



THE SAVAGE

KIND

BY William S. Graham

Acknowledgements ~

To everyone who has truly struggled with me, and earned a warm spot in my heart,

I'll never forget the irreplaceable memories we shared.

Special thanks to my kids for giving me the strength to endure the world and face my demons.

To Young Godz Squad for keeping it real through it all . . . salute

The primary source of truth: Tecarra Lee Graham ~ Ceasar Lawn; Everett M. Harrington; Corey Woodard; Robert Bodison; Mr. Douglas; Christopher "C'Mac" Miller; Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Hinton; Ronald Frye (Keep smiling) Mrs. Marilyn Boykin; Ryan Hobert; Sean J. Marshall (bright) Mrs. Marshall;

My Love Drowns Sharks
• Thank you Prison Foundation •

Introduction ~

By telling you my heart knows pain isn't a shock at all.
Only heaven knows why we must struggle?
The weak break first they say ~ especially in a place like this.
I've grown, evolved, and mutated into a monster,
afraid to shed a tear, looking out the window ~ hiding my face
from day light.
I murdered my emotions and didn't apologize to my soul for it.
Holding hate in my heart kept me warm throughout some
cold nights.
I found myself sinking deeper into a world of darkness ~ didn't
care about life too much.
"Anything lost can be found again, but time wasted"
I was the person I thought I was, Young Godz (on google)
Dedicated to the folks who believe in change ~ the individuals
who chase that growth and development until the day they die.
We all are different, and this is the main thing that makes us
unique.

Always struggle to seek better for yourself.

I hope you enjoy reading this book as much as I
enjoyed writing it.

William S. Graham

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I Just Want To Grow Old

**Said the little boy trapped in a gang zone
Sadly to say, but he doesn't belong to either side
A small gain of sand washed away by the tide
School is unless
Who can think when bullets ricochet so ruthless?
The sun never comes out
He knows every kid that never made it out
Only if there was a Superman he says
Imagination faded
With the expectations of his dad dying
Candy lost its taste
A smile was replaced with no trace of hope
Junkies in the alley
Still smoking dope...shooting it, and the pushers shoot for it
The mayor turns a blind eye to the fact
I guess he doesn't know it (politics)
His mother doesn't show it
The love she has is for a bag of white powder pleasure
Promising to do better
HE hears her words, but sees her actions in motion
Holding pain in the pit of his soul
He mumbles
I just want to grow old
A cold house
An empty stomach
Bad plumbing
No lights
Outside ... no rights
Bullets fly throughout the night
At night...he dreams of a distant world...elsewhere from his
No gang banging
No mothers shooting dope
No kids having kids
No fathers going to court
No people killing each other just for a sport
He says...with a clear voice, deep and bold
"Forgive me for being so selfish... I just want to grow old"**

Red Glass

I watch them from afar

Souls trapped in a jar

With aspirations of tar

They go to war with their own hearts

Tiny scars too small to care about

Isolated stars of a broken constellation-

Staring out- the window of fate

Force to wait in a period of doubt

**Can't scream... can't see... can't shout... can't find their
way out**

Fighting battles never won before the first gun is fired

Left there, on the battle field of life, wounded and tired

Afraid to stand up

Too strong to fall down

Watching the future become the past

A ghostly merry-go-round

Telling themselves to be stern

But then again the times of life are grime

I judge their reflection in the mirror

Sadly to say I'm just like them,

Trapped behind red glass

"The Real Within Me"

Frozen pictures of time

I'm defined as the one that's lost and blind

Using my mind to fight away the useless distractions

But

steadily subtracting

from the same soul I thought I sold for a few pieces of gold

Oh!

The old people see me fall to the ground

A fate well deserved they say

No alibi to pick me up this time

I cross that same line every single day

Praying to the forgotten Gods of tomorrow

My last chance to dance in the ball room of life

Darkness becomes my sight

Steady gripping the right

of something I never respected

My dignity and pride

and guess where I left it?

In that same train station of last chances

Glancing back at it

as if I could ever understand it

Taking it for granted

has a whole nother feel

laughing as I stand on the heels of what I call the real . . .
within myself.

