

WORDS

FROM MY

SOUL

"Words From My Soul" is a compilation of original poems and short stories I've written over the years of my incarceration. Some of them as you may notice are very personal. I hope that you enjoy!

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THROUGH THE HURT

Though my imperfections are many. My intentions are pure. I know you say that you love me; but it's for me to be sure.

I've not often loved, but I've known love lost. I would like to know love again, no matter what the cost.

After walking through thorns, I rose above the pain. I washed myself of loneliness, while trouncing through the rain.

I stomped out flaming coals, as my essence took me hire. Today I laugh at heat; because I made it through the fire.

So when I question if you love me, please don't take offense. In my heart there's no doubt. It's my mind you must convince.

I know you shouldn't be blamed for the hurt in my past. When I got hurt before, I fell in love to fast.

You say that you love me, and you truly care. You say I should let go, and rise above the fear.

So today I look to heaven and thank God for a love so true. Then I look into your eyes and say: I LOVE YOU TOO!

TANK 3-27-08

I WANT TO LOVE

Every day I am consumed with thoughts of how to better love you.
Love is not just a word you say in response. Love is an action.
Love is understanding. Love is commitment, and so much more. I
want to do more than just say I love you.

I want to run your bath after a hard day of work.
I want to lend you my ear when your boss is a jerk.

I want to give you a massage when your muscles ache.
I want to kiss you good morning each day we wake.

I want to hold your hand as we walk the in the park.
I want to sit by your side on our porch after dark.

I want to wash your feet in a brook or stream.
I want to be there to support your hopes and dreams.

I want to dedicate my life being faithful to you.
I want to love always being honest and true.

I want to be there to love you for the rest of my life.
I want to ask for you hand. Will you please be my wife.

TANK 11-17-00

FREEDOM

Let freedom ring from every mountain high and every valley low. From heart to heart let her bellows flow. From sea to shore her sounds of joy, will reach the ears of every girl and boy.

Let freedom ring for the dream of Mr. King. From the halls of every nation let Areatha sing. For the unjustly convicted, to the morally conflicted, and the people unlisted.

Let freedom ring from a tiny shrub, to the tallest tree. For all of you, and for me. From fallen nations, both old and new. For the birth of our young, pure and true.

Let freedom resonate in the souls of all mankind. To the keen of sight, and the often blind. To the faithless, and those who believe. To the un-motivated, and those who achieve.

LET FREEDOM RING

TANK 11-18-07

FIEND

EYE LIDS DRAWN CLOSED, REGURGITATION IS NEAR
DRIFTING SLOWLY INTO DARKNESS WITHOUT A MOMENT OF FEAR

THE CONSEQUENCES IRRELEVANT, YOU LIVED YOUR LIFE IN VAIN
YOU LOOK TO ESCAPE YOUR WORRIES, BY TRYING TO NUMB YOUR PAIN

YOU CHOSE HEROIN FOR YOUR PLEASURE, WOW, THAT'S UNIQUE
IT'S AMAZING THAT YOU SMILE, WHEN IT'S DEATH YOU SEEK

NOW THE GRIM REAPER HAS COME CALLING, TODAY IS YOUR DAY
THE "BLACK TAR" HAS STOPPED YOUR HEART, SO CLOSE YOUR EYES AND DRIFT AWAY

TANK 1-25-08

DRUG BLIND

You say you don't use often. Maybe once or twice a day. You say your not a
addict despite what people say. I believe once is to often. I don't want
you to die. I truly hope that you will quit. I really hope that you try.

You say you don't use needles. You only sniff it up your nose. You say it's
not that bad. Your delusional I suppose. I say snorting is as bad, and you
must be insane. If you continue sniffing dope it's sure to rot your brain.

You say your not to skinny; but how much more weight can you loose? You say
that it's your life and you do whatever you choose. I think your way to
small. Your body is withering away. Just know I'll always love you, and for
you I'll always pray.

TANK 3-19-14

MR. CHARLIE

GLORY GLORY HALLELUJAH LETS SEE WHAT MR. CHARLIE CAN DO FOR YA: I removed a race from their native land and made them slaves "for which I stand."

GLORY GLORY HALLELUJAH LETS SEE WHAT MR. CHARLIE CAN DO FOR YA: I pillaged the aborigines and spread death by disease. I acted with no retribution. I do what I please.

GLORY GLORY HALLELUJAH LETS SEE WHAT MR. CHARLIE CAN DO FOR YA: I beat you unmercifully with whips and more. I spilled in your daughters as if they were whores.

