

Poems...
From
The Deepest
Soul

By Dante' Mays

-DANTE' MAYS-

POEMS FROM THE DEEPEST SOUL...

A soulful blend of diversity in style and theme: raw and cutting imagery about street life and prison, (as experienced by the author) with a flavorful mixture of Shakespearean romance, cultural celebration, inspirational warmth, and a spice of hip and wry humor.

-This poetry is written with a message for every woman, daughter, aspiring man, the streets and every youthful person with potential but caught up in the street life...

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About The Author

Dante' Mays is currently serving a life sentence in California's prison system, Having already served nearly twenty years. He is an ex gang member from Los Angeles, who has reformed and embraced the possibilities of redemption, through personal transformation, self knowledge and education, and giving back through reaching out to others. He is not only a poet, but an essayist and self taught intellectual. He is also passionate about gang prevention outreach towards At-risk-youth, and being an outspoken voice for battered and abused women through Poetry and the written word.

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Prison and Street Talk:

Straight from the Penitentiary:

- An Ex-Soldier Speaks -

**So you wanna be down for your homies, representin' your turf.
Well here's keeping it real for all that it's worth.
It's been said before, so I'll say it again.
There's no love in the game for those playin' to win!
The streets tell stories of many who died
Livin' by the gun and guided by pride
Wearin' your colors and flaggin' yo' rag.
Get caught slippin' and you'll be wearin' a body bag!
Soldiers sittin' in the pen with a' whole lot of time.
Coming to grips with the truth it don't pay to do crime.
As the years pass by, their homies forget.
That's the love they receive for reppin' the set.
They believed in a' lie: that's it's true-blue till the end.
Open your eyes and see that the streets is no one's friend!
If you're bangin' yo hood --- the Blue or the Red,
If they Cripin' or Bloodin' then color em' dead!
Some think it's cool to belong to a' gang.
Or hang out on street corners, shoot craps, and slang.
Blinded by women, fast money, and flashy cars,
They end up reaping what they sow behind prison bars.
If this message falls on deaf ears and hearts cold as ice.
Just remember how Tupac went out.....yellin' "Thug Life"!
Wake Up My Brothas!**

By: Dante' Mays
11-11-11

The Greed of A Hood fiend

*I knew this cat who played the fool
Styled himself a gangster and dropped outta school.
In love with the streets, pledged his life to the game
He ran with the big boys and made himself a name.
Sold drugs on the block an' banged for his hood
Every time you seen him he was up to no good.
Down for his crown he was known as a blaster
Too blind to see, he was headed for disaster.
Livin' his life as if he didn't care
Turned a deaf ear to those who warned—Beware!
An insatiable appetite his ever dying need
To live the life of a "G", born of a' hellish greed.
Pimped by the streets to sell his soul for acclaim
His homies sold him out - set him up by a' dame.
He could've been shot or killed by his foes
Moving too fast, caught in the grip of death's throes.
This cat wasn't dumb; he was smart as can be
He should've went to college and got a' P.H.D.
He stayed true to his turf--- representin' his set
Gamblin' with his life, the highest stakes his bet!
For this fiendish greed to prove his point
He caught a' life sentence and now sits in the joint!
The moral of this story is a very solemn creed
Don't end up like this cat ---- consumed by your greed.
Spoken from the heart, on this note do I plead
Beware this deadly sin or in the end your soul will bleed!*

By: Dante' Mays

6-3-12

THE BIG HOUSE

To rage against this fated hell
Condemned to rot inside a' cell.
The casket's laid my soul to rest
At failed attempts of dreams to crest.
The stench of dread unreels its fume
Amid the gray that shadow's gloom.
At sudden glance a' horrid thought
The weaver's web has now been caught.
The dragon slain that reared its head
In tombs that slept the living dead.
A game of chess the Devil's pawn
And flex his chest the god of brawn.
That stalks their prey with savage greed
And scavenge bones where vultures feed.
Bled them soul and placed on ice
That played roulette and paid the price.
They drink them brew of witches spell
And spew their guts the rot of hell.
While grope in shadows devoid of light
That play in dark and feed the night.
As luck would have their turn at slots
And feed them souls on food that rots.
Their fettered chains of mist and fog
And wallowed filth from slop and hog.
That tread them steps through dregs n' grime.
Who love them taste --- disgust and slime.
A' castle built on quick and sand
That tells them tales of Wonder-Land.
Beware the snake that slithers by
And cracks him smile ---the fox that's sly.
That takes their fill with sideshow freaks
And breeds them smells like sewage leaks.

