

Uprising  
of A



Mad Man

#. (X) #.

UPRISING

#. OF #.

A  
MAD MAN

by

Freddy #AB2847

Morales

12/6/14

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(Cover ART by <sup>RASHAD</sup> MCKINNEY)

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This is a poem book written by  
a Mad Man. He has caused pain,  
destruction, and chaos to others as  
well as himself.

This book is Dedicated  
To: my Mom (up in heaven), My Dad,  
Cheddar lox, Baby Cheese, Garfield,  
My rice cakes, turtle runs, Lion Paw,  
and to Prison foundation for  
this great chance. RyDe with  
US or collide with US.  
Team: Big time\*.

## The Heart of a Mad man.

They say the heart of a mad man is  
Stonier Than that of a female's. Every  
true Love ends with a Snake tail. Emotions  
That come straight from the heart are fire  
to the soul. Keeping a Man from his loved one's  
will make him cold. All humans could be lost  
in second. I'm That mad man that I mention.  
Tattoo tear drops is all that they see. As I  
Stare in the mirror I see a mad man looking  
back at me. He lost his fight to madness. So  
his is truly near. He doesn't know he's  
mad, so he has no fear. He lives with  
his madness inside of tail. I've heard the  
heart of a mad man is stonier than that  
of a female's

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## The hands of a mad man

These hands of a mad man have caused Pain and Sorrow. A couple of lives they've had to borrow. They've been Covered in blood Booth mine and of others. There the Same one's that Cain used to his brother. At times they seem to have a mind of there own, at Otheres they seem heavy like stones. They have tattoos that tell a story. At times they make reality Blurry. I forget there made of skin. The line Between love and hate is really Thin. So if you can read between these lines you know the mad man's hand's have always been mine.

## A Mad man's mind.

Evil lurks in a mad man's mind. it's been there since the start of time. it's embedded in his D.N.A. It will never leave. It's there to stay. It can't be locked behind some door, it's in his blood, his heart and soul. He never questioned why he's mad? He's never been happy or sad. Therefore he can't tell he's strange, still it doesn't matter he'll take the blame. His life has been hell on earth. He was dead at birth. Born yellow and not breathing affected his mind, forever wicked reasons. He doesn't question what he can't see. All he knows is Fuck The World. It can't be mad at me.

## The voices of a madman.

A mad man has many voices & there all in his head. Some voices want him to kill others want him dead. He's sure what to do or where to stay. He doesn't know that evil and madness are always at play. At times he feels lost. He's been told to never give up that's a must. He hears laughter & screams that he doesn't know what they mean. They run steady like a river stream. He's tried to quiet them with pills, drugs & liquor. They refuse to quiet, so he's looking for something quicker. Hopefully he figures out in due time. For now the voices of the madman are all mine

## A madman's reality.

A madman's reality is like none that you've known. If you're not ready for evil stay at home. His madness affects his thoughts. He'll keep doing evil in his reality till he's caught. He knows nothing good. He was made like this, but he's misunderstood. He invokes demons & spells. People tell him, he's playing with fire. He's looking forward to hell. He sees shadows everywhere he looks. He doesn't read the "word" or own the "good book". There is no fate but what we make, so in the madman's reality he must stay.



# The mad man's

## Dance

The night I danced with Death I had  
hard liquor on my breath & maybe a little bit  
of meth. As I danced in the moon light.  
I walked towards me with all around like  
A Dope pipe. I came up to me & stuck out  
A Bone hand. I couldn't tell if it was a  
Woman or man. I accepted it's offer and  
gave it my hand. We started spinning, faster, and  
faster like a high powered fan. A few feet  
off the ground we kept spinning around.  
My blood started to boil & my body hurt in  
termoil. I felt good, and I felt bad. When  
our hands seperated, to the floor I slammed.  
When I opened my eyes there was no one  
there. truly I didn't care I've always been  
alone

## A Mad man's betrayal

The feelings He hides inside have been piling up for a long time. Evil, mad, Sad and anger that make him blind. These emotions play with his mind. I Signed a Contract and this is what I got. To you it aint much. To him it's a lot. He had to betray one of his own. he was looking for his home. He lost a lot of years. Been Cured of all his fears. He's got many SCARS from fights on prison yards. Don't ever count him out. You know evil and know what it's about. You heard or read about Prison Shanks, but have you ever been Stung? Don't worry, The Mad man's betrayal has only yet begun.

