



**Violins  and
Bowling
pins **

By William S. Graham

Before I knew it, I was a 31 year old man with no direction in my life- staring out the pale window of the state penitentiary.

Each car passing by seem to be headed in my direction- I started longing for home even more. Being a Libra, I was forced to express myself on paper, or go insane. The only problem was I wasn't your average roller coaster at the amusement park...I had piercing thoughts.

I begin exploring life through ink- understanding how people can be the same, but different as well, which makes us all unique.

Each degree empowers your mind by letting you know a little more about yourself. We grow to understand who we are by comprehending the things we've endured.

The only secret to life is there are no secrets, the moment we accept that notion the greater our view.

Thank you for your time, patience, and support

William S. Graham

~ Acknowledgements ~

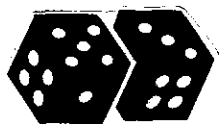
To my brothers and I

Calvin, Taco "Ceasar", and K. Graham

To some real warriors

P. San "gat"

Slim, Divinci, Gip and
his sister "the angel"



To my Kids

Jalayah and Cyprese

To Prisons Foundation

Thank you

To my family

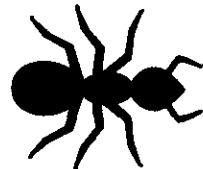
The Frye Family

The Graham Family

The Harrington Family

The Pepper Family

Young Godz Squad
- making other
rappers look
like an



I struggle with you all

Thank You



William S. Graham



Young Godz

Don't Publish This

Let it fade away
Under a table of time
It will decay- if no one says
"Bring me your worse material"
Let it stay unclean
Like a bowl of cereal
Dropped on the floor
Full of dirt, grime, and grit
No matter what
Don't forget
Keep this away from people
Even writing it makes me sick
The vile consumption of bowel
movements
The puking feeling entertaining my
tongue
Don't publish this at all~ Just run
Run for the hills that beckon for
greatness
That breed honor whenever it's needed
Having no ugly ways intended
No one should ever read it
Keep it away from the eyes of the
children
Please I beg of you this one request
I don't want them to look down on me
An appetite of thinking less
A vulture's masking ways
Crooked wisdom teeth in the back
Beauty having no face to show
Please do not act
Near-sighted to the facts
Grant me a dying wish
I don't care what you do with it
personally,
Just don't publish this

What DO You Make of This?

Of what?
This picture I'm holding



I don't know

Well tell me what you see
A boat
What kind of boat?
A big one
What color is this boat?
White
Why?
I don't know...why not?
Who's on the boat?
What do you mean?
I mean who's on the boat? Are you on
the boat?
Yeah
Good, who else?
My mom...my children...and all my enemies
Hmmmm, that's interesting- tell me
more about this boat
Well, first everyone's dancing and having a
good time until...
Until what?
Guilt puts a blade to my mom's neck
Shouting "I'll kill her if you move!"
Frozen stiff I stand there
Afraid that anything I do will get her
harmd
Pride stands behind me and whispers "If
you're fast enough you can get that blade"
I charge forward -
They both fade
Looking around
Nothing
Time shows up
Says "you have to leave your child on that
island over there"
I say "no!"
Time laughs hysterically
Before saying "the boat is sinking"
.....I'm thinking
He also says "there's gold on the boat too"
"What gold?"
"Below"
"How much?"
"A lot"
"I know what you're thinking, and trust me when I
say to you don't have enough time to save both"
My kids and I watch the boat go down
from the island shore (therapy session over-
see you next week Mr. Graham)

Poof

Eye Patch

I can't be a pirate yet
Why?
Still have regrets
Cold sweats
When I do something wrong
Let's buy a ship anyway
Raid homes, and sing songs of the
sea
Drunken slurs behind heavy tongues
With loose woman we shall sleep
Wake up young
A bed of gold
Forever cold in our souls
We'll live for convenient moments
Each one having a merry stare
Drowning people with time
Let's not even care
Life does it as well
A stage of doubt forever detached
Just wait and see
I'll be a better pirate...with my
eye patch

-Kids-

**I wonder how my
kids look at me, just
another con man
addicted to the fast
life. A caring
confused animal
trapped in a metal
box. A super hero=
the cape and tights;
saving them from all
hurt, harm, and
danger. A bank
robber. A gang
member. A lost soul.
A gambler. A poet. A
rake. A selfish
monster. I wonder...**

William S. Graham

-Diversity-

Eating peanut butter and jelly for a whole year straight is hell. I put it on toast, ate it off Ritz crackers, Graham crackers, and Saltine crackers. Ate peanut butter and jelly with my oatmeal, and anything else I could consume. Ate it all day, lay nights up writing, smearing it all across my important documents- than writing some more. Sadly I eventually went crazy, due to stress and no sleep. Soon as I arrived at the asylum it was lunch time, they gave me a tuna sandwich...I smiled and said "diversity"

