

"THE WARRIOR POET"

By: LAUSTEVEION JOHNSON (ALI)

I am Lausteverion Johnson (ALI), The author of this Poetry Book
 Entitled: "ALI, THE WARRIOR POET"

This Book is NON-FICTION

DATE: April 22nd, 2014

INTRODUCTION

This Book of Poems are comprised of my True thoughts, Feelings, Emotions, Joy's, Sorrows, and Pains, that I have felt at different stages of my Incarceration. These are not merely Love poems. The Poems In this book are about Injustice, The Pursuit of Freedom, Family, About coping with Incarceration, Views on Life, being in Love, and Being abandoned by those whom you Love. By writing this book, it is as if I have given you access to, and allowed you to explore pieces of and parts of myself — past and present.

Today, I am 30-years young. I am a African American (Black) man, With Deep skin, who has gone through The Struggle and has come out of the other side of it, as a Strong, conscious, caring, and refined man. I work out my Mind, my Body, and my Soul on a daily basis. I hope that my poems cause you to Laugh, Smile, and cry, I hope that you feel joy and are able to empathize with my pains. I hope that they provoke thought and that they inspire. But most of all, I hope That you enjoy them.

If you'd have any questions about any of my poems, The subject matter, or would like to inquire about my current Situation, and would like to contact me, please feel free to write To me at the address below. I would love to hear from you And if you write me - I will write back (God Willing). I can't Wait to hear from you.

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ALI - THE WARRIOR POET

List of Poems,

1. SMILE WITH THE SMILE OF ANGELS,
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12. HAVE I FAILED,
13. MOMMA I MISSED YOU.

POEM

"SMILE WITH THE ANGELS"

"Wait! - One day — one day — just wait.
 Alas, I'll rise up! Up, and out of, and Beyond these gates!
 One day,

And I will smile with the Most Beautiful Smile,
 I will smile with the Smile of Angels.

My Heart is Transparent — without ulterior Motive.
 Like a Butterfly — I Fly — We Fly — Together.
 Collectively migrating across hundreds of miles of Land,
 Just to Love. Just to huddle up and hug, and to Hibernate —
 To survive — was it — Absolutely Necessary.

It's Amazing how one could suffer so much, yet have the
 Energy to stand so strong.
 For we have stood so strong — so strong, for so long,

Dinosaurs and Iceages, — Slave-Trades, Crusades
 And Facebook pages.
 The therapy has been through Poems and Blues Songs,
 Poems and Blues Songs.
 So continue to Hold on, continue to Hold strong, because
 The Struggle continues.

Solitary confinement! Wiping away a myriad of
 Tasteless thoughts of Vengeance, while engaging in - in-depth Meditation.

WAIT! One day, One day, — just wait.
 Alas, I will rise up! Up, and out of, and Beyond these
 Gates! One day.
 And when I do, I will smile, with the most Beautiful
 Smile.
 I will smile with the Smile of Angels.

One day soon — I'll be Free! —

I am just Patiently, yet often impatiently waiting.
 Didactic — truthful spoken words,
 Formulating, as I realize simultaneously, that an external
 And internal Force has greatly inspired me,
 Inspired me to create this Spaceless, Timeless, Therapeutic
 Expression,

Connected — collective Energies in motion.
 Almost identical to the V-shape that they make,
 They're so synchronized as they glide.
 Glid — Flying Free across the sky — Like a flock of Doves,
 Who were once Caged!
 Flying Free, Like a Bird is my desired state.

So WAIT!
 One day — One day — Just Wait.
 Alas — I'll rise up! Up, and out of, and Beyond
 These gates! — One day.

And I will Smile with The Most Beautiful
 Smile. I will Smile with the Smile of Angels.

SMILE ☺"

^{POEM}
 "DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME"

"Don't worry about me Momma,
 Me and my Court Case,
 There's someone walking me through this Struggle that I go through,
 Day-by-Day

I Pray for a better day,
 I tilt my Head to the Sky — Looking for God.
 But it seems like, the Sky is blocked by clouds and it's Raining,
 All I can see is the Fog.