GLORY GLORY HALLELUJAH LETS SEE WHAT MR. CHARLIE CAN DO FOR YA: I flooded neighborhoods with alcohol and dope. I prosecuted unjustly, and took away all hope.

GLORY GLORY HALLELUJAH LETS SEE WHAT MR. CHARLIE CAN DO FOR YA: I tampered with Jesus. I made his eyes nice and blue. I did all of that out of love. "NOW WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"

TANK 1-26-08

SENSELESS

Incarcerated in my mind, and detained by my decisions. Disregarding the warning signs. Thoughts of playing my position.

As the moment drew closer. The stench of death filled the air. Even though we looked the same. No one really seemed to care.

There were two large groups moving in perfect procession. Most of the faces were tight; but at the moment no aggression.

In an instant weapons were out as the leaders approached. The first blow was precise. Hit him right in the throat.

As the knife wound opened blood started to spew. Then the mayhem began. What else could we do?

The pavement was turned red from the murderous fight. One dead, three maimed. What a hideous sight.

Now all wonder just who's to blame. Because it all blew-up over a basketball game.

TANK 2-18-08

"NO GOOD"

In the common decency of full disclosure. I hold regret because I should have told her.

I was taught the truth shall set me free. However being set free was just not for me.

I lay awake at night, and fret all day. For all the damage I've done, and what I might say.

You see I'm a cheater, an adulterer, and a fornicator. I only lived for the moment. I never thought about later.

I never cheated for love, or lack thereof. I cheated because I could, and felt I should.

I admit I was selfish, and I have no excuse. It wasn't because I was "drunk", or I got "seduced".

I regularly sought the company of women other than my wife. Now I'm afraid my actions could cost her life.

I freely recited the vows: "TIL DEATH DO US PART." Now I'm sure if I confess it will shatter her heart.

You're probably thinking I'm being dramatic. How bad could it be? About the cheating I can confess; but I think I gave her H.I.V..

TANK 12-2-09

REVENGE

I SCARED YOU - HURT YOU - CAUSED YOU PAIN
INFLECTED STRESS ON YOUR MENTAL - DROVE YOU INSANE

I'VE NEVER LOBBIED FOR PEACE - ONLY DESTRUCTION AND FEARS
I THRIVE OFF YOUR ANGUISH - NEVER FRETTERING YOUR TEARS

YOUR DEMISE A MUST - YOUR WORLD I'LL UNHINGE
I'M A KILLER WITH A SMILE - THEY CALL ME REVENGE

TANK 2-12-08

JUSTIFIABLE

HOW DO YOU JUSTIFY ALL THE PAIN YOU CAUSED
HOW YOU NEVER SHOWED MERCY AND BREAK ALL THE LAWS

HOW DO YOU JUSTIFY THE DECEIT WHILE PUSHING YOUR AGENDA
YOU CRUSHED THE SPIRIT OF THE HUMBLE AND MADE THEM SURRENDER

HOW DO YOU JUSTIFY THE GLUTTONY OF LIVING THE ELITE
WHEN YOUR VICTIMS ARE ELDERLY AND OFTEN WEAK

THE DAY SHALL COME WHEN THE MEEK SHALL RISE
THEY'LL OVERFLOW WITH COURAGE AND SEEK YOUR DEMISE

TANK 1-19-14

A MAN

HOW CAN I BE A MAN, IF A MAN IS ALL I CAN BE?
HOW CAN I BE A MAN, IF A MAN IS ALL I SEE?
HOW CAN I BE A MAN, WHEN WITHOUT YOU I'M INCOMPLETE?
HOW CAN I BE A MAN, WHEN I'M LIVING IN DECEIT?

TO BECOME A MAN, I MUST ALLOW MY INHIBITIONS TO FADE AWAY.
TO BECOME A MAN, I MUST SAY WHAT I MEAN AND MEAN WHAT I SAY.
TO BECOME A MAN, I MUST PROTECT AND PROVIDE FOR MY HOUSEHOLD.
TO BECOME A MAN, I MUST BE OBEDIENT TO GOD AND DO AS I'M TOLD.

WHEN I BECAME A MAN, I HONORED AND LOVED YOU AS I SHOULD.
WHEN I BECAME A MAN, I SHUNNED THE WRONG AND EMBRACED THE GOOD.
WHEN I BECAME A MAN, I STOOD TALL FOR WHAT WAS TRUE AND JUST.
WHEN I BECAME A MAN, I BECAME SOMEONE THAT YOU COULD TRUST.

