

The Pollen of a Lone Flower

By:

Samuel Chapman III

5-24-13

Samuel Chapman # 343563
FA-9-2 upper
Coyote Ridge Correction Center
P.O. Box 764
Connell, WA 99326

% Prudence Clark
2929 Heather Place
Harrisburg, PA 17104

Poetry is my passion. Here are a few gems which were
mind from within. My poetry is the purest part of me. We all
have a story; here is a small portion of mine.

"God, I'll Be Back"

I told God "I'll be back"
He replied "I know"
Then He touched my soul
and let me go

I had one intention
experience it all
that was the beginning
of my downfall

First I touched a flower
laid in grass
that was dressed in morning dew
then I dozed for an hour
to the whisper of a nearby stream
mid afternoon

I awoke to curious onlookers
creatures of all kinds
as I sat and absorbed it all
not a single flaw
could I find

A mighty wind blew my way
as the clouds began to drain
and for the first time I felt
the soothing assault of rain

As quickly as it began
it came to an end
then the sun light
hugged me tight
when he took a break
in his place
the moon illuminated the night

A question came to me
as evening came to be
how much of everything can one man see

not enough, I realized
an emotional tidal wave struck me
as I pondered on this revelation
it became the opening
for which satan had been waiting

From that he planted the seed of doubt
watered it with lies
worked the soil
mixed in manure to keep it fertilized

"God, I'll Be Back"

At Harvest time
what I produced was not what I expected
so I sought an answer to
my one and only question

where did I go wrong?

It took some time
but when it came
I knew instantly
what had eluded me

Life is a blessing
the good and the bad
don't worry about what you want
be thankful for what you have

after this I went back
to tell God what I had learned

He smiled and simply said
"I am glad that you returned"

Truth

truth hits the mind
like a gentle wave
caressing the shoreline
of our consciousness

but only if the individual
is true with themselves

if not the impact is
more of a fierce assault
an aquatic onslaught
on a ravaged beach

truth has weight

depending on the beholder's reality
it can either be accepted
and built upon
or shunned
and serve as a device of destruction

the laws of gravity
don't apply to truth
it is a dense element
that floats effortlessly
on a sea of lies

yet lies,
which are empty and weightless
sink in an ocean of truth

truth can become a life raft
an island, a refuge
in our most false times

reach for truth like a star
and it will remain out of your reach
but use it like a starlit sky
on the vast ocean of life
and it will serve as a compass
a beacon
that will guide you in the right direction

the seas of life will get choppy
you will surely encounter storms
but paradise is on the horizon
continue with perseverance
and you will reach it's shores

On the Side of the Road

on the side of the road to righteousness
sits satan patiently waiting
with an alluring smile
and a sack full of temptations
he looks each passerby
intently in the eyes
as he makes idle conversation
he seeks a way in
on the back of a sin
each particular party
enjoys committing
he'll find their achille's heel
and go in for the kill
if on their hearts
the word is not written
those who lack
the full armor of the Lord
prove to be easier targets
than the others
some were equipped with
the helmet, breastplate, and shinguard
but not the sword
and they traveled alone
no sisters nor brothers
but there were some who came prepared
for satan's sack of temptations
and his intrusive stares
they trained for his
bombardment of lies
put on armor to deflect
his shrapnel of half truths
and counterattacked with the Creator's words
ultimately destroying his attempted coup
but satan is determined and resilient
strong willed and brilliant
so he refuses to let
a few failures deter him
he knows his is a numbers game
that he has mastered playing
for many will come
but few will be chosen
so on the side of the road to righteousness
sits satan patiently waiting
with an alluring smile
and a sack full of temptations
so on your journey beware
study and prepare
just when you see the road begin to bend
and you know things are getting better again
he will be sitting there

You Can't Perfect Perfection

Lord help me
I sense my sanity
flowing through my brain
I'm on the edge
I can feel my life
flowing through my veins

