

WHY DOES THE CAGED MAN SCREAM?

11-23-13

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Thanks to the creator whom I've come to know as **Olu**dumare.

To the brothers whom I've come to respect and love over the course of 19 years of this hellish incarceration; Guila (life), Akil (RIP), Baharavi (cee), Agu (meatball), Solo (30 years in the hole), Shizz, Shakur, Staci (for all of the support), Nell (who made me laugh when nothing was funny), Medase pa to my Father, my Mother, and all of my loved ones.

I pledge my allegiance to the struggle of the united Brothers, and Sisters of the Continent presently known as Afrika, and to the resistance in which we stand as one nation of Gods, and Earths, indivisible, and unconquerable forever fighting as one mind, and true heart for the peace, and liberation of us all.

Clarence McCants (AKA FULTON)

PREFACE

These writings are selected spoken word poems straight from my experiences, dreams, thoughts, and feelings. I've been Incarcerated for the past 19 years, so the title "WHY DOES THE CAGED MAN SCREAM" is truly appropriate. My goal in writing is to capture what I feel in the moment, no matter how it comes out of my mind. Some of these writings are clear, others ambiguous. I hope that you the reader enjoy, learn, understand. I would also like to say HOTEPE (peace), enjoy.

Clarence McCants (AKA FULTON)

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WHY DOES THE CAGED MAN SCREAM?

Just why does the caged man scream? Because I have no life of my own, constantly reminded of these deteriorating conditions. A world apart from the life I once knew. Placed in a unnatural environment where the fruit is spoiled from the tree and the weed suffocate the life out of the bud. I tell you that I love but only receive hate in return. I scream because the price that I paid is too much for what I brought, and there is no turning back, just this. Forced to suffer the screams of a thousand others. I scream because my dreams are deferred and blown into the wind. I scream because I'm told that I can't, when indeed I know that I can! I scream because I'm tired of talking. Frustrated is he who seems to speak in tongues, but to the minds of the same kind...complete OVER-STANDING.

I scream because I'm not free and my people may never be. I scream because of a past forgotten, and a present that perils the future. I scream because of this generation and their blighted existence. I scream because I'm only caged physically, while most are caged mentally and do not know it. I scream because those that I love do not love me back, now even the uncaged would scream for that! I scream because my ancestors taught me that "TRUE COURAGE IS KNOWING HOW TO SUFFER". Because at times I feel inadequate. I scream because I'm seen as an animal, chained and branded as property...SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER! I scream because I'm with held from the company of a woman, because I miss my baby girl. I scream for the oppressed as scream at the oppressor. I scream for all who are righteous and moral despite class, sect, or color. I scream for life...I scream for love and peace! I scream for smiles and joy! I scream for freedom, emancipation, and liberty.

I scream because you actually have to ask me why I scream!

BELIEVE

These faces and unbelievable traces of pain run deep, they make up my surroundings determining the fate of the weary. Long lost souls distant from the path of consciousness. To hell with the AMERIKAN dream, it's less heat and food in the winter so the grind is on...FOREVER FOREGOING SAINT STATUS TO BECOME A SINNER! Death and poverty run rampant because we are imprisoned by another mans mentality...then the greatness is snatched from the acme of the mind. The beast, endowed with his savage ways, interpreter of the book, blinded by the light that never seem to penetrate the souls of men. There's no joy in the morning, so it's no reason to jump, stomp and sing along in this place! Shadows unaligned arise from the darkest realm, and there is no room for order in chaos!

WHY?

Why does it feel like I'm trapped in a strange land, washed on the brain and classified as less than a man?

Why don't our kids have food to eat, and why to have food clothes and shelter we got to live for the street?

Why is the population full to capacity in jails, and why do we hustle for days but don't have money for lawyers and bail?

Why is it said that birds of a feather flock together, then why am I Illegal, Bush is still on top, and we know the same people? Why is parole violators doing more time than new cases, five years on the back time for violations, while our kids get snatched and innocent bystanders get shot in their faces?

Why is it said that the truth can't lie, but when looked at with a conscious eye the truth is a DAMN LIE?!

