

Exact Change

POETRY/ FICTION

BY: ROB WORKMAN

Most of the following writings are my attempt to convey the pitfalls of life and the much needed resilience to overcome them. This is my way of shinning the light of knowledge onto the darkness of ignorance to promote understanding and change. To "exact change". In my view life is one experience after another in which we come face to face with ourselves and what we've created. Our joy, pain, love, fear and our pleasures and disappointments.

Please keep your hands and feet inside the car at all times and enjoy the ride.

12/2014

DEDICATIONS

This book is dedicated to my family and especially those 3 angels who have my last name and my good looks; Alyssa, Kaeli and Robby jr.

Also to those of my friends who are no longer here; Ronnie Rolls, Rocco, Robert and Frankie D., Dave and Lynn M., Tommy W., Carlos (Prez) D., Billy G., Johnny Duck, Tina W., Phil N., Chris R., Anthony H., Ronnie G., Mikey G., Paulie and Nicky P., and many others who died too young.

Also to my Boss Joey Vento at Geno's Steaks.

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MADMAN CONFESSIONS

Bless me father for i have sinned, though i do
grieve with a grin on this looseleaf through a pen.
Confession? I dont know how long its been, but maybe,
just maybe you'll tell me how wrong i am.

The last time we spoke i really dont remember,
the past lines i wrote were returned back to sender.
I saw my wishes pour but never chalked the math, i
should of listened more while i walked my path.

Dont quit on me and i'll try and keep pushin,
those tricks up your sleeve never denied me a cushion.
Im not quitting neither you can bet your crown of thorns,
i guess im just too eager to drown and be reborn.

So God please bless my transgressions in a bad land
cause i know you hear these confessions of a madman, and
with evil athand, please pace close beside, our footprints
in the sand wont erase through any tide.

From the pen, Amen

THE VOICE

When i hear the voice speak i cant help but listen.
Its near and very deep so i fell in submission.
It yells like a maniac and echo's drift in the night.
In its shell this insomniac is a gift when i write.
It barks out these orders i dare not repeat, its mark
is disorder and flare is deceit. It tells me these things
with style and conviction, i feel it inside so vile its
mission.
It said its a demon and disaster awaits, in my head when
im dreaming this master awakes. Its gaining its strength
to crumble these walls, i strain in attempt not to tumble
and fall.
The choice of my soul is to fight to the end, the voice
takes control tonight of the pen.

Deep Echo's

A BLESSED CURSE

In South Philly we have eyes on the back of our heads and a nose for trouble. We all talk with our hands, eat with our eyes and answer with a middle finger. Sticky fingers and big mouths are common unlike the mythical guilty conscience. With our hearts on our sleeves we carry the weight or the world on our shoulders but can still walk on eggshells. We all keep a handful of close friends and alot more at arms distance. We smile in your face, laugh behind your back and cry on your shoulder. We all recognize that one true heart is enough, soul companions are forever, air in our lungs is a blessing and easy come easy go. We stay on our toe's with our feet grounded while our hopes soar. We're a penny on heads seen through a broken mirror. We're like a shooting star seen by a black cat on the 13th floor of a rabbits foot factory. We're goodluck after a bad idea.

Thats just us aight?!

Sal Philly

FLAME

I step down from cloud nine and warm my mind from the cold. Just long enough to find the time for lines to unfold. I sit to rename the voice's and put frames on the pictures. Or maybe regain the choice's the were plain from the scriptures. Taking in all the bad news puts years on your shoulders, not to mention when bullets confuse hero's and soldiers. Are the lessons that we struggle with also in vain ? Its just a test that the trouble will accompany pain. Is the darkness that escapes the sun always a shadow? Is it our part or maybe fate to run the roads that we travel ? We push on whether rain on shine win or we fail. From the dawn to the present time with wind in our sail. If we drop we check it off and mark one for the team. We never stop we just set the cost and march to our dream. Its the weak that have it easy God give me the strength. I touch my peak feet beneath me still extending the length. And if i lend a helping hand to push through the fire, i wont pretend it would'nt help to mend my flames of desire. So if i never make it through the sorrow of life, my only hope is that i burned the path that led you to light.

BURN, Truely

911 MEMORIAL

Alot of years but still wounded an immediate
crash. The story aired and we tuned it a media
flash. All those hopes and cares such little things.
All approach with stares at those fleeting wings.

The hurt the loss the destruction and sorrow,
you've heard the cost from luxury borrow. From
meadows of grassland to a concrete jungle, all those
who lent a hand to sift through the rubble.

From firemen to child to clerk or waitress, all
those who smiled and worked for their wages.

