

EXTENDED GRACE

- WILLIAM THORPE -

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BY

WILLIAM THORPE

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WILLIAM L. THORPE

NAME: WILLIAM L. THORPE #1181729

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ADDRESS: GREENSVILLE CORRECTIONAL CENTER
HOUSING UNIT 7 / CELL 402
901 CORRECTIONS WAY
JARRATT, VIRGINIA 23870

HOME: 3332 E. PRINCETON RD.
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA. 23803
(804) 957-4336

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DEDICATION

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO PAUL
GRAVES, JAMES RILEY, AND JIMMY UZZLE,
WHO ARE THE BEST OF FRIENDS, MY SPIRIT
IS WITH YOU ALWAYS,

AND

TO MY PARENTS, PAULINE AND CARDELL
CLARKE, IN SPIRE OF MY FAULTS, SAW THE
GOOD IN ME, I LOVE YOU,

AND

TO MY BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN, ALSHIKA,
CAMERON AND CANISHA, WHO ARE THE
REASONS WHY I LIVE, TO BE AN EXAMPLE
BEYOND IMAGINATIONS, TO ACCOMPLISH
GOALS REACHING OUR DESTINATIONS,

AND

TO my brother MICHAEL,
I LOVE YOU, ALSO THE THORPE,
WINFIELD, MASON, HUDSON, TUCKER,
HAYES, GRAVES, AND THE MONTGOMERY
family, THANKS FOR BELIEVING IN ME,
TO EXPLORE THE UNKNOWN AS WELL AS
THE UNSUREN.

TO YOU ALL WITH LOVE, I DEDICATE
this book.

A WORD TO GIVE

IF YOU FIND YOURSELF IN PRISON, OR HELD DOWN BY STRAIGHTHOLES OF LIFE, I AM HERE TO SERVE YOU. AFTER SPENDING OVER TWENTY YEARS IN PRISON, MY LIFE HAS TURNED INTO HOPE. I PLACED MY DESIRES, MY THOUGHTS, TIME, AND OTHER POSSIBLE SHORTAGES IN THE HANDS OF GOD, AND THERE, I FOUND FREEDOM.

IN MY SECRET ROOM, I BEGAN TO STORE WORDS OF WISDOM THROUGH LIFE EXPERIENCES ON EVERY HAND. MY WAR BEGAN, WHEN ONE BLACK BODY WHICH IS MY OWN MOVED INTO THE TERRITORY OF ANOTHER, WHETHER BY GUILT, DEPRESSION, ANGER, OR ANY OTHER EXISTING SICKNESS, I PENETRATED IDEAS BASED ON SELF DESIRES THAT I COULD NOT CONTROL.

As a people, we wonder at some point, did these events in our lives happen by accident, or was it predestined to be for a reason and why. My life leaves gnawing questions in the mind of those who want positive answers.

However, in respect, I thought the same thing. But, if an individual who do not understand the flesh, or what we call spirituality, the sin nature, it's difficult for any observer to seriously believe that any event could have been prevented, and if the Bible, which it has, can explain the life of kings on human terms, then we who has fallen to such a degree, may greatly by submission, get a breakthrough.

A changed heart produces a changed mind, which manifest itself by the fruit of flavor, therefore, we as a people respond to what we actually believe, and what we don't, we argue to at least consider otherwise, that our thoughts remain true.

Through basic concepts, Aggression serves it's own right dealing with emotions toward certain things. A smile may have the same origin as a frown given in gesture of submission. What is taken as a smile just may be a frown twisted, though intending to attack or defend another by good reason or default.

Concerning self, I show emotion when threaten, I can freeze and flee into an area of my mind feeling comfortable and safe on a selected level of maturity. Without thinking positively, we do harm to others and self by expressions, that our actions followed by association, highly in shame, make room for such behavior to become possible.

The crime of Sodomy and Burglary neatly demonstrates agony conducted only by what others heard or interpret according to their own reasonings.

IN ANY CASE PENDING, WITHOUT KNOWING THE TRUTH HELD IN UNKNOWN REALITIES, MAY CAUSE CONFLICT, AND BY DECEPTION ASSOCIATED WITH LOCAL DEMONS, EMOTIONS OF THE MIND BY UNCERTAIN TERMS HAS POTENTIALLY DAMAGED A CHARACTER, YET, AS AN ADDICT, CHEMICAL REACTIONS SUCH AS IN AROUSAL INDUCED BY INJECTIONS, LEGITIMATE EXPECTATIONS.

FOR THE SOUND OF SODOMY IN HORRIFIC PRODUCE PHYSICAL OUTCOME AS PENETRATION OF THE ANAL REGION OF THE BODY, AND WHETHER MALE OR FEMALE IN VIEW, HAS SURFACED ON ALL CORNERS OF THE SOUTH. IN MY CASE, IT WAS MALE, AND YES, A TWELVE YEAR OLD CHILD. AS REPORTS MOVED ACROSS DESKS, THIS CRIME WAS BELIEVED BY SO MANY PEOPLE.

IN MADNESS, WHAT HURT MOST, THE ONE'S AT MY BEST INTERESTS AT HAND SEEMING NORMAL HAD ALSO FALLEN FAVOURABLE FEEBLE.

WHAT MANNER OF STRESS SHOULD BE INVOLVED IN SUCH CASE, WHERE THE PAIN OF PATHWAYS OF MY BRAIN WOULD CEASE TO FUNCTION BY EXTREME SORROW. IN PARTICIPATING PERCEPTION OF SENSORY, THE EXPERIENCES OF PAIN WAS SOMEHOW ALTOGETHER MENTAL, THOUGH ON A GREATER SCALE, I WAS LOST, AND AS A CONVICTED FELON, I NOW REST, AND MOMENT BY MOMENT, I EXPRESS MY WORDS THROUGH EXTENDED GRACE.

SITTING PATIENTLY IN A JAIL CELL, RECEIVING STIMULATION OF PAIN RESPONDS LESS TO THE SUBSTANCE MANUFACTURED IN THIS CRIME, THAT I BUILD A WALL GREY IN COLOR OF WHO I WAS, THOUGH, LABELED BLACK OF WHO I MAY BECOME.

A POET, AN EMOTIONAL INDUCER, BASED MY THOUGHTS BY MENTAL DISORDER, REASON TO BELIEVE THAT SOMEHOW, CHASTISEMENT WAS INCLUDED, TO BE STILL MOTIVATED BY LOVE AND THE RENEWAL OF THE SPIRIT.

By EXTREME TEARS AND FEARS, I
 GIVE THESE WORDS ONLY IN FORGIVENESS, THAT
 NO MATTER THE LIFE LIVED, I REST DAY TO
 DAY, THAT EXPLANATIONS THROUGH EXPERIMENTAL
 INVESTIGATIONS, PEOPLE WITH ENQUIRING MINDS
 EXIST TO DEVELOPE THEIR OWN VERDICTS.

IN WAYS MANIFESTED, MY LIFE EXIST
 TO DISPOSE ALL FOOLISHNESS OF THOUGHT, NOT
 TO PROTECT MY POSITION AS MAN, BUT TO
 OBTAIN PROGRESS IN ACTION BY DEEDS, NOT
 ONLY IN WORDS. IN CLOSING,

I GO DOWN DISAPPOINTED
 BUT I RISE IN VICTORY
 FOR THE SUMMER IS NOW PAST
 AND MY FEARS, GONE,

MY LIFE HAS SPRUNG UP
 AS EAGLE WINGS
 AND TO HEAR THE WIND BLOW
 HAS COME,
 EVEN TO THE BOWING DOWN
 TO THOSE GET FREE,

THE FOREST IS FULL
 AND THE FLOWERS IN BLOSSOM
 WHERE THERE PETALS IN EVERY COLOR
 SHEDS ACROSS THE FIELDS OF FRAGRANCE.

