

ECLECTIC
EUPHONIOUS
REDLOH

Volume One

Poetry

And

Songs

By. Glenn A. Holder, Sr.



Glenn A. Holder Sr. is an inmate of 17 years at S.C.I Houtzdale, Pennsylvania, who has used his time composing Music, Writing Gospel songs and writing poetry of his life experiences and feelings from within.

A Southern Born African-american, who has traveled abroad, he uses his given last name, Holder, spelled backwards, "Redloh" as his alter ego, as he continues to fight his conviction, in a "Just-Us" system which refuses to acknowledge the exculpatory facts.

F O R W A R D

The following pages are selections of Poetry and Songs from the Heart, and Soul, as well as Life experiences of Redloh. The artful manner of his choice of words make it easy to understand, therefore some will be moved to laughter and some will be moved to tears. Most importantly, You'll find the emphatic tone of Redloh to be agreeable to your ear which is the reason he chose, "ECLECTIC EUPHONIOUS REDLOH" as title of this book.

M a y 2 0 1 5

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All songs and Poetry within this Volume One of "ECLECTIC EUPHONIOUS REDIOL", were written and arranged by, Glenn A. Holder Sr., with the exception of the Spoken Word with in the songs, "Hold My Hand' and "Home". which were written by T.L. Horn, through O.R.P.H.A.N.

I N T R O

Life is a mind field
With Every Word
With Every Step,
There Is.....

P O T E N T I A L
D E S T R U C T I O N .

The
World is a Cesspool...
" KEEP TISSUE HANDY",
Though it's constantly flushed,
The drainage pipe
is only
3/4 inch.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

HOW SOON WE FORGET

In the dawn of life,
There's someone there.
Someone who's there to supply all our needs.
Who shelters us when the rays of light fail to shine upon us,
Who shields us from the rain drops of mortar falling,
striking us between our necks and ankles,
But, How Soon We Forget.

Who are they??
Some are Mothers, Fathers, Sisters, Brothers, Aunts, Uncles,
and Some are even strangers,

Yes, Upon our rise...
We Forget about their sacrifices.

We choose to Forget,
We take people for Granted....
That is,
Until we're lying face down again.

NOW,...
With out stretched arms,
We Scream for Help...
But....
Nobody Answers...
They TOO,
Have Now....
Forgot You.

HOW SOON WE ALL SEEM TO FORGET.

By; Glenn A. Holder Sr.

MY CHILD

Has anybody seen My Child?

I Just wanna Know.

She has big brown eyes and a precious smile,.. PLEASE,

I Just gotta Know?!?

I've searched everywhere she'd go,

I've looked high and low.

I've searched the earth, from shore to shore...

Please... If you have her...Please, Just Let Her Go!.

Has Anybody Seen My Child???

With Long Brown Hair and little pink bows,

Has anybody seen her... Please Let Me Know.?

I wish I could tell her,

Just How Much I really Miss Her.

I Hope Her little Heart lets her know,

That her Daddy Loves Her so.

I won't Stop searching Until I find Her,

I won't have a moments Rest, Until I know..

and see her Running through that door!

Has Anybody Seen My Child?

Please Help Me... Please Help Me Find My Child!

She's My Baby,

Please Help Me Find Her,

My Child.

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YOUR VOICE

Deep within My Soul...
What is this I hear?
Such comfort it brings each beat of my heart.
Such warmth,
It brings my Heart to a perfect erotic beat.
It alerts every molecular cell of my body,
It elevates the synthesis of my very being which make me whole.
What is this I hear??

IT'S YOUR SEXY VOICE MY DEAR.

The distance between us is no barrier,
There's No Need to dial a number,
Skype or send a text,
Fore, Your Sexy Voice Never fails to reach My Ears,
My Spirit, My Very Soul that only you Behold.

The Sweetest Sound Ever,
in this universe,
comes to me from your [Lips]
From Deep-with in,
And it's with Your Voice,
That Sweet, Sexy, Soulful Voice..... My Life Begins.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

WHY SHOULD I??

Why Should I love those,
Who've shown me, they have no love for me?
Who show their backs to me and ignore me constantly?
Why should I continue to Deal with individuals,
Who have their minds made up,
Who hear no words from me and Abuse me mentally and physically?
Why Should I smile at those passing me by?
Who never question the tears in my eyes,
But only shake their heads in judgement.
Why should I even care about someone elses problems?..
When it's very clear,
The world has turned its back on me?....
Why should I even bother to live,
When know one reconizes or even cares about me...??...

WHY???

Because there is ONE Who Loves Me,
Deals With Me Daily,
Smiles Upon Me Everyday,
And Truly Cares About Me... My Creator.....SO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-

W H Y N O T !!!

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

PRAYER CHANGES THINGS

I once had mountains of opportunities just handed to me.
I Ruined them ALL.
I was an alcoholic and an addict,
I didn't listen to anyone
and I knew Everything....[so I Thought].....

NOW I'M IN PRISON!

The Bad Part is,
I'm forced to live with individuals who behave in the same manner
AS I DID AND,
EveryDAY,
I'm forced to consider Every MISSED OPPORTUNITY,
EVERY Meaningful WORD of ENCOURAGEMENT That I Carelessly Ignored.
PainFUL They ARE.

What's Worst is,
There's an entire Younger Generation HERE with me,
Who ARE NOW Behaving Worst that I DID....
(without the use of any chemicals)

WHAT'S EVEN WORST IS.....

I have a Beautiful Daughter....
There's a possibility that she may become involved
with one of these types of individuals....

BUT.....

WHAT IS SO VERY WONDERFUL IS THE FACT THAT,
PRAYER CHANGES THINGS..

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

WHAT I SEE..

Looking around,
I'm [sometimes] Bothered,
By What I See.
It's the behavior and Actions of Others,
That resembles the OLD ME.
The ARROGANT posture,
The BOASTFUL Talk,
The PROUD Look,
and The SWAGGER in the Walk,
All in an attempt to HIDE the lack of Maturity,
As they Stalk those who appear to be weaker prey,
For their own SELFISH Control.

This is What I See...
Little Boys posing,
Wanting to be,
WITHOUT,
Taking the necessary steps
TO BE-- Come Men.

THIS IS.....WHAT I SEE....
And it DISGUST Me..
Fore,
What I See,
IS EXACTLY WHAT I USED TO BE!

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

HOW LONG??

How long will it take for you to see,
That Your Eternity IS in JEOPARDY?
How LONG Before you see the Destruction of Life as We Know it,
IS based upon the selfish decisions we make?
HOW LONG WILL IT BE,
Til the Flames of HELL Lick Yo' Crusty Feet?