A MAN

TANK 1-7-06

TRYING MAN

GENERALLY AS MEN WE ALL HAVE A COMMON GOAL
TO PROVIDE, TEACH, AND MAINTAIN CONTROL

MANY HAVE TRIED, SOME NEVER TRIED AT ALL
SOME JUST GAVE UP HOPE, SOME WERE AFRAID TO FALL

SOME LOST THEIR LIVES FIGHTING FOR WHAT THEY BELIEVE
OTHERS HAVE SPENT THEIR BLOOD TRYING TO ACHEIVE

THOUGH THE JOURNEY IS LONG, AND OFTEN ROUGH
PERSEVERANCE IS THE ANSWER, SO MAKE YOUR BEST ENOUGH

TANK 2-20-06

NEVER A QUEEN

A bright young girl at the age of 14. She was called a bitch because never a Queen. She chose the first guy that treated her well. He was all of 25, but what the hell.

All the guys her age teased and mocked. They said her nose was too wide, and her knees were knocked. They even teased that her mom was on crack. Some said her hair was too short, others her skin too black.

Those weren't the words of Mr. 25. He talked real sweet and made her feel alive. He brought her nice clothes and fancy shoes. She had no father, but that can't be news.

She was convinced that she loved him and wanted to pay. She had no means of income so sex became the way. Her inexperience and youth played a part. He said no to a condom before they could start. "I want to feel your flesh not a piece of rubber." Then he grabbed her face and said that he loved her. She said, "I love you too", or so she thought. Then she did what he asked, against what she was taught.

Deflowered so young and full of shame. She had no family so who's to blame. Two months later Mr. 25 is gone, and she's trying to figure out what she'd done wrong. Now all alone with not a friend in sight. She was battling depression and loosing the fight. When watching television she was shocked to see a warning about a man spreading H.I.V.. Feeling appalled she glared with great distaste. Then on the television was Mr. 25 face. Over taken by anger, and consumed by fear. She didn't know who to tell, she didn't know who would care. With her anguish overbearing, and no tears left to cry. She took a bottle of pills and hoped she would die.

Now her life is over at age 14. She was call a bitch but never a Queen.

TANK 3-19-08

HEART

The constant reverberation moves me. It drives my life. It holds my destiny. Its beats are mandatory. Its discontinuance would be fatal.

At times I've been negligent in its preservation; but my love for it has no boundaries.

Its strength is greater than you could imagine. It is as durable as oak, and as strong as steel.

Though durability is its strongest asset. It can be broken; and when left un-guarded many are stolen.

TANK 1-16-06

STRONG ENOUGH

The mystery of life is an ominous thing. I often struggle with the fear of not knowing.

I sometimes question my strengths. Which makes the pressure to be strong often over bearing and agonizing.

Since the meek shall inherit the earth. Is the quest for power in vain?

TANK 8-27-06

BORN TO THIS

The story untold. Only 5 years old. He placed a gun in my hand. My Dad what a man.

I saw him in the kitchen cutting dope. He gave his baby boy plenty of hope.

The street life calling was all I could hear. Get some guns and drugs; and show no fear.

I idolized my dad. I worshipped him too. I knew he'd show me the game, and just what to do.

Some say to early. Others say right on time. My Dad gunned down before his prime.

Mom couldn't take it. She went insane. She started shooting up dope. To numb her pain.

Mom was a beauty; but she faded fast. Putting junk in her veins could never last.

She nodded one day and fell asleep. Tried to wake her with ice but it was time to weep.

Came to grips with Dad, but now Mom is dead. They should have been protecting me; but I'm alone instead.

Now I'm an adult. With little respect for life. I keep my hand on gun everyday for strife.

My future seems grim. No hope you see. I'm doing life for murder. It looks bad for me.

TANK 12-13-11

MY BITCH

When I arrived home I assumed my evening would start like any other. I would be greeted with affection, and shortly thereafter I would receive my house slippers. As always my house would be in order. There would be no whining or complaining because my Bitch knows what I like.

I taught her how to bring me a cold beer when I'm relaxing in front of the television, and to sit in silence when I'm busy working around the house.

This particular day things were different. There was no sign of my Bitch anywhere. No sign of the affection I had become accustomed to. I screamed out for my Bitch to come. When she didn't I threatened her with punishment, but she was still nowhere to be found. First I checked the kitchen. Then the bathrooms, and bedrooms. Still no sign of her. I was starting to get worried as I headed for the basement, and out to the backyard. There was still no sign of my Bitch as I headed out of my yard and into the neighborhood. It wasn't like her to just disappear for any period of time. The possibility that something may have happened to her started to get me emotional as tears started to fill my eyes.

