerned of the pain she knew,
I think the greatest gift she got,
Was when we'd think to say; I Love You.**

**Now her kids are all grown up,
And having kids of their own,
Poor mom is an old war vet,
Wishing one of us would call home....**

**I wish I could build a memorial,
Just to honor the job she's done.
And maybe tell her she's the greatest,
Signed with love from her last son.**

Written by Albert

"My Fathers Son"

I'm sorry for all the
Pain I've caused you
I'm sorry for all the
Damage I've done
On this solemn day
I'll try to remember
From your precious seed
I did come
Of your stalk and
Of your stature
Into this world
I was born
To live or to die
It does not matter
For I will always be
My Fathers son...

Written by Albert Kuck
6-3-05

Reflection

As I stare out this window a stranger stares back at me;
How was I to know it's myself I tried not to see?
For my reflection lies, I'm not what I appear;
It's my soul that cries and my heart that fears;
With a smile that hurts and eyes alive with pain;
I cry out against my capture but in vain;
I got the worst of your love, the best of your hate;
Tears I cried in blood sealed my eternal fate;
So now I stare out this window as my reflection stares back at me;
It's myself I do not know and it's so hard to see.

"Love Shown"

I might be a sinner, saved by grace
Or just a criminal pending another case
But no matter what you think, I am
I'll always be my own man

I'll help you when you're down
And never expect anything in return
For this is my job in life
To help you along as you learn.

I don't help to feel pride
Or ask for anything in pay
I do it out of pure love
This is my special way

I was not born this loving
To me this gift was shown
And it took years of tribulation
To finally be honed

But now that I've mastered the skill
To all others I have the same plan
To teach each person how to love
For this is of God, not man

Written by Albert Kuck
8-18-10

'The Pistol'

The steal gleam shinned brightly
As the chrome pistol rose
It was perfectly balanced
As the man before it froze

A killing machine they called him
Johnny Lawless was his name
Unflappable in his convictions
He knew no shame

He was unstoppable in his duties
Which were to deliver death?
The 38 special loaded with hallow points
Barked out a flame, words can't express.

As the powerful weapon kicked
Against the killers hand
The lead flew at lighting speed
Like a comet heading for land

The lead struck as bones shattered
And the man hit the ground
In a flash Frank the Gank fell
Without making a sound

His eyes crossed, his smile faded
Then he died before he hit the ground
Seven dead, three to go Lawless said
Feeling nothing as he turned around

Written by Albert Kuck
8-10-10

New Beginnings

**If I told you that I loved you
would you walk away from me,
Or would you allow me to be
the man I'm destined to be?
If I held you in my arms
and made love to you,
Would you leave in the morning
and look for someone new?
I've felt the sting of rejection
in my life before,
I know the sound of despair
it's the slamming of a wooden door.
Echoes of your cutting words
ring upon my heart,
I don't know if I'm willing
to try a new start.
So if I stutter at the words
that I really mean to say,
Please allow me upon your love
to truly lean. This I pray.**

Today Again

Today is December 19th, it passed long ago
but where I stay time moves slow.
The paper is a rewrite, the news the same
I see new people, but they just came...
Drugs flow freely as people talk
each one wishing he could walk.
How long has it been between now and then?
I wish I'd written something in pen.
Sure the type paper is the same today,
just as summer is still gay,
But why is time repeating itself never to end?
Am I going insane, please this truth lend.
How can I achieve the map out of this hell?
Is it yours or anyone's to sell?
I know it's not found in a Court or a judge
and it's not society's dirty little smudge.
But to notice the cycle is one thing
to master it could make you king...
I know today in live I've lived before,
but now I must choose the right door,
A door in time to stop this mess
to make my life a lot less...
Yes, I want to end my pain
to have a coffin where my body is lain.

