

IN DANGER SPECIES
BY: Luis D. Perez W33937

I love every nation as
I love my own country,
but I strongly believe that
the conflict between religious,
the different political ideologies
and the advance of technology among
the Nations will eventually put in
danger the integrity of the entire
human race.





Seasons - Traveling Cage

By: LUIS D. PEREZ 6/21/2011

Culture of multiple nations, Mother Nature shares her heart, with this message to impact.

Whispering to my soul, I can't see the seasons change. My Journal within the cage, does not blind me walking on this lane.

Plants around me are complaining of being different, that soil is struggling to survive and I have to help if I want to stay alive.

We are given the wrong water, like the plants Pollen, Liver disease is flying on the winds THE CHILLING, brisk feeling of Autumn Wind. Radiant colors of the trees, bring winter's dream ANOTHER NUMBER to my skin.

Rivers and veins are moving human Souls into the ground, Like the crispness of Autumn's last spree bring slumber for those who seek.



PEARSON



INTIMIDATION OF THE BEAST

BY: Luis D. Perez

In the land of the free and home of the brave,
I am a man imprisoned until I go to my grave.
My keepers are many and come in all kinds of ranks,
HAIL TO THE CHIEF

The keepers don't see the roots,
the imperial power of the KKK, the wizard
influence on the skin head, the breeding ground
of what you really hate - Colombine High in stage.

The death of prisoners, symbol of many colors,
the subculture of nations, Black Disciples, Crip's,
Latin Kings, Familias and Netas - Color blind as
a nation. Danger struggle for survival in a
culture of beast and racial climate.

We have to given them American Dreams, to make
them feel as part of the country. You are our
youth and we can't ignore your turf and bury
those dreams in a culture of blood.

The reflections of the lynching party, sound
like a drum beaten with swift sticks,
Education is the weapon that can change the
lifestyle, like a bridge - the unrestricted
soul who will help you to cross from here
to there.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF

I live but I am dead, and in this casket I lie.
My hope and dreams make me feel free and happy,
even when I have to crawl out of my own skin
to enjoy the company of the living death.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF

Unbearable, cold cell doors are trapping me
in the dark. Suffocating chains so tight
they almost sucked the breath out of me. But
here I am, bleeding on paper and writing the
stories on blood while I am dreaming on hope.