

God is Able

and

So am I . . .

"The poetic spurts
of Earlard's growth."

By
Thomas
Earland

Dedicated to my family.

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To the Readers,

Thanks for your time & I
hope you enjoy. I'm open to all
criticism, change is the only route to
greatness. - or more rather adjustment.
Enjoy!



One Day

One day I'll have you back but see right now its hard
with all these walls and electric fences to keep us apart
To sho I'll appreciate you ^{then} and it aint all talk
Cause nothing hurt more than losin what I lost
(My Freedom)

I had it all I let it fall I guess my grip was bad
head wasn't wrapped too tight screws was slippin fast
If you could walk thru my eyes and see my strugglin past
those shoes would hurt your feet and give you a blistering rash
I loved you once couldn't stunt you had me spreng fuckin wit
chu under the sun kept a nigga on one... smokin on blunts sippin
Heiniken and hittin the 'Shaw chillin at restaurants to sexin all in
the park.. Damn I miss those days now Im stuck in this cell
thinkin of how you felt while Im readin my mail. From pictures
on my walk from the magazines what really hit a nigga hard
is when he havin those dreams.. Cause everythang I took for
granted to the love I was handed, nothin seems to matter more
when you cant have it... Then its like Dammmmmmmmm.. this what
it came to, who knew you'd be gone so long and Id be lookin
like a damn fool... Like Martin, from Mobile to Birmingham
and Moses having dreams of that promised land, my heart
expands the game of life started with a plan and to get
you back I had to make amends — I miss you.

By T.G.

One Day

And it aint a day go by.. when I dont look up at the sky with praying hands, asking God to tell me why cause this aint right.. Rain turn to sunshine but sometimes its hell, a living testament right here in my cell.. looking for mail when it dont come, but whos to blame maybe you was fuckin with the wrong ones but whos to say... Didnt know what she meant when she said Boy you gone miss me, didnt feel her tears when she kissed me.. Dont know what you're missing til its dead and gone, mission a better home while you sittin in prison slippin away with your mind gone... Too many lifetimes it took for us to get it for you to spend it locked up rotten away in prison.. Sickening but we cant complain just gotta make a change, look in the mirror and dont forget it when we walk away.. Said we cant complain gotta make a change look in the mirror and dont forget it when we walk away. . . .

By TG.

Can Anybody Hear me out There?

I couldn't understand it til I stepped outside myself. Mans search for meaning cant be found outside his shelf. . . . Misconceptions are as common as leather belts, repeatedly swung to the victim to improve his mental health.

I asked the ~~psyche~~ psych a question and she couldn't really help, talking around it. . . vaguely avoiding the questions death the twinkle in my eyes avoided what I felt as the thoughts began to rush and the walls began to melt. "This is your problem" I said this to myself. "you're too vulnerable right now, you dont need this kind of help you might say something that might be taken for something else. you might give and wont get and be pissed off at yourself. words say you care and want to take the time to help but the help thats needed goes beyond just mental health. If you can put down your guards and give me a chance to be myself we might finally get it right. . . Can you hear me out there?"

By T-G.

Hey Love

Hey love ... where R U? Why R U so hard to find?
People say you're unconditional, so how come your standards are so high? I never really knew you so I guess this right here's a try.. and what's the deal with cupid h/she dont fucc with my type? You see I've known you've existed for quite a long time.. like the 1st time I messed up and I saw my granny cryin. But that's a different kind, it almost comes with the birth. Separated from the bliss you experience with your first... or your second or 3rd when being away is absurd. When the last thing in the world you wanna do is bring them hurt when they're the 1st in the day and the last you think of at night, and the sex is so good you cant get it off your mind.

So what's your type love?

What qualifications do I need to meet? Please dont speak in riddles cause love shouldn't be that deep - If what you see is what you get Real and authentic. Would you understand it or reject it and its criticness. Im not here to hurt you or bring you harm in anyway. I Just want you to feel my struggle and allow me to ease your pain. I Just want to wipe your tears away and replace them with a smile... and become that man you can lean on when the world lets you down. But you wont even come around, and I dont even know your name have the slightest idea how to start to ease your pain...

Hey love... can you hear me?

By T.G.

