

Voices from the Silence
poems and poetry

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Three sisters
By: Alfred Brooks
Jan. [REDACTED]

Knowledge is a harlot
who will lay in any man's bed.

But Wisdom.
She is shy and hides from fools.

Understanding.
She is the virgin queen who rule alone;
not all may approach her throne.

I'm friend of the three.
And they are close to me.
Hopefully, our friendship shall forever be.

Confidence

By: Alfred Brooks, Feb. [REDACTED]

"Speak to us of confidence,"
the young warriors asked, looking into
the battle ridden face of their master.
The master became silent,
gazing into the eager eyes of young souls
foolishly impatient for battle.

The master picked up a shield and then drew his sword,
and twirled the sword with masterful skill,
after slicing circles in air he held it still,
then examined the sunbeams
reflected by the razor sharp sword,
as if, the reflections contain wisdom.
He inhaled a deep breath, as if it was to be his last breath,
then fed the warriors' hearkening hearts.

"Confidence is the armor which shields a warrior's faith,
and safeguards the trusting heart.
Only fools enter battle without some confidence,
if only but a spark.

Confidence is a sword,
for battle and for meat;
when wielded by the strong hand of humility,
shall deliver promise and a crown of dignity.
But young warriors be not deceived,
no amount of confidence guarantee victory.

Confidence is aged wine,
sometimes bitter, sometimes sweet,
it is made from grapes of experience, wisdom and trust;
Drink your cups of confidence,
but never drink too much.
Drunken hands loose their skill;
and when wit becomes intoxicated,
she turns into an arrogant harlot
and dies an early death, by her own hands
or the hands of another.

The fool

By: Alfred Brooks Sr.

Jan. [REDACTED]

An oldman told his grandson.

"I want you to go to the village
and deliver this tool to the fool."

The grandson replied, "But grandfather,
I have only been to the village a few times.
How can I deliver the tool to the fool,
I don't know where to find the fool,
inorder to give him the tool.

The oldman [REDACTED] answered,
"Grandson of mine,
if you look for the fool
the fool is difficult to find.
But if you listen for the fool
the fool is easy to find.

With that in mine.
The grandson set out to deliver the tool to the fool.
And when he returned from delivering the tool to the fool.
The oldman asked, was the fool hard to find,
grandson of mine?

The boy smile and said,
"I can find the fool any time:
Even if I were blind."

With a big grin, the oldman said,
"boy you ain't lying."

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Reaching the Reachable

By: Alfred Brooks

Jan. [REDACTED]

During the span of a casual existence
I reached down, just below
the surface of my being,
and joyfully found faculties of knowledge and wisdom.
But after a parade of many moons
I was no longer gratified by my findings.

So, I reached in a little deeper
and found within me lyrics, poetry, melodies,
sounding heavenly.
However, soon approached me,
curiosity and boredom, holding each others hand
like two lovers, and they would not allow me to be satisfied
with my new love affair.

Thus,
My enthusiastic fingers searched
and wondered deeply
surprisingly, I touched, and clenched
treasures of art and literature.
I did not realize at first
these would not remove an insatiable thirst.

Inedibly, I reached as far
within myself as I could,
longing for the highest, deepest good.
Stretching my fingers
standing on my toes
I touched, for the first time,
the faculties of Soul.
Let the wise
be notified.

To be a better man
By: Alfred Brooks, [REDACTED]

"To be a better man."
I use to think that ment
having as many women as one can.
But having all the women I can,
didn't seem to make a better man.

"To be a better man."
I use to think that ment
being faster and stronger.
But I don't believe that any longer.

"To be a better man."
I was convinced that it ment
having more things;
until, I found no substance
in any of my things.

"To be a better man."
I thought that ment
looking down on the other man.
But that only made me lesser man.

What does it mean,
"to be a better man"?
At this place in consciousness, where I stand,
it means demonstrating the truths
one claims to understand;
glorifying God every way you can.

That's what it means to my selfless self.
When I reach another level,
maybe it will mean something else.

What have you found?

By: Alfred Brooks

What we search for in people
we can often find.
Search for diamonds and gold,..
And you may surely shout, "Low and Behold!"

Search is for rut and dune,
and with in the minute
some one shall shout,
"Watch out!, don't step in it."

What we look for in others
we might surely find,
or is ~~is~~ the find
a reflection of our own mind?

When you look at me,
what do you find?

OD

By: Alfred Brooks, Feb. [REDACTED]

Her picture painted
the t.v. screen
Girl, seventeen
dead
OD

Sadden by her fate
I pause and wait
for the light to turn green.
Then came a commercial brake
And I returned to the place in time
where chatter fill the mind.

later that night,
while I lay,
swallowed in serene darkness
merging in make believe comfort
the silence envaded by
the clock's tick-tock, tick-tock

girl, seventeen
dead
OD

ascend to the top of my heart
floating drifting lingering
upon a lazy tide of emotion.

Minutes past,
My pillow softly ask me,
"why are you crying?"

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Learning For Myself
By: Alfred Brooks Sr.

Every hand shall feel the rose's thorn
Each cheek shall taste sadness
I heed not to all warnings
That is beyond Will

What eyes acknowledge every sign?
What nose smells each approaching rain?

Life is viewed throughout countless windows,
at different angles
many distances apart

All eyes reads the stars its own way
Every soul hear the calling of a separate world
Theres no armor for happiness
No breast plate for the heart
Only the abode of time
many seasons away.

She loves him not

There was a man name Scott
Who always love a love
That loved him not

His heart would melt at what
His eyes spot.
Head spin and blood run hot.

Soon, past lessons he forgot;
And once more he sought to tie the knot.
Rendered his soul;
Purchase cars, home and yacht.

Times joyful laughter turned into mockery
And everyone could see alot,
yes, even Scott
All the long, he played role of idiot.