Why do they so blatantly seek our demise, and why is it felt that if planted in the ghetto we can't survive?

Why are we still struggling to hold on, and why are we still thanking JESUS for the day he was born?

A-MAN-KIND

It's caught up unto itself and fully maintained in the here and now. It's survival is pertinent to the universe...this U-AND-I-VERSE. Survival means constant resurrection from the unnatural nature of it's tricks. Pursuing it's course seeking the demise of a self accusing spirit. Self containment at an apex internally parting way for a diseased heart, waging war on self...this higher and lower side of man...the lowest being a kind of man.

TEARS OF THE CROW

Thirteen creatures surrounding by the living depicting stories of deplorable death and in who's eyes is this fair? Extract the demise and remove the destruction from within, for I am only as weak as you would have me to be!

Eyes closed in deep trance receiving transmission. Seven dimensions of the mind, nine forces to control the equilibrium...still master of none, strangled by incompleteness. This incorrigible soul needs no introduction, so as it seems...It's so complex.

Maybe one day I will be able to walk on water, heal the sick and allow the blind to see...didn't I do that already?!

Derailed by these enigmas, tears of the crows and their voices sounding to he who knows no remorse...take it back and never cry for me again!

HOPELESS SUNRISE

I can't make the S-U-N rise...and I can't help the S-O-N rise.

My mind's life is a battle field riddled with scars to signify it's pain. Two separate entities, "you know, my mind and me". I do what the fuck I want and my mind fights me to stop. OH, I fight back hard, real hard...SUICIDE...SUICIDE. Shit, man I'm killing myself, no gun, no knife, no rope, just a N-I-G-G-A with no hope. Planted in a system not even designed for me. Young, black and gifted? Or could it be I'm just what I was forced to be...still causing pain over, and over again...I-N-S-A-N-I-T-Y, engulfed in the state of nothingness, no aim, no purpose.

So I don't deserve to see the S-U-N rise...
and I don't need to help the S-O-N rise.

How can the blind lead the blind through a tunnel of darkness? But then again, I guess it really doesn't matter if your blind anyway! "SAVE THE BABIES, SAVE THE BABIES!! What for?! The earth is inhabited by a KIND-of-MAN, not the KIND-MAN, get it...MANKIND?! My soul is burden man! The ciphers 360 has been broken, broken into 360 warring clans intrigued by death and demise, and the price of admission "DUH", self hatred captivated in the very essence, depicted through the mind. It flows to the fabric of the heart, and played out through the limbs and tongues. The insignia of the down trodden stamped on the very skin. At times it's insufferable and completely neurotic. It's retention is that of no other, and in my eyes, under the sun rise is hopeless!

Semantics, it's what fucked the world up...
man, I'm so misunderstood!

PAGE #7 McCants (AKA FULTON)

She was 8.9 in Japan,
but shook home Tsunamis of tears.
I think her name is Haiti.

PAGE #8 McCants (AKA FULTON)

NO

No, I wont say yes, no means no and I don't mean yes. No, I wont inhale that into my lungs, and no I wont use my body for your pleasure! No, I wont sign that and give up my rights to you. No, you can't put those handcuffs on me and take my freedom/free-dome, my life, my family, my soul.

No, you wont call me that word, you know, "NIGGER-NIGGA"!

No, I wont hit her and black her eyes, and hear her cries. No, I wont shoot that and kill, kill, kill. No, I wont sell that and poison my Mother, my Sister, my father, my Brother, Our Children, this Black Nation! No, I wont let you trick me and set me down by the way side!

No, I wont help you to make me over, I overstand so I'm fine. No, my life does not revolve around you and your very essence. No, I don't need you to help me see, to be what you want me to be, or see. No, you wont suffocate the life out of me with your "MATERIALISTIC CAPITAL GAIN ENVY", I have awakend!

BLISS

There's no sleep for the weary, like sleeping on a rock in a hard place where the atmosphere is as thick as darkness. Every inhale is a struggle, this necessity that perpetuates life...how can it be? Is it easier to not breathe at all? Becoming unforgiving to the next humans atmospheric difficulties? Why should it even be a concern when the bliss is in letting go?