Just A Dream

Dreams are funny, one minute they exist
the next time they're not here.. Hard to tell
which ones you're living and which ones are not
Real.. How come your face always seems to
haunt me, an unescapable trace of the love
that ~~once~~ ~~caught~~ me.. trying hardly to move on
and start a new chapter, but everytime I go
to sleep I catch your face in my dream catcher
And its not what Im after.....

Too much heartache memories of what wouldn't
be. Empty promises and sentimental gestures
just thrown out casually. Why me? Did my
love not beat to your tune? Did I not put you
up so high you could walk up on the moon?
Too soon perhaps.. it just wasn't our time
now Im stuck with 3rd degree burns tearing
up my insides. Holding you close as you
cry on my shoulders, after the love making
takes both our souls over.. Seeing the smile
and the eyes that used to love me. Until
I woke up and realized again it was

Just a Dream

By T.G.

Sold Under Sin: Romans 7:14

I studied the scriptures, listened to ministers preach of fire. PICTURED myself with tickets my missions to stay alive, not blinded by my minds eye why Jesus white and if he cared so much how come my family steady cryin.. my homies is steady dyin on these streets grippin tight to these struggles bustin they bubbles in defeat. why we starvin to eat if the Kingdom for the meek, If we inherit the Earth then why they work us for our trees Lord Im certain these questions'll be the death of me. my only belief is in this dolla I can see the struggle Im in and all my people thats deceased Lord forgive me Im wrong but they murdered all my dreams can you help me Im bleedin I need some blessins I can reach answers to questions that Sunday lessons couldn't teach in the mist of the stressins I still peep what it means takin a second cause only God see.

"For we know that the law is spiritual but I am carnal sold under sin.. for what I do I do not understand."

By T.G.

Different Kinda Man

It takes alot to grow up making something outta nothing
When lifes tribulations wear and tear at you..

try to be different they stare at you.. its determination
in the eyes like a Tigers hunger, simmering from far away
theres something different about you they just cant place
Confidence.. its in the way that you walk
Respect and carry yourself, eye contact when you talk
like a King with flaws you understand you're not perfect
Cause no one on Earth is.. A diamond fresh from da coal
Sprouting thru the slums with scavengers & lost souls

Theres something about a man who can admit to his faults
Its not easy to admit the truth when you're lost
to stay strong in the face of adversity and wear a smile
Keeping your cool with a sense of humor the whole while
making others laugh, seeing the best in the worst
Using your personality to take some of the edge off the hurt

It takes alot to blend in.. but still stand out
to love whole heartedly when you still have doubt
to never cry, but experience emotions just as deep
to never leave the earth but to still understand the sea

It takes alot to stay focused thru the struggles and the pain
to establish your own beliefs that go against the grain
to strive for success when they say theres none to gain
to continue to be yourself when everyone else has changed

It takes alot to be different, alone, and take your stand
Its not easy this day and age so it takes a

Different Kinda Man

By: 

Powerless to Love

I'm powerless to your love, your beauty's
a cage. Anxious with anticipation begin
my loins to cave. Change is imminent and
consistency speaks, though love clouds reason
it also calms a savage beast... But I'm
an innocent felon with misdemeanor thoughts
a hopeless romantic in the world of
the lost. No one sees hears or takes the
time to care, so I keep my thoughts to myself
never bothering to share.

I'm powerless to your love, your soul
and your swag. Addicted like a fiend to
see your smile and hear your laugh.
Expanding my arms to reach, stretching
my mind to touch, hopelessly wishing to
know what your dreams are made of...
Feeling that rush your beauty enticingly
provokes, sweeter than flowers you smell
your worth more than gold. My crime
is old the crime of mankind, to have what
I can't control - your love and your time.

Powerless.

By T.E.

GHETTO CRY

Our lives be bled tactics with attraction for
closed caskets, drastic trappin death in the mist
of mashin. Souls clashin grippin tight for that
fast life, our hind sight'll never lie about that fast
life -- Street lights zombies in the streets with glass
pipes, eyes wide open cut you open for that
next high. Blind eyes turn they heads and
you know why, death see no color money
gets what money buys... through runny
eyes Momma's kill to see they sons live, out-
side them bars all them calls make her
heart ~~chill~~ spill. Give em chills, death be
what its gone give caught up in them streets
cause all that beef gone meet a hard grill.
Turn that wheel cause a fortunes what
its gone take to get you out and we aint
talkin bout a prison break, Golden State
known to keep em locked away gone take
a second for a minute let it marinate
laced with hate this state of mine be full of
crime belly of the beast slang too hard and
they droppin dimes. A Ghetto Cry is bleedin
thru the streets eyes left in they minds
saved a little smile for me.