BY: Dante' Mays

12-31-12

Food for Thought

**Behold the man that holds his weight
With scales in hand he seals his fate.
For crumbs of bread he sells his soul
He drinks the wine and spills the bowl.
He plays the game like Fiddler's song
And pays the piper it won't be long.
Some stray the path and to them cruel
They find at last they've played the fool.
To think that one can drift through life
And beat war drums without the strife.
Or rattle a' hive and not be stung
They wallow in filth and smell like dung.
To play with fire and not be burned
And worked for naught a check well earned.
They set in motion Pandora's box
And fill their lives with paradox.
For those who wise it's plain to view
They dance the devil and reap their due.
Could life be meant to be perceived?
A breath of air that's soon bereaved?
A stack of chips to soon collect
The end is near do we detect?
Is life a coin we quickly waste?
To die cheap thrills all spent in haste.
A man who thinks will weigh his role
The fool who jests will lose his soul!**

**By:Dante' Mays
6-12-13**

Bouts and Reflections

My subhuman existence within this cesspool of Pandemonium makes me an all too familiar companion of envy or what some call hateration. This insidious cancer silently eats away at the remnants of my battle scarred, weary soul. Like poison coursing through my heartbeat, my eyes bloodshot with contempt, an aura of utter disdain overshadows my relegated fate to a life infernal. Surrounded by my objects of envy---a' fool's paradise of misfits.

To be made a forced bedfellow with low caliber individuals, who constitute the graveyard of ignorance—lacking less than the sense of a' nickel. They who lay empty claim to manhood: Self professed playas, macks, gigolos, so-called hooligans and pimpsters. My hateration festers deep within the abyss of venomous contempt, displeasure erupting from my core like volcanic loogies in their faces.

My arsenic disposition towards non ranking individuals on the scales and measures of being a man is bred from the unsavory reality that; for all that they possess, or have going for them, they choose to remain lost and spun out like a fizzling star out of orbit. Unlike myself, an accursed lot, fated to tread an arduous path of unending hard knock prison time, these life size caricatures are merely passing through my dismal world (we call them short timers in prison). Rather than salvage their dignity and lives that remain after experiencing the scourge of prison's "cat-o-nine-tails", they perpetuate the insanity of chasing fool's gold, expecting to strike eureka. All that a man as myself holds worshipfully dear, sacred..... to have a family of my own, a chance to seize tomorrow by the horns, to live again. To taste the sweet, refreshing raindrops of freedom after long lost years of tattered hopes and dreams. These "Romper Room" males trample underfoot and commit sacrilege against their own souls-selfworth-all who love and hold them dear. Against all that is worth living for and calling life! They abominate what is priceless before the altar of a' fool's dreams, and pour forth libation to the false god of losers and worthlessness.

For it seems that pearls of great price have been arbitrarily cast amongst proverbial swine to be trampled,

To the horror of one that bleeds with agony for such graces, thrown to the wind by fools!

**By: Dante' Mays
5-7-12**

= Enough Said =

A visionary's sight set on the stars.

A' cerebral titan trapped behind prison bars.

When will it end – nobody knows,

Surrounded by riff raff an' self professed gigolos.

Time is no friend to those shackled down.

People wearing masks to conceal their frown.

Only the strong in mind brave this storm,

Where a fool's paradise is the every day norm.

Tryin' to get ahead is a fight in itself,

When broken dreams grow stale, collectin' dust on a shelf.

Picture frames hung neatly on bland cell walls,

Booze and drugs drowning out a conscience that calls.

Reaching deep within for some sense to understand,

Why life had to be so cruel within God's master plan.

"It'll get greater later", so said by some,

Yet every day I feel like a' piece of chewed up, discarded bubble
gum!

"You reap what you sow", so says The Word,

Will freedom's reach ever elude this caged up bird?

Though I walk through this valley of shadow and the living dead,

My head remains held up high and with that...Enough said!