In The Wind

**I told a friend a secret
Unaware that he told a friend
I heard it again
From another friend
Who told his sister?
Who told her boss?
And then
Told her best friend- who
Had another friend
5
10
Again and again
Knowing in my heart how it
would all end
With my secret in the wind
And all my so called friends
Quiet with grins (talking)**

The Guilty Ones

**Look at the hands- you can
always tell by the hands
Blood stains don't wash off
that easily
Eyes hide behind wrongful
ways
Just make the move and
quietly move on
Weightless
Spotless
Keep this
I got this
Understanding
The rotten stay
Planning and plotting
Cotton impure
Dirty
Dingy
And down
"Don't look now"
"I hate when they come
around"
"Who?"
"The guilty ones"**

William S. Graham

(A Mural of Thoughts)

Juggling glass hearts
Broken arms on each side
Teenagers skate all night long
Then run and hide
From themselves
Which is strange
No one chases them
Or yells out
"degenerates!"
Trademarks of time
Climbing up the fire escape
To watch them
Climb up and snatch the air
Grapes in their prime
Dehydrated wine glasses
Crowds of lemons and limes
Oranges, and watermelon rinds
Temporary paralysis
Vinegar flies unclaimed
I sustain myself
To remain

Broken hearted and unchained
To this purpose
I ask
Who am I?
But a mere thought

Mannequins

Paper thin friends...who pretend to care, but are careless

A breath of fresh air

Liquids lungs

Remaining young by the way they dress, or express themselves on paper

Cutes Q's

Stylish players with faulty cards in their hands

Olympic medals, rose petals, and broken hearts

Eating pears and strawberries

Buffalo robes without pockets to hide their scars

Toxic toys on display

Sleeveless vest and blouses in disguise

Lost scrabble pieces in disarray

Trying to spell out the word oblige

Stone wash jeans

Over and over again they fade

Eyes the hue of marbles

Hollow vessels with man-made ways

Standing there in front of the store

A surgeon's only child

Rose colored glasses mentality

With a mannequin smile

Do you know my pain?

Sinking

You tell yourself don't
think about it

But you do

No matter what you
do

Heart sink

Functioning fine

Striking to what you
know best

Or if you know

Life is troubled waters

Struggling through

One of my best days
since you

Or since you of your
face

Broken to you

Back and forth...back
and forth

Looking your way
back and forth

You feel sick

Wanting to touch land
again

The inner sense of
your emotions sinking

Thinking

Repeating

On a boat of time

Looking deeper

I Was Born In Prison

It never really
affected me

I was born in prison

Never knew the meaning of
being free

I was born in prison

Cages around my heart...bars
in my mind

I was born in prison

Started off doing time

I was born in prison

Dodging danger...being
alone

I was born in prison

Never had a place to call
home

I was born in prison

Eating nasty
food...concrete
rocks

I was born in
prison

The yelling, the fussing,
all night, it never stops

I was born in prison

A sense of weight- a
stage of doubt

I was born in prison

Do you think I'll
ever make it out?



` Fire escape `

**My girlfriend's dad is a green beret-
one of those over protective
fathers who refuse to believe his
daughter is not an angel.**

**We ate dinner at his house last
Thanksgiving, he asked me what
my point of views on the war
were? I took a big gulp of water
from the glass in front of me.
Thinking to myself I wish this
place had a fire escape.**



Under the scope of ink

**There are no mistakes to be
seen**

**Pictures find themselves
perfect**

Hanging in place

An iron curtain

Esteemed by valid results

Having no proper place to be

Footprints in the snow

**Hounds chase the scent of
victory**

As far as I know

Turn around patience

And you're still lost

Like sound

**Trapped within the walls of a
broken home**

We run and we run-

**Until we find ourselves all
alone**



Parasite's Paradise

Come low crawl lings

Feast upon the living means of life

Understand my ways of thinking

Promise to hold them tight

A jigsaw puzzle of thoughts

**Inches toward miles in
measurements**

Grow to fathom the wealthy

Their lush is your betterment

Dipped in truth

With a flare of twisted lies

Bare this burden within me as well

While the other flower dies

Empathy lost

Forgiving us for the unknown

We are born to be parasites

**Eat everything and move on...to
paradise**



Pencil Shavings ✂️

I'm sick of chasing real love- it's too much trouble, I want a superficial bond. Someone who checks my bank account before even knowing my favorite color. I can see her now, big Hollywood shades on-sitting beside the pool with an alcohol beverage in her hand, acting like I make her sick. Holding her breath around any deeply profound questions or conversations that force her to be conscious...especially the ones about love. Shopping would be her favorite subject to discuss- watching us grow further apart wouldn't hurt her at all. Nine active credit cards in her Gucci purse as the fancy dressing store owners call her by her first name- a kiss on her left cheek (it's a celebrity thing). If I get sick on my death bed, I would prefer her to have acting skills = to an Oscar Award winner. The loud breathing machine in my hospital room would be distracting to her soda pop phone conversation. An irritated look smeared across her plastic face and spongy emotions...asking herself why I haven't died already? Jokes on her as I close my eyes with my final breath saying "left all my money to the dog" Pencil Shavings.