Those cowards took flights and sighted our towers,
but the stars and the stripes united with power!

Forgiveness is for God,

Uncle Sam does introductions

SANDY CASTLES

Another finished chapter in a cruel
sad book. A painful disaster in a school
Sandy Hook. My heart goes out to the
young who fell, those sparks of life
who sung so well. From births of dreams
to glitter and glamour. It hurts my seams
to think of their laughter. From life to
death such a hasty show, and now they
rest where all will go. We tear from
tears to think of their smiles, and pass
these years in searing denial.

Souls of those children all weave up
the isle, all leading home to please
God awhile.

Sandy Footprints

De-Tension

He enters the hall and see's his bully while his eyes get small so he cant see fully. He reaches for the gun to grip from his pack and loads round one with a click and a clack. He's burning with hate as his bullets explode a feeling so great as he stops to reload. He fires at the crowd now blind without care, a riot so loud but his mind is'nt there. So many years he didnt want trouble but bullets came from tears and now he's giving back double.

With all those who fell a feeling of release, they shattered his shell stealing every piece. He was always so quiet and none knew his plan of the pain he made quiet with the gun in his hand.

Now come the questions that all want to know, how come expressions became bullets to blow?

Some saw the signs that one day would come, some drawl the line but others the gun.

Hailing Steel

THE COST

26 inch spinners on a Cadillac herse, platinum
plated casket pulls the body from church.

Gold covered the road all the way up the street,
folks stood in the cold for a chance to speak.

Diamond studded tombstone a brilliant display,
million dollar flowers all lining the way.

Gold laced the dirt that was pushed in the hole,
but gold cant replace when whats took is a soul.

Diamonds were the tears and the cries were priceless,
nine total years and now his eyes are lifeless.

The price of a gun compared to the cost,
for the life of just one we cant bare the loss.

\$ave A. Dollar

THE NOW MOMENT

A lot of people talk about what they would die for, and one thing is certain. Everyone will indeed die for something, no need to rush.

But what needs immediate attention is what we will live for. To die for something we stand around and wait, useless until our moment, waiting for our moment. But to live for something demands action, right now, waiting becomes wasting! Your moment to live for something is nonstop NOW!

The difference between living for something and dying for something is this; You die for something because you have no options left, but you live for something because you see in it a limitless opportunity.

So the question is; Are you out of options, or full of opportunity?

BOBBY CLEVER

CASTING STONES

My shine glows by the relevance which tangles my web of words in the light reflected. Whats below will remain beyond the broken shade and the salty sea's of loves endeavor. Forever we approach the coast of life as a breeze that sweeps the slopes of sadness. In toil we see through the eyes of wonder what is gained by the drift of time. Neath the veil of existence we reach into the depths for an everlasting pulse of adventure. I adjust the scales of equality to weigh my heart in its weeping cove. And still i listen for the whispers of fate in the static of self indulgence. All while waiting for echo's of the minds horizon to bridge the distance for the lost and found. I withstand the rains of sorrow as the puddles of misery gather at my feet. I hold on while the hands of illusion confine reality to a season of storms and divide regression between blame and guilt to balance dreams made in desolation.

All this i would endure for eternity, for only one pure drink of life.

Gratefully, Nothing Less

PREDATOR

Always on the move for the weak they prey,
who end up on the news in a week or day. As the
innocent sleep the monsters roam the night, just
to sink in their teeth on some bone to bite.

Never do they care for all the people that bleed
and even if we're careful the evil wont leave.

Its their feeling of power and their lust
for the rush when dealing deaths hour turning
dust back to dust.

They dont consider the hurt or pain that they gave.
Your a sliver of dirt that was laid in a grave.

But to all the victims mark these letters i say,
begun is the mission making predator our prey.

Sincerely, Say Your Sorry

LAND OF THE "BRAVES"

Columbus did sail so brave on the sea, against none
will prevail as the natives will see. Onto a new land
they all move ashore, but none knew the plan that those few
would ensure. At a table they feast as if they were friends,
the natives spoke peace but the others pretend. The natives
knew not the price of the land, to them its of spirit more
righteous than man. The disease they brought will soon take
a toll, the natives were caught as a tomb takes a soul. By
the time war was known all resistance was futile, from a
king on his thrown with persistence so brutal. In the name
of a king they overrule the chief, for a treasure to gain
in cruelty and grief. From the waters of the east where
the sun does rise, came soldiers to feast on the chief and
his tribes. None are held sacred not woman or child, all life
they've taken lies broken in piles. America through the years
will cheer on its birth, of land taken with tears from natives
here first.

Conceived in liberty with an ideal of justice, besieged
by tyranny over fields of muskets.