In Due Time

I'll find

a purpose not to hurt this heart of mine

The enemy lies behind the lines of justice

Trusting no one, but touching his gun

A cigarette for breakfast

Destroying his lungs

Health problems not his biggest worries at the moment

Easy times behind him as his opponents want his blood

No mercy, no emotions, and no giving these laws up

By any means necessary

is the bond you carry upon your back

Because time doesn't wait for slack

and slack doesn't wait for the proper time to react

for the enemy that waits to attack

Sleep is not his friend

as he pretends to smile through the faded memories of war

but deep inside his core

he has no more to give

Vulnerable to the cold world

as he lives In Due Time . . . of life.

By William S. Graham

"Dedicated to the forgotten soldier who can't find a home at heart."

"Please! Forgive Us 4 Being Lost"

The path is not easily seen
but it seems
everyone knows where to go
but where do you go?
in the dark
of your heart
Pleading for an inch of peace
You turn around
then back around again
but you still can't see
Falling to one broken knee
Free to express yourself
and actually ask for help
But no!
You'd rather yell inside your divided soul
Completely lost from the means of understanding
and still not knowing where to go
Please!
Forgive us 4 being lost.

By William S. Graham

" Purpose Has A Place "

Quietly, it sits there . . .
patiently waiting for us to acknowledge its existence
Never keeping the clocks running on time
because it never has to rush persistence
Permitted to move freely throughout the hands of generations
The blue birds fly high up in the sky
They too, are held high in the eyes of destiny
So are we
Secondary to the primary
or buried underneath our own ego we can't lift?
Refusing to accept the gift of life
and calling Purpose just a myth
Like the two left turns we took
that should've been a right
Everytime we let go of something dear
When we should've held on tight
Because life has a funny way of laughing behind our backs
or it's usually in our faces
But if you put the key of destiny in the right lock
Open the door . . .
you'll truly find
that Purpose does have a place
In your life and in mine.

By William S. Graham

"Slowly Reborn"

The wind blows gently against the forest trees
Knocking a single leaf off its branches
With a touch of heavenly grace
it descends toward the ground
Replaced by one looking the same
Identical to the one that just left
Quite a peaceful death
Resting on the blanket of life
No vacuum or leaf blower in sight
Just the right
to remain still and quiet tonight
Color has no place or face on the floor
Up in the sky high
We embrace the water more
for keeping us wdry
Who cries here!
Wiping your eyes with the back of your hands
we can't stand for that
Here today . . . gone tomorrow is our model
but you know what!
We'll be back . . . slowly reborn.

By William S. Graham

"Tomorrow is a day we call the reflection of what we
could be, if we could be a single leaf."

" The Gate Of Life "

It sits there quietly
Regulating the passage of life
Unmoved by our social gatherings
A sign
reading 10,000 volts per person
Enough to run a small town combined
and yes! they're all working
Seeing them go home with a big smile
Watching them come back with a bigger frown
It didn't say a single word out loud
but we knew it was calling us some clowns
laughing as hard as 10 years ago
Funny how we didn't see the humor
Weighing on our hearts and minds all day long
Like the effects of a heart attack ^(or) a tumor
Or maybe it's just a rumor
and theres no such thing as having to pay the price
But then again maybe
I'm just lying when I say theres over 60 million people
as we speak . . .
living behind the gate of life

The Gate Of Life

By William S. Graham

"The Poetry Of A Human Being"

What is poetry to you?

A fallen green leaf

embracing the Autumn floor gone,

An awol soldier being hunted down by his own
simply because he misses home.

The rain splashing off the surface of a car window
shield

The Mona Lisa on display

compared to the newspaper printings of Emmitt Till.

A father working three jobs to put his kids through
private school,

A project kids with the basketball skills but not the
shoes.

A hurtful young mother at the abortion clinic with
tears running down her face,

An old man with a life sentence standing there looking
at the gate.

A forgotten singer that got strung out with the most
beautiful voice,

A gang banger pointing a gun at a rival gang
member and having to make a choice.