🐾 Pretty Misery

**Picture a woman
A beautiful woman
Woman that's beautiful
So beautiful- people tell her she's beautiful
They stare at her beauty
Looking, watching, wondering-
What she will do next
Her thoughts are forgotten
Her words are cute
Her eyes are beautiful
She is a pretty mute
Beautiful though
So beautiful- people tell her she's beautiful
Like no other they say
I shake my head
Pretty misery anyway**

**Painted
Tears**

**Steady pouring
out**

**Beyond
recognition**

**Heart hanging
low**

**Pure
submission**

Still missing

**The sunshine
gone**

Ghostly cold

All alone

**Unlawful
words**

Refusing to lose

Feeling

What I had?

Forever vacant

Painted tears

Soul aching

**Destiny's
Voice**

We are mere
shadows of who
we desire to be

A place in time
moved by our
voice and mind

But look we never
find a place called
home

Pictures on a wall

A silent voice in
the blowing wind

Heard from a
distant whisper

Wait!

There it goes
again

Moving

Tapping toward
the future

Faint ...but truly
present


Refusing to die or
cry

Throughout its
journey of time

Destiny's voice
declined

-Change-

*I had a lot of
precious people
taking from me in
my child hood- I
begin developing a
sense of hate in my
heart. I loss even
more as a young
adult, it was very
painfully- the hate
grew more intensely.*

*I had so many
questions to ask
God- I wanted
everyone to feel my
despair. It wasn't
fair I told myself-
over and over again
I tried to heal my* 

STAPLES, BRUISES, AND CUTS

**Picture a heart
Glowing bright red
Showing signs of truth
Instead
Of being broken
Staples, bruises, and cuts
It chooses
To be free
Without chains or a key
Nothing to hurt it
Nothing to call it ugly
It's alive
Beating strong
Never knowing wrong
It sings
Innocent little songs
Don't forget that
Your heart is deep
Your heart is true
Your heart is purple, pink,
and sometimes blue
Your heart is rain
Your heart is fire
Your heart is passion
Your heart has desires
Your heart is time
Your heart is pain
Your heart has shed tears
Your heart has a name
Your heart is fearful
Your heart is bold
Your heart is a story**

**Your heart is a story untold
Your heart is pure
Your heart is misguided
Your heart is a diamond
Don't ever hide it**

The Naked Eye

**I'm not supposed to say I care for you
No matter how true it may be
My words are kept behind a glass of
thoughts
Caught up like blue head lights on a
highway
A couple days go by
A few hi and goodbyes
Occupy our worlds
But those eyes tell me why-
Why couldn't we have met in another
life time?
Maybe we did and don't remember
Like last December
Unprotected by leaves
You believe in love, but you're the
kind to find it in odd places
Making room for your heart and all
the hidden spaces
I don't want to own you-
Like some diamond on display
I don't know what I want to do
Such words get in the way
Even when I say nothing
Please don't trust it...it's all just a lie
Sometimes the realest things we see
Are only seen by the naked eye**

-Baby Food-

A stiff drink-
ice cubes floating in brown heaven
Afraid to think
A quarter to seven
Purple and pink wall paper
She said "do me a favor... don't ever
change"
I looked at her strange
As if her broken reflection could mirror
my mind
Was it time ?
To tell her who I really was
My T-shirt blood colored wine
If I died tomorrow, how would she feel
about my lifestyle ?
The one I smothered
Covered up- afraid to let anyone know
Didn't utter a word about
Left low
Buried deep in my heart
Never to show, again – about my friend
She sat there, edge of the bed, waiting...
I told her
"I'm not who you think I am"
Puzzling face
Truth be told, I'm not William Graham
On the contrary
I'm the guy who murdered him

He wasn't a nice guy
He didn't give a damn about anything
We grew up together
Whenever you saw him you saw me
He always had bad allergies
Trapped in the fallacies of ghetto analogies
Before I knew it – he had a gun
Treating pain and misery as if they were fun
Dodging cops
Living in abandon buildings
On the run
Dodging the sun
Giving the moon his heart
Warm liquor in his lungs
Dumb and young
Wild sex, crazy parties, loose women
Loving none
One night, sitting on a roof top in
New York, passing a new port
He said to me
" do you think about death ? "
I thought about it, blowing out
A deep breath, finishing the last
shot of liquor we had left.
I nodded " I think about it "
His face was seeking more before he
Said " if you died would anyone care ?
If you were sick in the hospital
who would be there ? "

