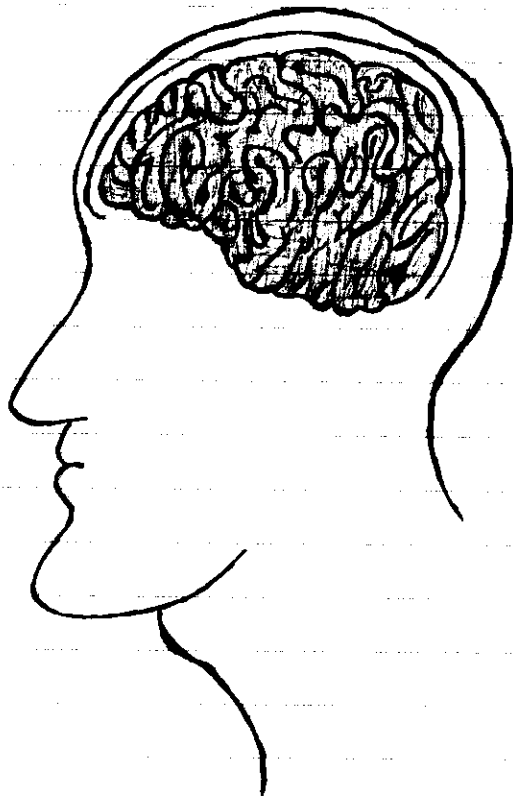


# THE IMPERFECTIONS



OF A TORTURED MIND

By: Antonio Hart

# The Imperfections of a Tortured Mind.

By: Antonio D. Hart

Written on: August 24, 2013

The "Imperfections of a Tortured Mind", is a collection of twenty poems written by me during my incarceration. Each one is a series of thoughts capture by a man on a journey to rise above his surrounding, and are expressed through colorful written artistry. Every poem is different and does not carry a prison theme. As I attempt to give you a variety of topics to ponder on. Hopefully a few of them empower you as a person, and help uplift your spirits while you are on this brief journey through my mind. If not then I thank you for taking time to read my written artwork.

Sincerely,

A. Hart

Prison Address:  
Antonio Hart  
Suwannee C.I.  
5964 U.S. Highway 90  
Live Oak, FL 32060

Home Address:  
Antonio D. Hart  
582 S.E. Boundary St.  
Madison, FL 32340

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"Imagine The Man" By: Antonio Flart

It is not hard to see broken men beaten by poverty  
Shedding blood and tears upon a field of ruin dreams  
My windows view is filled with multitudes of them  
A congested city amass with the filth of hate  
Where the ruling class idolizes the destruction of a mans  
pride

Then hides it from the world with straight face lies and  
a smile

Who can bring the truth and be the voice of the wicked  
Then again whom would gaze beyond the impurities to  
listen

To the silent cries of those who have been castaway

To be oppressed in the den of cowards and bigots

Suffering for the crimes of a misbegotten soul

A punishment as harsh as the world's poles are cold

Blessed be the men held under foot who still struggle to  
stand

Their numbers ore small but their spirits are strong

As they weather a living hell inflicted by the Reapers pawns

With heads held high under the strain of external burdens

The light of hope still burns within their downcast eyes

Despite the menace of the whip lashing at their minds

Though this windows view remains unchanged

The reflection of the man I see will not be mastered by his  
cage

While these struggles he endures only help to focus his ambition

To conquer those who seek to crush the essence of him

Now picture the man with a will so strong

"My, my, my, my."

By: Antonio Hart

My bitches, my foes, my niggas, my pain  
Are all the same, they no longer remain  
Just like my money, me freedom, and my independence  
They all faded away, at the sight of these barbed wire  
fences

My niggas, my road dawgs, my homies, my peeps  
It was all love when we was running the streets  
Ballin', flossin', and tossin' paper  
What happen to my so call niggas when I got jammed on this  
caper

My heart, my baby, my love, my soul  
Man mamma told me everything that glitter aint gold  
I would have robbed, stole, or killed to give you the world  
Guess I was a fool for giving my affection to a bitch... or  
a girl