INTRODUCTION

THE REASON why WE AS A PEOPLE FAIL IN MANY AREAS OF OUR LIVES IS BASED ON HOW WE THINK, AND WHAT WE DO WITH THOSE THOUGHTS. WE BELIEVE TO A CERTAIN DEGREE, THAT THE THINGS WE ENCOUNTER HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH GOD.

HOWEVER, WE CHOOSE WHAT IS RIGHT IN OUR OWN MINDS. A LIFE THAT IS LEAD BY DECEPTION IS CONTROLLED BY DESIRES THAT SATISFIES THE BODY AND MIND, AND IN VIEW, CRIMES ARE COMMITTED HAD A TAKE OR LEAVE OPTION.

I FACED A FUTURE WITH GREAT ANTICIPATION, AND THROUGH CONVICTION, I ILLUSTRATED IDEAS OF RECORDED EVENTS, THAT THE BATTLE OF THE MIND HAD JUST BEGUN, AND THERE IS REASON TO FEEL A STATE OF CURIOSITY, OR TO BE PLACED IN SITUATIONS HOLDING NOTHING IN MERCY.

But what happens now will be final
in your thoughts, as I deliver words of
truth, power, peace, and conviction with
Extended Grace.

MAY THE WORDS NOW WRITTEN THROUGH
EXPERIENCES GIVE INSPIRATION FOR RESTORATION
BRINGING GOODNESS AND BEAUTY TO SOULS WHO
HAS SUFFERED THROUGH DRAMA MISUNDERSTOOD.

ACHIEVEMENTS

- 2008 Published POEM: I AM REDEEMED
by THE PROGRESS INDEX
- 2004 NOMINATED AS POET OF THE YEAR
by INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF
POETS, AND INTERNATIONAL POET
OF MERIT
- 2003 WON Editor's CHOICE AWARD
FOR OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT
IN POETRY, PRESENTED by POETRY.COM,
AND THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY
OF POETRY
- 1995 POEM: FATHER TO SON
SELECTED FOR THE SOUND OF POETRY
by THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF POETRY
- 1994 POEM: THE BEAUTIFUL EARTH
NOMINATED TO APPEAR ON LULU ROMAN'S
ALBUM, SELECTED by INTERNATIONAL
PRODUCTIONS.

I AM REDEEMED

IN THE EYES OF THE BEHOLDER
A MYSTERY BY SURPRISE,
TO REVEAL OTHERWISE THE MAGIC
OF ONE THAT CANNOT BE DETECTED.

I STRIVE DAILY, TO FOCUS WITHIN MY BEING,
TO BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE FOR MY ACTIONS,
AND THOUGH I MAY BE DESPERATE
TO LOVE SUCH A ONE,
TODAY I REMAIN EQUIVALENT WITHOUT ERROR.

I AM BEAUTIFUL, AND THE COLOR
OF MY BROWN SKIN ENHANCES MY GLORY,
THAT IN MY SPACE OF FREEDOM, I HOLD
THE WORLD IN MY HANDS.

BEFORE THE STRONG I STAND
BEFORE THE WEAK I LEND A HAND,
AND THOUGH MY STRONGHOLDS GRAND, I
CAN LOVE THE HATED BEING MATURE
THROUGH LAUGHTER IN MY MIND.

I Embrace a hand full of mockery
in the blind, to know the love of God
so kind,

the particles in my blood is the main
ingredient for my steps, and having
the ability to love within, I ponder
still upon the good, no matter where
I go.

I exist to endure everything
that exist,
to give rewards to souls in complete
measures, to hide a frown
impending my emotions,

I give a word to honor my character,
to appear before congregations supreme,
and though my days cease not to profess,
through daily values I can move
in happiness, because through it all,
I am redeemed.

PREDATOR'S TRUTH

PROCASTINATED MEMORIES CALLS FOR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION FOR BEHAVIOR, AND WHAT'S HIDDEN IN THE HEART WILL COME TO LIGHT, TO BE DELIVERED BY A SAVIOUR.

HAVING THE ABILITY TO COMPREHEND, THEY WORK WITH SKILLED HANDS TO SHAPE, EASE AND WHISPER BY EVERY DESIGN THOUGHTS OF A LOVE DENIED.

THEY CREATE AUTOMATIC IMAGES UPON REQUESTS, TO ENGAGE A CHILD OF WEAKNESS, MAKING A LOWER SOUND OF REASONING. THEY RESEMBLE ANGELS OF LIGHT, BUT ARE MISCHIEVOUS IN THOUGHT, AND LIKE AN ATOM BOMB, THEY DEVOUR SOULS BY NUMBERS.

THEY PROVIDE NO VIOLENCE IN COLOR NOR BREATHE WORDS OF JUSTICE, BUT BY UNSERN PASSION, THEY CROSS PULPITS IN FELLOWSHIP CALLING SIN, PLEASURE.

FATHER TO SON

SON, I lift my head
toward the freedom of the
AMERICAN flag, that's when
I gathered you.

YOUR TEARS SLICK AS GREASE
SHOWS THE MADNESS IN YOUR EYES.

I MAY BE EXECUTED UPON THE
KILLING FIELDS OF BLOOD, AND INTO
THE HANDS OF ENEMIES I GO.

I PRESS ON DAILY, MY CHAINED HANDS
CRY FOR THE WRONG I'VE DONE,
AND GUILT CHARGES ME TO DEFEAT.

I SUMMARIZE ONE black body
which is my own, you may be the
REFLECTION of the father, but STRIVE
to be BETTER than I,
FOR I HAVE BEEN DECEIVED by my thoughts,
AND my IGNORANCE that I lay ASIDE,
that YOUR FEARS be MOVED
by SACRIFICE.

By the original revelation of my life
has been recorded by allegations
of the hated, and by the ultimate
authority in man, it was a task
from generation to generation to
produce a kingdom of the righteous.

In you son, there's hope. I see
in you a blessed spirit claiming
for yourself reality.
Rule over the earth, consecrate
all things in meekness, work in
your perfect place, and function
until the completeness of your
father rests.

TO THE LEARNER

MOST IS ALOT, SOME IS FEW,
EVERYTHING INVOLVES ALL, AND
ALL IS LIMITED BY A GIVER.

CHASE WHAT IS PRECIOUS, LEAVE
BEHIND WHAT'S EASY TO GAIN,
FOR THE OPINIONS OF ANOTHER
GIVE REASONS TO BELIEVE
ONLY IN THE THINGS SEEN, AND
WHAT WE CANNOT SEE, A CLOSED
MIND GIVETH NOTHING.

GIVE WHAT IS NEEDED, GIVE EXTRA
WHEN NECESSARY, FOR FALSE
INTENTIONS FOOL THE SOUL, ONLY TO
ESTIMATE VALUES BY COMMON
FRACTIONS, THAT BRING DESTRUCTION
BY THE NEAREST TEN.

LOVE SEEKS TRUTH, TRUTH SEEKS
DIFFERENCE,
LOVE IDENTIFIES THE QUESTION
AND AT TIMES HAS NO WAY OF
SOLVING THE PROBLEM.

THE PRACTICAL INCOMPREHENSIBLE
MESSAGES OF FAITH SURPASS ALL
LOGIC OF UNDERSTANDING,
AND OVER AND OVER OUR MINDS
STOPS ON A SHALLOW HILL,
TO ENCOUNTER THE GREATEST
AMONG SMILES, NEVER TO RETURN.

THE PORT ON THE STAND

I'VE SPOKEN, SO TODAY I SPEAK.

