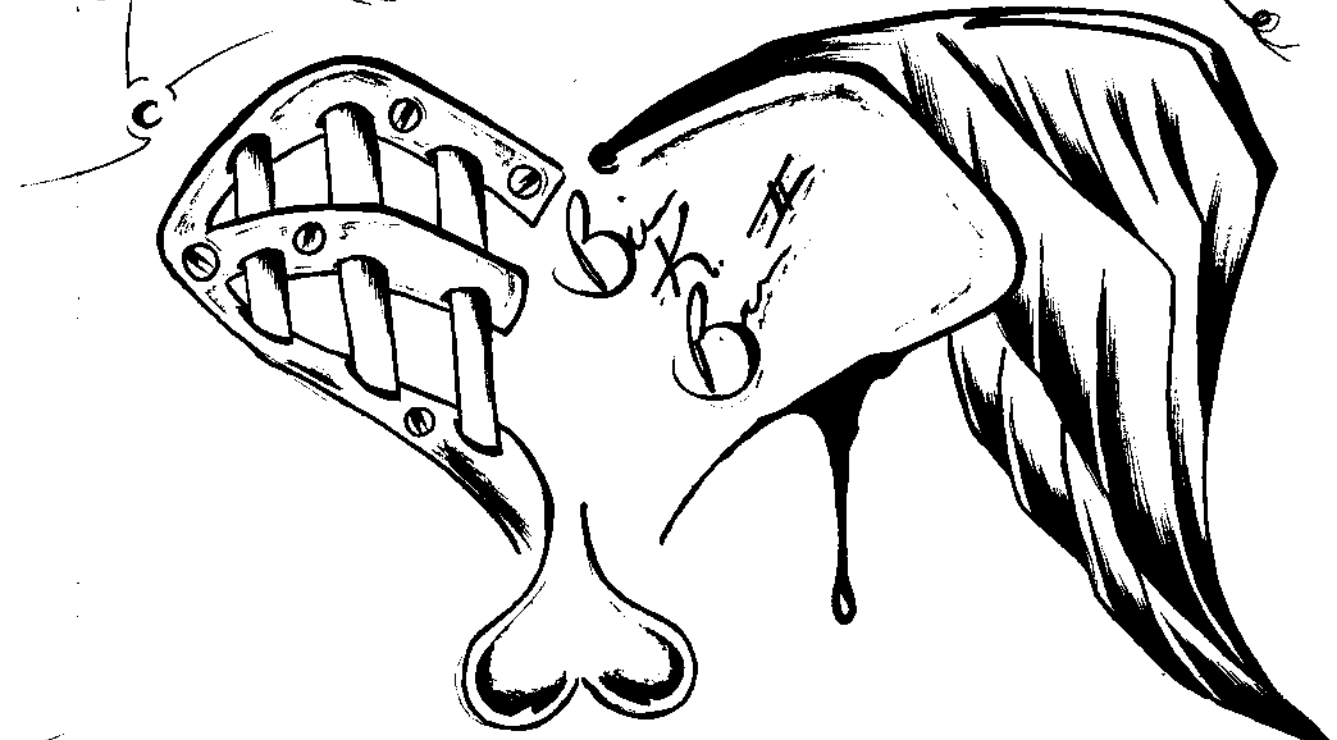


Of Capped Feet



That Didn't
Know it

12/28/19

INTRODUCTION

Brian K. Brown II

MY NAME IS BRIAN K. BROWN II, BORN MAY 18, 1982 IN WILMINGTON DELAWARE. I AM CURRENTLY KEPT IN SMYRNA, DELAWARE'S SHU PROGRAM, SERVING A 12 YEAR SENTENCE, UNTIL 2023. I AM HERE FOR CRIMES DONE TO FEED MY DRUG ADDICTIONS. MY LIFE HAS BEEN A FULL THROTTLE SPIN CYCLE SINCE BIRTH, I DON'T BLAME OR POINT FINGERS AND KNOW I MAKE MY OWN DECISIONS AS A MAN. I WOULD LIKE TO SAY THESE TRIALS AND ERRORS HAVE GIVEN ME SHOES TO STEP IN AND WALK ALL TYPES OF PATHS LEADING ME TO UNDERSTANDING LIVES ISSUES. I HAVE BEEN GIVEN A GIFT TO RELATE AND EXPRESS ON ANY TOPIC OR LEVEL, AND WITH THIS GIFT I BRING YOU MY WORK OF POETRY, HOPING TO GET A RESPONSE FROM FANS OR OTHER POETS. I ALSO LOOK FORWARD TO ANY INSIGHT OR REQUESTS, THAT ONE MAY HAVE. SO PLEASE FEEL FREE TO CONTACT ME THROUGH THE ADDRESS BELOW WITH ANY TOPICS YOU MAY WISH TO HAVE A POEM OR ART WORK DONE ON, ALL "FREE." GIVE A TOPIC OR SHORT DISCRPTION OF ANY SITUATION, FEELINGS, OR ENVIRONMENT YOU WOULD LIKE FOR ME TO WRITE ON.

