

The name is Eric Holmes, inmate
 #49015 at Mount Olive Correctional
 Complex in West Virginia. I was an
 inmate and I was in the
 compilation of the struggles I have
 endured in my years at Mount
 Olive. I was prior to my
 25 years that sentence I received
 on May 15th, 2009. My only hope in
 this is to reach, grow, and present
 ourselves, individuals from across the
 world, I chose the part of this and
 the other, that can be seen.
 I hope
 everyone



ERIC HOLMES ONE MOUNT OLIVE WVA #49015 MAY 15 2009

The One-Way Street

Imagine a road that has one destination,
one sidewalk, no stop signs, and one reason.
A typical road that's just around the bend,
with unlimited parking and countless sins.
It has one direction, plenty of entrances,
yet ends in a dead end.

The inhabitants are unfriendly friends
that'll smile in your face; then,
stab you in the back when you show it to them.
It's a place you don't wish to be, visit, or live -
a place that will ruin your best genuine intentions.

Once you're in,
you're stuck like a spiraling spider web.
Since this is hell on Earth,
then where is Earth's heaven?
To cross this one-way street,
look both ways and pray for forgiveness and amends.

Eric Holmes

12/25/10

My Definition of a Tale of an Addict

is as deep as the abyss;
off the tip of my tongue,
and with the flick of my wrist;
off the top of my head,
and soaked in tears of a convict;
from the core of my heart
while my soul aids and assists.
With the beauty of its plot,
comes the art of the twist.
With the pen and pad as gifts,
this tale of an addict, manifests.

Listen closely to this tragic epic.
Lend me your ears, don't be a skeptic
I couldn't foresee nor predict
that this would begin with just one hit.
Who I was then, I would soon forget.
People and events I started to resent.
Numerous, the sky is their limits.

This tale is of a quest
that led to a place full of broken promises
and whole regrets.
A place where love and hate,
simultaneously, co-exists.
Love: the syringe injects
instantaneous bliss.
Hate: the chemical inflicts
personality shifts.
These perilous opposites,
flow through the veins at the same minute.

This love and hate relationship
is the epitome of a synchronous sickness.

Amidst are vicious,
uncomfortable hot and cold sweats -
tempting psychological foreplay -
impossible to resist.

Blinded my pleasure,
life's most basics evicts
and the soul is sold like it's materialistic.

But heartbroken I chase her
pain-stricken, envious, and sick.

Heartbroken I taste her,
again the sickness is fixed.

Within this ferociousness,
and spun by the suspense,
I was left in bewilderment
harboring callousness.

Deft and in awareness
of this black storm's torrents,
I progress with forlorn bitterness.

Welcome to a world of authentic
evil magic, that is repetitious.
This place has no treats
but plenty of tricks.
A realm in which,
only bigots wish to visit.
The inhabitants' intentions
are to make a dime out of every six cents.
The hospitals are within hours,
while the methadone clinics
are within minutes.

It takes too many hardships
for one to understand what is precious.
So I continued to chase her
through the chaotic tempest.
Through the eye of the needle,
she offers nothing but death and torment.

Eric Holmes

2/11/13

The Uncared

The battleground is laid before him,
with forces that clash maliciously undone.
He's virtuous; ambitious; he's the desolate one.

He's life's last alchemist:
turning dirt to gold,
and he'll sell you a dream
while you wear a blindfold.

Along the downward-spiral
burning bridges and casting evil,
he begins to kill himself slowly
by sowing Death's deed with a needle.
His nights are full of sleepless nightmares
along this treacherous road, as it unfolds,
with binding sweats that run hot and cold.

To reach a sanctum has been his dream
but his dreams have become nightmares
and his nightmares have become realities.

Now, reaping all that he has sown,
he is the perfect casted mold.
His first adolescent years were green -
life's hardest hue to hold.

They say in war all is fair.
See, even his wishes and hopes are snared.
He's conquered by life; conquered by despair;
conquered by spite - deemed forsaken as the uncared.

Eric Holmes

6/18/13

Why Envy Me?

My reality is a cureless disease -
a pestilent entity.

It's an abyss amidst the deepest sea;
a pitch-black, bottomless pit with endless gravity.
This real-time movie is on a picture-less screen
where I'm a banshee with a voiceless scream.

When it rain, it pours: sinister, scalding agony.
And I deem isolation a healthy reprieve.
I'm the epitome of, "Misery Loves Company"
cause my peaks are your valleys,
your bitter is my sweet,
and your nightmares are my routine dreams.

Migraines manifest from every moment of levity.
I see no easy street
or even a silver-lining.
So why envy me when I spell grief:
L - I - F - E.

