

Date: 5/22/2020 2:34:23 PM

Prose From Death Row - By - Milo Rose

Page 1 Loves Forgiving Weave

Loves fragile web of heart strings
Breaking one may unravel them all
If trust is not wound with faith
To bind together in belief
Devotedly tied with love
Committed to hold in union
Loves fragile web of heart strings

The Poet - One Eagle - 2/12/01

Sunday Morning Bliss

Sunday morning quiet
The fans are all I hear
One hour and counting
It's blissful in the air
My pen has gone to paper
To sing to Eagles Breath
And write this simple ditty
Before Clamor raises it's ugly head
I hear a sparrow chirping
And the din of dawns awakening
As I sit here in my shorts
Another day upon me
With love within my heart
To sing to Eagles Breath
The Poet
One Eagle - 6/15/08 Winks

Birds of a feather
Deceit not seeing hypocrisy
This worlds abounding light
Delusional balance of harmony
A backstabbing pain
Drawing mothers to flame
Rewarding what is inane

Wishing upon a star
Gravely climbing a stairway
Steadfastly lost in space
Searching for wisdoms grace
This worlds black hole
Illusional flashes of light
Heads upon down pillows

The Poet - One Eagle - 12/04/08

The Forgotten Innocent

What dictates rules
Dissension isn't tolerated
Not among Fools when an iron fist rules
Strife will always ensue
But not among fools
The forgotten innocent

The Poet - One Eagle - 5/28/08

Run Around Song

Old Henry pushes the broom
Panama swings the mop
The guard talks to Deadeye
Doing his time on the clock
Officer can I see you
Cell five needs toilet paper
Yo bring a toothbrush too
I need some request forms
It never seems to stop
Eagle this goes down to Joe
Jr pass this to It
How about the bug in cell 13
It's only been four minutes
Since Panama swung the mop

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/12/08

Act One

Thirty days for toothpaste on my light

Jackhammer mumbles down the line
The traffic's in and out
My rip does the same
A bunch of dead bugs
This cell is a shame
Mandingo gives a shout
While Khalil lays in the cut
J. T. got an attorney call
Joe he's a bit insane
The birds outside are chirping
It's quiet in my cage Nine - o - nine am
Another player hits the stage

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/13/0

Knocky Knock

A package on the way
Two yellow and a red
Old Henry's on the cart
Cell clean up and caustics
Powder - green - toilet brush
Smithy guards the hallway
Two others sweep and mop
Things look kind of Sharkey
White Hair is on the job
Old Henry flobs the drop
More brownie points for heaven
Two yellow and a red
J. T. got knocked in the head

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/14/08

Channels

One Eagle on the phone
Pee Week's on the vent
Hold up toilets flushing
Pee Wee - Pee Wee you call
Yeah - Israel - yeah
Okay hold on
Ain't nothing happening
He's trying to stay over here

Yo I can't hear you
Someone's toilets acting up
Yeah 180 days and counting
I know it's gonna be rough
Nah howler at you later
The phone goes dead

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/14 / 08

Houdini

My big toe nail
Crazy as it sounds
Pulled a Houdini
When stubbed upon the ground
It didn't disappear
Well not at first
It had to be coerced
Maybe it could have stayed
Might not never know
I took it off my toe
Guess I'll find out
If it doesn't return
Will have to see
Just like Houdini

The Poet - One Eagle - 8/18/08

Planting Seed

Picking up the pieces
A puzzle to be solved
Thought I had a blessing
In faith I did believe
I wasn't wrong
Got to be what I perceive
Keep the fire burning
Passion will survive
My love is strong
Nor is it gone
Pick myself up
Brush off my feet
Time to move along

To write a happy song

The Poet - One Eagle - 8/09/08

Waking Up

Fourteen lines of verse
Has been my curse
What could be worse
They aren't poems
Few even rhyme
Just a waste of time
Alone on the path
Seeking the good
Writing these words
That may never be heard
Eggs in one basket
Some things wrong with that
Got to look beyond
Tomorrow is a new dawn

The Poet - One Eagle - 8/08/08

Ramblings

Headphones plugged in stereo
Radio coming in clear
Canteen came this morning
Ate up a storm
Felt good to splurge
Working on an amended petition
Got to build the record
Looking for mail tonight
Suppose to rain
Showers back to front
Guys are on the yard
Wet wash rag on my back
Drinking coffee with a tea bag