My haters, my adversaries, my foes, my enemies  
I thank you lames for never pretending to be my cronies  
Cutthroats, snitches, and haters you maybe  
At least you fuck boys didn't play up under me  
My frustration, my hate, my anger, my envy  
Damn, I didn't know emotions could be so deadly  
Though resentment, insult, and bitterness are wounds that  
do not bleed

Best believe these scars are real, not a possibility

My bitches, my foes, my niggas, my pain  
Are all the same like fears they no longer remain  
I persevere, I conquer, and I have grown throughout the  
years

And despite those flaws my my my my people I am still  
here

"Living With Self" By: Antonio Hart

Though I am blind to the world around me  
Darkness opens my eyes to intricacies light filled eyes  
can not perceive

My mind is not illuminated by what glitters in the  
physical

So my world is guided by what is within, not by what  
I am without

My strength is not just wrapped in the physical  
For what I build in my mind has no apex  
So this body is more than just a showcase for flesh and  
bone

It is the holder of the builder of true might untold

Even though first impression is the voice of a thousand  
words

The essence of the matter can be virtually unheard  
Since the conscious mind does not speak in a sonorous voice  
I listen closely to those words usually ignored

The greatness I struggle for is not easily achieved  
Though it has been with me since before my first breath  
A common misconception is life matters are resolved by the  
heart

So I prefer to close my heart and open self to inner  
perfection

And do away with all misconceptions

# "For the Strength of You"

By: Antonio Hart

When I am down  
Stumbling upon unholy ground  
I feel your embrace  
And stand tall to make you proud

At times I can not think  
My mind so filled with sorrow  
I hear your lovely words  
And can focus on tomorrow

There are days when I am confused  
Blinded by the lights  
Your kind hand guides me  
You become my sight

One day soon while the sun shines  
I will be singing a song for you  
You will hear the word from the melody  
And know that it is for the strength of you

I am who I am today!

"Lesson for a Lifetime" By: Antonio Hart

Falling from his bike for the sixth or seventh time  
A boy looked up at his father and began to cry  
His dad reached down and lifted his chin  
And said, "When life gets ugly and you want to  
let it end you must Never back down and Never  
give in".

24 to 27 was the score of the game  
Time was expiring only 60 seconds remain.  
The star quarterback stood in the center of the huddle  
Giving an impassion speech fueled by his desire to win  
They'd come to far for it to end like this  
Never back down Neve give in.

While bombs exploded only 40 feet away  
The sound of gunfire impregnated the dust filled air  
Frozen stiff as fear gripped his innocent heart  
He clutched his rifle with sweat dampen hands  
Then the signal came for the troops to attack  
He begin to move powered by the soldier within  
Never back down Never give in

Looking out the window at the snow covered field  
A man could see the tombstone of his wife and kids  
The car wreck had left him wheel chair bound  
With a lonely heart and the guilt of living  
Conscious of the weight of the revolver in his lap  
Only the ingrain mantra held him back  
Never back down Never give in.



"Observing Sheep"

By: Antonio Hart

Every morning I sit and listen  
To the voices of ghosts with past miseries  
Crying out about wrongs and wrongs  
And how the dead weight of burdens grind their bones

Every afternoon I walk the same path  
The one that shows play skeletons with lipless grins  
Laughing about the thrills and thrills  
And how the light of happiness burns away their sins

Every night before I lay down to rest  
I pray for the souls of soulless sheep  
Traveling this world without direction or direction  
And how the foolish leader, misleads the flock

Every full moon at mid-night I awaken  
Tear filled eyes stained with hells smoking dreams  
Burning flesh to reveal bone and bone  
And how the faces I seen were all my own

"Wondering Soul"

By: Antonio Hart

When I die what will be my immortal claim to fame. The tales told about me as I rot away in me eternal resting place. Witness by those who I had long forgotten and ones I only knew by name. I remember dying once I wonder if those stories still remain.

Adventurous and mischievous I was hell on wheels as a kid. Looking back maybe I was unruly as those teachers exclaimed. Pretending to be a warrior on the hunt for a man eating grizzly bear. The childhood glee at the sight of that wild bear still amazes me. I remember dying once I wonder if those stories still remain.