Eric Holmes

6/26/13

The Shoe

They walk to visit their friend Steph –
An oblivious countdown of steps.
She lets him tie her pink Converse,
first things first, then the next

With a wink of his eye,
comes a giggle between her breaths.
Her heart skips a beat –
beginning the set.

On the sidewalk that states their address
he grabs her hand as they hang a left;
pass a man that is homeless and tosses him 60 cents,
regardless, of the man's intent.

There's a horn off in the distance –
a car doing 60 in city limits.
He presents a gift – a pair of pink laces
to go with her converse.

Attached is a love poem that admits:
With the beauty of the pen,
by the ink you've been kissed
Her heart beat skips
The second of the set

They become deaf amidst
the bliss of embracement –
unaware for a stretch –
of the screeches on the pavement.

This is life turning on a dime
and giving change one wouldn't expect.
In the blink of an eye
the past flashes its precious moments.

Hand in hand, he senses
her heart beat skip in its last instant.
With the release of her grip
discontinues the content set.

He enters the land of unconsciousness
which is the best of his benefits.
This unpredicted predicament
is the worst one can select:

With the opening of an eye,
comes a glimpse devastating and intense;
a pink bloody mess he earlier finessed:
the shoe dangles from a chain-linked fence.

Eric Holmes

9/12/13

In The Steel

I see the pain in your eyes;
the fear in disguise.

I see all your lows and highs
and I see the truth in your lies.
I count the tears in your cries,
the wrongs in your rights,
and all the times that you sigh.

Cause I see the real Eric
and where he hides.

I'm looking at...

Chorus:

The reflection in the steel.

When I look, I see

an image that is unreal.

But, no matter how I feel,

the steel is still real.

I see someone diff'rent.

He camped with Derek
at distant lakes in tents.

I see this is intense.

Went to breakfast with parents
ordering favorite Oglebay omelets,

"Everything but cheese or olives on it."

I see Bridgeport Midgets, Cleveland Christmases,
and little league practices.

I see how you get when you're nostalgic.

There's Jersey Boardwalk before Sandy hit
and a city called Brick.

I see a Bush Gardens that has no bushes:

"Mommy, can I get on the elephant? Adam is."

“You’re too young, Eric”
And that’s who’s in...

*The reflection in the steel.
When I look, I see
an image that is unreal.
But, no matter how I feel,
the steel is still real.*

I see what is far from near,
the source of the tears:
It’s Caden’s voice in your ear;
the shattered dream career;
It’s the seventy-odd years
and how they disappear.
I see worry underneath, and fear
I see how a gavel can pierce like a spear.
I see galvanized steel as a mirror.
Wait, I see something more clear:
I see, I’m not the only one here.
In...

*The reflection in the steel.
When I look, I see
an image that is unreal.
But, no matter how I feel,
the steel is still real.*

Eric Holmes

10/3/13

He Phase Not to Listen

Hypnotized by the glimmer
of the life and gold,
he questions the Piper
and a warning he is told:
"This ain't a game of Poker,
you might want to fold."

As the waves begin to crash
and the bells begin to toll,
he enters the land fast
and his heart turns cold.
The lightning in his eyes flash
and his thunderous spite rolls.

With a pitchfork and a grin,
he's the devil's risen soul.
Casting evil again,
so sinister and uncontrolled.
Death's new best friend;
to be a demon is his goal.

His life is cancerous;
he entices others to explode.
Been given six second chances
each single one blown.
Takes ten steps back each time he advances;
his heart is an empty hole.

As it rains on his tinted glass,
he continues down the bumpy road.
No need for the mask,
he has melted into the mold -
a picture-perfect cast.
Heaven's door has closed.

With every resent,
hatred - his ally - grows.
Burning bridges - his common sin -
add another to the list of foes.
Since he chose not to listen,
he reaps all that he has sown.

Eric Holmes

10/10/13

Nostalgia

It sounds like a goddess from above,
like the woman who was your first love.

Her name is so smooth, it rolls off your tongue
and her beauty captures the breath from your lung.

Similar to a muse, whispering in your ear
she offers a movie of the past, so vivid and clear.

She allows you to travel through time, far and beyond,
while you sit in the grass staring at a pond.

"This is where Dad taught me how to fish,"
that's nostalgia bringing times to reminisce.

She likes to carry the summer subtle breeze
reminding of all the baseball little leagues.

All of a sudden, there's neither boredom nor burden -
she alleviates all the pain from what's hurtin'.

It is Fall and football is on the big screen TV -
nostalgia: reintroducing loved ones and family.

With the snowflakes making their descent,
comes the mystery wrapper, surprised present.