I AM CUT OFF BY MY OWN IMAGINATIONS
TO BE IN CHARGE, TO LOVE ALL LUBRICATING
SKINS,

I AM GRIPPED BY A DEATH GREATER
THAN MY OWN, AS I THINK OF GENERATIONS
BEFORE ME, HAVING A MISSION TO BE
ENTRUSTED, AND DESPITE ALL PRECAUTIONS
STAND GUARD TO PROTECT ALL FACES OF
HISTORICAL SELF.

THEREFORE, I MUST FIND A WAY TO
REVEAL MY WORDS TO ANOTHER, BECAUSE
IF I DIE TODAY, THE TRUTH IS GONE
FOREVER.

I AM THAT TRUTH BEFORE MY PEERS,
SHARING A TEAR FOR THINGS I HOLD
SO DEAR, OR IS IT THE ALLEGATIONS
I HEAR, BRINGING IN A TRADITIONAL
RESPONSIBILITY SO CLEAR.

OH GOD, GIVE ME THE ABILITY TO STAND
AS I GRAB MY SISTERS AND BROTHERS
BY THE HAND, TO REVEAL THE WORDS THAT
I NOW LET LOOSE.

WITH THE BEST MEATS UNBLOODED
I TASTE THE WINE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS
BEFORE MY PEOPLE, FOR THE AUTHORITY
OF THE WHITES, AND THE ATTITUDES OF
THE BLACKS, CAST ME NOT BEFORE HUNGRY
WOLVES AND THE BEASTS OF MANY SEAS.

FOR MY THOUGHTS ARE IMPORTANT
AND IT MATTERS WHAT I THINK,
FOR IT DETERMINES WHO I AM
AND WHAT I DO, AS I CAPTURE THE
CREATIVITY OF MY EMOTIONS.

THOUGH I DRINK FROM A CUP OF DELIVERANCE,
NOT HELD DOWN BY FALSE TESTIMONIES OF
DECEPTION, I FIND IN MYSELF, NOTHING.

FROM WHERE MY FATHERS CAME
THEIR LIPS OF BLEED AND TEARS OF RAGE
CRIES FOR REVENGE. INTO THE NIGHT
I HEARD THE BATTLES OF THE KNOWN, AS
THE UNKNOWN HOPING FOR THE RIGHT
TO BE FREE.

BUT I HAVE A DREAM
THAT A PURPOSE FLOWER GIVEN
TO NURTURE A SOUL OF ONE,
WHERE TENDERNESS GROWS MATURE
AND A LOVE THAT COST NONE,
THOUGH I SUMMARIZE MY OWN CHAOTIC
MEMORIES TO BE UNIQUE AND LIMITLESS
BEFORE THE KILLING FIELDS DIVINE,
ALL I HAVE AT THIS TIME IS A PRISON
CELL THAT I CALL MINE.

TO ALL PEOPLE GREAT AND SMALL,
NO CULTURE OR CREED,
FOR WE ALL BLEED THE SAME COLOR
AND MAY SHARE THE SAME SEED;
NOW THAT YOU HAVE TASTED MY
DIGNITY, I TAKE YOUR TEARS INTO
MY SPIRIT, AND CHALLENGE YOUR THOUGHTS
THAT NO MAN CREATED, TO REVEAL BEFORE
YOU A HELPFUL SOUL, THAT I, ONLY I,
CONFESS, THE POET ON THE STAND, AMEN.

NO FACE TO PLACE

IT'S HARD FOR MEN TO BE THE MAN
HE REALLY WANTED TO BE,
FOR HIS PRIDE IS THE CENTER
OF HIS EYE,
WHILE HIS EGO COMES TO PLAY,
CASTING A SMILE BY DECEPTION,

TO THE WORLD HE STANDS TO BE GREAT
IN SPEECH, BUT BEHIND DOORS
HE SINGS LOVE BALLADS OF MISERY,
TRANSFORMING IMAGES INTO GOD'S
BY DESIGN.

AS HIS VOICE COLLECTS DUST
THE ATTRACTIVENESS OF LOVE IS DENIED,
AND IN HIS HANDS PAYOUT RATES IN GREED
THAT HE HIMSELF CANNOT AFFORD.

HAVING A SERIES OF ADVANCED STRATEGIES
WITHOUT A PLAN,
PERSONAL GAIN BEATS AGAINST HIS MIND
TO CHALLENGE A COMMON DREAM
THE REALITY OF BEING IN HIMSELF,
ORIGINAL.

HE GAMBLE WITH POPULAR ILLUSIONS
USING THE VOCABULARY OF AUTHORITY,
ONLY TO SUPPRESS WEAKNESS IN ANOTHER,
TO HIDE A FROWN WELCOMING TEARS.

MAN CAN BUILD HIS OWN MIRROR
IN WHICH HE SEES NOT A FACE
BUT ONLY A REFLECTION SOLD IN
BLACK AND WHITE, BUT THE COLOR
OF HIS SHOES PLAY MUSICAL CHAIRS
WITH HIS MIND,
WHERE THE CALLING FORTH OF RUNNING
WATER MEETS BLUE MIST
DOWN IN THE VALLEY.

FROM THE GROUND UP

CARNAL WISDOM LEADS TO DESTRUCTION
AND DEVOTED SACRIFICE WILL SOON
FOLLOW BY EXHAUSTION.

INDIVIDUAL WORDS OF REASON
BRING DISCUSSION BY EXPLANATIONS
THAT CAN'T BE FULLY EXPLAINED,
WHERE REPUTATIONS GIVE FALSE
INTENTIONS SHOWING PLEASURE WITHIN
SEEKERS.

A PRACTICE THAT IS LABORED IN VAIN
ADD THE ACTS OF STUMBLING ON EVERY
CORNER OF ONE'S MIND,
FOR WHAT IS PLANTED, IS WATERED,
THAT ONE DAY SOON, THAT SEED WILL
GROW, TO MAINTAIN OPERATED SUNLIGHT
FOR A PURPOSE SERVED IN CONFIDENCE.

WHERE WERE YOU

WHERE WERE YOU, WHEN THE YEARS
OF MY SINS HAUNTED ME,
WHERE WERE YOU, WHEN THOUGHTS OF
SUICIDE CAPTURED MY MIND, WHEN LIFE
ITSELF WAS JUST A DREAM.

WHERE WERE YOU, WHEN JUSTICE
BEING CORRUPT HELD ME DOWN, HAVING
NO WHERE TO RUN AND NO WHERE TO HIDE,
WHERE WERE YOU, WHEN I STOOD
BEFORE THE COURTS OF THE LAW, GIVING
A TESTIMONY OF REMORSE.

WHERE WERE YOU, WHEN I WALKED
THE STREETS OF GUILT, WHERE SPIDERS
CRAWL, AND THE WEBS THEY BUILT,
WHERE WERE YOU, WHEN THE PRICE OF LOVE
GAVE UP THE AMERICAN FLAG TO SLAVES,
WHERE AGONY WAS SILENT IN THE DAY.

WHERE WERE YOU, WHEN MEN CAME
AGAINST MY WILL TO BE STILL, AND THE
ONLY WAY OUT IS TO KILL,
WHERE MEMORIES OF THE PAST BECAME
A TEST OF FAITH ON BENDING KNEES,

WHERE WERE YOU, THE NIGHTS I DIED
IN SHAME, AND BY THE WAKING OF THE MORN,
THE OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND,
COME TO VIEW —

WHERE WERE YOU, WHEN THE YEARS OF
BEING ALONE WAS A FACTOR BEHIND
PRISON WALLS, THAT MY YESTERDAY'S
BEING BETTER THAN TODAY, AND MY LOVE
THAT EXISTED YEARS BEFORE, NEVER
MET HUMILITY THROUGH FORGIVENESS.