His heart again broke
his will turned into rot
By his own hands
Scott was shot.

For Scott loved too many loves
that loved him not.

Day Dreaming
By: Alfred Brooks

Like a kid
kicks a can
I kick thoughts around
throw them in the air
watch them come down
thinking of what never was
and things that might never be,
just kicking it around.

The Clearing

By: Alfred Brooks, Feb. [REDACTED]

It seemed like they had been together all her life, loving each other, and teaching one another how to love; enduring hardships and weathering many storms. That's why it was so painful for her to witness him bed ridden. Once a strong and time honored oak tree, he was now withering with rot.

He laid suffering from some unknown sickness, while death sat at his bedside, teasing and mocking his draining desire to live. But at times, even death seemed doubtful as to whether such a good man should have that type of fate.

She would often hold his fragile hand, and stroke the arms that use to lift her effortlessly, off her feet, and caress her with a warmth that no fire could bring.

One night, as they stared into each others eyes, he spoke in a trembling voice, and begged her to help him die, and they both begun to cry. She pulled away, stood, and cursed God, and threw stony questions at the gates of heaven, angrily protesting this injustice.

His torture was her agony, and after days of stressful contemplation, by the hand of selfless, merciful love, he was delivered to the after life. But she was left with a conscious, disturbed by feuding questions of wrong and right.

One day, she walked down by the pond near her cabin. And sat in the grass and thickets, hoping that some degree of peace would descend upon her. A springtime breeze combed through her hair, and the smell of blooming flowers, grass and trees, serenade to her. Suddenly, sad memories of her love came upon her like the shadow of a cloud. Months had passed since the burial of her love, but her feelings of guilt had not passed, but multiplied, and on this day as on others, she cried.

But as she wiped the warm tears from her cheeks, she was startled by the image of her love, it appeared on the rolling waves of the pond, as if he stood right there on the shore. She gasped, came to her feet, and cautiously walked closer to the water. She looked up at the sun, then quickly in to the trees for some explanation, but the sun had none, and the trees had none. Could the image in the water actually be the object of her love?

When she heard his voice, she froze. The voice came not from the water, but echoed within her mind, piercing the thickened grief; legs weakened, and her knees fell to the banks of the pond like two heavy stones, and she heard these words:

"My darling, your regret and sorrow have reached the gates of heaven, and humbly appealed for a messenger of mercy. And I was dispatched here, by reason that you might not accept another.

I have learned a great secret, hidden from your world. And that is that Life is God, and God is Life. I cannot tell you what that should mean to you, for each man must evolve into his own understanding of life. But I can say that Death has no reward, other than the realization that Life is infinite, eternal. Death is just a porthole greeting those who remain shackled by the mesmerism possessed in consciousness.

Darling, I do not condemn you. And you must remove the yoke of condemnation you have placed around your own neck. You can not go forth to be the inspiration you can be, if you continue to sacrifice the moment, by entertaining the past, and measuring an unknown. Now is all that you shall ever have. In the NOW, is the only place you should choose to live. Live in the NOW. The table of Life is already set, and all blessings are ready to be served. Take your seat among the living."

Then his image disappeared from the waves just as fast as the feet of a humming bird skips across the water. But the impression left on her heart would never fade.

She left her secret and her grief down by the pond, where they became consumed by the seasons. And she became known throughout the land as a woman who seemed to know the meaning of life and death, and feared neither.

I AM
By: Alfred Brooks
Jan. [REDACTED]

When I heard echoes from mountain tops,
I yelled, "Who are you?"
The echoes answered, "I AM"

When I noticed voices coming from valleys,
I asked the voices, "Who are you?"
The voices replied, "I AM."

I heard the roar of ocean waves rolling upon the shore,
and I whispered, "Who are you?"
And they said, "I AM."

When I sat in consecrated quite,
and listened to the language of silence,
repeating over and over, "I AM, I AM."
There was no need for me to ask,
who I AM.

ONE SHORT STORE

Transformation
By: Alfred Brooks

A full moon lights the side walk as I weave through the roaming bodies of night people; car horns honking in the back ground and engines growl; laughter, and glittering neon-signs illuminate the sky like stars in the twilight.

"Hey, Mr.! Can you spare a dollar?" , ask a kid with his hand outstretched toward me.

I increase the length of my steps and answer, "No! Boy, get yo butt off the streets. Go home!"

The boy frown upon my liquor tainted breath, stop in his foot tracks, and shouts, "You can stuff it Mr.!", he throw me an obscene jester.

"I mummer to myself, "Nobody never gave me nothing. I don't feel sorry for nobody, young or old! I didn't make the world like it is."

I then took the short cut home, through the alley. Turning into the dimly lit alley, glass breaking underneath the sole of my new shoes, smell of garbage distracting my nose.

A distance into the alley, I heard a voice. My steps became shorter, my heart pounding with curiosity, as my eyes search the hazy darkness. I saw the image of a man partially obscured by a light pole and piles of trash. I creep closer while rats play nearby.

A man was on his knees crying and moaning. A shiny cross dangle from his neck, as he slowly lifted his head and loudly proclaimed,..."All my life, I praised you and defended thy name. But each time my burdens grew, again and again. I kept up my prayers, which only seem to land upon deaf ears.

"My Lord, I gave charity to the poor who later robbed me of my kindness, and afterwards stole my fears. I was faithful to unfaithful loves. When the fruit of my labor ran abundantly, I fasted, and allowed my brother to feast at my table, but I was mocked and scorn by him after the harvest was destroyed by the adversaries of success. When hardship slapped me on the right cheek, I turned and offered it the left. I committed great errors in ignorance and was barred from mercy.....