I looked down
and saw one set of footprints in the mud
I pray you are carrying me
and not holding a grudge

my chest cavity
apparently
an open wound
and the predators
can smell the blood
I'm at a crossroad
covered by overgrown bush
a crucial decision to make
I probably shouldn't rush

I'm tenaciously trying
to get my thoughts situated
scrambling to get my mind clear
and grasp the concept
that I'm left at less than less
to reach success
I've got to climb there

I hear the cackle
of the coyote
the heinous hoot
of the hyena
I see the wild eyes
of the wolf
they all send out
the same signal
that simply says
"we want to eat you"

they'd love a chunk of me
now's the time for either
an honorable retreat
or a dishonorable defeat
I wear the shell of a man
with the essence of the Creator underneath
so I won't cower from the claws
or turn tail from the teeth

as long as the sun sets in the west

You Can't Perfect Perfection

and rises in the east
I will do my best
to receive
what God Has for me

so I humbled myself
as I stared at my reflection
and realized
through the eternity in my eyes
you can't perfect perfection

I had to shed my vanity
to really be
the bigger me
who was trapped inside the little me

and accept the bitter sweet after taste
of the classic shake
we all drink
called reality
obstacle are a formality
that can make a man
or make a man a casualty

so I stopped concentrating
on where I fell
and discovered where I slipped
now by any means necessary
I'll avoid doing it again

proper preparation
prevents poor performance
that's a simple truth in life
we all make mistakes
but it's a disgrace
to stumble over the same stone twice

The Classroom

Life is the classroom
 God is the professor
 Trials and tribulations
 are going to come
 Because He's got to test us
 Even though at times it gets hard
 Remember a diamond is nothing
 but coal under pressure

It's said that pressure busts pipes
 I say let the water flow
 If it's the H2O
 Of life

My Lord loves me so much
 He breathed the breath of life into me
 So I refuse to be defeated by an enemy
 That is hell bent on ending me
 Even though sometimes it feels like
 That enemy is winning
 My spiritual entity refuses defeat
 And goes hard each inning

Because the Lord dwelleth in me
 Possible is every and any
 Peace and serenity
 are each a friend to me

So I converse with them silently
 when evil tries to enter me
 Seeking satisfaction
 I won't give it the pleasure
 Of being the advocate of the devil
 So I take a moment and ask God
 To center me

I'm Here Now

Lord I want to change
but I fear it's all in vain

I want to put my pride
to the side
but it's like my ego
won't let me though
satan got a hold of me
and he doesn't want to
let me go
I know you got goals for me
but it's like you don't want to
let me know

I guess the beauty is in the mystery
or maybe the discovery
regardless of which
I am thankful for you loving me

I know every now and again
You have to pop me on the hand
and sit me in the corner
even though I know the stoves hot
I still reach for the stove top
despite all your warnings

So I'll leave my ego at the door
bring my knees to the floor
head down
I've been gone for so long Lord
but I'm here now

Prayer for Help

Send me an angel Lord
I'm torn
Send me an angel Lord
I'm worn

I pray for salvation
I pray for righteousness
I pray for strength
To overcome and conquer selfishness

Send me an angel Lord
For there are things
I am not sure I should pray for
You know all
So I need not say more

Send me an angel Lord
If you will
Send me an angel Lord
To hold my soul still

For my spirit is not calm
I am like the disciples in the storm

Send me an angel Lord
I need some relief
Send me an angel Lord
To help my unbelief

Send me an angel Lord
If you will

Amen

The Nothingness that is Contained in Everything

I've seen your silhouette
as it mimicked the shadow
cast from an orchid
stone still you stood
as your efflorescent reflection
swayed hypnotically in the breeze
I've seen you in the nothingness
that is contained in everything

I've felt your caress
as you mimicked the wind
pirouetting across the delicate skin
of an orchid petal
as it whispered to eternity
I've felt you in the nothingness
that is contained in everything

