

Tear drops from a Rose

TEAR DROPS FROM A ROSE IS A SMALL
COMPILATION OF POEMS WHICH PAINTS A
PICTURE OF HOW IT WOULD LOOK IF A
ROSE CRIED TEARS.

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aka Picasso

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6/24/2015

Tear Drops from a Rose

Teardrops from a Rose

delicately dripping off the pedals
cause Love hurts like the thorns

when it stems from the Ghetto
the only flowers we ever smell is the strong
fragrance of cannibus

the closest we've been 2 a Rose was Rosewood

Watered with Racial animus

I guess they call it Rosewater

must be a sweet fragrance when blood pours
from innocent black folks slaughtered

Unarmed Black Men are murdered in the street
Rosebuds are trampled under police feet

death dances like a Romantic ball

no one cares about the value

once Rose pedals Fall

just put him in a vase

or dump out his ashes and let a Rose take his place.
to suffice for his Passion

Passion he never felt

never had a chance 2 sniff the Roses

his tears was all he smelt

his thorns were always sharp

could never shine in the sunlight

he always grew in the dark

in the dark with no Rosary
if my only crime is being Black
then who am I supposed to be?

Tear drops from a Rose

4 ever dripping in the dirt
they say Black is beautiful
but is beauty supposed 2 hurt?

possibly when thorns stick in your side
since the 1st day of your birth

Tear drops from a Rose

delicately dripping off the pedals
cause Love hurts like the thorns
when it stems from the Ghetto.

Tear drops from a Rose

PAIN IN MY EYES

So much pain in my eyes u can see
my soul cries

It hurts 2 see the things Ive seen
my spirit is tormented by demonic fiends

Death follows me like my shadow
my emotions are fragile

how do I walk the straight and narrow
when crookedness and corruption blocks my path
like a mountain of defeat

GOD tells me its only a test

how much of it must I complete

how many times must I be tried
to prove my heart is pure from lies

Im attacked by Blasphemy

Disrespected of my Integrity

they politically assassinate me

Neglect me of my Humanity

lock me inside of a cage

So much Pain in my Eyes

u can hear them Scream in rage

So much Pain in my Eyes

u can SEE them Scream with rage

bloodshot red and wet with glaze
Eternally crying without a tear
tear drops splash for only God to hear
tear drops splash for only God to see
Im a Victim of Sorrow
enslaved by the pain of 2morrow
my eyes tell a story that no one else can follow

Im a Victim of Sorrow
because I learned 2 Love too much
I shouldve left my heart hollow
instead of starting 2 Hug too much
I shouldve left my heart hollow
instead of starting 2 trust too much
hollow.

but the pain in my eyes goes so deep
so deep down inside its 2 far to unleash
captivated in hurt.

like an Agonized beast

Death 2 my Enemies
thats how u strategize peace
if looks could kill my gaze Genocide

MURDERIN ALL I SEE

So much PAIN IN MY EYES

Tear drops
from a
Rose

THE DEVIL MADE CRACK

Put Fire on the weed and it smoke

So Fire made crack from the coke

put Fire 2 the crack and it glow

2 keep the Fire burning in the Devil soul
everytime they take a hit the Devil get strong

he wrap his hands around they heart whenever
the crack gone

so they can steal, kill, and destroy 2 get higher
the Devil prowls around the Earth like a Lion

See Crack could've came out in the Seventies

but the Devil waited til the Eighties 2 release
the recipe

See the Devil did that just 2 shine

cause he made aids virus come out about around the
same time

the Devil knew he'd really be deadly
with them combined

See the Devil try 2 stay ahead of technology
he knew Crack would never get taught in Biology

and he knew they would never cure aids due to sodomy

so Aids was targeted against homosexuals in society
homosexuals took aids back 2 they families

who put it in black communities for it 2 spread
through they heritage

Kinda like Anthrax being distributed by terrorist
the Devil knew some white homosexuals would be racist
who would give it 2 doctors, judges, and freemasons, who
~~was~~ passed it 2 they wives and kids they kids
passed it back 2 freebasins
sharing needles and shouting up
they made it there priority
and these type of actions were accepted by minorities
cause they the ones dont have a reason 2 give a damn
about authority
so the Devil made the Ghetto his foothold
and left the cocaine 2 purchase
the rich and good soul
cause crack for a dollar but for coke u need a couple
either way if u play the Devil waiting with his shovel
digging up yo grave cause he know u going under
and 1 day u gone make the Fire
heat the coke until it bubble
mixing it with baking soda hitting it with the
pitchfork letting it lock up in the water
Leaning on the sink and stove like ya name Martha
and the white white yo cookie bake
the Devil got a smile on his face
put Fire 2 the weed and it smoke
~~the Fire~~ So Fire made crack from the coke

put Fire 2 the crack and ~~crack~~ it Glow
2 Keep the Fire burning in the Devil soul
everytime they take a hit the Devil get strong
he wrap his hands around they heart
whenever the Crack gone
cause the Devil made from the hot burning Fire thats ablaze
he burn with every flame every strike of every match
and thats how I know why