CONTACT INFORMATION: BRIAN K. BROWN II
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK GOD FIRST FOR ALL THINGS BEING MADE HIS WAY. PSALMS 23

TO MY MOTHER, YOU MAKE ME THINK GOD IS A WOMAN, I LOVE YOU AND THANK YOU FOR ALL. TO MY POPS FOR TREATING HER LIKE A QUEEN AND OUR BLOOD LINE AS IF IT WERE YOUR OWN. MY GRANDMOTHERS WHO HAVE GAVE THERE LIFE TO US ALL. MY UNCLE BROWNIE, I KNOW YOU ARE FINALLY SMILING IN HEAVEN, GO LAKERS! MY COUSINS, KEEP FIGHTING AND STAY STRONG. MY BROTHER TOMMY, I LOVE YOU AND WILL HUG YOU SOON, YOUR NEVER ALONE, I KNOW AND UNDERSTAND YOUR WALLS. MY BROTHER EVERETT COUNCIL, I KNOW ITS 12 BUT WITH OUT YOU IT WOULD OF BEEN LIFE, I LOVE YOU BRO! BUNKY, STOP FOLLOWING ME. LOW DOWN, EVERYTHINGS SIGNED AND SEALED, GOOD LOOKING, YOUR A FIREWORK!! MY BOY "ROC", YOU GOT A BROTHER FOR LIFE AND THANK YOU FOR THE PUSH ONTO THE PATH. TOO MY BLOOD BROTHER, "WU," MUR SAR TUN ABO DA! BRANDON "FESTER," GET HOME, SHE'S WATCHING. TO GENNY, I LOVED YOU MORE THEN YOU THOUGHT, GET BACK TO US. GIUL, I CANT EVEN EXPLAIN THE THINGS YOU DEFINE IN MY LIFE, YOUR A MAN. THANK YOU AND YOUR WIFE FOR THE CARE YOU GIVE. MR. MESSINA, YOUR BLOOD IS SPEAKING ALL THE WORDS YOU NEVER SPOKE, THE Doves STIL FLY.

I MUST GIVE A LINE OR TWO TO A NEIGHBORHOOD THAT BROUGHT THE MORALS THAT LET ME SURVIVE IN THIS WORLD AND BECOME A LEGEND, BROWNTOWN!!! DEN DEN, YOU KNOW I STIL FEEL YOUR BACK AGAINST MINE. JOEY T, YOU KNOW I WILL TAKE YOU UP NORTH ANY DAY. RICHY RICH, YOU LOOK LIKE ME. FAT PETE, I WILL NEVER GET IN A CAR WITH YOU AGAIN, LOVE THE PHILLY RIDE. TALLEY, YOU KNOW I CANT WAIT, WHAT THEY GONNA DO WITH US? AND TO ALL THE FEMALES, EEW!! If I missed you it's cause I meant to.

TO MY FATHER, THANK YOU FOR THE PAIN, ITS TURNED INTO A SHADOW YOU LIVE UNDER. I KNOW THE REAL YOU SO I FORGIVE YOU AND LOVE YOU, I WILL TAKE OUR NAME AND BLOOD TO THE HEAVENS. TO, KRISTIE LYNN, LETS DO THIS, IM READY TO KNOW THE MEANING OF HEAVEN. THANKS TO "LOVING THE ADDICT," AND ALL THE PEN-PAL SUPPORT. I LOVE YOU ALL.

DEDICATIONS

For My Son Lucciano, I love you! I admire the son, brother, and man you are. I am thankful for the doors you open up for me. I believe in you and know you carry all the good I had. Stay strong and be you. Watch out for them girls cause they're on the way. Keep practicing your dreams.

For Noah, I love you! Thank you for teaching me how to cleanse myself with tears. Keep practicing that shot, I got you one on one. Be smarter than, whenever, however, and whoever cause you can. And when you feel like you can't call your brother.

To myself, this pen, and pad. For without you this blessing would be only a thought.

To the future cause one day you will be my history.

Thank you for all the readers and support. If my words touched you in joy or anger I beg for you to write.