I've heard your thoughts
as you mimicked the silky sound
of the satin floral envelope
whispering secrets
of the past to the future
as they sweat sweet nectar
in the calidity of the sun
I've heard you in the nothingness
that is contained in everything

I've smelled you
as you seeped from the pores
of pedals dancing in the wind
and sweating in the sun
drifting on unformed raindrops
skyward bound
I've smelled you in the nothingness
that is contained in everything

you have alerted my senses
to your presence
from shadow to sun
and everything in between
I've sensed you in the nothingness
that is contained in everything
and you are
God

Pollen of a Lone Flower

I stand alone
in a barren field
leaning, stretching,
attempting to touch the sun
a cool, soothing breeze
tickling my back
shaking free
the pollen of this lone flower
a future
is massaged from my crown
carried on the back
of an invisible herd
of heavenly horses
stampeding across a dry and cracked
patch of earth
a glance backward and I see
the silhouette of the lone flower
I was carried from
a perfect outline of me
I glance forward and I see
my pollen as it find a small paradise
to call it's own
to become a perfect outline of me

The Tear that Fed a Flower

I am the raindrop that was born from a tear
My parents were grief and anguish
I traveled down the warm crimson colored cheek of a giants face
To a foreign place
Discarded and unwanted
I was conceived out of pain
Born to a mother who loved love
And a father who was vain
I am the raindrop that was once a lonely tear
Separated from all I knew
Lost never to be found
I was once a glimmer in love's eye
Then I became a shard of liquid crystal
Shattered on the ground
As I sat in the sun
A miracle occurred
I was elevated on a ray of sunshine
I rose and
Then I came to rest on a cloud
So proud
I was chosen
I am the raindrop
Who was once a forgotten tear
Discarded and unwanted
Now as I freefall towards a thirsty flower
I feel wonderful and complete
In my new found power
To know that from the pain
By which I was conceived
Came the sustenance that life needs
I am the tear that became a raindrop
That was destined to quench
A flowers thirst
I am all these things at once
But I was a tear first

Whore's Cry

Every time a whore cries
I hear God's war cry
Trumpets blare
And on a golden stair
Sits the angel of death
As a whore dies
Life's realities cause sore eyes
Pride proves preposterous
In the presence of purities demise
I shed a tear
That strings a sorrowful chord
As my heart conducts
A symphony of sorts
The video of past losses
Play serenely on the t.v. screen
Of life's memory
That is why
I hear God's war cry
Every time a whore cries

Picture to Share with You

I colored a thought with love
shaded a moment with happiness
all to paint a picture
I could share with you
a splash of sorrow
a dab of drama
a stroke of pain
laid on a canvass of love
all to paint a picture
I could share with you
if I could die a thousand peaceful deaths
and be resurrected a thousand glorious times
for an infinite moment of clarity
and come to terms with all of life's mysteries
I'd pass
I am an artist
and I know that the beauty of a painting
lies in the shading
just as much as the bright colors
the unseen suggestion
the obvious interpretation
so although my work of art
may have blemishes
it is these mixtures
that create the picture I painted
to share with you

2 Souls in a Jar

Our souls are 2 rays of sun shines
Captured in the same jar
Now inseparable
In a dark, unexplored cave
We were perfectly placed
To reveal a world of life
That was once forgotten
How God works at first seems unrecognizable
But in hindsight
He just finds interesting ways
To shed light on forgotten truths