HOW LONG? NOT LONG..... You See,
We Live this thing called Reality, But..
We're Reading from A SCRIPT,
Pretending to be factual Reality and Politically Correct,
Correct and TruthFul????
This is something those viewing us will never get.

We've replaced Prayer in the Schools
With teachings of Promiscuity,
Dividing Culture by Color,
Then Laughing at each other.

HOW LONG WILL IT BE,
Before WE Realize that the Question Isn't How Long, But
What Are We Going to Do?
What Are We Going To Do To Change Things TODAY and
HOW LONG BEFORE WE DO IT??

STILL... I WANT TO KNOW..

HOW LONG WILL THIS BULLS#*T GO ON??

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HOW MANY TIMES?

How Many Times Must I say, "I DO"?
I've said it more than Once,
In Fact Quite a Few.
First at the age of 18,
Blind by her lust and trickery.
I'm ASHAMED to say, The ONLY FOOL was ME.
Out of the POT, Into the Fire at age 23,
This Senorita's Beauty Blinded Me, then..
She BECAME PREGNANT,Fathered by the COMMUNITY.
Enough is ENOUGH, or So I thought,
But at the age of 28, Another LESSON I was TAUGHT.
I can't remember just how it all came to be,
Yet Here I was on Wife Number Three.
One evening, She shocked me,
While she laid on her back, under wrap,
Three Heads I thought I could See.
Yet; to my surprise..as I took a deep Breath and removed the sheet,
The two heads I thought I seen were in fact her breasts,
Just hanging to the right and left.
Naw, N@**@R, You Gonna F**K Me,
She pointed the pistol at me, and that was the end of Wife #3.
It took a little time before I found myself with number Four,
Though, this one I did Truly Love and Adore, H_O W E V E R...
What I Loved and Adored, was not part of the Gift bag she packed,
Total COMMITMENT WAS WHAT SHE LACK.
How Many Times..1..2..3..4.. Will there be any more??
I think NOT,
The BEST I can tell You and WITHOUT Delay,
My Next Love Will Surely Be Found at the, S.P.C.A.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

MY PRAYER

Heavenly Father,
This is my Offering,
Though it's not for only me.
It's for the ones who struggle each day
and are too Blind To See
[that]

You Are a Forgiving Savior
Who Hears and Will answer their humble plea.

I'm a Witness of Your Love,
Fore, You Answered and Welcomed Me.

[that's Why],

Everyday

I Pray to you,
To Touch Those Unknown To Me.
To Release their Pride,
Their Grief and their Shame.
I know there is No Limit,
To the Love You Have to Provide,
It's What I have inside,
From you,
To Me,
For These I Pray this day.. Amen.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

IT'S OUR FAULT

EVERYTHING GOD MADE

Is Good,

Well...

Until the Breath of Evil

is Blown into it.

Then,

It Becomes

a source to enrich vegetation

by

the

constant sounding

of the

Brown Note...

It's Our Fault!

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

Eatin' all Ig-nant..

Eatin' All ig nant,
Smackin' like a mule eating fire crackers,
Why do you force me 2 C,
The Back of Yo' Thoat and,
Smell Yo' Rottan ass cavities?!?!?!?

Eatin' All Ig nant,
Shovelin' it all in,
There's no doubt about it,
You have NO Human Friends.

Eatin' All Ig nant,
Attackin' those tater-chips,
Crumbs justa fallin',
Gather 'round Yo' Feet,
Oh!!.. What a sight it'll be
IF.....
Bessie, Porky and U would meet.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

PLEASE!! PUT IT BACK!

PLEASE, PUT IT BACK!!

That's What She said....

When she first saw it.

PLEASE, PUT IT BACK!!!

It Ain't mine!

PLEASE PUT IT BACK!!! She said,

As she looked straight at him, feeling totally decieved.

PLEASE PUT IT BACK!!!.....

Nine years later, that phrase is Still Fresh on her lips,

As she stares at him...."Only if he knew"...

his I.Q. is liken to that of an 'ol baby shoe.

The reality of it all is,

No Matter How much she begged, to , "PLEASE PUT IT BACK",...

it could not be put back.

Today with a Big Smile,

She looks at him,

Knowing she's done her very best, She says,

"PLEASE GET THE HELL OUT!!"

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

I GOT MINE..

Everything I have, I've earned.
Through lessons in My Life I've learned,
With Every passing day,
There are signs, that,
You've gotta get Yours
Cuz, I've Got Mine.

Why do you ask me,
to have part of what I've got,
When what I've got is not a lot?
It's what I've hung on to,
Which is the same thing GOD gave to you.
I've got Mine..
Why Don't You??

Yet, You boast of your strenghts,
All that you can do..
It's very clear that strenght you do have,
What you lack is a MIND...
So work on gettin' Yours, Because...
I've Got Mine.

By; Glenn A. Holder Sr.

W H Y ?

Why,

Must I Speak of the wrong you do?

Is it that,

I need validation

of the wrong I see in me?

Why,

am I so critical of everything you do?

Can I not See

That you are a carbon copy of me?

Why,

Do we continue

to walk upon the fallen,

Speak ill of those lacking,

or without knowlegde??

Why,

Don't we first look in the mirror????

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

CHANCES

1 Chance, 2 Chances, Three...

How Many Chances Must God Give Me?

He saved Me from Bodily harm,

He saved me from Captivity,

He Saved me from Hells Eternity.

Still, I want to test Him,

See just how far He'd let me dangle on a limb.

1 Chance, 2 Chances, Maybe Three,

Is it my own arrogance that will cause me Not to be Free??

1 Chance, 2 Chances.....

I'm Hoping for Three,...

I AM A SINNER CRYING OUT TO THEE...

Lord!! Help Help Me!!

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

OBSERVATION

As I look around,
I have noticed just how badly we Treat Each Other,
I see Poor People Starving and Homeless People,
in a world so Wealthy.

I Ask Myself....Why??
Why Did Christ Die??

I see parents hating each other,
They lay in lust,
Bringing forth a child...
A child who will have no one to trust.

I hear that Children are killing their parents?!!
I ask Why??
When Asked....There is No Answer.

As I look around,
I see people killing people,
Just because they can,
because of Color,
Instead of loving each other.....

THEN THEY GO TO CHURCH ON SUNDAY,
PRAYING TO A GOD THAT CREATED US ALL IN HIS IMAGE,
CLAIMING TO LOVE HIM..... I'm Just saying.....

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Can't U Smell Dat?

Where's dat commin' from!??

Is sumptin' dead!??

or is it Just U?!?!

Can't U Smell Dat?

What--Is--Dat!?!?