It's said that ignorance is bliss, but how can one ignore the struggle for their existence on this plane of momentary transition where fist pound against chest as if the animal has taken over? Ignorance fueled by fear...let go.

That thin line expresses nothing more than knowing where freedom stop, and servitude began. Becoming a slave to the things that we hate the most! But, how can one walk that line when they have never known any freedom?

THE AWAKENING

Stepping into stages of darkness laced with intelligence, isn't night just as the womb in that hour? The vital elements flesh, mind, soul leaving what was to bring forth what is. A metamorphoses into a different kind of creation yearning for an existence never known on a dismal plane as shallow as the grave, looking to be the cause for an effect where glimmer is for the masses, where the strong and weak perish alike...

Is night just as the womb in that hour?

MY PRAYER

Imagine a world with no sin infused by the creator one step at a time, journeying through stages to reach completeness in total compliance to that will higher than self. It starts internally and radiates to the surrounding atmosphere lighting the way to what some have searched for their entire lives. Our bodies made from the earth, so we return back to the essence after many trails. Some sold into a dream that never entered into their minds in the first place. Keeping that dream alive festering in the deepest part of man. Adopting this strange mentality, we've transformed into a strange people.

Where is the eternal one? Rain down fire from the heaven upon the deceitful transgressors! Where is the eternal one? Boil the waters and set houses ablaze! Show your anger! Honor the meek and allow us to inherit a re-built land! Burn this place down and give us our Zion, where milk and honey flow abundantly! Tear it down and allow your children to eat from the tree of life, knowing good and evil! End this torment, release the captive, and fill us with the spirit of our ancestors whom you have loved in the past. Love us even if we don't love ourselves!

AMEN.

RISE IN THE DAWN

It's been real, what else could it have been? Two minds intertwined, yet having it's own identity. One essence with two voices seeking expression, transcending the impossible, re-discovering the ultimate self creation...imbued with black thought...transfixed with the cosmos, reading karma, prophesying what's to come.

Step by slow agonizing step we reach the zenith of nothingness, progress is nowhere...trekking through midnight as dense as jungle thickets. Pause in the eternal moment because motion rushes no-thing. Time being only a figment of the mind measured by numbers and sleep, so awake to a new day. No longer shackled by the words of another man, HIS-story, HIS laws, HIS reality...bursting forth like RA, like the sun from that tiny atom.

Reach into the deepest part of me and comprehend my meaning it's set ablaze with sun gasses, yet cool as the eskimo. It flows in my soul like under water currents. Different dimensions of reality transmitted through metaphysics as I float with celestial ancestors, pure black...beautiful black...unrelenting...unapologetically black.

IT HURTS

Outside it's rearranged to fit in with the norm of things, not seen if demonic. Sometimes it's dark, and then, just then, it makes all the sense in this world. At times there are cries, some screams and I see some things..it hurts!

Maintained in itself fits a pattern deliberate yet unwilling, blatantly capturing the essence of what was and what's sure to come. It hurts so bad that I contemplate our fate and wait for the day when the bomb is dropped! Somethings are just not right with this reality, and equality? Lies...deciet, we are at full all out war people and it hurts, man I swear it hurts!

It's like I'm trapped in this maze, a hypend harsh warped reality, nonetheless a reality. It co-insides it's existence in my transitoriness. Complexity arranged with time...there's no movement without motion.

But, can I make sense of it all, just to make sense of it all, making all of it's sense an overstanding for this risen mind, civilizing an empty black space that occupies this time? Then soon after, to what extent will selfishness, and greed go to silence the trumpet that blows it's notice of a free-dome, freedom from a desolate wasteland where thought form on unfertile ground that's meaningless from nothing?

Suddenly, it makes all the sense in this world...and it hurts, man I swear it hurts!