For all the jails and institutes I've ever been in, truly thank you for the solitary confinement, holes, maximum security, and secured housing unit (SHU's), that you have provided me with for they have given me undivided attention needed for ones mind, body, and soul, in order to find God and true freedom.

With prayers, hopes, and dreams,
Buck Brown

POEMS LISTED

Brk Br II

1. SILHOUETTE OF MY REALITY
2. RIBORSOULIS
3. HOPE SMILES AND FATE LAUGHS
4. FOOLAGAIN - HOOLIGAN
5. ACT OF ACCOLADES
6. POETRY PAINTED
7. KEY TO MY HEART
8. FOR YOU
9. ECHOES
10. GREAT ESCAPE
11. YOUR GRACE
12. BENDING KNEE
13. ERASEHER
14. NANAS PASSION
15. VALENTINES FOR MOTHERS.

THESE POEMS ARE JUST A PREVIEW OF MY TALENT. I HOPE THIS OPENS DOORS FOR ME TO SHARE MY LOVE FOR EXPRESSING MYSELF THROUGH ARTS. I ALSO DO MY OWN DRAWING. THIS BOOK IS 100% ME AND MY WORK. I PRAY YOU ENJOY AND RESPOND.

THANK YOU!

Brk Br II

1. SILHETTE OF MY REALITY

Brian K. Brown

A SHADOW BEHIND THE SHEET OF A TRUE FEELING,
EMOTION, AND DREAM, BUT DEFINING MUCH MORE THEN
WHAT THEY COULD EVER POSSIBLY MEAN. A MIRAGE OF
SILVER LININGS IN MY SIGHT, WITH YOUR GLOW
REFLECTING UPON MY DARKEST NIGHT. A CURTAIN OF
EXCITEMENT AND FEAR I SHAKINGLY PULL BACK TO
UNCOVER HOPES THAT ARE REALER THEN REAL. I'M
PULLED INTO YOUR AURA, PLACED IN A PASSIONATE TRANCE,
WITH LOVE AND WARMTH, MY COLD WORLD CAN FINALLY DANCE.
STEPPING OFF MY CREAKING FLOOR OF DESPAIR, LIFTED
BY YOUR, YOUR SMILE, THE SCENT OF YOUR HAIR, IF ONLY I
COULD ALLOW IT TO FILL MY LUNGS, I WOULD NEVER
BREATHE ANOTHER AIR. IT FUELS MY HEART AND GIVES ME
LIFE, IT'S VOWED TO ME THROUGH SICKNESS AND HEALTH.
NOW THAT IM HERE, PLEASE NEVER PUT ME DOWN, FOR YOU
BECAME MY HEAVEN, MY EARTH, MY FOUNDED GROUND.
NOT ANOTHER VISION OF ANY ELSE OR OTHER DO I NEED
TO SEE, I PROMISE, A BLUR YOU WILL NOT EVER BE, FOR
YOU ARE MORE THEN MY WORLD, AND EVERYTHING OF AND
IN MY REALITY.

2. RIGOR SOULIS Brow K. Brown II

THE STIFFENING OF MY INNER SPIRIT, A PLACE SO FROZEN COLD, NOT THE SLIGHTEST WARMTH COULD BE NEAR IT. HARDSHIPS LAVED UPON A BEING, SO HEAVY, AND FILLED WITH PAIN, SO DRIED AND CRUSTED, LIKE A LAND BEATEN BY HEAT WITHOUT THE RAIN. IN THY BONES A CAST OF HATRED IS RAPPED AROUND, SHACKLED BY THE ANKLES THY PREPARE TO DROWN, WEIGHT GIVEN BY THE AGONY OF LIFE, A CONSTANT BREATH DRAWN FROM PAIN, AND EXHALED IS STRIFE. BECOWING THE ESSENCE OF GRAVITATIONAL PULL, PLEASE! MAY THE DROP TO HELL HURRY, FOR I QUICKLY DESIRE TO BURN IN FULL. MY SINK UPON THY VICTIMS HAVE BEEN MY BURDEN TO HATE, PLEASE! COME FASTER MY FLAMES, FOR THE SIGHT OF THEIR HURT I PLAN NOT TO WAIT. GRACE ME WITH THE LICK FROM TONGUE OF YOUR RED HOT COALS, TO RUN INTO YOU, AWAY FROM REALITY HAS BECOME MY ONLY GOAL. IF MY NEVER ENDING REST IS IN THE HANDS OF THE DEVIL, THEN MY SOULS BED WILL FOREVER BE IN HIS, FOR YOU NEVER SHOULD KNOW HOW RIGOR MY SOUL TRUVELLY IS.