The Poet - One Eagle - 8/08/08

I have to reevaluate
The cards I been dealt
In the game of love
It's not what I wanted
Just might fold the hand
Don't have a queen of hearts
Do I take a gamble
Might get a wild card
To draw a royal flush
Right now it's just straight
With the queen of clubs
The stakes are heavy
In this game of love
Is a straight good enough

The Poet - One Eagle - 8/03/08

Nothings Broke

Once I had a Muse
Maybe I'm confused
Now I'm feeling the blues
She didn't have a clue
Can't let myself stay down
Won't be nobodies clown
Nor will I wear a frown
Time to hit the town
Can't lose what you ain't had
There's no reason to be sad
Things just aren't that bad
Get back up on the horse
Set sail and change my course
To rhyme a little verse

The Poet - One Eagle - 8/04/08

Blinders

Petition was rejected
Will amend and resubmit
Have to see it as good

Faith won't be crushed
Took yesterday off
Absorbing the news
Don't have time for the blues
Just a minor setback
Which isn't anything new
Another day to conquer
Freedoms quest is now
Got to move forward
Can't ease my pace
My exoneration grows near

The Poet - One Eagle - 8/06/08

My Choice

Went to the yard
A fenced in concrete slab
The sun beat down
I mainly walked around
About ten APS to a mile
Also shot the breeze
Thankful to be out for awhile
Second time in 60 days
Guess it just depends
When Charley shows his head
How I'm feeling then
just might lay in bed
Next time they call yard

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/29/08

Prophetic Pen

I'm smoking a one
Got a hot cup of two
Been writing my sweetheart
Bout singing the blues
I'm not in a dungeon
My spirit is free
Chains have no hold on me
It's quiet and peaceful
The haunted spirits asleep

I been giving a blessing
In the words I create
As they are meant to exonerate
For the keys to the dungeon
Been placed in my hand

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/27/08

The Dungeon Master Falls

A morning of love
Prayers on my paper
Praise without ending
A blessing bestowed
Words from the dungeon
The dungeon master falls
My pen works it's magic
My heart says it all
No time for gloom
No time for doom
Life's what you make it
So love for the good
And find a true blessing
Each morning in love

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/26/08

Keeping it Real

Getting passed the low's
Keeping it together
Projecting positive vibes
Turning bad into good
Beating the odds
No room for defeat
Losing a battle
Winning the fight
Amending my petition
No one else will
Writing these verse's
Staying on schedule
Doing all I can
Seeking a helping hand

The Poet - One Eagle - 8/07/08

Project Destiny

Time to flip the script
So pass the word around
Dying in a dungeon
Helps me become renown
If I don't help myself
Than no one else will
Dying in a dungeon
Hasn't been a thrill
But now it is the camel
Who must swallow a bitter pill
As I pile on the straw
And march his ass up hill
To free me from this dungeon
And flip the script around

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/23/08

Smiling in a Dungeon

I have a love
Blessing me each day
Even in this dungeon
Her light comes my way
To take away the
Dampness, bitterness and gloom
She is my world
Co - author of our story
The Muse of my heart
Spirit, mind and body
Without her these words
Hold no true meaning
As our souls are one
And she is Eagles Breath

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/25/08

Rerooled Nubs

J. T. saves me his nubs
I save my own too
Wraps have been a problem
I got the spark down pat
But now and then do chew
Cotton aien't a problem
Toilet paper either
The wraps got me worried
In the short run I'll make do
It may seem like a hassle
As the habits hard to break
Yet it's only just a ritual
So I count my blessings
Praising God for Gods sake

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/16/08

Snitches

Hanging labels
Politics on the sly
When you play with slime
Sticking to your fingers
Going to your mind
Sloppy slimy gooey stuff
That doesn't erode with time
Pass the word
So and so is talking
Telling stories that rhyme
But it's really just a skunk
That got caught up in the slime
Squawking like a pigeon
And dropping all the dimes

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/17/08

Pee - Pee Test

Okay you know what time it is
Damn I just went
Drop them you know the routine
Give us what you can