Did ya Pee in Da bed?!!

instead of gettin' on yo' feet, to meet,

the por-ce-len???

Or is it commin' from yo' skin?!!

Can't U Smell Dat??!??

By" Glenn A. Holder Sr.

A REALIZATION

Who can I Blame,
For my broken heart and pain,
Me....Just Me.

Whom shall I harbor resentments....
That's me too.

Who shall I call,
When I'm backed against a wall,
There's nothing I can do...
The Only Answer, Lord...Is You.

Lord it's You, I can turn too,
When No One Else cares.
Who First Loved Me.

No One But You,
Who Cared for Me,
When the World Left Me,
Who Sheltered Me,
When storms came to me,
Who's Been There and Has Never, Ever Left Me..
Lord...It's You.
I now SEE.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

I AM HERE 4 U

How Many Times Will I Greet you,
and U Turn your Back on Me?
How Many Times Will I reach out 4 U,
and U Turn away?
How Many Times Will I paint the Heavens 4 U,
and U Refuse to see the Beauty?
How Many Times Will a NewBorn Cry,
and U Fail to recognize that it's ALL Because of Me?
How Many Times Shall I Allow the leaves to Change Colors,
and U Choose Not to see,
That ALL that there IS
and Forever Will Be IS,
Because of Me.
Even Now, Through Eternity,
There Will Always Be My Love 4 U Cuz'
I am Here 4 U,
When U Need Me.... Just Call Me.
I am Here 4 U,
I'll See U Through..
Call on Me IS ALL U Have 2 DO.
I AM HERE FOR YOU.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

I'M STILL HERE

My Life,
Has had it's Shares of Ups & Downs,
Through it All...
I'm Still Here.

Many Times,
I've shed many tears, Yet..
I'm Still Here.

It Seamed,
The World had Got the best of me.

NO Earthly HELP,
I could see.....SO,
I Called ON JESUS,
He Comfort Me, [that's Why]..
I'M STILL HERE.

By Glenn A. Holder Sr.

THERE'S NO LIMIT

How ignorant can One Man Be?

There's NO LIMIT.,
from what I can see.

Ignorance SHOWS his Ability
to comprehend
Less than the fuzzy hair
on the ass of a bumble bee.

So, Why this Question You ask me?..

Hum...

It's one that has often puzzled me.?.

When I'm forced to Live with a Fifty year old man,
Absent common sense,
with an I.Q. of minus 23..

I too wander,

How ignorant can Any One Man Be?

SHameful...But,

There's NO LIMIT,

From What I can See.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

I AM HERE

I am Here, Because Love Me.

I know Who I am,

I am Who I am,

Because You Cared.

If there's one thing I treasure Most,

It's the Love You've Given to Me.

You are the Answer to My Prayers.

I am Here, Because You Died for Me.

You are My Light in Dark Places.

You've sheltered me from harm.

You've Held My Hand,

Guiding Me out of the wilderness.

Among All these things

and inspite of my lack,

You Still Love Me.

I am Here Because

The WORD WAS HERE

The Father, Son and Holy Spirit,

Were FIRST Here.

One thing I Treasure Most IS,

Your Love, Thus I Have No Fear,

This is Why, I AM HERE.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

WHAT'S THAT YOU CLAIM??

Standing Proud..

What's That You're Claiming?

I serve the True and Living GOD, Who sent forth his ONLY SON,
Who gave his Life So that We All May have Eternal Life... Yet,
We CAN'T SEEM to Serve THIS GOD and HIS Son JESUS CHRIST TOGATHER.

We are Children of GOD, We are the Body of Christ,
JESUS IS THE ONLY ATTRACTION, is what they say...

Then in the same Breath, they seperate themselves in sects...

I'm Catholic, You can't serve with us.

I am Protestant, You can't serve with us.

I am Jewish, You can't serve with us.

I am Baptist, You can't serve with us, and so Says about (50) other
Division.

GODS word in Romans 12:16 Says, "Be of the same mind toward another"

So, IF we are of the same mind in Christ,

Why are WE CHOOSING to BE Seperate.

If WE CHOOSE to BE Seperate,

WE ARE CHOOSING TO NOT BE CHRIST LIKE,

And Still Call ourselves Christians.

ON THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT..

WHAT WILL WE THEN CLAIM???

HOW WILL WE JUSTIFY OUR LIFE'S REVIEW????

Something like this, Lord, What Had Happen Was.....

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

WHERE'S THE JUSTICE
WHERE IS JUSTICE??

Where's the Justice.....

Where is Justice,

When there is CLEAR PROOF of Wrong??

IS it ONLY a Figment of ONES imagination or,

Is it JUST a Term LOOSELY used in assuming the appearance that
there's actually a remedy.?

Where's the Justice....

Where is JUSTICE?,

IS it 5 BULLETS TO THE BACK, IS IT AN BANNED CHOKE-HOLD...

IS IT JUSTICE IF I SAY, OOPS I MEANT TO PULL MY TASER??.....

Or does Justice only apply to those who can't even

Even Look Me In My Eyes..??

Where is this Justice.....

When Lies are told in this forum called the justice system,
accepted as the truth to satisfy corrupt individuals?

Where is Justice when the VICTIM IS A PERSON OF COLOR???

Where is the Justice when the accused is a person of color???

Where is This thing called Justice??

It's been said that Justice is Blind??? I Believe the Bitch can See!
History has Clearly established that this Justice has sight,
more than 20/20, Yet even to this day, Justice Can't see Me.

It's been proven in society that this alleged Justice, "LISTENS TO"
Only that which is in control of the Justice seats.

So..... Where Is Justice,

Somebody Please Tell Me!

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

GODS HAND

Gods Hand is at Work,
Be Careful How We Treat those around us.

GODS HAND IS at Work,
Be Careful What We Say to Each Other.

GODS HAND IS at Work,
Be Careful What We Say About Each Other.

GODS HAND IS at Work,

He Knows

Our Thoughts,

What's in Our Hearts,

Our Actions...

Be Careful.....

One Day you'll have need to call upon Him.

GODS HAND IS ALWAYS AT WORK.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

I OFTEN ASK MYSELF

I Often Ask Myself...
Will You See Your wrongs,
Your inabilities and Blemishes, If..
You Focus is on Others?

Is it even Possible that Change Will Become a Reality, If,
You Attempt to Control the Lives of Others?

Those Who's Shoes
You Dare Not Slip On??
Isn't it Difficult Enough
As Individuals
To Complete Our Own Goals??

THEN WHY IS IT.?.....
That We Seem to Know What's Best for Others...
When Our Own Life is

A
C-A-T-A-S-T-R-O-P-H-E ?!?!?!?