After pulling myself together I took out my cell phone to report her missing. Just as I was about to place the call my phone started to vibrate.

"Hello", I answered. "Hey it's me. You know the one you treated worse than your dog for the last five years. I want to let you know that I'm leaving you for good and I'm filing for divorce. Oh yea and before I go; I also want to let you know that I took your beloved dog and I'm not giving her back. [Kiss-Kiss] come here Bitch say good-bye to Daddy."

TANK 4-8-00

TRUTH

THERE'S NO LIMITATION IN THE SEARCH FOR SALVATION
WITH SANITY IN QUESTION I STRIVE FOR PERFECTION
SO TODAY I WILL START BY OPENING MY HEART

TANK 3-3-04

REVELATIONS

HATRED GROWS STRONGER
WHILE THE END DRAWS CLOSER
DO YOU THINK IT'S TIME

TANK 3-24-05

FOCUSED

SENSIBILITY
NEVER TIME FOR REGRETTING
STANDING FOREVER STRONG

TANK 7-3-05

LOST KING

YOUR JOURNEY IS ENDLESS - BECAUSE WITHOUT DIRECTION YOU SEEK
YOUR MIND IS IN QUESTION - BECAUSE WITHOUT WISDOM YOU SPEAK

YOUR HEART IS OF A CHAMPION - THE VIRTUE OF A SAINT
NOT CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR LOYALTY - THOUGH YOUR VISIONS ARE QUAIN

YOU THINK YOU HAVE THE ANSWERS - SO WITH PRIDE YOU LEAD
PLEASE THINK OF ALL WHO FOLLOW - IT'S FOR YOUR CAUSE THEY BLEED

TANK 1-28-08

IT'S TIME

I shall not run nor will I turn the other
cheek. I'm tired of being silent so now I
have to speak. I've had a revelation, so no-
longer will I wait. The revolution is at
hand, and I must participate.

For the blood of Nat who slew them eye for an
eye. Like the passion of Malcom who insisted
that we try. It's time to stand for justice
and the right to be treated fair. I'll lay
down my life for freedom, so come join me if
you dare.

TANK 3-12-08

LUV -N- U

I YEARN 4 UR LUV - AND TENDER TOUCH
I ACHE 4 UR PRESENCE - BECAUSE I MISS U MUCH

UR KISSES - R- PRECIOUS - AND -O- SO SWEET
SHAKES ME 2 MY CORE - KNOCKS ME OFF MY FEET

I DREAM ABOUT U AT NIGHT - THINK ABOUT U ALL DAY
SAY UR NAME 2 THE LORD - WHEN I KNEEL DOWN 2 PRAY

THIS IS NOT INFATUATION - MY LUV 4 U IS REAL
I'M NOT LIVING - N - THE MOMENT - IT'S TRUE WHAT I FEEL

I LUV U VERY MUCH - AND 2 PROVE THAT I DO
I WILL SHOW HONOR AND RESPECT - 4 EVER STAYING TRUE

TANK 4-20-99

CO-WORKER

Her eyes are as beautiful as the rising sun. Her smile bring warmth to everyone. Only the purest of heart will help man restrain; because the lust for her flesh can drive you insane.

Even more than her looks, her dedication I admire. Her strength and motivation I also desire.

I pray it'll come a time when I wont have to leer. Maybe she can look in my direction and notice I'm here.