THE DEVIL MADE CRACK

Teardrops from a Rose

WHY SHE WALK AWAY

What happened 2 my mama

she was always there when I was younger
she couldve been 2 drunk 2 cook and made me go 2 bed
in hunger.

but she wasnt an alcoholic
so we always ate a supper
me and my 2 sisters
stayed warm up under our covers
and before we went 2 bed use 2 tell us she loved us
I mightve kissed on her cheek

when I wasnt feeling stubborn
What happened 2 my mama

She couldve been a drug addict and kept up some drama
but she didnt use drugs

use 2 tell me 2 hug her
seeing me locked in juvenile

I could tell it made her suffer
hours on the road just 2 visit me for a couple
a couple of minutes just 2 look at each other
all of my life mama knew I was trouble

so why she walk away
I thought a mother was supposed 2 be here 2 stay
when I aint have no money my mama would pay

no daddy for sports
my mama would play
I just want 2 find her 2 ask
why she walk away

1st abandon me

make me a ward of the state
then take me back as family
then abandon me again

since Im now on my on,

I hit the streets 2 be a man
running from the same person that I aint ever have
thats why I never had kids

I aint want 2 be my Dad

cause I know u aint like him
so I wana let u know I aint like him
so why u walk away

u use 2 tell me he aint care

cause he never was there
so what happened 2 u?

since u aint around I guess u dont care 2

What happened 2 my mama

am I not her only son that she left in the gutter
does she not know my pain can she not see my struggles

she couldve kept being a mama

but she left me 2 suffer

how much pain must unleash before all Love is conquered
I cant be too far from the day I wouldnt want
my eyes 2 touch her

Cause

She walked away

so far away that my eyes couldnt see her

gone for so long my mind couldnt perceive her

I wouldnt know if she's dead

What happened 2 my mama

I wouldnt even know if she's dead

Teardrops
from a
Rose

Pretty Gun

It could come in the form of a bird flying through the sky
land on the back of yo head bullets blow out yo eye

could come in the form of a snake, killers laying in yo grass
may come as a thief in the night, murder u for yo cash

It came in the form of a Brown Recluse
and it was ready 2 bite u

but u ended up stepping on that spider
when that dude came 2 fight u

if u wouldntve knocked him out

he was intending 2 knife u

if u wouldntve been a broke dude

she was intending 2 wife u

but she married another dude that was paid

who had never suspected her hoeish ways

so she brung death 2 him, she gave him aids

So thats how she met her killer

Seduced death all cause she wanted pleasure

her husband killed her, got rid of her body and started seeing
drugdealers

smoking on crack crumbs

not knowing Death met u 1 night and gave u a black gun

pearl handle and chrome gleaming

u left on the shelf

when he broke in yo house and seen it he kept for himself

that same night Jackboys came and shot u 2 death
all cause yo gun got stole
by a crackhead with Aids looking for him some doh
he was gone sale yo gun but on the way 2 get the dupe
he broke down and started crying

he lost all hope
then committed suicide

blew out his own brains in the middle of the street
somebody stole the pretty gun and never called the police
and sold the pretty gun to some Bloods out the East
they was Gangbanging hard

had a whole lot of Beef

one Gangster had heart wanted 2 show off his heat
right in the parking lot

where everybody could see

u worked at Wal Mart from Ten¹⁰ to Six⁶

but u took off early cause u started feeling sick

u walked outside

in all blue u was dressed

the Blood ran up on u

u got mistook for a crip

all u saw was a pretty gun

before he emptied the clip

u didnt think Death would come just fir taking off on yo shift

now the killer on the run

the murder weapon was hot

so he got rid of the gun

he skipped town caught the Greyhound 2 somewhere in Oklahoma

one day he came across a nice girl in a Toyota she didnt have a man and she was feeling kind of lonesome he charmed her with his words and she invited him over but somebody seen him 1 day and recognized him from a poster

