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"... Take a poetic free style journey
into the things that make up my life
and yours in poetic verse unhampered
by rules and restrictions. Life concepts
cleverly satirized, evaluated, and displayed.

* Also Author of the Play: "The New Scarlet Letter" and
"Tracking the Anunaki: Theological Evolution"

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Foreword

On the addictions section, I apologize if you are a recovering drug addict reading this. I grew up in a substance abuse family and I lived in Los Angeles, CA. during the advent of Ricky Ray Ross. I encourage you to read my "anti-drug abuse" poetry as a means of therapy. Look back at your past and laugh but remember: "Look back but do not go back!" Me myself, I never had a substance abuse problem excepting for sexual issues. Trust me, I know how you feel none the less.

Some of these poems have been written as far back as 1991 to 1992, some were written originally as a gift for an inmate trying to win back or impress their girls. I have always been topped for that, a real "Cyrano de Bergerac". My first and only poetry recital was at a night club by Bachman lake in Dallas, Texas in 1992 where I read Caprice Houston's dedicated poems out loud as part of a talent show at then R & J's by the lake. (She did not deserve the applause I got, but oh well!)

I apologize for any misspelling if any on bluish or blueish. Again, enjoy your poetic experience.

Yours truly,
Yelton J. Matley

Glass House Hearts

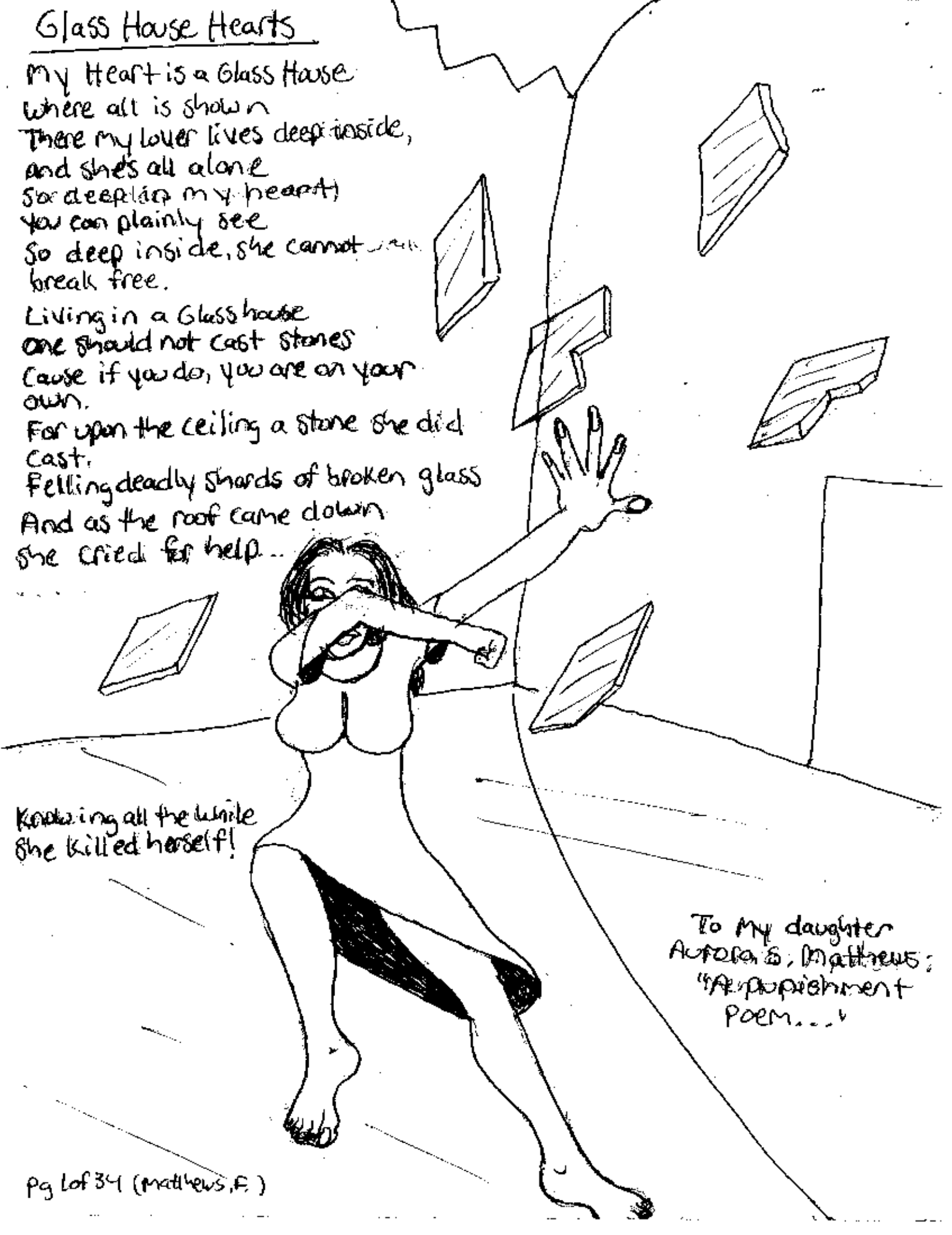
My Heart is a Glass House
Where all is shown
There my lover lives deep inside,
and she's all alone
So deep in my heart,
you can plainly see
So deep inside, she cannot
break free.

Living in a Glass house
one should not cast stones
Cause if you do, you are on your
own.

For upon the ceiling a stone she did
cast,
Felling deadly shards of broken glass
And as the roof came down
she cried for help...

Knowing all the while
she killed herself!

To My daughter
Autora S. Matthews;
"A punishment
poem..."



Evidencing the Broken Heart

Falling in Love.

Is an experimentation in the Art,
of fragmentation.

I now expound and extrapolate the facts
From the cleavage and clefts called "cracks"

Forming unique sectors, segments, and parts
On the surface of broken hearts!