We're just going through a Storm right now,
 But after the Rain stops and Cloud clears,
 The Sun shines and I can feel it — it's Near.

I'm writing you this letter Today sincerely,
 To let you know that you're Dear to Me,
 And it's Clear to See.

If a Tear dropped down my Cheek — Seriously —
 Would you know it?
 And if I had a chance on the street again,
 Would I really show it? Yeah.

You're a Million Miles away, but your Love is Near,
 Your Love is Dear,
 And after the Storms gone — everything's gone be clear.
 No more restless nights, no more Pain, No more Fears, and
 No more Tears because your son is here.

No we're all back together like a Family,
 And I'mma keep it that way,
~~Some~~ see the chain wasn't together,
 There was a missing Link, and It was Me

And Z'imma keep it together,
 No matter what the weather — it Brings.

We gone tell jokes,
 And We gone laugh,
 And We gone Sing,
 And We gone Dance,

The Sands of Time can't part,
 Because I'll be holding your hand.
 I'm telling a Stand,
 Trying to recognise and realize Gods plan for one,

You say, 'It mite not seem right at First,
 But Boy — Stand on you Feet Like a MAN!'

You Always spoke with Power in words,
 That's where I get it,
 But at First, I was ignorant, didn't realize, and I was
 Holding my tongue.

But not no **mo** —
 I'm speaking my Mind,
 Just go with the Flow,
 I'm Sorry Mamma —

It wont happen no — Mo! "¹
 It wont happen no — Mo! "¹¹

POEM

"I LOVE U MORE..."

Son, I Love you more than a Father has ever Loved a Son since this World has been in Existence.
 At Night I Look up and out of my cell window — at the Stars,
 And I Smile because — None of them can compare to you —
 Individually, or collectively,

This unexplainable and amazing Bond between a Father
 And his Son — has caused me to re-think Life,
 To re-think Life, and see it all a-new.
 I see Life in a different Light — All because of you.

Son, I Love you more than a Father has ever
 Loved a Son since this World has been in Existence.
 I Love for you and would die for you,
 I have Laughed with you and have cried for you.
 I have dedicated my Life to you.

And so I hope that you still Love me,
 Because — Son I Love you more,
 I Love you more than a Father has ever Loved a Son —
 Since this World has been in Existence,
 This — even though I have been Loved up in Prison.
 I Love you Son.

"INTENTIONS OF MEN"

You can travel all across the World,
And see all types of different walks of life,
From the Lightest, to the Darkest of skin.

Or you can go from state-to-state, or from continent-to-continent,
From America to Berlin, or from Africa to Asia,
And experience and witness the same types of sins.

And the Earth, — she constantly spins,
Like she always has and forever been.
But it makes me wonder, think, and ponder on the thought or question:
What Is Thee Intentions of Men?

When world leaders are so quick to act belligerent,
And so quick to wage War on the innocent,
And when we act like the statement, 'World Peace' is Irrelevant,
Than I can't help but question it, — "What is Thee Intentions of Men?"

When we, as humans, arrive at a point and stage in life,
To where nuclear-weapons and warheads are common,
Then I can only question and wonder and have fear for the
World's future for what's really coming.

QUESTION: What Is Thee Intentions of Men?

If I wanted to talk to world leaders and tell them how I really felt,
Do you think that they would listen to me?
And if they listened and didn't like the words that they were hearing,
Would I be History? A Mystery.

Well I'm not going to judge everybody in the world in a
Negative sight. I'll judge you by your actions and treat you
Accordingly.

And if you are a good person — I'll take you in as a friend.
But if not, you're probably one of those ones that I question with thee question:
'What Is Thee Intentions of Men.'

"^{Poem} My Cross "

1. Momma, I was born with these stripes on my Back!
 On my back is where I Bear my Burdens!
 On my back is where I carry My Cross!

I Refuse to sob, pant, or to cry out loudly,
 Though TEARS periodically pass my cheek.

This is NOT an S.O.S., or the Firing of a Flare -
 In Hopes of those on MENTAL Vacation to Detour to rescue me.

God Is The GREATEST !!!

This is not an epiphany, or the latest News,
 This is well-seasoned and an old ancient Truth.