A young black man carrying the groceries for an
older white lady.

The pain and tears of a discouraged mother after
losing her first baby.

"The Poetry Of A Human Being"

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See my friends I can go on forever
until the sun meets the morning dew,
but even then my friends
I will proudly state that poetry is still you.

The Human Race

By William S. Graham

" A Faded Memory "

Washed away by the tide of time

A domestic form of leaving myself behind

Ensuring my thoughts with the concept of wine

Each glass is my last

but I find

a lie within itself

Told to break my soul from the past

Blue jeans a couple years old

Distorted mirrors told a story of disappointment

A cowards way of dying with his sword in his hand

Cutting nothing but the fragments of his heart into

pieces . . . over and over again

Indispensable qualifications

Contradictions to the end

Laminated in a cold front forever

Running amok in the sun

With a hundred promises to be better

before it's all done . . .

A Faded Memory.

By William S. Graham



• Ingrained:

Indulge and dye each particle black

where diamonds are found in the ground

Deep - profound

without a sense of sound

No one hears them

pouring matter away

Into a sunny day

We work hard to give back -
to say

"we have nothing to give back,
but our ways"

Which are ingrained in us
forever

Pictorial Inkwell

William S. Graham

Realization

**A lost of words
Buried deep within my heart
Fading fast
The sunshine leaves permanent marks...
On the faces of others
I remain a broken leg
Standing up to fall again
Not ready for the world
Unprepared
Too heavy to carry
A bag of sand
Across the sea
I see
A puddle of lies within me
Alone in the dark
Hiding my face from light
Stepping on my painful illusion this night
I realize the truth
In me**

By William S. Graham

Many people spend a majority of their time trying to block out or avoid reality on a day to day basis. I believe we all search for the proper escape to run to, but the key is to use your senses to accept life as it is. Drugs handicap the mind, the body, and the soul. They cause your independence to fade away. Once you lose your independence you lose your right to understand how a free person thinks altogether. Another way a person blocks out or avoids reality is to create a false sense of reality. This false of reality gives the person an altered dimension to escape to. In their world things can be changed to fit their satisfied dream state. I like to call this "the box theory," that's where someone takes one reality or state of mind and puts it in a box. The current seen box is placed inside a slightly bigger box. This process continues until the occupant finds themselves trapped within their own paradox. Someone once explained to me that life is filled with invisible guard barriers to keep us from completely going off the deep end. For ex: Jonathan is a flashy playboy with a great paying job. His late nights consist of limitless extravaganza, and wild parties. He throws money to the wind and drives his updated sports car as fast as it will go. Life to him is a sense of imbalanced actions that allows him to attain his definition of free. One day he gets a late night call from a female he spent the night with. She tells him that she's pregnant with his child. He passes out...and when he wakes up he finds out that the balance of his reality has simply shifted. The lifestyle that he has grown to love is now gone, and his new definition of reality is slowly starting to sink in.

" Dying Under Perfect Light Tonight "

A large gathering around his King size bed
The laces of pure fabric embraces his head
He stares at his grandchildren with a look of grace
usually distracted by the volumes of pain
but today . . . he remembers every last face
They fight back the sudden tears
Fears of him being gone tomorrow
suddenly appear
Here lies a real true King, they say to themselves
The mode is broken
and dying slowly
He looks at us, and that is the last time we connect before
his final role is played
under perfect light.

By William S. Graham

"Daily Starvation"

We need nothing we say

Deprived of what we can't describe

Lost . . . but alive

Washed away by the midnight tides

We hide from ourselves

Within ourselves

Turning away any gentle hand that's willing to help

Saying to ourself

that's just how the cards are dealt

Craving and praying

to one day be heart felt

but No!

We melt back into the same routine

Left to feed on the dying seeds

that didn't meet this month's harvest

Barely standing up straight during the day

then have the nerve to say

We're not starving.

By William S. Graham

"The window of opportunity closes everyday; if you're left outside long enough you'll begin to move a little faster."

