

(3)

## The Message

I'VE GOT A MESSAGE for the "MAN IN THE STREET"  
Who it appears to me has been blinded.  
Without the woman - you'd be obsolete,  
I think it's time that you were REMINDED.

She's like a flower TRAMPLED under your feet,  
whose SWEET SCENT is wasted on the air.  
Yet somehow, in your macho conceit,  
It seems to me that you're UNAWARE.

A PRECIOUS JEM in the palm of your hand,  
that you TREAT as if a COMMON STONE.  
Brothers, I think it's time you UNDERSTAND,  
that SHE'S A QUEEN, in need of a PRONE.

You SEE her FLESH and IGNORE her SOUL,  
With HARDENED HEART - you can CRUSH her SPIRIT.  
And though you NEED her to MAKE YOU WHOLE,  
when SHE CRIES OUT - you CAN'T EVEN HEAR IT.

I'VE GOT A MESSAGE for the "MAN IN THE STREET"  
who it appears needs to be REMINDED.  
Without the woman you'd be INCOMPLETE,  
you'd SEARCH for PEACE - and you'd NEVER find it.

Through GOD'S GRACE - we've BEEN GIVEN a gift,  
and you CAN'T even SEE beyond the WRAPPING.  
The LOVE INSIDE, you just SET it Adrift -  
left with sound of ONE hand clapping.

(1)

Like a one-eyed King in the land of the blind,  
You think you've got it all figured out.  
But one day you'd awaken to find -  
That you've been left with the shadow of doubt

You won't miss the water til the well runs dry,  
And you're left to suffer in your thirst.  
Some woman's daughter will just wave good-bye,  
To the apology that you'd rehearsed.

How long do ya think she'll play your game,  
Until her own heart begins to harden?  
Brothers, you'll only have yourself to blame,  
When she begins to tend to her own garden.

A place where flowers aren't carelessly plucked,  
Where swollen grapes grow upon the vine.  
Her own place where she can reconstruct -  
Her sense of self, and find peace & mind.

I've got a message for the "man in the street":  
What you've lost - I hope someday to find it.  
And I'd sip that nectar that's "oh so sweet,"  
Just the way that God has designed it.

I'd be there to wipe the tears from her eyes,  
To let her lay her head upon my chest.  
I'd be there to hear her whispered sighs -  
To satisfy her and to give her rest.

You've held a jewel in the palm of your hand,  
And treated it, as if a common stone...  
One day soon, perhaps you'll understand -  
Why I chose to place her on a throne.

(3)

There's a "MESSAGE" for the  
men in the STREET who may have  
learned of love from watching  
R&B videos or M.T.V. — It's  
NOT just my SISTER who inspired  
me to write this "MESSAGE" ...  
I might be incarcerated, but  
I'm NOT incapable of seeing THAT  
folk TOO often - A "PRECIOUS GEM"  
is BEING TREATED AS if a common  
STONE.



Well - It's almost "highs out"  
here at the "University of Adversity" -  
My handwriting is bad in the best  
of times - you CERTAINLY don't want to  
see this epileptic chicken scratch  
in the DARK. (I call it "CRYPTO-  
Hebraic Hieroglyphics" & loc.)

Before closing out this first  
post (which is nothing like along &  
I imagined this "first post" would be :))  
I would like to invite you to come  
back and see what "train of thought"  
might be leaving the station  
next time. — I'm looking forward  
to blurring POETRY, ESSAYS, and  
'BITS and PIECES' of my first -  
as well as hopes and dreams  
for tomorrow

⑥

I understand that the volunteers at "Between The Bars" (my now heroes and heroes<sup>es</sup>) will be copying and forwarding "Comments" as they appear on the web site. Please keep in mind that Florida prisoners have absolutely no internet access - "Mail Call" can be either the highlight of an inmates day... or one of those times when the razor wire, fence like a leash, and the fences seem a mile high. (Hint-Hint<sup>es</sup>)

GARY Field

DC# M05398

Conway C.I.  
Conway, FL.

32535

E1-03

Until Next Time -

May your joys be as deep as  
the ocean - and your cares  
as light as its form. (Among more)

GARY

(A Haiku in the back<sup>es</sup>)

Tones caught in the ~~passing~~ throat,  
are coughed up by the laughter -  
On visiting day.