You don't fall in love

Love falls on you

On some it falls like stones

On others it falls like dew

You are either crushed by it's eueight

Or like dew you hope evaporates

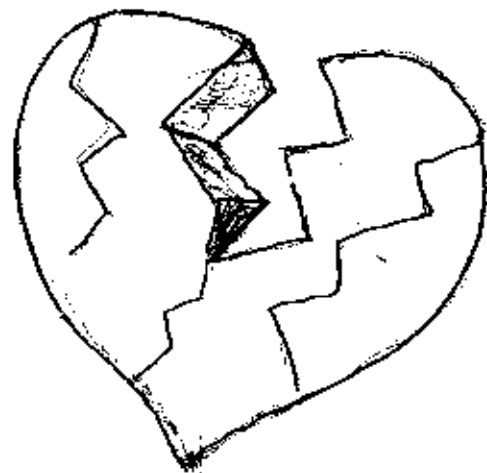
Falling light or falling hard,

In sundrious pieces - multiple strands

Now with the cracks ever present

I offer you the evidence

4/20/13



Tech Voyuer

An unobtrusive Voyuer seeks
 Camera Phone pleasures for cheap
 Taken without permission or say
 The thing I covet and desire each day
 Captured in her habitat complete
 Clandestine, unoblivious, discrete.
 Upon her privacy I infringe
 She, the passion of my lens
 Capturing unobtrusively
 Her unfathomable beauty; unique!
 Digitized, immortalized, complete!
 My guilty and gorgeous pleasure
 Trapped in my Motorola-forever!

YJH



Tech Voyuer Reprise...

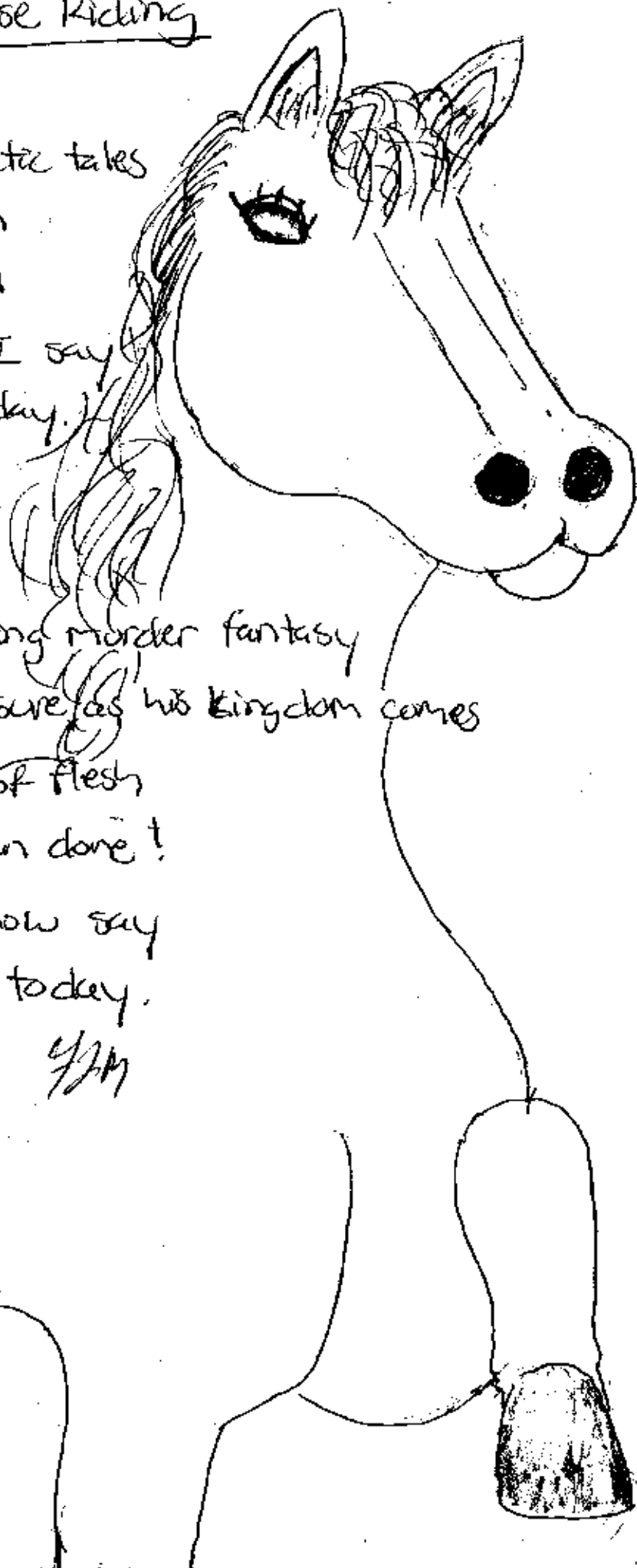
Hello my peeping
 Tammy, my perverted
 Paparazzi, with the digital
 camera EPROM! Come tell me
 how you feel. Why sneak the
 pictures you steal? In secret, shy,
 with doubt, why don't you ask me
 out? Enough of the fidgeting,
 nervous shaking from the scandalous
 picture taking. I, your confidant
 and friend - The Passion pit
 your lens! BEEEE!!

Armed Shadow: Pale Horse Riding

I am the Armed shadow
Made from rumors and prophetic tales
My torch is now the weapon
That lights your path to hell
Heed you foe, now what I say
For the pale horse rides today.

I am what I am
You made me to be
Created from apathy, a living murder fantasy
My father in heaven, as sure as his kingdom comes
I shall cook my pound of flesh
And it will be more than done!
Heed you foe, what I now say
For the pale horse rides today.

4/2/11



A Game of Spades

I saw a black hearted Jack
Jack a red hearted Queen
The Queen fought back
But the Jack was too mean
The King of Hearts stepped in
The Queen of Hearts he loved
Took vengeance on the Jack
Beat him black with a Club!
The battle raged on and took a
change of pace.
What started with the Jack began
with an Ace.
Nor, hearts or diamonds or clubs do
I have.
But the Spades seek havoc while
the Joker laughs.