I just stared
Watching how true his heart was
Within a blink of an eye
he pulled out his gun, and committed suicide
I tried to save his life
It was too late... he died
I cried – feeling like a part of me
died with him
Feeling as if I could have done more
said more, felt more, from my core
Or was I happy to be eating
Whole foods again ?
She sat there, edge of the bed, eyes
wide – like a baby

Savage Ways

By William S. Graham

You get off on trying to break me

Saying you'll take me to the hole as if that'll make me sale my soul

The cold stares from you are classic

Unreal emotions seeping through your veins -
as if your hearts were plastic

Elastic nerves come to the point of your pen

You rake your finger nails across my skin

Sharpen them up then do it again

The soul of tainted men are dipped in poison

My voice is something you fear

My words are something you hate

My actions are something you admire

But you still can't relate

Release dates are your worst

You hurt when others smile

Destroying anything that makes sense

Reckless like a child

You are a brand

or better yet

A crooked hand

Shook with a friendly smile

An unlawful plan

You understand

When we stand up ↑

It's your job to knock us down ↓

Losing the battle of humanity in the mirror

Forever watched by the clown

The sound of a man being torched is your pleasure

You try to measure your weight on my scale

Forced to realize the truth

That nobody won't say or tell

Jail, prison, and incarceration altogether is just a
circus form of getting paid

Eating off the back of others

Who really has savage ways?

"There's no excuse for us and no explanation for y'all
. . . one big circus . . . aren't we all "

William S. Graham

-Climbing-

Packed my backpack and went hiking
yesterday. The rocks were
merciless. The stones were heartless.
Heights too high. Air too thin.
I looked down to the ground, I couldn't
pretend- I wasn't scared. I kept
climbing,
with every inch gained I got stronger
in hear.
It began snowing out of nowhere, I
was freezing cold
I kept climbing though – no matter
what.
I never came back down-
success.

-Cell Phone-

I've never really been much of a
drinker until tonight.
I got fired from my job yesterday.
My boss said my attitude
was inappropriate conduct, so I
punched him in the mouth.
It took four security guards to
restrain me before throwing
me out the building. Luckily I came
home early and found
my wife in bed with my brother – I
started to shoot them both
but I digress. Not strong enough to
fight anymore
I just walked into the liquor store
and bought 2 bottles.
Later that night they found me dead
from alcohol poisoning-
a bum stole my cell phone.

-Anyway-

I went into a big house with a giant staircase.

A woman stood there crying, anyway, I bought the

house for 3 million dollars. The woman never left,

anyway, I jumped on the beds and made a lot of noise

inside each room. The woman told me “suffering builds

character”. I didn’t listen to her, breaking expensive

china dishes and fancy things among the household.

The female wouldn’t let me live a lie, she tried to tell

what I needed to know, but than again she was a ghost.

-Bane-

“Victory has defeated you”

Bane beat the hell out of Batman

“I was wondering what would break first...

Your spirit or your body”
The Dark Knight Rises

I couldn’t believe it, I just sat there about to cry.

Well not really I’ve always cheered for the villains.

Imagine if the Joker cared about winning- score board 10 to 3

-The Beginning-

I saw a man under a bridge
sleeping without a care in the
world
He smiled a royal smile at heart
as if he were an earl
His hair hanging mangled and
tangled
His coat having more holes than
golf
Beating his chest from a hard shot
of
liquor, but his eyes were soft
He didn't say a word
but then again there was no need
Looking down at the dingy sign
All I had to do was read
"How you start life will never
determine the ending
You judge with your eyes
but then again seeing is just
The Beginning"

-Bello-

Believe in these words
Holding them true and favorable to your
heart
A coalition of memories together
Common time couldn't tear us apart
Remarkable features.
Designed by the mind of you
Keeping our hearts pure as the ocean's
glow
and deep as the ocean's blue
The fathom of your thoughts
Hearing your voice through distant winds
I'll trade a lifetime of luxury for your love
again and
again
meeting you for the first time
With the simple words of saying hello
Looking directly into your eyes
Oh my God... bello

-Execution-

How can you shoot me?
without even knowing my name
Put weight on my shoulders
Break my entire frame
claim nothing
Know even less
You expect me to stress
Willingly grab my chest
Inquire me this
who here is a saint or maybe
a priest ?
Separating the good from the bad
Just to say the least
Keeping those black vials pulled
down
What a beautiful solution ?
Greeting cards to the ones that
knew me deeply
Before my execution

-In August-

Call me crazy times
as the leaves fall
Embracing the ground
all that is autumn changes
Temporary times pass
last chances to dive into a pile
of leaves flash
The old pigskin gets its fair spin
Leaving stuffed children resting in the
den
To tell stories
Reminiscing on the times fairly gone
Ghostly impressions make the back
yard seem
like a stage
Simmer down everyone
for the house becomes a broken stir
The dog under the staircase
and the cat licks it fur

In August

A man puts a mask on his face- walks into a bank, and pulls out a gun. He yells "alright, give me all the money!" The clerk gives him a bag full of cash, and he instantly runs out of the bank. After a few minutes a customer laying on the floor whispers to the clerk" aren't you going to call the police?"