By: Dante' Mays

9-24-11

Dream-Lure:

From Romeo with love

*My love... sleep thee sweet the night
Thy nether dreams like kisses of wine
Thine hurricane thy passion's heartbeat
Thine hair scented wild berry waterfalls
Thy voice a' whisper of song in twilight
Hushing my soul with the touch of ginger breeze
And what more shall I speak of love as divine
As the drip of honeycomb
The touch of China silk
My love... thine eyes dance with poetry
The fill of thy love... deep as emerald-blue oceans
Like opium night thy love sleeps me paradise*

By: Dante' Mays

7-17-12

Day Dreams

**Awake o' dawn the birds and trees
And breathe of summer rain.
Awake o' morn and sing the rose
The sweet of sugar cane.
And sing to me the sate of life
Of love in song and dance.
Awake o' stars and sing to me
Of dreams that bring romance.**

**BY: Dante' Mays
1-3-13**

When We Were Young

I pause to ponder yesteryears when love is all we knew
I see your face in autumn rain; my heart turns sad and blue.
When life was kind, our hearts were free and we both in-no-cent
A stolen kiss and sweet perfume of dreams both lost and spent.
We danced at school -you were my thrill—we flirted double dare
Of all the flowers and gardens bloom you were my lady fair.
To be with you was sheer delight, my heart all bound in song
When love was young and innocent we pledged our hearts belong.
We shared a dream of heart's content; to us would be no end
We loved all through the winter's chill and spring began again.
When we were young and full of flame, a' buck and doe to fawn
We slept in quilts of summer warmth and pranced in autumn's dawn.
The way you smiled could light a 'fire and set my heart aglow
You meant the world to me and more, it grieved to let you go.
You had the kiss of fire and taste of honeycomb
When we were young the world was ours and love was all our own.
We made sweet love like cherry bomb, the sun and moon did rain
We owned the stars and dream of night, in rain and storm---sweet pain.
Recall to me sweet sated songs that bring my heart to tears
To hold you in my arms again, bereft of yesteryears.

BY: Dante' Mays

Electrifying Sensations

*You sparkle the night sky with midnight magic,
Casting love-spells across The Milky Way
Blushing the blue moon with kissing sensations,
Falling your night mist of seduction
The twinkle of star magic teasing with flirtation
Kisses of sapphire dreams whispering soft jazz,
Enthralling aromatics of night pleasures---- 'tween you and I
Exploding the night With wires and desire--star fire!
Cross galaxy plains into a 'billion colors of glittering nightfall.*

B.Y. Dante Mays

3-13-13

Summer Dreams

When I think of you...

I dream of Christmas and playing in the snow.

When I think of you...

I imagine stealing satin kisses under mistle toe.

When I think of you...

I see your face in the ocean's calm of misty blue.

When I think of you...

I taste your love like the sweet of honey dew.

When I think of you...

I picture seashells whispering your name a' secret lullaby.

When I think of you...

Visions of rapture cause tears to drop nectar from my eye.

When I think of you...

I envision the wonders of a celestial place.

When I think of you...

I see the beauty of an angel staring me in the face.

When I think of you...

I behold your smile in the radiance of sunrise.

When I think of you...

I dream of springtime painted with butterflies.

When I think of you...

I envisage Maya's poetical art in motion.

When I think of you...

I drift away with thoughts of love and devotion.

When I think of you...

Dreams of fairy magic dazzle me with your charms.

When I think of you...

I dream of jasmine scent resting me quietly in your arms.

BY: Dante' Mays

6-5-12

When I Look Into Your Eyes

*When I look into your eyes... Oceans of love are reflected in the windows of your soul,
Stirring deep seated passions, causing my emotional depths to unfold.*

Losing myself in those soft dreamy eyes,

Your spell of black magic has me dazed—hypnotized.

*When I look into your eyes... Those sapphire-ruby-jeweled beauties have me mesmerized,
They sparkle like star glitter lighting up the night skies.*

Beautifully crafted by some skilled heavenly artisan,

Exotically dazzling, making me fall in love all over again.

*When I look into your eyes... And they seem riddled with distress and care,
I long to just hold you and love you, removing all hints of despair.*

Beholding tears of joy like honey dew crystallized,

Hopes and dreams of me and you dawning like the sunrise.

When I look into your eyes... An air of mystery stares back at me,

A' mystical delight that opiates me with ecstasy.

Charm me with glances of your sexy mystique,

Tantalizing looks beckoning me – seducing; my heart skips a' beat.