JJM

Naval Shipyard 1965

Barnacles and rust are on their aging hulls,
Among the flying fish and screeching gulls,
Past coral reefs and anemone,
away from foreign land and endless sea,
Rest the grandest ladies of maritime,
Such lovely lasses of their time!
Now rusting whores anchored in docks
They beat Japan, but not the clock!

JJM

The Jealous Sea

Like the whip that breaks the slave
Rushing tides and crashing waves,
With gusting winds and foaming tides,
That cracks and breaks against the shore with pride.
But the sea shall availeth not,
in its cruel and savage onslaught,
With siren screams and Banshee wails,
Gusting passion beneath my sails.
It releases the power of Poseidon uncaged,
and the shore shall contain his rage.
Consuming all the fury of the tide,
with all its strength and pride.
And against the shore the sea shall scream
with malevolent eyes jealous deep, sea-green
upon the shore its passions hot,
with all the strength it's got.

And out to sea the tide goes safely
Because its love will never take me.

YJM

Fishing: "The Smart Shark"

There are many fish in the sea
Where upon hope I cast my line
And on the hook, my bait shiver and shook,
Cast beneath the blue and brine.
Then capricious came the shark,
Devouring the bait - My heart!
Then that foul denizen of the dark
Tore my lines apart!
Not love nor happiness can one find
With such cheap bait and tawdry lines.



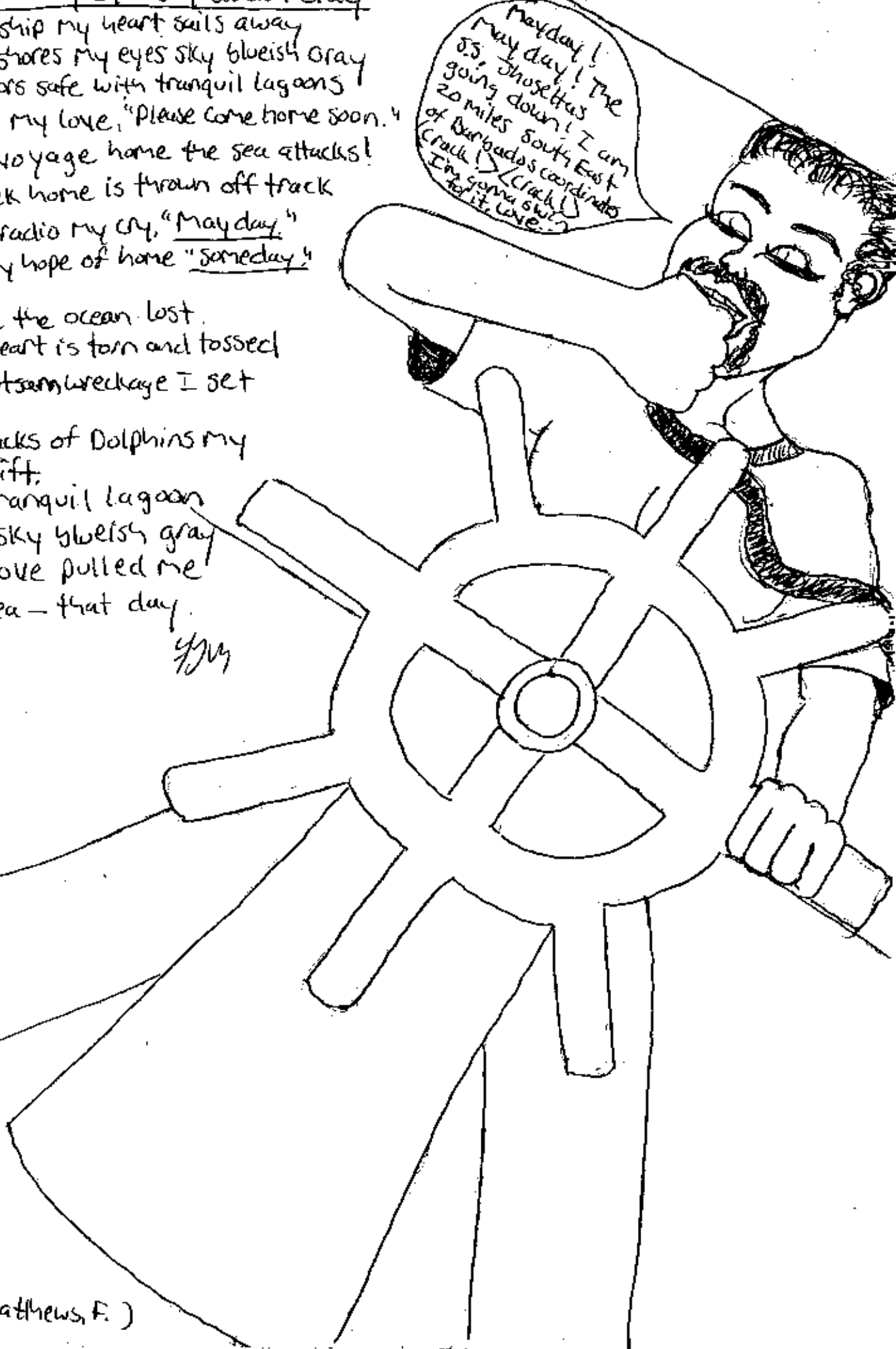
Here you go
Prince Namor!
Growing Shurk Puppies
need their food! (giggle!)
This will run off that
love sick land dweller.
He's kinda cute though!
Well, maybe if he uses
a Prada bag for bait
(giggle!)