The life of the party I was at times. Getting so drunk and high I thought I would lose my mind. My so called friends would urge me on and slap my back. Intoxicated with drink and the heady feel of invincibility. There was a time I stood on the balcony balustrade three stories up with thoughts of flight. I remember dying once I wonder if those stories still remain.

Women will tell their tales, but the best will only be shared amongst friends. My female conquest stretch far and wide. A rahishly devious gent, women found me intriguing and constantly fell for my roguish charm. I believe it was my fifth wife who took the most offense to my wandering lust. I remember dying once I wonder if those stories still remain.

## "Magazine Queens" By: Antonio Hart

They come from every ethnic group and background from around the world. These gorgeous women that outnumber diamonds and pearls. With spice and sass and the most amazing curves. They captivate my mind with every page I turn.

I swear to you I have seen the same poses a thousand times before. Portraying the same expressions that capture a dreamer in amor. Do I dislike the fact I can not get enough of these repetitive frames. Hell no! Like a fiend I am addicted to the hallucination each shot brings

Your words entice with promises that put proper women to shame. Though they make me feel like I know the person and not just the name. So I wonder are these images more than a flash blinks flicker for riches, fortune, and fame. Or are you one of the few who will subdue the game

Hypnotized by sultry looks and times forever frozen smiles. While flawless curves burn impressions on my adultress mind. I give praise to the lovely women who let themselves shine. On these high gloss pages that reveal delightful sights to my sore eyes.

## "Love Is"

By: Antonio Hart

The flower that only opens when kissed by the sun  
A cold, hard, twisted road traveled by many conquered  
by none

The sweet breath of freshness that sweeps you off  
your feet

Those late night tears that pour down like rain

Always pulling trying to lead us in the right direction  
Devouring the weak and misleading the blind

Those baby, yes, baby no, just touch me one more time  
moments

Body, mind, and spirit trying to connect through distance  
and defeat time

The joy and pride overflowing from within us  
Humble but firm and sometimes overbearing

Strange, ever changing but always fulfilling  
What we live for, what we die for, and so hard to retain

Good in essence and hard on us all  
There when you've been broken to soften the fall

All those things and so much more  
I been there, done that, but all I can tell you

What Love Is!

"Stand Tall Shorty Don't Cry" By: Antonio Hart

Stand tall shorty don't cry  
Whoever told you life was fair was a lie  
You have to fight and claw to the day you die  
For a piece of something people call a pie

Stand tall shorty don't cry  
You want to see the world with a clear eye  
Tears are for weak people who are afraid to try  
Cause you only fail when you don't reach for the sky

Stand tall shorty don't cry  
Life is not a fairytale only angels fly  
To succeed you have to hold your head high  
And don't let opportunity pass you by

Stand tall shorty don't cry  
Make your own rules, you don't have to comply  
Think outside the box, take chances, be sly  
God helps those who help themselves, not those who cry

Why!  
So stand tall shorty don't cry!

## "Ambition"

By: Antonio Hart

Confidence is the key which motivates my being

Passion is the hand that guides

For there is no place unreachable to me

Weather on land or up high

Fighting while the odds are forever against me

Has forge my will into steel

The blood I have shed throughout the years

Marks the intensity of constant struggle

Traveling a trail that was not always forseen

I race diligently toward unknown rewards

While my hunger is unappensed by fool promise

The succulent flesh of success satiates

So the felled pride bludgeon by harsh failures

A small price for my aspiration

## "Things I Long For" By: Antonio Hart

Enjoying the sun rise on white sand covered beach.  
While the essence of the ocean and the cry of the gulls  
fill the senses. You are basking in the caress of the sun  
Sharing the dreams of all the wonders of the world.

Pedaling through some far away foreign city on bicycles.  
As people and cars bustle around on narrow streets and  
even narrower sidewalks. Your laugh is contagious, your  
smile is aglow, as you light the city with your presence.