One Extreme to Another

My life use to revolve around
Beautiful broads, big bucks,
And big wheels under big trucks
To believe
I had to see and touch
Until I was plucked
From my patriarchal position
And thrust into prison
On a 13 year sentence
Which, finally cleared my vision
So I changed the dialogue
Of the story I might've told
Gave the glory to God
And He purified me like gold
I asked for Him
And received Him
He accepted me
Because I believed Him
He cleansed me
So now my sins are like fresh fallen snow
Whenever my situation
Has me feeling blue
I open the bible
And find revival
In James 1:2
I count it all joy the trials and tribulations
And let perseverance
Be the product of patience
My Beloved Creator
The Alpha the Omega
Sent His sacrifice to be our savior
He's the only constant
From the cradle to the grave
My life was demonstrative of mastering sin
Simply to become sin's slave
Then God granted me the serenity
To forgive my enemies
And the courage to forgive myself
He granted me the wisdom
To know the difference
Between a hand that holds out
And a hand that holds out help
He told me to stand on my own 2
One foot in front of the other

Is the only way to go through
All I was going to have to go through
The devil is a lie
So with satan I will no longer bother
When things get hard
I choose to pray harder
I no longer barter with my character
Or concentrate on my reputation
Integrity is an integral building block
In the foundation of faith
My beliefs are encased in
The fakeness I am faced with
I refuse to entertain it
Instead I about face it

I Cried a River

I cried a river
And Jesus walked on my tears
He told me He too wept
For what was
And what was to be
He held me close
Made me feel safe
He kissed my eyes and wiped my face
He told me to turn my heart from temptation
Turn my soul from sin
He said to let my spirit be guided
By the Holy Spirit within
I asked why He gave His life for us
We are sinful and grateful
And lustful and hateful
He responded
"Because My Father loves you all that much"
I cried a river
And Jesus walked on my tears
He forgave me my sins
And allowed me to be a part of Him
He told me He too wept
Jesus cried
So I kissed His face
And wiped tears from His eyes
His Father gave us life's breath
And sacrificed His son
So we wouldn't have to experience eternal death
I cried a river
And Jesus walked on my tears
He told me He too wept
And then
He loved away my fears

Incarcerated Truth

As criminals we take our freedom for granted
Until our freedom is taken
Then we're impatiently waiting
For our freedom to be granted
Asking God why we've been forsaken
Pacing back and forth in our cell
Cinder blocks all around
If these walls could talk
Oh, the stories they'd tell

They'd recall the tears and the hurt
Caused by the hole
In an inmate's soul
That gets bigger and bigger and
You're figuring
Where you'd go
Be better than
Where you've been

Life's hell
So death has to be better than this
You fool yourself into
Accepting the abyss
Lose your grip
And the urge gets stronger and stronger
The days start stretching
It seems like your sentence is getting longer and longer

Now you are all by your lonesome
Your love ones left you
It's like when you are at your worst
They forget the best you
The devil takes advantage of doubt
When God tests you

So make a choice for eternity
Heaven or hell
Because failure is only an option
When you are opting to fail

Don't Be a Fool

You go against the grain
when you are trying to survive
get knocked
locked inside
society says
you are no longer one of them

Use strip searches
to strip you of your pride
and solitary confinement
to crucify a guy
while the snakes outside
cast lots on your life
like they did the Son of Man

It seems that your loved ones
love you a little less
when the burdens
you once bore
are placed on their chests
the strong get stronger
while the weak
break under the stress

to many people over value
what they are
and under value
what they are not
on the path to the palace
life is just a pit stop

what is now behind you
was once in front of you
what is in front of you
will eventually be behind you
so don't let instant gratification
blind you

Because he who knows not
knows not when to stop
and just keeps burning his bridges
on the way to the top

Instead of realizing and learning
he throws kerosene on the fire
so the bridges keep burning
when the sands of salvation
start shifting
and fates wheels get to turning
his stomach starts twisting
and his souls gets to churning

Don't Be a Fool

He hears satan's snickers
sees the hell hounds as they drool
tries to drown out the demon's whispers
as they beckon for a fool

A slave to stupidity
is something you should never strive to be
damnation is your destination
if a fool is all you have the drive to be

Seek and acquire knowledge
use it as a tool
construct a road
to God's glorious eternity
and between you, me, and a tree
don't be a fool

A Most Fortunate Soul

On a hill somewhere
Where the breeze is scented with the aroma of love
Sits a most fortunate soul