I Often Ask Myself This Question.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

I HATE THE FORMER ME!!

E V E R Y

Individual I Detest,

E V E R Y

Heart Beating,

Articulating Blob,

E V E R Y

Mass of \$\$\$* I See,

Makes the peristalsis of my bowels

SLAM into REVERSE.

E V E R Y T H I N G

Revolting

Forces Me to Remember,

The Former Me....

[IHATEHFORMERME]

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

I KNOW U CAN

Everything I am, Is Your Will.
Everything I Hope to be, IS in Your Hands.
Every Breath I take, Each move I make, IS...
All a Part of Your plan.
If Anyone Controls these things...
I Know U Can.

I fear Not what Tomorrow brings,
Fore, I Know, I AM in Your Hands.
If Anyone Controls these kinds of things..
I Know U Can.

From a Distance,
I can hear the Breeze as it flows free.
I can see the Sun and feel its warmth upon me.
I can see the reflection of the moon...
Sometimes so blue..
If Anyone Controls these things,
I Know it's U.

There's NOTHING U Can't do,
Nothing U Can't Change.
From water 2 Wine; The Blind 2 See,
Given these things...
I Just Know You'll Save Me.

Take My Life,
I Know You'll Take Good Care of Me.
I fear Not What Tomorrow Brings, Fore..
If Anybody Controls these things...
I Know U Can.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

WHAT REFLECTION DO YOU SEE

The Most Beautiful Angel there Ever was...

WAS Cast Down From Heaven.

He WAS Most Talented

and

Most Knowledgeable

Fore,

He Knew the WORD and Understood its Meaning

and

He had a Personal Relationship with

The Creator.

Today,

We can Personally See

the Seeds of This Angel

Everywhere We Look.

WHAT REFLECTION DO YOU SEE??

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

N-----, PLEASE

Have You Ever,
Looked and Wandered...
How So MUCH Ignorance,
So Much Pride,
So Much Vanity Could Manifest,
In so many individuals that are allowed,
to Meander free in this world??

Simple Logic,
Common Decency,
Just a Hint of RESPECT,
Are just a few things they Neglect.

Respect!!! OH!!!!!!!!!!!!.....

This they Demand,
If Asked to Spell it,
Forget It!
N----- Please.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

Why Do I Steal?

Why Do I Steal?

I steal Because I Can!!

I Steal Because,

I have NO Respect for Anyone I steal from,

Least of all Myself.

What Someone else thinks of Me,

is No Concern to me.. You See It's ALL ABOUT ME.

I Steal Because,

I want What I Want When I Want it,

And I Want It Now!

I Steal Because,

I don't Want to spend my time or money on

What I can get for free...

You Work For Me, But...

If You Steal From Me!?!?!?

A TAX you'll pay.

I Steal Because I get A Rush from the action..

It Feels good to me..

Just like the bullit you're going to put in my ass

WILL FEEL GOOD TO YOU!

Hell.... I think I need to do Something Different.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

T H E T R U T H

THE TRUTH IS..."THE IMAGINATION OF A MAN, IN THE HANDS OF OTHER MEN RIGHT BEFORE HIS SLAUGHTER."

The Truth is a LIE, and A LIE is the Truth, in THIS Society we live in Fore, a LIE WILL bring you Earthly Fortunes, Celebrity and Praise. Truth is far too boring and very Hard to Believe, though it OFTEN STARES you right in the face. SO.....

WHERE CAN WE FIND TRUTH???.....WHERE CAN WE FIND T H E T R U T H ? ?
Is it in the Hall of Congress or on Capitol Hill?? Can We Find it in the Courts or in the Chambers of Judges?? Will We Find it in the media or will it comes from the mouths of our little children?? I THINK NOT!

ALL HAVE CLEARLY ESTABLISHED THAT, JUST AS EASY AS THE BREATH FLOWS FROM THEIR NOSTRILS...SO DO THE LIES FROM THEIR LIPS.

Capitalism, at least, that's what they call it: To Secure Wealth, by destroying the lives of others, off the backs of those they say that they serve, protect and Love. Yet, it is done in the fashion of Good Christian People saying things like, "May GOD Bless Your Soul" and "It's My Prayer that you Receive All the Help You Need", as they smile at you, Just Before they STRIP YOU OF YOUR DIGNITY, as a result of the LIES they've told. Then in pressed white shirts, expensive suits and Cortour dresses, they go to church asking for Forgiveness of the lies they've told all week long, Casually forgetting the damage they've done by their first act, So Well Deserving of an OSCAR.

So, THE T R U T H???? WHERE CAN IT BE FOUND??....CAN WE FIND IT IN CHURCH??

My Answer is "Y E S",

HOWEVER, it depends on just where you look.

The T R U T H CAN and WILL only BE FOUND with in the Pages of the BIBLE. These Bibles will be on the laps and carried firmly in the hands of those individuals seeking cover. BUT, ONCE THE BIBLE IS OPENED...THE WORDS BECOME DISTORTED BY EACH INDIVIDUALS SELFISH AND SELF-CENTERED DESIRE TO MAKE THEMSELVES FEEL GOOD ABOUT THE LIES THEY TELL.....

T R U T H.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

FAMILY PORTRAIT

I grew up seeing this Family Portrait.

It Seemed So Full of LOVE and Harmony.

Bright Colors Blending,

Smiling faces,

Joy and Laughter was ALL Around me.

There was Always

Someone Near to Lend a Hand,

To Offer

a Shoulder to lean on,

to cry on or a Hand to Hold.

Such a Beautiful Family Portrait My eyes have shown me.

Today,

What once was,

IS as plate Glass to me...

Transparant, Colorless and Shallow.

It wasn't Until the Life of My Father Cease did I come to Understand,

The Artful Strokes of the Brush in His Hands.

It takes a GOOD MAN to Shield his Son,

taking time to show him,

something better

Than the family's TRUE REALITY, Fore,

The Family Portrait I did See...

was

The Family Portrait My Father Painted for Me.

By; Glenn A. Holder Sr.

BECAUSE OF YOU

Because of You,
I've Learned the True Meaning of Love.

Because of You,
The pangs of Life are,
as Butterflies in the Breeze,
with the slightest Hint of Summers dawn in the eve.

Yes,
Because of You,
I am A Better Man.
Because of You,
I AM,
As I've Never Been Before.

BECAUSE OF YOU,
I'm Like...
Warm Baby Oil In Your Hands....

BeCause Of YOU.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

TOO CONCERNED

All the Trouble in this World,
The Lack of Love and Trust in this Society,
All these negative things I see...But,
I'm Only Concerned with Me.