Let Me See That

Life's a struggle as long as its good times its bad
the road could roll real smooth til you bump
and crash - see actions speak louder than
words baby girl only time'll tell, all the love
yous in the world couldn't make it sincere -
you see right here right now in this moment
of time, I could be that next nigga you eyein
with shine - If I wasn't here no tellin what
a nigga bound to hear half way through
my bid all here she disappeared on me...
Heart stoney feelins still on me, you was ready
to ride or die til you got lonely. Jonesin with
fake promises, gettin low on gas miss me with
the excuses cause now you makin me mad... Shook
the rag and the hood I had, wasnt nothin to
me, traded it for your love and sunsets
by the beach... Its a shame you loved the
Sunny dayz but when the storm start rollin
if you wasnt prepared for the rain... a shame
baby girl its easy to love me Now, how you gone
feel when the chips fall and im down and out
The benefit of all doubts Ima give you that, but
If you love me like you say you gone have
to show me that.

Shinin like Diamonds

Dont know what you do to me baby but I'm diggin ya style - something bout the way you move make you shine thru the crowd - you like the diamond in the ruff, I'm just diggin you out - took a couple seconds offa the grind to figure you out - They say stars shine brighter when they shinin alone, you like the Sun and the Moon illuminatin my zone - Jryna take you out the Galaxy and find you a home, but them diamonds could be blindin so I keep my shades on..

Iwo steppin off Patron with Adina Howard on, imagine your song you got your J-Shirt and your pannies on - Picture I'm Kells baby you could slow ~~ur~~ind for me, aint nothin wrong with a lil bump and grind honey - Turn off the lights and let me blow out them cakes - make a wish I found mine cause hey. - "You shinin like Diamonds"

By T-E.

A DA HOOD

In the hood its no deaths than Iraq, the poverities
bad and lives is steady gettin snatched, aint no
backin from crack she got a habit and its bad
lil daddy got a pistol finna take another blast
he done seen it all... Now you can fall or you
can pass, them prison cells is full of tales
of niggas that'll never make it back. The out-
casts souls been lost to the streets, Society
left him in the slums without no food to eat.
She raised a beast, cryin thru them paper
sheets dyin her heart beatin a step
away from being deceased. Thats the
hood in the streets its no peace, so either
you roll with it or succumb to defeat.

A Da hood its drama bullets got killas
in the trauma. Killas runnin screamin
for they mommas. somebody pray
for him hes a goner. A DA HOOD

By T.O.

Getting Over Addiction

All it takes is one hit maybe 2 or 3 and like that you're addicted. You crave, you miss it, your body says you need it and you can't resist it. The drugs play games with your mind, you wanna feel high cause it feels so good and it feels so right. Just 1 more time...

You know its messing you up, but you dont care. Its tearing your relationships apart and youre burning bridges everywhere. What can you do to make it right? You ask yourself every night. How did I get here when my life was so right? Searching for the light cause the urge is overwhelming, but the monkey on your back is heavily over bearing

You promise yourself you're done for good, tired of letting your family and friends down as you should... So you pray and read asking God to give you the strength you need

Cont →

Trying your best to resist your inner
your inner fier. But you slip and
you take another hit, the temptation
became too strong and like a big mouth
Bass you bit... What is this and
why is it so hard to quit? When you
know that its wrong and it wont get
you shit.. your sick and tired and begin
to curse your existence on Earth. So
perverse is your addiction, it minimizes
your self werth. And it hurts.. Cause
you tried to quit but again you failed.
But there's help if you ask cause the
Lord still cares. So pick yourself up
dust yourself off and try again,
believe in God and yourself that you'll
get over this addiction.

By T.G.

