

Get Out Fast

It was smart
 On our part
To transport
 Out of the city in comfort...

We lost a lot and that couldn't be prevented
 But our flight was magnificent
Society documented
 And our enemies consented...

Our departure was with great regret
 We supplanted enormous threats
Paid our debts
 Pride in tact we left...

That moonlit night won't soon be forgotten
 Our prudence foiled their plotting
Diabolical and rotten
 We got out fast and won't be stopping!!!

Da DRUGS

Did I dare deal drugs during desperate days

Dope drives dummies to desperation, and

despondence produces dejection

Damnation deepens down drug dominated domains

Disinherited and despised as drunks, dope-fiend, drug

Addicts;

Die, devoid devoted to death; A disease

Destined for disaster and doom;

Draining dignity destroying dreams

Dem damn drugs!

I N V I C T U S

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole;
I thank whatever gods may be,
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winched nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeoning of chance,
My head is bloody but unbowed

Beyond this place of wrath and tears,
Looms but the horror of the shade;
And yet the menace of the years,
Finds, and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll;
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

"Invictus"--By W. E. Henley, 1849--1903. These four short stanzas are the embodiment of perseverance and reaches into infinity to show the true potential of the human spirit to rise and be victorious in face of great peril. For perseverance, a touch of motivation and a heavy dose of inspiration read these lines and between them; and find the medicine for your soul.

Tripping Me Out

How the world has become so fake
Only politicians are getting a fair shake
They keep on lying
While the people are dying
Fighting foreign wars
barred from the stores
With not enough to eat
Or a place to sleep
The rich getting richer
And the poor getting prison
Down so low trying to get high
Struggling everyday just trying to survive
Playing a Mitt game
Going insane
Thrilled by other muther's illusions of fame
Where theatrical rule to mask our pain
Determine what is real
When so much is concealed
Everything's a dream
Nothing's what it seem
Round and round
Death easily found
Never ever stop
I Tell You Man, Its Tripping Me Out.

O V E R V I E W

From the womb, to the tomb is one great drama; with many episodes playing out in a reel of time that is the human experience; some good, some bad, some happy, and some are sad.

Life is a learning experience, full physical contacts and emotional ups and downs. It is a journey of epic proportion, and nothing is more profound in our travels than the wealth of knowledge that is gained from the love we share; the hate we must confront and the ability to persevere that is the result of our struggles.

It was my humble effort to share what life's experiences has bestowed upon me, and if, at some point in your reading of this work you have come face to face with just how these experiences shape, mold and fashion human mentalities, I claim a degree of success.

And if by chance I have conveyed that love is beautiful--though bitter/sweet; and that hate can be used as a mechanism to create for the benefit of mankind; and perseverance is the strength of the human spirit, soul and body enduring every aspect of our existence, overcoming and carrying on--undertaking this task has been rewarded.

To the One Who is Supreme, Most Wise and Beneficent and to Him alone belongs worship, adoration, thanksgiving and praise...
"LOVE STILL EXIST"!