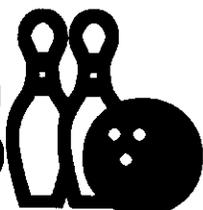


**Violins  and  
Bowling  
pins **

**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 ~

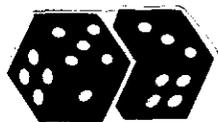
To my brothers and I

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

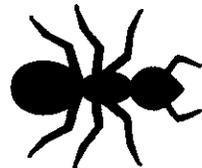
The Frye Family

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<sup>ea</sup> 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 coarse  
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 !!