

Poetical Poeticism



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By* Dan Mitchell

3rd Eye



Genre * Poem

Man shall not be governed
by God but by tyrants.

Rage captured in violence
move in silence.

Patronized and genocided,
foreplays my 3rd Eye.

Shackles in my brain.

How can I maintain?

God fearing I broke the chain.

Resurrected, my vision is clear.
Can you feel me near?

Terra incognita is not a dream,

knowing that you are a king or queen.

Sun reflecting off the moon

but their's always light.

Don't deny the 3rd Eye...

By * Dan Mitchell

Foreword

The author is now housed at David Wade Correctional Center, 670 Bell Hill Road, Homer, La 71040. But before the author was incarcerated at D.W.C.C. he began to write a book of poetry at Louisiana State Penitentiary, call Poetical Poeticism.

The author chooses to free his mind by writing compositions or poetry. Poetical Poeticism is a magnificent book of poetry that's filled with the energy of a soul that seeks freedom within his writing, due to the corrupt environment of prison. This book of poetry will unify your mind, body, and soul as one...

By * Dan Mitchell

~7 B.C.*

Genre* Poem

The same genetic make up
of a thousand years ago.

You look just like me
from head to toe.

The same soul
but a different spirit.

I can not remember
but I can feel it.

Do you remember me?

Is you me?

A poem call Do Not Awaken Me...

By Dan Mitchell

Gammadion



Genre: Poem

Anti Semitic

but their is still Semitic.

In order to distroy ~7 races,
a genocide of being racious,

The original Christain cross.

The throwing of crosses,
was changed into a cross

Adolf Hitler knew

the missing scrolls of the Bible
and knowledge of idols.

Hitler used his knowledge for evil.

The eye of an needle...

Where Do We Go

Genre: poem

Don't look at me differently.
Fantasies do become reality.
My touch is tight.
The mood is just right.

I know I am like a brother to you
but I have to have you...
I had to let you know, with no fear.
Now, where do we go from here?

By: Dan Mitchell

Do Not Hurt Me

Genre: Poem

I know you have a lot of men
coming on to you.

They are infatuated with you.

Do they really feel like I do?

I never believed in love
at the first sight, until I meet you.

My love is true.

You have experienced
a lot of heart aches,
from hearts surrounded by snakes.

My love is real, not fake.

Only the truth can checkmate...

Only a strong man can forever be.

Please, do not hurt me.

War Zone

Genre: Poem

Food change
as species change.

4 seasons
as planets fight for reasons.

Atoms trying to stay alive,
atomically to survive.

Energy waives
ecos like a cave.

Killing and fighting,
historical writings.

Temptation, I'm at war.
The galaxy of the Morning Star.
Until I make it home,
this hold world is a War Zone.

By: Dan Mitchell

Pain

Genre: Poem

A universal language, Pain.
Enters my brain.
Whether it is physically or mentally,
Pain has no power over me.

Pain is something we all understand,
as I begin to overstand.
Pain is used too keep us
under their submission,
hindering me from my mission.

From the essence of my brain,
I stepped out the realm of Pain.
The secret to Pain
is not to feel it.
I became it...

Shapes of Balance

Genre: poem

180 degrees, of each angle.

A triangle has three angles,

Halfway complete,

burning slowly.

360 degrees.

A circle is complete,

over coming defeat.

On all sides, a square is equal.

We are all created equal.

It is not good to stand on a square

because no one care.

For example, Jesus stood on a square.

Misused and abused, life is not fair.

I stand on a rectangle,
that has 4 angles.

All sides are equal

but it is also unequal.

Keep your opposition off balance,

in order to have balance.

By: Dan Mitchell

A Place

Genre: Poem

- A Place where good lies.
- A Place where you can open your eyes.
- A Place you know better than anyone.
- A Place of the chosen one's.
- A Place where you can be tempted.
- A Place where you can overcome temptation.
- A Place greater than any nation.
- A Place only you can control.
- A Place only you can open or close.
- A Place that's divine.
- A Place only you can find.
- A Place within your mind.

By * Dan Mitchell

Faithfully

Genre * Poem

Lord, I'm so sorry.
She's the only one for me.
Please, bring her back to me.
Please, do not walk out the door.
You are all I need and more.

I just over powered me.
Temptation over came me.
How can I fall so weak
to something that's temporarily?

My emotions falls like a feather.
We are meant to be forever.
Please, come back to me...
I cherish this day to be.
I promise to love Faithfully...

By * Dan Mitchell

A Forbidden Fruit

Genre: Poem



A tree stands in captivity,
until the day I am free.

Why are you tempting me?

Two apples surrounded by snakes
with the voices of two men,
the image of a friend.

I am so hungry, what should I do?
The third apple look like who?

The third apple is so ripe.

I am highly inticed.

If the two apples say so,
I can lose my life.

I am protected by the unknown.

The third apple never talks
but I can hear the apple voice,
of an hidden choice.

If the two apples knew?

What will the third apple do???

Is faith stronger than truth???

The third apple, I hunger for you...

By: Dan Mitchell

If You Want It To Be

Genre: Poem

Started off as unknown
as we became known.

The making of an relationship.

I hope this does not
destroy our friendship?

The words from my lips.

Do you love me?

Do you love him?

I think you have a man?

Do you really have a man?

Because I'm more than a man...

What about me and you?

This feeling is true.

Don't be afraid.

Don't deny it.

Don't hide it...

What about you and me?