Six eyes are whiching
Squeeze Eagle relax and squeeze
Ah there some comes
Come on squeeze a little more
Another squirt another drop
Damn that's all I got
He just went before we came
That's good enough
Eight eyes are watching
All lines across the top

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/18/08

Drinking Jim Jones
Checking out the B - book
Hitting on a one
Resting these old bones
Thinking bout legal stuff
Hanging in here tough
Looking in the mirror
Wondering how long I'll be here
Wishing I were gone
Feeling all alone
Kicking up some dust
Knocking off the rust
Fighting to survive
Trying to keep myself alive

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/05/08

What

The power goes out
Generator pumps up
The noise is right outside
Charley comes around
Pulling on the doors
Lightening strikes again
No one talks above the roar
The drone has control
No telling when it will stop
Thunder is in the air
My cell goes black
My pen won't move
My heads about to pop
It does no good to shout

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/04/08

Crushing the Camel

The canal is a wily beast
Stubborn as a mule
It's arms do branch out wide

To make up it's family tree
Transforming as it goes
Facades that fool the eye
a mirage is what it be
The camel it has bit me
As I be piling on the straw
Weighing his ass down
With every word you read
It's knees begin to fail
For I be framing straw
Myself a wily beast

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/03/08

Rainy Nights

Going to the shower
Three nights a week
Monday - Wednesday - Friday
Cuffs behind my back
Step into the shower
The door gets locked
Charley takes the cuffs off
Time to get wet
Soap up quick
Rinse off fast
Charley won't be long
To walk me down the hall
Coming from the shower
Cuffs behind my back

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/02/08

Nicking Line

Two rookies on the line
Going back to back
Three hours have gone by
Some success mainly madness
One line is sack
The others getting hacked
Four hours have gone by
It's not a pretty scene

Two rookies on the line
Going back to back
Learning how to run the show
Now it's all a laugh
The noise has cut some slack
There isn't any flack

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/01/08

Disillusions

I deed some wraps
Times are mighty rough
Charley got his foot down
The panics getting tough
Disorganized and chaotic
I'm shaking my head
Things turned up a notch
I ain't called in no favors
Been sitting in the cut
Just riding out the chaos
Taking things in stride
As I wait upon my ride
I need some wraps
Though it ain't do or die

The Poet - One Eagle -7/01/08

Humanities Cesspool

Playing cat and mouse
Life's a chess game
Some prefer checkers
Others throw the dice
DC is a community
A tribe of it's own
Cell #4105 is my home
I can't choose my neighbors
Only control my space
Got Charley to contend with
The legal system too
Trying to survive the cat
Or not get caught in the trap

While dealing with the crap

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/30/08

Nah - Nah - Charley

There's mumbles and grumbles
Nothing being passed
Charley got DC roped off
How long will it last
Time to go North and South
The deed is done
Four ones are here
Three two's come too
One got a little wet
But not all that bad
I'm doing one right now
And fixing a strong two
Charley got DC roped off
It didn't last too long

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/28/08

Turning Ugly

Fourteen cells on DC
All of them are full
That's not a common thing
A gold rush it did cause
Kites begun to fly
Panhandling for one and two
From four right five and six
So things dried up real quick
As Charley put his foot down
On every bodies neck
Now there is a panic
Things have gotten tight
When cells fill up on DC
Something isn't right

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/28/08

A Bite of the Apple

A nest of vipers
Smiling in your face
You want to play some games
It all seems cordial
Nothing can be wrong
Everyone is watching
A murmur in the air
Illusions of granuer
Snake oil being sold
Seeking out companions
Recognition can't be wrong
Until it is to late
When you play with snakes
You're going to get bitten

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/28/08

No Words For Me

Mailman is on the floor
Not stopping at every door
Talking to some along the way
As mirrors flash down the hall
To see what's in his hand
He walked right by
Not even a nod
Another day goes by for me
Joe calls him back
Hey this ain't mine
My heart it skips a beat
No it ain't mine
The mailman left the floor

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/28/08

No Fences

My lady is my soulmate
I call her Eagles Breath
We journey down our paths
A blessing to be paved
To make it what we want to