Dancing in the darkness of the pack night club. Bodies  
touching and sweating as the cadence of the music's  
bass vibrates the chest. You are in the center of it all  
swaying to the pulsing rhythm, more hypnotic than the  
booze and drugs filling the masses

Dining in a extravagant restaurant sipping expensive  
champagne. People smile and share intimate secrets as  
the candles flame flickers between them. Your elegance  
sets the mood for romance, as you give subtle hints of  
things to come.

Locked away inside the four walls of a prison cell. With  
cold blooded men, spiteful guards and the constant  
smell of piss filled toilets. Your sweet touch cannot be  
found, until I close my eyes and enter your sweet embrace.

Freedom!

"I Can Forgive"

By: Antonio Hart

People y'all must be out of your minds.  
Come to me with smiling faces after all this time.  
Where were you when I was down in that gutter?  
Looking toward the sky from the bottom of a living grave.  
Probably holding spades like so many others.  
Say what?? Me do what?  
You make it sound so easy.

You had bills to pay and other responsibilities.  
Now, what the hell that got to do with me?  
If you was sincere you would have made time.  
So don't come at me with all them pitiful lines.  
Like everyday I've been gone has been a mad scramble.  
Be what? Have a who?  
People this is what it is.

All in my face talking 'bout you love me.  
Last time I check love was a action word.  
Now, with that said I must be encompass by enemies.  
Why your faces clouding up like thunderstorms?  
You ain't the red head step-child who was done wrong.  
I got to what?? Let what go?  
I have a reason to be indignant!

Cause we are suppose to be family!  
Which means standing together during adversities.  
Now all of you abandon me when trouble arise,  
But I became a man on that lonely road.  
So wipe your eyes and dry your tears, cause I ain't that cold.  
I've released those burdens. I let them go  
But it was hard as hell, just thought you should know.



"Protecting the Heart" By: Antonio Hart

I heard the sound of shattering glass echo through the quiet of the room.

As you sit there silent face buried in your hands.  
This isn't the first time, we've both been here before.  
Going from intimacies to crushing pain all in one blow.  
I know these wounds they bleed where no one can view them.

Deep fissures in the soul leaking lifes fluids.  
Mine are like fresh scabs always picked and never completely heal.  
So I strike first to protect these ill conceived wounds from being reopen.

The crystal shards of my fragile heart can not stand another breaking.

So to you what I have done may seem selfish and callous.

Like I said, we've both been in this situation before.  
Emotional turmoil banishing us from heavens door.  
True I seek the comfort, the closeness, the touch of love.  
But like a frighten child burn once I don't want to burn no more.

The shallow cuts of your broken heart are only scratches in my armor.

Cause now I break hearts, to keep mine from being broken.

"The Wise Have" Bi: Antonio Hart

These feet have blaze paths few have traveled  
Seeking the fulfillment attained by fewer  
These ears have heard many truths and lies  
Gaining the knowledge held by words  
These eyes have witness both hate and kindness  
With wisdom being learned from each  
This mouth smiles but seldom speaks a word  
Understanding that less is sometimes more  
These hands have built and destroyed many things  
Testing the science of pieces gain  
This body has withstood the test of ages  
Weathering difficulty along the unbroken trail  
This mind holds the fruits glean by time  
Wisdom, knowledge, understanding from the wise

"No Remorse"

By: Antonio Hart

Been like dis since I stepped off the porch  
Baggy pants saggin', totin' that iron  
I ain't tryin' to change a damn thing  
So you best respect my mind

Can't see myself wit no job workin' 9 to 5  
I'll leave dat for all you blue collar lames.  
When I want somethin', I just take it.  
Make a few of you cowards feel me

I gets much money hustlin' in de's streets  
Don't give two cent bout dem boys in blue  
They bleed just like the next man shirt.  
My heart don't pump no fear fa no badge

Ain't no tears of regret runnin' down my eyes  
Caught me slippin' all it was  
Then dat flat-foot swine had on dat vest  
Hate I ain't put dem hollow points above the neck

Hey Mr. Judge you can kiss my black ass  
Think dis Life Sentence suppose to break me down  
I'mma run dis prison just like I ran de's streets.  
Make you muthafuckas kill me

Been like dis since I stepped off the porch  
Baggy pants saggin' totin' that iron  
I ain't tryin' to change a damn thing  
So you best respect my mind.