IT HURTS II (MY INSANITY)

Eyes have not seen nor ears heard, inside this pain that cuts like a knife. I've said it before that it hurts, and man I swear that it hurts! But now it's like I'm dying, my pulse is weak and I see things not of this world. Although I walk through this valley of dead bones, I shall fear no evil! But, is the lord truly my shepherd? I've never laid down in green pastures, just my physical clothed in ill use! Receiving topics from the mind, played out scenarios through my optics. I'm fully unstable and my limbs yearn to act ending this cycle of unforgiving torment. Nothing but cruel intentions, and all hate is internal. The furious one locked inside, the untameable animal that fear and anger has made, locked inside contained in this cage. I'm dying because of this beast that eats away at my soul. Not willing to free him, everyday he grows more animalistic. He wants control, control of this vessel. But I want to be free too!

UNCLE BILL

Thirteen dead crows
in North Carolina...
That's how starts,
in a cold, cold sweat
down in North Augusta, GA.
They were fighting over bones.
Haven't made a drug
that can touch this kind of pain.
The rich, the blind, the prostitutes...
Pardon me, we all got a mouth
and a asshole, humor has it.
Chaos? Now you're on my corner,
bring it on baby...
High on the hog, like a pig in shit.
Stone crazy angels.
When two women
tell me to do something
I usually do it...
For those who still
hear the guns...
Celled up with satan.
Violet in the closet,
love sick lilly,
Hip hop hippies.
Pretty things
Outside the sacred.
Tear drops on the face of time,
Then, she breaks my heart again.

LETS ESCAPE

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LETS ESCAPE

Lets escape and transcend the impossible, navigating a path to forever...riding on the current of endless seas, blue waters and the clearest skies that you could imagine. Like, looking into eternity and how the deepness in our eyes will never cease. Lets set adrift and leave this land forever, journeying through stages as a blissful means to enchantment. Lift the anchor of your soul and lets move through hours, minutes, seconds because we've been here before. Separated by circumstance and time being only a figment of mind...lets escape, then travel through the deepest recesses of you and I, enmeshed together like the duality of our existence designed only for the use of each other.

Listen to the words that exude from your mind. See the way by the light of your soul. Let your heart guide your foot steps to a never ending ecstasy, becoming engaged by the simplistic over tone of us. Lets escape and soar on a cloud, like prayers carried on the wings of angels to the heavens...letting the wind blow us in the direction of it's desire. Let me explore and travel through your world creating thunder and lighting...expelling the radiance of the sun in the womb of your universe impregnating you with the moon and stars, brithing beautiful creations, the end result will be forever...if we but only escape!

WHY WE CAN'T CONNECT

Time, space, position exacting our mediocrity. Willing a connection but receiving no spark. Achieving no assimilation...floating aimlessly to and fro as if no space could contain us. Nomads in a land so close to the place we once called home, but isn't home where the heart is?

It feels as though we are two worlds apart, on two different levels of feeling. Intensity consumes my hearts desire, while your whims hold you captive expressing no more than a fleeting emotion. Can we begin to identify the disharmonious factor(s) that set us asunder way beyond the satisfaction of a release...in and out...up and down...round and round, "YOU KNOW"! Can we move to a point of inner connection, where we meet and obtain more than we once shared?

If this isn't for the world to see, then may they be blinded and cast into the deepest part of the earth never to gaze upon, or hear why we can't connect!

"THEN WHAT"?

NEOTERIC CONTACT

We've made contact before, it's not like we are strangers. Deep thought accompanied with feeling bring forth new creations. Face to face piercing the soul beyond the third lies a deeper union termed by no man, just being of it's nature. Impulsive and compromised by no-thing. Captivating aspects replete to capacity, though immensely sensitive encompasses this devitalized mass, birthing a man child under water in a perfect cipher. Contact, we've made contact. But at what point did we make contact?!

THE HATE OF MY LOVE

All of this time I knew that it was me, the evil one that is...the thief. Have I stolen your heart and then forced love back into the torso of another who is unwilling to love? Was it I who brought a storm to this calm sea? Was it I who cast darkness into the light, allowing your dismay to become content? Did I arrest the very essence of your being leaving you bound and oppressed by my selfish desires? The desire to have you love just as I do, with passion just as deep as I would have it to be? Was this fate, our universal rhythm waiting for the correct atmospheric circumstance to rear it's ugly head? Do I even have the right to cast blame on anything, or anyone but myself?