Co - authors what we be
A story in the telling
For all the world to see
As her light shines in this dungeon
Reflections of our love
The words that you are reading
Would not exist without her
As my left is my soulmate
I call her Eagles breath

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/26/08

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Death Row Purgatory

Captain Charley put his foot down
On our necks it does rest
He made a walk through yesterday
Looking kinda cranky
Like he wasn't getting laid
So tonight we got served notice
No more paper mags or books
DC is a dungeon
The light ain't suppose to shine
Except for 18 hours of the day
Just another form of torture
Deprivation ain't enough
If you're not into penitence
Then life is kinda rough

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/26/08

Rumor Mill

When shit starts happening
The buzz is in the air
Paranoia takes its grip
Toilets start to flushing
NoOne wants more DC time
It's craziness it's madness
Charley plays his game
I refuse to act insane
They can take away the sunshine
But that don't mean I'm blind
The story isn't new
I hear it all the time
So when shit starts happening
I take it all in stride

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/26/08

Embers Glow

A man in a dungeon

Desire burning bright
Not lost in darkness
His love a guiding light
Reflections of the spirit
Shadows cannot haunt
Two souls ate the mirror
Two hearts beat as one
Even in a dungeon
Light comes shining through
No wailing in despair
When love is being shared Even in a dungeon
Desires burning bright

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/25/08

Doing What You Can

Contribute to the kitty
I'm adding my two cents
Things haven't been pretty
Getting my hustle on a roll
If it wasn't for my Baby
I'd be in a bigger fix
Dying in a dungeon
Rotting away to dust
Setting a bad example
And looking like a fish
Taking from the kitty
Not adding my two cents
Is not what its about
It's helping each other out

The poet - One Eagle - 6/24/08

Scooby Door

Time to be like Scooby Too
Block the bullshit out
Huhhh - Huhhh
Pretend it's all cool
Put on a silly grind
Huhhh - Huhhh
Woof - woof and woof

Do you need a hug
Huhhh - Huhhh
It's just a gust of wind
Not a time to feed the fire
Huhhh - Huhhh
Charley he don't know
That I be Scooby Too

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/23/08

Sojourning Satan's Domain

Not everything is gloom
Nor anxiety rule the roost
The spirit has no chains
It's a blessing in this world
Persecution has no rein
Yes it holds the body
Plays upon the heart
Eats at the soul
Tortures the doomed
Yet the spirit can't be chained
As Satan has no rein
It's early in the morning
A dawning for the day
Not everything is gloom

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/23/08

Sewer Pipe Blues

Going North and South
Fishing for some yellow
Ah there's even a green
You know everyone is nicking
Taking two to work the line
The toilets they are flushing
Tempers at a pitch
Listen to what I'm saying
Fold the sock
Bend the hooks
Flush it one more time
God damn broke it

Try it one more time
The yellows on the line

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/22/08

Making Noise

The bugs are under stress
Madness rules the air
No idea box or tunes
Charley has put down
The noise is mostly static
An attention seeking whine
It's all the craziness
Of doing DC time
All fourteen cells are full
Everyone is hustling
Calling here and there
Passing this and passing that
Telephone lines on fire
A Muse is what I hear

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/22/08

Meaningless Noise

Ignorance runs rampant
And foolishness abounds
Prideful are us mortals
Spirituality set aside
While living in a lie
Looking to the left
Looking to the right
Looking with blinders on
Never seeing what's beyond
Simple words on paper
Spoken loud and clear
Searching for the meaning
A circle of dawn
Listening to vanities song

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/21/08

Hail - Hail

Charley's caused a panic
Ole Charley he's the boss
He got the boys a jumping
As he nails them to the cross
Charley and his cousins
Charley - Charley - Charley
Dressed out in boots of black
They really are special
In their uniforms of brown
They even have a badge
To go along with pepper spray
With keys that cling and clack
Yes Sir mister Charley
You is the boss

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/20/08

Another Day

It's grand central station
The traffics flowing trough
Moving in and moving out
From cell to cell to cell
I been doing rips
And had a cup of two
It's just another day for me
Ahh - the doggie got a few
There's slimey stuff all over
The goo is in the works
Shooting bullets in the dark
It doesn't matter who's the slime
I'm just going to do my time

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/20/08

Insanity

It's early in the morning
The dogs are coming through
Put on your oranges
Gonna take a sniff at you

