

Author;
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¹² Title prophetic, poems, & poetry, ⁹⁵

DATE Aug 30, 2013

subtitle: Restoring the
Character Ethic

Fiction & Non Fiction,

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Aug 30, 2013
Robert Graham Jr

WRITE IT

Aug 30, 2013

Dear publisher:
At the last minute after proof²⁰
reading your instructions, not to
bind the book pages together. I
consequently, had to unbind them.
However, I believe that materials
will still copy sufficiently anyway!

Lastly, I have told an enormous
amount of other authors here about
your website, who have land slides
of materials, drawings, books, poems,
poetry, cartoon's (e.c.f.)

Also, I will be submitting
my very best book's every info²⁰
this website in the near future.
I tried to ~~write~~ mine validated²⁰
this website. I look futuristically
to appearing on your website
as a new up rising artist!

Sincerely, you will find A
SASE for your convenience and response
in Pilot Book ← 8-30-13

THE PURPOSE FOR THE ROSE

As each blossom unfolds and its unique smell mesmerizes your
nose, so I have become one with thee
I will never forget the power of the rose
Its searches so deep, it penetrates my soul in comparison to thee
In what will I compare this love?
It's the equivalent of a nose its smell is everlasting, its color
forever marks my mind.
O' it makes me tremble like an evening fire akindle
The beauty of our relationship is quite like the rose, it's
constantly opening up my nose.



PROPHETIC WRITTINGS

BY,
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430 OAKLAND ROAD (PCI) PELZER SC,
29669

Aug 30, 2013

(22.)

DON'T PLAY WITH THE ALMIGHTY

He knows what's in your heart, to continue to play him do you
think this to be smart
I'll just explain right from the very start
He canvases your very fiber right from the very start
He knows your very being like fine art
Every time you are demeaning, he's closest to be seen
He knows your every hair, he numbered them himself
So don't think that you can place your comment to him on a shelf
He knows just when you are before you were born he called you
stare.

PROPHETIC WRITTING"S ,BY

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430 OAKLAND ROAD

Aug 30, 2013



WHAT KIND OF LESSON IS THIS

Lie back, daughter, let your head be tipped back in the cup of my hand

Gently and I will hold you

Spread your arms wide, lie out on the stream and look high at the gulls

A deadman's float is facedown, you will dive and swim soon enough where this tide water falls to the sea

Daughter believe me, when you tire on the long trash to your island, lie up and survive, enjoy the high tides

As you float now, where I held you and let go, remember when fear cramps your heart what I told you

Lie gently and wide, this is your greatest strive

Stars, lie back and the sea will hold you, this you must ensue.

POETIC WRITTINGS , BY,
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Aug 20, 2013

YOUR FUTURE



Your future is going to be whatever you command it to be.
Opportunities knocks on all our doors.
It's our fears that keeps them closed,
Until we step beyond ourselves that opportunity for future bliss
you may miss, it is worth it to take such a risk
We cannot wait to everything is just right,
Your future is unfolded as you take steps that are not
comfortable.
Its there shinning bright like the sun, face it don't you run.

POETIC WRITING: "S
BY,

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Aug 30, 2015



THE REASON I LOVE POETRY

It is as much a part of me as I know how to be
It's the thing that enables me too see
When I am writing I'm expressing how things ought to be
There are time when I'm fearful and I write just what I see
The inspiration is my motivation, if I'm truthful my reward is
such a devine sensation
Motivation is being real, the place your heart finds too heal
Love is not just romantic or a feeling, it's an experience
sometimes words, thoughts or pain, so poetry brings ones life
much gain.

PROPHETIC WRITTING"S

,BY

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Aug 30, 2013

MY ANGEL



Just the other night my thoughts were towards you
I said a special prayer,
I even sent unto you an Angel,
When he returned, I ask why had he done so?
He said angels don't watch over angels,
I said what do you mean?
He said, didn't you know she was and angel before you sent me?
I said, NO!
The Angel said, Angels don't watch over angels.