3. HOPE SMILES AND FATE LAUGHS

Brian K. Brown

AS I PRAY THROUGHOUT THE HOURS IN MY DAY, I'M LEFT WITH INSPIRATION THAT MY SOUL'S VOICE MAY BE HEARD. THE VISION OF ITS WORDS SOARING UP BEYOND THE CLOUDS, TO A PLACE, ONE DAY I PLAN TO REACH. UNTIL THAT DAY, I WISH FOR MY HOPE TO LAST A LIFETIME, AND TO NEVER FADE AWAY. RELYING ON THE FUTURE OF TOMORROW, AS I STAND HERE TODAY WAITING FOR THE PRESENT TO BE A YESTERDAY. A DESIRE'S FIRE IS SMOTHERED BY THE HANDS OF FATES, AS I RISE FROM MY KNEES, UP FROM A PRAYING PLACE. IT NOW CONDEMNS MY GLOAM OF PEACE BY A FORTRESS OF SUCH HIGH WALLS A MERE SOUL COULD NEVER CLIMB. IS THIS THE FUTURE I WROTE MYSELF, DID I SEAL THESE BRICKS OF A DOOMING POWER HINDERING ME FROM ALL MY DREAMS. A WOMAN NAMED KARMA, DID YET PROVE TO BE ALIVE, REPAYING ME FOR THE SINS OF LUST, ROBBERY, THEFT, AND THE MANY TIMES I HAVE LIED? WILL I ALLOW THIS TO BE A COSTLY CASUALTY WITHIN MY WORLD, A CATASTROPHE OF A SELF FORMED HELL. BEFORE THIS ALL COMES A REALITY I STAND IN A CRUCIAL PLACE, WITH A HAMMER IN ONE HAND, A DAGGER IN THE PALM OF MY OTHER, I NOW CONTROL MY OWN DESTINY, FUTURE, AND FATE. WHAT WAS WRITTEN CAN BE ERASED, THE WALLS I BUILT THAT CONDEMNED ME I NOW HOLD THE HAMMER TO TEAR THEM DOWN, OR DO I DRAW THE DAGGER INTO THE PIT OF MY SOUL, HOPES, AND DREAMS, ONLY TO REPLACE THEM WITH THE NASTINESS OF HATE. I LIFT MY HAND TO DRAW BACK THE POWER TO PRODUCE A SWIFTLY ACT, WHERE I CONTROL MY LIFE BY THE HAMMER I HOLD, I HEAR AND SEE THE WALLS BEGIN TO CRACK. THE LIGHT OF MY HOPE AND DREAMS SEEPING THROUGH, WITH MY THANKS TO GOD FOR MY FATE IS ONLY CONTROLLED BY YOU.

4. FOOLAGAIN · HOOLIGAN

Bin V. Brown

HERE I SIT, THIS THIRTY-ONE YEAR OLD FOOL OF A MICK, WITH THE PRIDE OF ERIN THAT LAYS IN MY BLOOD, DEEP, AND THICK. FOR YEARS I MEDDLED WITH LIFE AS IF IT WERE JUST ONE CHEAP TRICK. JOKING WITH TIMES, FOR WHICH I JUGGLED AS IF I WERE A NATURAL JESTER, FUNNY HOW MY ACT LANDED BEHIND BARS WITH THE THIEF, MURDERER, AND EVEN MOLESTER. AROUND THEM, MY BLOOD, FILLED WITH PRIDE AND MORALS, TRACE BACK TO A LAND FILLED WITH GRACE, WHERE ANCESTORS TEARS HAVE SCARRED THEIR FACE. BY WAY OF THE HARDEST FAMINES, HUNGERS, SLAVERY, AND CRIMES. TOGETHER, HOWEVER, WE PERCEIVED AND CONQUERED OUR TRIAL FILLED TIMES. I MAY NOT HAVE BEEN THERE FROM WHICH MY PAST GENERATIONS HAVE CAME, BUT MY BLOOD, MY PRIDE, MY HONOR IS STILL ONE AND THE SAME. MY PEOPLE WERE SUPPRESSED AND TORTURED TOO, BUT YET WHERE'S OUR FAME? WE HAVE NO MONTH, OR MILLION MAN MARCHES FOR THE SAKE OF HER (ERIN) NAME. YET WE STILL BATTLE OUR OPPRESSORS, AND STRUGGLES IN LIFE WITHOUT RAISING A FINGER TO POINT THE BLAME. YET BEHIND SHACKLES, CHAINS, AND BARS OF STEEL YOU WILL STILL HEAR ME CHEER, I SCREAM WITH PRIDE AND POWERFUL ZEAL, WITHOUT AN OUNCE OF FEAR..."