So don't allow pity to develop or materialize
 In your Breat when I scream,
 Because when I scream,
 It is from the depths of my chest,

GIVE ME LIBERTY

OR
 GIVE ME DEATH!

GIVE ME LIBERTY

OR
 GIVE ME DEATH!

This Battle - in small part being Physical,
 In Large part being Spiritual,
 Intangible Material.

Psychological torture tactics being used as an Inordinate gambit.
 But my shoulders being broad enough,
 Being broad enough to where I can withstand it.

God Damn Them! Or have Mercy on their Ignorant
 Souls. -

An abandonment of The Constitution,
 Ameri-KKK, No-Longer an Illusion.

Land of the Master, Home of the slaves. -

Euphemisms being used and displayed,
 To sooth rationale,
 To placate and confuse — The TRUTH!

The Hopeless VS. The Copret. TRUTH is transparent to the vigilant eye.

I walk in a vally of footsteps left by GIANTS!
 David against Golieth,
 I slew the Oppressive Tyrant!

Instantaneously — fusos of enmity being lit
 Behind me.
 Many have lined up to engage in Battle,
 But my advantage has preceded me.
 And it is that — God Is The ONLY REALITY!

These are My Thoughts! And this is My Cross;
 That I Carry on my back,
 My shoulders being broad enough to Carry,
 To Carry My Cross —
 Until I'm Buried!

Poem

"INJUSTICE IN THE ATTIRE OF JUSTICE"

"At 19 - Sentenced to 18-to Life,
 Rehabilitation must have been far away from their minds.
 Guilty do to indigence — Lack of sufficient funds.
 Many have fallen victims in the past — Innocence has a price-tag \$.

Many moons have I spent encaged — Divorced from society.
 Prior to this, America, I did not know your fury! Nor did I know what
 you were capable of doing.
 Now ruined! Look what you have done to me.

Mesmerized by the inflaming cancer of —————
 The Star Spangled Banner.
 Ropes became crossed and tangled,
 And when Snowden was watching, I was ambushed and assaulted,
 Then by the American Flag I was strangled.

Justice — as you call it,
 Your weapon of choice.
 Justice, in the form of a straight-edged Razer-blade,
 That you have placed upon, and pressed against my neck —
 Without provocation.

I CAN'T BREATHE!!!! I screamed.

If I flinch — I bleed, Rivers of Blood
 Sliced — I'm sick of life!

No needle or thread strong enough to close this gaping wound!

Starve me! Beat me! Have your way with me!
 Yeah, exert your rage and expose your true face!
 For 24 hours — confine me to a solitary cage!

Murder me in chambers. Sentence me to decades of calendars.
 Better yet, hold me captive until my natural death. For this is, injustice in
 The attire of Justice.

TAKE THE ABUSE! ???!!!
 If I move — then I'm resisting
 And you say that, 'There's nothing wrong with the (un)justice system! Really?!

Isn't anyone Listening !!!?
Hav'n't you heard my cry - which is apart of an echo of millions
of men and women.

Ride me then, if you will, until my broken to pieces,
With no weapon left to fight with.

STILL,
In my psyche I clinch my fist!
Revolution! Revolution!
I scream. Power to the People!!
Mentally. This message being transmitted via telepathy

Til the death of me,
Elevation through forced meditation. I'll keep fighting
Until you acknowledge this,

(In)JUSTICE IN THE ATTIRE OF JUSTICE."

Poem

"STEPHANIE" (This is a Poem that I wrote and sent to my Big Sister after she attempted suicide)
 + May The Peace, The Mercy, and The Blessings of God Forever Be Upon You.

To my Big, Little Sista,
 To me, you are Indispensable and so uniquely Special.
 For you to Depart from this life - would make this world
 A less Beautiful place.
 And we need you — so,
 Hell NO! I want let you go.

I refuse to even allow you to falsely believe that,
 Your life is invaluable. Because you are valuable and very necessary.

You are so Queen-Like. Do you not recognize your Greatness?
 You are so Queen-Like, so I ask you to embrace it,
 Preserve and have Patience.
 Take a deep breath and Reflect,
 That day was simply ~~and~~ unfortunate Day,
 We will overcome and get past it.

