

To my friends at Prison Foundations.

Im writing you another note to inform you that Im submitting another 20 pages of my Poetry.

I invested sometime in these pages. I hope you enjoy reading them as much as I enjoyed writing them.

In the near future there is plenty more to come. I am a very creative person and I have a passion to create new material consistantly.

By the 30th of this month I will be leaving this place and then I'll be able to communicate with you more directly.

I want to thank you for presenting me the opportunity to pramate my work.

I wish you the best and I'll write again soon.

sincerely

Eliezer Almodovar

LG 2504

A MOTHER'S LOVE

I want to congratulate you for being the best mother you could be...

For nurturing, raising, protecting and loving me...

For caring for me when I was too young to care for myself...

For giving me the time and patience that I couldn't get from anyone else...

For giving me your loyalty and staying true to your word...

And most importantly for bringing me into this world...

You accepted me, you supported me and you didn't expect anything back...

If life was a contest, you'll deserve the best mother achievement award for that...

But life isn't a contest, and no one can compare to you...

Because no degree of kindness could amount to the things that you do...

No degree of appreciation could amount to how special you are...

And to me you are the most precious jewel by far...

To me you mean more than anyone or anything below or above...

Because you are my mother, and nothing in this world can amount to a mother's love... *Elle*

A DREAM

I thought I recognized you from a dream...
You were introduced to me as the prettiest girl I've ever seen...
And when you smiled, you brightened up my day...
And that was the moment I knew that I wanted you
to stay...
This dream I wanted it to become a reality...
Because I couldn't resist your beauty, your kind heart
and sweet personality...
This dream I had began to chase...
Now every time I look at another woman I see your face...
I hear your voice every time someone speaks...
I taste your sweetness every time I eat...
I'll give it my all if I could really meet you one day...
My life would definitely be dedicated to you if it really
happened that way...
But in reality you dont even exist, it seems...
Because afterall it is only just a dream...

Elie

My light

This little light of mine use to shine...

But it went out on the day you left me behind...

It seemed like my smile gradually turned to a frown...

It seemed like my happy world came crashing down...

Now I feel hopeless and I dont even dream anymore...

Instead I have nightmares and they haunt me like never before...

I know that a man shouldn't cry, but at night I shed tears

And the more my heart hurts, the more I wish you were here...

You gave me less of you at a time I needed you most...

And you moved farther away from me at a time I needed you close...

Things between us started to get sour that use to be sweet...

Feelings between us that use to be strong have gotten weak...

Things for me have never been the same since that night...

That you shut out my shining light...

Elie

Free

We've had some good times, we've had some bad...
But through it all, you were the best thing I ever had...
You tried to do things right, while the whole time
I did things wrong...
I'm sorry for being the one that held you down
for so long...
Although I loved you, I put other things first...
Things that I let come in between us and make
our relationship worst...
Like the life of alcohol and drugs...
That took a lot of me from you, including most of
my love...
I'm sorry for the troubles that I've caused...
At the time I was dumb, deaf, blind and lost...
I started to care less about myself, so how
could I have cared about you...
And my carelessness led me to do things that
I normally wouldn't do...
But through all of this, there is one thing that
I struggled to see...
I was forced to see that if I loved you, I had
to set you free...

Elis

Inspiration

You inspired me to be all that I can...

To face and handle responsibilities as a man...

You taught me how to respect woman of any race...

You said that woman are suppose to be respected, protected, loved, adored and kept safe...

You also taught me how to treat others how I would want to be treated...

And to never deny anything to eat to anyone who may need it...

It is because of you that I now look at the positive side of every situation...

And I have become wise enough to know not to deal with expectations...

I'm aware that noone cares about my problems more than I do.

That's why you are so special because no one took the time to teach me these things but you...

You were my mother and my father all in one...

Because you did for me what two parents could have done...

I want to thank you for giving me your time, love and dedication...

That's why you would always be my inspiration...

Elis

MISSING A WOMAN'S TOUCH

I never knew that I would miss a woman's touch so much...

That thinking of her, dreaming of her and wishing she was here is not enough...

I didn't think that I would need to see her smile again...

That I would feel so lonely without her from within...

That just hearing her voice would be soothing to my ears...

That I would miss touching her soft skin, and smelling her sweet perfume when she's near...

I didn't think that I would miss even the simpler things like the way she dresses...

And the emotional sentiment she expresses...

I even miss the way she complains...

Because it makes me feel good to be the solution to her pain...

I didn't realize that time spent with her was so valuable...

And that realization didn't just appear, but it came gradual...

It's only the little things women do that make me miss a woman so much...

And one of them includes her soft, and magical touch...

Elie

THE BEAUTY OF AGE

The older you get, the prettier you become...

Your beauty hasn't gone with age, it has just begun...

You are much more mature now, and your smile is brighter...

You are much more understanding now, and your heart is lighter...

And your beauty stands out more now, to the point where it shines...

It's like a glass of wine, it only gets stronger with time...

You are much kinder now, you don't express such attitude...

You are more appreciative now, you exhibit such gratitude...

And you rather talk, than to argue now, you don't get angry as fast...

