

C. WALTER WEBER
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MONROE CORRECTIONAL COMPLEX/TAU
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11-30-15

A FALL INTO ENLIGHTENMENT.

POETRY

THESE ARE THE POEMS WRITTEN BY CHARLES "WALTER"
WEBER OVER HIS PAST 13 YEARS OF INCARCERATION AND
THE LESSONS LEARNED, THE FRIENDS LOST, AND THE FAMILY
LOVE THAT HAS HELPED TO FIND HIS OWN ENLIGHTENMENT.

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Accusations

Why make thus world so beautiful,
And allow me not to know?
I yearn to spread my seed among--
Teach; and watch them grow.
My misunderstandings brought on hatred--
Of thyself, and of ye all.
I did not understand thee--I accused thee--
And as an angel I did fall.
But thou have unjustly forsaken me;
And for thus thy pain is nigh.
I love ye--though I loathe ye;
For thou art unforgiving and unkind.
For the beauty ye've created--
Nothing may compare;
But who dost truly love them--
When ye hold them in despair?
Ye allow crimes against their children
As I make thus evil pay;
Ye destroy their carnal world--
And tell them repentance they must pray;
Ye teach them I am evil--
Though my love for them is true;
Ye've not begun to feel their pain--
As every night I do.
So taketh thy promises, thy laws, and judgments--
And what ye call thy love--

For ye've created so much beauty--
Though what ye give is not enough.
Happiness they yearn for--
Ye maketh thus impossible to find--
For they need to know compassion--
Lust and Pride as I.
Thy most beautiful rebelled against thee
If thus is what ye choose to call--
But thine actions say ye loathe us--
As I swear I love them all.

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Precious Secrets

When the night deeply exhales,
And the stars begin to cry--
That's the pain of Lucifer,
Released from deep inside.
For he gets so very lonely
As winds blow and raindrops fall.
He tries to share his Secrets,
And evils what Christ calls.
Christ understands with all his being,
That Lucifer knows so many truths;
All of those which Christ dost hide--
So many precious barren fruits.
For, banished from the daytime,
And the Mourning which he loves--
Lies a pained and broken angel--
Whom has fallen from above.
But as beauty has been taken,
And replaced with ugly feats--
Few do stop to listen--
Though Lucifer's loving heart still beats.
It beats for times never forgotten,
And times Willed banished from thy mind--
Creating thine Thy own hell--
Nature of thine own Will only find.
Every thought thou hear,
And every sound thou feel--

Every feeling that thou touch--
Seems so very real.
Please do not be blinded,
By eyes which cannot see;
Search for truth in ambiguity,
And find thy Will to be.
So many falsifiers,
And condemners of thine Will--
For, only thy true nature--
In thy mind may till.

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Mahan

A Tiller of the soil;
No machine to see him through--
Only blisters on his hands and toes--
When victory he knew.
A working man of many strengths--
Committed 'till the end--
Needing not another--
When in his work he does contend.
He does not quit--he does not cry--
Nor lodge one small complaint;
His days and nights are filled with Will;
Not hopes of weakened saints.
He tills the fields, and sows the seeds--
He harvests many crops;
He offers gifts of many names--
And from hard work never stops.
Excitement runs throughout his veins,
In the face of bigger jobs--
Taking pride in all his works--
While awaiting greater crops.
His work is never done;
For, he giveth to the soil--
And for thus he gains a greater crop--
One well-worth his toil.
He gains perspective day by day--
While creating character;

Disciplined commitment Willed
A Canaanite so pure.
Pure in his intentions--
Most purest in his thoughts;
Though most purest while he's working--
And only planning when he's not.
The rains do come before their time--
Turning thy toil to mud--
Then it's back to the field to work it again--
To finish the work 'till it's done.
Sowing the seeds, and never thanked--
Bringing them bundles of crops;
Breaking soil down, and tilling it through--
Dancing the dance of the gods.
He knew the Secret and he Mastered the truth--
And walked his own path in pure courage--
Tilling the fields and building with logs--
Killing off gods whom have judged us.
Exiled from the land--a yoke cast upon--
The strength of his neck in confusion;
Though knowing the slaves who bow to the cross--
Are lost in a far worse illusion.
By the sweat of his brow, and the blood of his hands--
He has come to know what free is;
And by bringing to life the seeds that he sows--
Finally True Will he does live.