BOETIC WRITTING"S, BY ,

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AUG 30, 2013

DON'T FORGET TO SING



Life's greatest trageties and mishaps are misspelled, with singing even if you don't have a superb voice, eradicating travestys is why you make this choice

Let your uncertainties hear your voice, cry aloud, spare not, lift up your voice like a trumpet

The dispelling of pain, in this way you want let your emotions be like a run-away train

In this trial I command you to sing, try if you'll see tomorrow you will be sain

(sing)

BOETIC, WRITTING"

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Aug 30, 2012

YOUR CALLING



It is the place of your destiny, the reason why you were borned
Your reason to please him and trust beyond thrust
The race is not given to the swift or to the strong, I read it's
to those who endure to the end
Destiny is like walking with a close friend, you trust each other
through thick and thin
No matter the difficulty your faith in each other never bends,
yes from time to time we all are tempted to sin
Destiny awaits, get up and don't do it again.

POETIC POEM"S ,BY,
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AUG, 30, 2013

NEVER DOUBT THE POWER OF THE ALMIGHTY



Heavenly father, no matter what I go through, I will always depend on you

I will forever depend on your marvlous hands. Although I am being put to the test, you only allow things like this to happen to your best. In this my confidence rest.

As I climb to the peak of this mountain, I will rely upon your Holy Fountain.

Yesterday you quenched my thirst, I took it to mean you want me always to put you first.

As a Patient securely in the hands of a nurse, my love for you is about to bust.

POETIC WRITTINGS , BY,
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Aug 30, 2013

REPOSITION YOURSELF

Mishaps happens to us all, so you've made some bad decisions,
Reposition your fall, don't use this as an excuse to stall,
Time and chance happens to us all
Yes to do this you must have a lot of gall,
Repositioning yourself doesn't always bring immediate wealth,
What it does is positions you to capitalize after you've made a
costly mistake,
So don't act like you can't reoperate from this fate, then we
would need to debate,
Remember more than you is at stake.



PROPHETIC POEM'S BY,
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Aug 30, 2013

LOOKING FOR LOVE
THIS IS WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR YOU




What is love to you?
Is it a feeling or an emotion?
And if it were where would you find it?
Is it physical bliss, wealth, fame or fortune?
How do you define what you have need of?
Is it in a car, city, village or education, status, social norms,
prestige or noteriety?
Is it in race, color, creed ethnicity, beauty, sizes or shapes?
If you define any of these things as love you're never going to
truly be loved. Love is not tangible it is untangible.

PROPHETIC, POETRY BY,


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Any 392015



THE POWER OF FEAR



As mighty as I was, I was still poverized by fear
Everything I embarked to do it was always near
An innoted expectation that the very thing I didn't want to
happen,
Still, I always believed that it would, fear is seeing yourself
failing very much so like being on a large ship, but you're not
in control of the sailing
It is worrying with clearly convincing you're going to lose
Time and time again with every opportunity to make it, you start
faking it
Fear is so powerful that it uses you to sabbatage your own life
with ever a notion to think twice
Faith is the opposite of fear, now your expectation is that my
promise is near don't fear.

PROPHETIC WRITING'S

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Aug 30, 2013,

THE REASON FOR PAIN

It comes and goes like a leaky sleeve, where it stops nobody knows

There is a valuable reason to embrace the pain you feel, it is there to teach you that something is wrong

However long this journey last, there's ultimately a reason for this task, no matter how vast.

Have you learned the lesson? This too can turn out to be a blessing, facing your obstacle will reveal the secret of this pain without stressing

Whether it be sickness death or sorrow most people interpret anything of such with horror.

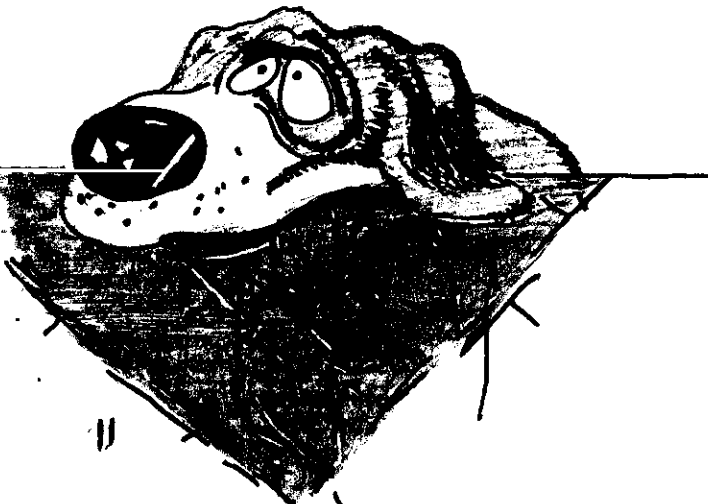
Still there's a lesson to be learned, this is how it is going to be earned, anybody can get burned, but still there's a lesson to be learned.