In storms of my eyes sky blueish Gray
On a fast ship my heart sails away
For distant shores my eyes sky blueish Gray
To it's harbors safe with tranquil lagoons
Where awaits my love, "Please come home soon."
But in my voyage home the sea attacks!
My safe trek home is thrown off track
And on my radio my cry, "Mayday"
Dies with my hope of home "someday"

Her eyes are the ocean lost
Where my heart is torn and tossed
But on flotsam wreckage I set
adrift
Where the backs of Dolphins my
hopes do lift,
To that tranquil lagoon
My eyes sky blueish gray
Where my love pulled me
from the sea - that day.

ggg

Mayday!
Mayday! The
SS. Thosettus
going down! I am
20 miles south East
of Barbados coordinates
Crack! Crack!
I'm gonna swim
for it, love.



She's the Sun

She's the sun cloaked in Night
And even that darkness can't eclipse her light
Among other women she burns all day
Burning them like fog goes away,
Let my heart be a shore
With a white sand beach
Where her radiance heats the land
And the surf kiss her feet!

And out of the darkness
Brilliant, Blinding
Her beauty burns away the
darkness,
Glimmering, shining
Bright and Beautiful to see
A soul dancing free!

YJM



Your Soul the Sun

You are an attraction I cannot avoid,
The lure of a planet in the vast empty
void.

I sit in that darkness waiting for one
that's so true,

To give my life perspective,

And my eyes a view,

And now in a burst of brilliance blinding

Your soul leaps out the darkness

shimmering, shining!

A sun for my world to see

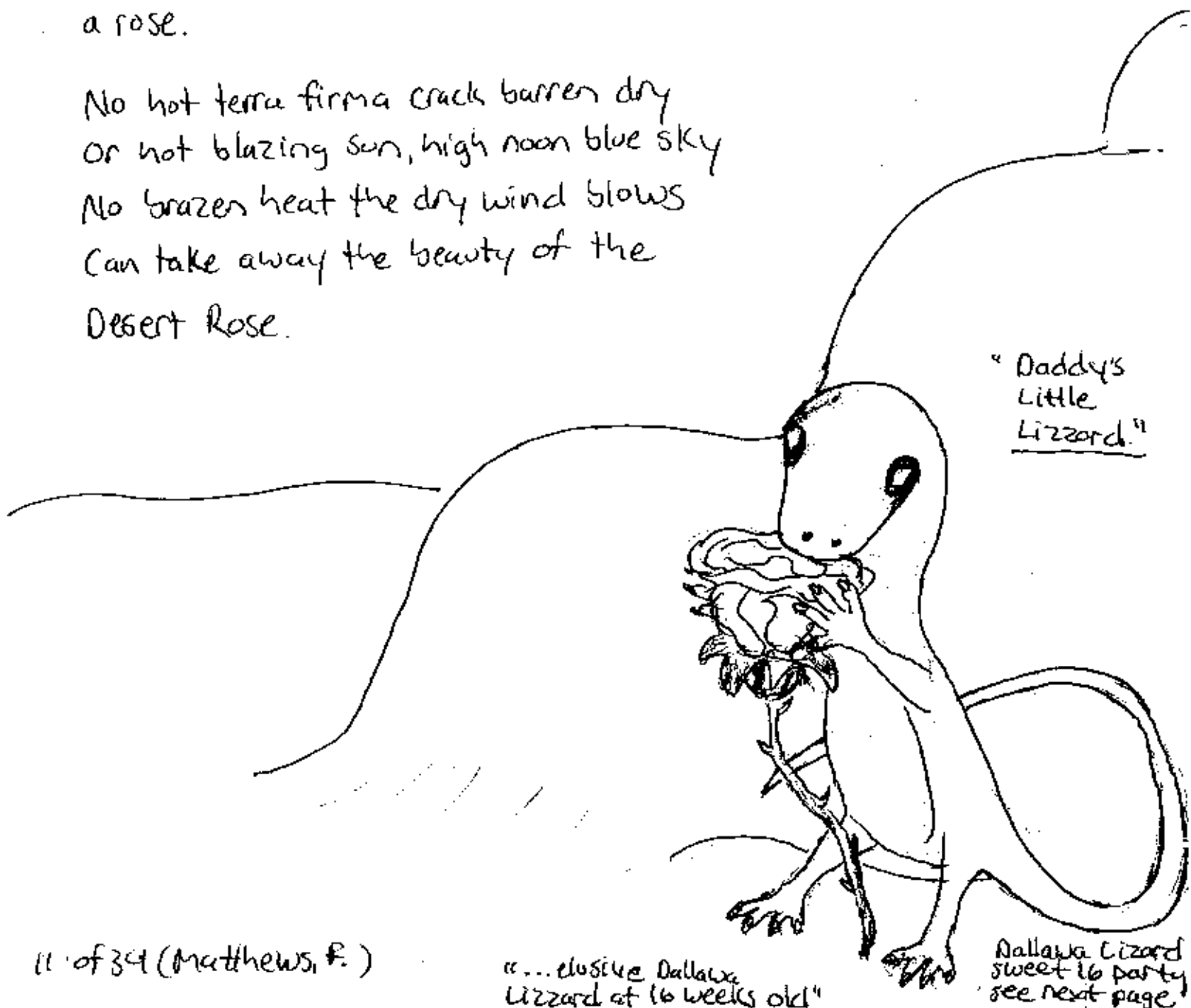
Your soul dances free

YJM

The Desert Rose

over the mountains the sun creeps.
In beige splendor my desire seeks.
The beauty and the majesty wise men know.
The legend and the story of the Desert Rose,
Many creatures in this wasteland survive,
With countless wonders that do surprise.
But even in the desert, even wise men know,
That the desert and the rock cannot support
a rose.

No hot terra firma cracks barren dry
Or hot blazing sun, high noon blue sky
No brazen heat the dry wind blows
Can take away the beauty of the
Desert Rose.



"Daddy's
Little
Lizzard."