Through his experience with life's darker side
He chose to thrive on hate
It engulfed his entire being
Rendering him severely obsequious
To its sinister demands

Yet and still
The gentle wind blows
As if for the sole purpose
Of giving this most fortunate soul
A whiff of truth's greatness

His first reaction is to cringe
But as his sense of smell slowly synchs
With his cognitive faculties
A hint of familiarity is recognized

He can't place its origins
But it grows stronger
Gradually and steadily

His once sullen façade is morphing
Into something he doesn't understand
But the unfamiliar voice he hears
Is reassuring

Steady as a heartbeat
It echoes through him
Louder with each gust of wind
Each bring a new wave of truth
Each successfully penetrating his fortress of hate

Tearing down the well constructed barriers
Built with liestones from the quarry of untruth
The once gentle breeze that frolicked
Has transformed into a beast
Flowing violently upon him

Exorcising his hate
Filling his soul with the pollen from love's truth

It carried on its wind driven wings
Pollinating his spirit
Giving birth to pure truth

Love in bloom sat on a hill
A most fortunate soul
For he lived in darkness and heard the whispers of love's truth
Through the orchestra of hate's lies

Love played its single chord
On the back of a graceful wind
It traveled the infinite distance of life
To reach his soul

The distance between love and love lost
Is the length of a lie
Or a carefully measured step of truth

Love made love to his pain
And gave birth to newness
Renewed and reinvigorated
Sat a soul on a hill
Where love's truth loved him
A most fortunate soul indeed

God Does Everything on Purpose

God does everything on purpose
and by His grace we are no worse for wear
and still able to shine like the sun
the burdens which are impossible to bear
are those that never come

How fortunate are we
that death is also birth
and no matter your lot in life
he who was last shall be first

Regardless of the length of our days
we all share a fate the same
because everything born
shall eventually fade

God does everything on purpose
it is man whose folly
leads him down a hell bound path
one which is littered
with the worldly wise of the past

A humble heart
an open ear
are friends dear
to the soul who seeks
his reason
God does everything on purpose
and your purpose
will come full bloom
in it's season

I don't know much
but i recognize the sound
of truthful ring
and I know wisdom
is not knowing many
it's knowing many
useful things

God does everything on purpose
foresight is blurry
hindsight is clear as air
so seek your purpose
through frustration or failure
for it is surely there

when you feel trampled,
beaten, and barely able to raise a hand
remember, although the hammer
eventually breaks
the anvil shall surely stand

God Does Everything on Purpose

God does everything on purpose
one could suppose
remember reason is a light
that God kindles in the soul

God doesn't make mistakes,
not enough, or surplus
so to you I say remember
God does everything on purpose

2 Most Important Days of My Life

I use to think that
The 2 most important days of my life
Were the day I was born
And the day I'd die
Until I realized that they were
The day I was born
And the day I figured out why
One down
One to go

Before It All Went Right

Before it all went right
Wrong is what it was
No hope penetrated my cloud of despair
As it engulfed my actuality

But the sun shines
Even when it's unseen
And dark murky clouds
Are the soil
In which diamond raindrops grow

So just as a single breath escapes
To make room for the next
So are the obstacles of life

The moments that contain
Each future memory
And past present
Are a gift

It is the trials and tribulations
Which determine how we are to be defined
Through adversity our spiritual immune system is strengthened

The calm that accompanies the storm
Is the preparation period
For our character to be chiseled out of marble
Without wax

God's hands crafted us
In His perfect image
The ultimate Artist
The Creator
The Author of my life and eternity

Before it all went right
Wrong is what I was

Champion of Righteousness

A champion of righteousness
Is one whose character causes him
To choose to do right
Even when he knows persecution is inescapable

In spite of the social castration that is sure to follow
He chooses truth

To some, a champion of righteousness
Is extremely abstruse
But only to the mendacious individual
Do his actions seem to be a semblance
Of false sincerity
When in all actuality
It's authentic as the sun's brilliance