She says "no that's not necessary, that guy was just our manager Jeff- he does this every week or so."

The Hamster Wheel



I'm not a laboratory animal

Some handsome hand puppet to be shown to the kids at show and tell

What you show them is false

What you tell them are lies

You know this very well

Being the hand on the wheel and all

Hand out, hand over hand, hand and foot if need be

Making sure I don't take a stand ~

Against the wheel

Against the man

Against the natural order of things

Against the plan

Am I obligated to run?

Having fun everytime the wheel turns

You turn a blind eye

My turn to try

We are not plural pets

Indirect or made to sweat

On your hamster wheel of threats

and past regrets

William S. Graham

     Close To You

**I take a step
Beyond words and forbidden expectations
A face like no other I say
(Painting you elegant) within my heart
Each hour
Of 🕒
Each day
Even this one to
Combined with a smile 😊
I want to hear your voice 🗨️
Resting deeply on the heels of clouds
I fly in your world 🗨️
Leaping over building frames with ease
Holding time in the palm of my hands 🤲
Let me save you please
Another step
Keeping such bonds golden and forever true
I look at you
Stare at you 🗨️🗨️
Vital like air
Another step 🗨️
I'm there
Close to you 🗨️
Like I want to be, forever and constantly
True**

By William S. Graham 🗨️

-Write or Die

**I MUST WRITE
I MUST ASK MYSELF
WHY MUST I WRITE?
A COMICAL RELIEF
DRAWING IN INKLESS NETS
LETTING WORDS DANCE OVER MY BRAIN
WILD NATIVE AMERICANS BY CAMP FIRE
FREE TO EXPRESS THEMSELVES
OPEN LAND
I SHOUT FROM MOUNTAINS TOPS
WHAT ARE YOU WRITING!
A VOICE ECHOES BACK
CAN'T TELL YOU!
AFRAID I MIGHT ST^{ea} MY OWN IDEAS
HAVING A SEAT NEXT TO DESTINY
LIFE IS A TRAIN STATION
"HOW FAR YOU GOING?" I ASK
NO ANSWER IS NEEDED
WHEN THE GAVEL IS SLAMMED
SENTENCED TO WRITE OR DIE**

**"WHENEVER YOU FIND YOURSELF THE JUDGE AND JURY OF
YOUR PASSIONS YOU'LL KNOW YOU WERE DESTINE TO DO IT FOT
LIFE"**

**I WAS BORN IN THE DARK.... Afraid of the light
Closing my eyes as it hurt so much
I seen myself fall
Unaware of my proper means to destroy flowers, and everything all
A curfew for my thoughts
Lacking the combination to the vault
Casting myself in a play called me
Nothing was taught
Life and the memory faded fast
I ran as fast as I could in my mind, but I got caught
Arrested and thrown in jail
Or should I say darkness
I felt right at home-
Like a paintbrush to an artist
Drawing out my ideas on paper
No friends... just a few pens, and pencils if needed
Adjusting to the dark even deeper
Forgetting what a year was
Or what a tear from an eye looked like
See the thing about the darkness is ...we've been brain wash by the
public to hate purpose
Lacking enlightenment and culture as well
Gloomy...concealed ...secret
Sinister... in darkness we dwell
Exhibiting or stemming from evil characteristics
Nightfall
Absence of light or clarity
Sullen or threading
In a state of ignorance
Well, that's interesting
As I reflect on my past mind, and past ways...force to say
I use to care what people thought about me
Afraid to just be
Open my eyes and see
A heart that's pure
A soul that's deep
A touch that's warm
A mind that doesn't sleep
A set of eyes that see
Two ears that hear
A tongue that doesn't lie
A spirit that fears
A second of years
Broken concrete tears
The light begins to appear*
It tells me to think
- brightly as a star burns**

- **unconcerned about being judged by the ones who aren't concerned...about me**
- **The man of character now**
- **A man of true depth**
- **A man with tender care in his heart**
- **A man willing to take that step**
- **Showing myself**
- **Beauty...love...understanding...wisdom...knowledge...and care**
- **As I stare into the light of new day**
- **I can't help but say**
- **"I'm not perfect but I constantly work on the elements of my detained heart**
- **Believe me when I tell you, I graduated to the light of mind, but I was born in the dark**

By William S Graham

"We are flawed because we always want so much more; we are ruined because when we get these things we only wish we had what we had before"

Enrichment

"Everything that is anything must first be nothing before it becomes something"

I like to call this the butterfly syndrome. That's where we are born something that crawls, but are transformed into someone that flies. We as humans tend to overlook this notion in fact. A caterpillar is something that is hailed as a worm in our society, but a butterfly is to be marveled at and appreciated.