Just how you and me

Can make it good to be...

If You Want It To Be???

By: Dan Mitchell

Trust In Me

Genre: Poem

I often dream about her
but I didn't know who she was...

I try to place her
but I didn't know where she was...

I often think about her,
just how good it can be.

Just you and me.

Your smile enlighten the morning...

I will be your sun shine in the morning...

I will be your everything at night.

I will make things right.

How can you get around my ecstasy?

My ecstasy is surrounded by you and me.

I will keep you safe.

I will keep you warm

by placing you in my arms.

Understand me.

Trust In Me...

By * Dan Mitchell

Telepathy

Genre: Poem

Everytime we are far away
your energy goes to work each day.
I feel your present so close to me.
I feel you near me.
Concentrate, can you feel me.
Shh, can you feel me?
I can not deny.
Temperature rise...
Close your eyes and visualize.
Over taking me,
your every touch is me.
My touch is gentle.
and your heart is limbo.
You do not have to tell me
if something is wrong.
The matrix of your home...
Open your mind.
Now, we are all along.
What is a house without a home?
Now, open your heart you are not along.

By: Dan Mitchell

Do You Love Me

?

Genre: # poem

You do not treat me
the way I treat you...

I need to follow my mind
but my heart is you.

I can not stop loving you,
holding you, and kissing you.

I put my trust in you.
I want you.

I need you.

I'm there for you.

I care for you.

I'll make love to you.

I love you

but you do not love me

the way I love you.

By: Dan Mitchell

Touch Me

Genre # Poem

One touch moving me
in a way I never been moved before,
evaluating me to explore.

You gave me direction
placing me in a peaceful section.

Without your touch where will I go?

You are a goal I must achieve.

Miracles inside of me
but first I must believe.

An emotional journey I had to take,
good things come to those who wait.

Your touch is warm
hypnotizing of a charm.

Your touch of beauty is an work of art
that Michaelangelo could never finish.

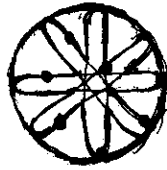
You touch my mind,
a thought that's divine.

You touch my heart,
a blissful art.

How you keep touching me
when we never touched?

By # Dan Mitchell

Chemistry of Love



Genre * Poem

The energy of love travels every day,
looking for a place to stay.

You can not hear it.

You can not see it.

You can only feel it.

Protons, electrons, and neutrons.

Look what they have done,
entering your mechanism becoming as one.

The protons is positive.

So, I can know what's real.

The neutrons is neutral.

So, I can see how you live.

The electrons is negative.

So, I can know how you really feel...

By * Dan Mitchell

Do Not Awaken Me

Genre: Poem

A place with a iron in the middle
that comfort like a pillow.

To every woman and man.

Good and evil co signs, hand and hand.

The best of all friends.

God created everything, then man will sin...

A spirit that came back and forth
until I get it right,
righteousness is in my night.

God knew I would not change.

I'm the only one to blame.

I died in the wrong mind frame.

What can I say?

I thought it was one day...

I have been asleep for thousands of years.

God mercy is near.

My second chance has come

living in the flesh,

not knowing where I came from...

Things are not always what it seem.

Is I'm living in a dream?

What is reality?

Ascended to sleep.

I see reality.

Heaven is so beautiful,

please Do Not Awaken Me...

By: Dan Mitchell

He Has Return

Genre: Poem

I heard he had a wife,
he touched my life.
Within the proper time
he healed the blind.
Susceptible words that can not be bought,
he moved mountains with a single thought.
I heard he had a daughter.
I heard he walked on water.
My mind fiddle
as he spoke in riddles.
Micro chips in many people hands.
Satan began to dance.
Out of the sea came a ~7 Headed Beast,
freeing the people from the east.
Credit cards by one touch of a finger print.
Somethings are not meant, over coming a hint.
People began to smile,
as he floats from a cloud.
The Holy Grial is open
the D.N.A of the chosen.
Molding your mind with the help of an assistance,
you was clone into existance.
Fire falling from the sky,
let it burn.
He Has Return.

By * Dan Mitchell

Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.

Genret Poem

To up rise our nation
a political movement against segregation.

He march in 1963,
the determination of equality.

Yes, he was at his best
an advocated nonviolent protest.

Set my people free.

Marching in Washington on August 2, 1963.

Attracting 250,000 marchers.

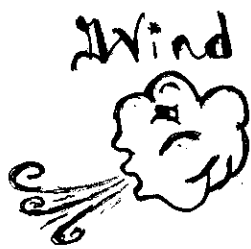
One of the largest gatherings in history
that will be remember for centuries.

Mr. King said he have a dream
that his 4 children will one day
live in a nation where they will not be judged
by the color of their skin
but by the content of their character.

I have a dream, I have a dream,
is all what it seem.

I admire your enthusiastic
but things are still drastic...

By : Dan Mitchell



Genre: Poem

Telepathically you hear me,
understand me
more than I understand myself.
Is I'm talking to myself,
when I'm praying for help?
Crying out to you,
my prayers are answered through signs.
Not by my time
but within your own time.

Another Widow Son
Cause I'm your son.
Weight that feel like a ton,
it gets lighter as I purify.
Your knowledge, wisdom, and understanding
I can not deny...

Where are you?
I can not see you
but I know you are here with me.
I can feel your presence
blowing through the trees,
touching my soul like a summer breeze.
You're more than a friend,
you touches softly like the Wind...

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