Sincerely, Stolen Lands

DEAR ROBBY

The sense in your plans was not sightly and
footprints in the sand are made lightly. You got your
pen in your hand and you wanna write me but before
you took a stand so high and mighty.

We were supposed to be tight but you took the life
from me and for the life of me i had to fight to see,
the way i saw things it was'nt right to me and it might
just be you took the fight from me.

Your on your own pal your alone for now, and soon
enough you'll make it home but how, you do that is
anybody's guess but its time to clean its you who made
the mess.

All bad smells like to join and linger and if you're
doing well you never point the finger. Catch bee's
with honey to avoid the stinger and leave all dummies
to be enjoyed on Springer.

When the going get tough man the tough keep moving
and all this stuff is the luck of your choosing, your
only option now is to win never losing your worth man
has already been proven.

So take your time be tame just chill, until next time
my names' "Free Will".

DWELL SPOKEN

Sitting in this cell i stare at the wall. Trying to
figure how the hell i fell and when did i fall.

Tell my why i feel like theres no remedy, got me
feeling im concealing my own enemy.

So now im consoled by bars, way too bold from vanity
i folded my cards.

I sat dreaming while waiting on a miracle, but not
achieving no debating thats hysterical.

Had i seen just how dark things got, i would'a known
from the start thats where it had to stop.

I couldnt win, thats plain and how i speak i feel,
things just got too insane i gotta keep it real.

Life just seemed to get too gritty and the problem is,
i was drowning in selfpity and thats obvious.

So now im in this cell and spelling out this letter,
no more do i dwell im doing well its Mister Clever.

Mr. B. Clever

MISERY'S VACANCY

Misery loves company and this is a full house.
Darkness lurks constantly amongst misty shouts.
The lawn lies dead and parched through every season,
the dawn hides instead and departs for any reason.

Pictures of depression hung on broken plaster
from rusty nails. whispers cast reflections and
laughter of when we fail. The foundations where
mason's applied their trade, sit vacant and wasted
denied its grave.

Overgrown weeds on remnants of paths of gravel.
A lonely home with needs and one chance to pass the
battle. The hardships begin to quicken and the walls
seem to shutter, the darkness bleeds a crimson to
all who dream and wonder.

In the house that misery built with its guilt
burns a candle, beaten and slow to glow on the window
and not the mantle. A solitary flame with the aim to
ignite passion, a voluntary train with insight and
steady traction.

A lonely little spark whose home is in the heart,
and lives to fight the hurt and pass its light onto
the earth.

Shine, Sincerely

CAGED WAKE

Insanity paces and the eyes count bricks. Vanity
changes faces and the cries sound thick. Sick are
the lonely but i keep company in my mind, four souls
who own me sit comfortably all the time. This solitary
hell full of sinners and mourners, to me i know it well
every inch of its corners. Others try to convince
themselves the gloom will be over soon, meanwhile
tension swells like evil inside the womb. Boom, the
bough breaks and gravity takes the cradle, you try to
concentrate while the snakes eat through your navel.
Fight you might be able or write a fleeting fable, but
still you scream and curse as the evil you dream of births.
Evilness flows across but its a cross you keep in mind.
How did i get lost in a darkness so blind.
Your head between your knee's you plead for a moments
break, its only then you breathe you're relieved and
you awake.

Copper Lace

AUTUMN DREAMS

I've fallen like leaves turning red and then brown,
once tall in the tree's and then heading toward ground.

Once full of such splendor from rays of the sun, my
pull was surrender for ways never won.

The sway of my branch not youthful no more, past days
i would dance for hours galore.

As i lay with the broken i'm a slave to the wind, but
say that i've chosen to save whats within.

Young branches fresh bark and my color so green, enhanced
by a spark i'd hover as dreams.

Refreshed by the air i awake from my slumber, atleast
i'm aware of my greatness in summer.

Never did i decay nor fall from my tree, ever from this
day i'm as tall as can be.

Truely, Fertile Roots

FAITH DEFINED

A lot of people use the word faith but lack the true understanding,
this is for those people.

Faith is your hopes for a better reality without being lost in illusion.

Faith is facing the facts of uncertainty,
but having the resolve to make things certain.

Faith in yourself is the builder,
faith in others can move mountains,
and no faith is a planned loss.

Faith without ambition is just a dream.

Faith without purpose is only a wish.

Faith in the face of adversity is courage.

Faith towards discouragement is optimism.

Faith and love is God within, and my faith in you is 100%.

FAITHFULLY YOURS

PEACE

It seems your days are behind us,
but so clear we see your face.

God please help remind us,
our friend is in your grace.