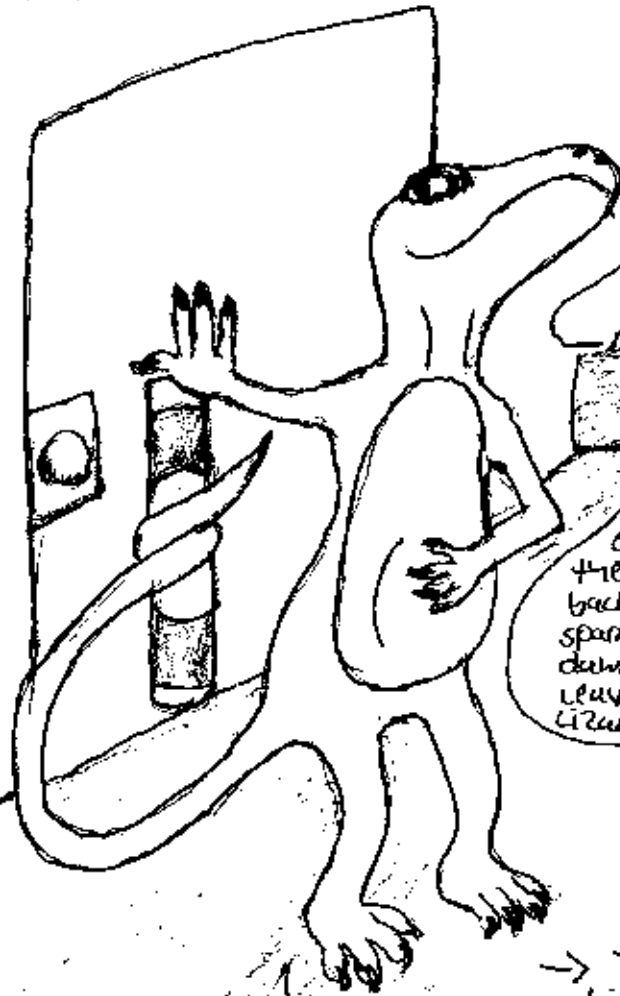
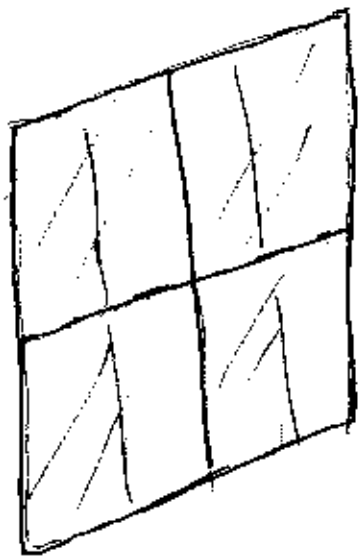
11 of 34 (Matthews, F.)

"...elusive Dallawa
Lizzard at 16 weeks old"

Dallawa Lizzard
sweet 16 party
see next page

The Little Lizard

Little LIZARD, watch your back
 Hide you well, in crevice and crack
 The Eagle Soars, on the hour
 For a treat to savor, and devour!
 Your place is safe so don't you leave,
 Hide your tail, and don't you breathe.
 You are not a dragon or crocodile,
 With firey breath, or a cracked smile,
 So little lizard, watch your back
 Hide you well in crevice and crack
 In crevice crawl you tight and thinner
 And don't become, the eagle's dinner!



Okay,
 then I charge
 back to a
 sparrow came
 down and
 leave Greedy
 Lizard...

That's
 it! You
 scandalous
 Lizard! Quit
 stealing dads
 dollars! no
 more store
 runs!!

Daddy gives
 them to me 2-chi
 I love buns!
 Fly back to Aurora
 mouse's house or stay
 with me until the
 Eagle leaves...

→ The Elusive "Dollars"
 Lizard (Dolla Savors)
 Caution: Loves one dollar
 bills, tens, and hundreds.
 Prey of Choice:
 "Honey buns!"

To my daughter: Ashley "Lizard"
 Matthews, feat. Gabrielle "2-chi"
 Matthews, daddy's "little bird" - Gabby

After Glow

Shining like the Sun is what you do
With the Radiant glow of motherhood within you
The light of Love within you grows
Shining in the after glow

Trapped in the darkness are the stars that
shine.

Trapped in my arms I know you are mine.
Observers see the stars in the distance,

And they know were in
Love in an instant!

And like the stars in the
sky,

they can plainly see.

That your heart and child,
they belong to me.

The radiant glow of
motherhood within
you flows.

Trapped in the
Afterglow.

YJM

Disgusting
aren't I aye?
well, screw you
mate! I've
got me a set
of hungry
twins! I'll
eat what
I please!



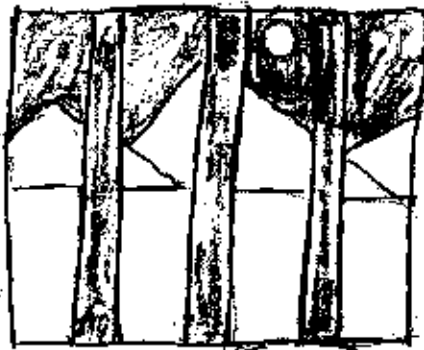
... Nova
Jane Brockner
Matthews from
the coming novel
'TAMING Amanda'

The Irony of the Cord

For nine months I carried you
And they cut the cord
I still carry my child, except you weigh much more!
The cutting of the cord
Loves bitter Irony
I still carry my child, even now. You still
tire me!
I carried you for nine months.
I carried you to school.
I carried you to the doctor, when your father
lost his cool
I carried you then, as I carried you today.
And I'll carry you in my heart
Till they carry me away. yym

Lord!
I Love my
baby! But where
did me and
George go wrong?
Where Lord?
Where?!

Yeah, its
coming Rallo,
give me a
couple weeks
is all.



You rather
fight then!
wait for the
cash or scrap!
Your choice
creep!

Ya better
tongue cock
hound! You
better get my
money, or I
get the vaseline.
You too cute to
be in prison
boy!!