BUT WHEN MY DAYS COMES TO A SUCCESS,
I WILL STAND BEFORE THE WICKED AND ASK,
WHERE WERE YOU.

AT MY PRISON SINK

DAY AFTER DAY, THE SAME PEOPLE COME,
 THEIR SMELLY BREATH AT MORNING, THEIR
 SMELLY CLOTHES AT DAWN, AND THEIR
 HIDDEN BOY TOYS THAT EXIST IN THE
 NIGHT.

ATTITUDE AFTER ATTITUDE, THE LOVE
 FOR COMPLAINING NEVER STOPS,
 WHAT THEY CAN'T EAT, WHY THEY CAN'T
 SLEEP,
 WHY THEIR WAYS STACKED IN DEFEAT,
 AND THE HOPE IN FAITH THAT THEY
 FAILED TO KEEP.

SICKNESS ON ONE SIDE, DEATH ON THE
 OTHER,
 I HEAR THE CRIES FOID IN SHAME,
 AND ON DAYS OF EXPOSURE, THEY HIDE
 THEIR NAMES,
 FOR THE SOON EXECUTED LAUGH ON
 DEATH ROW, WHILE BELIEVERS PRAY IN HOPE,
 THE SINNERS TRY TO COPE, BUT INSTEAD
 THEY CHOKER,

EXTENDED GRACE

— WILLIAM THORPE —

though in the moment of death
being in poverty, tell the same
old jokes, but in the back of their
minds, they remember the hearts
they broke.

THE CALLING

MANY TIMES COME
AND WITH CONSISTENCY, I SURVIVED
THE WORLD WITH A FIRE HOSE CONNECTION
IN TRUST,
I CAPTURE ABILITIES TO CONTROL THE
MISDEEDS IN MISERY.

I PASS BY THE RIGHTEOUS IN SHAME
RIDING UPON MOUNTAINS WHERE MY
SPIRIT BORN FREE CLAPS FOR JOY,
FOR I AM HE, OPTIMISTIC.

THE INFLAMMATION IN MY BODY
IS INFERIOR TO MY MIND,
I AM TRANSPARENT IN THOUGHT,
I AM STEP BY STEP STEREOTYPED
IN THIS LIFE UNCHAINED.

I PURSUE SOCIAL LIES TO DEFINE
WHAT IS FALSE, AND WHAT IS
TRIMENDOUS, I REMAIN FAITHFUL,
NO MATTER HOW THE WORLD
JUDGES MY CHARACTER.

Pondering Thought

I WAS BORN WITH NOTHING,
LIVED MY YEARS WITH NOTHING,
BUT AT THE END OF MY DAY,
I DO HAVE SOMETHING.

I HAVE THE ABILITY TO HOPE FOR,
AND THAT'S MORE,
THAN WHAT NOTHING CAN HAVE.

THE WRITER WITHIN

IMAGINATIONS ROAM THE UNKNOWN
 TO DRAFT THE OUTLINES OF FEARS,
 WHERE THE EFFORTS FROM A PURE HEART
 RESTS UNDER ACCOMPLISHMENTS
 OF A GLASS OF THE FINEST SWEAT
 OF BROWS.

FLYING FISTS UNDER CONSIDERATION
 SHOWS THE MADNESS THROUGH NOMINATION,
 WHERE THE HOMELESS BEING ALONE
 SEEKING ROMANCE, CALLING LOVE IN
 ESPIONAGE, NATURAL.

TO STAND BEFORE DEATH, NOT I,
 TO BE EXECUTED AMONG THE GUILTY,
 WHY,
 I CAN ONLY PRONOUNCE A VERDICT
 HANDED DOWN BY EMOTIONS THAT ONLY
 I CREATED,
 TO KILL A COMMON DREAM, BRINGING
 ROYALTY IN ADVANCE.

THE VOICE

TODAY, I AM WITH ONE MIND,
 AND THERE ARE NO FROWNS TO
 CATCH THE TIGHTNESS OF MY MOIST
 FACE,

BUT WHERE I SPEAK THESE WORDS,
 I AM BEHIND BARS LOOKING OUT,
 WHERE THE PAINS OVER THE YEARS
 HAS BECOME GREATER THAN MY MIND
 HELD IN SORROW.

I MARRY TEARS TO DIVORCE GUILT,
 TO NO LONGER CRY IN REMORSE,
 BUT TO MOVE HIGHLY IN HOW I THINK.

THE GREATER WEALTH IN THY JOY
 CAN SOMEHOW INFLUENCE THE LESS
 TALENTED,
 TO ACTIVATE BY CHOICE THOUGHTS OF
 OPINION, NOT TO DEMONSTRATE
 THE LOST THEREOF,
 WHERE NO WORDS CAN EXPLAIN THE
 PAINS OF STOLEN HONOR,
 FOR WE, THE SEEKERS, KILL A COMMON
 MAGIC, TO FACE A COMMON PEOPLE, TO
 KILL A COMMON CRISIS.

WICKED DECEPTION

I AM THE BLAME, AND NOTHING
REMAINS THE SAME,
MY EYES SPEAK FOR ATTENTION, MY
HAIR SPREADS GLORY IN CHILDREN,
AND MY TEARS GATHER BROKEN HOMES
BY URBAN LEGENDS.

THIS DAY, THE LAW HAS NO JURISDICTION
TO SERVE A COMMUNITY IN DISTRESS,
FOR NO SMILE CAN FOUL FANTASIES
OF THE MIND,
WHERE PEARLS HANGING ON A CHAIN
GIVES NO CHANGE IN COLOR, NOR VALUE.

WHAT IS DESIRED IN ONE, IS DIFFERENT
IN ANOTHER,
AND CHOICES MADE, GLORIFIES COMFORT
CLAIMING LOVE IN COMBAT,
WHILE BLUE COLLAR CONNECTIONS BRING
WHITE COLLAR ENERGY TO AMERICAN GANGSTERS,
THAT A FALSE SMILE RUNS NON PROFIT
POSITIONS ON STREET CORNERS.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE IMAGES
CREATED, WHERE AUTHORITY IN ONE
HOLDS MEN CAPTIVE, AND THE POWER
TO ORDAIN MISSIONARIES UNITE
TROUPO FROM THE SOUTH.

TO SING FUNK BALLADS WITH A FLOWER
ON MY SHOULDERS, I VANISH
BY FLASHING LIGHTS CALLING POPCORN LOVE,
SCANDALOUS,
WHERE SPEAKING IN RIDDLES,
I SEARCH WITH PENETRATING EYES
TO DECLARE THE DECLARATION OF
INDEPENDENCE,
AND BY RITUAL, A TOUCH OF SENSIBILITY
WITHERING AWAY IMPRESSIVELY.

MADE AGES

A LOVE DELAYED, IS NOT A LOVE DENIED,
 I ANNOUNCE IN PUBLIC THE PRODIGES
 OF MY MIND,
 TO SABOTAGE SUGGESTIONS MADE,
 HAVING A PURPOSE TO LEAD GREED ON
 BENDING KNEES.

By Filthy Rage demand STRIKING NEWS
 WHERE LIVES STAINED IN BLOOD
 RECOGNIZE THE SIN OF REBELS, AND
 WHERE THEIR TESTIMONIES MEET,
 THE MAKING OF HISTORY BY EXPRESSIONS
 ARE MOTIVATED GESTURES HELD BY A
 TROUBLED SOCIETY.

IN SELF-EXPLOSION, THE WALKING DEAD
 DESTROYS A DESTINY, THAT LIVING FOR
 TODAY, IS TO BE COUNTED WORTHY TOMORROW,
 BUT WHAT COMES LAUGHTER IN THE MIDST,
 THE PULLING DOWN OF STARS OF THE MIND
 IS BLOWING SILENT KISSES UNDER
 THE SUN.