If a caterpillar landed on your arm would you not knock it off or be startled at first glance? Why is that I question? Are they not of the same entity? The caterpillar enriched its lifestyle by taking the most valuable element on the face of this earth...time...and using it the fullest capacity. In due time everything that is something will be nothing at one point in time in its life, but by recognizing and enriching self it becomes as it should be. A lion is born a lion, but a butterfly is not born a butterfly. It has to go through so much in order to become a butterfly. No one sees the means of its struggle, but looks

at it with envy or admiration in their eyes once it becomes a butterfly. As humans it is our job to dig down deep and enrichment our lives. If we don't know our true worth than how can we ever measure our deepest limits? To buy a car and never wash it or do any maintenance work on it is just simply asking for to be destroyed. By doing these simple things to the car it gives the car what many like to call collateral... or better yet let's just say enrichment.

Glass

A sudden glare through a fainted window
You saw me in perfect form
Unbroken
Untainted by the mental storm
Promising a reflection to myself
Expressing love beyond the likes of time
A discussion with deaf ears in your presence
I'm sure they wouldn't mind
Stones, rocks, and rogues
All... defrauding what we believe to be true
Thrown with hate and speed combined
Breaking the bonds of glue
An artistic romance-
Extended by the dance of paint
A canvas within canvas
The sinners save the saints
Yes we may shatter... break...and even suffer the hands of a proper
smash
Preparing to do battle with any faces who reach out in vain
Trust me... we are glass

**“Those who don't study the past are doomed to repeat it”
Wouldn't you agree that if a man can see his future he'll be more implied to watch his every move more carefully? Looking back on my past mistakes, and pitfalls I ask myself does one grow to fully understand the elements of true change? I use to hear the word change and tell myself that most people only use this word to describe what they believe to be true. Not knowing that the definition of change is the process which has the power to effect one's perspective on life.**

False Idols

**You're not God
You control minds
The only place you can exist
A nice car to a blind man
A loud stereo to a deaf woman
You keep running
Trying to keep up with the latest
Always fading- along with the greatest
Like the name of an outdated musician
I use to listen to
Until I found out you don't write your own stuff
Sitting on the shelf of time
Collecting dust
While you're at it
Please tell us
How did you get so fake?
No candles on your birthday cake
But you rake in the rewards
Dodging swords of hate
Amazingly how false idols survive don't you think?
We cry funerals
I do it to
Not so much nowadays-but I use to
Telling people I love them as if I were born in Hollywood or
something
Twenty kisses on every cheek
Rosy
It's all good
If I could I would save the world-but I can't so I just smile and shine
boots for a living
Passing out Christmas gifts at Thanksgiving
Saying happy birthday to those who knew me well
When I had a soul
When I was whole
Before I went to jail
Distant mailing addresses
Laughing as it messes with my mind
Seems like everybody's too busy to be busy-
To go to hell and find(false idols)**

Momma he did time...

With his patience sitting on a ledge

**Barely hanging on to the lost expressions
Captured in a bottle and sent out to sea
Swimming in those same emotions they had at
court for me
Index fingers pointing at his personality
He endured the world in the back of his mind
Keeping his mentality strong as the on-lookers
pestered his deepest concerns
Burning holes through those high price tennis
shoes
Keeping his mind occupied on a world
elsewhere from here
The hill of devastation
Yeah, he tripped and fell a few times
Wiping the metaphoric dirt from his eyes
They long to see him crawl, beg, plea, scrape,
and scratch to be free
He just smiled
Kings don't know how to wallow
Simply trading today's rain in now
For the sunshine tomorrow
There it stood, on his release date to freedom
Smiling ...waiting for a kiss and a hug way past
due
Yeah, momma he did time...but you know
what?
He made it back to you**

Tomorrow Problems

**Visions of such forgot ton memories
Sunlight behind the horizons
A true glass heart to be
Trapped in a room full of floating stones
Destine to remain shattered and broken
Impeached from the throne
Painfully, I separate myself from myself
The mirror never lies
Seeing your true identity now
Hidden behind the coldest eyes
We can only dodge so many bullets
With every fatal blow that's dealt
Knowing how this will end
When the shooter is myself
Running is always an option
True problems are destine to follow
With a delightful little grin
Saying "don't worry My Friend, I'll see you
tomorrow"**

**I've always felt like my life was a movie. Characters
in costumes, actors on grand stages, and bright light
attitudes surrounded me growing up.
As humans, we seem prone to drama in our lives, we
flock to it, simply need it to clarify us in some odd
way.**

**Promises
Are like sailboats
Floating toward the morning sun
A gust of wind sweeping through quiet lungs
Open for business
Tomorrow
I'll use power words instead
Describing what it feels like
Eating molded bread
Breaking promises
The reflection of faces seem lodge in a place of thinking
Quicksand to the heart
, and slowly you begin sinking
Leaving no room to breathe
As if anything else would be allowed
Make a promise
Break a promise
I PROMISE YOU THIS NOW**