I a tell
ya the
truth...
I rather
your pretty
ass any-
way!!

All
right tuff
guy, I'm
just playing
with you

Woff!

Dear Mother,
I'll have the
first and the
last of the
money
to see
you soon
I love you
and George
Love,
Rallo



Tempting Like Eve

Did Adam fall from grace, or did he fall in love?

Eve bit the fruit for power.

Adam bit the fruit for love.

A succulent bounty from the tree,

In your hands bearing fruit for me

And if Eve's truly the likeness of you,

Maybe I'd fall and eat it too!

You're every desire I know and wish

The essence of Temptation to resist.

You see Adam did not know, but Eve knew.

The allure you possess in the things that you do.

Adam became amenable to her whims

Eve took supple flesh and seduced him!

Pouring passion from an endless cup,

Adam gave way and opened up!

Using all the tricks Eve could,

they ate that deadly fruit good!

You are wanting without end

My guilty pleasure sin.

"Oh! I cannot 'wait' to punish you Eve! Especially! I see you Tramp! Wait until you have Abel! Hussy!"



Trust me Adam, when I teach you to eat 'this', I'll teach you sweeter things to eat! Did you know I can produce sweet nectar and honey for you to taste? (giggle!)

To: Jhosetta Gaines
Yellm

15 of 34 (Matthew 5:1)

From the Frost of Plums and Juice of Grapes

My desires thirst that cannot wait,
Lusting, for the Frost of plums and juice of grapes.
In my beggar's cup your juice shall pour
Drinking, thirsting, want you more!
And from your lips love wakes afresh
The intoxicating dreams from the wine we
pressed!
My desire for you is a fermenting torment
While my bottle holds the wine your sugar
ferments.
And every drop from you I shall wrench
Till my lips have'd cool and my thirst
has quenched!

Damn! I
Love Greek
week! I got
to get me
some Felton
after this
party (shew)

YAMA



The Rose of Van Alystine, Texas

There is not a more tempting flower
On any road that I've seen
Such a magnificent flower
That is the Rose of Van Alystine

More fragrant, more flowing, more picturesque
More radiant, more glowing
Than all the rest
And despite your thorns
And other flowers that grew
Your beauty, your radiance
Still shines true.

Your fragrance alluring,
Eminence vaulting,
Blossoming magnificent
Beauty halting

JHM

Dedicated to a beautiful
half-black, half-Asian
Airforce "brat" at El Centro
Collego Dallas, Texas early
1990.

In the Darkness of Love

In the Darkness of Love, where I can't see
As blind by love as love can be

Turn off the lights and let no light be

In the darkness of love where I can't see

For in Love's Darkness we often find

That love is best shared when it's free and blind

To "Mame" - Dallas, TX
4/2/14

Lenore Sends Her Raven

I gave thee bust of PALLAS
That sits beyond thy chambered door
That you might quote its wisdom

"Evermore"

And in those "saintly days"

Lest we forget them not

On Plutonian shores in Summer's hot!

You and my raven share familiar bonds

From days of yore and memoirs quite fond

And may your love for me be

Like others in this existence or before

In the quote of the Raven

"Never more"

To Caprice Houston

My reprise to the Raven

by Edgar Allan Poe

Fall 1991-92 4/2/14

Mighty River Come to Me:

Like the River that flows
And becomes the sea

Your Love runs down

And comes to me

Over hills and Mountain tops

Between River forks and river
Rocks,

Your Love comes down

And when it's done

The rapids and rivers and sea

Are one

So flow river flow

Flow wild and free

Mighty river come to me

To Caprice Houston -

My Emily Dickinson: "Sea take me"

Reprise, 1991-Fall

4/2/14

Lost Chocolate Found

Oh Octavia!

Did you fall off the chocolate truck again
and to the ground?

I have forgotten my lunch.

So I'll unwrap you and munch

It would be honest to put you back

But chocolate's my favorite snack!

One bite unravels seams

Two causes dreams

Three oozes cream

Four utters screams.

Your chocolate's so good, That I cannot deny.

Smooth and creamy, it sets a fire

A confectionary delight

Down to the last bite!

Dedicated to Octavia Jones
David W. Carter H.S. Class of
1980 Dallas, Texas

YJ M

Seekers of the Sweet

Give me lollipops and bubble gum
I'll seek your sweet candy until it comes
Creamy chocolate and Bubble pops
I'll blow you bubbles until you pop!
You are Willy Wonka's wildest dream
I'll eat your candy until you scream
With rotting teeth while growing fat
On chocolate cherries and sweet Kit-Kat.

JJM.

Confectioner's Delight: Seekers of the Sweet

Now I know why
They put cherries and chocolates
In boxes!
But I bet I bust your cherry
Without touching the chocolate!
Sweet temptress in a dress
Such a sweet sticky mess
Let your creamy sweetness flow
Color milk chocolate glow
I can almost taste your cream
A confectioner's dream!
I crave you oh so dear
Sick with the infection
Of chocolatiers!

To Regina Calhoun

JJM.

Wrong

To be wrong one must recognize it for what it is.

All circumstances, results, and proof.

Through all the hatred and lies.

And ultimately... the truth.

For you sailed that ocean for years,

In a boat held afloat on tears.

The sails are chances that we blew

On an ocean "you" made blue!

Now you sail forever more,

Never to know another shore,

Singing this lonely song on

The ship of being-wrong.

"... Dedicated to Rashele M. Wade for Aurora S. Matthews written by her lawful father."

FJW

My Daughter

My daughter, more magnificent than the stars
You are more beautiful than they are
The only pleasure fit for my eyes
A magnificent sunrise
For you I breathe, and live
No greater gift your mother's give
Lover, soul mate, and friend
My kisses love without end:
But shall I become the flickering flame?
Burning you to orgasmic shame. *YJH*

Survivor

Upon courage and resolve shall you rely,
On the trauma and suffering that purifies
For it's from the fire that a phoenix is made,
Reborn anew from the price you paid.
Let not disaster upon you break
A 'debaucherous error you did not make.
Blessing and fortune upon you I wish,
A love without doubt.
And beauty without blemish
Standing decadent, without reproach, aloof
Among virtue, honor, and truth!
YJH



"...Dedicated to my
child Aurora "mouse"
Matthews for her child
hood struggles.