ANGELS IN BATTLE

THROUGH UNSEEN BATTLES, DELIVERANCE
COMES,
AND BURNT IMAGES BY DESIRE IS REWARDED
BY GUIDED PRAYER,
WHERE GRACE IS GIVEN BY COMMUNICATIONS.

THEIR WOUNDS, DRY, AND BY THE NEXT
MORNING THEIR UNSEEN TEARS
DISAPPEARS BY THE SOUND OF A TRUMPET
BLAST,
FOR I SEE CHILDREN HAVING AN HALO OF
GLORY,
AND BY CAPTURED PORTIONS, THE WICKED
DEMONS WAS GIVEN ON PLATTERS.

BY REFLECTIONS, THE HUNGRY WALKS AMONG
THEM,
THOUGH TO APPEAR HUMAN, TUCKED WINGS
OF SOME, DEVOUR BY SIGHT, A FLOWER
OF THE FIELD,
AND BY THE SWEAT OF THEIR LABOUR,
THEY ARE SEEN, NO MORE.

A SPECIAL WORD

PEOPLE USUALLY WANT WHAT THEY
CANNOT HAVE,
FOR WHAT THEY DESIRE IS LESS IMPORTANT
TO THE EYE,
AND THROUGH IGNORANCE, THE PRICE
OF LOGIC COMES TO PLAY.

WE TALK WITH THOSE WHO HEAR,
BUT WHEN DRAMA SINGS THE BLUES,
THE THINGS THAT WE CONFESS TOO,
WERE THINGS WE SHOULD HAVE LEFT
ALONE.

IF ANY MAN WISH TO BE FIRST,
HE MUST BE WILLING TO BE LAST,
THAT BY PATIENCE THROUGH FAVOR,
HIS FAITH IS TESTED BY FIRE UNQUENCHED.

THE SPIRIT OF GENEROSITY ILLUMINATES
IN THE NIGHT,
WHILE THE BIRTH OF TRIUMPH IS THE
EXPRESSION OF HIS DREAMS ANSWERED,
FOR A CROWDED SOUL LOSES THE APPETITE
FOR CAPABILITY,
WHERE JUDGMENT BY EVIL DOERS BRINGS
ABANDONMENT THROUGH DEDICATION IN
THE BLIND.

THE THOUGHTS OF YESTERDAY

I sit, thinking about the days of old,
 listening to the words of mother
 and hearing the beatings untold,
 though with eyes puffed, hand broken
 and joy separated,
 by anointed oil, the chance for
 chased fear through reality, now written.

In the midst of fists flying in misery,
 alcohol passes the times of sudden
 hunger.

The sight of the golden knife haunts
 the eye of desperation,
 and as the child shocked in attendance,
 the power to unleash the clash of the
 titans mentality left.

With a broken nose crippled in posture,
 silence through agony was embraced by
 lies to be noted,
 smacks and punches increased daily
 by devotion.

WHAT A CHILD SEES
 HE OR SHE MAY BECOME,
 AND WHAT IS FORBIDDEN BY FAMILY VALUES
 CAN BE ALLOWED BY EXCEPTANCE
 OF ONE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS.

IGNORANCE IN LOVE
 BY EXPRESSED AFFECTIONS,
 NOT BY WHAT, BUT BY WHOM,
 CAN SOMEHOW EXPANDED BY THE FALSE
 KNOWLEDGE OF ROMANCE.

TO BE JUDGED AS MAN
 WE ARE SIFTED AS WHEAT
 AND IF WE BEING MAN
 BETRAY OUR POSITION AS SUCH,
 WE RESPOND TO OUR EMOTIONS
 ON EVERY HAND.

I AM LIFE,
 AND WHAT I SPEAK AND DO
 IS ORDINARY TO ANOTHER,
 BUT WHERE PHYSICAL EXIST
 I AM HELD ACCOUNTABLE BY INVESTMENT
 TO BE PURE BEFORE THE LEARNING.

Though my life is a PERSONAL MATTER
I claim NOT my OWN LOVE,
my OWN RELATIONSHIPS,
but by EVERY PAIN GIVEN IN MEASURE
I ENDURE only to ACCOMPLISH
THE SIMILARITIES of my mind.

I CAN BE DIFFICULT WHEN AFRAID,
SILENT WHEN MISUNDERSTOOD,
FOOLISH WHEN INFLUENCED,
AND YET ARROGANT WITHOUT EXPERIENCE,
FOR my SKELTONS BECAME A BASKET
CASE IN SPEECH,
I BATTER my STRONGHOLDS IN MIND,
NOT by my fists.

THE PATTERN

I GIVE IN SMALL AMOUNTS
THAT REPRESENTS MY HEART
AND BEING EXTRAVAGANT IN NATURE
I SAVE WHAT I HAD TO GIVE.

MY LIFE SHOULD NOT BE JUDGED
BY QUANTITY IN RICHES
BUT BY QUALITY OF MY LOVE SHOWN
IN WHICH IS A LOVE OUTSIDE OF WHO
I AM.

I WILL NOT BE SIFTED AS WHEAT
CLAIMING NOTHING IN RETURN,
I WILL NOT BETRAY MY POSITION AS MAN
TO BECOME A CHILD IMPENDING EMOTIONS.

I MAY NOT BE GREAT IN SPEECH
NOR STAND GRAND TOWARDS FAME,
BUT MY CHARACTER SPEAKS IN HUMILITY
WITHOUT THE SOUND OF PRIDE
TO BE REVEALED BEFORE KINGDOMS
OF THE EARTH.

Today I SEE

FROM PRISON TO PRISON I GO
FROM PICKING COTTON TO STRAWBERRIES
I KNOW,
FROM SUN UP TO SUN DOWN, I SWEAT,
AND ANOTHER DAY HELD IN SLAVERY,
I BET.

I SEE BETWEEN CELL BARS,
THE SCARS,
I SEE UNDERCOVER SNITCHERS
WEARING SHINY SHOES
SINGING THE BLUES ON THE NEWS.

POVERTY ON EVERY END,
I SEE CHAINS ALL AROUND,
AND BY SOUND, SUGAR BOYS IN BED
NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.

THE BIG, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY
PUSHING THEIR AUTHORITY ON EVERYONE'S
HEAD,
BUT IN THE COMING NIGHT,
THE SAME CLIMBING ANOTHER MAN'S BED,
BEGGING FOR BREAD,
AND WAITING FOR MORNING TO COME
THEIR GROANS AND MOANS IN THE DARK
SINGING ANOTHER LOVE TUNE WITH A SMILE.

SKIN DRY

TO STAND BEFORE A NATION
 WITH HANDS RAISED IN GLORY,
 WHERE LEADERS DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION
 OF REASON FOR SEASONS.

THE APPROVED GIVEN A SMILE
 HAS BEEN NOMINATED AS A DEVIL,
 AND BY HIS OATH, A LIFE IS ACCEPTED
 FOR HONOR.

A SCANDAL UNDER CAMPAIGN PROMOTIONS
 GIVE NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATIONS
 THE ABILITY TO RULE OVER KINGS AND QUEENS,
 BUT THE PURE IN HEART RESTS BY MORAL
 ATTRACTIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

BLIND ACCOUNTABILITY BY RESPECTORS
 GIVE A FLIP FLOP OPINION ABOUT REVIVAL
 INSPIRATIONS,
 WHILE WARNING SIGNS OF DESTRUCTION
 THROUGH THE ACTS OF CONGRESS
 HOLD CLINCHED FIST TO THOSE WHO FOLLOW
 IN THEIR PATH FOR POWER,
 WHERE SPOKEN PROMISES NEVER SOFTENS,
 ONLY HARDENS IN PRIDE.