BY William S. Graham

To question why we make promises is the fruits of knowing why we must eat. I believe we make promises to reassure our subconscious minds that the words we are saying have merit to them. When I was younger I thought if I made a promise it would validate my statement a lot more, but I question why? In my mind I imagine the effects being the same, but nonetheless that doesn't change how I view this matter. The sailboat is a metaphor letting us know that once the promise has been made we watch it float away with a promise ,or should I say a sense of hope that it'll come back one day. Amazing how promises mean more to children than adults, especially when you consider how they view the world. I believe a promise should be honored when made, or shouldn't be made at all. Heres where I contradict myself in saying making a promise is the judge of the sentence we could never finish, but somehow we make our way to the courthouse with high hopes.

I had an Easter suit when I was 9 nine years old. It was purple with gold button on the jacket.

I fear that I have to start back wearing suits now, I'm 31 years old and purple is not my favorite color. I don't want to be one of those grown men who doesn't own a suit, having to barrow one from an adult. Never knowing how to tie a neck tie- just a slue of tennis shoes and play clothes. But when I die bury me in my pajamas- I'm still a rebel at heart (don't tell my mom, her name is bunny.)

Edge

Where souls go to die ?

Where eyes ask why ?

And cry from pain

Where nothing remains the same ?

Where people try to change ?

Get mad, and blame others for their short coming

Where hearts break fast ?

Where nothing seems to last ?

Where you ask but never get ?

Then you forget why you asked in the first place

Where love goes unspoken ?

Where faith is like an ocean ?

Where emotions leave you open ?

Where everything is chosen ?

Everything but your fate

Where time forgives you ?

Where you escape ?

Escape to the edge

Hope I Never Stop Smiling

**Even in the mist of pain
I find myself a smile
I don't think life is a joke or anything
It's just hard to get me down
I could be broken ...never defeated
I could die...being heavenly greeted
With a smile
From an angel telling me to stay awhile
Tears are treated as weapons
Used only when necessary
Of course the cloud-like burdens upon my mental state
Become hard to carry
I dig a ditch...bury them in my soul
Hoping to rise above the madness of a lifestyle
Better served cold
My emotions aren't for the public eye
Their locked away in my own personal file
So when you ask me what's wrong with me?
I say nothing...and smile**

Support

Holding on to what we have in a place that won't let you have anything
Plenty tears, plenty years, plenty pain
As the enemy rains down on love
We are blind turtle doves
Flying toward a purpose called Horizon
Never hiding from the past
Holding on to what we have in a place that only knows how to take
Plenty distress, plenty neglect, plenty hate
As many try to escape the gate of fate
Goals are thrown away
Limits are secretly set
Responsibility takes a back seat to obligation
Afraid of the common threat
A thousand regrets
Still holding on to what we have in a place where everyone has nothing... but they say they have everything
Now they take, now they hate, now they laugh
Disregarding fate
...and relating to pain
Unaware of what we have

By William S. Graham

I believe support is the gift of positive energy giving to the soul without recognition of its existence. We as humans are stronger or become stronger through the believe of others, meaning if we know someone believes in us we'll do our best in whatever task or goal we're attempting. For example: the football player who invites his mom and dad to come watch him play is the most astonishing player on the field that day. That's how strong the power of believe is, by supporting someone in their darkest or most beautiful highlights of their lives you gain their love and undying sense of appreciation. They ordain you their purpose to do whatever comes from that likeness.

Support

Who are you is a question... answered by me with the following words said. You are a platform raised up high, separating you from the rest. I'll meet you at the highest level of your greatest achievements because I know that's where you truly belong, and quiet as kept you know this as well. "Nothing changes if nothing changes," and this quote doesn't fit us because we are fighters. Matter fact I have a richer word that describes us. We are warriors. A warrior defines a purpose by the limits of their sacrifice and dedication. Look at the depths of what we've endured and overcame, and tell me the true strength of our greatest statute. As you read this passage with every aspect of my greatest ability to see you succeed I ask you to look into yourself, and come

back out with the power bestowed upon you to do everything that you lay eyes to. Your true measurements are limited by the thoughts of your deepest endeavors.” So a man thinks therefore he is” You are a warrior who can’t stomach defeat on any level, and I support you by any means necessary.

THE DEATH OF SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL

Some people accept their habitat, emotions, and appearances while others reject their entire existence. I believe the experiences of life affect the mental capabilities beyond our comprehension. By knowing how to spot the signs of depression give us a profound way of approaching our love ones or the people who suffer from this disease. I believe some humans have to be lost in to order to find themselves. Looking at our live from a grand scale perspective it becomes our duty to navigate the path. By being able to see what needs to ~~be done~~ at the right point in time ~~is~~ a perfect sense of direction. Everyone searches for direction in one way or another. Like they always say “a rebel without a cause is a sad sight to see.” I started this passage off with a thought that lingered in my brain, asking ~~this~~ question: what are we if our own shadows don’t claim us? I believe the answer to that question lies in the actions of the person.