I'm living with animals
An asylum of a zoo
The only drugs allowed
Abuse administered to you
Got no choice to take some
The dogs are coming through
Turn and face the bars
Don't look at what we do
It's early in the morning
In this asylum of a zoo

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/20/08

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More Prose from Death Row

Medicine Show

Please - give me your attention
Yes - step right up
See my pretty artwork
Austetically meant to please
Yes hear me wax poetically
To stimulate your mind
Please come a bit closer
Hear what I have to say
I'm going to tell a story
Tragic as can be
but what a happy ending
As painted by me
So hurry - hurry - hurry
Just step right on up

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/13/08

What's going on?

Bugs don't know they're bugs
That's what makes them bugs
And life in here insane
As things are off the chain
I have to smile to myself
Since I'm a bug s well
Things are just not normal
In this man made hell
Abnormal conditions abound
There isn't much common ground
As craziness goes around
Sanity can't be found
I hear a buzzing sound
As my mind goes unwound

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/12/08

Project Destiny

I got to build an army
To support me in my cause
So I'm writing all these verses
From a dungeon from hell
My prayers are being answered
As you read my words
Charley he can't stop me
As I pile on the straw
Gonna break the camels back
And free myself from hell
You my friend have helped me
By purchasing this book
Now visit my website
And take a long hard look
The Poet - One Eagle - 7/13/08

Psyche Out

The bug lady is working
Half the floor got call outs
Praying pass my cell
Only one refusal
The rest are getting well
That's just crazy
But that's the way it goes
The State is making money
As they study misery pushing all the buttons
Pulling all the chains
As they play their sick games
The bugs are on parade
It's all a crying shame

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/14/08

Engineering Justice

Time to do some legal work
Build the record sound
Have to do it on my own
As they appointed me a clown
With a pop gun in his hand
Bang - bang I'm shot down
An assassin of a clown

But only if I acquiesce
So I must stand my ground
A pop guns just a pop gun
The attorney just a clown
As the evidence abounds
That I was railroaded
On a fast train out of town

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/15/08

Howling at the Moon

Want to see my lady
Just started writing her
Hey where is she from
She got any girlfriends
Where'd you get her from
The chorus begins to sing
Let me check her out
Got to get bikini shots
Damn her bodies hot
I'll send her back tomorrow
After I wear her out
You got any other pic's
This the only one you got
You got yourself a fox

The Poet one Eagle - 7/15/08

Oliver's Twist

It's chow time
Cups up on the door
Charley unlocks the bean flap
A tray comes through
Charley locks the bean flap
Juice man take my cup
Sliding it through the bars
Guys they are a grumbling
The food we got is slop
Hey pass this bread to Fat Man
He needs it more than me
Ah the toilets they are flushing

The slop goes down the drain
As the trays hit the floor

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/12/08

Fooling Charley

Been scoping out the B - book
Checking out the script
Written by fellow prisoners
The devil locked away
Paul he is a windbag
A motormouth I'd say
For someone who was censored
He ran his mouth all day
Even wrote some mysteries
For his brothers to figure out
They became best sellers
This group of fellow prisoners
Co - authoring their story
In the dungeons locked away

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/11/08

Deadeye Blues

Deadeye gets off DC Monday
He been lobbying for today
Right now he's on a call out
So we're poking fun at him
JR says he's gonna ride him
As Deadeye stresses out
JT says he's in the hallway
Burning up one ears
Ah canteen comes today
No yard for us this week
They got us roped off
NowonderDeadeyes lobbying
To get off DC today
But Mondays not that far away

The poet - One Eagle - 7/11/08

Inhumanities Song

They executed Steve
It wasn't long ago
Setting off the fireworks
Running through his veins
Two families live in pain
I don't dwell on it
Only said a little prayer
Not many people care
I only knew him briefly
He acted human to me
But I'm locked a dungeon
Misjudged the devil spawn
Hoping for humanity
To recognize they're wrong

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/09/08

Nicotine Blues

Kite on the down - low
Two rips to start the day
JT got a call out
Hoping for some yellow
May be coming our way
Thinking about tomorrow
Canteen,s supposed to run
I'll be doing some fishing
Hauling in supplies
JT is number five
Waiting on some yellow
As today we hope to thrive
Maybe ole Henry
Will help to save the day