PROPHETIC WRITING'S

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Aug 30, 2013



TIME AND CHANCE

Time and chance happens to us all,
A time to succeed, a time to fall
A time to fail
A time to prevail
A time to laugh
A time to cry
A time when we feel as if everything in us is going to die
None of these experiences we can deny
So to do so I want even try
What you must not do is deny
Just because your chance hasn't arrived you're not going to
continue to try
Time is chance and chance is time
To believe in these principle will not cost you a dime
Don't base your chances at success on chances, but time, it's
coming.

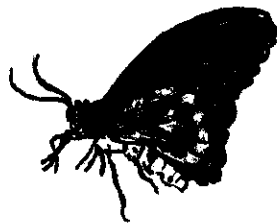
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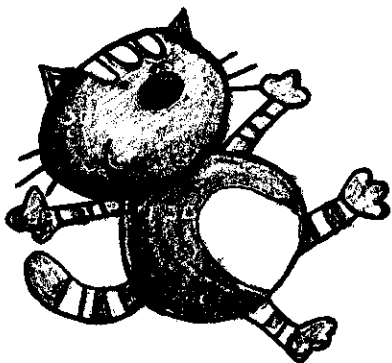
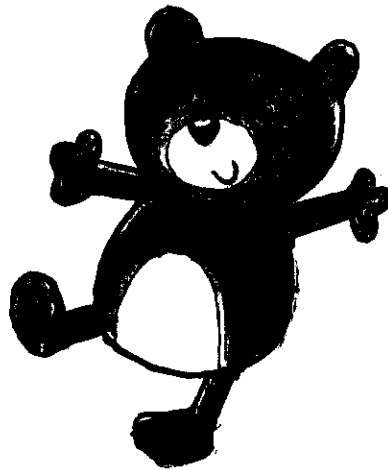
Aug 30, 2013



(R1.)

THINKING LIKE A CHILD

Remember before you grew up how simple life was and free?
This is the way adult life should be
Remember when you were twelve or maybe two or three
Nothing destroyed your innocence you were always free
Now that you're grown you're taking things so serious, almost
bordering delirious!
The mind can be over developed meaning ventings, raving and
doubts, safely even resulting in shants
What's all the clutter really about, do you really thinking it's
helping anything?
To think like a child is to pout.



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Aug 20, 2013

THE SPARKLE IN YOUR EYES

There is something so radiant about you
Profoundly inspiring at times I really don't know what to make of
you
The glitter in your eyes, the content of your look when you're
staring at me.
Thou hast doves eyes designed like the sky
The reason for my writting my thoughts is because I'm a little
shy,
There's just something about the texture of your eyes
Leaving me bliss and mesmerized.



prophetic writting'

, b y,

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Any 30, 2013

TWICE DIVORCED

The messiah was divorced at calvary. For you he endured all the
groosom pains so that you wouldn't haft too.

He embraces you,

He cleanses you through and through to perfect your life and make
it right.

The greatest thing I love about him, He never lives to condeme.

No matter what your deepest cut, He fulfills you in your rut.

All your terro he's familiar, and in return always near you.



PROPHETIC WRITING'S

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AUG 30, 2015

WHAT IS THE SUMMER LIKE?

A devine eloquent song from a bird floating through the air,
erasing all despair causing all your trouble to seem fair
Surrounded by this entire world, red scented roses, purple in the
air, the radiance from the sun removes every care, at creation
you stare

Life clenches in your hands, like a little girl in love for the
very first time

The peer trees grand, you can't miss any venture, teary eyes
The touch of the grass don't let it past, it want last
Shining after the rain.