ERIN GO BRAH!"

IRELAND FOR EVER

5. ACT OF ACCOLADES

Brink Brown

HELD UP FOR ALL TO SEE, A PLACE WAY HIGH THEN THE SKIES COULD EVER BE. A PEDALSTUL DEEP WITHIN MY HEART, ALWAYS THE FIRST THOUGHT UPON MY MIND, CARRYING A LIGHT ABOVE MY DARKNESS, SO A WAY I MAY ALWAYS FIND. LIKE A HALO HOVERING ABOVE MY HEAD, OR THE ANGEL FOLLOWING ME INSTEAD. I OWE YOU FOR ALL THE BLOOD YOU GAVE, PROMISSING ME, FROM THIS SIN-FILLED WORLD, YOU WILL COME AND SAVE. FOR I TOOK YOUR OATH, MAKING SURE I DO MORE THEN RECOGNIZE, BUT ALWAYS PUT YOU FIRST, THANKING YOU FOR THE THOUSAND UPON THOUSANDS YOU HAVE FED AND QUENCHED OUR THIRST. TRUST IN FAITH, YOU HAVE BECOME ALL I DESIRE, MY "KING", MY "LORD", ALONG WITH ANY OTHER NAME THAT MEANS "MY SIRE. I'VE PASSED YOUR LOVE ONTO MY CHILDREN, AND TOLD ALL MY FAMILY, FOR WHEN THE CLOUDS SPLIT OPEN, AND THE HEAVENS COME DOWN, I HOPE "YOU" ARE ALL THEY WILL EVER SEE. STANDING BEFORE YOU ON THE DAY "YOU" JUDGE, EVEN THAT DAY, LULIFER WILL CALL ME TO PLAY, BUT I WILL NOT BUDGE. "YOU" PROTECT ME LIKE YOU PROMISED, NEVER EVER, DO YOU LIE, I WISH FOR MY WINGS SO UP ABOVE I MAY FLY, LEAVING BEHIND THE WICKED SOUNDS OF MR. BEEZLEBUBS CRY. I SOAR HIGHER AND HIGHER AS A VOICE FOREVER FADES, I NOW REST ON CLOUDS IN HEAVEN BUILT FROM ALL MY ACTS OF ACCOLADES.

6. POETRY PAINTED
Bri K Brewitt

HERE WITH WORDS I WILL DEPICT FOR YOU, MAY HAPPINESS, PAIN, AND STRIFE BEING THE BACKGROUND UPON MY CANVAS. EVERY STROKE OF MY TOOL I PLAN TO CREATE AN IMAGE. VISIONS OF THE FEELINGS PLACED IN YOUR HEART AND SOUL, A PANORAMA OF BEAUTY THROUGH EMOTIONS PUT PUT TOGETHER FOR THE MINDS EYE. A SPECTACLE CREATED BY IMAGINATION AND FUELED BY DREAMS, THROUGH IT I GIVE YOU A VIEW INTO THE DEFINITION OF ME, WHAT I AM, AN ALL I WISH TO BE. I DESIRE A WORLD WHERE THERE LIES NOTHING BUT TRUTH, ALLOWING YOU TO PLAY IN FIELDS WITH MY PASSIONS, HATE, ANGER, PRIDE, THE GOOD, AND THE BAD, THAT ALL LAYS INSIDE. AN ILLUSTRATOR? I TRULY PLAY THE PART, PERFORMING MIRACLES, AND MAKING MIRAGES WITH ONLY WORDS. SO, WHEN I'M DONE THERE IS A MEANINGFUL MURAL FOR ALL TO ENJOY AND SEE, ABSTRACTED FROM BITS AND PIECES OF MY LIFE, THROUGH ALL I'VE BEEN. AS I CLEAN MY STATION, AND PUT AWAY MY TOOLS, I TAKE TIME OUT TO ADMIRE WORK THAT HAS NO RULES. IT DOES NOT MATTER IF I'M EVER MISSED, LOVED, OR EVEN HATED, ALL THAT MATTERS IS WHAT MY POETRY PAINTED.