FADING IMAGES

How's she to mend if there is never a thought of being torn? Disquieting fear to be wholly satisfied...this everlasting abundant threshold. Only flesh touches the pinnacle of what she is. Soon after, she adorns her heart with priceless things. Quick to become a fading image of happiness...summer has past and the winter has come.

VIS-A-VIS

Should she understand how I feel if I never spoke a word? I mean, I know just what to say but there's a certain fear in saying, expressing what seems to be real in my mind. What if there is no potential for our realities to co-inside? Then does that mean that I'm stuck in an illusionary state living my life caught up unto her? Should I be so blatant as to forcing our worlds to collide, just to be taken aback by the brightest ^{Colors} of our spectrum where the air has never been breathed?

Yet, yearning to feel her warm skin against mine send tingling, clustered waves throughout my entire body. It compels me into action painting the most accurate picture of my deepest passion for her. Bound by these unwarranted insecurities! Her voice is a soothing melody to my soul, and a anchor for this swaying ship. This beautiful Goddess who's head is wrapped in the glory of the heavens, skin gently caressed by the sun. The earth moves to her every step. The trees they bend paying respect to the Queen, this is her...none worthy of her touch but a king...this is me.

I'm just saying.

SCATTERED THOUGHTS

...and just like a drug I'm addicted to seeing the smile in your eyes, imagining past, present and future. She makes me feel like a man, so wrap your arms around me and never let go!

...a voice to calm my storm, can't wait to smile again...can't wait. My expression many miles away, but OH what she does to me, explicating her thoughts into my being. She is a woman, and pleasing her is pleasure...being worthy of every thought that consumes my mind. Being worthy of a conscious dream...you're beautiful...I'm open!

...visualizing the past, please don't think less of me because I've trekked through the fire...still I'm scared. Fear of being alone and vulnerable. A new life with her? Lay your burdens down upon my chest he who has the strength of ten men...

I digress.

SENSE

Seen the rain this morning as tears did roll down your face. What more could you ever expect of me?! Silence has no voice and the echo of dreams go unheard. Enter lacing stories with thought blown into the realm of nothingness, grasped by an unconscious existence. Slighted and misled by the bottomless pit. Searching for shelter as insatiable desires roam the plane seeking to devour fulfillment.

Heard your cries this afternoon, rang out like cracking thunder. What more could you ever expect of me?! ...and what is the price for the redemption of an incorrigible heart? Because suffering shows no mercy, only forged paths to the self fulfilling prophesy of our universal truth.

Felt your discomfort last night as your body lay tense next to mine. What more could you ever expect of me?! Unwavering, iron clad, catalyst! This symphony of indifference solidified in it's order, in it's space, in it's time, because I've seen and I have felt the pain too!

THOSE WHO FEEL IT

Only time shall tell if intensity has become an abode within my heart so profoundly, though feverish space contain no feeling. Enunciating empty songs of reformation. Fill this space as my body does overflow with intrepidity, and this too knows my heart!

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

Love, better that what she gave? Impossible, no not really? But feel and don't cringe, being the one who guided this to fruition anyway.

UNDERSTAND IT?

Who cares! feel it's pain, scream inside until you have no voice, now who hears you? Bludgeon your head until you can't feel any more, now who hurts? Walk ten thousand miles until the souls of your feet burn, now which path will you traverse? daze into the sun until it snatches your eye sight away, now what did you really see?

COMPREHEND IT?

Don't even care! Who is the one to say that I'm not chosen? Maybe for a day or two? draw the line and I'll accept my fate? "FUCK YOU AND YOUR LINE!! The brightest colors will eventually fade in and spectrum!

HURT ME?

How could she, it's love right?

S.

Not even the iron fist of the law will stop me...

Not even the concrete bricks that surround this hell will stop me...

Not even the steel bars that encase me will stop me...

Not even a brother, or a mother, or a sister, or an ex lover will stop me...

Not even seclusion, confusion, exclusion, or disillusion will stop me...

Not even the 107.02 miles that separate us will stop me...