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/10/08

False Report

Five death warrant ready killers
The St. Pete paper did report
My picture does appear

Condemned for 1982 murder
Says I dropped my appeals
Volunteered for execution
To get my death warrant signed
Yes I wrote the Governor
And asked him for his help
You can read it on my website
I did not drop my appeals
As anyone can read
Unless you're a St Pete Times reporter
Ignorant to the truth

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/08/08

Someone got a life sentence
Got the monkey off their back
Three people lost their lives
This world is insane
98 percent getting play
Setting up a mindset
That works against me
Living in a nightmare
In an apathetic world
Societies poison does kill
Got me buried in a dungeon
So the righteous does not see
The ungodly torture
That is being done on me

The poet - One Eagle - 7/09/08

Page #6

Surviving the Dungeon

Innocent yet deemed unredeemable
Not worthy to live in the world
Locked in a dungeon forever
Never to be heard from again
They say that shit happens
That's just the way life is
So I must be crazy
In this insane asylum I live
To think that my life matters
To anyone else but me
Twenty five years and counting
The struggle does go on
Innocent yet judged unredeemable
Not worthy to live in this world

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/06/08

Still Ticking

My mind is a mess
I need some ear plugs
The noise won't let me rest
Can't block out the bugs
I'm lost in my thoughts
Nothing is going right
Things are out of sight
Insanity is pulling tight
I can't give up the fight
Won't let them take my mind
Heart - spirit - or my soul
They have beat me over time
Wore me down to the bone
But I'm still going strong

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/07/08

Tough Shit

A new day in the dungeon

A dank and dim atmosphere
Shadows of the past
Echoing in my ear
Shadows of the present
Not getting any nearer
My pen it is a moving
A story I must tell
Nearly 26 years of living
In this nightmarish hell
I'm dying in a dungeon
My life keeps ebbing by
I wish I were more manly
As I hang my head and cry

The Poet - One Eagle -7/16/08

Reality to Me

When JD got his new TV
His old one came to me
I traded in my black and white
And got into some color
Now I am without a TV
As I sit here on DC
It's crazy how the world seems
So black -n - white to me
I am a nobody
Obscurely all alone
The State will bury me
Or incinerate my bones
The poor man that I be
It's simply black -n - white to me

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/17/08

Wa - Wa - ing

You ever heard a baby cry
Wa - wa - wa - wa - wa - wa
I think I'm in a nursery
In stead of on death row
It would almost be funny
If it wasn't so sad

It's like a gossip mill
So and so done this
So and so done that
It's just not funny
And I ain't gonna laugh
So I'm wearing ear plugs
To block the crying out
Wa --wa - wa - wa - wa - wa

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/18/08

Contempt

There is no humor
Dismal rules and reigns
So laugh at this
My balls are in my hand
Sure I can laugh
When insanity strikes my brain
But mostly what I hear
Is wa - wa here wa - wa there
Grown men put to shame
Mankind's inhumanity
Isn't funny to me
I'm dying in a dungeon
A dirty joke
That shouldn't be

The Poet- One Eagle - 7/19/08

Slick

Randy's being clowned on
Got sucker punched one day
Khalil he's the impersonator
It's all funny in a way
Relieving stress and tension
Built up throughout the day
Ah here comes the scale
A new topic to discuss
How much weight been lost
From being on DC
Khalils doing Richard Simmons

Sounds just like him too
That's the humor for today

The Poet - One Eagle - 7/20/08.

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13 - More Random Prose

Dying in a Dungeon

Going to D. R. court
The sun won't be up
Have my legs in irons
A chain around my waist
Hands cuffed in a black box
Don't want to make no scene
A Kangaroo is running wild
Yet I'm the one in shackles
Black box and chain
To face disciplinary action
For a website in my name
Over twenty five years and counting
Last kangaroo court I did face
Gonna keep me in their place