they knew he was on the run

so the Cops came 2 scope him

he quickly spotted the police cause he was always moving cautious

before they could make a move he took the nice woman hostage with a knife 2 her throat

the police panicked and shot him twice he let her go

her blood was already soaking he cut her wind pipe open

but she had a brother that was locked up in the same Jail that they sent him

her brother had a knife made out of chow hall utensils

played like he was his friend

then lured him in his cell and stabbed him again and again

see Death Feeds off Death like a reactor

it layed in yo cigarettes for years then came in the form of cancer

when he came in the form of a heart attack he missed u

so it crept inside of yo whiskey and poisoned yo kidney

it might even come in a boat while u be out fishing

get drunk and drown while u thinking that u swimming

might come in the form of a storm and strike u with lightning

or a Tornado that snatch up your house and blow u out of
your rikes

see u shook death by the spider and the dude with the knife
u was broke so the woman that caught Aids never would
be your wife

so your poverty was yo blessing
but that same woman u wanted that made u feel bad by
rejection

she married a man that killed her for giving him the infection
that same man stole yo gun and left u without protection
so the jackboys killed u without any resistance

so u shook Death a few times but he came back 2 get u
he was hiding inside that black chromed pearl pretty pistol

so maybe poverty was yo curse

if u never stayed in the hood dude wouldntve broke yo window
and stole yo gun out yo house cause he had nothin 2 live for

or if u wouldve seduced the woman she wouldve never got Aids
all u needed was some money or a nice Escalade

or the woman shouldntve been greedy and just gave u a chance
either way when Death play his music u dont gotta dance

for ~~the~~ the Grim Wreaper 2 do his 1, 2 step

see the greedy woman that got killed for giving aids 2 her husband
had Divorced her nice woman in Oklahoma

that got took for a hostage

she had been fugitive from Death
running from him since College

it had been in the form of a Hummer
left her in a bad car wreck
but Death vowed 2 murder her and never breaks his promise
might come in the form of a child during hospital labor
might come in electricity while u hook up your cable
it could come as a doctor prescribing the wrong medication
could come as police beating u 2 death in prison
it came as their form of justice
and it just kept murdering inmates cause dont nobody love 'em
or it could just come for nothing and
you'll just die for nothing

one dude began 2 strive 2 be a politician
with big plans

big plans 2 overcome

then he showed up as a Hitman

a Hitman wearing gloves

brung Death with that same black chromed pearl handled ...

PRETTY GUN.

Yearnings from a Rose

HOOD LIFE

I can see what its like 2 live the good life
but I know what its like 2 live the Hood Life

I know from experiences
not from watching movie actors making special appearances
Smoking on the same blunt of a cold killer

but really he aint cold

he just dont know better

He dont believe in God he never read a Bible

could never learn 2 read he struggled 2 learn survival

his mama sucked dick just so she could pay the rent
plus she smoked crack so her pockets stayed flat

every man she was with she used 2 get smacked

never seen his daddy he heard he got wacked

he thought he knew his name but found out it wasnt a fact

hated the hearts of men

only thang soothe they pain when they come across some gin

dont nobody know nobody

and aint nobody nobody

so everybody want a name

they shoot guns for attention just searching for some
fame

but it came in the form of the news

now they facing time so they praying like the Jews
snitching on they own crews
told ~~to~~ on his Twin brother.
they wore the same shoes
Cause they dont want the pain only the fame
Some wana shoot they gun but with no aim
they do this all for fun but aint no games
its traumatizing inside this type of domain
people saling they souls just 4 cocaine
so am I wrong 2 feel like my life in danger
and keep a smith and wesson with 1 in the chamber
yo best friend a get killed just 4 arguing with a stranger
who got the best team, who got the best players
wouldnt this rattle u
what if your niece was raped body chopped to pieces and
they scattered her
dont get scared now this what it look like
if u wana take a peek into the hood life
look str8 ahead dont even look back
cause u gots watch everything when u where the hood at
the crack u can smell it
polices hate us u can feel it
Death singing a song u can hear it
homicides the lullaby