My Vote: No disrespect

MR. Cracca I got a question, If you had a weapon would you use it for your protection? At your discretion.. or protect your prejudices to prove a lesson - Class is in session give me a second you see MR. Cracca I studied your kind. Republican with deep pockets and a very narrow mind you want whats best for yours, leave all the rest behind let the rich get rich quicker feed the poor to swine.. you got alot of nerve MR. white man I helped you build this country with my own hands you've slaved my kind for years for your own land just to make your profit and expand your plans MR. Cracker mind if I call you that? Peckerwood Redneck or MR. Crackerjack.. which would you prefer you see Im really not a jerk, but words and names can sometimes really hurt.. How would you feel if you was in my shoes, hated just cause your skin was a darker hve.. Given the blues cause you're forced to get aid cause you can't get a job so you can't afford medicaid.. See MR. white man I don't think you understand the affects your prejudice evokes and demands.. Didn't grow up with a silver spoon my Daddy wasn't rich, my family worked their whole lives and still aint got shit..

Continued

Cont: →

Put the clerks and the liquor stores and
guns on every corner.. Lie through your
Campaigns and just do us how you wanta
This is what you've caused don't blame
us for the results, burn this muthafucka
down again you keep beatin on our folks
lock us up by the boatloads watchin us
kill each other off, then send us off to
your wars expecting us to fight for your
selfish cause.. Got it all messed up
White Man you see you reap what
you sow, Karmas a muthafucka
and so is my vote!

By
TG.

Reality

Reality... Some blur that line with Fantasy
dying to escape the truth than to deal
with Reality. Casually... allowing our thoughts
to wander popping pills drinkin or smoking
marijuana... The cold truth of the world some
times is just too cold when forced from
a young age to take the world on your
Shoulders. Reality for some is fun
engaging and prosperous, not a challenge
to deal with at all, never bothers
their consciences. However our present
Reality may be only temporary... a test
of our faith in the Lord above we carry
whether good or bad we should take in stride
and look at ourselves with a diff. pair of eyes
Like the man who complained about not havin shoes
til he saw a man with no feet, his blessed for two
we take things for granted coz we dont see
whats unheard of for some for others
is Reality

By T.G.

Its Hard Sometimes By T.E.

Its hard sometimes, but nobody cares. So you're forced into a struggle to make your senses unaware. How deep is the pain and why is it there, and if hearts could speak words would anybody care?

Its hard sometimes to understand how we feel when no one else seem to want to grant that appeal were cursed by our peers laying in wait of ~~our~~ fears blinded by grime and the circumstance of years

Theres nobody here or there when you need them 2 B hypnotized by lies society places on their screens engerieved with beliefs they themselves dont believe So your faced to stand along & fight for your dreams

But its hard sometimes to not feel loved and cared for by someone you care for when simple words light a torch to the soul and their pain burns you through the cold Its hard sometimes to get people to see everything in life isn't all its panned out to be Sometimes we get weak and makes some mistakes Stumble in the road and make some bad breaks. but if the shoes were reversed and you could see thru my eyes, you too would understand. . . .

Its Hard Sometimes

Look Into My Eyes

Doors kicked up off the hinges sometimes I aint these
mind racin fulla demons like Im strapped up to a chair
been shocked to my senses going in and out of homes
Seen my Pops sell the drugs my Mams got hooked on
fault not to blamed-I was 14 yrs old got introduced
to the game said fuck doin what I was told. Seen
weak niggas sodomized cause the pressure made em fold
so I kept the burner close to cook the beef before
it roast. Soul vexed to the core I been sore since
my bieth, searching for the answers Ive been put upon
this Earth. Why my peoples so cursed and blacks
the end of it all, did my Mams feel betrayed when
my Pops nailed her to the cross?.. Not to be confused
Im not them books you done seen, give a fuck about
your views cause your views aint payin me. Im a
product of these streets I dont cry Im gonna eat, when
its time to get it on I go click I dont think... Spent
years fulla stressin mutatin into a beast, soul rainin tear-
drops ink like pain upon these sheets. Years like nails in
my casket of concrete cant talk about tragic cause you aint
seen half of what I see so look into my eyes!

By T.G.

Is anybody out there?

Whats a night alone when you're spending it by yourself? wishing you never fucked up, spending it in your cell. watching the rain fall imagining how it felt. Reminiscing bout them days when you wasn't all by yourself when the days drag by & you feelin like youre in hell. You want it to be over its shocking you to your shell you're tired of writing letters cause they messin with your mail you tryna figure out whether your family even cares. Tired of commercials teasing your taste buds with foods you cant eat and women thats outta touch. Nights of no sleep, love, and days of no drugs. Cant even drink coffee to start your days up. Tired of reading books crunches and push ups, not eating what you want and talkin to screw ups. ... Can anybody hear me?