When I look into your eyes... I smile, grinning mischievously, full of warmth and pride,

As your eyes dance with playful flirtation, unveiling the she-devil inside.

Reflections of me and you joined together as one,

*Basking in the radiance of love being encompassed by the sun... When I look into your
eyes*

**By: Dante' Mays
3-30-11**

Culture-Fest:

Dream Boogie

*---for Langston Hughes,
Original Dream Boogie
And Gwendolyn Brooks*

*Boo-bip-pit-ee-bop
And hip-pit-ee-hop,
Play hop-scotch around the clock.
Tick-kick-ee-tock
We rig-git-ee-rock'
And sport fresh kicks around the block.
Pip-pit-ee-pop
It jus' don't stop,
We funk,
We jazz,
We be-bop!
We hot,
We cold,
We super-gold!
We fresh,
We sly,
We super-fly!
We hip,
We cool,
We real old school!*

BY: Dante' Mays

3-13-13

Soul Sista

I stood upon the shores of Africa, gazing upon your perilous travels across Slavery's Passage,
Finally arriving beaten, degraded in your beauty and womanhood on the shores of a strange land.
In the midst of your life journey and struggle, I finally find myself re-united, re-connected with
my Soul Sista—after centuries of being severed from the umbilical cord of our mother land.

Beholding you with recollections of our shared hardships, embattlements, soul survivors of
unspoken pain trivialized—a past buried away subconsciously, witnesses of history's scars
long forgotten.

For you were stolen before our mother's eyes, torn from her bosom, her nurturing embrace.

Her fertile soil moistened with tears, bitter anguish, and midnight cries.

Her children rife with sorrow—alas! A daughter was uprooted, torn from the womb that
nourished: giving life, soul, strength, consciousness.... the black essence of the Mother

Country who gave birth to you Soul Sista.

The rain drops from your eyes, becoming the tears of my clarity — an accomplice in your
degradation, miseducation, sexual exploitation: "Slavery's perpetuation"!

Maya's "Still I Rise" anthem in your veins, your heartbeat.

The way you walk, hold your head high,

Makes my pride radiate, emanate like sunrise—I, smiling with satisfaction, knowingly.

Beholding your metamorphosis: centuries of resilience, faith, indomitable inner fight
cocooning you—emerging forth beautified womanhood,

Soaring to new heights, a' butterfly lovely as the sunset.

Admiring you, your many splendid hues, faces, sophistications—the exquisite complex-
ities, those qualities constituting Black Woman's beautiful existence.

Woman extraordinaire: adored goddess, loved, respected—exalted on Black Man's
pedestal, sovereign queen imperial at his side.

Soul Sista, you will forever, infinity, be an everlasting part of, contributing factor to:

My yesterdays, tomorrows, and present realities.

Needed, appreciated as the breath of life itself, as the warmth of sunrise after winter's cold.

I am my Sista's keeper —daughter, princess, she-warrior of our undying, regal mother—

Africa!

By: Dante' Mays

8-20-11

Marvin, Marvin

Hey Marv, "What's Goin' On"? You've been gone awhile!
Yet your presence is felt, heard, and unforgotten.
Mr. Troubled Man do you remember how the ladies adored
them some "Dear Mister Gaye"? Sexual icon —can you re-
call the screams of lust and emotional charge as you did your
thang on stage... ah man the ladies loved them some Marv' fo'
real! You smiled upon us brotha' Marv' with your soul-stirring
smooth grooves, and electrifying person.

You were taken from us tragically, sadly—too soon!

A part of music's heartbeat skipped,
A' piece of its soul died the day you left us Marvin, Marvin
Can you hear the sounds of "Mercy, Mercy, Me" echoing in
my eardrums? Do you feel the rhythmic vibes of the horns
and tunes of "Got to give it up", as soul brothas and sistas
jam together?

Fingers snappin', shoes a'tappin', and bodies funky gyratin'.

Your music mellows me out —takes me there, has me deep
in philosophical thought about the world, and —

"Makes me wanna holler" about life itself.

You were a' profound brotha', Marv.

Had that third eye perception of the world's plight;

A' Socrates in your own right.

We still vibin' off your prophetic intimations of
"Inner city blues"—wars, planetary destruction by man's hands,
economic hardships, children lost to the streets, ecological breakdown,
and people hooked on the stuff that makes slaves out of men—

A' true forecast of our times.