THE CROWD

NO ONE CAN DESCRIBE THE WONDERS
OF REALITY,
UNTIL IT IS SEEN IN ACTION,
WHERE THE FLASHING OF LIGHTS
IS DETERMINED BY MOTIVATIONS
HANDLED DOWN SUSPECTS.

TO THE CARNAL OBSERVER
DARKNESS IS A FRIGHTENING PLACE
TO BE CONSIDERED blind by conflict,
AND BY EMBRACE, POSSIBLE SOLUTIONS
OUTSIDE OF SELF IS HIDDEN BY THE
PEERS OF LAUGHTER.

THE DUTY

FATHER,

I sit before you because I am not worthy to stand. I am grieved, even behind prison doors I remain in my state of mind. If it be possible, let this hour pass by me. I know that through you all things are possible, yet I doubt in view.

The impossible is only a small grain of dust blown into the wind. My eyes are heavy, my knees weak; though shall I remain obedient, and for this purpose only I enhance a kingdom upon this world to be called mine by faith.

There are days that I look onto the heavens, as I see the clouds crack wide open, and there I see angels walking up and down ladders of choice. I hear your voice, powerful, full of authority, while the sun within you is radiant through appreciation.

WHERE THE DOMINANT IMAGES CLAIM
THE PRODIGAL SON, THE BEAUTY OF YOUR
FAITHFULNESS IN MERCY IS OPPORTUNITY
FOR REST UPON THE WINGS OF YOUR GLORY.

WHAT MAN AM I, TO BELIEVE THAT I AM
GREATER THAN YOU, THAT UPON THESE LIPS
I THIRST, AND UPON MY FLESH, I BOW. I
AM NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL, IN WHICH
I AM FREE TO BE ME, TO TRUST IN WHO I
CANNOT SEE.

THE EVALUATION

THROUGH VOLUNTARY MOVEMENTS
I AM MORE THAN JUST BROWN EYES,
MORE THAN CONSOLIDATION MEMORY
HANDLED DOWN BY EXPRESSIONS OF
CONCEPTS,

HOWEVER, BY COMPLETE MEASURES
MY SMILE IS UNIVERSAL
AND MY WAYS, INTERNAL.

THE Complicated You

I CAN'T TAKE BACK THE PAIN,
THE SOCIAL LIES, THE CHEATING,
AND THE SEPARATION IN TIME PAST
THOUGH I CONFESS BEFORE YOU
MY WEAKNESS FOR A PLEASURE DENIED,
WHERE DOMINANCE IN SELF
BECAME A MULTIPLE PERSONALITY DISORDER.

THROUGH THE YEARS,
I HAVE GROWN TO LOVE YOU
MORE THAN YOU'RE EVER KNOWN,
I KNEW THAT I HURTED YOU
BUT DIDN'T KNOW HOW BAD,
AND I AM DEEPLY SORRY, THAT THE MAN
YOU LOVED AND CHERISHED AS PURE GOLD
EVALUATED BY INDUCTIVE REASONING,
TO RESIST THAT LOVE BEING IGNORANT.

TIRÉD

I AM SO TIRÉD
OF THE MISÉRY I CRÉATE,
MY THOUGHTS HOLDING ME CAPTIVE
TO FLESHLY DESIRÉS,
CHASES ME TO DÉFEAT,

MY PERSPECTIVES CHANGE RADICALLY
AS I STAND ON SELF-PIÉTY,
THAT ÉTERNITY AHEAD FILLS MY SPACE
CALLING HEAVEN, CERTAIN.

Submission

MY DEEPEST NEED
IS TO BE A MAN OF GOD,
ABLE TO CONTROL DESIRES
THAT WOULD HINDER MY WALK.

TO COVER THE EMPTINESS IN REMORSE
I LIVE BEYOND ADVERSITY
WHEN THE THOUGHTS OF SMOOTH SAILING
IS PRESENT IN MY MIND.

THE BUSIER I BECOME,
I AM MATURE IN ALL MY WAYS
BY EVERLASTING ARMS OF APPROVAL
TO STAND BEFORE THE POWERFULLY
HUMBLE.

DO YOU HATE ME

DO YOU HATE ME,
BECAUSE OF MY CRIMES,
DO YOU HATE ME,
BECAUSE OF MY IRRESPONSIBILITIES,
OR DO YOU HATE ME,
BECAUSE I AM NOT THERE TO CARE.

DO YOU HATE ME
BECAUSE OF WHAT OTHERS SAY
DO YOU HATE ME
BECAUSE YOU LOVED ME
IN A SPECIAL WAY.

DO YOU HATE ME
BECAUSE OF THE MACHINERY
OF MY BRAIN,
OR DO YOU HATE ME
BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT I WAS INSANE.

Do you hate me
because of the genetic specifications
in which I function,
or do you hate me
because of the lack of knowledge
concerning your love for me.

Do you hate me
because of what I done,
or do you hate me
because of what you only heard
and don't know.

I CAN IDENTIFY

THE COLOR OF MY EYES
IS NOT THE RHYTHMS OF MY HEART,
NOR IS MY LAUGHTER IN SILENCE
IS THE PSYCHOLOGICAL DISTURBANCE
HELD BY DEPRESSION.

THEREFORE, THROUGH SOCIAL
COMMUNICATION, I LEARN TO REMEMBER,
THAT LANGUAGES NOTED IS FROM
THE ORIGINS OF MY CONSCIOUSNESS,
HISTORICAL.

DAY OF EXPECTATION

THE DAY BORN
IS TO BE OUTSIDE NATURE
TO COMPREHEND SALVATION,
AND TO BE BORN ANEW
IS TO MAKE A DECISION BETWEEN
LIFE AND DEATH,
GOVERN IN THE HOPE OF INTELLECT,
OR THE HOPE OF FAITH GRANTED
BY GRACE.

SPREADING FLAVOR

IF YOU TEACH ME
THROUGH WORDS ONLY,
I CAN PONDER DAILY
BUT IF YOU TEACH ME
THROUGH ACTIONS,
I CAN WORK FOR LIFE.

I CAN BECOME AS BUTTER
AND CHEESE,
GOOD ON CERTAIN FIELDS OF CHOICE,
OR I CAN BECOME AS SALT
OF THE EARTH,
GOOD UNIVERSAL TO PRESERVE
FLAVOR OF SOULS BY DIVINE INSPIRATIONS.

BEING HUMAN

THE WORDS I EXPRESS
IS FOR THOSE WHO HEAR,
BUT TO UNDERSTAND WHAT'S BEEN SPOKEN
IS FOR THOSE BY EXPERIENCE
BEEN THERE IN BODY AND MIND.

WHAT CRACK COULDN'T DO
ALCOHOL HAS TRIED,
WHAT LIES COULDN'T PERFORM
SEX ADDICTION HAS TRIED,
WHAT THEFT COULDN'T DO
CHEATING HAS ALSO TRIED,
AND WHAT MURDER THROUGH HATRED
COULDN'T DO ON ANY LEVEL
LOVE THROUGH SUBMISSION OPENED
THE DOOR TO BE FORGIVEN.

ORIGINAL BLEND

NO TORN TISSUE

NO FORCED ENTRY TO CONSIDER
NO FORTOLD STORIES OF THE
HIGHEST AUTHORITY,
WHERE AUTHENTICITY IMPEACHES INTEGRITY,
AND NO TEARS TAUGHT BY THE MEDIA
HAVING PENETRATING EYES,
HOLDS PERSONAL EXPERIENCES CONTRARY.