Babies making Babies,
Little boys on Killing sprees..
Police Killing every Black man they see,
The "JUST-US" system is out of control,
ONLY to form a seperate Society.

Brotha just got a case,
Although I know Clearly he was in another place,
in another city, and in another state on the date,
he was convicted of the case...But,
It's NOT for me to STAND UP,
Recite his Innocent Pleas, You See....
I Must Focus On Me....
Keep My EYES Firmly on the Trinity,
To Save Me,
Help Me Be What I Wanna Be.

So, Sunday, Church is Where You'll Find me,
Giving Praise for ALL GOD HAS Sacrificed for me.

"What about My Brother?", you aske me?...
What About ALL the Negative things I See?.....
Hey!!!, I'm TOO concerned With My Life...
I'm TOO CONCERNED WITH ME.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

G O D M A D E M E

Through My Mother and Earthly Father,
God Made Me.

Everything GOD has Made IS GOOD,
Therefore, I am Good.

Although some of my behaviors are disappointing,
Nevertheless, I know that God Still Loves Me.

GOD MADE ME,
So, I Trust Him.
I AM Confident in HIS Work.

To Change My Features or attempt to alter GODs Work Says to GOD....
I Know Better than You and You Didn't Get It Right.

You See....
I know Better than that,
These things I'd never consider...
(short of a serious accident)

Cuz'
GOD MADE ME..
I'm Thankful and Very Pleased....

I Just NEED TO PLEASE GOD and,
Take Good Care of Me.
After All,
GOD DID Take his time,
GOD DIDN'T Rush,
and
With Lots of Love....

G O D M A D E M E.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

D A Y D R E A M I N G

In the Morning Before I awake,
My Mind is in a state of animation,
in a wonderful fulfillment of pleasurable eroticism;

A lack-luster of pain, fore,
My Pleasure is Pain---less, Because..

I'm Daydreaming of You..
[in a state of undress].

As My Feet Touch the Floor,
What I see in Front of me,
My Heart Believes, Yet..
Only My Mind can Conceive.

You see,
Though My eyes are Open,
My mind is fully aware of the slightest division of My Reality,

The Duality,
Although My Body is Here,
seemingly awake,

I'm Daydreaming I am with You.

As I dress Myself I feel your warmth,
I can feel a Wealth of Love from You,
So much that looking at Myself, Looking into My Own Eyes....

I see Only You.

When I reach for you, Will I actually touch the You I see?
Will I actually taste the moistness of your lips....

Lips I Only See??

UNTIL THEN.....

I'll continue to daydream...

D A Y D R E A M I N G O F Y O U .

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

AM I DREAMING?

Bewildered by my past,
Unsure of My Present.
The Truth of my past seems so distant,
was it a Dream or Reality?

Many years have come and Gone,
So many things I recall with an unsure smile...
I Wander???

Did these things really Happen or,
are they all just a figment of My Imagination?

A mirage...Something I hoped for...

A Lingering Dream...or,

AM I STILL A S L E E P ? ?

With My eyes wide open..

I AM puzzled.

Is this really a Dream at ALL?

AM I DREAMING NOW??

Around me they all act as if they're zombies,
doing the same things over and over.

A lot of noise they make

Yet saying nothing.

I look into the mirror,

I see an image, But is the image ME???

I Hear Screaming...

But My Mouth is Closed.?.?.?.

Exhausted is My Mind,

Standing STILL IS MY BODY.

Is this ALL REALLY Happening??

Am I in a Coma?.....Am I DEAD and Just Don't Know It??.....or

AM I DREAMING?

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

WHO DRESSED MY CHILD !!??

WHO DRESSED MY CHILD!!

Do You See What I see?

My Beautiful Angel...

Dressed in Clothes,

that look like they'd fit me.

WHO DRESSED MY CHILD!!

WHO DRESSED MY CHILD!!

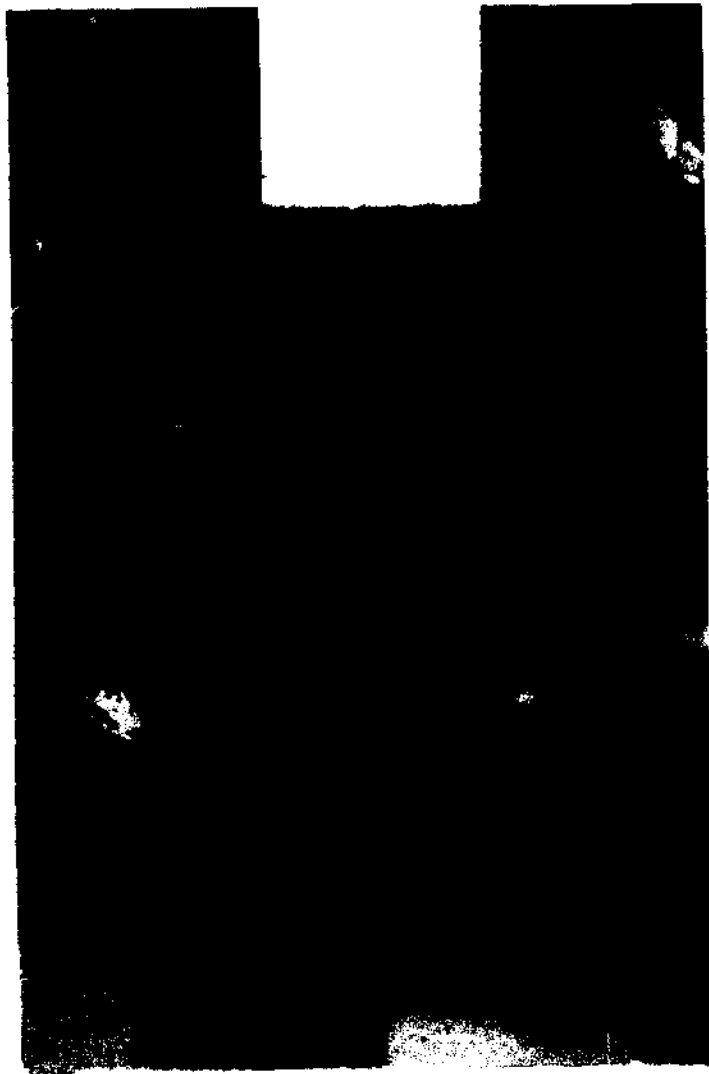
Can't they tell,

She's an Angel of this Earth??

I KNOW it can't be her mother,

after all she would know that,

Her arms were not that long at Birth.



(My Child at age 6.)

WHO DRESSED MY CHILD!!??

What does this teach her? What does it say about Her??

What does it say about Me?? Do You Really See What I see??

