

# RANT TO RAVE

MY SOULFUL CRIES 3-End-2013

R20  
WRITING  
EXERCISE 1

[ A MESSAGE IN THE  
BOTTLE. ]

Her Name Around Town Is Pretty Brown eye...  
She's A Latino chick... WELL! white and Mexican to be exact...  
In Her daily Public official, Public safety official blues, she stands, Tall...  
maybe 6 feet... Her hair is chop short with her bangs Long... As if someone  
put Her hair in a ponytail and cut it off.  
You can tell by the way she present herself that she desire to be  
seen... No! not that way. Not as a women desiring to be seen as  
a person. But, that, well, it's difficult to be put into words by me...  
Although I shall try here! She walk in all the ways that says; I'm  
yours if you wish me to be. You can hurt me although I pretend you  
can't. What's Love? because, I truly don't know. I think that I may  
have found it until you presented to me what I never had and most likely  
never will without you. Her strides are unsure, worrisome, searching,  
proclaiming fragile femininity that's hidden under a pseudo patricidal  
exterior... At times, she speak of preserving herself like a luxurious  
delicacy; a fruit that's perseve through age it becomes more deliciously  
refined.  
It's passion, intimacy, trustful love and much more she desire. from Her  
stride you can also sense that she is like most, 'immature'... Emotionally,  
emotionally, psychologically, spiritually and sociologically. She believe that  
she can seize hold of what belongs to someone else. She was raised  
psychologically, culturally, socially cultivated to believe that a particular  
set of human being was placed on this planet to be hers and her peoples  
downtrodden. And because they are the downtrodden race of her  
more physically superior industrialize society. she and her  
peoples should seize hold of what the downtrodden could not protect  
and use it for their own gain...  
Her immaturity prevented her from seeing what could be hers through  
chance and the adventure of experiencing the essence of life.  
she ask with her stride and state at the same time.  
Who do I trust? NO! There is no-one to trust.  
And I reply. why am I not fit for your trust and your  
willingness to love...

## Beauty & The Beast.

CAN'T YOU SEE! That your so physically beautiful.  
You're, she is, you'll are, Beauty. I'm the society, shame. The thing,  
that should be. No! must be hidden from the world. 'Screened'...  
'isolated'... 'concealed'... Hermitize; within a social layer. F\*ck!!!  
Why do you bother me?! Can't you hear my cries PATRISHA... sorrow  
feels my heart for the trying time you had to experience. I WAS  
there with you, help you through it. There is no reason for me to be there  
now! I can only interpret your behavior as you, her, them as being unsure.  
I want love. "Pure Love" Chemistry, intimacy, eroticism with you, here, there.  
Sh\*t!!! I told you I am a polygamous. No! Not a bigamous. It's illegal  
in this country. And No. not that 'm' word either. yes! That one. why  
you think it did not work out with you, snow white, pretty brown eyes and  
Joule. "There is sanctity in our way of life." I love the time we had  
together. But it could be so much better. I want to give you all of me.



I WANT THE BEST OF YOU, NOT THE WORSE. THE FINEST OF LIFE...  
How would you feel if I scolded you every time we are together.  
Slaps and smacks only go so far with me. But it could be so much  
better. I'm not a women beater or hater. I'm a lover and admirer of  
women. You're negativity keep us from growing. It's an energy that  
others need to feed off of. I'm obtuse. Right! It's more than about you  
and/or I. If you want me just say so! Be discreet and true to  
the game and I promise you'll see me at your door visiting you...  
Don't play with me, let me go. Please! For love is also admiration...  
I, so! Desire to see you smile even in someone else arms.  
You don't appreciate or accept my compliments of you! You are so  
unappreciative, unaccepting, inconsiderate of me and what I could and do  
for you at that time, you complain about what I can not give...  
That's, why it could not work in the past and stands no chance  
in the future. I'm this hideous creature to you. You only desire to  
feed off of me and cast me away like dirt rocks in a child's hands  
I sit or lay at night on my mat in this layer thinking about our  
past. Controlling the blood tries that has build up on my heart, from  
overflowing. At times, it feels like it's a two hundred and sixteen  
pound weight on my chest crushing the air and life out of me.  
Some times I fall weak to the pressure of that weight and find  
myself calling upon him begging him to bring me up... even if it's  
at the cost of all life... He's so true to me. He show me that  
he can... and commands me... Denying my request again...  
Life is so hard as it is. I can't jump back into yours, any of  
yours beds until you change your, all of your scornful ways...  
I'll do only what I must to get ahead...

PAPA BEAR ! HUGS, LOVES, AND KISSES...

I'M STRIP DOWN, BARE.

PLEASE! I BEG OF YOU!

DON'T, RIDICULE ME

BECAUSE OF MY NUDITY.

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