My Belief

The way our minds are programmed to think
is like a man wearing the color pink.
When you see this, you think it's all wrong
because you were taught that way all along.
Blue is for boys, Pink is for girls,
men wear chains, women wear pearls.
Who made the rules we live by?
and how do you know they're not made of lies?
Until you open yourself to the truth,
you'll always be confined within an invisible booth.
I do not believe in what you say,
I believe it's all right to play.
Forty years old and never worked,
and you think I'm a jerk!
I can dance on the mountain top,
I can sing and never stop.
I believe two and two is three
because I believe in me.
I don't sit and wonder who's right
because it only starts a fight.
You think you are right and I'm wrong,
I'll say, I believe you all along.
Then I'll leave and go my way
and never once a thought to you will I pay.
My rules are simple and they are my own,
I never put them out to loan.
You'll never hear me brag when I'm right
or try to exercise my belief by might.
All I know is how I feel
within my heart I am real.
To my own self I am true,
I can't worry about pleasing you.
So go ahead and live your life,
full of anger, wrath and strife.
Beat your children and cheat on your wife,
that is what you call life.
Work all day to sleep all night
if that's what you believe is right.
Raise four kids and put them through school,
buy a house and install a pool.

Written by: Albert Kuck ©2004

But when death is near and at the door
and your hospital bills have left you poor,
Remember whose rules you followed,
take the punishment you have swallowed.
To live by the laws others have lived
is always talking, never do you give.
Strive to be the best, for this I know
will bring rewards. Now go...
Don't believe in the lies you hear
and never give in to their fear.
Think for yourself and you'll be free,
open your heart and you will see
Life is more than work all day,
there are other ways to earn your pay.
Give all that you have to give
and you will start to live.
I know to you it's an unreal thought,
a man who can't be bought.
Don't believe in the lies you hear
and never give in to their fear.
Think for yourself and you'll be free,
open your heart and you will see
Share your time with someone alone
and to you all life's joys will be shown.
You say, "What about work, what will I do?"
Silly mortal, God will provide for you.
Spread his love to all you see
and he will set you completely free.
This way is unknown, I cannot believe,
no your mind cannot conceive.
The things in life are meant to be free
they already belong to you and me.
The only thing we have to do
is walk in light for this is true.
Never stopping to count the cost
for when you do another soul is lost.
I hope you're starting to understand and obey
for this gift is life for you today.
Don't ever think you're doing all you can,
I believe you haven't even started, man.
Ask yourself if you have met one need
or have you just scattered some seed?

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Get into the field and work the land,
pull the weeds and sift the sand.
Then you'll start to see the power of God
and not just clumps of sod.
God has given life for his children to enjoy
it's not a trick or some smooth ploy.
The promise was made before time begun
and carried to us by God's own son.
To walk in truth means to be entirely free
to have ears to hear, and eyes to see.
Never were we meant to be controlled,
to be bossed around or patrolled.
We have one boss who is Lord of all,
every man knew this before the fall.
But now our minds are full of sin,
we won't let the truth in.
Oh we read and study and try our best,
but it's a shame when put to the test.
So how do you expect me to judge you now
for your good, I don't see how.
I tried to tell you to believe in me,
everything else is totally free.
Money I have, I'm never broke,
to God that is a joke...
He will give you mansions in which to live,
all he asks is to one child give.
Visit the prisoner in his cell
of my glory to one please tell...
Take the time to help a friend,
a broken heart one word could mend.
Sit with a woman in her old age,
help her turn to the next page.
For all these things are of my will
in return I'll pay your every bill.
Give to God all you can give
and he will give you life to live.
Fullness and happiness are for you
this is his promise too.
Choose to live by the rules of this earth
and you serve Satan and his birth...
This is what I believe and was taught,
It's my heart, my soul, my every thought.

Written by: Albert Kuck ©2004

Facing Death

I'll never underestimate
a man's will to live.
Even when he's shot
they don't want to give.
I've seen men dying
slowly in pain,
I can sympathize with
Able falling prey to Cain.
Death is unknown
therefore feared,
I for one
will never be scared.
I love the undiscovered
taking every chance,
Flying by the proverbial
seat of my pants.
Never slow down
never grow old,
These are my words
just how I've been told...

One Thin Dime

In this game of life,
we are met with uncertain strife.

The only way to measure a man,
is how he plays a losing hand.

Does he fold and walk away,
only to play another day?

Or does he bluff and risk it all,
win or lose, rise or fall?

True guts are measured by heart,
that's what sets me apart.

I know when to fold the hand,
or check to the stronger man.

A battle can be won in a day,
this is what a warrior may say.

But a war must be fought over time,
to this I'll bet one thin dime.