Have you "Heard it through the grapevine" lately?

Rappers and black musicians payin' tribute to your artistic greatness,
Injectin' the lifeblood of your soulful beats and silky vocals into the
veins of their tunes.

Your voice, your soul, remains eternally alive—a'burnin' flame

Fuelin' jazz-R&B-neo-soul-hip-hop-rap.

Folks still dancin' and romancin'to "Let's get it on"

"Distant Lover" melodies still creatin' "Sexual Healing" moods and bedroom ambience.

Musical extraordinaire immortalized... You've been gone awhile!

You last asked, "what's happenin' brotha'?"

Still too many mothers cryin' and brothas dyin',

People still needin' some understanding and lovin' here today.

Right on brotha' Marvin! Here's a' shot out to you---

The rhythm and soul that still has us groovin' and movin'

Go on with your bad self "Silky Soul Singer"... your music lives on.

By: Dante' Mays

2-18-11

I Dream of Africa

I can hear drumbeats of your soul rhythm
I have seen your tears streaming down River Nile
I feel your pride in the lion's roar... like the sun I smile
I hear hyenic cackle in your mock at ghosts and shadows
of a dark, turbulent past--now only hushed whispers
But you are still beautiful as the black of midnight--
You are dark and lovely as The Queen of Sheba
I walked with pharaohs of your regal splendor
I confirmed rumors heard long ago of your exotic lands explored
Coursing through my bloodline... and in my veins I feel the
strength of your pride burning
I feel the thunder of Congo drums beating in my chest,
Out of the womb renowned your kings and queens--I stride forth dignified
I heard your call long ago across Middle Passage, across strange oceans....
When they ripped me from suckling at your bosom,
When they tore me from your arms while I dreamt as a weaned child
I heard your voice as an anguished Mother....crying out for her lost children
And nostalgia beckons me home where awaits your embrace Ebony Woman,
Who gave me birth in pangs.

By: Dante' Mays
6-22-12

Echoes of Misery

**They slave us ship and set their course
And bled us sea without remorse.
They stole our pride and native song
And taught our race that Black was wrong.
Sold us off to feed their lust
And left their stench of filth and must.
Raped our girls and women-folk
And called us apes – a' racist joke.
They fed us slop and worked us mule
And said that," God had played us cruel".
Deprived us rights and laws they wrote
And dressed their sins in Christian coat.
They lynched us proud and spewed their hate
And taught their kids: a-bom-in-ate.
They wore them sheets to Ku-Klux-Klan
And stole them souls of Af-ri-can.
Mowed us down with water hose
Our civil rights them bitter foes.
And killed our sons --- them hope did bring
Biko, Malcolm X, and Dr. King.
We struggled on and still survive
In modern times of genocide.
In ghetto slums where will to thrive
And through it all our dreams alive.
And tell our sons and daughters true
The bitter days define us who
Fought and died to make our stand.
On Amistad from mother-land.**

**By: Dante' Mays
3-19-13**

A' Song for Malcolm

**That fateful day,
Bled the tears of a' red sun
A' sullen sky hung overcast
As lurking shadows fell silent upon Harlem
(Like sudden death in a darkened alley)
Covered in the black of night
Then commotion rang out---
Gunshots fired!
And there lay slain Africa's man-child
Her son, once so proud and free
There he lay...champion of dignity and Black Pride
Covered in the blood of treachery
The still, cold tragedy of lifelessness
Lay before us stolen forever
Eyes swollen with sorrow
Greatness for-ever silenced by infamy
There lay this Prince amongst men
While screams echoed from gunshots
Anguish lingered thick as smog
As Harlem sang the blues
Our noble manhood bereaved
Stolen like Africa's finest across Middle Passage
Our heart's pierced!
The daggers of a thousand pangs unending
Harlem raging...
Burning with the fury of hell--- Black outrage!
There lay desecrated our Black pride-dignity-strength-intellect
An affront to noble black manhood
There lay his body cold as winter chill
Still as the calm of death
As we fare welled our "Shining Black Prince"
Held our hearts rent
There we laid to rest our dear Brother Malcolm...
Slain in cold blood!
Forever etched in memory-
Seared in our soul consciousness
Unforgotten!**

By: Dante' Mays

12-2-12

Soulful Inspirations:

Smoking Mirrors

A Call To Manhood

*Do some dare say they be but men?-Repeat this crime,an age old sin.
Create thy vile and strong-armed world-That crowns the man and dogs the girl.
Do such pretend and walk on fours-That think that women are but mere whores?
They strut their walk and beat their chest-And jest these men, unheed progress.
To boast them men they dom-in-ate---Degrade females their sub-ju-gate.
Should not we rage against this deed?-That holds us to misogynist creed.
And bind our arms to take the fight-That voice outrage for women's plight.
As some stand by in calm content-----ABUSE they cede with no dissent.
Should we real men not he-si-tate---To teach the truth and educate?
That those who birth and pride our sons-To treat we ought them fairer ones.
And stand our ground to give respect—And take our place as men---protect!
Without this stance we do give aid---And flight to wings that do degrade.
How can we call ourselves but men---And yet in acts, de-spise women?
The time is now for us to change-----Our thoughts of old to re-arrange.
To break the chains and make amends--And help to stop barbaric trends.
Then reap the fruit our womenfolk—And mend their spirits no longer broke.
It takes a man to brave this storm---And not concede to what is norm.
The world is filled with women souls—To be subhuman is not their roles.
Must we reform our narrow views?—And learn to pay our Queens their dues.
Unmask the lies that shape our pride---And love our women—them dignified.
Let rage our souls on fire—strong!---And reach our women to right the wrong.
For men to think it be their place—To black and blue a woman's face.
It only shames and brings disgrace—Deplore ourselves that do debase!
If stand we by and hold our peace—Attempt we not to bar and cease.
A'gross unjust and dastard deed---Then fail as men our souls will bleed.*

By: Dante' Mays

10-10-12

=Undiscovered Jewel=

On the day your were born my skies were painted sunny blue,
Of all the blessings that God ever gave me, you are my dream come true.

When I first held you my precious baby girl, I felt so good inside,
To know you have grown so beautiful and smart fills me with great pride.

You are lovely as a rainbow and never let anyone tell you less,
As you grow into a strong, intelligent woman, always strive to do your very best.

No matter what your goals, you can achieve them if you try.
Don't ever throw away your future, but keep your head up and reach for the sky.

No matter the mistakes you make, you can always turn to me,
Let nothing hold you back my dear, a' world awaits for you to see.

Believe in yourself darling; you are worth more than diamonds and pearls,
And remember, no matter how old you get, you will always be daddy's little girl.

I love you like a rock is strong and that will never change,
I wish I could be there when life gets rough to help you ease the pain.
But even though we are separated by great barriers of time and space,
Within my deepest heart "darling girl" you will always hold the highest place.

Among a garden of roses, you are the loveliest flower for eyes to see,
To my precious baby girl I'm sending all my L-O-V-E.

For Joseph's daughter—
dreams and hopes yet to blossom.

By: Dante' Mays

-Beauty's Ode to Woman-

Lady... to what do I compare thy beauty?
To me it is like: ethereal black satin midnight,
 clothed in evening purple sashes,
dazzling with the fairy magic of star twinkle.
 Like Babylon's famed gardens hanging,
For a lover's sated dreams of floral sublimes
 colored in the peacock of exotic elegance----
 The paradise of Persian wonder.
Thy beauty is Love's memoriam immortalized in
 Taj Mahal splendor,
 Echoing ages of flawless beauty imperial...
Beautiful as Edenic Garden's summer fall,
 Dawning woman's sublime perfection.
Thy beauty exotic as flowers buzzing with
 Honey bee rhymes,
 Ladybug and fireflies enchanted with rivers
of milk and honey and potpourri fragrance....
Beautiful as the sky sun streak painted with
 rainbow colors of pastel softness,
 calligraphied after amber autumn rain.
Sprinkles of Christmas snowfall, silver bells,
ginger bread houses, and mistle toe sentiments
Ornamenting mountain peaks at twilight—
 Is thy beauty.
Like orange splashes of purple passion butterflies
 Coloring the dreams of Aurora's dawn with Car-
ibbean sunrise... To what do I compare thy beauty?
Lady thine beauty is angelic majesty laurelled with
 celestial jewels of unearthly compare.