7. KEY TO MY HEART

Bruce K. Brown II

WITH THIS KEY, I ALLOW YOU TO POSSESS. I HOPE YOU CHERISH IT WAY MORE THEN LESS. WHAT IT WILL OPEN IS ONLY FOR YOU TO SEE, A VESSEL OF LOVE AND PASSION FINALLY CREATED FOR YOU BY ME. YOUR EYES NOW ABLE TO TAKE IN THE TRUE LOVE I HOLD. TO YOUR EAR I'VE NEVER LIED, ONLY TRUTH I'VE TOLD. BUT BEFORE YOU TAKE IT AND BEGIN TO TURN, THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO LEARN. FOREVER IN MY LIFE YOU WILL PLAY A PART, YOU JUST NEEDED TO KNOW THIS BEFORE YOU START. "HERE!" I NOW HAND YOU THE KEY TO MY HEART.

8. FOR YOU
Bru K. Brown*

MOTIVATED BY THE THINGS YOU SAY, PUSHING ME IN A LOVING, GENTLE WAY, DAY BY DAY. A TRUE INSPIRATION YOU HAVE CONSTANTLY BEEN, ALLOWING ME TO APPRECIATE YOU AS A COMPANION, AND CARRY A LOVE FROM DEEP WITHIN. PROPELLING MY THOUGHTS THROUGH A PAST AND PRESENT I HONESTLY HOLD DEAR, THE WAY I EMBRACE THESE IMAGES ALLOWS ME TO KEEP YOU NEAR. THEY ALSO BRING ME SAFETY DURING MY TIME OF FEAR, AND SOMETIMES IT ACTUALLY FEELS AS IF YOU WERE HERE. ON ACCOUNT OF YOU, I AM ABLE TO SEE AND WRITE HOW I FEEL. ALLOWING YOU TO SEE NOTHING IS FAKE AND ALL IS REAL. STIMULATING THE INTUITIONS THAT FORM IN MY MIND, ONES PRIOR TO YOU I WAS ABLE NEVER TO FIND. A TRIGGER PULLED BY THE ENCOURAGING WORDS YOU GIVE, MY HEART BEING WHERE THEY NOW REST AND FOREVER MAY LIVE. INFLUENCED THROUGH THE POWER THAT COMES FROM YOUR SOUL, ELEVATING ME FROM MY LIFE'S ABYSS, I'M NOW ABLE TO RISE FROM THE NEVER-ENDING EMOTIONAL HOLE. I THANK YOU FOR THE LIGHT YOU HAVE CONSTANTLY SHED, AN ANGEL YOU ARE, A HALO SHALL BE GRACEFULLY PLACED UPON YOUR HEAD. PLEASE KNOW THAT NONE OF THIS I WOULD BE ABLE OR WILLING TO DO, NOT A THING WOULD BE POSSIBLE IF NOT FOR YOU.

9. ECHOES
Bm K Bm II

I HEAR YOUR VOICE, OVER AND OVER AGAIN, FROM THE BEGINNING I'M PLEASED IT WILL NEVER END.

BOUNCING THROUGH MY MIND OFF MENTAL WALLS, MY NAME, LOVE, AND ATTENTION IT CONSTANTLY CALLS. OVERLAPPING VISIONS AND IMAGES AS IF IT WERE A REOCCURRING DREAM, EVERY WORD BEING CLEAR, NEVER MISUNDERSTANDING, ALWAYS KNOWING WHAT YOU MEAN. I HONESTLY FEEL YOUR TRUE INTENT, READING IN THE LINES I KNOW WHAT IS MEANT. THE WAVES OF YOUR WORDS CRASHING UPON THE SHORE OF MY SOUL, CLEANSING MY WOUNDED HEART AS THEY ROLL. IF YOU WONDER WHERE THE SOUND OF YOUR LOVE GOES, IN MY MIND, BODY, AND SOUL, IT FOREVER ECHOES.

10. GREAT EXCAPE

Orville Brown

I WAIT FOR YOUR CALL IN THE MIDST OF MY DREAD FILLED NIGHT, YOUR SIGNAL TO RUN FROM MY LIVING HORROR, MY EMOTIONAL FRIGHT. I'VE PRACTICED, PONDERED, AND TRAINED MY SOULS EYE TO RECOGNIZE THE VISION OF YOU IN MY SIGHT. ONCE YOU SLIDE AND CREEP UNDER THE SECURITY OF MY HELLS DOOR, YOUR WORDS ON PAPER ARE A PASSAGE TO A WORLD SO MUCH MORE. THEY PLACE ME IN A SPOT ABOVE THE CLOUDS AND EVEN WAY PAST, TOO WHERE DREAMS AND FANTASIES DO MORE THEN EVERLAST. WHILE I'M THERE, I SPEAK TO THE HIGHEST OF POWER FOR ME TO NEVER EVER RETURN, TO A DUNGEON WHERE PLEASURE IS FOUND IN THE SCENT FROM ALL THE SOULS THEY BURN. THOUGH IT'S ONLY MY FATE THAT I MUST GO BACK AND SHOW MY FACE AMONGST OTHERS WHERE HAPPINESS HAS LEFT WITHOUT A TRACE, BUT YET THEY ENVY MY SMILE FOR THEY KNOW MY PLAN, JEALOUS OF MY PLOT, MY BODY IS CAPTURED, BUT MY MIND AND SOUL TO KEEP, THEY MAY NEVER NOT. SO AT THE CRACK OF MY DOOR I LAY AND WAIT, FOR YOUR ENVELOPE TO PLAY TOO WORDS AS THEIR SUPER HERO CAPE, IN YOUR LETTER I FIND MY GREAT EXCAPE.