You see — I love you, with a kind of
 Love, — that emanates from-up above.
 If you Depart — than I Depart.
 We are in fact — Two individuals with a single Heart.

So you must stay strong — It not for you — then for me.
 Pleeeeease!
 For even my little son - Ojiwon,
 All he asks is; 'Where is my T.T.? Where is my T.T.?'
 SMILE ☺.
 Stay Strong Big-Little Sista. I'm Nothing without you!

^{Room}
 "WHY ME?"

"Why me!?" — Why do I always have to Feel so much Pain? My Heart hurts so much — with so little to Gain.

Why does my Heart always have to Feel like it's Bleeding Internally? Why did I choose to go Backward when there was So much Love in front of me?

God ordered me to follow the Straight Path. He said that — I had one of 2 choices to choose. And that — If I went left — then it can't be Right — So now I know what to do.

God, why me? Why — after I cause so much Chaos and havoc in this World, — why did you give me a Second chance? Why me? Why do you continue to Bless Me, when I ignored all of your Blessings — Previously??

Why me? Who Feels so much Pain, and who's Heart hurts so much, with so little to gain. —
 Why me!?

He then told me — why — it was me. It was to fulfil the Amazing purpose that He Planned for me.

Oh, now I see — WHY ME."

Poem

"ENJOY LIFE"

I have noticed you and observed you,
And it seems to me that you are NEVER satisfied with anything
In life.

Why does something Always have to be wrong,
Or why does something Always have to be out of place?
I ask you to ENJOY LIFE Tomorrow,
And I ask you to Enjoy life today.

When Summer comes around — you are Always the one to
Complain about Her Heat,
Always the one to complain about how miserable you are because of
The Fierce Heat that radiates from Her Being.
And you say that, 'You can't wait for Summer to be OVER and for Winter
To Come,'
At least that's what you claim and say.

But when Winter comes, you are Always the one —
Day after Day, to complain about Her chill,
And how miserable you because of her mercilessness.
And you claim and say that, 'you can't wait for Winter to be OVER
And for Summer to come.'
At least that's what you claim and say.

But when Summer appears — you express your discontent
For Her and Her Heat, just as you did the previous Summer.
But what gets me is that, EVEN on those extra Hot days, When God
Decides to send us down a little Rain to relieve ~~us~~ of the scorching
Summer Sun,
You don't even take the time, to step outside to Enjoy the Rain,
Or to ENJOY The Blessing that came.

Now! you'd rather lodge a complaint against the Rain,
And that's a shame. "!"
I ask you To Enjoy Life."

Poem

"THE LINKED CHAIN"

"I Believe in the Light in the Darkness,
And in the Darkness of the Day.

I Believe that — sometimes the Devil gets too close
And starts to invade my personal space.
I know that, if I got a cavity in my Tooth, that it could be Filled,
But I wonder, If there is a Heart that has been Broken,
Can it be Healed?

Our chain has been torn apart and is now missing Links.
But I Believe that, with time and effort, that our chain could be
Welded and sealed back together again.

If the Biggest Bone in my body was cracked or broken,
I'd put a cast on it for Restoration
And I know that times have gotten hard, and you feel as though
You can't,
But I beg you to put on a cast of Patience.

I have been Gone and Away for awhile,
And unable to Smile -
Unable to Smile because I have been forced away from the Love
Of my Life, and my Only Child.

And it may seem strange, but in all of this time,
I haven't got the Locks changed, or made a duplicate Key,
Because there's only one woman for me ♀.
For the Key that fits my Heart,
There is only one in existence,
And it is in your possession,
So to all else — Fair-well and Good Riddens.

I Believe in mistakes being Forgiven.
And I Believe that — the Past is just the Past and that,
Our Future hasn't yet been Written,

And I Believe that We Believe in each other,
And if no one can — WE — can fix this,
Can't We?

I Believe that this chain could be Welded back
Together again.

And we can restore ~~our~~ Linked Chain.

I LOVE YOU."

Poem

O.S.T.B.S.