Like Ants

This day
of
This hour
words slowly melt away
Soaking into the skin
of deeper expression
Another world from here
weaker than steel
but strong enough to hold many burdens
up high
Across the dry
desert
without a drop of water in sight
light turns into night
covered by a blanket of stars
Shining brighter
than a million cars
on a freeway
Reaching their destination
Like Ants
Just like ants

By William S. Graham

BLUE TEAR DROPS

**My Father's eyes are a purple sunset
Unseen by the likes of me
A far cry into the distant winds
Echoing back without flaw
Judgment affirmed
No appeal to process
Use the paper to write instead
He blinks
Quiet little ocean
Undisturbed by my movement
A zillion things to say
Not one word invited to my tongue
I see my son
Him
And me
Reflecting off the water
Like blue tears drops**

BY William S. Graham

**BLUE TEAR DROPS was written in spite of my father's absence, but as I grew up and older I learned to forgive him. It wasn't as easy as I make it sound now, but you have to excuse me if my bitterness doesn't have that zing it use to. That's how I know my forgiveness clause is not another plea for attention. I've truly grown pass the past and I've learned that it should stay there. Saying that I thank my father would probably seem far-fetched, but it's true. By him showing me what not to do, and not being around it made me a better father to my son.
"Even when you don't learn lessons you are still taught well in actions"**

-Hood Projects-

**Are we posers?
Addicted to the lights
Caught up in a life of pain
Never doing right
Promising change...to our mothers, aunts, and the same to our hearts
In the rain- we remain dry
And you know why
We try, we try, only try
Design to die
Blind man eyes
Blind woman cries
That's her son lying there dead
Who denies?
Or better yet who supplies?
Dope, liquor, and guns
Bad habits
Bad intentions
Bad becomes fun
Bad lungs
Why do we run?
From guilt I guess
Sun up- sun down
It never stops
Around and around
The sounds
Glass breaking...car horns loud...gun shots-gun shots...gathering crowds
Who got shot?
Screaming mothers...babies crying...crack heads stealing...everyone lying
We make work though
Trust me when I say love is there
Where? In the air
Family, friends, people that care
Share the struggle-know real-bleed passion-heart steel
We feel- we see-we are hood projects to be**

**Urban people are unique, they fight every day to stay
alive and survive. The watchers look at us and say how can they live like that?
How can they say that? Or do those things to each other? Unaware that it's
not only the surrounding circumstances that we dwell in that makes us this
way, more as the thought of being unwanted/casted out. Living in the hood
makes a person define their soul in the mirror. Most rich people/people who
are considered well off- search for struggle every day. Some find it -some
don't depending on the person's eyes. Urban people are strong due to their
divine sense of struggle, it keeps their blood warm and alive. It's safe to the
project has become the purpose**

William S. Graham

Titles

**Everyone has one
If not
You'll be given one
Unwillingly so
In due time
Each step
Brings you closer to your title
Poor little creatures
Judged for their flaws
Mask wearing
Scoreless
Hopeless
Crawls, reaching out
To gain
Their just due
Their right/their reparation of facts
Instead you win
Alternatively, lose
Such titles
As yourself**

By William S. Graham

If you look throughout history you'll find that the eye of the public loves to give away proper titles that are relatable. ■ When you look in the newspaper the crook is always given a name that can be pinpointed for Ex: THE SON OF SAM. I believe we give things a title so we can show ownership to its existence. Have you ever seen the couple that starts off as friends, and gradually become more. At first they don't have a complex title, but the moment that title of ownership is added nothing is the same. The first thing a person asks you ■ what your title, what do they call you? Where are you from? These questions make the person, place, or thing more relatable to the senses of conversation. If you're lucky you can pick your own title, but trust and believe you will be issued one like it or not.

Ageing

Clearly there is nothing new under the sun
but the sun rises everyday
Giving light to new eyes that would probably say
"I've never seen this before
the car keys on my dresser are six years old
but they sit in a position that makes them shine
like brand new gold.
Fresh from the ground as the kids from Sierra Leone
carry AK-47's and AR-15's older than they are
Pacified by drugs, alcohol, and power
Minutes turn their noses up in front of seconds
Days and months laugh and mock the meaningless
time of hours.
Money is old
but every new dollar is greeted by the ones there
before he
and that's when we really begin to see . . .
that old is young and young is the power to be
forever free.