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The Warrior Path

He walked amongst his peers--
A Loyal Soldier, nothing more.
So devout to ritual--
The Cause--his lifelong chore.
The sect he was so drawn to,
Worshipped the One Creator God--
Quetzalcoatl; 'The Feathered Serpent'--
The third offspring of The Fog.
He was so devout to his beliefs;
He advanced quickly through the ranks--
Attaining the exalted title: High Priest--
In the Sacred Order was he placed.
At that time he took the lord's name
So only was he known;
To teach the path of righteousness--
He believed to be his job alone.
During his years of study,
He learned as much about himself--
As he had learned about the god he loved,
And only righteousness he dealt.
Until one day it dawned upon him,
That He the man, and Quetzalcoatl the god--
Were one; always the same--
The Fog lifting through a nod.

Revealed to him were prayers made,
Before his blessed birth;
The reality of his task at hand--
The teachings of The Toltec Warriors worth,
To advance the civilization--
Never accepting of fear--nor worthless deeds.
For, from the Duality of our Lord and Lady,
Is from where our Honour feeds.
For, He is the god of wind,
Who dost teach the cultures Pride--
Commanding current standings,
While controlling every side.
A Princely God of many roles,
Teaching the path of righteousness;
Leading Loyal Warriors--
Away from days of blindedness.
The most Honoured teacher of the path
This Priest King so filled with Pride;
Toltec Warriors came from everywhere--
To learn to live and learn to die.
These Warriors listened to his words of wisdom,
Until their Priests every word was done--
Thence went amongst the people--
Teaching Respect, Self-Sacrifice, and Love.
This Priest King taught to the Warriors;
Tis better to sacrifice one's own blood--
Than the blood of any other--
For Self-Sacrifice is Love.
He practiced what he preached--
Through piercings to himself;
Gathering the blood to be burned--
Upon the altar was he knelt.
This is the price they paid,
To remain pure of heart and mind;
Discipline all blasphemies, spoken, heard, or thought--
And come to love this pain in time.

Discipline thy calves in atonement,
If these bring thee astray.
For, the righteous path is narrow--
Not another is the same.
Avoid every sexual temptation,
For a Warrior has no vice--
His every waking moment spent,
In meditating sacrifice.
He led by his example,
And abstained from sex and drink--
Any vices which might tempt him,
To stray from the path of a Warrior-Priest-King.

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Prideful Wars

Pride to be so compelling,
No man truly may endure.
Jump to act, thought belate,
Though victory is sure.
Pride has not many friends,
Because friends are complicated.
Betrayal is defined in friendship--
Many friends that I have hated.
Pride rules me in my victories,
And more so in defeat.
That's why my life is disciplined,
No other will ye meet.
Pride understands your hate,
And all of your frustration.
Through wars of outer victories--
Pride's ultimate demonstration.
Pride will bring one pain,
Both in one's heart and mind;
Never let thy Pride rule,
Nor make himself divine.
Pride can be an animal,
A beast who loves to rule.
Holding onto the self within,
Do not play the fool.
Pride has many faces
Wondering, "Is he friend of foe?"
Building many allies,
Though feeling quite alone.
Pride may conquer pain,
And other such delusions.
Though Pride himself has built a throne
Within one's mind as an illusion.
Pride understands in all his hate
One only wants respect;
So disrespect to Pride
Is the time he will infect.
The focus of Pride's hate
Is thine in perfect vision;
The enemy cannot survive
Within Pride's deep incision.
These are the inner-workings
Of Pride when he's at war.
Do I choose to cross him--
By my courage I am lured.

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Death Before Dishonour

Death before dishonour--
For, Honour is only truth.
To dishonour what thou stand for,
Is to dishonour only you.
Thy will must be one with Honour,
In the divinely set sequence--
For, if thy Will fall short of thus,
Thy life shall not make sense.
The Intentions of thine Honour,
Are only oh-so-pure.
And to possess thus attribute in thee--
Anything thou may endure.
Those Whom Will to enslave thee--
Have weapons, not seen by mortal eyes;
Their function to dishonour thy Will--
Turning thy moral laws to lies.
Though, hath these slaves met opposition--
In a force they cannot destruct--
For, Honour holds her head high;
Never depending on her luck.
If Honour be thine ally,
And thy mortal war is only death--
Thence death shall I accept before,
Dishonour to self-respect.