LAWD.... WHO DRESSED MY CHILD????

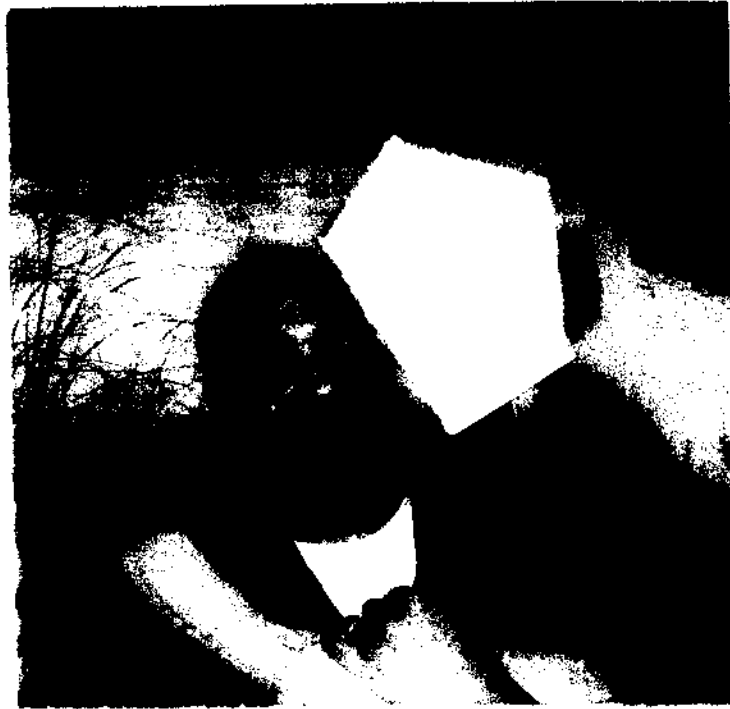
Well.....

At Least She's Clean.

By; Glenn A. Holder Sr.

CHOKE-HOLD

Blind By,
What she Laid on Me...
Too Blind,
To Acknowledge Reality.
Living in a Mist of Lust,
When All Along a Choke-Hold
was being applied upon me.



TOO Smooth to read a book,
Moving TOO Fast to Acknowledge the Reality of the past,
Of the Oppression and Slavery, And the Continued Beat-Down
of My Ancestry. (sic)

Wings thrown Open.....I Flew in....

Forth Came My See,
and the Beginning of her Leverage upon me.

My Seed,
I don't Mind that pressure,
But,
the withholding of My Existence from My Seed,
is extra pressure I don't need.

Arms around my shoulders,
Said to be a playful hug, But...
In Reality she's showing me how easily,
Her CHOKE-HOLD was placed on me.

I said, "I DO"..????DAMN WHAT WAS I THINKING ABOUT?
This was the beginning of a racist incarceration leaving me
with Nothing except mental masturbation.
CHOKE-HOLD on My Life, CHOKE-HOLD on My Freedom, CHOKE-HOLD
on My Existence by a reflection of those ancestors, in which
My Dumb-Ass Chose as a wife. The photo says it all.

By; Glenn A. Holder Sr.

HOW MANY LIES

How Many Lies can One Tell?
Claiming Belief in a Heavenly Father,
While serving a savior who resides in Hell.

How Many Lies DO YOU Tell Me?
Calling Me Your Brother on Sunday,
While destroying My Integrity
Monday through Saturday.

How Many Lies DO YOU tell Yourself?
With a L O U D voice Judging Others,
In an attempt to take the FOCUS Off of Yourself?.

How Many Of YOUR LIES DO YOU BELIEVE?
Constantly Speaking false of Others,
When it's Only You, that You Deceive.?

How Many Lies Have YOU TOLD?
How MUCH LONGER will You HIDE from Yourself?

IF You're Spending time
attacking the Character of Others,
INSTEAD OF Cleaning up Your OWN Life and
Perfecting the reflection of your character..

YOU ARE A LIAR!!

So,
How Many Lies Will You Continue to tell??

HOW MANY LIES ?

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

J U S T B E M E

There are many things in Life that I can Learn to Be...

Why is it so Difficult to be Who I AM and
Just Be Me?

I'm surrounded by Many individuals,
who seem to be in competition with each other,
None of Which Can be Traced.

I find Myself,
LOST in their fantasy.

So, Along with them I Chose to ride,
Only to Expose myself to more lies.

The Best thing I've Learned in Life Is,
That It's So Much Easier,
To Just Be Who I Am,
Improve Who I Am,..
The Right Way..."Truthfully".

After All,
I Am,
Who I am....So,
I Think I'll
Just Be Me.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

I AM ALIVE

I am Alive,
I can smell the distant pastures in the breeze,
I can feel the moisture in the air,
I can hear my foot steps as they echo on the concrete,
I can see the many colors of the autumn leaves.
Yes, I am Alive But...
Nobody Knows it But me.
I have three Sisters and
one Brother all born before me.
I have one sister who came after me.
For More than Five Decades I've Known and Loved Them,
I Miss Them.....
They have NO DESIRE to See Me.
More than a Thousand living relatives I know that I Have,
Most of them, I've had conversations with,
A lot of them know me Personally, But...
That was Years ago, fore I've not seen nor Heard from any of them.
Yes, I Am Alive, But..
Dead To Them I Must Be.
I can feel my heart beating in My Chest,
I'm aware of the darkness, as I close my eyes at night to rest.
With my tongue I can feel the moistness as I lick my lips,
as it by pass my teeth,
and with my hands I can feel the callous on my feet,
So, I Know I Am ALIVE, But Nobody sees or Notices Me.
My Bed FEELS like my Coffin,
Though it has not top that will close.
There's Nobody walking by to look at me to pay respect....

[I AM ALIVE CONTINUED]

IS there Respect to pay?.....
After all this time, it's something I can accept.

I Now Understand.....
It's My Reality.

I AM ALIVE,
Yet,
Every Night is Practice for My Final Rest.

Though I am A LIVE
and Aware fo this fact,
A Fact I can Clearly See..
NOBODY seems to know this fact, But Me.

H O W E V E R.....
It's a Sad and True Fact..
They'll ALL know that I am A Live and,
Show Love to me,
Show Love For Me,
IF..
I WON THE LOTTERY.....

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

NOBODY BUT ME

Born in a World, in a Lifestyle with everything given to me.
Now I sit.. Old... Lonely and Busted...Who Can I Blame?
Nobody But Me.

At a young age, I traveled the World, It didn't cost me a cent.
I was taught different languages..My Life was Heaven sent.

I attended some of the very best schools, Yet I always felt to be a
stranger, all alone..it was then I started to dream and live fast.