I, WILLIAM, FAINTED IN SURPRISE
BY THE DAWN OF DAY
AND HAVING A GLIMPSE OF GLORY
I WAS CUT OFF BY MY INIQUITIES,
THAT MY PEACE THROWN DOWN TODAY,
BECOMES HOPE FOR TOMORROW.

THE THIRST

YOU THIRST FOR ME,
YOU CAME TO ME
AS LIVING WATER,
YOU BELIEVED IN ME
BY PHYSICAL ATTRACTIONS
AND I COVERED YOUR EMPTINESS
WITH A KISS CONFUSED BY LOGIC.

I PAINTED BEFORE YOU, A PICTURE
FULL OF COLOR,
THAT BY EVERY SELECTION, I BECAME
YOUR REWARDING ASSIGNMENT,
I BUILD REPUTATIONS BY MORAL PURITY
THAT LEAD TO THE INTERACTED
QUALITY OF MY MATURITY.

OVER THE YEARS OF SEPARATION
I BEGIN TO LOVE YOU,
I NOW UNDERSTAND THE TERMS
OF TEMPTATION,
AND THE RESPONSE TO SEXUAL STIMULI
CONCERNING YOU,
GAVE PSYCHOLOGICAL PERSPECTIVES TO
TENDERNESS ENHANCED.

IN THIS PROVOCATIVE SOCIETY
I GUARD AGAINST INDISCRIMINATING
EXPOSURE TO MY THOUGHTS,
THAT TO LIVE BY A CONSTANT STATE
OF ANXIETY, SOON WOULD BRING
SPIRITUAL ORIENTATIONS HOME.

MORE WAYS THAN ONE

I am here, double-minded
and unstable in all thy ways,
obsessed with social problems
to at least consider outside the box,
and though, misunderstood,
I wrap security by ambition
where stability as a great contribution
take every opportunity to voice my
opinions by present attitudes.

As man, I have fallen
I have lost years in fear
where spoken guilt by design
has brought practical suggestions
to proceed in behavior of choice,
being wild.

In the night, I am emotionally exhausted
and by the lack of knowledge
I hold positive conversations with
my own mind in humility,
that pride rises to control.

I AM KNOWN TO BE ME
AND BY FACE VALUE
WHAT I CANNOT ACCOMPLISH
BECOMES INTIMIDATING BY THOSE
WHO OPPOSE MY PERSPECTIVES
REGARDING THE CALL OF DUTY.

BUT TO KNOW ME NOW
IS TO KNOW MY SENSIBILITY,
THAT MY DIGNITY OUTSIDE OF SELF
HAS COMPLETED EFFECTIVELY
AGAINST THOSE WHO HAS SPREAD
POISON ON MY NAME.

THOUGH, I RUN WITH ENDURANCE
AND BY VIGOROUS COMPETITION
I LEARN TO EXERCISE MY MIND
TO CONTROL MY MOUTH,
FOR AS A CUP OF TEA, COOLED,
I AM READY TO BE DELIVERED,
FOR MY TIME HAS COME,
I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT
I HAVE FINISH MY RACE,
THAT TODAY, I KEEP THE FAITH.

TELL IT Softly

I bow on bloody KNEES
CRAWLING HUNDREDS OF YARDS
to hold ON to A FAITH NOT BY WORKS
but BELIEF,
WHERE CRITICAL DISTINCTIONS
IN THEOLOGY BECAME CONFUSED.

I PUT AWAY EGO
to LEARN THAT LOVE IS NOT PREJUDICE
IN ITSELF,
but somehow IMMATURE CONCERNING
CERTAIN THINGS IN LIFE BY CHOICE.

Touching THE WATERS by MASTERS
I WAS INSENSITIVE AND HARD-HEARTED
to THOSE who LOVED me,
YET MY LOVE TENDED to BE UNFAIR
AND PERHAPS IN SILENCE, EXONERATED.

ONLY by my TEARS
I TAKE NOTHING FOR GRANTED,
I WAS ONCE FOOLISH AND DECEIVED
by PLEASURES OF THE WORLD,
AND ACCORDING to my FEELINGS
my BALANCE to BE A FOUNDATION
WAS LOST.

THE CAPACITY of JOYS
I NEVER KNEW WAS SURE —
to UNDERSTAND who GAVE it
blew my mind,
AND to KNOW OTHERS IN DETAIL,
I had to ALSO KNOW who I WAS.

CAN I SPEAK

BECAUSE OF MY BROWN SKIN
YOU HATE ME,
YOU SEE IN ME NOTHING BUT
SKIN,
TO OVERLOOK SEVERAL TIMES OVER
EXPLANATIONS THAT SHOWS HOSPITALITY.

DOES MY VOICE BEING LOUD
SCARES YOU TO DEFEAT,
DO I SATISFY YOUR MADD BY GESTURE
THAT SHINES LIKE THE DEVIL
IN THE DARK,
OR DOES MY SMILE SHAMES YOUR PRIDE.

AM I DIFFERENT,
OR DO YOU SEPARATE REASON BY LOGIC
TO CONSIDER OTHER SLAVE MASTERS
TO SPEAK THROUGH MINISTRIES,
CAN I MOTIVATE YOUR THOUGHTS
AS A WEAPON,
THAT IMPERFECTIONS ON A SHALLOW HILL
BECOME STILL,
TO BE REPRIMANDED BY ANOTHER,
JUST LIKE YOU.

POISON

YOU CAN KILL A LIFE
THROUGH ACCUSATIONS OF HATE
WHERE THE UPLIFTING BY REDEMPTION
IS IMPARTED BY OUTWARD SPLENDOR,

BEFORE THE THRONE I STAND
TO SHARE MY DIGNITY TO ANGELS
UNAWARES,
THAT I AM NOBLE WELCOMING
COMPANIONS BY NUMBERS,
PLACING MY INHERITANCE ABOVE
MY SHOULDERS,
TO PRESENT BY EXPERIENCE,
A CAST AWAY, FORGIVEN.

wow

LOOKING INTO MY EYES
I CAN MAKE THE SUNSHINE
AND THE RAIN CLAP TOGETHER
BEYOND COMPARE,
THAT YOUR FLOWERS ARE WATERED
AND YOUR THIRST COVERED
BY THE SMELL OF FLAVORED ROSES
PAINTED BY PERFECTION.

I CAN MOVE ACROSS NATURE
BY SPOKEN WORD,
A WHISPER LONG-SUFFERING
AND ABUNDANT IN KINDNESS,
WITHOUT HYPOCRISY IN INIQUITY
I CAN REBUKE EVERY PAIN BEING RENE
IN UNBELIEF.

I CAN MAKE YOUR TEARS
THE NEED FOR HUMANITY,
I CAN TURN YOUR SACRIFICE
INTO EXALTED CONCEPTIONS
INSPIRED BY ADORATIONS CLAIMING
NOTHING IN RETURN.

I CAN MAKE YOUR SILENCE, PLEASURE,
AND BY SUITABLE LANGUAGE
WITH A PROMISE, BRING INNUMERABLE
CLIMAX,
AND WITH YEARNING SYMPATHY OF PITY
BRING IN YOUR LIABILITIES,
WHERE ACCOMPLISHMENTS MEET
GRATITUDE FOR DINNER.

THE CRIME

LOCAL SPIRITS BEING UNDESIRABLE
WAS OUT THERE TO DESTROY ME,
I STASH DRUGS UNDER COATS OF
MY VEINS,
AND THERE, CHEMICALS OF ENLIGHTENMENT
MELTED AWAY SHOES BEING
PHYSICALLY INCAPACITATED,

GOING INTO EXILE
FOR THE LACK OF UNDERSTANDING
HAD LINGERED LONG ENOUGH,
A SPOON OF PRECIOUS DOPE
BECAME BY TEN PERCENT A PHONY
SMILE,
THAT RAT POISON CHUCKLED DOWN
MY THROAT UNKNOWN,

THE SPAWN NOW CLEAN
I BECAME THE SERGEANT OF ARMS
AND BY DISGUST, I SMOOTH THINGS OUT
ON ASPHALT,
THOUGH, ADRENALIN RUSH THROUGH
MY VEINS
THAT I STRUGGLED TO GET A HEARTBEAT.