By T.G.

To US

As days pass by I'm forced to reflect upon my past mistakes. Not to be taken away from positive attributes and changes along the way. I'm not afraid... but maybe that's the curse this life's made. Affected and aroused at the strange paradox it portrays... What's in a Race to you and who says you're not enslaved? Afraid to be brave because of the image you think it will relate or say? At the cost of my happiness, I'm not willing to be fake loves a constitution we have the right to be saved. I'm not afraid. Life's a risk, but I wish not to strike fear over the years I've gambled a lot and have grown familiar with tears. My secrets to keep. Wet pillows I've weeped but never jeopardizing or changing my gears. What doesn't kill you makes you stronger - or holds you close and near. Don't fear what appears before you, sometimes life's a smoking mirror. Look through your eyes only and the picture will become clearer. You're attractive, intelligent and bright no matter what they say about you. I appreciate you and your time it's priceless and full of power, so take the time to appreciate yourself for at least a minute if not a full hour. !!!

By T.G.

Blessed

I'm blessed... How R U? I may be stressed and facing difficult circumstances, but how R U? You see millionaires can find things to complain about, so I'd rather not. I'd rather take time to appreciate the few blessings I've got. True enough its hard to recognize them behind walls, but Judgements easy and no ones more perfect than God. Its not easy dwelling among the lost, alone on the battlefield forced to camouflage your heart. - Living the silent march, isn't easy to do alone but regardless the outcome we walk on strong. But for how long? Only the Lord above knows... or the Queen of the Earth that's birthed everything that grows. Hopefully not long though. Im talking beyond the sentence of years.. while conversating with understanding to know that which conquers fears. Is it love.. or is it hate? who's wrong who's right and who's in control of fate? Relentlessly searching for answers before I open loves gate. Watching... who'll come in? and if my heart breaks, who'll put it together again. And again and again, and how many breaks can one take. Before his heart is arrested by cardiac Jakes... But wait. None the less Im blessed anyways. How R U? Thanks for honoring me with your presence Im baffled - its true. What if anything can I do, to show my appreciation? an understatement cause you deserve more than adoration.. but Im gracious none the less and again blessed, How are you? You must be blessed cause you're a blessing and Im blessed because of you. Thank You.

B/T.G.

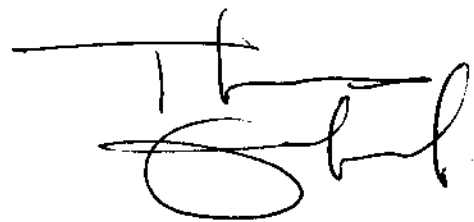
My Grannys Love

I started off young on the block runnin with knuckleheads
My Granny told me to stop it seein where I was headed
It all started with a lit drinkin just outside hangin
listening to the tunes gettin a few ball games in
Even had enough potential to be scouted by U.S.C
But the streets and the liquor already had control of me
Granny tried her best to raise me and give me all she could
But I was a hard headed teen, these things were misunderstood
She raised me in the church & to know right from wrong
all through the week shed sing spiritual songs
I sit everyday wondering where did I go wrong
Probably when I didn't listen and didn't do what I was told
Years later I look back seeing what a fool I was
to take for granted the simple things like my Grannys love
Id ~~wonder~~ wonder why she pushed so hard, why did she cry
She just wanted the best for me, she just wanted me to try
But the rebellious side of me was still pulling to the streets
Even though I wanted to do good, good was never good for me
Forgot my dreams, and started doing things I knew wasnt right
Caught up said she'd rather see me locked up
at least shed know that Im alive

And I never knew how to take that, I had to take it for what it was
thats how deep her love is for me, thats just my...

MY GRANNY'S LOVE.

And I wouldn't trade it for the world, I love you
too Grandma.

A stylized handwritten signature, possibly reading 'The Girl', written in black ink.