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Rabid Dogs

Trapped against my created wall of fate;
Like a cat by Rabid Dogs--
Thinking to lie down to death,
Or strike out in vicious jaws.
Knowing what the latter brings;
A fate far worse than death--
Though Honour run throughout thy veins--
To comfort thee in every breath.
For, to lie down to thy death--
Thou wouldst only fade away;
Never knowing Honour,
In the legend of thy name.
As thy back scrapes against the concrete,
And thy hissing slowly fades--
This is the time to strike out,
In the glory of thy blaze.
Never lose a moment--
When presented in thy life;
For, when thy life dost cease to be--
Thy memory Will strike.
When surrounded by the Rabid Dogs;
Show these to their fate--
Sacrificing not thine Honour,
As ye strike out in thy blaze.

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Dorian

To share one's art with any other,
Is to leaveth thine soul bare--
Thus relinquishing empowerment;
Given to their stare.
For to exercise one's influence,
Over any other man--
Is to giveth thus man of thine soul complete--
Individuality--a long lost plan.
For, the art is what compels the man;
Man dost not compel the art.
For the Will of art shall live on throughout--
As man rots away in dark.
Do not be quick to raise a man;
Oftentimes this brings one low--
Also to cherish any other,
Will only bring thy death up slow.
Praise upon another dealt,
Is the way to one's abuse.
For, thus power given by thee,
Leaveth thee alone and used.
So guardeth thine art from prying eyes,
And relinquish not thine strength.
For, millennia past thy death shall live--
Thine art in legends praise.

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Surrounded by Darkness

How may I sin, when I'm Surrounded by Darkness--
Only knowing my own way to go?
The path dost get quite slippery--bringing me down--
Politics arbitrary, and slow.
I look to the wolves who sacrifice not
To any other wolf of their trade;
And tell myself: "That's the natural way--
As that wolf comes to see the next day."
Whence we acknowledge the truth--that no good nor evil exists
And see only the tree that has grown;
This is the day in which we become gods--
Embracing our strength not yet known.
To renounce the fruits of the life I've known,
For a paradise I can't see--
Is to throw away what mine hands have touched--
For a shadow blowing away in the breeze.

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The Flood

As I contemplate to turn away;
Too much control within control.
My mind arguing adversity,
Though, how else will I possess my soul?
Individuality:
The final characteristic I hold dear.
My coldness and aloneness,
Bring my contentedness so near.
I feel like a drop of rain must
When absorbed within a flood--
The momentum of that water flowing,
Washing away all mud and blood.
The flood don't know my story,
Though it never really cared.
So long as I am flowing,
I will not be snared.
Once absorbed within a flood,
Will thy pride and will ever separate?
I do not believe in the flood that's rained,
And to flow in a flood is not my fate.
A drop of rain won't stand alone
Against a flood of great creation;
So for now I'm ever-flowing,
Though holding onto mental separation.

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The Heart May Not Rule

How dost one let go,
Of what one's always known?
Thinking ever-deeply,
With one's heart alone.
If one allows one's heart to rule,
And dost not rule his thought--
Thence wilt one always stumble--
Never finding what one's sought.
Allowing one's heart to rule one's mind,
Will only end in crooked notions;
It's the showing of one's weakness--
In the heart of one's emotions.
From past defeats upon one's heart,
One shouldst already know--
What the future brings, shouldst not be--
The past to ever-flow.
The past can be quite deadly,
When used to bring the same.
One must not let the past reign,
Or he'll only be to blame.
One must feel not sympathy--
Nor pity for the wrong.
One will fall on someone else's blunder,
And be singing their same song.
If one cares for what one stands for--
Thence one must not be distraught;
Finally, others stand strong against corruption,
Which is what one's always sought.