Aryan Warrior

A soldier is built of power and truth,
brought up this way from his youth.
In battle no one could defeat this man
although they come from every land.
An Aryan warrior proud and true
shows no fear when killing you.
He's slain a thousand in his life
never even thought of taking a wife.
A faceless warrior without a name
only seeking immediate fame.
None have won against this man,
all have fallen or conceded their hand.
So if you meet him in your life
you're sure to die by the knife.
But don't feel bad when you depart,
just know you fought with all your heart.

For Mom

A mother's love is a terrible
love to waste,
A child should not act
out of undo haste.
He should never take for granted
the things his mother does,
Or allow a little push to
become a life long shove.
I pray I'll never go too far
when dealing with her love,
And always try to remember
it's as close as His above.
So now I'll say, I love you, Mom
and I'm sure I always will,
And I swear to you, I never
meant to allow myself to kill...

Pain Times Two

**This never ending pain
rings within my head,
Making me think to myself
that I'd be better off dead.
Never have you felt this pain
I'm sure as I am old,
Because if you ever have
your soul you would have sold.
It's not just an aching
or the pain of a broken limb
Both these and everything else
in comparison are very slim.
It's more like the ripping away
of everything you have loved,
Then shown to you on a cliff
before given the final shove.
You'll never experience these feelings
until you're locked up with me,
Kept inside a filthy cage
never again allowed to be free.**

Last Call

Now the time has come at last,
the stage is set, I see the cast.
The sky is split in parts of two
Christ is standing in front of you...
His words are like thunder in your ears,
he asked, "How did you show your care?"
"I helped a man once," I said, "yes I can tell
I helped him read his Bible in his cell...
"I told him all the truth I know,
tell me what more could I do?"
Did you follow him back in,
live his life, take his sin?
Have you looked and been alert
sweat blood in prayer for his hurt?
Walked one mile in his shoes,
gave a coat that he might use?
Giving the word without the acts
is like not getting all the facts.
You were told to go the extra mile
and to do this with a smile.
Satan has tricked you in the end,
you got started but never did mend.
To know the word is all good and right
but it's only a start in this fight.
Don't stop at an hour service, feel the love,
follow it up with letters from above.
If you don't think of the ones you teach,
then you don't deserve to preach.
I require all from you, my teacher, it's true
open doors, believe in faith, this is right for you.
Let the power engulf your soul
and then in turn let it roll.
Never stop to do good deeds,
hearing every man's pleas.
Then meeting them, one by one
for this you will get to know my son.
For he never once said No,
to all he let his power flow.

Pain Plus Love

**The tender times we spent together
holding each other, I will remember forever.
The longing in my heart to have you near again,
despite all the lies my warped mind did spin.
The pain of my heart ripping in two
is worth just one night spent with you.
I'd trade a thousand lifetimes just to see your face,
to hold you and love you for one more embrace.
Please don't ever forget me, and know I'll always be yours
as sure as the sun rises and sets over the seashores.**

When god made love

When God made love
The love of two
He made this love
For me and you
He made a love
A love so rare
And gave this love
For us to share
The love I feel
For you is deep
A love of a son
To a mother I'll keep
But sometimes love
Can hurt so bad
The one you love
Can make you sad
In my heart
And in my soul
There is only one
Real goal
And no matter what
Lies in our way
This special love
Will always stay

Written by Albert C Kuck

**The Teacher by Albert Kuck
Stranded in a place of Solitude
In a world I don't even know
Sometimes I think I'm the teacher
And sometimes I know I'm to slow**

**Time can be stopped here
And means little or nothing to me
Because I'm facing a sentence of life
So I'll show them what they want to see
You want to see how to act
When all the chips are down
I'll show you how to keep your respect
With out acting like a clown
So you think you want to be a fighter
Someone who can deliver pain
I'll show you how that can be done
And still remain sane
But mostly I'd like to teach you
A new way to live
A way things will come back to you
And all you have to do is give
Never mind what was taken from you
And all the things you lost,
Never mind totaling the items
And forget about the cost
The true key is in forgiveness
For everything you have done
Never repaying an eye for an eye
For this curse will follow your son.
Let's stop the blood shed now
Before it is to late
Learning how to love one another
And forgetting how to hate**

"In The End"

The Earth Walkers hid themselves
There presence unaware,
Each huge hideous creature
Lived in panic and fear
Then Bam-Bam came along
Representing death and hell
He opened there underground world
And the earth it self fell
Satan reached his final calling
His dream had come true
Until a sword yielding pastor
Reached his calling too
Good then verses Evil
As one plus one reached two
Satan against the Lord God
Which one is in you?
In the end you will know the winner
In this epic struggle for peace
But one will never know
When misery and strife will seize
The end of time will come
With a blast or trumpet shout
But where you find yourself standing
You should never be in doubt
So choose your path wisely
And stand by who you serve
Because at the end of time
You will get what you deserve.