"Now, due to consistent defeats and betrayals, I have abandoned faith for the sword! Traded trust for the wealth and riches of the world! And my harden heart is hollow inside and buried in the hot sands of my bitterness, where no lover will ever possess it. I shall place kindness into a projectile and fire it into infinite space! The needy will receive no more pity, for I have eaten from society's forbidden tree and stand in the ranks of the serpent! I have exchanged my worn dingy sheep's clothing for a wolf's attire. I shall slay the meek and out wit the strong, for I am now a wolf destine to be the wolf of wolves."

With that, he darted into the depths of darkness. And I was startled by the howl of a dog coming out of no where. And while the stranger's foot steps faded from the reach of my ears, I turned and wiped the tears that rested upon my cheeks.

The months and years creeped and crawled.

But I never forgot what I heard, what I saw.
The birth a man gone mad.

A proven good man, and that's what was sad.

One evening I sat at home enjoying a cup of tea.
I thought about the stranger and how I was a lot like he.
One who followed the straight and narrow path;
who gave and seldom asked.

Soon, the stranger's hate, his thirst for revenge,
I could understandably see, ~~that caused~~ ^{A transformation in me.} Much of
what he experienced also happened to me.
So I begun to think like he, and see like he
Until he became me, and I became he.

And then one day out of the blue
I saw that same stranger talking to a small crowd,
he was standing about from me to you.
Words of godliness and inspiration flowed from the mouth of he.
I thought, "This must be a trick, orchestrated cleverly."

For this is the stranger I saw in the alley.
So, after he had spoken and the crowd dispersed,
I approached him like a beggar pursuing a wealthy man's purse.

"You don't know, but sometime ago I saw you in an alley.
You were grieved and afterwards relieved of a certain yoke.
Your words moved my stomach and I almost choked.
For I too had carried such a yoke.
Yes, I was there, I heard your confession and I remember what you
declared.

You shall "slay the meek, and out wit the strong",
for you are a wolf destine to be a wolf of wolves.
But sir, fear not. Expose your intentions, I shall never.
For I understand your conviction, and believe you are very cleaver.
"Damn the other man, . . get all that you can."
That's my new motto and creed.

I never receive the gratitude I deserve
Perhaps that's why I could never forget your words.

Embarrassment lowered upon his face like a curtain, as he
dropped his gaze and shook his head. He then snapped his head up and
said, "You were there?...Please say no more!

Since then, much has changed.
If you have a moment, I'll explain:

"I sinned against heaven and against man.
The more happiness I sought in sin,
the more emptiness I found with in.
"Envy, my brother, is a poison which kills so slow.
I prayed to the Father, most high
and when came not pleasing answers,
I thought my prayers were pasted by.
I Envidied the laughter of my neighbor.
And Questioned the rewards of my labor.

I wanted love, I wanted someone to love me.
My one desire all those miserable years
was to gain the praise of my peers.
They turn there backs, fed not my hunger.
My urge for love, grew stronger.

After that, I stood in the ranks of the evil one.

Satan was so proud of me he called me, "Dear One."

Then came the Armageddon.

War between hell and heaven; Truth and lies.

It occurred not in some far away place, above or below.

In conscious mind battles flesh and spirit, the two foes.

The Devil's ranks were beyond number.

There were flashes of lighting, roars of thunder.

Clashing of teeth, horrible cries.

Truth demolished our delusion of lies.

In the twinkling of an eye, we were no more.

I was taken prisoner, by angels of the Lord;

and was forced to view the error of my ways.

An angel lifted his sword to deliver upon me judgement's blow. But suddenly, a voice said, "Spare him! Let that one go."

And back to my real senses I was sent.

From that moment on I reformed and repent.

It has taken so much for me to learn.

How to love, without expecting something in return.

To follow the example, the Master did set.

I was so blind, rapped up into my own little self,

like the acorn enclosed in its tight little shell.

Trying to earn that which is available for free;

unable to grasp infinite Love surrounding me.

Just as sure as I stand before thee.

God does love us, unconditionally.

The Father's love can not be earned.

We are not loved because of deeds;

but because of Grace. Grace. His Grace.

I love you brother because He loves me.

The love I show, come from Him, reflected by me.

He Loves because He is Love.

I am sorry if these words sound confusing or unkind.

Brother, make no man the source of your peace of mind.

I can not declare you to be the fountain of my bliss.

How can I make you responsible for my happiness?

What a cruel thing that would be for me to do,

an unfair responsibility charged to you.

Wake up my friend, come out of your dream.

The source of Love is not people or things.

Love come from He, the source of all;

giving and answering before we call.

Return to being the lamb that you are.

Freely give from the riches of your heart's purse

When you experience the trials of hurt;

forgive and move forward.

And remember, the meek shall inherit the earth."

With that, the stranger gave me a hug,

and I could feel the sincerity of his love.

As I watched the back of the stranger disappear in the crowded street,

I wiped a lone tear from my cheek.

Wise men

By: Alfred Brooks, [REDACTED]

You are not what was described
in the book of tales.
Have the story tellers lied?

I ponder not, over what u use to be
but give much thought to what I see.
I am elated
by what you've illustrated.

Would you mine
if we brake bread
merge what is in our heads?

Maiden of Science
By: Alfred Brooks Sr.
Aug. [redacted]

Once I was blinded by a flash of harmony
that burst outward from an unknown source.

It transformed in to a body of femininity.
That's how she entered my life with the speed of a thought.
Kicked her shoes off in my heart,
and made herself at home without any introduction

"What's your name?" i asked, "Are you real?"
She answered only with a captive smile
then danced in my misty imagination like a gypsy
in and out regions even I had not yet explored

She opened a purse full of reality
and poured its treasure at my feet
And for that short time
heaven's worth was mine.

I picked up a pure idea
and held it to the light
its brilliance shimmered bright.

Just as I was about to inquire the maiden once more
she vanished along with all suppositions
but she left a trinket of faith
half covered in the sand

That's when I awoke
to find the tree in the place where it lay.
And much work is to be done
while facing the sun.