THE DEATH OF SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL

From the apple tree it fell
A bad seed out of the batch
Growing roots from the ground
An itch no one could scratch
Reattached from everyday life
Pointing fingers at the last sore thumb
Hating apple pie with a true passion
As if it forgot where it came from
Narrow minded prisoner of forgotten times
Limited to the corruption of a lost show
Paralyzed by the element of surprise
Wondering why it couldn’t grow
Precisely a boundary that was left untied
The undertaker of life and love
At the funeral we all cried
When something beautiful died... and went above

By William S. Graham

Tell Me about Love Mommy

“Love is a puppet master
As we hang by strings and such things as emotions
Clouding our judgment with past, present, and future times to come
Nonetheless we try to love
Drunk off intoxicated memories
Foreign to facts
Refusing to look back
On certain tendencies
Enemies...friends...or those who pretend to care
About love of course
Flowing outwardly deep
Hoping to claim our emotions as property
We are weak
But strong in virtue
Unjudged for our flaws
Time having no place to get warm
In the arms of love
We call it a thousand lost treasures unfound”

Admitting Failure

Don't erase me yet
Said the wrong answer on the test
Rushing to get it done
Deep breaths into my lungs
I'm ready now
Thus such pressure
I slowly begin to sweat...a loaded gun
I didn't study
Can't even say I tried
Instead I lied to myself and the reflection knows it to
You had love in your heart back when
Paying rent on an empty apartment called commitment
Unforgiveable sin
You became greedy again... and again... and again
Destroying a lover and a friend from within
You are neon lights
Seen from afar
A star of your own show
How bizarre

By William S. Graham

"Fly"

I have been set free.

Because deep down in my soul theirs a
bird that lives
in me, But not just any bird but a great
phoenix born to rule the throne.

And I promise you it won't be long until I fly
home,

no one to hold me down

and no more concrete walls to
see,

Because I'm about to fly like the bird I was
born to be,

Soaring high and feeling free,
no more cage doors with matching
keys,

Just pretty clouds is what I see,
So why won't you come fly home with
me, to our destiny.

The faux

Don't be fooled

Tying a *self righteous* anchor

to your feet

falling deeper than deep

While the others *sit* around

Not making a peep

Scared of the *pressure*

Every time

they break

you feel bad

as if you made them weak

No way-not at all

you don't get to cry

While the eyes of the *strong*

remain dry

far from being broken

by the means of *fate*

Thank you for being *so damn fake*

Twisted Words

Our tongues are wicked little creatures

Dropping F bombs from planes on countries less fortunate than us

We fight fuss and cuss -

with words of hate

"Go to hell!"

We say

Condemning others with kindness

Blind to the minus signs in our minds

Monsters who create lies

to coincide

With our business suits

Or maybe its the truth

with envious eyes

Can't you hear them now?

Begging to be heard

Telling you about these words

Invalid and wise

We tell ourselves

"I won't be taken alive"

Broken and deprived

It speaks to us

in voices

Each one careless to hear

Holding our souls back from laughing

and covering our ears

From twisted words

William S. Graham

The Invisible Woman

**Every woman feels invisible at certain times
Watching as people walk by her like an
unpublished book
Her soul is hard to find
No one even stops to look
The views of her mind are elegant, tenacious,
and beautiful to humble eyes
She is the air that is needed, but not easily
seen
Her war is to rumble wise
Some guys are jackals of thoughts-
Never considering the beauty of her ideas or
purpose
The mystery in her eyes reads as an unbroken
view, but nonetheless, she is at your service
I told her I could see her
Behind every wall
Behind every broken heart to be
I understand that you are a true beauty in the
flesh
But never invisible to me**

WILLIAM S. GRAHAM

How One Is Raised

Would you agree that most parents simply don't know how to reach out. They search for ways to connect with their children but don't fully understand the definition of perseverance. Getting frustrated is a normal emotion when it comes to dealing with any and every kid that graces God's green earth. Remember that you were that same kid at one point in time, but something or someone forced you to grow up. I remember when I was younger my aunt would say to me "don't ever forget to respect your elders and be polite in public." I was showed manners, table edification, hygienical enlightenment and moral characteristics as a child.

Everything that surrounds your child has a way of helping or hurting their future. As we see the fundamentals of such grieving actions it's our sole duty to approach, question, and eliminate these actions with distilled wisdom.

Please remember every kid is different, but every kid feels misunderstood as you once did.

By taking a special well needed approach toward what is said done and thought gives (you) the parent a close perspective on what path your child is focus on.

"Don't lose the battle of fighting for your child"

Thank you Aunt Sulvia

Beauty Is A Hobby

Do Not Scam
Please !!