TANK 3-8-00

SEX-SATION

AS OUR TORSOS BUMP - WITH A RHYTHMIC BEAT
OUR BODIES PERSPIRE - FROM THE PASSIONATE HEAT

OUR BED IS MAKING MUSIC - CAN YOU HEAR IT SQUEAK
SENSATIONS OF GREAT INTENSITY - AS WE REACH OUR PEAK

MY WORDS YOU CAN'T DECIPHER - BECAUSE IN TONGUES I SPEAK
I WOULD STAND IF I COULD - BUT MY LEGS ARE WEAK

I'M IMPRESSED BY YOUR TALENT - I THOUGHT YOU WERE MEEK
I MUST CONFESS YOU WORE ME OUT - YOUR A SUPER FREAK

TANK 11-18-07

TASTED

I'VE BEEN DATING MY GIRLFRIEND FOR ABOUT A YEAR
I NEED TO TELL HER SOMETHING IMPORTANT BUT I HAVE SOME FEAR

YOU SEE MY GIRLFRIEND LOVES WHEN I EAT HER OUT
WHEN I DO A GOOD JOB I REALLY MAKE HER SHOUT

I NEVER MIND GOING DOWN BECAUSE I LOVE HER SO
I HAVE TO SAY WHATS ON MY MIND BECAUSE SHE HAS TO KNOW

I'M ABOUT TO MAN-UP BUT I HAVE TO PLAY IT SMART
I HAVE TO LET MY BABY KNOW HER PUSSY TASTED TART

TANK 3-11-14

DREAMROTICA

HOT & STEAMY EBONY QUEEN
FIRE & DESIRE YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN

LUSTFUL SCENE WITHIN MY DREAM
SHALL I FIGHT OR SHALL I CREAM

I MUST NEVER CONFESS AFTER WAKING TO A MESS
MY WIFE'S NAME IS GINA BUT I WAS DRAMING ABOUT TESS

TANK 8-6-06

LAPPED

DELICATE - UNIQUE
STRONG YET SWEET

CONSTANT FLAVOR
TASTE I SAVOR

I BOW TO HER HIGHNESS
NOT A MOMENT OF DRYNESS

THE BELL WAS RUNG
BY THE MIGHTY TONGUE

TANK 11-7-07

FROM BEHIND

MY MOVEMENTS WERE STEADY AS I TRIED TO CONCENTRATE
THE HYPNOTIC WAVES OF HER ASS I'D COME TO APPRECIATE

HER JUICES STARTED TO FLOW AS SHE STARTED TO CREAM
DOWN THE INSIDE OF HER THIGHS WAS A CONSTANT STREAM

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SOUND AS SHE STARTED TO MOAN
WE MADE ACAPPELLA AS I STARTED TO GROAN

I GRIPPED TIGHT TO HER WAIST AS SHE STARTED TO TENSE
WHEN SHE STARTED TO SQUEEZE FROM INSIDE I HAD NO DEFENSE

HER ERUPTION WAS EXPLOSIVE WHEN SHE FINALLY CAME
THE INTENSITY FROM HER CONTRACTION MADE ME DO THE SAME

I LOVE MY BEAUTIFUL QUEEN WE ARE OF ONE MIND
ESPECIALLY WHEN SHE ALLOWS ME TO HIT IT FROM BEHIND

TANK 6-3-13

MY LOVER KNOWS

SHE KNOWS THE LEFT SIDE OF MY NECK MAKES MY BIG TOES CURL
SHE KNOWS MY RIGHT EAR LOBE MAKES ME GIGGLE LIKE A GIRL

SHE KNOWS MY SENSITIVE NIPPLE IS THE LEFT NOT THE RIGHT
SHE KNOWS WHEN LICKING LOW TO ALWAYS HOLD IT TIGHT

SHE KNOWS I TURN ON "LUTHER" WHEN I'M TRYING TO GET ME SOME
SHE KNOWS TO TALK A LITTLE DIRTY WHEN SHE WANT ME TO CUM

SHE KNOWS SOMETIMES I DON'T MINE BEING BOSSED
SHE KNOWS I LOVE SALAD BUT NEVER MINE TOSSED

"SHE KNOWS"

TANK 7-2-13

SON

90 was the year God filled the space. The emptiness in my heart that you placed. The fruit of my loins had come to be. The birth of a Prince. My gacy.

TANK 7-3-10

7-3-90

Your birth was amazing. Hearing you take your first breath brought tears to my eyes. You arrived a few weeks early which brought reason for concern. However like a trooper you showed your toughness and pulled through without much of a struggle.

I was taught not to question the wonders of God. But I couldn't help but wonder why out of all the people in the world God chose to put us together. Right away our connection was undeniable. From the start our love was pure.

Know your a man living by a code of honor. Battling your own adversities and coming through them with your dignity intact. There are no limitations to the things you can accomplish. I believe in you. I respect you. I love you.

Sincerely,

Your Dad

TANK 4-20-14

"GO-CART HILL"

It was a beautiful fall morning and I was preparing for my morning run. There was a light over cast, a bit of a mist, and a brisk breeze that chilled my ear-lobes. It was just cold enough for me to see my breath in the air. After a good stretch I was ready to go.