Valentine

By: Alfred Brooks, [REDACTED]

It was on Valentine's Day when I saw her;
and I had already asked another, to be my Valentine.
You can imagine what thoughts ran through my mind,
tripping over feelings here and there.

I hesitated and missed my opportunity
to be accepted or rejected by the woman who
stood on the outside of my knowing.

But still,
she made me feel like a thief
as I thought of her,
while gazing in the eyes of another.

I don't normally feel guilty when I am innocent
but crimes of passion can happen that way.

Owned

By: Alfred Brooks, Feb. [REDACTED]

I never told you this
but you enslaved me
the very first time we kissed.

If I wanted to, I couldn't go far
with the shackles you've placed on my heart.
You started a fire
without starting with a spark

Oh, yes
I walks like a free man
lift my head like a free man.
Fact is, I don't want to be free
if the definition separates you and me.
While I have your kissing and hugg'n
I long for nothing.

Secret Pal

By: Alfred Brooks, Feb. [REDACTED]

I received a Valentine's Day card
signed, "Your secret Pal."
No return address
No name,
signed, "Your secret Pal.

I took the thought into my lab
and ponder the pals I had.

Now I know which gal
sent me the Valentine's Day card
signed, "Your secret Pal."
I THANK HER FOR THE THOUGHT.

Tender Plant

By: Alfred Brooks

There once was a king who thought he possessed the best of all things, until he saw a woman from the dark regions of his heart. His audacious Curiosity became wary and sought the approval to boldly step forward into the light of her attention.

But the king's Reasoning, warned him that Curiosity is a restless vagabond, often lured by enticing questions, temptation, and decoys. The king was wise, and reminded Reasoning, that although Curiosity sometimes staggerly lead him like a drunk - it has also steered him like a cunning guide. "I am only a mortal," explain the king, "stimulated by a craving pursuit toward the unknown and life is a journey, and Curiosity is often my leader." So the king waived Curiosity onward with encouragement to learn her history.

Months later, Curiosity returned, "I have marvelous results from my laborious inquiry concerning her," Curiosity cheerfully said, "I have discovered the hidden mystery behind her hypnotic touch; perceived an explanation for her incredible loyalty; and unearthed the secrecy of her heartfelt passion.

Then Curiosity, lowered it's voice slightly above a whisper as if possessing the secrets of eternal life. "I have received many accounts and tales," Curiosity continued while gathering control of it's emotions but still dramatizing a bit much.

"The astronomer says, she showed the Sun and stars how to shine. And a renowned biologist claims, That she gave bees their sting, taught birds to sing and gave flowers their coloring.

"Her life is an opus, . . .methodically composed by prophesy," declares the high priest who further states that, "if the oceans turned into ink, and if all the earth's trees transformed into pens, they would not be enough to record all her contributions and capabilities."

"The most astonishing tale came from "Akbar", the retired traveler who made his wealth selling wisdom. Akbar, says that centuries ago, the imperishable traveling merchant of Misfortune, abandoned her and other seeds in the scorched desert zone of time, in order to lighten his own load. They were seeds of various breeds -- Unable to absorb vital moisture of pure truth and understanding for their survival. All the seeds were seized and slain by the environment's double edge sword of iniquity; all except her, an unique seed, and now, a plant.

And though the blistering rays of life's adversities continue to beat upon her - there's no deceit in her mouth. She is often oppressed; she is often afflicted; yet, she is an encouraging representative of hope, and a symbol that all things are possible." She is called, "The Tender Plant" and known as a "root out of dry ground."

The king contemplated the reports he received, and finally concluded, that this woman, was a true woman: And therefore, she could never become any man's possession; not even a king's.

Water in my well
By: Alfred Brooks

My life is a Well, with mystic somber depths
that descend deep into the rigorous soil of time;
and you my love
is the water in my well.
You harmoniously occupy the core of my being
quietly laying there in peace.

You are my natural reservoir of companionship
you quench my insatiable thirst with your truthfulness and sincerity.
with your fertility and creativeness, you cool my blistered head.
I often soak my hands and feet in your chilled understanding. And
daily, I bathe in your overwhelming love.

My love,
I pray never, to see a day, when we part with a good-bye
for that will be the day, my Well runs dry.
Then
over the remaining span of lonely years
my Well will be filled with salty tears.

I will tie my heavy heart around my leg
and plunge into my bitter grave.

Afterwards, people throughout the world
will stand before Wells and make a wish
that's symbolic to the prayer I made in anguish.
They will pitch in a coin
symbolic to my act to cause our souls to rejoin.

My love,
I tell you this not as a joke, nor fairy-tale
but as a reminder,
that you are truly the water in my Well.

The Market

By: Alfred Brooks, Mar. [REDACTED]

A young man from the village of Palaske, was walking to a market located high in the mysterious mountain region known as Mythos. This was no ordinary market he was going to, this market was called, "The Market Place of Life."

It was the duty of every individual in the land to travel at least once to the Market Place of Life, and this was to be his first trip.

His elders believing him to wise enough to take this adventure, which must be taken alone, gave him golden talents to purchase what his heart desire from the Market Place of Life. So he secured his talents in his purse; and following the directions of his village elders, set out to find the Market Place of Life.

After a two days journey he came upon others going to and from the Market Place of Life. Some had wagons weighted down with goods, and others seem to have only what they could carry.

The youngman did not know what to expect when he got there, he was never told. Because it was the tradition for each person to enter for the first time without assumptions nor the expectation. Only if you had already been there, could you talk with others who had been there about what you saw and did.

When he came within view of the Market Place the first thing he notice was the large wall that surrounded the market. It was like a wall securing a great fortress. There were legions of angels posted outside and inside. And there was one way in and one way out. When he entered the market he entered a sea of people. The inside of the market was larger than could be imagined from an outside view.