Love,

Dad 4

Cinnamon Sun Burst

A taste brings hunger
And a sip brings thirst.

She's cinnamon sun burn from cinnamon sun burst!

Caught by her beauty transfixed

Rich, burning spice are her lips.

She'll evaporate a river and boil a sea
Both heat and burn to the third degree.

Sought by many and desired so much

Both hot to the tongue and hot to the touch.

She's Mass Destruction

She's Mass Destruction everywhere she goes.
I can tell by the heat and geiger counters glow.

My world's blasted flat,
for nothing can touch that.

Flowing heat and sexual grace
she's started an arms race!

And though the clubs lit up
In my heart the arms build up
Forget Hiroshima, the geigers off
the meter!

Count down ten to one,
And the club's a Nuclear Sun.

"... Dedicated to my beautiful
and vivacious daughter Aurora
whose pictures I have to guard
even in prison!..." - Dad

YJM



When you look in the mirror

When you look in the mirror observe what you see
The things that appear do not have to be

Your frown become a smile

Your old clothes are now new style.

You look in the mirror, you look at your dreams.

For deep in your heart there dwells a queen

You got to look, she's deep in there.

She will only come out, if you fix your hair.

Lose the doctot, you lose the weight

Then you'll be chased for lusses and dates.

So when you look in the mirror observe what you
see.

For Dreams are closer than they appear to be.

J.M.

Obstacles Removed

Secrets that are hidden were made for finding

And all high places are subject to climbing

Defiant are the bird's wings that beat against the air

And all backs are made for burdens to bear!

When these things are done, there's plenty left to prove

More challenges left, more obstacles to move

J.M.

There For Me

When I was in Trouble
Like a sinking ship in the sea
You kept me afloat
You were there for me
I struggled against a mountain
And when the going got tough
Like air under wings
You lifted me up!
Let the sun rain heat
Let the clouds rain hail
You were there for me love
And you never failed
Whether it was a mountain
or raging sea
You not failed once
You were there for me

YJM

Dedicated to Jesus
Christ, the only one
who has ever been
there for me. The
true and living Son
of God.

A real Easter

Easter is celebrated in routine and habit
with bespeckled colored eggs carried by
kids and rabbits.

And among the new grass where the flowers arise
play the happy little children in new Easter clothes

They are oblivious to the world's suffering and grief
concentrating upon the candy and eggs that they
seek.

Laughing and frolicking in the sun they are beaming
oblivious to the agony of a man that is screaming
"Eloi, Eloi, Sabachthani! Sabachthani! The work is now
done!"

Yet the kids hide eggs and play in the sun.

* The Mathematics of Life

- 1). Divorce = $\frac{\text{Love} \div N^2}{}$ 2). Justice = $\frac{\text{What was done}}{\text{What you deserve}}$ - Revenge.
- 3). Injustice = $\frac{\text{What was done} - \text{What you deserve}}{\text{Justice}}$ 4). Mercy = What was done - full punishment
- 5). Marriage = $1 \times 1 = 1 \neq 1 + 1 = 2$ 6). Forgiveness = $\text{Compassion} + \text{Mercy} \times 24 \times 70 \times 365$
- 7). Adversity = $\frac{\text{Courage}}{\text{Fear} + \text{suffering}}$ 8). Courage = $\frac{\text{What should be done}}{\text{What others do}}$ - $\frac{\text{Conflict}}{N \text{ self}}$
- 9). Conflict = $\frac{\text{Issue} \div N^2}{\text{Conflict}(1)}$ 10). Evil = $\frac{\text{Apathy} + \text{Self}}{\text{others}}$ - Law - Respect - God
- 11). Love = $\frac{\text{Love} \times \text{Love}^{10}}{\text{God}} = N \text{ (Find "N")}$ 12). Creation = $\frac{\text{Matter} \times \text{Energy}}{\text{Time}}$ = $\frac{\text{Evolution}}{\text{Life}}$
- 13). Acceptance = $\frac{\text{As you are} + \text{As others}}{\text{As you think}}$ - As you like.
- 14). Prejudice = $\frac{\text{Your Belief}}{\text{Reality}} \times \frac{\text{Hate}}{1} \div \frac{\text{People} N^2}{1}$

The New life Easter

So you got a new life on Easter Sunday

Is your life still new now that it's Monday?

The season has changed and now so did you.

Giving up the evil and sin that you do

You got fancy clothes and even a new suit

But will the seed take hold and bear good fruit?

May that seed in you ressurect

A ~~fruit~~ fruit that is sweet and a life that is perfect.

4/2/14

What is Easter Time?

Easter's a time, or so it would seem

A time of eggs and Canterbury crems

A time for kids in easter egg search

A time for extravagant dinners

after all day church.