I wore a black skullcap that I pulled over my ears to help secure my ear-buds in place. I also wore a dark-blue hoodie sweat-shirt, along with matching sweat pants, and grey New Balance running shoes. I ran a regular route of just under five miles. I would head down "Go-Cart" Hill. Past the Baptist Church. On to Crawford avenue and by the Jones House. Once there I would get to the edge of the park turnaround and head back the same route.

When it came to music I was an old-school kind of guy. As I started out Marvin Gaye was blaring through my ear buds. I felt great and was focused on running a decent time. However I couldn't help but notice the wonders of mother nature as I scanned the multicolored leaves lining the sidewalks, and the piles gathered by the neighborhood residents in their yards.

Once at the bottom of "Go-Cart Hill" I noticed Mrs. Jones in her front yard picking up trash that appeared to be sprawled about by dogs. Mrs. Jones was a burly woman in her mid-forties and nearly six feet tall. She was wearing a red paisley print scarf on her head, a worn light blue house coat that could barely contain her enormous breast, and black house slippers. She was holding an empty milk carton in her left hand, and gripping her housecoat closed with her right. "How you doing Mrs. Jones?" I yelled without breaking stride I could tell she mouthed something back; but I couldn't hear her over the volume of my music.

After reaching my turnaround point I checked my watch and noticed that I was making pretty good time but the hardest part of the run was about to start because it was all up hill. Just as I started my ascend I could hear the faint sound of sirens over the music in my headphones. I quickly started surveying the area to locate from which direction the vehicle might be coming. When abruptly an ambulance came zooming by. Shortly followed by a second ambulance. I continued to run and as I came upon the bottom of

"Go-Cart Hill." I could see the Jones house. I noticed that Mrs. Jones had removed all of the large pieces of trash from her yard and was sweeping the smaller pieces into a dust pan. I looked down to check my watch one last time before making my final push. The song "Trouble Man" by Marvin Gaye was starting to play; and the faint sounds of sirens are no-longer so faint. I started to move to the left-side of the street when I noticed Mrs. Jones trying to get my attention. I couldn't make out what she was saying. I could just tell that she was becoming frantic, and her face had a look of urgency. I slowed down near the front gate of her yard and started jogging in place. The buxomly woman showed no regard for the way she was dressed as she started hysterically waving and pointing in my direction. I was immediately consumed by horror thinking that maybe she was warning me about an attacking dog. I instantaneously turned to my left to see what she was pointing at, while reaching to turn of my music.

"Get On The Ground!" Was all I heard before feeling what I can only describe as flaming hot marbles entering various parts of my body. I crumbled to the ground in excruciating pain as the scene became chaotic. The next thing I knew there was a large Caucasian police officer standing over me with bulging veins in his neck and forehead yelling: "Don't Fucking Move." Mrs. Jones was screaming: "What did he do?" "You didn't have to shoot him." Through my ear-buds the ironic, yet poetic words of Marvin Gaye's "Trouble Man" played. I could feel myself self getting weaker as I lay motionless on the cold damp pavement. Death was approaching and surprisingly I felt a since of calmness. A since of peace. Just I was starting to drift into unconsciousness I was able to hear the officer shout: "It ween't him. Call for an ambulance.

I was only 25 years old. A former high school honor student with perfect attendance, and a collegiate valedictorian. I had a loving family, and plenty friends. All for naught because an officer shot to kill on "Go Cart Hill".

TANK 9-23-03

GO AWAY RAIN

I'm over stressed by the rain, because in my heart there's so much pain. If the rain would say good-bye, for one drop I would not cry.

I took time for granted and wasted years. By trying to combat childish fears.

I felt you didn't love me, so I rebelled. Even though for your approval I'd walk through hell.

Reconcile was the answer, but I failed the test. I was stubborn. A common trait we both possessed.

I never got to say good-bye, and for that I feel shame. It was all my fault. Poor choices were the blame.

I just want to say I love you; and I miss you everyday. Maybe now that I've opened up, the haunting rain will go away.

I LOVING MEMORY
OF
LINDA JEAN LITTLE

TANK 5-1-93

GLORY

I HAD A LOVED ONE THAT WAS DYING, AND DYING SLOW
I ASKED GOD TO SHOW MERCY BY LETTING HER GO

IT HURT MY HEART TO WATCH HER SUFFER AS SHE FADED AWAY
ON MY KNEES I ASKED FOR ANSWERS WHEN I KNEELED TO PRAY

WAS I WRONG FOR ASKING GOD TO END THE PAIN SHE BARED
WAS IT BECAUSE SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT, OR HOW MUCH I CARED

FOR GOD'S PLAN THERE'S A PURPOSE I DO BELIEVE
BUT THE PURPOSE FOR HER SUFFERING I CAN'T CONCEIVE

HER END CAME WITH PEACE AS SHE SHOWED NO FEAR
NO MORE SUFFERING FOR MY LOVED ONE I SHOUT WITH CHEER

I MISS HER, BUT YET I SMILE WHEN I TELL HER STORY
BECAUSE I'M PROUD SHE WAS "SAVED" AND WENT HOME TO GLORY

R.I.P.