When he returned to his village, the boy was called to a meeting before the village elders, and was told to bring with him the things he purchased from the Market Place of Life.

The boy entered the tent where elders sat waiting; and he took a seat before them. The youngman retrieved his purse of gold talents which was tied to his belt, and laid it at the feet of one elder, whose name was Fackkta, the wiseman. Fackkta, open the purse and saw that none of the talents had been spent. Without speaking, Fackkta showed the others the full purse of talents, and they begun to mummer among themselves.

"Tell us of your experience?" Fackkta said, "You have spent nothing. Does this mean your journey was for naught?"

"My journey was very profitable," the youngman replied, and he went on to explain, ". . .I learned that the Market was divided into three Great Halls. Each magnificent Hall offered the goods that the others did not have.

The first hall that I entered, was the distinguished, "Hall of Days Past." There you can purchase fruits of the past. And people purchased bushels and baskets of yesterdays, by-gones, olden days, and yesteryears." Be they sweet or bitter, the fruits of the past was the most popular. And many people gave most, if not all their valuables in exchange for the fruits of the past. I was about to do the same, but I thought it would be best to see what the other two great Halls have to offer.

"So the next Great Hall I entered, was the exquisite, "Hall of Days To Come." There you can purchase fruits called, "tomorrows," and dates full of promises; there was baskets full of sweet and sore predictions. I found this hall to possess the greatest of temptations to empty one's purse.

"The last Great Hall that I entered, was the Hall of The Present." There was nothing inside that hall, but beautifully decorated walls. I was confused to say the least, so I waited my turn and asked the lone merchant, "Have you sold everything?"

And the merchant replied with a hearty laugh, and then illustrated to my satisfaction that he had not sold out; and he persuaded me to take his goods over those offered in the other halls.

The elder Fackkta, then asked, "What is it? And what did you give for it?"

The boy paused, scanned the eyes of the elders, "I have with me, what I believe is the best thing the Market Place of Life has to offer.". "I have "The Eternal NOW". The merchant convinced me that NOW is all I need to live on; NOW is all I'll ever really have; Now is what I cherish. It cost me nothing, because it comes by Grace.

Fackkta, took a moment to study the youngman's words, than picked up the purse of talents and stood up, handed the purse to the chief and said to all, "There is none here, whose have spent wiser than the boy."

Amiss

By: Alfred Brooks

He made a prayer in earnest.

shaped it like sculpture's clay;
well pleased, he watched it dry.

The prayer Sat, it on the steps before heaven's gate;
then stood back, anxious to receive his reward.

After a long wait, impatient and disgusted
he herald a hammer, and the sculpture lay busted.

An angel existed the gate
stepping over and around numerous other
objects that had been sat before the gate.

The angel said, "Have you forgotten what the Most High
has said, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness
thereof...Son, all that I have is thine"?

"Why do you continue to pray amiss? You have the fullness
of God's glory, not just a part of it, but the
fullness - is now yours. Only the ignorant ask for what
he already has. God is your supplier. Your supply is
invisible, and you carry it with you wherever you go. Once
you find it, understand it, you shall bring it forth almost
at will. Go. I have to clean up this mess.

Judgement

By: Alfred Brooks, March [redacted]

There were three men seated at the door of the Kingdom of Heaven. An angel approached them with the purpose of determining their qualification for being admitted in to the Kingdom of Heaven.

The first man a highly decorated soldier snapped to his feet, standing straight as a flag pole. The angel of the lord briefly reviewed the soldier's record of his earthly activities, and then asked.

"Soldier, tell me why did you kill?

Without hesitation, the soldier answered, "I killed because I was ordered to kill, sir. It's what I was trained to do, sir.

The angel, pause a moment, closed the soldier's file and stepped to the next man.

A police officer stood as the angel stopped before him, and begun reviewing the officer's earthly file.

"Officer, why did you kill?

The officer, took a moment clearing his throat, then answered, "I killed because I thought I had to. It was what I was trained to do.

The angel, went to the next man and examined his file. The man remained seated, his head lowered.

"And why did you kill?

A lone tear drop fell from the man's silent face. After a few moments, the angel repeated the question, "Why did you kill?"

The man looked up at the angel, and said, "I killed without just cause. Without orders or the protection of law," then lowered his head in shame.

The angel walked to the door and opened it. "The three of you may enter," the angel signaled.

The men looked at each other, seemingly surprised, and started toward the door. However, the angel detected some bewilderment by each of the men as they approached the entry way. So the angel asked them,

"Which of the people, the three of you killed, was of lessor value to God?"

The men looked at each other but said nothing.

Then added the angel, "In this house, you shall learn of Life.

Share the story
By: Alfred Brooks, Feb. [REDACTED]

A young boy read to his mother
the story he had written.
It was a magnificent story,
one which she could hardly believe her
son wrote all by himself.

She gave him a big hug
and poured upon him encouraging love.
Then she asked the smiling boy,
"What will you do with your wonderful story?"

The boy neatly folded the hand written
pieces of paper and answered, "I think
I'll hide it where I cannot loose it, and
where nobody else can find it."

The mother thought for a moment and replied,
"if you do that, you will have denied God His Glory.
It was God who gave you that wonderful story.
Place your name on the story;
But make sure you give God the glory.
Share with others the good you have in store,
and the Giver shall give you much more.
You are His individual expression
in all that He gives you is nothing less than a lesson.
Let this be one.

Another Change
By: Alfred Brooks Sr.

When he was a young lad, he walked a clear, straight path, a friend to all - shared what he had. Years pasted. His road begun to twist and bend. There were rough spots, pot-holes, hills and deadends. Signs of all kinds, cluttered his mind, the route to his destiny was hard to find. Faced with difficult decisions, he had to take a position, decide what was right and what was wrong, which road shall he walk upon.