A champion of righteousness
Is a farmer
He tills the soul
Fertilizes it with love
Plants seeds of truth
And reaps what he sows

For the mustard seed of faith
That is engrained deep within
Comes to fruition at harvest time

Being a champion of anything is a struggle
And a trophy, ring, or medal upon successful completion
Acknowledges your accomplishments

Yet all these trinkets
Eventually fade into obscurity

The reward for a champion of righteousness
Is an everlasting completeness
A seat at the feast of all feasts
With the king of all kings

For this alone
The struggle is amazingly difficult
Yet worth it all

To a champion of righteousness

Feeding Angels

As my family prepared dinner
On a classic autumn eve
The sky was pink,
The sun was orange
Each complimented the leaves

There was a knock at the door
And on our front porch stood
A child, woman, and a man
All three looked hungry and tired
And seemed to be holding faith, righteousness, and hope in their hands

Without a second thought we brought them in
My children grabbed extra plates and silverware
As my wife set up extra places at the table
The father said all he wanted was a place to rest for a moment
And not to worry about feeding them if we weren't able

"Nonsense," I replied
For I sensed his pride
We said grace and proceeded to fill each plate with food
We sat in silence with our guest
And did our best
To eat in the most joyous of moods

After we were finished
They thanked us and left
What was an hour of time
seemed only like a breath

All evening we worried
Maybe they needed something else
God forgive us for not doing more
They said they needed no more help

As I slept I dreamed a dream
In which God came to me
He said things aren't always what they seem

He said He sent three angels
To the doors of many
And they were treated as if they had leprosy
Yet without hesitation I brought them in
And for that He was pleased

He said what we had done was right
Because we took what He gave us
And bathed it in light

We saw neighbors in despair
While others saw strangers
While they were living with worldly cares
We were feeding angels

My Sweet Truth

By love's wings we soar
through the sky
without love
we would not fly

Or ever experience
taking a sip of sweet joy
from a cloud
or decipher the whisper
of a sun ray
as it speaks to the ground

For love is a pair
of eternity tipped wings
that maneuvers through
the words the wind sings

Oh my sweet truth
upon flight
I was stricken by proof
of love at first sight

As we perform aerial feats
my heart hungers for you
as my eyes feast
you are the sunrise
I am the east

our united essence flows upward
as the course of the blessed Nile
forever I shall cherish your image
for you are God's smile

It is by love's wings
we fly through a starlit
painting of perfection
the holy union of 2 souls
a combined creation
of our Beloved's reflection

On love's wings
we are love's birthplace bound
a more perfect location
shall never be found

So fly with me
my sweet truth

Bye Bye Love

Instead of saying bye bye love
How about we retry love
Give it a fresh start
Cheek to lips
Hand to heart
Mind, body, and soul
Instead of saying
Who knows what the future holds
How about we trust
That love knows what love holds
Let's begin our eternity
From the point where our forever dimmed
Make motion
Create energy
Let's retry love
Goodbyes are forever
So let's goodbye doubt
And reintroduce that spark
To the lantern of our us
And relight our hearts
So instead of saying bye bye love
Let's retry love

Forever in a Moment

We had forever in a moment
That didn't last forever
Some things are timeless
While still limited by the length
Of their existence
All that remain are memories
Memories that are destined to be distorted
And the footprints that are left on our souls
By each other
Will become muddy before fossilizing
Eventually the only evidence of our forever
Will be the whisper on the lips of an angel
As he sings a honey dipped lullaby to an infant
Explaining the way love and time came to an agreement
Long ago they agreed that,
To avoid an eternal war,
Neither would have control over the other
Unfortunately, each child that hears that song
Will grow into an adult who strives to make forever and love
Synonymous with one another
They will have long ago stored the lyrics to that
Certain lullaby
In a place where the entrance is blocked off
So for our forever in a moment
A moment that didn't last forever
Please be aware that my love was at war with time
Willing to break a truce with eternity for the opportunity
To spend it with you