11. YOUR GRACE

Ben K. Brown

IF A WORD MAY LAND UPON YOUR SOUL AND FOREVER HAVE ITS PLACE, A WORD WITH MEANING SO MUCH THE MERE THOUGHT BRINGS A TEAR TO YOUR FACE, WOULD IT MATTER FROM WHERE THIS WORD CAME, FROM A SOUL THAT HAS NEVER SEEN THE SAME PAIN? OR WOULD IT MEAN MORE COMING FROM ONE WHO KNEW YOUR NAME? WOULD YOU MISS OUT ON THE PASSION OF JOY? EVEN IF IT CAME FROM A MAN WHO KNEW NOTHING, OR SOME OTHER MOTHERS LITTLE BOY. SO, I SAY HOLD ON TO EVERY SMILE THAT YOU CAN MAKE, NO MATTER THE HOW MANY, THEY ARE FREE TO TAKE, FREE, BUT WORTH A WORLD AND MUCH MUCH MORE, A PRICELESS GEM, NEVER TO BE SOLD IN ANY STORE. ALLOW IT TO GIVE STRENGTH AND ENERGY FOR THE WILL TO FIGHT, TO CRAVE A NEW MORNING MORE THEN A DARK NIGHT. LET EVERY NEW DAY, BE YOUR WAY, TO SHOW THAT SMILE ITS GOD GIVEN PLACE TO STAY. FOR WITHOUT YOU IT MAY NEVER AGAIN OWN A PLACE, EVEN THOUGH EVERY BEINGS SOUL HAS ONE, THERE IS NOTHING SIMILAR TO THE BEAUTY WHEN ITS UPON YOUR FACE.

12. BENDING KNEE

Bin K. Brown

YOU KNOW THEM LITTLE BLISSFUL MOMENTS OF SILENCE THAT OFTEN HAPPEN WHEN WE TALK? THE PLACE I ALLOW MY THOUGHTS OF LOVE RUN FREE AND DEEPEST DESIRES TO WALK? A PLACE WITH NO BOTTOM, AN ENDLESS FALL, A WARM ABYSS, FOR WHEN OUR LIPS MOVE TO SPEAK, IT BECOMES A PLACE I SUDDENLY MISS. DON'T MISTAKE THAT AS ME NOT LOVING THE CALL OF YOUR VOICE, IT'S JUST A MOMENT OF SILENCE, I COULD FOUR TIMES OVER, LIVE WITH BY CHOICE. I NEVER MET A DARKNESS I CRAVED SO MUCH, OR FELT A PASSION OF HEAT FROM A THING WITHOUT A TOUCH. IN THIS PLACE FOREVER I COULD SLEEP, WITH NOT A WORRY FROM FEAR, NOT A TEAR TO WEEP. I I PRAY FOR US TO SHARE, THE WAY I FEEL, THE SAME PRESENCE OF PEACE WHEN YOU JUST CALL MY NAME. YOU CREATED A NEVER ENDING MIRAGE I WISH TO ALWAYS SEE, YOU REALLY RELEASE THE SHACKLES OF MY REALITY AND LET ME SEE, YOU RELEASED BLESSING AND ANSWERS UPON MY PRAYERS FROM MY PLACE OF NEVER ENDING BENDING KNEE.

13. ERASE HER Bm K. Bm II

I TRY TO DELETE THE PAIN OF THE MEMORIES WE SHARE, IMAGES OF YOUR LOOK, SMELL OF YOUR SCENT, THE SOFTNESS OF YOUR HAIR. MANY OF TIMES I ATTEMPTED TO TAPE OVER A LOVE WE ONCE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO RECORD. I LOVE WHERE I GAVE EVERYTHING, INTO IT, ALL OF ME I POURED. ERADICATE THE WARMTH YOU ONCE GAVE, FOR I WOULD MUCH RATHER BE BITTERLY COLD, IF I COULD, I WOULD WIPE YOU OUT COMPLETE, A MEMORY NOT TO EVEN CALL OLD.