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/20/08

Untitled

To live upon pins and needles
In a cage of metal and stone
A bathroom is you dungen
The body holds the soul
Your spirit is your freedom
With a mind that is free to roam
Yet to live upon pins and needles
In a cage of metal and stone
An animal to the zookeepers
To study their witness slow
You have to seek the pleasure
From inside your toilet bowl
Knowing you are better - better - better
Cashing in on your own soul
When life was like an eggshell
Cracked and leaking of itself
Was to live upon pins and needles
In a cage of metal and stone

The mind is its own window
Pins and needles metal and stone
The spirit is your freedom
It's the light that guides the soul

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/26/91

Untitled

In the small space that I call home
There is a pond of cool water
It is constantly regenerating to keep fresh and clear
And the spring that feeds my pond also feeds my thirst
In this pond of cool water
I wash my personal things and also give my waste
Thank God it's a regenerating pond that feeds my thirst
In the small parcel of space that I call home
In this pond of cool water
I have never caught a fish or seen the moonlite glow
For a lack of a better name it's called my toilet bowl

The Poet - One Eagle

Untitled

Knowing the ripples of ones soul
Is knowing the source of life
For which the soul is fed...
Only the blind know not the sound
in the harmony of life
For which the soul is fed....

The Poet - One eagle

Untitled

You touched me with your love
So innocent and pure
You opened up your heart to me
So warm and secure
You offered me your friendship
So faithful and mature
you engulfed me with your Spirit

So heavenly and sure
You taught me with your patience
So I know we will endure

The Poet - One Eagle

Art Form

Love is an art form
I've heard these words before
I love you - I love you - I love you
But the quality wasn't there
Knowing love is an art form
We have all been there before
Do you love me - do you love me - do you love me
The question was always there
Wisdom is an art form
Remaining the same as before
Loving me - loving you - loving us
The quantity is always there
understanding love is an art form
Opens doors as never before
Love Love Love Love Love
Love is always there
Love is an art form
I've heard these words before
I love you - I love you - I love you
But not like you before.....

The Poet - One Eagle

Judging Quality

You are a work of art
I see you in this way
To view the color of your soul
To hear the music of your spirit
To read the words of your heart
To feel the wonder of your mind
To reflect upon the waters of your body
You are a work of art
I look at you in quantity
To judge the quality.....

The Poet - One Eagle

Untitled

Dreams are meant to be realized
For whatever purpose in life they hold
To shun your dreams is to concede death
A vassatage no greater than stone
When you raise your dreams to consciousness
They share with you the beauty
In the oneness of your soul
But only if the objective is in obtaining
a positive goal
Even the horrors of a nightmarish dream
Can bear out wisdom where knowledge is seen
In not pulling out the tares
Until the wheat gives grain

The Poet - One Eagle

Untitled

Emotions vary as the intimate eternity
Of each soul as perceived through spirit
This may very well be
The key to poetic justice
Some souls may be in tune
To a universal emotion
Undefined yet able to touch
The core of the masses
Many call it charm or simply charisma

The Poet - One Eagle

To hell with hell

Hell on earth
Religion
Morality of society
What form of hell
Ignorance is the norm It exist in society

Hell on earth
Your hell
My heaven
my hell
Your Heaven

Hell on earth
Low of lows
High of highs
Everything inbetween

Hell on earth
You been there
I been there

Hell on earth
No one escapes
Hell on Earth

The Poet - One Eagle

Fear

Fear is a tool as are all tools
Use it for the positive and it is
nurtured with positive seed
You nurture it in negative ways
And you feed its evil mouth
Fear is what we make of it
Or allow it to be
For me and you
Who hear these words
Fears what it's meant to be
The beginning of wisdom

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/06/92

Smile

If I didn't talk to you
And you didn't talk to me
We lose an experience

Wisdom knowledge
And understanding too
To overcome the negative
That a friendly smile can do

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/08/92

What They See

You don't have a penny and your clothes are worn
But you brush your teeth and smile at the scorn
Dropped out of school for whatever your reason
Or maybe you're just a fallen leaf out of season
No one wants to suffer the pains of humiliation
To think you will never escape the degradation
So develop the talents of which you know
You have nobody at all, but yourself to show
If you can't be happy with whom you may be
Then you can't blame the world for what they see