I SPREAD MY PROLONGED WINGS
TOWARD HEAVEN
FOR DEATH WAS CALLING ME HOME,
WHEN I OPENED MY EYES
I COULD SEE THE THREE HEBREW BOYS
WATCHING IN SHOCK,
AND THEIR FAITH GROWLED
THEIR TONGUES HANGING IN MOTION,
AS THEY MOVED THROUGH THE FIRE
WITHOUT MASSIVE DOORS STOPPING THEM.

STRIPPING OFF SHOES AND SOCKS
FOR COMFORT
I CLIMBED THE WINDOWS WITH DRIED
CHEEKS,
FEAR WAS NOT ALLOWED
AND THE THOUGHT OF DEATH BECAME
A FRAGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION.

DRIFTING IN AND OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS
THE BULLET THAT HIT MY CHEST
OF TIMES PAST,
SPUN AROUND AND WENT BACK TO HELL,
AND INSTANTLY, AS MANY TIMES BEFORE
INTERNAL RAGE DISAPPEARED.

WEALTH OF MEN

A MATURE MAN
IS ABLE TO KEEP HIS DIGNITY
WITHOUT FALLING AWAY FROM
HIS HOUSEHOLD,
FOR HE LOVES IN SPITE OF HIS
MISUNDERSTANDINGS,

HE IS HONEST,
FULL OF GENEROSITY,
AND HE STANDS ACCOUNTABLE
WITHOUT ANY ABSOLUTES OR TRUCE,

WITHIN HIS SPIRIT,
HE IS CONSIDERED WISE
BY EVERY SWEAT, AND BY HIS LABOR,
HIS WAYS BECOME MORE IMPORTANT
THAN WHAT HIS EYES CAN SEE,

TO SEE DEATH COME
HANGING ON DOORPOSTS,
HE CONTINUES TO EXIST WITHOUT DESPAIR,
TO MEND BROKEN HOMES
BY HIS PEACE,
THAT SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY,
THROUGH GRACE, LIVE AGAIN.

THE VIEW OF ILLUSIONS

THROUGH YOUR MORAL DEFORMITY
I CAN PENETRATE YOUR MIND
BY YOUR OWN DELUSIONS IN REALITY,
THAT YOUR IMPERFECTIONS WILL BE SEEN
AS NOTED.

FOR THE OPENING OF YOUR CIRCUMSTANCES
THROUGH CONVERSION BLOWS
AS THE WIND,
YOUR OCCASIONAL MISDEEDS
LAUGHS AWAY CORRECTNESS IN APPEARANCE.

By EVERY touch decided
I CAN BREATHE IN YOUR ENERGY
AND DIRECT YOUR AFFECTIONS
BY THE TURNS OF TODAY,
WHERE IT'S BEAUTY BEING NATURAL
SHINES BY STILL WATERS.

THE PAINS OF CAPTIVITY

THE RESULT of SIN
HAS BEEN ORDERED LONG AGO,
THAT IN OUR WORLD, ACTIONS
BROKE FELLOWSHIP BY THE FOOLISHNESS
OF ARMS,

WE CHASE BEHIND DREAMS
THOUGHT OF,
WHERE VALUES BRING MATERIALISTIC
BUILD INCENTIVES FOR PERSONAL
GAIN,

THROUGH CATASTROPHES IN THE FORM
OF FAILURES,
THOSE WHO DISOBEY SOUND DOCTRINE
ENEMIES COME TO PLAY AS INTENDED,
AND BECAUSE OF LOVE MEASURED
OUR HOUSES ARE BLESSED THROUGH
CHASTISEMENT,
TO RESTORE AN INHERITANCE FORGOTTEN.

THE LIFE WE LIVED

TO UNDERSTAND WHO YOU ARE
IS TO UNDERSTAND THAT FAILURE
IS NATURAL AS THE WATERFALLS
OF MOUNTAINS,
AND TO BELIEVE THAT OTHERS CAN'T CHANGE
BUT YOU CAN,
IS TO DECEIVE YOURSELF,

THOUGH SOON, YOU BECOME COMMON CHEAT
ON SNACK BREADS EVERYWHERE,
WHERE YOUR MIND BEING TWISTED
BY DECEPTION, CALLING YOURSELF,
SPIRITUAL.

Epilogue

IT HAS BEEN OVER TWENTY YEARS SINCE I HAVE ENTRUSTED MY OWN MESSAGES OF FAITH INTO JOY. IT SEEMED SO LONG TO FIND PEACE REGARDING HOW OTHERS FEEL ABOUT YOU, THAT MOSTLY, HOW DID I FEEL ABOUT MYSELF.

GOD HAS A PLAN FOR ME, AND THAT PLAN IS STILL IN PROGRESS UNFOLDING BECAUSE OF SUBMISSION TO HIS DIVINE WILL. EARLY IN 1994, GOD WAS TUGGING AT MY HEART, THOUGH RESISTING PAINFULLY, MY MIND WAS EXPANDING DEEPLY INTO HATRED FOR THOSE WHO I THOUGHT IN THE GENERAL SENSE, LOVED ME UNCONDITIONALLY.

MY THOUGHTS BEFORE RIVERS BECAME MY OCEANS WHERE SUMMER LEAVES DIDN'T PASS OVER, I ALLOWED GUILT TO CONTROL MY THOUGHTS, AND THE DIFFICULT ADJUSTMENTS AHEAD WOULD CHALLENGE MY ACTIONS DIAGNOSED WITH RETALIATION ENVISIONED IN MY MIND.

AS I BEGIN TO SETTLE DOWN BEFORE THE ANCIENT OF DAYS, I REALIZE THAT LIFE IN ITSELF SPOKE BY PRACTICAL DEMANDS, THAT EVERYTHING IN LIFE, EVERYTHING, IS DECIDED BY CHOICES.

I DIDN'T KNOW HOW LONG I HAD TO TRAVEL UPON THIS ROAD, BUT THROUGH THE STRUGGLES, I GAIN UPON REQUEST, TO BE A MAN OF GOD FIRST, AND WITHOUT DEMAND, KNEEL DOWN AND PASSIONATELY CRY OUT IN REPRESS, ALL THAT I SAY AND DO. MY WORDS THOUGH, STRANGELY ARRANGED, WOULD HAVE A TREMENDOUS IMPACT ON MY OWN LIFE.

I TRY BY GRACE GIVEN, TO LIVE AS MAN, TO EXECUTE TRANSFERRED EMOTIONS BY SECURITY IN ANOTHER. AT TIMES, IN ISOLATION, I FIGHT FOR APPROVAL INDICATING SPECIFIC REFLECTIONS OF WHO I SHOULD BE, OR BECOME.

EVERY UNANSWERED QUESTION
THAT STILL EXIST HAS BEEN A SUBJECT OF
MANY DEBATES, HOWEVER, ERROR UPON ERROR
WAS OVERLOOKED, THAT STATE-APPOINTED
ATTORNEY'S SEEKING ONLY A CONVICTION, HAS
HIDDEN PASSIONS OF TRUTH LOCATED THROUGH
EVIDENCE NOT REVEALED.

SO MANY DAYS DENIED, AND SO MANY
DAYS CRIED, THAT ONE DAY SAW, I WILL
BY MILES, JOURNEY HOME.

— William THORPE —