people vanish out of thin air.
everybody wana fuck the baddest bitch breathing
never knowing this the bitch with the baddest diseases
that die slow
that shit that make u committ suicide by 5-0
niggaz only escape is 2 puff on hydro
other niggaz fall weak and start playing with needles
plus cocaine controlling Legions of demons
the hallways smell pissy always pissy
crowded with those demons that dont never be sleeping
cause they staves 2 that cocaine
dope fiends a kill u just 2 put some flame in they cold veins
Low lifes trying 2 live Ghetto Fabulous
will murder u just so they can sale packages
lookin 4 glory in the game
heartless. . . . souls long departed in darkness
evil working hard 4 the root doctor
the old lady will work some black magic for a few dollars
shattered dreams and all trust lost
some never had a dream and just lost
shooting at u just cause u from a different hood
he told them he aint choose 2 live there, his mama
made him do it
they still shot him with no hesitation

just so the people that seen him can say he got a reputation

Why they dont want people 2 say he got education?
police shoot us just 4 target practice

falsely arrest us and prosecute us 2 make the law harrass us

Its like a Universal Jungle

Sharks and alligators, darkness navigators, heartless gladiators,
lions and snakes, tigers and apes, oh my oh my we like Dorothy,

everybody want the juce. . .

2 be the Wizard of OZ in the Ghetto

Smoking on the same blunt of a cold killer

but really he aint cold he just dont know better

I can really show u the Hood Life

but then again u wouldnt survive without ya Good Life

everyday dinner yo mama use 2 cook right?

shit u prolly even know what yo father look like

they prolly was married and yall had a happy Family

u prolly was even taking classes that taught u 2 play a mandolin

they prolly bought u a car before u was old enough
2 even drive it

lived in the Suburbs so far u prolly never even seen
the projects

yo family see poor blacks and prolly be scared 2
tell them hello

they hear about a tragedy and just write it off as too Ghetto
yo house decorated with foreign art and expensive paintings
like Donatello's

u had a balcony view

I could barely look out the window
without risking being shot from a driveby

u traveled 1st class to foreign countries in the 100 mile high

I know what its like 2 live the Hood Life,

but I can only see what its like 2 live the Good Life...

and I can only imagine it must be a good life.

Teardrops
from a Rose

Black correctional officers beating on black inmate rebels

I guess that's a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil

They beat us in handcuffs waistchains and shackles

I guess that's a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil

Opress us like the Jews like the Jews was by Pharaoh

I guess that's a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil

Own kind get a badge then get us labled convicted felons

I guess that's a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil

Prosecute us in court by any means take all measures

I guess that's a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil

we're looked down on for being black but they turn their

nose up like they better

I guess that's a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil

they accept them as friends

as long as they're being their dirty work helpers

I guess that's a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil

they watch us get killed in silence and let them treat us
however

I guess that's a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil

they love 2 see us divided and hate

when we come 2gether

I guess that's a part of selling yo soul 2 the Devil

they dont want us educated and never put forth no effort
I guess thats a part of saling yo soul 2 the Devil
they content being sale outs

in their eyes the white man is the answer

I guess thats a part of saling yo soul 2 the Devil
its all about a dollar they worship the Federal

I guess thats a part of saling yo soul 2 the Devil
master said kill u master bought me a camaro

I guess thats a part of saling yo soul 2 the Devil

money filling they pockets want spend a dime on the Ghetto

I guess thats a part of saling yo soul 2 the Devil

look us in our face while they calling us Niggers

I guess thats a part of saling yo soul 2 the Devil
Black Correctional officers beating on black inmate rebels

I guess thats just part of saling yo soul 2.....

THE DEVIL

Teardrops
from a Rose

THEY CALL EM

DRUG DEALERS!

They call 'em when gold covers their teeth

MATERIALISTIC!

They call 'em when big rims on they Jeep

IGNORANT!

They call 'em when they buy \$300 shoes just 2 cover they feet

DRUG ADDICTS!

They call 'em when they beg 4 things 4 free

GIANG BANGERS!

They call them when they pants hang low

STREET PUNKS!

They call 'em when they got no place 2 go

THUG LOW LIFES!

They call 'em when they dont have a job

THIEVES AND MURDERERS!

They call 'em if they look like Trayvon

RAPIST!

They call 'em if they sex a white girl

RASIST!

They call 'em if they dont accept a white world

MONSTERS!

They call 'em if their skin is too dark.

LAZY!

They call 'em if they dont have a car

Successful!

They call 'em if they wear expensive suits

HARDWORKER!

They call 'em when mud covers their boots

ONE OF US!

They call 'em when they wear uniforms

NICE GUY!

They call 'em when they smile Full of charm

EDUCATED!

They call 'em when they going 2 college

ATHLETIC!