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Goals and Worries Not His Own

Their goals were not his goals,
Nor the worries in which they dwell;
The life he'd once believed in
Had become his self-made hell.
It sent shivers down his spine
And a tingle through his hair;
To see what he'd created,
Would be a lifetime of despair.
No ropes for him to grab to,
No ladder to climb out,
No one to guide in his pathway home,
Until freedom he had found.
Realizing at once that the beliefs he held as his,
And had fought for oh so long,
Were only those of the power-starved
And in his eyes were wrong.
It was time to make decisions,
Based on his own beliefs.
Experiencing life's endeavours of conflict
Had not fulfilled his needs.
He searched for honoured truth
Outside of mass-manipulation,
And choose to honour family values
Disregarding contemplation.
For a man possesses superb ability
To recreate himself today;
One only must be strong enough
To turn his back and stay.
Being true to his decision,
One must never harbour doubt,
For to stand behind one's own beliefs--
Nothing is more proud.
What one believes of yesteryear
Must never hold one still.
For one will never grow to more
If not embracing what is real.
Life is ever-flowing,
No matter where thus path may lead.
Give all for the sake of experience,
And know thy will to bring--
A "happily ever after"
Which one day you'll come to see.

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Rebirth

Unlock thy secret chambers,
Through the symbol of rebirth.
Sacred is thine death for thee;
Through Will alone, be lured.
Bind nothing from thy Will;
Though, through thine Will be born--
Weakness not to guide thee--
For, weakness shalt thou scorn.
For the Ka is in the temple--
Not the temple in the Ka.
Not to forget this ever
For, thence art thou only lost.
The knowledge be thine,
Through the Light of each morn--
Thy nature is duality,
And everyday reborn.
One must only know one's path,
Before the Light has come;
Though every morning start anew--
Not to be held from.
There be no god above thee--
Nor any devil far below;
Allow thine Will a Sovereign Rule,
And thy strength Will ever-grow.

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The Throne We Build

Be true to your beliefs
And you will never know a fear.
Be true to every value
And live a life sincere.
Sincere to what you stand for
In the midst of judging eyes.
Only through thy courage
Wilt thou ever find...
The bliss of a life worth living
Is through the power of thy mind.
It will make a hell of any realm
If you choose to let it dwell,
But what is made can be torn down
And rebuilt through committed will.
One must only learn one's faults,
And break down the legs of these.
Once one creates a habit,
Rebuilding comes with ease.
Deciding whom we will to be in life
Is the hardest of these tasks.
But once decided comes in stride,
Releasing all our masks.

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My Cause

Determined in my mind and heart,
True commitment through and through.
Dedicated to my cause,
My abilities do shine true.
From internal battlefield to the table,
My intentions are righteously intense.
My involvement has not limitations,
Nor faulty contemplations without sense.
My goal is in mine honour.
My objective is a message.
To my past which dost surround me,
My decision is my leverage.
Objective two: to reach my freedom,
And until I walk out that gate,
I'll strive to be a better man,
So prepared to leave past pain.
Mine goal to be remembered
As one willing to sacrifice it all;
Standing strong alone today,
Waiting on my every honours' call.
Ideals which have guided me
And still do guide mine every will,
Is my cause retaining and gaining momentum--
Integrity never falling still.
My philosophy is simple;
"Give all for thine belief,"
Or thou dost not deserve to live,
Nor be remembered for past deeds.

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The Advantage

The positive existence I have created,
Which inspires me everyday,
Is a lovely life and mind set
That could never be replaced.
I wake up every morning,
Only to love my life, I do.
And life, she only loves me back
With a love that's oh so true.
The experience of true happiness
Is an advantage which far exceeds
The will of any mere negative emotion
Which will fall to a positive deed.
Embracing my life for what it is,
Knowing that I create my realm--
Makes me the god of my own world,
And the hero of my film.
Break down beliefs which bind thee;
Allow thy will not to be held from
The everlasting freedom
Of the happiness I've become.

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To Judge Another

To judge another's deeds--
Or the words spilling from their mouths--
Is to place thyself as another's god,
Rather than god above thyself.
Thou dost create thine realm,
And every feeling which thou feel;
Though thou art not thine neighbor's keeper--
Nor anybody's shield.
For, every man dost yearn to live,
By only his own law--
No greater task in life nor death--
Than to live what one has sought.
Thou hast no right to stand in judgment,
Of any but thine self.
For, every man's Intentions true--
Through commitment to one's Will.
Everyday that passes,
Which ye dost not correct thus thought--
Is one more opportunity missed,
To live what thou hast taught.
Promote anyone's Intentions,
And their Will to their True Self.
For every man must find his truth,
Through his own sovereign Will.