By William S. Graham

" Numbness "

A futile character of lost expression
Treated as a reasonable compromise over time
Setting the dinner table of pure ignorance in our faces
and inviting us to sit down and dine
Emotions are detached from every day life
The public eye can't begin to comprehend the sudden actions
Washed away by the same tide we've grown to love
Paralyzing our last reason for compassion
But we can't make excuses for our past
Drinking the Kool aid down with every glass of existence
Solving our problems with a new problem
and calling it resistance
A missile only has one particular purpose
Never intending to come back home
Simply feeling nothing today . . . tomorrow . . . and forever
It remains gone
Into a world of numbness.

By William S. Graham

A War Within Me

Red roses burning from a distance
The smutty smell of ashes stench the air
A permanent party of foul
Stale mated by the share holders of time
A sudden pause
Quiet as long goodbyes
Never knowing thin air
Capital punishment
Persuaded to be free
Blinded by exile
Undisturbed
a heart felt song
goes on
too long
within me

By William S. Graham

" Inspired "

By what you ask

Nothing I answer and everything I guess!

Who's to tell in a room full of deaf people
what is said and not said

Pointing fingers at the distant paintings on the wall
Beauty lost in the cracks of the dusty corners of
love and life

A single mother raising her only son with God and
faith on her heart

The glow of a random street light

Darkness surrounds its existence

but still it finds the energy to muster a faint shine

A blind man who refuses to be illiterate

so he reads with his fingers and emotions,

The person who invented those educated words and
created a smile through skill and devotion

Clearly, will is light that gives power to desire

So when we find ourselves losing faith in what we
believe and know to be true

That's when we search to be inspired.

By William S. Graham

" Super Heros Bleed To "

When beauty is the name I call you
Why do you think the world hasn't seen this pain?
Leaving my shadows behind . . . to remain
in a place of shame and constant blame
Sadly to say
this mask isn't the same
A villain at certain times of the day
I pray for something better and higher than me
Giving my eyes to the people of sarcasm
Hoping that they too could see
I never asked to be . . .
the shark of the sea
Water being my only element
and you wonder why I'm not free
Because loyalty isn't a costume to wear or just something
to say or do
Larger than life itself I say
I guess super heros bleed too.

By William S. Graham

" We could never be perfect in an imperfect world "

"How Can I"

My Love,

How can I say a tree can grow?

without water to let it know

you are supported by me and my deepest concerns?

How can fire flames dance?

without the chance

to truly understand

that the air helps it burn?

How can the blue birds in the sky?

fly so high

without the wings on their side

to help them twist, flip, and turn?

How can the paper send a clear message to the pen?

that we should become friends

and truly begin

to learn . . . how to comprehend?

I ask these complex questions

that sometimes leaves us guessing

without the slightest idea what we should do

But I can honestly say that through and through

I don't think I have to be a rocket scientist

to know . . .

I love you

and how can I show it? . . . so true.

By William S. Graham

Drugs

**I've seen the mother who gave her child away for drugs
The child who grows up to sell his own mother the same
type of drugs**

Brown drugs, black drugs, green drugs, white drugs

Heavy drugs...lite drugs

Night drugs...fight drugs

Fights for drugs

Kill for drugs

Steal for drugs

Still on drugs

Get off drugs

But not having the will power to fight the ill of drugs

Get back on drugs

Lie for drugs

Die for drugs

Chase the high for drugs...just to get high on drugs

Buy the drugs

Do the drugs

Old to drugs

New to drugs

Sell their soul for drugs

Drugs...drugs...drugs

Don't break the mind-

William S. Graham

Parking Lot

I wish I could go in
Make a few friends
And blend in with the rich folk
Talk about my kids
Places I've been
Things I've did
Kick a couple jokes
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Eat water crackers and salty caviar
Tiny sandwiches without the crust on them
Two glasses of champagne my limit
Shake hands- dance
And when it's all done and finished
I'll smile
Put on my coat
Walk out to the parking lot
With my ex-wife waiting by the car
Look at myself
And say
"It's your fault, not mine"
As I watch him drive away
I'll say (Beep!)