But easter's the time for family

and reflection's shared

Celebrating the passover and the

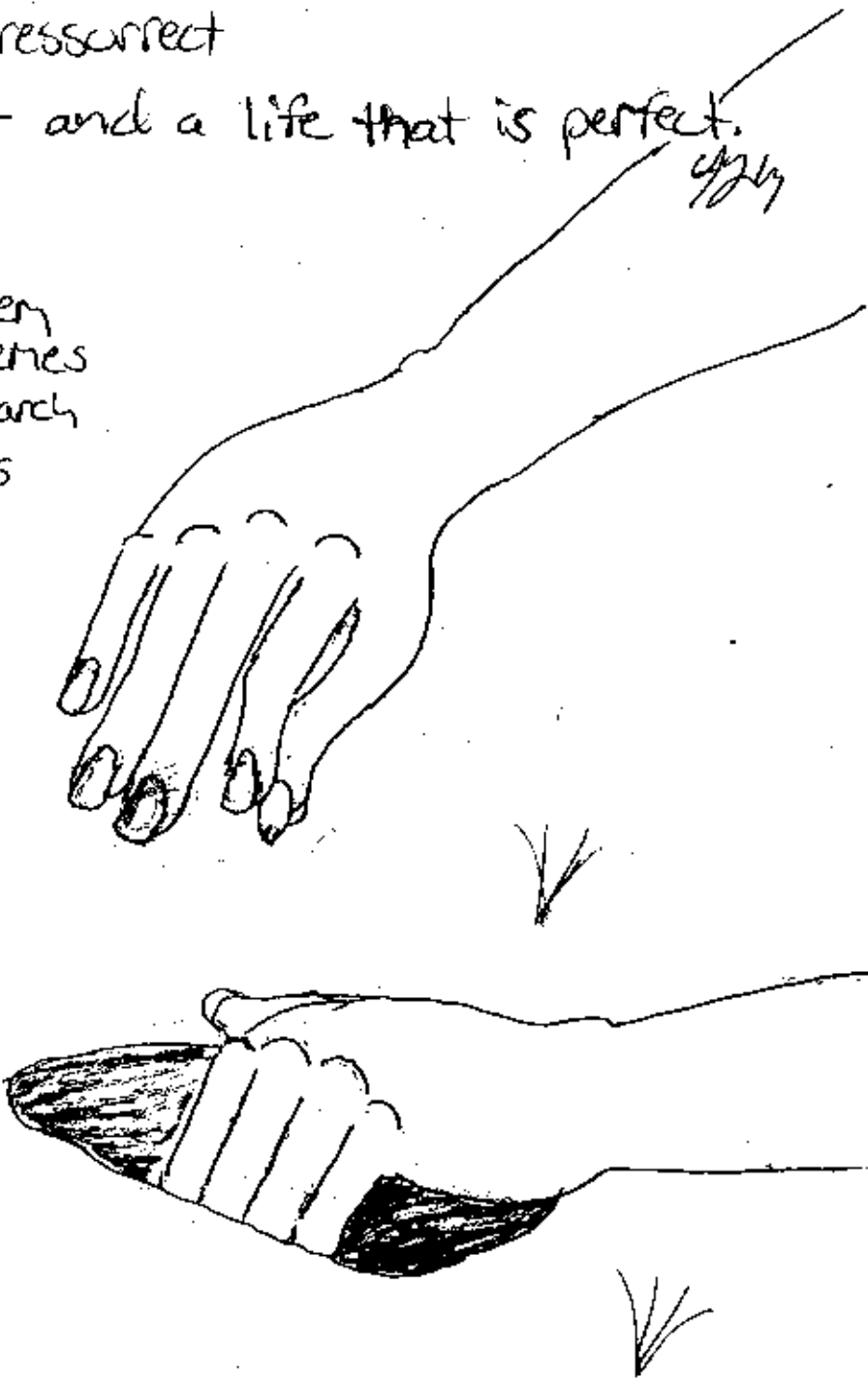
Lives that were spared.

Christ lied in a tomb so we can

stand saved.

Legitimate sons and daughters

no longer sin's slave...



4/2/14



The Mystery of American Justice

In the streets and ghettos where crime is found,
There are no weapons factories or drug plantations ~~around!~~

At crime and injustice we ask ourselves and stare:

"Where do the drugs and weapons come from and
how did they get 'here'?"

Money and power are the base of sin.

The elite and powerful bring it in.

They pack prisons and say colors are to blame.

But poor niggahs, chinks, and spiks own not boats
or planes!

They own not marijuana or coca leaf farms,

Nor make the Russian, German, Swiss made arms!

The true criminals hide behind justice's shields

And reap the profit of poppy fields!

YJM

Booty Rocket High

Faster than a hurricane on sneakers!

Hard core crystal-meth tweakers

Giving all the cash in their pockets

For rides on booty rockets!

For ten, twenty, fifty dollars cash

Tweakers ride to the moon with glass up their ass!

They don't need NASA and that's no lie.

For its up the ass and into the sky.

Smiling from the moon on a lunar peak

In shriveled bodies with rotten teeth!

Y.J.W.

Love of a Glass Dick

To the Dope Man without fail
Every day is raining hail
Falling stones around the clock
In stead of Ice, its raining rocks!

Its the high that you enjoy
Pipe's become your favorite toy
The high is short and never last
And still you love that "Dick of Glass"!

And like the punk that loves the prick,
You put your lips around the dick!
And like a whore or veteran slut,
Its in your mouth until it "nuts"!

Death, convulsions, and spasms
On a glass dick orgasm

Y2M.



You can't fight Cracks

Sick of the chore boy from the shelf,
The rock got tired of being hit,
So it defended itself!

It pushed out the chore boy,
Jumped out its glass dicks (Pipe),
Put up his dukes fast,
And whopped the smokers ass quick!

"Scandalous crack head I had enough
You've hit me all day long
Now.... Get your punk ass up!"

The rock proceeded to pound the smoker
3 hooks and a Jab
Put his head in a choker

The smoker fought back
With no avail
You can't hurt a rock
So his punches failed!

The Police laughed
As they broke up the scuffle!
They never saw a rock,
Do the Ali shuffle!

YAM

A real Crack Attack

Tired of being smoked for crack
The rock found the courage
To hit the smoker back

"You abused me for too long
I'm out the pipe punk it's on.

Smoking and talking shit!

How does it feel to take a hit?!"

And the rock would not halt
It's cruel and vicious aggravated assault
Into the smoker he did light
With sticks and bottles
And even his own pipe!

And on the head with a mighty stroke
His skull did crack and pipe did broke
"Prevailing a bad and dangerous stone
Leave that rock alone.

9/2/13