GRANDMA BOYD

TANK 5-22-08

GRANDMA BOYD

My grandmother was one of the most sincere people I've ever known. Even in the midst of chaos she would never complain or utter a moan.

Now my Grandma is gone and my heart is full of wear. I will no-longer hear her call: "Baby Girl are you there?"

Her touch was always gentle, and her words forever sweet. Her hugs were reviving, and her smile was such a treat.

Her strength was amazing. I could never compare. To ever question her heart. Of course I wouldn't dare.

I've had people say to me it's okay to let her go. I look at them with hesitation, because I loved her so.

I miss her so much, and I often think it's not fair. I know I'll always love her. I know I always care.

I want to live in a way that would have never brought her shame. I want to demonstrate all she taught me and bring honor to her name.

LOVE ALWAYS

R.I.P. GRANDMA BOYD

(Written By Tank For Toccara)

TANK 4-8-09

ONLY LOVE

ONLY LOVE CAN EASE MY PAIN - ONLY LOVE CAN END MY RAIN
ONLY LOVE CAN LIFT ME HIGHER - ONLY LOVE CAN FUEL MY FIRE
ONLY LOVE CAN FEED MY SOUL - ONLY LOVE CAN MAKE ME WHOLE
ONLY LOVE CAN MAKE ME SEE - ONLY LOVE CAN SET ME FREE
ONLY LOVE CAN BE HONEST AND TRUE - ONLY LOVE CAN GET ME THROUGH
"LOVE CAN"

TANK 4-8-09

MY TRUTH "VOLUME ONE"

"My Truth" is my interpretation of events that have happened in my life. I understand that some people may differ in their recollection of these events and I except their opinion. Just as I hope they will except mine.

"REMEMBERING AUNT CELL"

Marcella Crawford Brooks, a.k.a. Aunt Cell was the fourth of nine children born to my paternal grandparents Carrie and James Crawford. She was a slender woman about 5ft. 7 inches tall, and about 115 pounds. She had a caramel complexion, shoulder length hair, and big brown eyes that resembled those of Diana Ross.

In the late 1980's Aunt Cell died from A.I.D.S. related symptoms. She was the mother of two sons. Myron who is also deceased; and William who lives in Maryland.

My Aunt Cell played a major part in three defining moments in my life. The first was when I was twelve years old. My uncle Tedd (her younger brother he was 15) and I were cracking jokes on one another one day. Some people call it playing the dozens. In the D.C. Metropolitan area where I grew up it's called "Joning". I was telling jokes about his mother (my grandmother), and he was cracking jokes about my mother (his sister-in-law). It was all in harmless fun and neither of us took offense. I can't recall exactly what I said about my grandmother; but his response was: "That's why Linda's hands are big like boxing gloves" (Linda was my mother's name). I too noticed my mother's hands were unusually puffy. I just assumed it was from the work she did. My mother worked at a garage for Safeway grocery stores, and one of her job duties was to replace the tires on Safeway tractor trailers. I figured that's why her hands were so big. So I responded by saying. "My mom's hands are big because she work on trucks." He responded by saying: "Your mom's hands are so big because she shoot dope." Unfortunately at twelve years old I new exactly what shooting dope was; and one of the reasons why was because of my Aunt Cell. My Aunt Cell shot dope, and I new that because one day she overdosed in the downstairs bathroom of my paternal grandparents home. I saw my grandmother remove a

syringe from my aunt's left arm, and revive her by rubbing her down with ice cubes. At first I wasn't sure if my uncle was joking or not. Whatever the case I had to find out; and what better way to do it than to ask my Aunt Cell.

Days after my uncle dropped the shooting dope bombshell on me I caught up with my Aunt Cell. I calmly walked up to her and said: "Aunt Cell I need to ask you something. Do my mom shoot dope?" Just as calmly she looked me in the eyes and said: "Yea boy you didn't know that?" I guess the expression on my face must have led her to think I didn't believe her; because she went on to say: "I ain't lying. All you got to do is look for burnt spoons and aluminum foil around the house. Haven't you seen her nodding?" "I don't know. I just thought she was tired from work." I answered. She went on to tell me several indications to look for. Things like burnt marks on the bathroom sink. The smell of burnt matches every time she left the bathroom; and swollen extremities.