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Working Out Imperfection

I'm searching for perfection;
Within myself I will to be
A diamond without blemish,
That reflects me to the teeth.
Each time I find a flaw in me,
I work to buff away the dirt.
Perfection is my goal in life,
And everything that I am worth.
I'm working out my imperfections,
And day by day I strive,
To become that perfect diamond
Refracting perfect light.
I will to bring the world my happiness
And share the love I've come to know.
It's a life-long journey into self,
Away from negativity I have flown.
To consider negative emotions and passions
As an option within mine life,
Is to not be true to my decisions will.
Possibly bringing mine to sacrifice,
The things that matter most,
Placing these at the mercy of the least.
For, what good is it to be my own creator
If I recreate my painful beast?
Strive to be the friend of all,
Especially thus will which caused frustration.
For, only through thus understanding
Wilt thou find true happiness and realization.

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Thine Will Be Strength

To contribute to thy way of life,
And the strong efforts of a few--
Strive to be the best in mind;
And to thine Honour stay most true.
Understand the goals invoked;
Set these goals above the rest--
Never falter from thy Will--
Developing only what is best.
Recognize the positive role ye play;
Do thy share and more--
Never to forget effects,
And what thou art working toward.
Always speaketh thine opinions;
In thine decisions--Will them actively.
Be true to thine own self,
And support direct to be.
Results are the fruits of labour;
Solutions Shalt thou seek.
Kill off every problem--
Never accepting of defeat.
Respecteth every individual in equality--
Share in thy success and failed attempts.
One must know humility;
Yet, recognize political contempt.
Share thine credit Willfully.
Accept responsibility for thine mistakes.

Work to gain Respect in life;
And give Respect to all the same.
Never accepting domination,
Of others nor thyself--
Helping every individual know;
Always comfort felt.

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Freedom Within My Grasp

I feel freedom within my grasp--
Doors unlatching at my will.
Just a letter to many of men,
Though to me, what's granted real.
Most will say, "Don't get your hopes up;"
"Expect the worst, and hope for the best."
These are the slaves of unwilled existence,
Knowing not the strength of willfulness.
Positivity creates itself
Through the power of one's will.
What one sends out comes back in time,
Becoming only what is real.
I have become an habitual optimist,
Which I willed to be and did create.
For, pessimistic views are learned;
So also is destiny or fate.
I have disappeared from cursed slavedom,
Knowing only individual righteousness.
Unconcerned with others views of mine
In their foolish days of blindness.
I have found out my goal to reach a freedom
Within myself above all else.
I only had to love me truly,
And be God above myself.
Now the mountains do surround me,
And I see these at a glance--
I smell and breathe the fresh air
In my every willing chance.
I have taught unto myself
the knowledge I do desire--
Creating my own manual,
To build a cabin and a fire.
My goals are reached one by one
And exchanged when willed to be.
Working on the morning grounds crew,
The job of prison dreams.
I've reached my number five goal,
Living in a luxurious one man cell,
And I'm reaching even further
Until freedom upon me has fell.

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Please Do Not Label Me

I ask that you not label me
Nor define me with your words,
For my will is only freedom
And everything I'm worth.
I ask that you not box me in
Within one simple phrase;
I will to grow to more in life,
In the moments of each day.
Free me from your labels,
Please free me from your words,
Please free me from your judgments,
And all that they incur.
Please free me from the things you think you know.
Please free me from your mind.
Please free me from the words you speak.
Please free me from your time.
I build upon my character
Through true consistency,
And day by day I strive to be
One will who flies so free.

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Rise Above the Machines

I shall not be enslaved
By Machines nor any other;
For, thus is the way to weakness,
And to live thy life in blunder.
The Machines have taken over;
Without them man is lost,
And without thus realization,
Man Will never know the cost.
Would there ever have been a Thoreau,
Who lived on Walden's Pond--
If Thoreau had looked to a machine to guide him,
To where his Will belonged?
Would we ever have known what freedom was,
To Henry David Thoreau--
If he hadn't broken away,
And by experience be shown?
If he had been locked inside a cell phone,
In which to answer someone's call;
Would Thoreau still have led us--
Into his freedom from it all?
Would Emerson have taught us--
What True Self-Reliance is,
If he had bent his knee, and bowed his head--
Relinquishing his strength instead?
Would we have known of his Eternal Law,
To live his life for Self alone,

If Ralph Waldo Emerson--
Had not by Will been shown?
And what of our James Allen...
Who taught that thoughts destroy and do create;
Would the world know of Self-Empowerment--
Through elimination of one's hate?
Now, I'm inspired further, by another man--
Called: Richard Proenneke;
This man knew and loved his nature,
And was one with all nature, in the Alaskan bush he seen.
The bears curious of his cabin,
Which he built by hand--without machine;
Attempting to scare thus animal,
Though did not see him leave.
He lost respect for wolves--
Who killed without necessity;
Leaving caribou to suffer--
Attacking--with not intent to eat.
These men who knew the secrets,
Of True Strength of Will--
Knew the power of Man's focus--
On Machines would make him kneel.