By: Dante' Mays
12-2-11

~Star Child~

Believe in yourself and reach for the sky,
There's nothin' you can't achieve on which you set your eye.
Be brave and bold as you brace yourself for the world,
If you hold on to your dreams you will see them slowly unfurl.
Don't ever give up when the going gets tough,
Just keep the faith---- for God is more than enough.
The world is waiting for you to explore and to see,
Put your heart and soul to the task, and who knows what you will be.
Sometimes your skies won't always be fair and sunny blue,
Remember the One who keeps you and to thine own self be true.
On the brink of a' new life you stand on the verge,
And when it's all said and done, a' beautified woman you will emerge.
You are the star glitter that lights up the night,
Let the beautiful you ever shine forth so sunny and bright.
Bloom like a flower that's planted in the wild,
And always remember: you are someone darling----
You are God's child!

For Britnei--- daughter of destiny
seize the future of dreams undiscovered.

By: Dante' Mays
5-29-12

Unsung Beauty

*Did I tell you how important you are?
Like the black of midnight without a' star.
Or summer days void of sunny skies.
The beauty of spring without butterflies.
Like a' fancy watch that can't tell time.
A' song of rhythm without the rhyme.
Like candy cane that doesn't taste sweet.
A' heart of love that has no beat.
The wind that blows without a' breeze.
Or Christmas gifts without the Christmas trees.
Like proposing marriage without a' ring.
Or lovely voices with no song to sing.
Lady Day's jazz without the blues.
A preacher's church full of empty pews.
Like early morn' untouched by the sweet of dew.
Is life a' sad song without the likes of you!
You mean the world both near and far.
Did I tell you how important you are?*

By: Dante' Mays

6-4-12

The Eastern Star

Life is full of ups and downs
Its shares of woe and pain.
And though it tries to tear us down
The sun will shine again.
It seems that we must strive and
fight a war that never ends.
We weep and toil all through the night
Til grace the morning sends.
And when we feel but care and gloom
The weight of world's despair.
Then lift our wings and soul takes flight
We find our rest in prayer.
To face the cruel of bitter world
And drink of life unfair.
Does not it seem by Hands that fate
our souls are borne with care?
The days are cruel as winter's cold
with all that seems so wrong.
But Hope is sure as April Spring
that brings the birds to song.

By: Dante' Mays

3-2-13

Shades of Rhythm:

Changing Faces

Be still ye raging winds,
I hear the summer calling.
Sweet dreams ye winter's night,
The bloom of spring is falling.

By: Dante' Mays
7-17-12

Morning Jazz

*As butter melts on toasted rye
Smells of pork the skillet fry.
Taste the sweet of spreaded jam
Add a' slice of roasted ham.
A' cup of tea --- with sugar please
The sound of morn like honeybees.*

BY: Dante' Mays
4-5-13

Twin Moons of Sapphire

I have tread Olympus Mt. -----and danced among the gods.
I quenched Aphrodite's flames of night passion eternal ages past,
Sating the thirst of sunlight with after kisses of sky-nectar.
I mounted the heavens charioting thunder clouds,
Raining rainbow smiles upon summer whispers.
With lightning speed spanning ends of the universe,
Engulfing the black hole within atomic thoughts.
I tipped scales of Jupiter moons as trod my feet across fourth dimensions,
Absconding intergalactic boundaries.
A' thousand deaths I scoffed, before ages of time reincarnated immortal.
I bathed in rivers of noonday sun raging fiercer than hellfire,
And seduced the night ---serenading her flowers scattered across the black
glitter of Milky Way...
Singing the sunrise awake,
And bloomed the dawn rose color.

By: Dante' Mays

7-13-12

A Beat down In the Projects

I once came home and there to my surprise
Crawling on the wall a' roach of puny size.
Before I could act he spoke loud and clear
Said, "this is a stick up and don't come near!"
I stood there staring at this roach on the wall
Who spoke like he stood over ten feet tall.
I couldn't believe my eyes as he gave me a' frown
Threatened me with a pimp slap then beat me down.
Called me a punk and threw me out the door
Said, "if I came back he'd dust me some more!"
Now I ain't no cat to admit no defeat
But that's the baddest roach that I ever did meet.
You can say what you want about this bout
If you ever meet this roach he might knock you out!

By: Dante' Mays

6-16-12

Thoughts in Passing

Hush sweet winds whispering softly
The sweet fragrance of summer rains
Silhouette daybreaks of baby breath dreams
Resting winter softly atop window panes

By: Dante' Mays
3-26-12