My mind replays your memory,
my heart relays the pain.

You've always been a friend to me,
and that will never change.

Although you may be gone,
your always part of me.

And no it wont be long,
your face we'll surely see.

So i pass on this letter,
to my friend up above,
no one deserves this better,
forever in Gods love.

We know that you are here with us, and you'll always be
our gift, just know we'll always feel your touch, your
soul through us exists.

God took the best and left the least, dear friend,
rest in peace.

SHOE'S

I'm ready to flow at the start of the line moving
steady and slow just one step at a time.

My head is aware of the tolls of the road while my
tread has gone bare leaving holes in my soles.

As i try to outride this news i may face i widen
my stride in these shoe's that i've laced.

Uphill and down over bridges i've burned i'm firm
on this ground in these stitches i've earned.

Through pain i will trudge no matter the cost whether
rain or through mud i'll gather whats lost.

Some want me to trip and some want me to crumble and
though i may slip or possibly stumble they wont see me
drop never lose or say quit cause these feet in these
socks in these shoe's are my gift.

Your neighbor,

Miles Shoemaker

PALE IRON

If these walls could speak i hope they'd be
quiet. I'll never retreat or seek to apply it.
I sit back in a mind solitary but see times i've
spent on lines contrary.

A mission from the heart never fails to
illuminate, i just wish from the start to derail
gloom and hate. From bars to bricks to bartwire
that brace me, my scars are thick from these fires
that face me.

I stand in inferno's that burn slow discreetly, my
plan is concerned though to learn slow so teach me.
Its not these gates a wanna open through pain, yet
its my own fate that i hope to regain. Its not just
the chains that i wanna escape, its more like the
rains from storms of mistakes.

So before i go free to further my wisdom, lets see
what i've learned from my term in this prison.

Mr. Muddy Waters

SO FAR GONE

I walk to the beat of my own drummer, and never
feel the heat whether or not its summer. Some people
insist that they can write like me and the evil persists
as the light denies me.

Whether the cost is fair for this cross i bear im still
cut from a cloth thats far more rare. Still got a word style
thats better then most, the absurd profile of a veteran
ghost. These habits just spill and i dont flow to bragg but
other writers get killed and their toe's are tagged. Some
days i burst lines so clever while the rest try but most
times my worst lines are better then their best try.

So i keep fighting its a must i persist cause in the end
its this writing and my dust that exists, and im gone.

Bobby Clever

THE RISING

I was born just a pawn in the game but i studied the storms while enduring the rain.

They say you gotta crawl before you can walk so i studied my fall and now soar like a hawk.

Too many read the story by a candle of flame but darkness comes early if your standing in shame.

We need to set our sights in search of the stars and never think life dont gain worth from its scars.

Its the love that we show and the lessons we learn that arise as a glow and then progress to a burn.

Life dont care of we're pawns or we're kings long as the night grows aware at the dawn of our dreams.

Stars only fall if you're rising above so keep your eyes on them all and your heart giving love.

Truely, Rising

THE REVIVAL

Maybe it's for those who fell that i want to prevail,
and spin these words so well into a relevant tale. If i'm
all thats left but still locked in these chains i'll speak
until the best of all my logic remains. I'll live with every
step and use my mind for the good, and dwell on no regrets
laying lines that i should. I'll always move ahead and keep
my goals up above, giving for the dead not the least of my
love.

Through all the lonely trails i'll stand tall at the gates,
and only my denial i'll let fall in its place. With all the webs
we weave i still persist through the net, and never will deceive
cause i exist better yet.

So i'll give help when needed as wealth to the city, cause i
myself deleted all the self from my pity. Forever will my treasure
be the twist of my tongue, ever being Clever pushing mist from
the sun.

Bobby Clever,
through endeavor

DEFIANCE

We arrived at our present location 11 days ago on the last of our fuel. Doc and Shyvo died 3 days prior due to injuries sustained during the final battle for our land. The anomalies have cornered us in this remote location. We will retreat no further. This is our final transmission....

The 7 survivors and i have exhausted all of our resources. All that is left is the blood in our hearts and the air in our lungs. That which is enough to lead us against the oppression which demands our extinction. At dawn we will launch a frontal assault against the anomalies with the purpose of afflicting maximum damage before the least of our lives are made still. Our hopes are that our terminal sacrifice will stand as a testament to the aspirations of the spirit of man.

Our final moments will be spent in the jaws of adversity, and the darkness soon to overtake us will bring with it a peace that few have known but the brave proclaim. Our only resolve now is to stand and fight, and either live or die by our consequences. This will be done.

Commander BOB E. CLEVER
Special Operations Lunar District 9