And you're quicker to forget the bad times now, and eager to let the good times last...

You're easier to get along with now, and likelier to give someone a hug...

And you're faster to reciprocate now, when someone shows you love...

You have reached the point now, where you're well mannered, well behaved...

And that maturity only comes with the beauty of age...

Elie

OBJECT OF DECEPTION

He set his eyes on her and his mind began to wonder...

If her body looked appealing with clothes on, how did her body look from under...

She acknowledged his stare with a smile of gratitude...

She knew he wanted to swallow her whole, so she presented a sexier attitude...

Thoughts circulated his head like how must she be in bed...

Is she the sexually excited type, or is she just the motionless type, sort of like dead...

She must have read his thoughts because she winked and licked her lips...

A heated sensation consumed her body and she wanted to strip...

He thought of the right words to say, the perfect way to play...

But little did he know, she was planning on having sex with him anyway...

All she really wanted was a little time and attention...

And the money that he worked so hard for, which she refused to mention...

He wanted to impress her, so he bought her all she desired...

But it wasn't enough because more than that she admired...

She

OBJECT OF DECEPTION

After so long he became very angry and tired...
He had enough with chasing behind such a liar...
She had promised to give him her sweetness...
Because she knew that, that was his weakness...
But regardless, he continued to buy her nice things...
In hopes that one day she'll give in...
She constantly hugged him, kissed him and teased him...
But he still had a whole lot more pleasing to do before
she would please him...
He finally realized that rather than being the
manipulator, he was being the manipulated...
And he blamed himself for not catching on any sooner,
because the whole time it had been insinuated...
He bought her the world before she became his girl...
From diamonds, to leathers, to expensive furs...
But after he got what he wanted, he thought, "was
it worth it..."
Did she even feel me in her, Or did I really work it...
He wouldn't have had to go that far, if she didn't
meet his demands with such rejection...
Initially, he was trying to deceive her, but he
finally realized that he was the object of deception...

Elie

A NAKED SOUL

They say when you are born, you are born alone...

And when you die, you die on your own...

You don't bring anything into this world, and you don't take anything out...

Everything you've accumulated in life, in death you can do without...

But while you're here, you have a temporary hold...

Of materialistic possessions, and of your own life as you grow...

You listen, you live, you learn...

You communicate, you work, you earn...

But to what amount do you consider success?..

If you can't take success with you when you're put to rest..

Is my existence here in vain?..

To have to go back to that of which I came?..

Do you continue to live when you're no longer here?..

Or do nothing but eternal blackness prevail when we disappear?..

Nothing is guaranteed life but absolute death...

When nothing else matters anymore that's the only thing you have left...

Elie

ABANDONED

There have been times that I've tried...

Tried to express, tried to confess how I felt inside...

But my pain fell on deaf ears, nomatter how loud I cried...

I felt useless, I felt deserted, I felt relected...

And it was hard for me to handle, I didn't want to accept it...

But what doesn't kill you only makes you stronger...

And it also enables me to strive alittle longer...

There have been times that I felt used, I felt abused, and I became confused...

But my inner strength has convinced me to refuse...

To refuse to believe that Im not worthy, that Im not abandoned, that Im not alone...

And the little bit that I do have I appreciate because its my own...

I try to make myself feel better by saying that I can move on...

By remaining strong enough to endure the storm...

And as long as Im alive Im going to continue to strive...

But if nothing comes of this, atleast I know that I've tried...

Elue

In my mind's eye

In my mind's eye I can be who I want to be...
I can be the King of the throne, or the leader of a society...
I can be a Lion in the Jungle, or a bird in the sky...
And I can see all things below me as I'm flying high...
In my mind's eye I can travel the world and be free...
Free to explore and see all the wonderful things there is to see...
I can be the greatest sports player, or the best fighter of all time...
Nothing is impossible to achieve when it comes to the powers of the mind...
In my mind's eye I can create many stories...
And I can invent my characters' pasts, presents and futures as I take inventory...
I can even go back in time and relive old experiences again...
And I can use them failures, I experienced back then now to win...
In my mind's eye I believe I can come back to life if I die...
For there is nothing that's impossible to accomplish in my mind's eye... Elue

Experience

Elie

You can lead a horse to the water, but you can't make it drink...

You can give a person advice, but you can't make him think...

You can read from a book, but you have to be in it to really understand...

You can hear a woman cry in labor, but you can't feel her pain if you're a man...

You can be a counselor on addiction, but you won't really know unless you've been addicted...

You can misunderstand a homeless man, but you won't understand unless you've been evicted...

You can look down on a prisoner, but you don't know what caused that man to go to prison...

You can talk all day, but you won't learn unless you listen...

You can judge another human-being, but you don't know what it's like to be judged...

You can ask the LORD for forgiveness, but against another human-being you'll keep a grudge...

You can imitate other people's lives, but you would never understand...

That you must experience to become your own man...

Master in disguise

Never let your left hand know what your right hand is doing...

Because if you reveal your secret, your plan would be ruined...

Approach people with kindness and they shall never know your dislikes...