William S. Graham

"What Remains?"

Truly,

When we take the time to look back on life's purpose

asking ourselves

What remains after the years pass?

We see no materialistic fortune

but a sun rise that shines like gold . . . in our soul

The chance of happiness upon us

Rolling the dice of life

Seeing what number we shall have

Hopefully playing it right, or maybe even twice

Never forgetting a face of kindness

or the gesture of broken emotions

Letting life be a down town market in our hearts

Forever we are open

to the memories that never fade

and the times that never seem to change

Taking the time to look back on life's purpose

and asking ourselves

What Remains? . . . What Remains?

By William S. Graham

"The Final Bond"

By William S. Graham

holding your hand tightly
my heart steady as the morning dew
Reflecting sun rays off your hazel eyes
The back drop is oceans blue.

Flew a million miles to see you
well it seem like it to me!
Some times things aren't what they actually
are
But more like what they should be.

Connected by love and life
The sky and the rain jealous of us
Calculated time apart, quietly,
we made it back up at dusk.

I wonder sometimes . . .

Is this destiny's personal way of
taking a sip from our everlasting pond
Giving us new lungs to breathe and truly
accept this new love . . .
called the Final Bond.

"The Definition"

Look where you are now

Is it well expected to be your destiny

Are you satisfied at what you see

Did you crawl to get there

Beg . . . plea

Leave a few causalities

* Do you want more ? *

Is enough . . . truly enough ?

Did it make you tough ?

Are you broken now ?

Did you lay down ?

Did you stay down ?

Are you coming around ?

Dying

Living

Holding a grudge

Forgiving

Not sure

Unpure

Hiding

Exposed

. . . and then one day you look up, and bam!

The casket is closed. . . . in the definition of life.

"High Expectations"

Sorry,

if perfect isn't my first name

Lord knows I truly try hard

The tears run down my face . . . permanently

and remain like broken scars

Can you accept this pain for what it is ?

Without saying what it should be

Hearing my words in a distant pray

Saying if it could be . . .

so that you would understand

that every heart needs a hand

and every hand needs a mind with a plan

You stand on a beach and judge the sand

for being the product of a lost man

A man with flaws

A man that's willing to work on his new found patience

A man that truly begs you, and only ask of you

To give me my just due

Without high expectations.

By William S. Graham

" The Last Tears "

Slowly my eyes gave life to the wet syllables of
pain and joy

Together they form a pattern of sympathy mixed with
pure dedication,

Swearing to forever be the board that wouldn't break
over a few emotions

But then came the greatest appreciation.

Warm hearted darkness gathered in my heart

Equal to the image upon the mirror that's seen now

Grieving my identity beyond mourning my collaborated
condolence

Entitled to constantly put my dreams on the rebound.

Saying "must I forever drown in the times of the
forgotten past,"

Disappointed about the future pain to come

and I know these tears won't be my last.

By William S. Graham

Chairs and ladders

This is me in a room full of chairs and not enough ladders.

I believe there's two type of mentalities in this world, chairs and ladders.

Chairs feel safe on the floor with four legs - no risk of falling a great distant.

Chairs don't feel the pressure of remaining conscious each and every second of the day.

Chairs are classified as furniture, servants of secure support. It's easy to sit down in a chair - no effort or purpose to be served but pure relaxation.

Ladders are different.

They demand your full attention as they symbolize growth and regression/stagnation.

When standing on a ladder a person has to be open to falling.

Gravity is cruel and truly unwilling to take a loss to those who fall victim to the impact of the floor.

Ladders represent a stage of levels that can be earned through moving up or down.

Ladders give us the option to achieve higher platforms, and I believe more ladders and less chairs are needed in this world.

"Climb or crawl, but never sit forever"

Thank You,

William S. Graham ~ 2016

**Freedom
is the option
to leave and
not the place
you leave to**

