

Frustrated T.O.L.S

And his eyes has grown dark with a haunting void to the presence of his own emotions!

Yet he enters into the field of another day; unrest and unknown.

His lips, mute - his heart, throbes cold and his feelings; simply calloused.

Though moment after moment he lures for the dawn, the birth of this day.

For he is a man, who's force is stronger than the ease of death yet, weaker than the fight of life and his will; a parasite, stretched between the two.

The price of his pleasure has become the punishment of his pains.

And he holds relentless to the hemmed garment of love, seeking the comfort of its pleasure only to receive the rewards of its price...

Frustrated;

T.O.L.S.
April 2011

"Just one of those days
on the wrong side of the bed;"
nostalgic!

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Mr. Oscar McLeod

"The Executed"

May 06, 2011

Born on the 5th of May yet, with the slumbering hour of 6pm on the 6th of May, he shall suffer the reverberful hands of death for his very own actions.

Browe, and he lived his life free of fear, though with the approaching hour of his death, his unbroken and unnerved spirit; Quivers with the tremors of grief and remorse.

Now with tear-rinsed eyes, he looks towards Mount Calvary and before the Jesus of Nazareth he prays: Harken unto my sincerity, Oh heavenly father: before the curtains of night is drawn to conceal the stage of this day, that celebrates the spectacle of my execution -

" I seek thee, of your forgiveness "

Psalm 142

5:59 pm: as the anesthesia begins to creep through the narrow crevices of his weakening flesh as he clings to the sloughful departure of life. 6:00 pm: with his final breath approaching, he wept of his last tears and they too shall dry upon his lifeless face like that of dehydrated tree sap. 6:01 pm: for through a small crack in hope and before death glass over his eyes, he prayed of his final prayer in the hopes of gaining God's everlasting forgiveness.

Its our days like this that the poet becomes a philosopher and unto the darkened silence that chokes

Mc Oscar McLeod

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the voice from expressions - he writes on the walls of
confession of the brave eyes that stood reverently before
the light of eternity - Seeking forgiveness in one hand and
with a mournful soul in the other; all the while, the
living rejoice in their justice of closure ...

Luke 23: 44-46

THE EXECUTED

THE ONE LESS SPOKEN
MAY 06, 2017
B.A.C.I.

"THE SAND MAN" I.D.S.

From the earth did he not come and with
the addition of rain, thus, he not remain.

The winds of life blows and away he goes;
the hour Glass of man, piece by piece the man of sand,
yet grown by grain until the wind of death blows
and no longer, thus, he remain;

Though the story has yet been told, for
where the soul of this man goes; no one knows...

The Sand Man; 2011.5

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Mr. Oscar McLeod

My Family

THE ONE LESS SPOKEN
MAY 2011

To the D.A.P. and my Rose Marie,
thanks for not forgetting about a polecat
like me.

Just know that I'm still smiling
never frowning because I got a good
woman who keeps me from drowning.

Things may get a little hard from time
to time but when I dial her number, she
is always on the line.

I have experienced a lot of things in life
but this hasn't been nothing nice. So if I had
to roll the dice then know, I want be going
through this twice 😊.

Yes, time has moved on but I'm still standing
strong and it won't be long before I'll be home.

So thanks for your comments on my sight;
for it's through your prayers that gives me the
courage to make it through each and every night...

Love yours; Oscar
T.O.L.S.

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