And as the wrapping is ripped off with joyous rage,
there's nostalgia: a souvenir of a precious age.

The radio plays that unforgettable and unique song.
She triggers the precedent and you ride along.

And when stressed out - in need to relieve anxiety,
she's near as a psychological remedy.

In times during the depths of despair,
she never disappoints and always cares.

She could be one of you cherished memories
but, she's really the bearer of daydreams.

And for all the moments I failed to observe,
close your eyes and paint the picture.

Just remember,
Nostalgia is worth more than a thousand words.

Eric Holmes

10/19/13

And He Wrote

Within this touch of possible
hides the noose inside your loop.

Oblivious to:
"suicidal youth."

And He Wrote:

Between the introduction of the lie
and the satisfaction of space,
lies the space between first and last place
in this unwinnable race.

I couldn't compete to your unending demands
or of any of your so called "friends."

With every attempt, I would begin
to crawl out of my skin.
But deeply addicted to you
while lost in denial,
my eyes poured with tears
as I watched you smile.

From the beginning of the end
to the end of significant,
you were bliss
while I was ignorant.

Since the birth of the idea
up to the death of deception,
you had my arms bound
begging for your inception.

As the blood trickled down the arm
your euphoric rush disguised you harm.
It was as if our intents weren't on par -
as soon as I embark, you'd depart.

And He Wrote:
From the Heaven I had
to the Hell I went through,
“too much”
was never enough for you.

I gave you my all -
allowing you to allow me
to crash, stumble, and fall

When the dust settled
and through the smoke,
a strand of rope
lain beside the note.

And He Wrote:
I fold in attempt to cope.

Eric Holmes

11/6/13

The Epiphany

“Here lies” begins the manuscript.
Amongst friends and kin; deepest condolences.
Through an ordinary occurrence,
strikes the intense presence
of a cloaked pretense.

Can this be anything other than
a vicious malevolence?
Can this mean more than
what it seems or intends?

Acceptance means the toleration without protest;
the release of the grip;
unclench of the fist;
let go and let God, if you wish.
Let me take you to a place that isn't a myth -
a place where real nightmares exist.

Here lives not bliss
but a tragic grave career.
Here lives a time
for understanding to appear.
Revelation arouses the fear.
Realization un-shrouds the mirror.
Hear the eulogy in your ear.
The pain of loss is severe;
its heartache is fierce.
Taste the karma that's near.
The smell of embalming fluid made it clear.
Suddenly, the truth came to me in tears.

Eric Holmes

12/12/13

Balance

It's what we chase to achieve,
it's what we seek;
to distribute the weight equally
and strengthen the weak.
It's multitasking
and accomplishing deeds.
It's to be able to satisfy peers
yet still smile in the mirror.
See, to appease is the slowest form of suicide.
When you try to please, you slowly destroy yourself and die.

Listen to this:
stare in that mirror long enough with diligence
and your true oppressor will eventually manifest.
Because it's detrimental to one's health
to not be true to one self.
Whoever commands your sacrifice is your benefactor;
whoever commands your obedience is your master.
So master the difference between
lack of knowledge and false logic.
One is stupidity, the other is ignorance.
So master in between ...
So master, balance.

Eric Holmes

2/26/14

A Lonely Moment

Within the walls of hate and violence,
lurks shame and solitary silence.
Where one faces their demons,
which were whispered tongues of reason.

Deceiving minds and closing judgment,
filling thoughts of despair and resent.
The walls are persuasive and convincing
providing doubt to any kind of silver-lining.

They will twist a person's perception of reality
with illusions to the fringe of insanity.

Within, it's Murphy's Law:
What can go wrong, will go wrong.

And all of this occurred during a lonely moment, staring at a wall
but I haven't come this far to fall.

Eric Holmes

3/4/14

Ambitions of an Addict

There are eager desires to achieve
selected goals and tasks that are necessary.

But what if the eager desires
develop death and hellfire?

With these eager desires,
gives birth to the epitome of a liar.

A person who's version of truth
is anything that concludes
with a hit from the spoon.

And from the spoon,
introduces the land of callousness,
where there are more forked tongues
than you would find in the halls of Congress.

Snakes slither and swim
with spineless jellyfish
and selfishness is the most abundant element.

This metropolis houses excuses
that are so paper thin
that they float away in the wind.

The inhabitants
turn their backs on their family and friends;
a Nightmare on Elm Street that seems to never end.

There's no reason to play the game
when there's no win.

There's no reason to play to lose.

In the land of sin,
and with the uncaring of abuse,
comes the syringe as a noose -
looped around the neck.

With the ambitions of an addict,
comes incarceration or death.

Eric Holmes

5/2/14