Once I overcame the Strenuous Task of getting past
The Shock and Awe of your Natural Beauty,

I was Then faced with yet another Shock and Awe
Of your Inner Beauty.

But the uncharted Territory thus far is your abyssal,
And your Abyssal is none other than your Spiritual.

POEM
 "HAVE I FAILED?"

"As I sit here and think to myself,
 I ask myself, 'Have I Failed?'
 And Believe me — It's a Heart-Wrenching question to be
 Asking yourself.

Have I Failed!? I had to — Because I sure enough
 Did not succeed. — I've spent half of my life incarcerated
 And I'm only the Age of 23.

I clench my eyelids together, as these Tears painfully run down
 My Face.

You assume that I'm cry, But I'm really Bleeding — it, the Blood
 Has just escaped and has forced its way, out of the sides of my Face.

Have I Failed, because I allowed my Emotions to get
 The Best of me Today?

And what is this Place. — Where you lie and wait, and Pray, and
 Pretend that there is a Better Day?

And it's kinda hard to take it — one day at a Time, when you know that
 Your Son is somewhere in the universe — growing everyday.

Where does he stay? And has he took my place??
 He who? Some other man that his Mother dates?

Does he even Love his Daddy anymore, or know that I am not merely —
 'Missing In Action', but rather that, I am held captive in this War!?

They tell me to follow the Light that Leads to the end of the tunnel.
 But there is no Light, only deeper and Profound Darkness at the end of
 This Tunnel.

To my Son, Have I Failed you, because I got locked-up before
 you were Born? And since I got locked up that First time — I am
 Still yet to return — Let it burn.

What kind of example did I leave?

Hoping and praying that you don't follow me (To Prison).

Have I Failed, even as being a good son? Or one —

And I can count all of the good deeds that I've done.
 But as for the Bad, they are far too many to count, because there is
 such a large amount.

So I guess I failed.

I guess I failed because my good deeds don't outweigh my bad.
 I wish that I could have followed the example of my Dad
 But I couldn't follow that path - because the chain was broken.

Have I Failed? Have I Failed to complete the Task?
 I didn't even Honor my Mother and Father,
 Well at least I didn't in the past.

But one thing is that,
 I didn't fail to apologize. Nor did I fail ~~in~~ being Sincere
 With my apology.

But would I fail - if I am unable to free myself
 from this earthly Hell?
 For charges that I did not commit,
 But without legal counsel - I guess I had to submit.

And I guess that, as a man, I will always
 fall short of God's Glory.
 And I understand that, God is the only Reality.

So from this day forward - I will submit myself to God.

I ask God to be my Friend,
 And if God is my Friend,
 I will never fail again! ¹⁶

God Bless.

Poem
 " Momma I Missed You "

" Dear Momma,

I have Missed you something Terrible this week.
 I was Forced awake do to Nightmares of being buried inside
 Of thick slabs of overlapping steel and concrete.

I have been barricaded and enveloped inside of
 Turmoil and Oppression. I swear that I have Learned my
 Lesson.

I swear that I have Learned my Lesson.

I have Patience — only because I have been,
 Against my will — compelled to have Patience.
 My past Haunts me in Broad-Day, Like a myriad of
 Neanderthals who have just emerged from their caves.

Dear Momma, I have missed you something Terrible
 Lately. — Mankind has no Forgiveness for the Sinner;
 No Mercy for the Meek
 My scars are now visible, and my abode
 Is now foreign and inhospitable.

I have Rubbed Shoulders with, been Acquainted
 With, and Faced Death — Far Too Often, in too short of a Time.

Dear Momma, I have Missed you something Terrible
 Lately.
 I see everything clearly. My eye's are wide open, while
 There's remain wide shut.

You have methodically installed — inside of me,
 This Indescribable strength.
 This strength that has now exceeded and that has Grown
 Far beyond even your own understanding.

Lord is the reality

I witnessed to Tree - Violently being ripped up.
And out of the ground and turned upside down.
Leaving it's Roots exposed to the Open and Bitter Air.

Now in this New Condition - Will it continue
To grow, or wither and erode away, and go back into the Earth
From which it was birth?"