My Pain

My pain is real. My Pain is here. My pains engraved in a cell of years I've lived. My pain could kill. My pain could steel to chills, my pain could seal the deal or make up my career. My pains appeared time after time thru years, shown in fear discouraged esteem and encouraged my sensed to become more fierce. Whats my pain doing here.. how am I gone live how am I gone deal with life when it hurts just to keep real?

You sent me here for a reason so I need to know
Did you save your suffering for the man that just loved u most?
How am I to know, Can't see behind these locked doors
My visions been blurred some days it just hurts
I aint a saint so I dont pretend so full of sin
that if it was a bottle of liquor with a label itll be called gin
But my seasons keep twistin into a cold wind
tumblin and springing til Im fallin into the lions den
Where's a Heinken the Jokes chasin a smoked mirror
Psychiatric's a dope that helps our focus to clear up
I maybe noticed years maybe even noticed tears
but still hopeless as a penny with a hole in it
Sittin over here..

So wheres my pain pill, where is my chance to heal
Dying outta fear the worst that can happen
maybe has and'll probably kill. My pain is real.

By.

T.G.

My Thoughts

Gathering my thoughts.. days months years now lost
Carrying my cross with my burdens of circumstance
at the cost of my freedom I've lost myself in prisons trance
By choice or chance I've danced the running man
with the devil hells in the ghetto
right across the street in these dog kettles
with these mindless rebels.. institutionalized
to believe otherwise imbedded with a belief system
that defeats and constantly demoralizes
Prides suicide dignitys genocide ...
given em exactly what ~~they~~ need to believe

WERE anything LESS than what we be
WHEN THUGS CRY . . . I ask why

We've been stripped of our culture and forced to recreate
denied us our his-story our language & human state
taking credit for things you didnt even make, Raped
women killed kids forced into grown men to be slaves
But its wrong to hate

Maybe cause todays a different slate.. Im just gathering my
thoughts tryna put them in their proper place
a victim of my own crime theres no one left to hate
Is time the enemy at times Im forced to face my fate
Thats something I cant shake, this monsters a pit bull with a grip
got me slippin into DARKNESS of this dark roast coffee I sip
Wondering how long will I last before Im in the coffin spilled
These are just my thoughts

By 

The Word

Whats is a word that makes you so upset
brings up emotions that makes you tremble with sweat
why does it means so much if it doesnt describe you
It should float away with the wind . . .
unless its the truth

Sometimes its used unconsciously and maybe thats wrong
but that never seemed to stop you from listening to that song
could I degrade your self worth by using just a word?
am I responsible for the image you give & the attention you serve?
I am only human so dont hate me for what I am
I am just a man with feelings caught in a bad circumstance
maybe this is the script that Ive been given to play
never being taught how to express what I needed to say
since a young age Ive been forced to believe I was nothing
just a product of a man everyone considered to be a dummy
Maybe Im just the focus of all the relationships gone bad
a punching bag for frustrations that all my sisters bagged
You say Im degrading and I dont appreciate women
Im too disrespectful to them sometimes, too condescending
You say I need to appreciate them more, and maybe youre right
but its something about your anger that perplexes me to wanna fight
makes me want to argue and tell you its not true
Didnt mean what I said it was just something I
was going through.

we all go through struggles, thats what makes us who we are
So sometimes a few sour pickles may just jump out of the jar
and maybe . . . just maybe, that word might get pitched
but that doesnt mean for one second I considered you
A Bitch. ——— My BAD.

Sincerely,



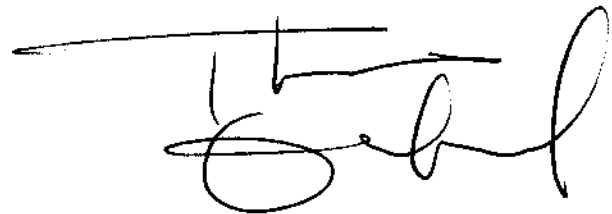
A Simple Man

Im just a simple man looking for my friend
Im just a good guy caught up in a bad circumstance
With a Zest for life adventure and intrigue
Searchin for my missing rib
so I can treat her like my Queen

I can't promise her the world right now
material possessions are out my reach
But adoration love respect and affection
her trust I will not breech

I'll do what I can to be a good man
for her and see to all her needs

The only thing I'll ask in return
is that she treat me like her King
Im just a simple man.

A stylized handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of a horizontal line above a series of loops and curves.