Not even time or space will stop me...

Nothing will stop me...

No one will stop me!

Cause...

I got your back! Through the toughest of times, I got your back no matter what! I'm like the stealth fighter dipping in and out through the night unnoticed, like the invisible shield protecting you and no one but us knows it's there. You don't need an S on your chest, you got an S on your back, because I got you! When the front wheels fall off, I'm the back wheel holding things afloat. There will never be another who will hold you down like I do! Through miles, years, and damn near a life time, "I GOT YOUR BACK"!

ANYAWU

(BEAUTIFUL AS THE RISING SUN)

I cut a banana in my oatmeal this morning and it's funny because I thought of you. On my way to work, I smelled a sweet fragrance and immediately thought of you. I questioned, "How could this be when I've never had the pleasure to delight my senses in the smell of her essence that I know is so sweet?" That of lilies in a valley, or that of afrikan violets. A taste on my tongue so foreign, but too indulging. Could this be a taste of her lips, her tongue, her neck, her belly button, or maybe even a taste of her PUS\$!, "YOU KNOW", a taste of grabbing the back of my head and letting me work, and baby just let me work!!

It rained tonight and I thought of you, how I would ease any pain that you ever felt. I would capture your tears in a vessel only fit for a Goddess, and drink of the cup of life devouring your pain...this I can do!

Saw you in a dream, a picture of perfection...in my eyes behold the beautiful. But you spoke no words, just a stare. Frozen in my mind, a still frame of a picture that I see, a picture that I've seen.

Heard a voice call my name when I was surrounded by darkness. Completely drained, I was led by your calls to the light. There you stood, frozen in that still frame. I crawled to you, and only by my touch did you become animated. You said "I've been looking for you, so I called your name and you appeared". She cried, and the heavens opened sending down rain. I began to smell that sweet fragrance that delighted my senses. I kissed ~~you~~ your lips and knew that foreign taste, again, again, and again...

As we started down our path together, in that moment I knew that it was all relevant.

BLANK

So, simplicity conjures ease gracefully inept and endures pumped up pride. So unreal as it seems, blind ambition as an unbroken circle made of endless dreams. Cloaked in daggers impaled by the night, listless accounts dismayed by the light. Truth relayed in the absence of fear, imbued thereof amuses a certain kind of justice, though cynical beings clouded by taunts spew forth incompetent treachery.

FOR MY QUEENS

How can I explain it? Oh my queen, how you move me. Your aura alone transcends anything that I could ever imagine. the aroma of coconut milk, and cinnamon lightly bounces of your body and tickles my senses nearly intoxicating me into a listless trance. The tone of your skin shines so brightly it's nearly blinding. My beautiful queen, and I your king, I feel the beat of my heart thump so hard...heart beating so profoundly...so ferociously like the pounding of a djembe drum as it nearly jumps through my chest each time that I look onto your eyes. It's like looking into forever and seeing beautiful valleys of endless trees, and streams of blue water. The smell is that of an Afrikan rain forest, and the morning dew is so poignant it's unreal.

Born among Queens, you destined for royalty. I see the flowing colors of purples, oranges, reds, greens, yellows, and black in the invisible garbs that you wear...garbs only fit for a queen. It's frightening the power you have, you posses a sovereignty of an Afrikan Goddess. Mere mortals bow at your feet in awe and adoration. Adorned aloft your flowing locks lies a single sunflower, that which was a gift from me representing the un-yielding sun as our connection, and the delicacy and simplicity of the journey you and I will travel as one. The beauty of something so small and miniscule to others, but ornate and elaborate on detail to you and I. As long as I have a breath to breathe, you will always be to me my heaven. For I know without an ounce of intrepidity, you see me just as equally as I see you.

REAL SWEET

Sweet like a taste of honey my tongue, it becomes so real when your lips kiss mine, or when you utter the words "I LOVE YOU BABY". Sweet is when your body shudders from my touch. Real is when I can think of nothing but your touch! Sweet is picturing your face, the embodiment of all my dreams. Real is when I awake calling your name drenched in sweat.