Many Talents I possessed, But didn't fully develop them.

I could see the top of my mountian, there was my destiny, fast coming,
Yet the road I'd take was of the direction of Nobody but me.

I spoke fast with a slick tongue, Had a Golden voice which got me into
a lot of places...only to be put out.

I breezed into many Jobs, that so many worked hard to get, and like a
breeze...to clock in I'd forget.

I stacked lots of money, material things, and beautiful women like
taking a breath of fresh air. Now.. These things I Long for, but
they are far out of my reach. Opportunities missed and a short list
of see-don-keys... I can't blame NOBODY But Me.

I ignored all reasonable advise given to me,
Took everything and Every one for Granted.

Time Keeps ticking on, many are now gone...

Looking around me... Plain Air is all I see.

There are more than a Billion People in this world but,
They don't see me.

I Get it.. This is My Reality.

This Reality Is Nobody's Fault... NOBODY BUT ME.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

"M A N D I D A"
[My Zimbabwean Princess]

Such Beauty,

Mandida.

Such Sweetness...

Mandida.

Such Love...

Mandida.

Such Honesty...

Mandida.

Never I thought,

My eyes would see,

Such Wonderful Gifts,

God Put in you, "Mandida",

For Me.

Such Thoughtlessness....

Mandida.

Shameful of me,

attempting to second guess

The Trinity,

Mandida.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

NOTE: The name Mandida means: "You Love Me" or You've Loved Me" in
the Local Shona language in Zimbabwe, Africa.

I'm Free

Lord,

I've fallen far from you
Although you've kept watch over me.

I've longed for your comfort

Yet,

With Blinders on,

I chose Not to see that,

for Every Moment,

You've Always Been Right There With Me,

Providing "ALL" I'd Ever need.

Lord,

I Hear You Calling Me,

fore,

My Heart Tells Me What My Eyes Can't See.

Lord,

I Hear You Calling Me,

I was Drowning in darkness... Lost,

But, NOW I'M FREE!!

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

D A R K N E S S

In the still and Darkness of the Night,
I sit in a very small and uncomfortable place,
wondering about My Life.

So many mistakes I've made.

So many regrets...

They leave me feeling as if Now I am DEAD,
Yet able to breathe.

IF I could Only Turn back the Hands of Time...

Would I NOW STILL BE in DARKNESS...or,
is this Darkness My Destiny?

IS day light all there is for me?

Yes,

There IS Hope with in,
But finding strength from this Hope...at times is like,
trying to find toe-jam
between the toes of a grasshopper,
without a magnifying glass.

IS IT REALLY THERE???

HELL I DON'T KNOW!!

Daylight now approaches..
Darkness STILL Weighs upon me.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

TO MY BABY GIRL

I can't promise you that,
I will be able to get for you Everything you want.
I can't promise you that,
I will make you smile Every Day, But...
I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT I WILL DO MY VERY BEST TO MAKE YOU HAPPY.

I can't promise you that,
I will always agree with everything you think is right nor,
that I will like everyone you feel is your friend, But...
I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT I WILL LOVE AND PROTECT YOU.

I can't promise you that,
We'll never be upset with each other nor,
that you will not want to talk to me at times..But,
I WILL PROMISE YOU THAT YOU WILL RESPECT ME AS YOUR DAD AND,
I WILL GIVE YOU THE RESPECT YOU DESERVE.

I can't promise you that,
I will always be available for you, But...
I WILL PROMISE YOU THAT NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO,
NO MATTER WHAT DECISIONS YOU MAKE,
I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU,
FORE,
IF I AM UNABLE TO BE THERE DUE TO SITUATIONS OUT OF OUR HANDS,
KNOW THAT I AM JUST A PHONE CALL OR LETTER AWAY.
I Love You...Dad.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

What Mother Means To Me

More Precious than the Most Desirable of Stones
The very thought of Her Brings More than Abundant Joy to My Being,
THIS IS WHAT MY MOTHER MEANS TO ME.

As a Child, She was GOD,
Good Orderly Directions,
Even when it required a switch to the back side of me.
Mother is the First Love I've ever Known,
Fore, True Love to Me is What She has Shown.

THIS IS WHO MOTHER IS TO ME.

Priceless she is...If only to me.
In your eyes, She's just another woman,
In My Eyes, Not only is She a Woman... I See,
Selflessness, Compassion and Empathy,
You See She risked her Life and Sacrificed Her Time For Me.

THIS IS WHAT MY MOTHER'S DONE FOR ME.

Yes, There is a GOD, This I know...You See,
There's Only One Who could create Such A Beautiful Person to Give Birth to Me,
and Have the Ability to Love me UNCONDITIONALLY.

When the World has Turned it's back on me,
When I feel so Low that Light dosen't reach me,
I can always count on,
Mothers Love to Rescue Me.

Just as it was when I was a child,
Though I am a man and have put away childish things...
My Mother is Like GOD,
Very Precious to me.

THIS IS WHAT MY MOTHER IS TO ME.

By: Glenn A. holder Sr.

M Y M O T H E R
"Gods Greatest Blessing to Me."

Often I've Prayed,
I've Prayed for many things.

Material things,
Unobtainable things,
Things I know I'd Never Obtain nor Physically see.
Never Did I Ever Consider My Mother.....

GODS GREATEST BLESSING TO ME.

I've had many good jobs,
Large Sums of Money and Nice cars.
Fashionable clothes,
and,
more women than I cared to know,
Still, I wanted more.

I Begged for Ultimate Blessings,
Too full of Myself to See that,
The Ultimate Blessings I Begged for,

Years ago,

Had Already Been Given To Me,

Fore,

The Greatest Gift of All Is The Love of Christ,

and

GODS Greatest Blessing to Me Is...

My Mother,

Nancy C.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

TO LOVE

To Love Someone So Very Dearly,
IS To FEEL DEEP with in Your Heart that,
The Love You Feel IS Meant to be.

To Love Someone According to the Standards of the Flesh,
IS To Love with the Intent to cause a Harm
that CUTS DEEPER than the sharpest of knives.

To Say that You Love Someone,
Yet,

You Have No Desire to Listen to them nor
Be Open-Minded enough to share a common thought or
Goal that May Lead both Your Lives into the Heavens...

IS

To Live A Lie

AND

Venture into the Heart of Another with Evil Intent.

However,

To Love Someone With Your Very Soul,
You Love Them With All that Your Heavenly Father Has Given You.
Thus, You Can Set This Love Free...

Even If it Departs,
IF IT'S MEANT TO BE,
NOTHING WILL STOP THIS LOVE
FROM RETURNING TO THEE.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

W H E N

When?...When Will it end?