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## Mad man's drug

This drug doesn't get shot into your veins. It starts with a certain madness inside your brain. It's not heroin, meth or cocaine. Once you get a taste this world will never be the same. After your first "trip" your soul will have a stain. Your eyes won't focus and your life will lose all purpose. You'll start going down hill really fast. This madness in your world will forever last. Your life this drug will consume. All you can look forward to is your doom. There will be nothing left, but an empty room. No job, no car, no great big house. No boss, no kids, no sexy little spouse. Let this be your warning. Don't go turning when you feel that tug. You already know it's that mad man's drug.

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## Mad man's game

I'm playing the mad man's game. Enter it and you'll never be the same. It's more exciting than russian roulette. Don't be scared tho. The hard part isn't even hear yet. It's better than O hallo's eve, These demons are real. They'll look you in the eyes, Smile and still give you a raw deal. In this game you bet your soul and your life. If you don't stay sharp that they will steal. There is no end to this. It's not for the weak at heart. Your better off if you never start. If you do you'll be the only one to blame. You won't be alone. You'll see me there, because it's truely a mad man's game.

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## Mad Man's prayer.

I pray to any god who will listen.  
I'm stuck with my madness in one of California's  
Prisons. Does it matter if I live or die? The  
Scars on my wrist say no, that is no lie.  
I get mental health pills, but somehow they  
make me slow. Still I try my hardest to  
protect my soul, but he'll get me in my sleep.  
I try to hold on to reality but my grip I  
cannot keep. Evil lurks in a mad man's mind.  
I hear voices that are not mine. I'll fight  
till the end. In the end it doesn't even  
matter. Don't throw rocks at a glass  
house because eventually it will shatter.

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## Tears of a Mad man.

The tears of a mad man are etched in ink. He's been pushed to the edge & to the brink. His smiles are fake. You can see the pain in his face. He's shed tears of blood. He feels cursed from the one above. His destiny is unknown at this time. Just that thought sends a chill up his spine. He's not scared to live, let alone die. People want him dead and they been trying. Yet he walks around with no fear. When people see him they keep clear. Call it what you want he don't give a damn. He hides the tears of a Mad man.

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## Suicide of a Mad man.

He tried to Commit Suicide, put the razor to his wrist. IN County Jail because of some bitch. His Momma JUST die, his gate pass got denied. Aint that a bitch. Both of his Kids in C.P.S, talk about Stress. How the fuck does he get out of this mess. Chained up like a Mad Man that I am. So much pain don't know much I can stand. lost like another grain of sand. Tattoo tears on his face. He earned them in this terrible place. IS there a hell? ya he's livin in it, but this bullshit will be over in a minute

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The ? of a mad man.

Why did this happen to me? Why can't the world let me be? They call me a mad man.

Bloody hands, crazy voices and violent choices.

I'll try to stay calm. I don't think I can.

Tortured animals, tortured souls. In the window

out the door. Mother's crying, mother's pain.

It's all the same. Still I ask why? All

I hear from voices are lies. Bloody splatters

another one dead, but does it matter? I'm

ready for the dark sleep. For now why has

this happened to me?