Written by
Albert Kuck
9-26-06

NOTHING REAL

If you ever thought you knew something
I would always bet you were wrong
And it wouldn't take one day to prove
That I was right all along
Lets take something simple we can all see
We all know the sky is blue and grass is green
But really it's only the mind's reflection
Of what it's programmed and seen
We can know nothing outside ourselves
No truth you hear, see or feel
Because there's not one thing in life
That we can prove is real
You say the sun comes up everyday
But in Japan they say it goes down
One side says it's night one says its day
Now I ask you who is the clown
Perception is not ever what it seems
It's only what we are allowed to see
So, if you can't believe your eyes
What is one to do
Never pass a judgment you wouldn't
Want someone to pass on you.

Written by Albert C. Kuck

Hidden House

Can you see the footprints
That is imbedded upon my soul?
They exist for a certain reason
An extenuating goaled
They climb the stairway upward
Closed off, except one small part.
Lately it has been, a well traveled trail
To the hidden house within my heart,
It's a special place I like to keep
Yet it possesses a dangerous curve,
That winds around a darkened corner
Which can only be navigated with skillful nerve.
I wonder now if the prints can be seen
By the likes of someone like you,
Because I opened that hidden house
And your love ran right straight through.

Written by
Albert Kuck
5-3-05

Complete Oneness

The very first time I looked at you
You should have know what I was going through
The emptiness inside was so unreal
I believed, I could never feel
My heart became hardened by my sin
And my constant desire to always win
As you all know I love the game
More than pleasure, freedom or fame
It's not who finished first or last
Because you never remember the past
It's lead my angelical being with power above
And all you need to enter is plenty of love
So, I pray you were sent for me
And I see all things, as they should be
Now were together our souls are one
Lets begin to have some fun
Never again will I feel this way
And it all lies on what I say
For when you speak I am there
And when you sleep this I share
Complete oneness living in two
This is what I think of me and you

Written by Albert C. Kuck

3-3-03

A CUT ABOVE

I pace the floor continuously
Trying to release the stress
I can't believe I put myself
In this stupid mess
All I was looking for
Was someone to love
Now I know my only mistake
Was not looking to someone above

Written by Albert C Kuck

UNRESTRAINT

Living in hopeless destruction
Striving for relief
Chewing on my gums and
Grinding my teeth
I'm lost in some ones twisted
Dark unreal dream
And even if I tried to
I couldn't even scream
My life seems to go on
But others stand still
And only through me
Are they given a thrill
I tried to help everyone
But my time is up
I'm a grown dog now
No longer a pup
So unless you are seeking
Some unreal pain
Blood filled walls covered
In a crimson stain
You better lighten up
And give me a break
Before I decide from
You to take

Written by Albert C. Kuck.

TIME TO GO

Slipping fast is time we know
Where it went I will never show
But in my mind I do see
A different kind of reality
A place we go in our minds
Traveling forward looking for signs
A touch, a word, a hug or two
Could be a treasure just for you
Keep your eyes open, watch and see
And remember to always believe in me
I'm your guide in this world of ours
My years are as many stars
Wisdom I have and knowledge too
This I will in part to you
So stand and be counted one and all
Before the day of the great fall
Judge yourself and you will know
Which is the true way to go

Written by Albert C Kuck
3-3-03

THE MAN IN THE GLASS

When you get what you want in your struggle for self
And the world makes you king for a day
Just go to the mirror and look at yourself
And see what that man has to say
For it isn't your father, mother or wife
Whose judgment upon you must pass
The fellow whose verdict counts most in your life
Is the one staring back from the glass
Some people may think you're a straight shooting chum
And call you a wonderful guy
But the man in the glass says you're only a bum
If you can't look him straight in the eye
He's the fellow to please, never mind the rest
For he's with you clear up to the end
And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test
If the man in the glass is your friend
You may fool the whole world down the path of life
And get pats on the back as you pass
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears
If you've cheated the man in the glass.