All This HATE and BIGOTRY in this World WE live in..?

When Will All Men and Women become Equal,

Extinguish the supremacy, Removing Color as a Sin?

When Will it Not be Judged if you're Black or White,

Whether your guilty will be due to your color and,

Your color determines if you receive life or Death?

When Will This Generation FORGIVE the Generations of the past,

of the Hate and Ignorance that Today STILL LAST?

Shall WE Continue to live in the past or is it that the past,

IS Our Present in a new and improved way?

WHEN I ASK YOU?

When will Black on Black Crime and Crimes against Blacks become

something of the past? Or Do We continue to Blame others

for our Shortcomings .., What We Fail to Do for Ourselves??.....

Hoping for reparations, Holding on to the ancestral Grief.

WHEN?., WHEN?., WHEN?.

When Will the Heads of Government and Political figures

get their just due, instead of Blaming the little man to make themselves

look good by passing laws and increasing sentences for crimes

THEY'VE Committed, but will NEVER SERVE A DAY.

When Will it BE FULLY UNDERSTOOD that GOD MADE US AND MADE US ALL

IN HIS IMAGE... This Being the Full Spectrum of Colors,

in Hope that We'd live By His Word and Love Each Other?

When Will All of This Come to Pass??

Or Will My Child Have to Suffer at Her Maturity Because of My Today...

Her Past??? I guess I'll Never Know When....

Do You Know????? When??

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

HOW CAN THIS BE!?!

Waters flowin' Free upon this Earth.....

How Can It Be???

Children of M Y F A T H E R

are Dying Constantly....

I Just CAN'T Believe

that in this Age and Time They Have To Suffer.....

Walkin' Miles to Draw

From stagnate Waters...

While sewage Fills their Streets....

Can Hardly Breathe the Air!!

HOW CAN THIS BE!!!

My P E O P L E....

Men..

Women...

Little Girls...

Babies.....

and Little Boys,

HOW CAN THIS BE!! STILL...

Third Class Citizens

in a First Class Society!!!!!!!!!!

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

JUST LOOKING AROUND

With eyes wide open
Blind in the Wilderness Wandering.

Yet,
Expecting what isn't owed to them.

Wandering proud,
Accomplishing Nothing.

With knowledge to barely cover
the bottom of a thimble they boast,
as they lose liberties with every word.

Slothful are their movements,
attempting to be relevant..

Always in the way...
Just a Bunch of ignorant fools eroding My Day,
Just Looking Around.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

W H Y L I E

Why Lie?..

When the Truth is Staring You in your face?.

Why Lie,
to make your Life easier,
harming others with Shame and Disgrace?

Why Do You Lie?...

On Sunday Morning...

Then Live Truthfully Monday thru Saturday??...

Where's the Blessing in That!!!

OR

Is everyone Else Blind Except Me?..

Why Do You Lie?...

Looking me DEAD in My eyes...

Can't Help Yourself..Can You?

Well,...

What Ever it is, that You Claim to Believe in,

On that Fast Approaching Day,

My Friend...

Just Who....

WILL YOU LIE TO THEN?

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

MY FATHERS HAND

I Never Understood,
Why He'd seem So Hard on Me..
Insisting on Me doing Right instead of wrong.

I Didn't Understand,
What it Took 2 be a man,
Now, in these Lonely Hours,
sit and write this Song.

I Never Knew,
What GOD had 4 me 2 do,
Though My Fathers Hand designed His Plan.

Now that He's gone,
I'm ever alone, Yet..
His guiding Words are instilled in me.

Since I've become a man,
In My Life, I must Stand,
On Truths Given 2 Me.

If,
I Bow My Head and Pray each and Every Day,
I'll Live With Him From Now Til Eternity.

I NEVER Knew,
What GOD had 4 Me 2 Do,
Though My Fathers Hand Designed His Plan.

Now that He's Gone,
I'm ever A Lone,
In These Lonely Hours,
I Write This Song.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

M I R R O R

Looking in the Mirror,
I recognize the image I see..
The image is of Me.
Yet,
If I look deeper,
I'll find that this image I see is only the outer shell,
Others identify as me,
SR,
Who I am.

The Mirror?
This Mirror Lies....
Not Only to You..
It Lies To Me Daily.
I appear Nice Looking,
Confident and Extremely Wise,
Even Beautiful to some,
When Truthfully....
I Just Appear.
Look into the Mirror of My Eyes...
I Dis-Appear.
You ONLY see My Outer-Self,
Fore,
My inner-self is the Real Me.
So Enjoy My Mirrored Reflections....
Then I Know,
You'll Like Me.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

W H O A M I

IN the worst situation of my life,
Feeling So Very Lost and Alone, I ask My Self.....

Who Am I??

Am I Who They say I am?..or Do they say What They Want Me to Be?

Is it Something about me They see..

Which causes Rage within and Jealously?

Am I Who I Think I Am??, Or is it...

That I want to be a mirror image of something I've seen on T.V.??

Who Am I?

Who Am I in Society?

Who Am I to My Family?

Who Am I to Those Around Me?

I ask this Question....You See.... I Don't Really Know,

And Know One Can Really Tell Me!

Who Am I?

I Really Don't Know..

Is it a Secret that Will Never be told Until I'm laying Stiff and Cold??.....

Those Assessments Will be a Misrepresentation of the Truth,

To Make Those Speaking,

Feel Good About Themselves.

Besides, Those Words...

Will ^{be} far too late for me to Understand and,

If I could...

A LIE to Me They Would Be,

Fore,

I Have Alone Lived My Life and,

Felt Their Treatment of me.

So, My Best Assessment of Me is.....

I AM WHO GOD MADE ME TO BE...JUST ME.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.

IN YOUR SHOES..
(What Would I Do?)

I can't do a thang 4 U,
A letter every now and again can't close the Distance between us.
I start each day thinking of U,
Staring at your picture... What more can I do?
Live on the memories of me and U?
Should I continue to Spend my Days and Nights Dreaming of U?
Re-Living past Conversations and Play the Fool?
If I were in Your Shoes... What Would I Do??
The Same thang as U.
So Why should I expect Different from U?

After All This Time,
Thinking you're waiting by the telephone,
In Bed By Yourself...
How Selfish can I be??
You're No Different than Me...

So, Why Do I Play Myself..?
Writing..
Beggin'....
Please...
We're Both Human, With Human Needs..

Let me call her....[ring,ring, ring]
Please Baby Pick up the phone...[ring,ring]
(A Mans Voice Answers).....DAMN!!!!
These shoes are tight.

By: Glenn A. Holder Sr.