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## A Mad man's funeral

When a mad man dies, no one crys.  
There are no tears. Not even, because he  
lived years on prison tiers. His heart  
Stopped beating long ago. Before anyone  
thought he was old. No one prays a rosary  
for him. Bottles of liquor are opened. People  
laugh when they make a toast to him.  
He was called crazy, a lunatic, insane!!  
There happy he's gone he can't cause no  
more pain. At his burial people put  
ROCKS in his casket. So he'll go  
straight to that terrible hot place.  
We all know its hell. Thats what  
happens at a mad man's funeral

## Wicked love

The love we have is like none ever seen. I thought it was true love, but attached came some strings. Love and hate go hand and hand. Now I know it's wicked love and were we stand. Every thing that shines isn't always gold. At times I wonder what our future really holds. You put me threw a lot. I nearly lost my mind how I thought you loved me when you brought your lips to mine. How can you stand there and watch me burn. As I lay on my bunk & do this prison term. If I had another shot I'd tell you what I thought. O-well I guess wicked love is what we got.

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Wicked love is all we got.

Wicked love is all we got. To some  
People it aint much, but to us it's a lot.

You've learned to read in between  
the lines. Thru the pain and agony  
you've been there every time.

Wicked love has taught me how to  
appreciate you, to love you like  
a madman should. If this world were  
mine wicked love would make me  
happy all the time. You came into  
my life and with your wicked love  
you changed my world. I hope  
it never stops, because wicked  
love is all we got.

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# Demon Wingz

I earned them all by myself. I  
committed sins to cause pain to me and others as  
well. I laughed at Death when it came to me.  
Face to face it wasn't scary you'll see.  
I have no fear of the future, don't live in the  
past. The present is where I'm at, so I gotta  
make it last. Voices in my head since I  
was a child. They called me the son of  
Legion and I took it kinda mild. They  
said he was there when she took the fruit.  
He watched as the 1<sup>st</sup> man "hugged" her. He was  
there when a brother killed a brother. I  
don't worship him, but he comes to me when the  
light is dim. I've smelled his breath and looked  
into his eyes. He called me his demon to no  
surprise. I'll make sure this pain will never  
stop, so demon wingz is what I got.

## A breath of life.

I was given the breath of life on a hot day in July. I was born dead, so I'm not scared to die. Been there, done that! Laughed at, struck back. I got a decade to do on the prison yard OR in the S.H.U (special housing unit). It's the same to people like me & you. Prison riots and blood. Hand-cuffs and chainz. Wicked thoughts run in my brain. As the death toll raises people yell OUT nicknames as bodys hit the floor. Just think twice when you take your next breath of life.

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## A Mad Man's Flesh.

No tears when you were born because I was in shock. Me and your mom went to see you in the I.C.U block. I've only got 2 hold you a couple times as a little boy. From prison I sent you Christmas toys. They say you look a lot like me. I don't want you to be like me. I'll die a million times before you like me, I want you to be great. You have my smile, your grandma's eyes (my mom), and your mother's hair. It's true what they say life isn't fair. I got you and lost you at the same time. I got your name tattooed on my shoulder. I hope to see you as you grow older. I loved you from your first breath to my last. I hope this wound stops to sting. I love you my Mad Aztec King.

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Am I the mad man?

At times I talk in riddles. At times  
I sit in my cell & my thumbs I'll twiddle.  
I don't do facebook, Myspace or twitter.  
I've been on ~~myspace~~ space and from hoes  
gotten good face (blow jobs). I look in  
the mirror and see madness. I've  
always been mad. Never known  
Calmness. I've spread my seed.  
brought pain and made people  
bleed. Don't know how old I am.  
I lost track of time. I'm 25, 32,  
maybe 109? Don't really know, Don't  
really care. I'll never see a CASKET  
So who cares. I am That mad man  
Or am I?

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Mad Man's forces.

A mad man works with sinister forces.

He's been with the four that rode colored horses. He wasn't made mad that's how he was born. From all good things he was torn. He smiles when he smells blood. When he commits violence he feels like a god. His favorite song is that of painful screams. Machetes, bandanas, and knives is what he dreams. All is not what it seems, he has hurt himself also. Tattoos cover most of his torso. He's been married before. He laughed at the divorces.

They must've forgot the mad man works with sinister forces

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