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/13/92

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10 - More Random Prose

Unhealthy Fear

Danger of the unknown bringing harm
Sets off some kind of alarm
Sensing this and testing this
Tells the frequency of harms way
Perceiving this and accepting this
Is a secret of harmonies way
Danger of the unknown bringing harm
Ignorance is an automatic alarm
Reading this and learning this
Tells the answer of harmonies way
Knowing this and showing this is
The secret to harms way
Danger of the unknown bringing harm
Not being in oneness is cause for alarm

The Poet - One Eagle - 4/25/92

Truly Smiling

Smiling at your femininity
My friend - My buddy - My pal
Is a learning experience for me
Your beauty - age and wisdom
Has caught me in a lustful spell
Army friend you're supportive
Giving of your special love
As my buddy you're Ms. Tough Guy
Demanding of your respect
As my Pal you're a tease
Smiling at your femininity
My friend -- My buddy -- My pal

The Poet - One Eagle

True To Our Making

We started from conception

Seeking out our love
Not knowing what our love would be
As it grew from a seed
Creation of its every facet
Germinating from our being
True to our making
For all the world to see
Your love - My love - Our love
The love that makes up you and me

ThePoet - One Eagle

Precious Thing

I could go on and on and on
About love the most precious thing
But if you don't understand the quantity
The quality doesn't mean a thing

The Poet - One Eagle

A Bottle

Vanity in a bottle so visible yet unseen
Religion in a bottle unseen yet so visible
Morality in a bottle vanity in mankind's search
Satan in a bottle so visible yet unseen
Christ in a bottle mankind's search in vain
Hypocrisy in a bottle unseen yet so visible
Virtue in a bottle vanity in mankind's search

The Poet - One Eagle- 6/03/91

Predestined

My destiny was toyed with by a power
Much greater than my understanding
It gave the illusion of my having lost control
An insane person marked for below
It wasn't my world it was forced on me
As I was kidnapped from my destiny
I seen the the illusion as I discerned the spirit
My prayers are to God to help me endure it

To guide me and teach me so I could understand
The power of the Illusion and the slight of hand
Were I to be eaten in the jaws of the lion
Or is it my faith that is on the line
The test of my spirit reflected in body and soul
Heart and mind - the fruit of my Father God
That I may know the force and the power of this
World of Satan the god in control

The Poet - One Eagle

Least Traveled

I came upon a path
Not worn like many others
A path few would follow
Yet many professed to know
"O Lord " I know this path
My heart did bellow
This path of my endurance
The burden on my soul
Your path of loving kindness
Criss crossing the trodden soil

The Poet - One Eagle - 6/03/90

Scum of the Earth

Among the scum of the earth Jesus walks
You can find him in every prison
Diligent seekers of the Truth find it just as elusive
As those who sought the golden fleece
Few do find the wisdom of the truth of which they seek
The path is a maze a mystery of criss crosses
Jesus says to look for him in prison
Among the scum of the earth
To minister to one of the lowest is to minister to him
Jesus is here in many forms a prisoner just one
Yet few will seek the Truth or know the wisdom of
How the vanity of their self-righteous shields
Fail to protect useless bodies blind to the Truth
Yet Jesus walks among the scum of the earth
Both inside and outside the prison walls

So remember those in prison for you may just be one
The devil may hold the key to your very soul
Unless you seek out Jesus wherever you may go
As Jesus walks among the sum of the earth

The Poet - One Eagle

Seedy

I looked at the seed
It wasn't just any seed
Yet like all seeds it would grow
To produce more seed
I didn't like the seed I seen
It wasn't a seed I wanted to be
Yet like all seeds it had grown
To produce more seed
I looked at the seed
I didn't like the seed I seen
My burden is to deal with the seed
As negative seed bears negative fruit

The Poet - One Eagle

What to Believe

So I write in the tongue in which I've come
And seek the interpretation of where I'm from
Many have chosen the same book as I
Seeking to save their souls from hell when they die
They profess to know God and Jesus his son
but are conformed to the world that services Satan
Jesus did warn of the leaven bread
And religion is what the leaven was said
For Satan has altered Gods written word
To conform to the world the goats of his herd
Yet who am I to judge while I am judged
With a criminal record with smudge after smudge
I have some consolation no one can deny
It was false testimony used that Jesus should die
Of which God would show how sinful the nature of man
For it was the religious and self - righteous of this land

The Poet - One Eagle