The second I arrived home with my mom I started searching for clues. It wasn't long before I spotted everything my aunt told me to look for. I was mortified at the thought of my mom dying from a drug overdose. Not only that, in my mind as a twelve year old the fact that she may have been giving my friends ammunition to tease me. Like I did other kids who had dope fiend parents upset me immensely. I decided my only recourse was to rebel.

My father died when I was ten years old of complications from a gunshot wound he received four years prior. So the thought that my mom could die from doing dope was a lot for me to process. I knew my mom drank alcohol, and smoked marijuana because I saw her partake in each substance more than once. The first time I ever tried drugs I took a partially smoked marijuana cigarette from my mom's ashtray. I was eleven years old at the time.

Early on my mom was a spare the rod spoil the child kind of parent. At some point I had been "whipped" with everything from the heel of a shoe, to an extension cord after coming out of shower naked and wet. My mom stood about 5ft. 4 inches tall and weighed about 140 pounds. By age twelve I was at least 5 ft. 6 inches tall and weighed well over 200 pounds. Even though

I would have never raised up against my mother. I was past the beating stage.

On school nights my curfew to be in the house was 7 PM. In my show of defiance I decided to purposely miss my curfew. I entered the house about a hour after curfew and my mom was in the living-room waiting for me. By this time I had seen my mom high off drugs a number of times; and I could clearly tell by the way she was scratching that she was high at that moment. "Where have you been?" She asked while struggling to keep her eyes open. "Outside", I answered with sarcasm. "Well since you can't be in her on time. Your ass will be in this house the next few days." My anger and disgust had reached it's peak when I blurted out: "I'll be home on time when you stop shooting dope." Then I hurried to my room and shut the door. After that my relationship with my mother deteriorated rapidly. Things got so bad that at around age fifteen I left my mom's house for good and moved in with my maternal grandmother.

Sadly in April of 1993 my mom Linda Jean Little died from a heroin overdose. I was 24 years old. We were still estranged.

The second defining moment Aunt Cell played in my life was when I was about fourteen, and just after her youngest son William was born. My aunt always had some kind of con or hustle going on. She was what was called a booster. She had a knack for being able to steal from different stores to help support her drug habit. In one of her scams she would utilize me and her son William. We would go into a grocery store and I would be pushing William in his stroller. We would head directly to the sea food and meat sections of the store. My aunt would take crab meat, Shrimp, and steak; and pack them in the stroller with William. Then she would cover William and the items with a baby blanket. Seconds later William would burst out crying from the cold food pressing up against his young body. His crying would be my cue. My aunt would go into a choreographed rant. She would curse me out and order me to take the screaming baby out to the car. I would immediately head out the grocery store pushing William and the stolen food out to the car. My aunt would then go through the checkout line and buy something like a pack of gum. By the time she made it to the car I had the food put away,

and was trying to get William warm.

I participated in several scams like that with my aunt over about two years. As a result I had problems with stealing for a longtime after. I would most often steal things I didn't really need. It was more about the thrill.

By the time I was seventeen years old I was drinking alcohol, and smoking both marijuana, and Love Boat (P.C.P.). I was also still running around behind my Aunt Cell. The Crack Cocaine epidemic was in full effect and my aunt had moved into an apartment complex called Dodge View. The apartments no longer exist but they use to be in Landover Maryland. Drug dealers and prostitution were a twenty-four constant; and I couldn't stay away.

The third and final defining moment was when my aunt introduced me to cocaine for the first time. I was seventeen years old. Like I said before I tried drugs for the first time when I was eleven years old. However cocaine was a entirely different monster. I watched her take powder cocaine put it into an empty glass salt shaker. Add water and baking soda and turn it into rock. As a result I started adding the drug to my marijuana, and cigars. It had to be God's grace that prevented me from being strung out on crack.

Reading this some may feel that I am bashing my aunt, or speaking ill of the dead. I want to make it clear. That is not my intention. I loved my aunt very much as I do all of my family. I also want to make it clear that I take full and complete responsibilities for all of my actions. Especially as an adult.

To any of my family that I may have offended I humbly apologize; but this is my truth and I stand by every word.

R.I.P
AUNT CELL

TANK 4-13-14