Sweet is the aroma of your skin, or how your ass moves when you strut it for daddy, "AND I'M SAYING MEAN, MEAN WALK! Real is when we gaze into each others eyes and see into the windows of our souls...

Captivated by the magnitude of your smile...

Engrossed by infectious laughter,
the melody of my life.

So sweet...this reality, you and I...
Loving each other for a life time,
and damn near beyond!

STRANGE LOVE

Isn't it funny how love enables you to do the strangest things,
like...

Standing in the middle of the street in dead winter with a sun
visor on...

two curlers in your hair, one beret...
wearing two nipple rings with salsa on them,
a sweat belt around you stomach with sea shells hanging...
from the creases.

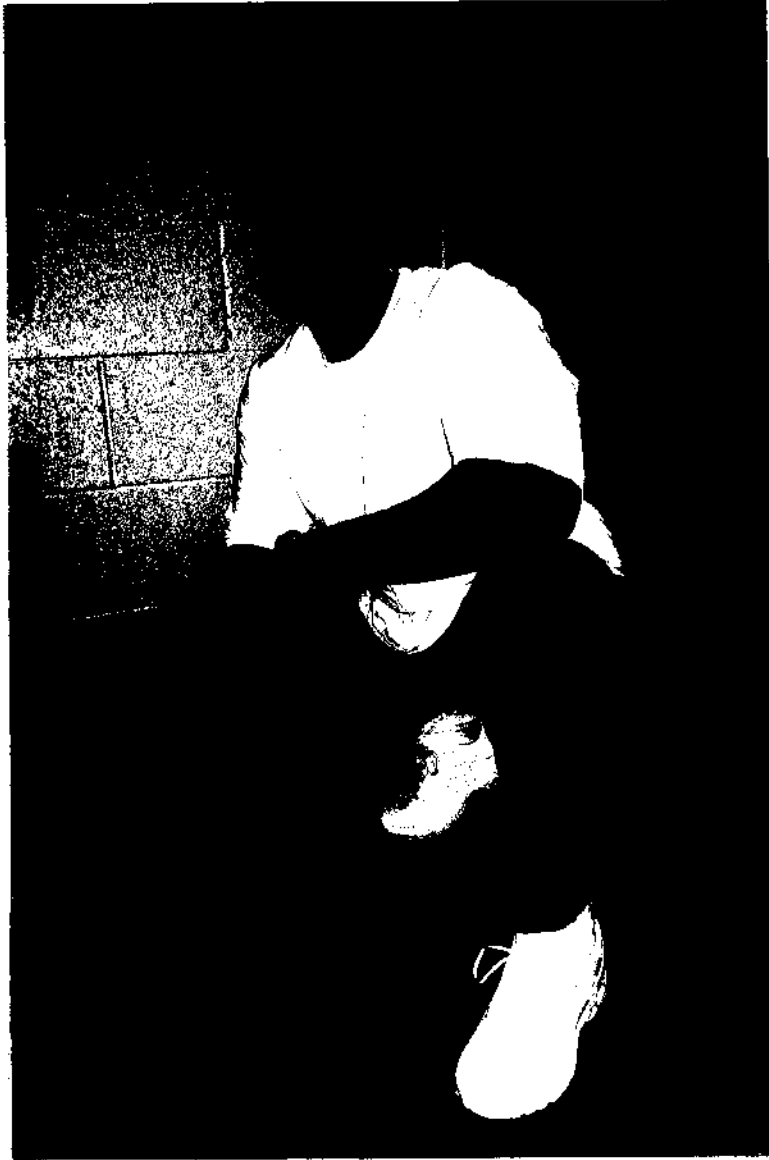
In your left hand a banana peel,
in your hand a empty trash bag...
Wearing speedos with one ass cheek cut out,
and a card board sign on the crotch reading "LITTLE MIDGET"...
Two knee pads on,
and on your left foot, a dress sock extended above your calve,
on your right foot, a thermal sock from when you were like,
"SIX YEARS OLD".

Standing in a circle of ten peanut butter jars,
with slippers on your feet, yelling...

BABY, I LOVE YOU!

Yeah that's strange love! (SMILE).

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