UPROOTING THE VINES YOU TANGLED IN AND AROUND MY HEART, BECOMING MY VEINS WITHOUT AN END, NOT EVEN A START. IF ONE COULD NOT LIVE WITHOUT ANOTHER, I WOULD BE WILLING TO TAKE MY CHANCE IN THE RISK OF VICIOUSLY PULLING THEM APART.

WITHOUT HER I WOULD KNOW NOTHING OF A LOVE, TO RELEASE MY WICKED SIN OF HER I PRAY TO UP ABOVE. WHEN IF THERE EVER IS A TIME WE MUST AGAIN CROSS PATHS OR I SHOULD EVER FACE HER, ALLOW ME TO WALK PAST AS IF SHE DON'T EXIST, LIKE WORDS ONCE WRITTEN, IF SHE'S THE SCRIPT PLEASE GOD ERASE HER.

14. NANA'S PASSION B.K. Bree

FROM ANOTHER WOMB YOU MAY HAVE COME, BUT TRUST AND BELIEVE OUR BLOOD IS QUITE THE SAME. THOUGH I DID NOT BIRTH YOU, I LOVED YOU THE VERY MOMENT YOU CAME TO EARTH. I PROMISE TO PROTECT YOU, TO CHERISH YOU WITH LOVE AND ALL I AM WORTH. ALL THE LAUGHS I HAD WATCHING YOU ATTEMPT TO CRAWL, THE FEAR I CARRIED WHEN YOU BEGAN TO WALK AND I THOUGHT YOU WOULD FALL. I LOVE YOU FOR THE PURPOSE MY LIFE CARRIES FROM YOU, WHEN I WANTED TO QUIT, YOUR MEMORIES HAVE PUSHED ME THROUGH. I PRAY THAT WHEN YOU GROW OLD IT'S ME YOU DON'T FORGET, FOR ALL I SACRIFICED AND GAVE NEVER WILL I REGRET. EVERY PRESCIOUS MINUTE OF YOU IN MY LIFE I WILL ALWAYS ADORE, PRAYING TIME NEVER ENDS, AND DAYS TO COME ARE MORE AND MORE. THIS LOVE HAS NO COMPARISON IN ANY SHAPE, FORM, OR FASHION, THIS LOVE RUNS DEEPER THAN A PARENTS, IT'S CALLED A NANAS PASSION.

15. MOTHER VALENTINE
B. K. Brown

A MOTHER DEFINES THE MEANING TO MORE THAN ANY WORD, A MOTHER, JUST THE SOUND OF IT, IS PRETTIER THEN ANY SONG YOU EVER HEARD.

A MOTHER I THANK FOR GIVING ME LIFE,
A MOTHER WHICH AFTER I LOOK TO DEFINE
A WIFE. A MOTHER YOU WILL BE TO ME UNTIL
THE END OF TIME. A MOTHER, MY MOTHER, YOU
ARE MY VALENTINE.

BEFORE I GO I WOULD LIKE TO MENTION A CHILDHOOD FRIEND, AND BROTHER TODAY, THAT HAS BROUGHT ME MUCH HUMOR AND JOY. PLEASE TAKE A BREAK AND FIND TIME TO READ HIS BOOK, WHICH COULD BE FOUND AT THE INFORMATION BELOW.

WALTER "BUNKY" ALLEN
"PRISON HUMOR 2: JOKIN \$ DRINKIN"

AT: WWW.SAFESTREETS.ORG

I ALSO WOULD LIKE TO TAKE TIME TO THANK SAFE STREETS ARTS FOUNDATION FOR THEIR PROGRAM AND DOORS OF OPPORTUNITY TO PEOPLE IN THIS SITUATION. THANK YOU!!!

ALSO, I MUST THANK GOD, IN BEGINNING AND END. MRS. SUSAN, I SEND MY LOVE. AUNT SHERYL, YOU INSPIRE ME AND NEVER LET LONELINESS COME UPON ME.

MY CHILDREN, I LOVE YOU ALL.
MOM, THANK YOU FOR YOU, I LOVE YOU!
TICKLE MONSTERS 'TIL THE DAY I DIE.
MOM. MOM, WE WILL ALL SIT AT THE TABLE ONCE AGAIN, GODS WILL, THANK YOU AND I LOVE YOU.

TO MY READER, THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME WELL SPENT.

SINCERELY,
BRIAN K. BROWN II
Bri K. Brown II