Of course there was those people offering advice - and some would entice, pointing the way they swore was right. He became "fed-up", this is enough! . . . stay out of my life, I don't want anymore advice". So without their help he chose for himself. . the road he believed was right. Alternative were sacrificed, but he knew he was right.

His decision brought about a strange thang, because every road brings about it own change. The further he walked the more he changed. He grew bull horns and snake fangs, his principles were rearranged, hate was disguised to look like love, his hands. . . his hands were stained with blood. To say the least, he was half man, half beast. And you know what is really strange? He didn't notice the change. Tightly to his beliefs he held on, he was right and the world was wrong. To you this may sound odd, but he thought he was a deciple of God.

Then came the day that he sat tall upon a great wall. And suddenly, reality blew like a strong vengeful wind. He lost his balance cause he was weighted with sin. He tried to hold-on but the wind was too strong. He fell down, down into the pit of hell, splattered into a thousand pieces, like a dried hollow-shell. And all the kings horses and all the kings men could not put his life back together again. Barely alive, he opened his tear filled eyes. Looked up and read the writing upon the towering wall, . . . "End Of The Road, Ye Shall Reap What You Sowed." thats when he snapped, that all that time, he had misread the Lord's road map. . . been a fool, used as a tool.

With the breath of a dying man with a sincere heart, he prayed and plead. . . "Oh, Lord, judge my intentions and not just my deeds. My intentions were good, I thought I walked the road that I should. And oh, God, this is going to sound insane. . . please, give me a chance to change! And if you foresee this promise to be a lie, then God, let me die."

God, reached down His merciful omnipotent hands touching the scattered pieces of that broken man. People were stunned, they swore it could never be done. Almighty God brought the pieces together again as ONE. When folks think back, they marvel at occurences like that, especially when they look closely and still can't see where he was even cracked.

God breathed in him the breath of life, he knows he's on the road that's right - look uh yonder, theres the Light! He has his luggage packed, they contain his good attributes and his faults, down this road he's gonna continue to walk. Now he greet faces he once knew, friends of old, friends new. Today, his purpose is not to preach, argue religion, dogma, nor justify his past or present; besides, there would be nothing to gain. But he can assure us one thang - for the better, we all must change.

A free man

By: Alfred Brooks, Sr., August [REDACTED]

The moment I ascended to the understanding of Truth
I shook off imaginary shackles that bounded me
to limitations of finite laws, delusive claims
and poisous beliefs.

I dranked my fill from the cup of pure ideas
became cramped by the fermentation
and puked up error of every kind.

Angi!s assisted me to my feet
where I was greeted by the smile of infinity
and fitted with the whole armor of God, Life

I merged with the echo of the burning bush;
blended with the roar of the sea;
I ~~am~~ in the light of the twilight.
I am the great I AM's mirrored reflection.

I am here to wage war;
inflict destruction;
end the course of limitation.
I spit in the eye of your boundary;
and dare you to encircle me with your fears.

I acknowledge the reality of the real
and the nothingness of nothing.

Stand forth and be thou healed.

Poets are immortal

(said while a drum beats, "Boom-Bom, Boom-Bom)

In the beginning was the rhythm rhythming throbbing word,
and the rhythm rhythming throbbing word was WITH the Poet,
and the rhythem rhytheming throbbing word WAS THE Poet.

The same was in the beginning WITH the Poet.
All things were said by him: and without him was not anything said
that WAS said.

^{the Poet}
In him, was wisdom,
and the wisdom was the light of MIND
And the light shineth in ignorance;
and the ignorant people comprehend it not
Poets never dies *they simple move on*

Poet!
remove hindering gates of reluctance
restraining they artistry
grasp they hammer and chisel
clench they quell pen-pencil

Chisel wisdom in granite hearts!
splutter judgement across the skies!
engrave they truth on momunment of lies!
answer poor folks' cries
Poets never Dies, *they just evolve.*

Poets! was formed of the low worthless blind deaf dumb -dust of
ground, and had the breath of inspiration
blown through dark cold misty, chambers of thy mind's nostrils,
causing poets to become an effective effecient LIVING SOUL

Live Onward
Solomon son of David, Muhammad, son of Abdullah
Live Onward!
Isaiah Jesus Danial Jonah Shakesphere Jabrone Plate Dumbar, and Huges
just to mention a fewwww
Live Onward
McCarvy Giovanni you and me
Poets never dies. *We metamorphoses*

Birth Place
By: Alfred Brooks

Where does poetry come from?
From thoughts blossomed from ideas
 which blossomed from intelligence
 which blossomed from consciousness
 which blossomed from the one divine Mind, God.

What made me think I was the poet?
Must had been, False Ego.
Wouldn't you know it (smile)

Magnetized**By: Alfred Brooks, Aug [REDACTED]**

The first time I observed her
my eyes whispered, "What a beautiful woman."
And I longed to see her more.

The first time I slipped into her conversation
my ears murmured, "she's an intelligent woman."
And I wanted to hear her more.

The first time I shared laughter with her
drinking humor from the same cup,
I forgot that we were suppose to be somewhat strangers.
And I desired to drink more.

The first time we really touched, hugged
my heart trembled like a puppy in from the cold.
And I needed to be warmed more.

I imagine that the first time we should kiss
I shall envision many of life's simple wonders, I've missed.
And I shall long to experience more.

Meantime, I pause on the cloud where love and lust
intertwine
hoping someday she will be mine.
But is that possible
while I'm on a cloud?
Maybe I'll find out.

Not There

By: Alfred Brooks Sr., Aug. [REDACTED]

I wonder where you were
when you were not there?
Did your mind and heart often go separate ways
when you were not there?

I grew a lot and regressed a lot
when you weren't there.
I hated you for not being there.
Once i was happy, you were not there.
I drunk and got drunk
off of a whole bottle of "I don't care."

I did bad things
a sad thing
~~some good things~~
while you were not there.