My Oasis

I've seen up close the most holy of holies
That dwelt in the temple
My Beloved Creator created for me
I was blessed beyond belief to taste the sweet mixture
Of the ordained milk and honey
That was promised so long ago
I hiked through the desert on an exodus
For an eon
Or so it seemed

All while following the signs
He laid out for me
I reached my destination
And at first didn't recognize the significance
Of what was before me
So he made me trek through the desert again

When I find that oasis He created especially for me
I will worship her essence at the gate of her temple
And feast endlessly on her milk and honey

I will hold her in the esteem the Lord created her to be held in
For He created her for me
My Oasis

To My Son

get an umbrella
because the rain is sure to come
a pair of shades
so you are not blinded by the sun
one laugh
one tear
and you can live off of both of them
never say
never say never son
be sensible
it's often foolish to be clever son
navigate through life with the knowledge
that only God
and the man in the mirror
can stop you
the devil is a lie
any and every chance he gets
he'll try to pull you to his side
so don't let the shackles of sin lock you
resist doing wrong
no matter how good surrendering may feel
remember you have God as your sword
He is also your shield
knowledge is priceless
and always worth attaining
knowing is half the battle
and learning is half the training
listening is 25%
questioning is the other 25
realizing what you are blessed with
is the chunk that almost completes the pie
giving God your all is the rest
regardless if you are at your worst or at your best
the only time you fail is when you fail to try
to my son
my lovely son
live life until you die

When We Breathe

You are encased in
The diamond shell that holds
The heart of this warrior

Our story will continue to be whispered
Amongst the stars each night
Our moment of eternity
Will continue to be reflected off of the moon
For forever and a day

Our souls will travel the length
Of the universe
On a single sun ray

True life is what we are
Together on a plane that exceeds interpretation

Hold your breath and feel me
Push on your lips
Desperate to enter your body
So natural an act could never
There be
More natural than when we breathe

Stolen Heartbeat

I was robbed for the rhythm of my heartbeat
By a miserable, mute thief
Who crept across loves lane
And quietly snuck in and burglarized my love
They say misery loves company
And silence is golden
So precious companionship
Is the reason that the rhythm of my heart beat was stolen

I Played My Part

I was there in the Garden of Eden
The serpent, Adam, and Eve, and
My purpose was simply to deceive them
I am not the serpent,
I am the forbidden fruit that was eaten

After man committed the original sin
God cursed the serpent, Adam, and Eve left
He picked up my core
Off Eden's floor
And turned me into flesh

For man's disobedience I became God's most valuable weapon
I am a hard learned lesson

I roamed aimlessly
Til I came to be Caine
And slew Able see

Then I was marked and embarked on a journey of self
And for the lessons I taught
My offspring were blessed with worldly wealth

But that was short lived
And since the sons of God
Mated with my daughters
And their offspring had villainous hearts
The Lord chose a fresh start
And turned me into flood waters

For 40 days and 40 nights
He opened up the springs and the sky
150 days later it was time for me to die

As I receded I was visited by the angel of death
And he told me
No, God wasn't finished with me yet

So I came back and sat in a room that was pure gold
And chose to act with a heart that was stone cold
Moses told me to let his people go
And no matter the signs he showed
I told him no

I relented and let him leave
Then changed my mind and followed
And was swallowed by the Red Sea

As I desperately tried to catch my breath
Once again I was visited by the angel of death
And once again he told me
No, God's not finished with me yet

Once again I came back
But this time instead of pyramids and chariots
I came back as a man named Judas Iscariot

I literally broke bread with Christ
And for 30 pieces of silver
I sold his life

I cried to the Lord
For turning me into a double edge sword
And begged him to turn time backwards
He didn't reply so
I simply tried to
Change tactics and give the silver back
But it was to late
They just laughed
And threw it back in my face