They call 'em when they play 4 the Rockets

None of them may be similar and all of them may differ
but 1 thing they have in common they all call 'em

NIGGERS

Yeardrops
from a Rose

SOME THINGS I WOULDN'T ASK U
CAUSE IM AFRAID OF YO RESPONSE
NOT YOUR REACTION

BUT WHAT YOUR ~~REACT~~ ANSWER MAY BE

OTHER THINGS I WOULD ASK U B CUZ I KNOW WHAT YOUR
ANSWER WOULD BE

SO MY CONVERSATION IS SELFISH AND 4 PERSONAL GRATIFICATION
BUT I AM NOT INSENSITIVE 2 YOUR PROWESS

THINGS I SHOULDN'T SAY STRG FORWARD ~~SO~~ I SAY THEM AROUND IT
SOME CALL IT FINESSE

OTHERS SAY ITS BEATING AROUND THE BUSH

SOME CALL IT DIPLOMACY AND SOME PEOPLE CANT HELP BUT 2
BE DIRECT

AND FRANKLY, BLUNTNESS IS WHAT I SPECIALIZE IN

I MEAN, JUST 2 BE FRANK ABOUT IT

BUT U WOULD RATHER PLAY PING-PONG WITH WORD PADDLES

SO IF PING-PONG WE MUST PLAY

ILL BE FORREST GUMP

TELL ME

AM I BEING 2 HUMBLED 4 YOUR UNDERSTANDING

OR AM I ~~BEING~~ 2 HONEST 4 YOUR SENSITIVITY

DOES THAT MAKE ME INSENSITIVE OR SENSITIVELY 2 HONEST ?

MUST I PLAY THE SEDUCER 2 BE YOUR LUST

WHAT IF ITS MEANT 4 ~~BE~~ ME AND U

2 BE AN US

What makes u think you've felt the peak of passion?
What makes u think your happiness has reached its limits?
Simply because u have not allowed yourself 2 seek its increase
you've settled in contentment
you've closed all doors 2 any other commitment
2 follow what's politically correct
but political correctness does not comprehend the diviness of
Undieing Love
Sometimes u Love 'em, then sometimes u dont
Sometimes its Lust, then sometimes your lost
but when u know that your Love has reached its boundaries
is when u begin 2 feel Fulfilled
When in all actuality u r incomplete
you'll always live in regret
doubting yourself everynight u go 2 sleep
as they lie beside u
your wondering
could I have been more happier
I Loved them it seemed so special
and since we were 2gether I married them
what if this person was only interrupting fate
and was just getting in the way
of the person who wouldve made u unfathomably happier
even fate isnt perfect

LOVE HOLDS NO HOSTAGES

BUT IT DOES HOLD VOLUNTEERS

LOVE KNOWS NO DISCRIMINATION

LOVE CAN NOT BE CONTAINED

LOVE IS UNTAMED AND ITS POWERS R INFINITE

IT CAN TAKE PLACE IN PRISON OR TAKE PLACE AT WORK

IT COULD TAKE PLACE WHILE U WORK IN PRISON

GET IT

LOVE IS IMPENETRABLE

LOVE IS CONQUERING

RULES, POLICY, AND LAWS R SET 2 INTERFERE WITH

LOVE, OBSTRUCT, AND HINDER LOVE

MADE 2 ATTACK LOVE

BUT NOTHING IN THE UNIVERSE

COULD DEPRIVE LOVE OF ITS POWERS

Teardrops
from
a
Rose

Y'all holla at me. Just tryna express some emotions
through this poetry. Y'all let me know how y'all feel
about TEAR DROPS FROM A ROSE, and also check out my
other poem book "THUG PASSION." Y'all let me know if y'all
ready for part 2 of any one of these poem books. U can
always locate me/my address cause it could change at any time,
by going to www.Fl.Dept.Corrections.com and putting my name
and DC# in. (Gernard Chestnut DC# 130146). Get at me.
Drop me a few lines, and y'all stay tuned 4 my Urban book
called "WHEN PLAYAZ GET PLAYED" coming soon... by Picasso
PART 2 of "THUG PASSION" and "TEAR DROPS FROM A ROSE"
only get better and better going in the sequel so if y'all
want 2 peruse more y'all got 2 let me know what u think
but whats already out there cause I aint gone keep releasing
if y'all aint feeling that, but stay tuned for Urban Book coming,
and GOD BLESS ALL Y'ALL, Everybody be Safe. One Nard.

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