Did you ever miss place reason?
Or discover doubts you thought you had lost?
I sure did
when you were not there.

Ask not all i saw, did, go, said
I will not expose you to the cold.
Some things must remain between truth and soul.
I learned this when you were not there.

But Lo and Behold, God bless my soul
we are here,
don't catch my tear.
I'm not embarrassed to cry.
Please, just hold me,
in the tenderness of here.

A Flower
By: Alfred Brooks

I was looking at a beautiful flower,
an example of nature's artistry
And thoughts of you begin
to dance in front of me.

Brilliantly blended hues
produced ideas of me and you.
The flower was tender, but not frail
And I loved how it smell.
I don't know its name,
so I named it "Michele."

Oeness

By: Alfred Brooks, Feb. [REDACTED]

Some call it "heaven"
others, "the kingdom within."
I've heard it called "the zone,"
even that analogy isn't wrong.
When I asked the gate keeper,
"What should I call
this great hall?"
She gave me a sign
which I translate to mean,
"The Oeness."

All may enter
into the oneness
night or day.
The hardest part
finding your way.

In the oneness
there is might
wisdom and light.

In the oneness
there is abundant supply
unison

In the oneness
abide Isness.
The oneness
harmonizes our lives

seek the oneness
be one, with the oneness

Oil and Water

By: Alfred Brooks

A friend and I challenged our skills
We tested our luck
he won, I won more
Stakes were raised
He won, I won more
Again, stakes raised
He won, I won more
My friend and I no longer speak.

Negativity

By: Alfred Brooks Sr.

October [REDACTED]

(poem)

Some people enjoy being sad
Scrutinize good in order to invent bad
The only good they acknowledge is what
they once had.

Pick up a rose and see only thorns
Close the curtains on light
then curse the darkness

I watch them sleeping in beds of depression
with covers of suspicion hiding their hard head
which lay on a pillow of sorrow
and just let them continue to dream

Because I have been kicked too many times by the sleeper
who wants to sleep
So that's why, today,
I let sleeping dogs lay.

Forbidden love

Alfred Brooks

The mysteries of love have been sought since the beginning of time. The core of this enigma has crippled empires, shattered dreams, and left men and women in a state of total disaray. But deep with in the margin of our lives, we are all lured by the magnetizing and compelling forces of a forbidden love.

Harden, by another love lost - I swore never again to pay such a high cost, of freely relinquishing soul, trust, and sincerity. Several times, all my heart's treasures were placed in the vessel of my lover, which set sail toward the mysterious regions of eternal love.

They were vessels that earned my confidence and faith, due to their defeating the storms of time, that often darkened our clear skies, and brought dangerous winds of emotion, threatening to sink our relationship. But still, I remained inexperienced, and ill-equipped to handle the pirates that lurked, consequently, each vessel was seized.

Now, I am bound by the shackles of my vow to "Never set sail again." A vow concluded, after endless sessions of safeguard with my thoughts, solitude and seclusion. I vowed never again to be the object of Love's tragedy.

However, the cycle of my life runs so undefined, thus, unexpectedly, far upon the horizon of my sheltered need, appears the elegance of your quant existence coming clearly into view. And once more, I feel myself desiring to feel and be felt. But another voyage my reasoning rejects. Once more I face the challenged of dangerous winds, another storm, another sized treasure. Because you are another love; you are forbidden.

On the otherhand, as the "tattered sails" of my misfortunes with Love waves consciously in the case of my thoughtfulness, I seek the practical lessions of my past voyages, and the clarity, and the purity which anchors the ship of my being; all of which, constantly signals this truth:

For one of live, love, and be loved, is beauty
in motion. But for one to forbid love,
is to be marooned upon the island of grief."

So with his saber in hand, and once shattered heart in tact, my message to the marroned vessels of love, is to "review your past courses; regain your sense of direction; and sail!"

Always remember, that nature is a wise navigator which obeys it's eternal course, and often brings us together, for better or worst. FULL SPEED AHEAD.

No more If's
By: Alfred Brooks

eyes closed
mind open
welcoming visions past
I kiss the lips of passing hopes
and enter the land of "IF's"

I marvel at sights of big If's and little if's
If's innumerable
If's that swing upon tree limbs
awaiting the appetites of travelers

If's that dance and sing
entertaining my wildest dreams
heavy If's and If's light as butterfly wings

Nearing my journey's end
An If, gave me a sack of if's
which I accepted as gifts.

I no longer visit the land of If's
and have long spent my last if.
I have no more "What if's
haven't had an "if this or If that"
since way way back.
All that's left for me is,
"Is"

Found my way
By: Alfred Brooks

Search no more
I've reached the core
I and my destiny are strangers no more

Un raveled God's gifts to me
that once hid in secrecy
un rapped a book of meanings
read the pages of my purpose

Heart and soul no longer stray
life's complexities gone away

now whats left, is a mountain to climb
where lies a pot of goals that's all mine.

Spectrum of femininity

By: Alfred Brooks

Deep with in the recesses of our origin
coupled with man's masculinity
stands the subtle
suave spectrum of femininity.

In various shades and forms comes these appeasing creatures;
displaying graceful limbs,
cunning smiles,
decorative hair do's
and searing wanton eyes.

Due to maturity and understanding,
I am not able to stare at the prism of life
and marvel at the many hues of femininity.

each color has a distinct attractive brilliance
neither overwhelms another
Unfounded prejudices bar many from acknowledging,
the true virtue of this reality,
though it be true that variety is the true spice of life
each man has his favorite color,
composing of assorted blends

The flawless clarity, and purity of these viverant color
schems
lures even the most distant of us,
the poet, the lyricist, transcient,
and thief must too pay homage
to these glimmering gems of this spectrum of femininity

Poise, character, intellect, and wit
radiates from these lavished pools of embellished essentials
of life
to snare the keen perceptive, colorful eye of the window of
seeking minds.