* * * * *

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Calick the Curious

My little birdie "Calick"--
Whom has fallen from his nest;
Receiving a bump upon his head--for efforts--
Though his wings did not invest.
He was warned to not attempt to fly--
Until weeks from birth had passed;
But after less than half that time--
His courage and curiosity got the best.
Now he hops around Walter's Garden;
Coming closer everyday.
His mama tries to warn him off--
But he still hops toward Walter's way.
His mama stands guard--shaking her head--
Chirping her small beak away--
Telling Calick he needs to learn how to fly--
And it needs to be by the end of the day.
Calick gives sigh, before hopping her way;
Listening intent as she speaks:
"This is how we fly," she says to her son;
Flying to rafters, built above he.
She shows him the method again and again,
And he flaps his small wings to exhaustion;
But tiny and weak--his wings won't take him up--
So he hops his way back to the garden.
His family stands guard night after night--
His papa is gathering food;
One of his brothers flies around Calick--

Mocking, as young Calick stews.
He stands on a large rock--Saying: "I'm King of the Mount."
Content with his lot for the day;
Knowing that soon--he Will too fly--
Though from Walter's Garden not stray.

* * * * *

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Weaving Our Web

Jacob the Spider is Weaving his Web--
As the storms try to blow him away;
Perched in Walt's Window--he builds his web larger--
As the winds do make his web sway.
He has it so good, pulling loose webs his way--
Moving this way and that;
Pulling loose webs and tying them true,
Is the way to achieve one's own plans.
Jacob wonders why Walter never sweeps him away--
After a full month, plus more he is weaving,
While he continues to weave his full web to its thickness
Walter joins him in window--storms screaming.
The very next morning Walter comes to find,
The storm had washed away his friend.
Parts of web weaving--this way and that--
No longer a pattern of beautiful mend.
Walter's loss is his own, as Jacob's climbing around--
Searching for his own new place;
So Walter is somber, as Jacob is playing,
And creating his new home to embrace.

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My Happiness, Strength, and Shield

Though I cannot hold you,
My comfort's knowing that you're there.
Though I cannot hear your voice,
Your words I often hear.
You're the angel on my shoulder,
Who tells me, "Everything's all right."
You're the precious voice within my head,
That always says, "Good night."
You're the precious touch upon my head,
Running your fingers through my hair;
Though it is my hand I feel,
It's your memory that's there.
You're my belief in something greater,
In which I've always sought.
You're my passion in my heart of hearts;
You're the wisdom I've been taught.
You're the courage in me which riseth
To conquer any fear--
You're the softest touch which wipes away
My any coming tear.
Though you cannot hold me now
And you will that I was there,
Know that you are everything
That comforts me in here.
You held me in your arms at birth,
And carried me through days of wonder.
You knew that nothing life could throw
Would ever tear our love asunder.
You played with me, stuck out your tongue,
Flew me through the air just like a plane--
You bought that baby happiness,
Not to ever be replaced.
In the gracious year of 1980
You blessed me with a baby brother.
Outside the unconditional love you give,
No gift was greater than each other.
I only remember the happiest times
Throughout my adolescence,
Even through all pains endured,
Your love has been my shield and my blessing.
These are not just words I rhyme Mama;
These are memories I feel.
Your hands running through my hair to soothe me--
Bringing my fever to a still.

My Happiness, Strength, and Shield
C. Walter Weber/page 2

You struggled in my preteens
As I began to pull away--
Trying to define myself,
And by my side you stayed.
And as I got quite older
And crime became my life,
So many times these bars have squeezed tears...
Tears that you were there to wipe.
You've taught me to have strength,
And to "endure until the end."
When I've said that "I can't do it,"
It's from your strength I lend.
It's in your arms I find my comfort,
It's in your hand I find a friend,
It's in your words I find my strength,
And in your eyes that I contend.
This life, it has been selfish
With us, for easy, happy times.
The blows just keep on coming,
But persistence always finds.
My persistence is full throttle,
To bring us better days.
For now, know I love you Mama,
And am thinking of you on your birthday.