Be like a sheep that roams in the day, and like a wolf that preys in the night...

Be fast to smile, but slow to get angry...

That is one advantage that will always come in handy...

Talk less and listen more...

Talking is without benefit, listening may give you information you're looking for...

Go with the flow, blend in the crowd...

Always inconspicuously, never too loud...

Look for weaknesses, but identify strengths...

Never settle for half-measures, but always go the full length...

Remain calm in times of turbulence, think before you act...

Calculate your moves, set your escape before you attack...

Learn from your mistakes, be wise...

Never expose your true intentions like a master in disguise...

Elie

U. S. A

Under Satan's Authority...

Not only a portion of humanity, but the majority...

I am Lucifer the god of darkness...

I am cold, merciless, heartless...

I was an Angel in heaven at one time...

But I was condemned and thrown down to earth because I tried to make heaven mine...

Now earth is where I rule and where I dwell...

It is also where I plan on taking humanity with me to hell...

And I relay my message to you through music...

I could make death sound so good that you would want to use it...

I would use your desires to explore your weakness...

I would present you ugliness so beautifully, it'll leave you speechless...

So may each one, teach one...

Continue to spread my poison amongst one another until thy Will be done...

But my greatest weapon is that I dont exist...

So dont believe what you read, when you read this... Etc

The empty laughter emanating from the younger kids playing on the city streets...

They helplessly imitate everything that they hear and see...

The inside of these huge concrete buildings with thick metal doors...

It kind of reminds me that I've been here before...

The baby being pushed along in a broken carriage wondering what's going on...

The drug addicted, hopeless children every day being born...

The thief in the neighborhood selling stolen clothes...

The kid who runs around confused, dirty and lonely with a snotty nose...

The senseless arguments and fights that breakout from those who are drunk or high...

The endless struggle of He who is constantly trying to stay alive...

The sleepless cold nights accompanied by hunger and pain...

The feeling of despair that comes with the pouring rain...

The purse being snatched from a lady screaming for help...

The dispirited Junky in an abandoned building injecting himself...

All of this and so much more...

Only serves to remind me that I've been here before...

I could see it in the hungry kid's eyes...

That he's scared, lonely and lost that's why he cries...

The guy who seeks refuge in the gun...

And any problem that may arise, he handles it with one...

The poverty-stricken children, eating free lunches at charity programs...

The emaciated looking derelict, eating out of dumpsters and trashcans...

The kid who caught ring-worms playing in the dirty sand...

The convict who returns to the streets from jail to do the same thing with a different plan...

Looking back at this I could relate more and more...

That's because I know these things, I've been here before...

The drunk lady who got killed by a car as she crossed the street...

The poor little kid who got a dab of respect now because he finally got a new pair of sneakers on his feet...

The wanna-be rapper who thinks he's a ghetto celebrity...

But would never achieve his dream because he's really scared to be...

The neighborhood bully who's looking for easy prey...

The homeless hobo who's looking for a place to stay...

The Jail-bird who keeps the revolving doors in motion...

The worthless drug-addict who keeps the doors to the rehab opened...

I could see the pain in that little girl's face...

Because at such a young age, her heart already aches...

And the more I see, the more I can relate...

That's because I've been here before to this cold and lonely place...

How about the kid who would give-up anything to have a friend...

And by that same friend get stabbed in the back again and again...

Or what about the follower who tries so hard to be accepted...

Or the loner who disrespects herself by having sex with just about anyone, just to feel respected...

What about the pregnant girl who dropped out of school in the ninth grade...

Who traded-in a possible future of success to be a life-long applicant of Welfare and Medicaide....

Im talking about the innocent kid who got shot in the face for his nice coat...

Or the Jealous husband who suffercated his wife by applying pressure to her throat...

How about the son who won a scholarship to play college football...

But when his mother overdosed on prescription pills, he fell into a deep depression and lost it all...

And the beautiful girl that got you into a fight with her man...

And made you stab him multiple times with that bloody knife in your hand...

The more I see, the more I am sure...

That I'm familiar with these happenings because I've been here before...

I'm talking about these disease infested rats, crawling over your pans and pots...

Or the nasty looking-ass cockroaches crawling out of your cereal box...

I'm talking about the robbery that went wrong because the gun got jammed...

And now the robber's face is in the obituary section of the news-paper because he's a dead-man...

I'm talking about the cute girl who took-off her panties and smelled like fish...

And the strung-out mother who's trying to sell you her new-born baby for a fix...

I'm talking about the crooked cop who shot the young black boy in the back...

Then lied and said he had to because he was under attack...

Im talking about the husky-ass Pit-Bull that tried to bite your leg-off...

Or the blood that you spit-up from the pulmonary infection in your lungs everytime you cough...

How about those kids in the park eating penny candies and talking about what they want to be when they get older...

But not realizing that without a plan and the determination to execute that plan, those dreams would only get colder...

The more I see, the more I could relate...

Because I've been here before to this cold and lonely place...

I'm talking about the street-life, the ways of the poor...

Im talking about my experiences because I've been here before...

These are the things that we go through,
the things that we do...

The things that we are,

the makings of you...

Elie