The guilt that I felt inside
Caused me to commit suicide
Or at least I tried
My body died but my soul was still alive

Once again I was visited by the angel of death
And once again he told me
No, God isn't finished with me yet

I was the last Cesaer
The first pope
The wrong reason for the right hope

I was a king named Shaka
A farmer named Willie Lynch
A missionary named Cecil Rhodes
Even before all this I was John Smith
Hallie Selassie at 100 years old

Napolean Bonaparte
I am the reason women were burned at the stake
For religion sake
And men were tied to horses and torn apart

Cortez and Chief Joseph
Before the Rez
And even a man named Hitler
The things I did to keep beauty hid
Helped the world get the picture

Then I came back twice at once
As men named Malcolm and Martin Luther
I preached the truth
And showed the proof
That we could have a righteous future

Throughout the ages
In different stages
God had me play my part

But through it all to my core
I've been the knowledge of good and evil
From the very start

A Conversation in Silence

To hold a conversation in silence
a possible impossibility
hardly ever employed
utter reliance on expression
relaying a point
through interpretable articulation
void of all verbal communication
silently debating with a mute counterpart
unspoken words transformed
into facial contortions
that audible senses are unable to understand
listening with the eyes becomes paramount
hearing the smirk, the grimace, the snide remark
spoken through a raised eyebrow
properly responding to the argument
as it is elucidated
through a trepidatious stare
remarking on the beauty of a potential
love interest
with a mere raising of one corner of the mouth
a thousand and one words of praise signified
in the curve of the lips
a silent poem escaping
and finding refuge
in the conscious mind of the attentive recipient
issues deliberated amongst peers
conclusions reached
all in silence
a possible impossibility
to grasp an unspoken point
to agree with a simple head nod
so many words, so many meanings
meanings and words
so many conversations, so many disputes
disputes and conversations
so little resolution, so little understanding
understanding and resolution
so little listening, so little hearing
hearing and listening
a conversation in silence
an impossible possibility
hardly ever employed
a thousand and one words
never spoken
yet fully understood

Sam Chapman [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
P.O. Box 769
Coyote Ridge Correction
Connell, WA 99326

Symphony of Expression

see the song that plays on my face
hear the melody in my eyes
listen to the bass in my smile
hear the tone of my smirk
read the notes written
on the wrinkle of my brow

see the song that plays on my face
get lost in the falsetto
that prances across my cheeks
and the treble that lights up my chin

see the music
feel the rhythm pulsate in an infinite place
called soul
for my expressions are soul music
my features are the band

see the music that plays on my face
it is an orchestra of emotions
the acoustics that resonate from my eyelashes
are blues mixed with the rhythm of funk
the hard rock of my spirit comes to life
at the concert that is staged on my face

see the song
feel the rhythm
enjoy the music
for a song is played on my face

a joyous note intertwined
with hi hats of laughter
strung on love's guitar
the keys of eternities piano
are played to perfection in the symphony
that is in my eyes

in song I express my truth
see the song that is played on my face
let your spirit dance
and enjoy the music

Merely a Conduit

My thoughts were sifted
through a rainbow
and what was flung
from my tongue
were precious jewels
wise words mined
from the mind
of a fool

The credit I cannot take
for I am merely a conduit
a simple soul
destined for a hole
God put something in
and chose to use it

I am just as shocked as those
who benefited from the gems
that were hurled from within me
kind words as red as rubies
wise words of emerald green
I spoke of treasures immeasurable
the likes of which no eye had ever seen

The Lord let sapphires
filled with insight
shoot out of my mouth
and opal shards
kissed by God
told what hardship was about

These jewels that God
chose to pass through
my undeserving lips
made me realize
what it means to live

The credit I cannot take
for I am merely a conduit
a simple soul
destined for a hole
God put something in
so I thank Him
for choosing to use it