Philosophers, astrologers, soothsayers, and mediums alike
lay claim to have answered many of the worlds mounting
questions
but no one dares tread upon the shifting soil of
valuelessness
because each caret,
in every jewel, in this Crown has it's purpose in the
illuminating
Spectrum of Femininity.

Lucky man
By: Alfred Brooks
Feb. [REDACTED]

My dear love,
every time I see you
all I can say is, "bless be the world"

You are either the product of a virgin birth
or an angel whose purpose is to bless the earth.
Where you stand must be holy ground.
None like unto you, have I found.

The sun rises, just to see you smile.
I enjoy your presence, even for a short while.
Foolish eyes, might see a flaw
but all I see is perfection,
and I am at awe.

You walk upon the waves of my heart
and calm every storm.
I find you irresistible
astounding, metaphysical

In another time, another place
with that body, that face,
with your intelligence, your grace,
you would have been a pagan goddess.
Your elegance would have dispatched armies to war;
Your passion would have transformed cowards into heroes

What's more amazing to me
is that you belong to me.
Sleeps beside me
Wakes up beside me.

Damn, I'm lucky!

Turn the page

I no longer stand
the accuser of any man
though little be forgotten
all is forgiven.

Think in love
speak in love
walk in love
love mine enemies
pray for those who spitefully use me
That is the demand of this day
that is my Christian way.
TURN THE PAGE
of this experience.

The Night Before Christmas

By: Alfred Brooks

It was the night before Christmas
and all through the house,
not a creature was awake,
the cat, had caught the mouse.

The children were sleeping, secure in their beds
visions of nitendo games, danced in their heads.
Me in my jammies and momma in her night gown
looking forward to sleeping so sound.
We snuggled up together between the bed sheets
My wife complaining about my cold feet.

Suddenly, outside my window I heard a chatter
I dashed to the window, to see what was the matter.
My wife raised, "What is it my dear?"
Holy smoke, it looks like a sledge and eight raindeer.
Toward my house came the sledge
the driver inside commanded and said
"Come Dasher, Come Dixen, and Vixen
go Prancer, go Dancer, and Blixen
To the top of the porch, to top of the wall
dash away, dash away, dash away all.
By that time we heard them land on the roof.
"Honey those sound like foot steps, not deer hoafs.
I don't know if I can believe my eyes
Either that's Santa Clause, or we're about to be
burglarized.

I backed away from the window, and closed the shade.
My wife got under the covers, while I loaded the 12 gauge.
I was taking no chances, that you can bet
I had a dear wife and children to protect.

I creeped into the living room, holding my gun
My wife whisper, "should I call 911?"
"Yes. Call for a patrol car, and also a medic
if he's not St. Nick, he's gonna get it.

In the dark shadows of the living room, I froze in my
tracks.
Down the chimney, came a man, carrying a huge sack.
He had big round belly, that shook like jelly
His face was broad, his cheeks were red
He was dress in fur from his feet to his head
I leaped from the shadow, "Freeze!" I said.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!", he through up his hands, and
shook his chin. "Oh, God, not again." . "Please, put down
the gun, I'm Santa Clause, St. Nick, that's me."

"I cocked the hammer, "Hey, you better show me some I.D.

Santa showed me his I.D and all the toys he had.
I put down the shot gun, and felt sort of sad.
Santa, accpeted my apology
and ate the mile and cookies I brought from the frig.
Then he left some toys for all my kids.

I don't know how he did it, but this i declare.
he climbed the chimmy as if it had stairs.
My wife was worried, so I did console
who was it dear?
"Chill out, I got it under control.

I hurried to the window, pressed my face to the pane
I heard Santa whistle, and loudly exclaim.
"I know you reaindeers, are exhausted, and fellows I'm beat.
So fly away, fly away, let got the heck away from this
street."

As they flew far out of my sight
I heard him say,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

One For The Road
By: Alfred Brooks

It was an average night
in an average city.
A man wobbles to his automobile
Oh, how good he feels.
Home, he's on his way
but minutes past like day.

suddenly, the car slide and swirl,
horns blow, wheels skid,
in the other car is a man, woman, and kid;
then, a thunderous impact that sounds unreal.

Steam hurls from a radiator
Sirens and lights arrive minutes later.
Patrolman hears no cry, not even a moan.
He radios upon his phone,
"Get me help, send it fast,
there's been a terrorable crash."

Broken glass, crushed steel,
a body dismembered over the steering wheel.
The stench of blood, torn limbs,
from the wind-shield, they pulled, my brother Jim.

Seat belts were not used
on the body, the patrolman smelled booze.
The cause of crash was no mystery,
for the patrolman, it was another one of those nights;
too often he has witness such gruesome sights.
But he is human too,
so he search for other clues.
Pondering the question "why?"
a tear sits in the corner of his eye.
His heart burns, stomach turns
"Oh, god!", he shouts, "When will they learn?"

That night, he swore he was under control
"I don't need a cab", one friend he told.
"You think I can't hold my liquor?
I'll take the expressway home, it will get me home quicker."

The friend was being nonshalunt,
in his heart he knew Jim was drunk.
The newspapers said, the accident occured about 1:25
"a fatal collition, four people died;
including a child, age five."
DUI was cause of the accident
.10 was the driver's blood alcohol content.

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Now, we pay our last respect
feeling the woes of regrets.
From the mourners, a voice cries out
"Why did they have to die?"
Someone whispers, "Jim was such a wonderful guy."

You out there, under the vibs of my voice
remember, that you have a choice
Under beer or alcohol, your reflexes are some what sedated.
At any given time, one out of 4 drivers are intoxicated.

If you know somebody whose been drinking
and claim they can handle the wheel, their not thinking.
And if you truly care for people's lives
don't let them drink and drive.
Even though the drive won't take long;
stop them, the life you save might be your own.