Written by Albert C. Kuck

HEAVEN AND HELL

The terrible truth I will now unfold
To those who's lives are somewhat old
You think death is an end to your pain
You silly mortal you are insane
A worm filled coffin and bones of sand
Is all your promised in this land
Only when you rise above
Will you enter into heavenly love
But in that day that you do die
Your soul in hell it will fry
Unless you've chosen while on this earth
To believe in the savior's birth
Once your gone and in the ground
There's no time to turn around
So feast your eyes on your demise
A bitter life full of lies
Torture unknown, so horrible and cruel
You'd wish you'd burn in a barrel of fuel
Your darkest nightmare has come true
A virtual theater of horror just for you
The day is never ending and nights of pain
Drive you deeper and faster insane
No way to escape for an eternity
So just sit back and you will see
Hell is real and heaven is too
So tell me which one is for you

Written by Albert C Kuck
5-20-03

CROWN OF GOLD

If ever depression is setting in
And your life is in despair
Please remember in me you'll
Always have someone who cares
I'll never leave you helpless
I'll never put you down
And I'll always remember to
Treat you as if you wore a crown
A crown of gold with precious jewels
Designed just for you
Given freely with love and compassion
When you are feeling blue
A magical crown of many tricks
Much like a Jeanne's bottle
However, it won't give you wisdom
Or make you a super model
But when you put it on
Much to your surprise
All your troubles will disappear
And you will be facing a new survive

Written by Albert C. Kuck

UNKNOWN LOVE

The heart is a symbol we often make use of
It personifies our image of love
But what is love? A symbol doesn't say
So what is it? Why do we feel it this way
Is it the respect that two people feel?
Or is respect a spoke in loves wheel?
I think that the first is probably true
Because respect is just a part of what I feel for you
Just one of the reasons I love you so much
Just one of the reasons I live for your touch
I could go on and try to describe some more
But I really think I'm inadequate for such a chore
For how can I describe what I can't fully understand?
That's a task for our God, and I am merely a man.
All I know is we were destined to be
Fate wrote it in the stars for all to see
Knowing this has brought a peace to my soul
And left me content with the world as a whole
For what more could I need with you at my side
And together we'll be till the end of time.

Written by Albert C Kuck

THE ULTIMATE CALL

The greater the risk, the greater the thrill
The harder the match, the better the kill
Life only comes once, unlike a cheap whore
You make things possible by digging to the core
Everything in life is good when viewed from inside out
Look at me a mere man sent as a leading scout
I'm searching for what is holy, true and wise
This shell of a human is only a thin disguise
I know of many from where I came
We exhibit unreal power, but not to use for fame
Everything has rules so we seek only the best
To be called to distant planets, and today is the test
We won the game before when Jesus died for us
That was his finality and doing it set us free
The power of life and death is everything to you
But you don't understand the power is in you too
I'll try to make you understand all that I possible can
But there can be only one winner, and I'm the best man
The rules of the game are simple, no one can know your play
Only through thought will we be able to say
Then you have to choose the feat you will do
And it must be spectacular, there's no room for two
Only one mistake is allowed before you start to burn
But you can play again by helping your fellow man
Do you understand the rules, than lets get started
Moses freed four thousand people and the red sea he parted
So think big my friend the universe is the goal
And the prize is the world so don't lose your soul
Victory is achieved when you master the course
Then you capture reality and claim the power source

Written by Albert C. Kuck
4-22-03

HAVE YOU HEARD

Life is good
Life is grand
It's all part of
The masters plan.

You don't have to be
Sorry
You don't have to be
Sad.

Kick up your feet
And for once
Just be merry
Just be glad

The work is over
You've passed the test
You were voted one of
The best

You held your temper
You kept your cool
Never did you break
The golden rule

They tried to put you down
They tried to make you fail
But never once did their efforts
Come to any avail

But the thing I admire
About you the most is
You did it all, and never
Once did you boast

Written by: Albert Kuck