## "Love Warnings" By: Antonio Hart

Shorty, I ain't with them games  
Cause my emotions run wild  
Wildier then Mississippi River floods after the rain  
So if you playing here is your chance  
No, shorty I ain't scared  
I just Love Hard.

Girl, I'm telling you now  
Cause my feelings are deep  
Deeper then the waters of the Red Sea.  
So if you willing to take the risk  
No, girl it ain't like that  
I just Love Hard

Lady, listen to what I'm saying  
Cause my passion blows hard  
Harder then a hurricane off the Gulf of Mexico  
So if you ready to face that storm  
No, lady I ain't saying that  
I just Love Hard

Woman, remember every word I say  
Cause my Love for you is deadly  
Deadlier then a tsunami off the coast of Japan  
So be prepared to Love me for the long haul  
Yes, woman it's serious like that  
Baby, I Love Hard

"Breaking Point" By: Antonio Hart

Anxiety  
Tingling sensation, chills run up spine  
Unseen eyes watch from crowd  
Nervous tongue licks parched lips  
Uneasiness creeping in tugging string

Hold on  
Hair stands on end, pores opening  
Whispered voices echo all around  
Roving eyes give dithering glances  
Dis quiet growing steady pulling string

Be strong  
Heart beat accelerates, blood rushes through veins  
Heavy foot steps shuffle from behind  
Tense hands clutching, unclutching  
Agitation mounting yanking the string

Grip slipping  
Adrenaline pumping senses are heighten  
Solid shadows rise from darkness  
Hung up bowels release fluids  
Perturbation running rapid taut string snaps

Along with sanity

"Shaking Temptation" By: Antonio Hart

There is nothing like a clean slate  
The act of pressing the reset button on life  
Leaving all your old baggage behind  
Becoming refreshed and renewed

Every day will acquire a meaning of its own  
Filling your life with new wonders  
Like a baby knows only what it sees  
So this is how you will be in the beginning

Then you will notice the old is still there  
Hidden in the shadows of the new  
Reminding you of all your former trappings  
And the hold they once held on you.

Though this time you are wise to the choices  
Having already traveled the well worn path  
No longer willing to chance what is newly regain  
You make a right at the cross road

Even here temptations voice whispers sweetly  
As the old is always within reach  
Testing the strength of your resolve  
Attempting to pull you back into its clutches

But the weight of the past still rest on your shoulders  
A constant reminder of foolish choices  
Letting you know life has no guarantees  
That is why you make the best of second chances

"The Failure of My Pen" By: Antonio Clark

I need this to be the best thing I ever wrote  
Just to convey the emotions inside of me  
To help you see what I have seen  
What it is like to witness someone die inside

I want to give you a special part of me  
The part that makes concrete cry tears  
Let you know the things I should have known  
Everyone who is bad is not evil

I need you to understand the extent of my wounds  
How they cause ones soul to bleed  
Make you feel what I have felt  
When you behold a fighter stop fighting

I want you to experience the depth of my pain  
This hopeless ache more mental than physical  
Have you hear the things I have heard  
The repentant prayers of the contrite

I need you to know how I have failed  
It torments me even when I dream  
Get you to touch the thing I could not touch  
A cold heart before it stop beating

I wanted this to be my greatest master piece  
Though I know mere words are not enough  
Because you have not been where I have been  
Watching unforgiven spirits leave this earth

## Author's Final Words

First, I would like to thank the people behind Prison Foundation for giving me the opportunity to be heard. It is a blessing and I want them to know I appreciate the effort in making this happen for those of us behind bars. Thank You Prison Foundation.

To those of you who have taken the time to read my work I want you to know it brings me joy to have you do so. I put in a great deal of time into my writing, and I love every minute of it. So, just knowing that someone is reading and enjoying what I put on paper is a part of my dream coming through, this pen to effect the living. In a positive way hopefully.

Last thing is I want to apologize for the many errors in this write. Some are by design others are not, I just pray they don't take away from the essence of the work.

Well, until you see my name on someone's best selling authors list. Goodbye and God Bless.

Sincerely,

Antonio Hart  