* * * * *

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A Brothers' Bond

You're the one that I depend on
When I'm backed against a fence,
When every odd is very low
Seeming only stacked against.
I hear your voice when I'm in struggle,
Doubting a willful win,
Knowing I won't lose today...
Through your strength I finish then.
Never willing to let you down,
Because you say you look up to me.
That confidence so doubtless,
Breeds the strength I need.
I'm a man of many feelings,
In which I need express.
You're a man of fewer words,
But the same feelings in your chest.
Your actions speak a thousand words--
At times, I need to hear their chime.
Never hide your words from Big Bro,
For I'll support you every time.
We're walking a brand new path now;
At times this path, it may resist.
But we're one another's strength in evolution,
And will reach our happily ever bliss.
I believe in you, as you believe in me,
So allow us to light one another's way.
At times I may not see a hindrance,
That to you is clear as day.
If you see me heading into fault,
Allow my ears to hear your eyes.
I'll do the same for you my brother;
At times, others see what we refuse to recognize.
We need to work together Bro--
It's only Mama, me, and you.
Once we create our bliss in life,
Then we'll find those precious few.
You're my little brother--
The friend I've always had.
The one that I look up to--
Who never turns his back.

* * * * *

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Truly a Father

You'll be a Daddy very soon...
Baby crying from the room.
When you come, the cries will cease,
Leaving your heart in blessed peace.
You'll be a hero everyday,
Knowing those babies' every pain.
The heartbeat thumping very hard,
Of a hero's babies never scarred.
Knowing their Daddy Will always be there,
Working hard to feed them, They're never scared.
A real man, who treats his woman right,
Making special moments in her life.
When the baby's born and the first head's seen,
You'll become the greatest Daddy that there's ever been.
I love you Bro, and you'll be the best Dad,
As you've been the best Brother a man's ever had.
I see it in your eyes, a twinkling spark--
You'll become the best Daddy two boys could ask for,
You'll teach them of family, and you'll teach them of love;
You'll even teach them of a Power, that comes from above.
You'll teach them of the Brotherly Bond we know well,
And they'll know that it's real from the stories we tell.
They'll see you work, and they'll see you strive;
They'll know that you love them every night.
When the money's tough, the Boys will find
Pleasure and Pride of the simple kind.

Role playing characters, you've taught them to know;
The memories with them, beyond when they're old.
You'll teach them through actions,
As you've taught them through thought;
You'll teach them through Courage--
Until they've gained what we've sought.
You'll teach them adventure,
And to walk their own path;
You'll teach them to follow--
their own vision and plan.
You'll teach them that violence
Never gain man a thing;
And they'll learn Peace and Love,
By the words that you sing.
You'll work hard to give them
Their whole heart's desire,
Never going without special days,
So their smile's inspired.
You're a man of great strength,
And I'll be there to back you
In any way that I can--
As a Brother who's true.

-Brother to Brother-

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Ode to Seahawk Fans

We have the heart--We have the drive;
We have the Will to stay alive.
Seahawk Pride through thick and thin...
Crawling through trenches 'till we win.
When we're down, the fake turn tail--
Without Loyalty a Fan Will fall.
We're six and four with six games left--
All "Must-Win", to be the best.
But in our losses--in our wins--
I'm a true Hawk Fan, until the end.
Marshawn Lynch, as "The Beast" he's known--
Carrying defenders 'till a Touchdown's shown.
Russell Wilson to Jermaine Kearse--
Touchdown bound, when Will they learn?
And Earl Thomas--The Biggest Little Man--
With interceptions in his plan.
And don't forget Sherm--he's in the back--
Guarding the best of them, without no slack.
And he ain't no "appetizer", He's Doug Baldwin;
Russell knows he'll catch it when he throws to him.
These are a few of the Hawks who brought CHAMPIONSHIP
To a franchise with none in a 38-year trip.
Repeat the championship--I know they Will--
For they have the drive--They have the skill;
Never doubt as a fan, and Seahawk Pride is REAL.

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