PROPHETIC, WRITTING

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Aug 30, 2015,

LOOKING FOR ACCEPTANCE

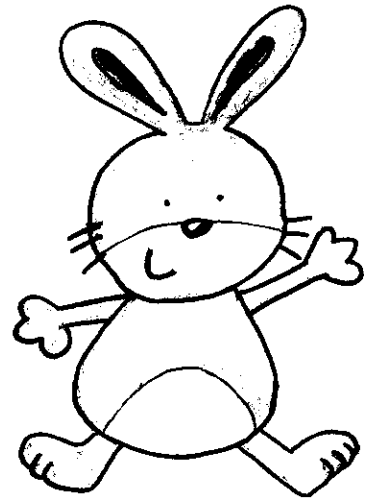
Everyone always has something to say
People tend to want everything to go their way
So hard to please, they even get offended at a little tease
Having their way seems to be the only thing to set their minds at ease

Now you find yourself being squeezed

No-one seems to recognize you to have needs

Take, fake is what you find yourself allowing people to do to you
Just to be accepted, just to hear a kind word, a nice word,
validations

First you must except yourself.



prophetic poems by,

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Aug 30, 2015



TOMORROW, WHAT ABOUT TODAY?

Tomorrow is not promised to you anyway

This is the time for your greatest accomplishment

If you don't act tomorrow will be just another day

Why delay?

Eternity is not tomorrow, tomorrow is eternity

The mind behind creation already included your reservations about failing to act

He knew you would be at this place of non-decision, this is the reason for all the derision

Time is not waiting on you, you're waiting on it

It's already here.

author

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Aug 30, 2013



MY FRIEND

No sound, spell on, on out where the wind went, our kite sent
back its thrill along the string that sagged but sang and said,
"I'm here" "I'm here"! til broke somewhere gone years ago, but
sailed forever clear of earth.

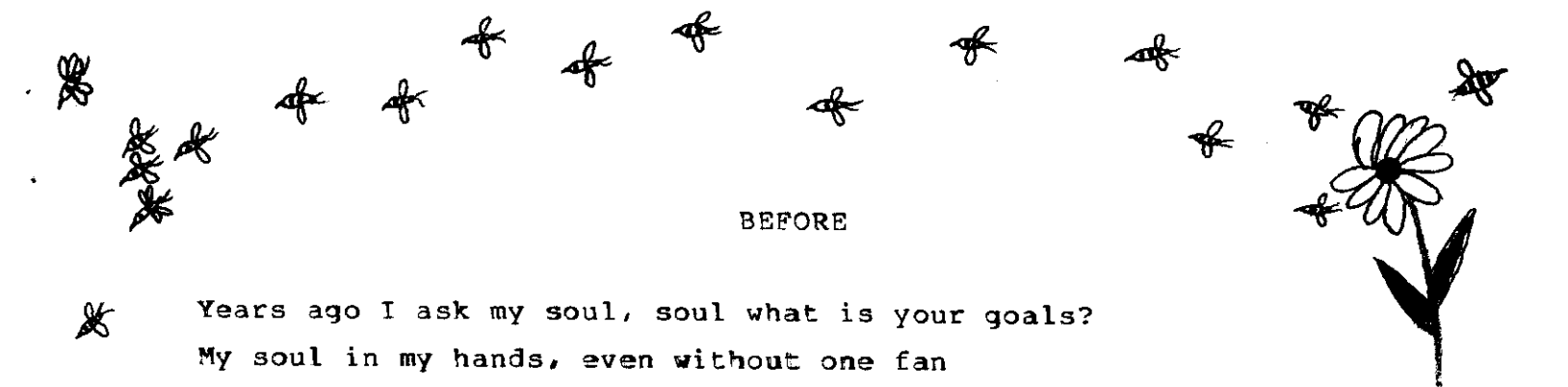
I hold whatever tugs the other end, if only I had string to this
thing. My feelings are bliss.

The tides I see twist. My gravity is secure, my excitement is
amazing, I see the horses grazing.

PROPHETIC WRITTING"S

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Aug 30, 2013



BEFORE

Years ago I ask my soul, soul what is your goals?

My soul in my hands, even without one fan

It weighed as light as a bird, it was a daring thing to hear my
heart ring, I was poised with light no longer caged like a bird
You see me?

I strive in wise ways, I taught my soul be free, my son's keeper
let love be, don't look at me

Sadly without a desire, without surprise I refuse demise, far
greater than suicide

I have turned myself full of wealth, no longer on a shelf.

PROPHETIC WRITTING"S

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